

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

On the road from Jerusalem to Gallilee there runs a narrow valley, which is the most beautiful and one of the most memorable places in that most memorable of all the lands. Taking those two elements of interest, the natural and the historical together, we may call it, perhaps, the most remarkable spot upon the face of the earth. As it bursts upon the vision of the traveler in sudden loveliness, green with grass, grey with olives, with its orchards and gardens and rushing springs, the pleased surprise with which he surveys its luxuriance is soon superseded by the recollections which crowd upon his mind. He remembers that from time immemorial it has been a sacred spot, a place of worship and of national consecration. There Abraham halted in the plain of Moreh; there Jacob bought a field and found a home; and there in the beauty and fertility of the land were typified the blessings that the patriarchal patriarch pronounced upon the son to whom he bequeathed it.

There, as tradition tells us, is the tomb of Joseph, and there those brethren are buried, who near this place sold him into bondage. There from Mount Ebal on the north to Mount Gerizim on the south, where the prophets of Israel poured forth blessings and curses—there in that enclosure of great events, great memories, still lingers the oldest and the smallest sect in the world; the Samaritans still worship there; the slope of Mount Gerizim is worn with their foot-prints, where four times in the year they attend for solemn service and at its foot stands their synagogue. And one in a million of us, more than half a century ago, made that valley so remarkable and here combined in suggestions unify itself the utmost significance of nature and of history, for Jacob's well was still there and, there Jesus, on his way to Galilee, sat weary at noon-tide and talked with the woman of Samaria, unfolding for her, for all ages and all people, for us to-day, the grandest truths of God and of the human soul.

8 There is much more in this remarkable passage than I shall attempt even to glance at upon the present occasion. I may hereafter, from time to time, refer to the different points in the conversation. But I wish to call your attention this morning to a few thoughts growing out of the particular verse which I have selected for a text.

The general lesson which, in the first place, I draw from this verse, is—the significance and importance of wayside opportunities. Speaking after the ordinary manner, this entire transaction was accidental; apparently unpremeditated on the part of Christ; as it certainly was unexpected on the part of the woman. And yet see the great results that came out of it for the woman, for the people among whom she lived for those disciples, and for the world. My friends, let me ask you by what standard of preparation, or ceremony, shall we determine the most important events—the real crises of our individual lives? In how many instances do we really go into transactions which involve our highest good, or our greatest loss, as unexpectedly as that woman who went to draw water from Jacob's well. The most momentous issues of our being are not in circumstances and seasons where we are the most deliberately conscious of them; in our closets, in

our Sunday worship, for our moments of high rest and meditation. In these we may become blessed and pure and free, and we may find ourselves ourselves occur in wondrous opportunities, in our business, in our pleasure, in the common events of daily life. The woman of Samaria was looking for the Messiah, but doubtless she expected him to be announced by some heraldry of wonder, in some array of visible glory, probably on Mount Gerizim. She did not expect to find him in the shape of a tired traveler sitting on Jacob's well, and asking for a drink of water. And how is it with you, my-friends? Do you expect to find God at church, in the statement of some former religious truth, or in some gush of sympathetic devotion? Do you ever expect to find him in the humbleness of common events, in the duties, cares and temptations of your daily toil, and your daily intercourse with the character of a man, the real strength of a woman? The apostle, applying the words of the prophet, "In the momentary gleams of speech or action . . . One of these, by determining the essence of a man, is worth more than hours on a parade and occasions of ceremony."

It is one of the greatest mistakes in the world to be looking for great opportunities. And I suppose it is one of the most radical evils in the world. People are unconscious of the importance of ordinary opportunities; they are always waiting, in order to be something good or to do something great, for great opportunities. I believe almost anybody could be a martyr on a grand scale, especially in our day, when it is popular to be martyr, and there are no red-hot coals at the end of the business. In the early times, in the times of the primitive Christians, martyrdom meant martyrdom: when a man had to stand alone with every friend stripped from him, with the people's sympathy against him, and the popular fury turned upon him, martyrdom was like that of Stephen, when the stones crashed in upon his brain; or, like that of Polycarp, when the flames were curling over him. But in our day a great deal of martyrdom comes edged with gold, or winged with aromatic breath. The bold journalist speaks out his opinions, and receives martyrdom by an increase of subscription, and the privilege to be ten times as saucy

as ever. The popular minister, by his boldness, gains twenty hearers where he loses one. While the boldness in each of these instances is to be commended—shows the foolishness of making martyrs of men any and all times, because it really makes more converts than it destroys. At the same time, I repeat, the martyrdom of our day is a mere glacial light. It is a criticism on criticism. I do not suppose that there was even now such martyrdom as of olden time. I believe that there are hundreds and thousands here and everywhere, who would be perfectly ready and willing to face it. There is something in standing up before the public gaze, there is something in man's nature when called upon to make a public exhibition of his principles, and to uphold them, that would sustain and bear a man up through almost any degree of martyrdom. It would not be public martyrdom even. This was the highest testimony to the truth that the Christians could furnish, but it would furnish no proof of a man's real Christianity or moral principles nor. But in quiet scenes and in obscurity, in obscure places, you can't find out

unforgiveness, that is to drink the knowing; Take the husband, who is tied to a drunken husband for the remainder of her days; who has no sympathy from friends, and no support from within; who, in patient endurance, in night-long watchings and supplications must bear with brutality and injury, and yet who not only maintains her post, does the duty of a wife, and, with her heart trusting in God, bears all the afflictions laid upon her. There is a wise opportunity for martyrdom that is grand, and Christ Jesus sees it in the spirit of that kind of martyrdom that serves him. Take the spirit that bears with ingratitude, that puts aside its own claims, that labors for humanity, that labors in a humble and quiet way for those who scorn it and mistreat it, and there is a serving of Christ by the way, that constitutes true martyrdom. So take the principle that is held up and carried out without any protection of principle, any loud declaration of independence.

ence, and without the thought or the consciousness of anybody knowing that it is a principle that is maintained.

A man has what some call foolish scruples of conscience, but which are to him the greatest verdicts of God in his soul. He holds on to them in his real business affairs, in the every-day transactions of life: laughed at, it may be, for them, scorned for them, wondered at on account of them, he holds on to them without making any special proclamation of his principles. There is a kind of martyrdom not so easy to endure. It is not easy for a man to take and speak the simple truth straight out every day. It is a great deal easier to mount the scaffold as Sydney did, to die at the stake as others have done, than it is for a man to take and speak the truth, and, speaking the truth, through all things and under all circumstances. There is a martyrdom of truth-speaking, by any means, for there is an affliction even about that. And we make any bluntness and harshness we may use to be excused by saying that we are plain, blunt people, speaking the truth. A great deal of what is called frankness is impudence—nothing more nor less than that. It seems to me that to speak the truth, and yet speak it in love, kindly, gently and firmly, is one of the hardest things in the world. Right down in business, in temptation, when you are pressed by something which will cost you something to speak the truth, and yet to speak it—that is something great and hard, so great to do when we are so easily deluged by our fears, as when we are solicited to do it by our affections. I firmly believe that the hardest task that could be laid upon a man is to always speak the truth and nothing but the truth, even when he knows it wounds those he loves, when its utterance jars the pulsations of his heart.

Nowhere, thank God, is man so weak as through his affections. You can scare a man into being a hero, as very cowardice makes a man a hero sometimes; as the duellist always is a coward; as the man always is a coward in the last hour of his life. When he thinks it does not sufficiently protect him, or he fears a taint upon his honor. You can scare a man out of cowardice into heroism. Sometimes the weakness of our nature, our affections, our sympathy, our gentle regard, may cause a nature that is weak, to speak the truth and resist temptation, and to serve Christ every day. How glorious the assurance of the truth, martyrdom, great and a glorious thing; and it is often like martyrdom.

And so, I say, in innumerable little ways, a man reveals himself and shows what he is. And more than that, in these sudden and unexpected ways come the crises of a man's being; not, I repeat, when he is prepared for them. Temptation is not temptation when you are ready to be tempted. No sin is powerful when you know it is. But when you are in your daily life, when you are in the woman's dress, in the rough water, from the well, you may hear Christ calling to you to do the right and to leave the wrong. And that is the hour of your temptation—that is the crisis of your being. You meet Christ by the wayside in every duty that calls you from the wrong to the right. You meet Christ by the wayside in a thousand incidents which you think, perhaps, of no consequence. If you saw Christ in some visible form, if you met him in some grand utterance upon some grand occasion, you would be ready to serve him; while some little common incident in which he can be found, you neglect, think it of no consequence. But that is the hour of your temptations of our life; and there come the great crises of our being. For it is what a machine does when it works that tests its value, and not what the machine is in itself. A man may have a glorious mechanism of moral principles, all ready for religions spoken sentiment to set it to work, and it may be perfect and complete in everything. That is all very well. But how does the machine work in the common affairs of life, in the ordinary, every-day incidents of life? That is the test. I repeat, these are often the crises of a man's

being; these wayside opportunities which may arise, and which may be seized, may be the lightest of all self-comes to us in the way, just as Christ came to the woman of Samaria. Now it cannot be denied that we are looking for grand occasions for religion, and for the utterance of religion; we are looking for religion in complex ways, in different forms and in unreal shapes. We do not look for it as we should, in common, plain, simple utterances. In reality, the position of Christ in this transaction illustrates what I may call the accessibility of religion. I speak thus because people call it a thing, a hard thing to be religious, just not at the bottom of the matter, but in the difficult and hard thing to be religious—it is a hard thing for a man to live religion. It ought to be a hard thing. It would not be worth anything, if it was not a hard thing. If it did not inspire us, I say, to the utmost effort—if it did not require us to be constant in our discipline—if it did not keep us constantly vigilant and constantly active, religion would not be worth anything to us. If we are to use religion as an element by which we come nearer to God and to Christ—by which we come nearer to the highest aim of the life, then it will be a hard thing. If it be not hard in the sense of living it often, then, it would not be worth anything.

But religion is not hard to get at; it is not hard to apprehend. Yet we are apt to apprehend it, to touch it, only in a complicated and formal way. We receive it in an ecclesiastical way, sometimes; we know nothing of it only in its ecclesiastical form; and when we speak of it we speak only of what was uttered in some sermon in proper church, or in a hymn which is associated with the church, or with a peculiar round of ceremonies—Religion comes to a great many people only in the authorized and consecrated way, by priest and ritual, by inflexible canons of time and place. There cannot touch it in any other way, for they think there is no distinction—now that the first volume of the broad truth—that this is the only way to get at religion—that this is the only consecration except in the visible devotion of the church—there is no true ceremony except that which is according to the ecclesiastical form. Now religion is that kind simply, a mass of complicated ceremonies, and with others, too, religion is nothing but words, set phrases—words used with a peculiar meaning, and having to them a peculiar emphasis. Let a sermon be

presented in which all the great truths of the gospel are
preached, in which the noblest incentives to human
action may be urged, in which the clearest revelation
of God is set forth, in which the truest statements about
Jesus Christ may be given, and yet, let certain words
of these phrases be left out of that discourse, and you
would find that the most precious moral truths there
is no Christ in it, nothing to associate in it, no marrow
in it. People have come to consider religion with
mere set of forms, when in reality their religion is
nothing but a skeleton of dry doctrines, with brittle
joints and vertebrae of phrases. Look at the Sermon on
the Mount. There are hundreds and thousands of peo-
ple who regard the Sermon on the Mount as a very
beautiful specimen of Christ's teaching, but they think
that after all there is very little gospel in it, if you come
to question them about it. They turn for their religion
to the epistles of Paul, because there is a great man-
ner of hard words in Paul, but it is difficult to get at
the meaning of them, and a curious and technical philology
is required to find their religion there. They think Chris-
tianity grew the germ of religion, while the real gospel
was elaborated by the apostle Paul. Now all glory be
to Paul for his noble services to Christ, and to the
church. Thank God for those burning epistles of his
which have been circulating through ages, and which
will circulate through all time, winged with words of
power and of wisdom. But, my friends, the whole
of the gospel is in the teachings of Jesus Christ; every
word of it is there. All that Paul, and Peter, and John
and James ever did was but to set forth the things
which came out of Christ's teachings—but to make
mere words of them. The entire gospel is in
the Sermon on the Mount, sometimes in a single
phrase.

And yet, I repeat, because religion is associated with certain words, phraseology, and ideas, men lo

upon that sear as a bald, simple moralism, and look somewhere else for their religion. And this is the reason why nature is excluded from this class of religious agencies, and natural religion is regarded as something impossible. Here is a man who has built up in his mind a structure of natural theology; he is devout through natural theology; he believes in a God through natural theology, and he believes in the immortality of the soul. I do not say it is a complete faith, but it is a religious faith as far as it goes. And yet you will find a great many who are disposed to call it mere paganism, with no religion in it. They say that the man looks out upon the scenes of nature with emotions of love to God, but say that there is no religion in it, because there is no God as it goes; the emotion is religion. I know it does not amount to much; it may die away and leave the man as great a sensualist and as much a groveller as ever. But a man does get proof of God, by the sight of God as manifested through the glories of nature. And the tendency of nature in itself is to lead us up to the highest truths, up to the highest religion. And whenever a man even in the contemplation of nature, if he does not feel anything else, feels a glow of gratitude to God, when under this blue canopy that is spread over us, under this blue heaven that is over our heads, we are nearer to us. Do not put by these emotions as unreligious, and say that they are nothing. They are not much, perhaps; but, so far as they go, I repeat, fresh, instant as they are, they are religious. And yet people think that only is good, that only is religion, which they get at church, in the congregation, by the prayer, or by the sermon; in a peculiar form and in a peculiar phraseology. Some people will take a sermon which is the merest commonplace, the dullest monotony of phrases, and so long as those phrases are religious, they will say that it is religion. The naturalist unfold his experiences and discoveries, glowing with the wonders of divine truth and wisdom, let him state them in his own, fresh, living language, and they will say, "Oh, there is nothing evangelical in it—it is only an exalted, and better kind of paganism." I say it may be, perhaps, but little more than the best kind of paganism, if he stop there. But you may take the avenues of natural science in our days, and they lead us to some of the grandest religious propositions, and some of the freshest religious thoughts. The truth is, if we go to nature with our pride, with our vanity, with our egotism, with our self-righteousness, then we shall get out of nature nothing but pride, vanity and cold speculation. We do not enjoy the pride of reason by what we get out of nature, July as we carry the pride of reason into nature. And a man may do the same thing in the Bible. I want to know how much better than paganism, than heathenism, than phariseism, do a great many people get out of the Bible, when they go to it with their hard sectarian theology? When they go to it with their cankered self-righteousness, with their dark views of God and man, and the world, and the nature of the Bible? Do you get the Bible, so with the nature of the Bible? Do you say: to either one or the other, and God's truth, Christ's truth stands there, simple, fresh, and close at hand.

It is a great thing, I verily believe, my friends, seeing how much God is moving nature before us at the present day, seeing how the human mind is dwelling on the great facts of nature as they are opened up before us by the telescope and the microscope—I say, considering all these things, it is of great importance that we should comprehend more and more that God is leading us into religious life and truth, through more avenues than one, through nature as well as through the Bible. It is a great thing, the spiritual truths, the spiritual symbols, and to comprehend the fact that the same elements of truth are felt in the Scripture of the works as in the Scripture of the words. A man may easily have an apocalyptic vision, in that familiar yet grand sight which I beheld this past week, standing on the verge of Niagara, for there I saw that the spiritual truths, that even the grand apocalypse which John unfolded was there symbolized before me. There were the crystal battlements; there were the rainbows round about the throne; there ascending and descending were outlines of spiritual forms with their wide-sweeping, glorious robes; there in perpetual acclamation were the voices of many waters with the voices of mighty thunders, ascending in the anthem, "Hallelulah, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth." Who can go into this beautiful Spring day, when every leaf is an open book, when every bird of song is a hymn, a worship, before God, when all is light and bursting beauty about us, and say that the man who sees the truth through these has no religion, because he does not get it in a peculiar form, or in a peculiar set of words?

"There are two books," says Sir Thomas Brown, "whence I collect my Divinity. Besides that written one of God, there is another of his Servant natured that universal, published manuscript that lies exposed to the eyes of all. Those who never saw him in the one way, discover him in the other. Scarcely," adds he, "these know better how to read and enjoy these mystical letters, than these Christians who cast a more careless eye on these common hieroglyphics, and disdain to seek divinity from the flowers of nature."

The highest religious truth lies close by the way, if we will only seek it, pluck it, and apply it. As it is in nature, so it is in the Bible; the great truths of Christianity are upon the surface. They are not for scholars. It would be preposterous to suppose that God had given a revelation to man, bearing upon his highest duty and destiny, and then made it that difficult thing which scholars and learned men presuppose it to be—something we must shovel after with our dictionaries and lexicons, delving into ecclesiastical history to get at the great saving truths of the Gospel. The saving truths of the Gospel are not below the surface, but upon it. The trouble is this: The Gospel is too simple for the mass of the people. Simplicity is the last thing anybody seems to learn. They seem to forget that the greatest things are the simplest things. You may take any course of education: here is a young man starting to learn any kind of profession; he thinks that that which is complex, that which makes a great noise, that which is bulky, that only is the great thing. He comes to know only at the last that the greatest things are the simplest things. How long it took men to learn this in nature. It was cycles and epeicycles, a wheel within a wheel, a complex mass without any explicitness, until by and by, Newton, Copernicus, and Kepler, began to see it all, and the simplest laws of beautiful harmony. And so with the Gospel: it is simple. It has been so simple, and beatifically interpreted, and the learned dogmas have been an upstart thing; but it has been a complex, a deep, a mysterious thing; until the great mass of the people have been repelled from it. They cannot find it; they only know, they only feel—as I said in the commencement—that religion is something very hard to get at and to know about. And yet, I repeat, religion is nothing but the simple truth that Christ uttered by the wayside, that lies upon the surface of the Bible.

Such, then, being the significance and importance of these various opportunities, especially in matters of religion, I ask you, my hearers, in the next place to consider how Christ used his opportunity. He made it the occasion of a great and effective religious argument. How suddenly, how instantly, before the purpose of his spirit the scene around him became cathedral, pulpit, congregation, everything, Christ did not need any outward occasion to consecrate his work; but with his work he consecrated all outward occasions. The freedom, the spontaneity of the teachings of Jesus never strike as with fresh wonder. There is no teacher there never was a teacher, so perfectly independent of time and place, so perfectly capable in himself of making all times and places consecrated and effective. And why was it? Because religion in Jesus Christ, I may so speak, was a real matter, a real thing. Religion, the truth of religion, the spirit of religion, was a real thing. Generally it is the most unreal thing in the world. People, when they talk about it, put on

face, and assume a voice that they do not about anything else. Indeed, people sometimes seem to think that religious truths can only be conveyed in a sort of stilted, artificial way, as if God were entering suddenly through the pulpit from the sky. A man says: Now that's the way to talk about religion. A form of speech, twisted in order to express religion in a different way from what you would express any other great interest. A sepulchral voice as it is spoken often, and properly called so, for religion is in a sepulchre, dead and withered, nothing but a mere form, an empty and useless idea. You may hear a man talk about religion, and then change the conversation, so that he will talk about his business, and what a difference you will perceive in his tone and manner. And why? Because his business is real; it is a great fact in his life. But religion is an unreal thing, and he knows so little about it, that he undertakes to talk about it in some strange, vague way. Hear a man talk about his love to God, the holy and the Infinite Father, and look at the strange, the awful, the strained manner he assumes, the changed tone of voice in every particular. Then hear him talk about his love for his child, or for his benefactor, and see how his heart gushes over, and his whole nature responds to it. He is talking about what is real. How different! And why? Because God is unreal to him; God is a mere spectre hidden behind a veil of mystery; while his child, his benefactor, are real objects, present to his heart and his thought. Hear a man speak of a great portrait, of a philanthropist, of a noble man, and then look at the difference when he comes to speak of Jesus Christ. It is all formal, constrained then.

This unreal way in which we hold religion, makes religion unreal to us; that I do verily believe, because I am willing to give men all the excuse that they can have. It is one great cause why religion is not a great prevalent power and spirit in the hearts of multitudes of people, because those who profess it make it unreal, talk of it as if they knew nothing about it, as though it has something very vague and very mysterious, that is, that is not a very powerful over their heads and lives. Now with Christ, religion was really real, it was in his heart and soul; it was the great reality of his being; and consequently, wherever he was that reality transfigured the scene into proper occasions and proper conditions. True religion is the most pervading, and yet the most natural and unintrusive element. A man who is truly religious never forces his religion upon other people, because it is not any one thing—it is not a set of words or of doctrines, but it is his whole life, and his religion goes in wherever he goes. If the conversation takes a religious turn, whatever he says comes spontaneously, just as Christ spoke when he sat on the well of Jacob. If there is no particular phraseology there, yet you feel there is a religiousness about him, and that is his life and character—that is better preaching than the preaching of words. It is an odd and trite saying that "one speak louder than words." A man who is in earnest about religion has no desire, is not anxious, to wedge it in everywhere in some strange way. I repeat, it comes naturally from him, and whether he speaks readily of it or not, there is in him and in his life an influence—a religious influence—and he, in some way or other, manages to convey to you his idea that religion is not one thing, but many—that in a highly consecrated sense it is everything—that its measure is unmeasurable; that the variety of its elements is count-

very spontaneous and natural in Christ was this religious spirit and truth. Look how slight an incident: a woman comes and draws a bucket of water, and asking her for a drink, Christ goes on and touches naturally upon living water which springs up into everlasting life; and, from this, convincing the woman of his divine power and authority, he passes on to the highest revelation of God, and the confession of himself as the Messiah. There was nothing strained or forced in this. It was not religion got up as people get it up when they come to talk about religion. It was all from the heart, and it was all natural, because religion is very, very, very, very, very natural.

And this conversation of Jesus Christ with the woman of Samaria, was a great lesson in preaching, as all the lessons and teachings of Jesus Christ were. I have said there never was such a teacher. You may compare Jesus Christ with whom you please. Sit him up alongside Socrates and Plato; call him, as some men affect to do, a good man, a man with good moral principles, as uttering great truths, stripping away all gayity and dignity from his teaching; call him, as the same men might, a cunning deceiver, a man of guile, and a man who cannot denie this; never mind, never mind, let us make him out as Christ taught. "There was a great deal of truth in what the multitude said, that 'never man spake like this.' The multitude had been so long used to the dry, husky, technical teachings of the Scribes and Pharisees, that when they heard Jesus they drew a long breath, as it were, and cried out, 'Surely, never man spake thus man.' And there never had been a man like him. Whom I believe he saw radially in the light of the Word of God, and in the summer light, and oh, what a misal of divine glory it became—what a lesson of God's goodness. He saw a wild bird stirring its way through the air, and it became at once an illustration of Divine providence. He took nothing but a grain of mustard seed, and the whole kingdom of God was involved in it. Wherever he turned his eye, I repeat, he found sentiment, radical truth, and struck out of it something right before the people that they could take hold of. This is the power of the Word of God, and it goes to men's minds and hearts, and is received with reverence, for the reality is close at hand."

Some preaching is merely the preaching of abstract doctrines, a mere logical proposition, built up of sharp intellectual theories, and at the very end of it, perhaps, making an application of it to practical life. The whole of the rest is useless, and the application is not perceived by two-thirds of the people, who have not followed the sharp, shrewd, intellectual propositions at all. Real preaching passes from life up into doctrine—not from abstract doctrine down into life; it is based upon the realities of this life. When you can jam a man up against a great fact of life, and ask him, How now? what does that teach you? what does that say, oh man, to the deep heart within you? what does that speak to the aspiring, thirsty soul? what does that tell you? When you can do that, there is power in preaching. And if it is only the leaf of the lily, or the wing of the white bird, it has infinite power the moment it passes home the great reality of the truth which it contains.

If a man has no proof of the existence of God in his own moral consciousness, in the deep voice within him; if he has in his own soul no sense of his need, his weakness and his guilt, I am afraid you cannot convince him of a God by any of your logical arguments. He is a great deal more apt to be convinced of a God by the little daily that opens in the spring-time, by the touch of God's universal care that falls glittering upon the insect's wing. Do you want to prove an immortality to a man who has no consciousness of his own sin? You will not believe it then, if you hear heart and consciousness do not tell you of it. If some great fact of life has not brought it home to you, some great loss, the open grave of some friend, or the consciousness of some limitation against which you chafe and beat—if that does not bring immortality home to you, you will never be convinced of it. And you will not be convinced of the truth of Jesus Christ by historical arguments, by evidence like that in the great volumes of Dr. Lardner. The truth that is to be proved is to your own soul, and you must have just such teaching as is to your own soul, just such guidance as he sets before you, of just such divine words as he uttered, being like the living water to your thirsty soul—there is the proof of Christianity. Does not your consciousness claim that? Do not you say, I need just such a manifestation of God as that glowing love from the face of Christ; I need just such purity as that to inspire me with the hope that I may rise above

CONTINUED ON THE FOURTH PAGE.

BY M. V. ST. LEON.

[Concluded from our last.]

CHAPTER VIII.

The astonishing intelligence of Sir Rãdford's projected marriage roused the whole neighborhood: Mrs. Saville having found long ago that any attempts on her part to assail the baronet were useless, put aside all thoughts of envy, and rejoiced in the prospect of fetes at Ashford Park—the place had been so stupid for the last three years; the Hon. Frederic Annesley concealed his chagrin at having a march stolen upon him, as well as he could; and the people at the Parsonage rejoiced because everybody else appeared to.

Great excitement prevailed among the inhabitants of Hatherstone, as the boxes containing the tresson arrived from London, and equal satisfaction was expressed that the ceremony was to take place in the church where the Coningsburgs had celebrated such events in a most lugubrious manner from time immemorial. Much doubt had been entertained, whether the proud American lady would adopt the customs of the place, instead of making a grand display in London. Nothing could be further removed from Honoria's wishes than this, however, and Sir Radford, who had urged her to follow her own particular inclinations, was no less delighted at her decision, so in union with his reverence for ancestral precedent, than were the neighboring families at the prospect of something to enliven the chronic dullness of Hatherstone.

With what different feelings did Honoria wake on the morning of her second wedding-day from those of eight years before, when in the freshness of girlhood's first deep love, she had looked forward to a future of unalloyed happiness with an earthly idol. As she recalled each incident of that period, and the devotion of St. George during the five years of her married life, it seemed a sacrilegious thing to become the wife of another. The memory of the past was dearer than dreams of future ambition at that moment.

She glanced toward the window through blinding tears—the splendid woods and distant fagades of Ashford Park and manor house glistening fresh and fair in the morning sun, rising in majestic proportions through the still blue air, met her eyes like an Elysian scene. The bright rye creeping onward, glittered with blinding radiance upon an open case on the dressing-table. It contained the diamond witness of Sir Radford's munificence, a bridal present, received the preceding evening. She glanced at the sleeping Lily, and thought of her unprotected future, of her own isolated position, and the attention with which Sir Radford would surround them.

These silent monitors were powerful in argument. The tears were succeeded by a proud light, and rising, she prepared to enter upon the enjoyment so abundantly promised.

But once afterward her calmness failed—as she pronounced the words which had bound her to St. George—but the emotion was perceptible only in the coldness and trembling of the hand on which the bridegroom placed the ring, and an increase of pallor on her already pale face. It soon subsided, however, and her signature was as firm and elegant as any of the witnesses.

In a few days Sir Radford and Lady Coningsburg went up to London in season for the Queen's drawing-room. The bride was presented at court, and herself and diamonds acknowledged to be the most beautiful things present. Lady Coningsburg became the fashion, and so perfect was her tact, that it seemed probable she might in time aspire to the position of a leader of ton. Being in the full bloom of womanhood, she was admired for herself as well as for the wealth and standing of Sir Radford, who put no restraint upon her wishes, and was most proud and pleased when the youth, beauty, and accomplishments of his wife were oftenest displayed.

The gay round of pleasure in which Honoria soon became involved, developed all the latent worldliness of her nature, and fostered her haughty spirit. But Sir Radford only admired her the more as a fit representative of so ancient a name as that of Coningsburg. Ashford Park saw less and less of its proprietor, until at the expiration of a few years it was only thrown open at Christmas, when Sir Radford and his lady came down with a crowd of guests to spend the holidays.

The worthy little rector, much scandalized at the new order of proceedings, improved these opportunities to read a homily on "the pomps and vanities of this naughty world," and the sins of pride and vain-glory—to all of which the rustling congregation listened with much apparent edification.

Lily, who retained no distinct recollections of her early childhood, and most imperfect ones of the period comprising her father's death and subsequent incidents, was fast approaching womanhood, as beautiful as her infancy had promised. Although her mother rejoiced in this as a surety of her making a brilliant match, the great resemblance to St. George, in her girlish features, always saddened the seemingly thoughtless, worldly-minded woman, who, it would appear, had entirely forgotten the romance of her youth.

But it was not so. There were many lonely hours in the life of the brilliant and admired Lady Co-

ingeburg; her stately husband was as capable of sympathizing with her in such moods, as one of the marble pillars in the hall; but to compensate for this, he was devoted to her service—every wish was gratified before expressed, and the most unbounded liberty allowed; her very caprices were respected, and no reasons ever asked concerning any line of conduct she chose to adopt.

The wild day-dreams of her girlhood were finally realized—she was an acknowledged leader of fashion; the most ambitious schemes for her child seemed likely to prosper. The first twenty years of her life appeared like the half-forgotten history of some stranger.

The season in London had been unusually gay. The birth-day was long since past, and yet the pleasure-seeking crowds lingered for a succession of brilliant entertainments which followed each other with increasing rapidity, as if conscious such a state of things could not last much longer.

At the opera one evening, in the middle of a gay *repas*, Lady Coningsburg turned suddenly pale, and gazed with stony fixedness at the opposite side of the theatre. She was instantly surrounded by the ladies of her party, much alarmed at her singular appearance; but in a moment recovered herself, declaring it was nothing—the air was close, and she felt slightly faint, but it was entirely gone; and finding that any notice annoyed her, they ceased their attentions.

But not another note of the liquid melody did Honoria hear. A tall figure standing in the shadow of a balcony destroyed all warmth and life in her veins; she felt oppressed as by some terrible dream, scarcely daring to move or speak lest she should be observed by that fearful presence. She could hardly realize the blow that threatened to fall on her unprotected head, and her mind was too bewildered at the approaching danger to avoid it, or clearly follow out the result. She vaguely foresaw the position, reputation, and every worldly good she had so long and successfully striven for, snatched from her at one deadly grasp, and disgrace, humiliation, neglect substituted; there stood the man who could condemn her to degradation, who held her future in his power—Alfred Maxwell.

Presently her courage revived; she had escaped him once—why not again? But the stake was so great as to nearly paralyze her energies. As yet it appeared he had not seen her, and the plan of leaving the theatre and setting out for Hatherstone immediately, or—if she discovered Maxwell was intending to remain sometime in England—going abroad, suggested itself to her troubled mind.

While waiting for a favorable opportunity to effect an exit unobserved, the door of her box opened, and a young author, whom she had patronized considerably, entered; with a pre-occupied attention she listened to his conversation until he mentioned the dreaded name; then, suddenly arousing, she requested him to repeat his last remark. He stated that a Mr. Maxwell had recently arrived in London, bringing letters of introduction to several families of note who were highly pleased with, and made quite a lion of the young American. He also added that this new acquaintance was much struck with her ladyship on account of a strong resemblance to an old friend.

Honoria trembled violently. Could it be that he had not discovered her identity? Her resolution was instantly taken to quit the country, and thus, by disappearing from his sight, cause him to forget any suspicions in regard to herself. As soon as possible she left the scene of her acute suffering, followed by the opera glass of Maxwell till out of sight. When Sir Radford heard his lady's wish to leave London immediately, he expressed no surprise, and silently acquiesced, according to custom.

The agony of the succeeding night may not be estimated by any common standard. To lose all she had spent years in securing—worldly ruin stared her in the face—the accessories of wealth and position acquired a treble value in her eyes, as she seemed about to be deprived of them. She dreaded the approach of daylight—as if the darkness were safety, and could arrest the progress of evil.

CHAPTER IX.

The next morning orders were given to prepare for leaving London, and Lady Coningsburg remained alone in the splendid drawing-rooms, that only increased her misery by reminding her of the game at stake, calculating the chances of each possible move, when, without previous warning, Mr. Maxwell was announced.

The violent start and flush were not lost upon the villain, who advanced with winning deference to present a letter of introduction. Nearly overwhelmed, at this sudden progress toward the dreaded danger, Honoria rose, and, scarcely conscious of her actions, extended her hand mechanically for the note. As she did so her arm was exposed to view, and on it glittered its inseparable ornament—the pendant Spanish doubloon!

Every lingering doubt vanished from Maxwell's mind, and with an instant change of manner he boldly said:

"This farce is useless—we need no introduction, Honoria!"

His helpless victim sank tremblingly on a seat, while her fiendish persecutor gazed in greedy triumph at the evidence of his power. Her pale lips were speechless; she could only clasp her hands in silent despair.

"Well, my pretty fugitive," was his unfeeling address, accompanied with a sneering laugh, "this is making out pretty well for a runaway slave; you seem to have a natural gift at bewitching white people into forgetfulness of your negro origin. Features and complexion are pretty well toned down, though," he added, scanning her critically.

In the wild hope inspired by a stray word of this sentence, the insult was unheeded. She was now equal to any emergency, and with all her customary composure awaited an opportunity to use her newly-formed defence. This change did not escape Maxwell, who supposed, however, that it proceeded from a determination to deny her identity, and, glorying in the certainty of triumphing at last, he proceeded to heap indignities upon her.

"You cannot escape me!" he said; "I cannot claim you, it is true, but I can deprive you of everything you value."

"I defy you!" was her scornful answer.

"Ah! you defied me once before, and what was my revenge?"

"But you were foiled; I escaped you."

Furious at her fearless disdain, Maxwell forgot all prudence, and, clutching her arm fiercely, hissed into her startled ear—

"Not so, madama! you did not escape all. Who

destroyed the idol that formed your sole happiness? Who doomed you to the awful suspense of a second slavery? Who condemned you to a life-long exile, or future bondage, by secreting your free papers? I! I did all this, and I will again envelop you in a net whose meshes you cannot break so easily. I have sworn a glorious revenge, and I will obtain it!"

A deep thankfulness that St. George had actually provided for her safety, that she was free, though unable to produce the proofs, was happiness too great for utterance, and it was several instants before she could reply to his threat and cruel boast:

"You could not have done me a greater service than to withhold my papers. But for that theft, I should not have been in the position I now occupy, from which you are at liberty to dislodge me—if you are able!"

Rage and malice glowed in his eyes as he retorted: "You believe, perhaps, that your proud, high-born companions will continue loyal to your capricious sway, when they discover that their oracle is a fugitive slave, the ci-devant mistress of the man whose wife she called herself, the artful adventuress, who, by her deceits, has entrapped a nobleman into placing her in the position she now occupies. And these facts I will proclaim in the ears of every one."

"Are you determined to do this?" Honoria calmly inquired.

"I am; nothing shall induce me to forego my revenge. An hour ago you might have bought me off; but now I will do as I have sworn."

"I have no desire to purchase your silence. If you declare my origin, you will but surround me with more devoted friends than I now possess."

Amazed at the wonderful composure of his intended victim, he demanded if she intended to deny his statements.

"Not at all. But there are a few doors that are closed even upon me, who lead half London. Once enlist the sympathies of their proud owners, and nothing will so surely do this as the plan you propose, and my popularity is increased four-fold. Even should that fail me, my husband cannot be alienated by any efforts, and we will find a home abroad, where distinctions of races are only noticed to be admired. These I can rest secure from your malice."

Although realizing the truth of these assertions, such was her unutterable loathing of African taint, that, rather than her origin should be suspected, even with the addition of fresh honors, she would have preferred the lot of the most miserable white woman. This she carefully concealed from Maxwell, however, although trembling at the result of his threat, if executed.

In vain did her persecutor attempt to arouse her fears. He was entirely deceived by her affected indifference; and at length, completely baffled, took his leave, vowing that if ever she fell into his power, every scornful word should be avenged with interest.

Maxwell had discovered Honoria by chance, and the old emotion of rage at her having foiled him once, awakened within his heart, urging him on to injure her if possible. Convinced that any such attempts were useless at present, he proposed to complete his tour abroad, and bade her a better opportunity. He was now seeking to establish himself in life, and having just run through his large fortune in various extravagances, was seeking anxiously for some heiress to repair his losses.

When his first anger at the result of his efforts was past, the thought occurred that much more might be gained by professing friendship instead of enmity toward Lady Coningsburg. Acting under this impulse, he wrote to her, stating that if she would assist him in winning a wealthy bride, he would remain silent concerning her past history. Rejoiced at this prospect of safety, yet aware the display of too much joy would be impolitic, Honoria returned a brief reply to the effect that so long as he treated her courteously she would show equal civility to him.

A truce was thus established, and both parties met in society as acquaintances. But Honoria lived in constant terror, somewhat lessened by the reflection, that after so long a period as had elapsed since their meeting, Maxwell could not expose her without losing his own reputation for manliness and honor, even if his story was credited. These facts suggested themselves to Maxwell also, and he clearly perceived that his power was gone, and that he had now outwitted himself.

In order to retrieve his broken fortunes, he plunged deeply into gaming; but before long, his success being such as to render his associates unwilling to engage against him, he turned his attention to heiress hunting instead.

As it chanced, his choice fell upon a young but plain girl, already in possession of her property, and so unattractive that not even her golden charms had yet procured her a suitor. But she was amiable, sensible, and capable of deep and true affection. Of this, Lady Coningsburg, for whom she entertained the most enthusiastic admiration, was well aware, and on her part much preferred the society of this painfully shy, but really gifted girl, to many more brilliant, but also more shallow ones.

Maxwell now demanded that Honoria should assist him in this enterprise, and her haughty spirit chafed like a caged lioness at the reflection that the man she despised above all others could with impunity demand her to participate in his nefarious schemes, betray the confiding trust of an esteemed friend, and subject herself to his degrading companionship. An hundred times she was tempted to wish that the ocean had become her grave after her escape from bondage. But regrets were useless, and Maxwell became more impatient every day, relying on the good offices of Lady Coningsburg, who perceived that her young friend was so prepossessed in his favor, and flattered by receiving attentions so unusual, that the slightest attempt to influence her according to his wishes would be entirely successful.

She was spared the dreaded humiliation, however. She heard a report one day that the fascinating American was about to return home to take possession of a large fortune just left him. This was almost too much a relief for Honoria to credit; but when Maxwell called to take his leave, she felt as if the springs of life were renewed within her. Rejoiced at this unexpected release, her manner was almost cordial, and they parted on civil terms.

But as Maxwell pondered upon the events of the last few months, his pride was aroused that he should have been thwarted a second time by a woman who had once been his undisputed property, yet was able to set his threats at defiance. He was thankful but for one thing—that he had not committed himself to the ugly heiress, since the necessity for a wealthy wife no longer existed, and he resolved to choose the fairest woman he could win to grace his new estate, and banish the remembrance of past mortifications.

He was now master of one of the most elegant residences in Virginia, left him by his uncle, Mr. Talbot, and, with the large fortune attached to it, was subject to but one restriction—that the widow should make it her home as long as she pleased, and also receive half the income till her decease. This, Maxwell did not regard as an incumbrance, for his share sufficed to supply all his wishes, and as Mrs. Talbot was an aristocratic, elegant woman, he was pleased to have so fine a hostess when he entertained his friends. But between himself and this proud lady there was little familiarity; for his selfish and unworthy nature did not escape her notice, and had he not been her husband's nephew, she would not have treated so considerately a man whom she had always kept at a distance during Mr. Talbot's lifetime.

Day by day her dislike increased, until Maxwell scarce felt that he had any claim to continue at Mount Clare, so distant and contemptuous were the manners of its mistress, who, on her part, thoroughly aware of his true character, regretted that the estate had not been left to a worthy stranger, rather than to the undeserving heir. Time passed on, and despite his wealth and position as one of the most extensive landholders in the State, his acquaintances were few, and friends still less numerous, till at length Mount Clare was almost as solitary as if uninhabited, and its master held in general dislike, as a sarcastic, unamiable man.

CHAPTER X.

Increase of years did not bring additional happiness to Lady Coningsburg. All the distinctions which surrounded her did not suffice to fill her heart; there was a vague longing for something she had not, and could not define. Every resort of the fashionable world for the cure of ennui proved unavailing, and finally, after exhausting the continent for change of scene and amusement, some enterprising member of her coterie ventured to suggest a trip to Canada.

This met with instant approval from all. A party was soon formed of the cream of Lady Coningsburg's circle, and the intended route carefully marked out. Lily, now a beautiful girl of sixteen, was to accompany them at her earnest request, and Sir Radford's petition on her behalf, who could not bear to be separated from his pet.

The voyage brought vividly to memory all Honoria's early life. The contrast between the first and second passage, so hateful to contemplate, irritated her almost beyond endurance. The days spent on ship-board were one continued trial to her haughty spirit, and she was silent from joy when they neared the land. As she had no associations connected with this part of the country, novelty of scene and occupation amused her awhile, until but one more sight remained before their departure for home—the Falls of Niagara.

When within a day's journey of the falls, Sir Radford was attacked by a slight illness, which prevented him from journeying with the party. He finally persuaded them to proceed without himself and Lady Coningsburg, intending to join them again shortly. He would not hear of Lily's remaining behind, but insisted that she should go on with her friends.

An indefinable fear seized Honoria at hearing this decision. She had never felt uneasy when separated from her daughter by the breadth of nearly a whole continent, and now, when but a few hours were to divide them, she was filled with sad presentiment and groundless alarm.

Lily, however, experienced nothing of this, and promised to be very cautious, to avoid all dangerous places, and to keep constantly near her friends; yet when they departed, Honoria turned pale and cold, vainly struggling against the seeming weakness.

As the travelers journeyed along, little dreaming of the anxiety in Lady Coningsburg's heart, Lily was the life of them all, her beauty and gaiety attracting the admiration of those with whom they came in contact. The day after their arrival at Niagara was spent in viewing the Falls, and lamenting the absence of two of their number. The next morning they crossed over to the American side, and Lily, who was unusually gay, received frequent cautions from her companions for her fearlessness, which made her too bold to guard against danger.

Presently the party turned homeward. Just as Lily, who was in advance, was about to step onto the bridge, one of the gentlemen called her by name. She turned to reply, and as she did so, three men, who had been lurking about at intervals all the morning, came rapidly forward, and one who seemed the leader, laid his hand on her shoulder, saying—

"You are my prisoner, young lady!"

Trembling and terrified beyond the power of speech or action, she could only gaze helplessly into the man's face. The next moment her friends were on the spot, and one of them attempted to thrust the intruder aside, furiously demanding by what right he dared to touch Miss St. George.

"By the authority of the United States' laws," was the calm reply. "I arrest this girl as the property of Alfred Maxwell of Virginia, who purchased her with her mother, Honoria Phillips, twelve years ago, of the heirs of Cecil St. George, Esq., of New Orleans."

Utter amazement silenced them all for a second, and then the gentleman who had spoken before, exclaimed:

"Impossible! There is some mistake here. Release the lady," and he attempted to draw her away. "Hold, young man," replied the officer; "there is no mistake in the matter—I have a warrant for her arrest, and you must permit me to execute my orders peaceably, or I shall be obliged to use force."

Further resistance was useless; and after accompanying Lily to the place where she was to remain for the present, her friends returned to their lodgings, and despatched a message to Sir Radford and Lady Coningsburg, desiring them to hasten forward without delay. This done, they vented their indignation on this outrageous imposition, as they termed it, and pictured the reparation that Sir Radford would probably demand.

It so chanced that the baronet and his lady had started to rejoin their friends, and missed the intelligence, so that on their arrival it was very evident they were ignorant of evil. Honoria's first inquiry was for her daughter, and the embarrassed silence of her companions struck with leaden weight on her heart.

"You did not receive our message, then?" inquired one of the ladies.

"No—there is something you hesitate to say; I beg you will tell me instantly what has happened."

"Pray, be calm, my dear friend—it is nothing—that is, all will be well now that you are come."

"My child! she is ill—she—no it cannot be that any harm has befallen her—oh! say it is not that!"

Lady Coningsburg's agonized suspense was terrible to behold; and, unable to restrain her emotion, the lady summoned her brother—the one who had attempted to prevent Lily's arrest—to relate the circumstances.

"Oh, Lord Harcliffe!" Honoria cried, as he entered the room, "do not conceal anything from me! Tell me the worst, and at once—I can bear all but this dreadful doubt."

"It is only a strange mistake, or the malicious invention of some enemy," he replied, and indignantly narrated the occurrence.

Ere he had finished, she comprehended the whole; and, for the second time in her life, sank under the burden of unbearable distress into insensibility. When she recovered her senses, she thought that her history could no longer be concealed, and that a public exposure must follow, nearly deprived her of reason. All the results of twelve long years' toil and " vexation of spirit" were dashed at one blow—crumbled into dust!

She thought of her darling child, imprisoned, treated like a criminal, and heart-broken at this disgrace—alone among strangers, and no mother to comfort her in this desolation—until the bitter cry arose: "Why am I thus persecuted?"

Then conscience, whose voice she had so long silenced, became a relentless accuser. The towering ambition, the wasted opportunities of usefulness, the tactless, the thoughtless pursuit of pleasure, all her worldliness, the disregarded warnings of affliction, and the stifled repentance, that, if heeded, might perhaps have averted this last overwhelming stroke of chastisement, rose up like ghosts from the past, and caused her to shudder at the retrospection—to remain awed and silent before the avenging angel, as the just retribution so long delayed was dealt upon her.

Amid this chaos of emotion, one impulse shone out clear and defined—to see and defend her child from all unnecessary suffering—for she never realized the almost idolatrous love she cherished for Lily until now. Yet it was impossible to go to her, without being herself arrested; this she would not have heeded—far, when her past life was disclosed and the name of slave affixed to her, the state of slavery would be no additional misery to her diseased mind; but if she joined her daughter, and resigned herself to voluntary bondage, no benefit could result, for it was very uncertain if Maxwell would allow them to remain together, lest his revenge should not be complete, or they should effect a second escape, unless guarded so warily as to become a burden.

And she had supposed this long-dreaded danger vanished forever, years ago. On his quitting England, she had parted peacefully from her persecutor, and dismissed the idea of an event like the present from her thoughts, as a settled impossibility! Who could have imagined that Maxwell would learn their arrival, when residing in another part of the continent! These reflections passed through the mind of the sufferer; and the contrast between her present wretched situation and that of a short time previous, added its silent sting, reproaching her for the restless, ungrateful disposition that had not permitted her to receive with thankfulness unnumbered blessings, but urged them all on to ruin, which fell most heavily upon the innocent—her husband and child—from whom she, the cause, had experienced nothing but devotion and blind obedience.

The faint hope that perhaps Maxwell would permit the purchase of Lily, kept her from despair. Horrible thought! She shrieked at the sound of her own expression—her child a slave—that loathed and accursed thing—could it be this awful degradation would be allowed! Her brain seemed on fire; at this crisis, only the conviction that the utmost self-command and energy were indispensable to rescue Lily, if within human power, preserved her reason.

Most bitter of all was the fact that they were actually free; that their fiendish enemy, who unjustly defrauded them of liberty, was the one who had deprived them of their idolized protector—the cowardly murderer of the fond husband and father.

The consternation of her friends, when the truth was known, was only equalled by their pity and indignation. Every failing of the really charming Honoria was forgotten, and every excellence of herself and child magnified like the virtues of the dead. But at this season human sympathy availed the victim little, and she had not yet learned to seek the tender support of that God whose righteous judgment and punishment she acknowledged.

CHAPTER XI.

Honoria's worst fears were realized. Maxwell refused to part with Lily, and prepared to depart immediately after the trial was concluded. Nearly distracted at the prospect of a final separation, the unhappy mother resolved to see her darling once more in the vague, wild hope—of she knew not what. The ladies of the party had visited Lily during the trial, and much surprise was expressed that the cruel Southerner should allow his prisoner such consolation. He had even permitted notes to pass between his victims, and in the last which Lily had sent, she begged her mother not to attempt seeing her, and bade her a touching farewell.

The poor child now sat crouched in a corner of her grated window, looking into the dusky shades of gathering twilight, with her mother's last reply clasped to her bosom; the sweet face flushed with recent tears, and the long, fair hair in disordered, heavy masses about her shoulders; she was endeavoring to comprehend the full extent of the calamity which had befallen her; her desolation—the horrors of her position—till overcome with bewildering fright, she hid her face in her hands and sobbed with tearless eyes, striving to still the suffocating throbs of her aching heart.

She dashed the damp curls back, and clinging to the iron bars, gazed forth again, striving to be calm, and to banish the thoughts of mother, home and friends. Fortunately her ideas of slavery were very undefined, and she could not comprehend much more than that she should always be a servant among strangers, and never again see her beloved country, as she termed England, nor her dear old acquaintances; but this nearly benumbed her senses.

The shadows deepened—on the morrow she should be beyond the reach of the loved ones. Oh! was it indeed true that she should never more behold that fond mother's face? It could not be so. Vainly she tried to realize that this was not all a horrible dream. If she could but gaze once again on her mother, rest her weary head a few short minutes on that sheltering breast, everything in the future might be cheerfully borne.

Would she not come even yet? Could not a mother's yearning tenderness devise a way to comfort,

if not rescue her? Could she live otherwise? No, she was conscious that death or a maniac's fate must then relieve her, and there was joy in the thought. But she was thankful that a meeting would not be allowed—that the safety of that most loved one would not be periled, and strove to find comfort in that fact.

But oh! only to hear her voice—but one word! And the tears ran down her pale cheeks again, for nature was stronger than reason or religion.

The door of her cell was opened to admit a visitor, and then securely fastened as before. A tall, veiled figure advanced a few hurried steps, tottered, and, stretching out its arms toward the trembling girl, who had risen, uttered the cry of "My child! my child!"

With a low, broken murmur of gladness, Lily sprang forward, and the arms were folded closely around her.

For a moment not a whisper broke the silent happiness of either; and then the poor girl, flinging herself down on her couch, drew Honoria beside her, and poured out a flood of incoherent, joyous phrases, interrupted by tears and caresses.

Presently Honoria collected her wandering senses and proceeded to execute the plan she had formed for Lily's liberation. She was to remain behind, while the young girl should depart in her stead, unknown to the jailer. Lily would not listen to this, until her mother represented that she could doubtless effect an escape before long, and they would then be united; instead of which, a lasting separation must ensue, if one so young and inexperienced as Lily were to depend on her own efforts for a reunion. Honoria finally declared that if she would not avail herself of this opportunity of freedom, she would also stay and share the same fate.

Thus urged, Lily disguised her face and form, and, nearly overcome with the thoughts of leaving her mother to suffer instead, applied for permission to pass out. But a taunting laugh, and the reply, "that both birds were caged at last," fell on the ears of those within with startling force. The next moment a perverse joy, that they had now no choice but to remain together, filled both their hearts, and, ere long, festering in her mother's arms, worn out with fatigue and sorrow, Lily fell into a gentle slumber.

Maxwell experienced a fierce pleasure at learning that his schemes were successful. Now he could revenge the past with usury. In addition to slavery, his proud victim should pine to think that, could she but escape, her former position might be restored, and that day by day she was losing her youth and beauty—wasting her existence, tortured by the knowledge that her lovely child was doomed to a life of degradation, just as the most brilliant future seemed opening to her.

It was owing to mere accident that he became aware that Honoria was in America. Wearied with the loneliness of Mount Clare, he had accompanied Mrs. Talbot on a visit to her brother, Judge Tracy, residing near the Falls, and, having heard some person mention a beautiful Miss St. George, traveling with an English party, at once surmised the truth, and laid his plans accordingly. He had permitted Lily's friends to visit her, in the hope that some such step as Honoria had taken, would place both in his power.

The consternation of Sir Radford, on discovering the last misfortune that had befallen him, resulted in a severe illness; his pride was now completely prostrated—a Coningsburg a slave! He could never lift up his head again—the glory of his unsullied thirty descents was hopelessly stained—and nothing remained to the desolate old man but to die.

Honoria was also humbled. She felt that she would willingly resign these vanities which had never satisfied her heart, for the lowest station in life as a free woman, and labor cheerfully to support herself and child.

Sir Radford, who had watched the progress of events with trembling eagerness, became acquainted during Lily's trial, with Judge Tracy, and when Honoria was detained by Maxwell, requested an interview. He inquired if no inducement could be offered that would persuade Maxwell to release his claims, and implored the Judge to effect a compromise. This the latter knew would be a useless attempt; but the baronet could not endure the thoughts of so public an exposure as must ensue at the trial, and his misery was doubled at knowing the suffering it must cause his haughty, but idolized wife. In consideration of his urgent petitions, the Judge consented to undertake the task, but suggested, as a last hope, in case Maxwell was immovable, that some person might be commissioned to purchase the mother and daughter, without the agency of their friends being suspected. To this chance Sir Radford clung with despairing tenacity.

As he had predicted, Judge Tracy found that the plaintiff would make no concession, and, deeply interested in the matter, requested to see Honoria. Disliking to refuse, yet inwardly unwilling, Maxwell ordered that she should be brought from the apartment where she was confined. As she entered the room, the Judge gazed at her with evident surprise, and instinctively offered her a seat; he could scarce credit his senses, and addressed her with deference—it might be that a deeper feeling than respect actuated him; there was a tenderness in his manner, which increased as they conversed. She said but little, and appeared calm and unshaken, for she was resolved to afford no satisfaction to her enemy.

Soon after her entrance, Maxwell was called from the room to attend to some important business, and although very uneasy at leaving Honoria with the Judge, was obliged to submit, aware that any display of such feelings would appear suspicious, and, indeed, he scarcely knew what he feared during his absence.

But the instant that he was fairly gone, a great change passed over the hitherto passive face, that her companion so much admired. Rising quickly, she clasped her hands, and advancing toward him, exclaimed:

"Oh! save me and my child—we are free! Maxwell himself told me he destroyed our papers."

"What do you say?" replied the Judge, nearly bewildered at this singular procedure.

In a few rapid but comprehensive words, Honoria stated the case, and implored him to rescue Lily and herself. Deeply moved, he gazed sorrowfully at her, saying:

"My poor child! although I firmly believe your statement, it can avail you nothing—there is no proof. But do not lose courage. If Mr. Maxwell retains you in his possession, at Mount Clare, you will be well treated; for Mrs. Talbot, who is his uncle's wife, and also my sister, resides there, and will protect you, I am sure."

"Do not attempt to soothe me thus," Honoria re-

hemently cried. "Would such words reconcile you to a fate like mine?" and she covered her face in hopeless despondency.

"Maud, will you permit me to examine that bracelet?"

Honorita looked up in surprise. She could not recognize the calm, measured accents of Judge Tracy, in the hurried, unsteady utterance of the agitated man before her. She mechanically did as he requested, however, and offered the ornament to him. Seizing one of its pendants with trembling hands, he scrutinized it narrowly. It was the Spanish doubloon she still wore—unable to part with it, even after it had betrayed her to Maxwell.

"Where did you obtain this coin?" the Judge inquired.

She related the circumstances connected with it, and wondered still more at his increasing emotion, especially when she mentioned the name of her mother, and the charge concerning the date of her birth, and preservation of this medal. She was yet speaking when Maxwell returned. Making a sign for her to cease, Judge Tracy said to him:

"I wish my sister to see this person, and will go for her at once. I am much interested in her appearance."

Maxwell assented, unable to comprehend the notice taken of Honorita, or why Mrs. Talbot could not as well see her on their departure for home. But, aware that it was for his interest to stand well with the Judge, and apprehending no evil from granting so simple a request, he awaited the arrival of the lady with curiosity.

CHAPTER XII.

When Judge Tracy returned, he was accompanied by Mrs. Talbot, and, despite her agitation and suspense of mind, Honorita was deeply impressed with the majestic elegance of the lady.

"Maud, this is the person I spoke of to you," said the Judge.

Mrs. Talbot glanced toward Honorita, and turning to her brother again with troubled countenance, inquired—

"You have something to tell me—what is it?"

The gentleman requested Honorita to raise her left sleeve, and quietly pointed to the bracelet. Mrs. Talbot looked wildly at the medal for a moment, and then sat down, quite pale, but collected. A few low-spoken explanations followed on the part of the Judge, who afterward addressed Maxwell, stating that his sister contested his claim to Honorita.

Maxwell could scarce speak for astonishment, and the Judge added: "I prefer this person should not be present during our conversation. Will you allow her to retire to the next room?"

When Honorita was gone, he continued: "Thirty years ago Mr. Talbot sold a quadroon slave to a Southern trader, for some fault she had committed; but, immediately after the purchase, she escaped, taking with her, as it was supposed, the little daughter of her former master, whose nurse she had been, and to whom she was devotedly attached. Revenge, it is thought, prompted the action. No tidings of either were ever obtained from that day to this, though the strictest search was instituted—but we hope there is a clue. This woman, who has just left us, we believe to be the daughter of Philip Talbot.

Maxwell was astounded. Having been abroad when this great occurred, and visiting but little at Mount Clare in his youth, he had ceased to remember the circumstance that made so slight an impression on him at the time.

"But what proofs have you sir?" he now demanded.

"The coincidences of dates and names, for Honorita is but a slight departure from that of your cousin—Onora. There is no vestige of mixed blood in this person—her foot alone would declare her European origin—it has the peculiar Tracy instep, proud arch, and slender delicacy. None of her ancestors could have been slaves for many generations. But, above all, this medal certifies her identity. Before my sister's marriage a Spanish doubloon came into my possession rather peculiarly, and Maud expressed her admiration of the piece on account of its intrinsic beauty and interesting associations. I therefore had it marked with a cross and Philip Talbot's initials, and attached it to a bracelet, which I presented to her. This is the very coin which I now hold in my hand."

"But I should not consider this any proof at all!" exclaimed Maxwell, furious at the possibility of losing his victims. "If the woman Rosalie was the same whom my uncle sold, she might have taught any child to repeat certain dates, and to give its name as Honorita. The medal she probably stole; but I do not think it likely she would have encumbered herself in her flight with a helpless child of four years. Besides, I purchased this woman in New Orleans, and her former master was a slave-trader, who was most likely never further north than Kentucky; and, at any rate, how should Rosalie have become a slave again, when she doubtless fled to Canada?"

"I cannot answer these questions," replied Judge Tracy, "but this matter can probably be proved to the satisfaction of every one. We will trace out her different owners, and thus discover the truth or falsity of our suspicions."

Maxwell was confident that Mrs. Talbot and her brother would perceive their mistake at once, and, desirous to have the matter settled without delay, gave Brownell's address, believing that he had owned her from her birth, till St. George purchased her. Mrs. Talbot declined seeing Honorita again, lest if she became more interested in her, a disappointment would be harder to endure.

The most intense anxiety was felt during the period that elapsed before Brownell's reply was received; and when it finally arrived, the death-blow was struck to all their hopes. The trader stated that he had indeed purchased a quadroon named Rosalie, from Mr. Talbot, at the time mentioned, but that she was recovered soon after her escape. Several years elapsed when she attempted to free herself again, taking with her this time her child, about seven years old. But he at length traced her, and although she had died from exposure to a storm that overtook her while on her way, had claimed the child, whom he afterwards sold to a New Orleans gentleman.

Such was the statement, which dismayed the sanguine hopes of Mrs. Talbot and her brother. There could be no doubt of its truth, for the town where Rosalie died was given, and no one would dare expose himself thus to the discovery of a dishonest statement. It was therefore settled that Rosalie had probably named her child for the little one to whom she was so much attached, and the doubloon had been taken by design or accident, as it had always hung round Onora's neck from infancy.

Maxwell's claim was no longer contested, and Honorita was adjudged to him. Since the interview with Mrs. Talbot, she had not been allowed to see her friends, or send any message to them, for Maxwell was desirous to avoid further interruptions, and return home as soon as possible.

But in leaving the court-room at the close of the trial, one of the gentlemen belonging to Honorita's travelling party stood in the doorway. As she advanced to pass out, she cast a significant, imploring glance at him, and, unobserved amid the crowd, placed a note in his hand. Hastily quitting the place, he examined it, and found it was a slip of paper hurriedly scrawled in pencil, and addressed to Judge Tracy.

The gentleman lost no time in forwarding it to him, and begged to know if it contained anything favorable. As the Judge glanced over the lines, his eye lit up, and he exclaimed—

"Favorable, indeed! If this date is correct, she is free to a certainty."

These were the words that so encouraged Judge Tracy:—

"I do not know on what ground you disputed Mr. Maxwell's claim, or why you have failed to rescue me; but if because you were unable to learn my early history before Mr. Brownell took me from New York, where my mother died, go to Greenbank, in New York State, and inquire concerning Rosalie Phillips, who left that place with her little girl, then about seven, twenty-six years ago."

"Now, if this statement is correct," said the Judge, "it overthrows Brownell's testimony at once, as it is not thirty years since he purchased Rosalie, and he declares that Honorita was born since that time. But not a whisper of this to any person, lest we should be defeated in obtaining proofs."

The gentleman promised silence, and they set out immediately for Greenbank. On arriving at the place, which was an obscure village, such as would naturally be selected by a fugitive, they found many who recollected Mrs. Phillips perfectly, and informed the strangers that she had resided there three years with her little girl, who was very unlike its mother, and persisted in calling itself Onora Talbot for a long time. This caused some to suspect it was not the woman's child; but Rosalie said that this was because a lady of that name, with whom she had formerly lived, taught her to do so. They added, also, that Rosalie had left Greenbank very abruptly, without informing any one of her destination, and that the next day several men, whom they suspected to be officers, came to the village in search of her, saying she was a fugitive slave.

Judge Tracy was now satisfied, and returned to Niagara with the utmost despatch, hoping to arrive before Maxwell's departure. He was just too late, and instantly set out to overtake him. This he did on the platform of a railway station in one of the Middle States; the train was on the point of starting, but preventing Maxwell from entering the cars, he briefly explained the reason of this unexpected interference. To the surprise of his companions, instead of quietly preparing to await the issue of the case, Maxwell burst out into an ungovernable fury; uttering the most horrible imprecations, and finally drawing a weapon to assault Judge Tracy.

He was held back by several in the crowd, which had now assembled; purple with rage, he struggled for a few seconds with desperate but fruitless force to free himself, and then sank down in a fit, while a dark crimson stream gushed from his mouth, rendering still more hideous his black, distorted face.

CHAPTER XIII.

The whole matter being now thoroughly sifted, a succession of deep laid plots was brought to light. On finding that Judge Tracy was resolved to discover the truth of those suspicions, suggested by the trinket which Honorita wore, Maxwell had at once written an exact account of the matter to Brownell, inquiring if his claim to her had been undoubted. Brownell, finding that he must make a confidant of his correspondent, or be convicted of illegally detaining a free person, preferred the former alternative, and acknowledged that Honorita could not lawfully be held; but expressed his readiness to adopt any course to screen himself and oblige Maxwell.

The unprincipled villain lost no time in communicating the plan that met with such success, calculating that an event which happened so long ago, and was of so little consequence as the removal of a pauper, would not impress the date of its occurrence indelibly upon the minds of the overseer or inmates of the Norwood poor-house—at least not beyond the power of a bribe to erase.

This undoubtedly would have been the case, had Judge Tracy pursued the matter further. But the fortunate impulse that had prompted Honorita to refer him to Greenbank for the portion of her life which she was unable to repeat, had overthrown the plotters at the eleventh hour, and they only escaped that punishment they so richly deserved, through Mrs. Talbot's refusing to prosecute her husband's nephew.

His fear lest Honorita should unconsciously betray him, had been the cause for Maxwell's keeping her so secluded after the alarm he had received, and had not Judge Tracy overtaken them that very day, Honorita's fate would have been irrevocably decided. On the morrow he would have entered the Slave States, and, secure of protection there, secreted the mother and daughter beyond the reach of justice, pretending he had disposed of them in such a manner that all hope of tracing them would soon be abandoned.

Words cannot describe the overpowering tide of wild hope that filled the heart of Mrs. Talbot on receiving these two lines in a hurried message:—

"All's well. Expect us at Niagara without delay."

What this might mean, she could not tell. Who were included in the pronoun *us*? But she banished every anxiety, confident that her grave brother would never have spoken so triumphantly, had there not been some unusual fortune in store. But despite her endeavors to remain calm, her pulses fluttered at every sound, and the hours seemed interminable. Rest and sleep were quite out of the question, and imagination painted every incident in the future with colors brighter than reason could warrant. Several days had elapsed, and Mrs. Talbot was alone in the hall, gazing at the sunset streaming through the open doors, when the sound of carriage wheels on the gravelled drive met her ears. Instead of flying to meet the new comers, she trembled so excessively, that all power of movement was gone, and she was half inclined to hope there might be a little delay. But the door opened opposite, and three figures entered—her brother, Honorita and Lily.

She sprang into the arms of the former, who exclaimed—

"Welcome me home, Maud, for I have brought

you back the long-lost child of your affections."

Placing her in a chair, Judge Tracy led Honorita to her, saying—

"Was there ever a more perfect family likeness?"

By this time all Mrs. Talbot's calm staidness had returned, and addressing the pale, earnest woman, she directed her to sit down, that she might scan every feature. Then kneeling before her, Honorita bore the scrutiny of those intensely anxious eyes. Laying a hand on each shoulder, Mrs. Talbot gazed down into the exquisite, upturned face, colorless as a delicate ivory statue, whose clear dark eyes were troubled to their crystalline depths, and wore so wistful, patient, yet suffering an expression, that, moved to tears by their eloquent pleading, the witnesses turned silently away.

As Mrs. Talbot gazed, her lips trembled with indistinct murmurings, which became more audible—

"No chance resemblance must deceive me now," she said.

In another moment the fearful suspense vanished, her features were lit up as by a flash of sunshine, and exclaiming—

"Yes, yes, there is no mistaking that speaking likeness. My child, my child, indeed!" and she clasped her to her heart.

Then Lily crept to her mother's side, and the weeping Honorita begged her dear parent to grant her a place in her heart also. Mrs. Talbot laid both hands caressingly on the shining, golden head, and impressively invoked a blessing. But it seemed that for the present she had no eyes for anything but her long lost treasure; and it was not till a late hour of the night that she would permit Honorita from her sight. She evidently could not realize the lapse of time since they were parted; and it was touching to see the same solicitude for her daughter's safety and comfort, as if thirty years had not changed the little child into an experienced woman, herself a mother.

The presence of Lily appeared to oppress Mrs. Talbot, as if she could not understand the relationship between them, and felt that she somehow made Honorita less her daughter; but this Honorita knew would soon pass away.

The news of this wonderful discovery spread with the rapidity of sound, and even strangers rejoiced at the results so different from those anticipated. But there is no happiness without alloy. The morning after the joyful return, before daybreak, a summons came for Honorita from her husband. Quite enfeebled by the startling events of the preceding weeks, this last revulsion, on hearing too suddenly the great and good tidings, had completely overwhelmed Sir Radford, who was struck down with paralysis, and begged to see his wife and Lily without delay.

They hastened to him at once; but it was harrowing to witness his distress when unable to embrace or speak intelligibly to them. He was so prostrated that there was no hope of his recovery, and Lily and her mother watched beside him alternately, day and night. Their vigil of affection was not a long one—in less than a week he expired, holding a hand of each. Lily mourned him with the depth of a daughter's love; but her mother, although truly attached, reproached herself with ingratitude for his reverential adoration and unwavering indulgence, not only towards her, but also to her child, whom he had entirely adopted in his heart; she had never made an equal return—St. George was never forgotten.

Sir Radford's vast fortune was left equally between Honorita and Lily. Had any of his relatives been living, they would have shared with them; but the baronet was the last of his family, and too reserved to have made any intimate friends. Still Honorita could not feel justified to receive so much from one whom she had only esteemed in return for an idolatrous love, and bestowed a large part of her portion on public charities, and in improving the tenantry of Ashford Park, which estate Sir Radford had ordered should revert to Lily at her mother's death.

There was nothing now to detain them in this part of the country. Mrs. Talbot was anxious to return home, and Honorita desired to see her birth-place. A gentleman who had accompanied Sir Radford and his lady from England, wishing to see the United States, requested permission to travel with them to Washington, and the other members bade a long farewell to one who had so long been the leader of their circle, which would now be obliged to elect another in her stead; for although Honorita expected to return to that country which seemed dear to her as her native land—for there she had first tasted liberty and the bewildering op of flattery and homage—it would never be to resume her once thoughtless, worldly life. The fires of affliction and trial had refined her nature, till naught but pure gold remained in the crucible.

CHAPTER XIV.

The soft shades of twilight were settling down over the broad lands, the dusky avenues, and leaf-embosomed roof of the grand old Hall at Mount Clare, as the travelers entered the gateway and proceeded along the drive that wound to the house. Not a sound broke the silence, save the hum of insects, the katydid's song, and the chirp of birds, settling to sleep among the boughs.

Each of the little circle was too full of thought and emotion to speak; but when they arrived before the stately old mansion, Mrs. Talbot gently said:—

"Welcome home, my children," and led them into the hall.

As Honorita crossed the threshold, a calm joy, such as she had never known hitherto, settled upon her spirit. She felt that here was rest—her highest standard of earthly happiness now. Although she did not recollect Mount Clare, the apartments seemed familiar and pleasant, as if endeared by old associations. And here for the present was she to remain.

That night, the first spent in the home of her birth since childhood, was thronged with retrospections of mingled character. Alone in the hush of night she sat by her open window, while the soft summer winds came laden with sweet odors, and the leaves that crowned the casement rustled in the breeze. High in the deep blue arch the glittering groups wheeled their ceaseless round, and nature seemed to repose in the brooding stillness. The far-off, circling woods were like dusky lines of shadowy sentinels, and the stream whose distant murmur rose and fell with the gentle gales, reflected back the shimmering stars in twinkling fragments.

The crust of worldly selfishness had been long since broken up in Honorita's heart; but in this holy hour, not only did every vestige of former weakness vanish forever, but a new strength was imparted. The days of early happiness seemed very near, as memory brought them before her—she was renewed

by them; all the freshness of youth descended upon her wearied mind and heart. As she gazed upon the cherished likeness of St. George, the old bitterness of debate repining did not cloud her spirit, or send the hot tears to her eyes. Pride, despair and selfish sorrow, gave place to gratitude, hope and trust in a future union.

Her many causes for thanksgiving blotted out past suffering, and promised future peace. She was not one of that race from which she instinctively shrank even yet, and that was in itself reason for thankfulness. She had found a tender mother, whose love would end but with death; earthly prosperity was showered upon her; and above all, her child was spared to her in health and beauty.

But beyond these blessings, out of her heart shone the light of her long buried love. She was now free to revive the memory of those halcyon days, when each was the other's nearer, dearer self, and her eye and cheek kindled with a proud thrill at the thought that she was once his wife, was happy in his love, the mother of his child; and nothing could ever take those consolations from her. No evil could now befall her—she was rich in those treasures of the soul that life's ills cannot destroy, and she waited for the time when her bark should leave the stream of Time for the golden shores of Eternity.

Far different were the emotions surging through Maxwell's desperate brain. He cursed the blind folly that had urged him to his destruction. Had he desisted from his insane thirst for revengeful tyranny, his cousin had never been discovered, and he had still been master of Mount Clare; which was now wrested from him. To what depths had his evil, ungoverned passions brought him! Penniless, disgraced, an outcast from society, caught in his own toils.

The remembrance of his willful crimes maddened him. Whither should he turn for relief from the ruin that faced him on every hand? In his frenzy he resolved to seek a dreamless sleep, and a suicide's death was his.

But perpetual sunshine reigned at Mount Clare. In the course of a few years, Lily became the wife of that young Englishman who had attempted to defend her from Maxwell's cruelty, and accompanied her to the South on her release. The long silent manor house at Ashford Park again resounded to light footsteps and merry laughter, while in the walks where Lily had bounded along in the buoyancy of childhood, she led her two lovely children, a proud and blithe young mother.

Honorita resided at Mount Clare till the death of Mrs. Talbot, who was spared long after their restoration to each other, and then returned to Ashford Park, to spend the remainder of her days.

She is now in the evening of life, revered by one generation, and the delight of the other. Her still beautiful face is serene and joyous, and the quick, kindling eyes, have lost none of their olden power; while her heart is in all good works, all high-souled purposes, and all noble deeds. "Her gray hairs are a crown of glory," and her children rise up and call her blessed."

Written for the Banner of Light.
KATE AND BEN: A Rural Scene.

BY J. R. M. SQUIRE.

Kate.

Come sit beside me 'neath the shade
Of yonder trees and hanging vines,
Through which the sun drops pendant lines,
Ere half his heavenly journey is made.
From where we sit, when from the hill
The scented breezes sweep along,
By listening we can catch the song
Sung in the meadow by the rill.

I used to hide me here at noon
To read, or with my fancies play,
Or watch my brothers making hay—
Then evening found me all too soon.

You were away then; yes, I know,
You left us in the month of May;
You were remembered while away,
How long you stayed! and I felt so.

The sun looks splendid, doesn't it?
There, see its light in yonder oak;
How still you are—you have not spoke,
Look, see where those two squirrels sit!

You look real sad; what ails you, dear?
I mean—I hate to see you so;
Come, shall we go, then, shall we go?
No! not you are not happy here.

Say something to me; what's the matter?
And sighing, Ben? well, let's away;
I'll not come here another day—
Do, hear those little squirrels chatter!

The sun is almost lost to view,
And twilight's gathering in the glen;
Come, smile just once, one smile, oh, Ben,
Why, won't you smile? I'd smile for you.

Ben.

Well, Kate, I'll speak, Kate, if I can;
Think not I mean not what I tell,
Though young, within my being dwell
Deep thoughts that make me feel a man.

You know I knew you are I had
To go away to school last Spring;
You'll think it is a foolish thing,
Yet I was very lone and sad.

Dear—Kate I feel—I know—you see—
It has been so since first we met;
I deeply—that is—I forgot—
How fondly you look at me!

Kate.

Come, tell me, Ben, speak, Ben, do, pray,
The sun is lit in evening's gloom,
The light is lit in father's room;
It will not do for me to stay.

Ben.

Then, if you really want to know,
Don't think me foolish, I'm not fair,
I'd told before, but did not dare;
I'm sad, because I—love you so!

Kate.

Dear Ben, I've longed to tell you all
That I felt too; here, dear, take this—
I give my heart with this first kiss;
Dear Ben—good-by—there's father's call.

THIS QUEER WORLD.—The following passage closes the Baccalaureate Address of Hon. A. B. Longstreet, President of the South Carolina College at Columbia, to the recent graduating class:—"You are embarking upon a strange world, my young friends. It banished Aristides, poisoned Socrates, murdered Cicero, and crucified the Lord of Glory. The spirit of Themistocles, of Melitus, of Anthony, and Caiaphas is still in the world; greatly subdued and law-bound, to be sure, but not extinguished. You may expect, therefore, at times to be depressed by your rivals, condemned for your patriotism, and tormented for your benefactions; to have your confidence abused, your integrity derided, and to suffer a thousand impositions in smaller matters—from those from whom you had a right to expect better things.

Pearls.

—elegiac
And quiet odes, and lowly five words long,
Think on the stretched fore-finger of all Time,
Sparkle forever."

A nameless man, amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
Unstudied, from the heart—
A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath;
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
O gem, O fount, O word of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last.

Pleasure is a rose, near which there ever grows the thorn of evil. It is wisdom's work so carefully to cull the rose as to avoid the thorn, and let its rich perfume exhale to heaven in grateful adoration of Him who gave the rose to blow.

The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself it only live or die;
But if that flow'r with base infection meet,
The basest weed outbraves his dignity;
For sweetest things turn sourest by their decays;
Lilies that foster, smell far worse than weeds,
SHAKESPEARE.

Trust not implicitly to anybody but God—not even to yourself.

When Faith, too young for a sublimer creed,
Her simple text from Nature's volume taught,
She 'wakened Melody, whose shell and reed,
Though rude, upon her spirit gently wrought.
But soon from Sylvan altars she took wing,
And Music followed still the Angel's flight;
Savage no more, she touched a golden string,
And sung for God, in Revelation's light!

It is not easy to straighten in 't oak the crook that grew in the sapling.

When Summer heats our veins oppress,
And the woods swelter;
When faint with noon-tide sultriness
We pine for shelter;
When, weary with the daily walk
O'er moor and meadow,
We long for change, for fresh air talk,
And the lamp's shadow—
Still sings the sougher of our woes—
"To sigh is folly;
The same kind hand that brought the rose,
Shall bring the holly."

Written for the Banner of Light.
"HOME AGAIN!"

BY MARY GREY.

"Home again!" "Home again!" sings the heart,
If not the lips, as the first glimpses of the homestead roof, through the maples, fills your soul with joy. You've been gone four long years, from "the loved ones at home," and now joyful anticipations of the welcome awaiting you, sit like sunbeams through your busy thoughts. Visions of home have oftentimes thrust themselves between your brain and an unlearned page of Latin or Greek before you, much to the detriment of your recitation; but now, thanks to your perseverance, and the kind aid of teachers, you are free! The long-coveted "sheepskin" is yours, and yourself on a prancing horse are galloping homeward. How very happy the thought makes you!

Eagerly you gaze upon the familiar landscapes, to note the changes which you fancy may have taken place in your absence; but its various features are all the same as when your eye last rested upon them.

As you ride on—so full is your heart of home—that the warbling of the birds in the cedar-hedge and alder-bushes, seems one repeated chorus of "Home again!"

And now you've reached your father's farm. Away to the left, across the meadow and river, you see through the cloudy morning mist the cattle feeding, and vividly the recollection comes up to you of the time when, a little boy, your business it was to drive the cows from pasture to dairy-yard, and back again. Then that river! what an irresistible temptation it used to prove on a sultry summer day—and what real enjoyment you've had in its cool, crystal-like depths, with fellow school-mates. Happy days, those, you think. Next, your eye rests on the newly-mown meadow; and, with a laugh, you recall your first day's experience with a scythe. There, a little aside from the river, stands the large walnut tree; where you used to hang your scythe; or, when tired, rest on the grass under its shadow. There, too, sister Nell—the dear girl—used to set the basket of lunch, leaving faithful Carlo as sentinel on duty, to keep all intruders at a proper distance. Under the same tree—later in the season—after the kindly frost had opened the close, green rind of the nuts, Nellie and you gathered them for the cheer of the family on the coming long winter evenings.

Quick as thought can fly, these—and so many others—have winged through your memory; and now you are at the yard-gate. Checking your horse just under the morning shadow of the old chestnut, you pause with quickened pulses, and moistened eye, to take a near survey of the spot dearest to you of any on earth—the scene of your boyish sports and troubles. Neither the early sun, nor light breeze, have driven away the jewel-like dew-drops showered so plentifully over the grass and shrubbery. How home-like the lilac and rose-bushes look! In another's yard you'd think them homely; but, in your own, you'd not have their places filled by even the rarest of trees or plants.

You throw yourself from the panting horse, and hasten up the lightly-graveled walk, to the half-open door, thinking "they're not looking for me so early;" but, ere you are half way from the gate, your glad sister is by your side, with eyes brimful of joy, and the merriest laugh upon her lips, as she greets you home. In the door stands little blue-eyed, curly-headed Willie, clapping his chubby hands, and shouting lustily, "Fred's come!" Half way through the parlor, your father meets you, with such a genial smile, and a world of kind feeling in his hearty grasp of the hand, that you are quite sure he has forgiven those "college pranks." Close by is your mother—that dear mother, whose image has oftentimes been with you—and the loving clasp of her ever kind hand, and her warm kiss, you will never forget. And there we'll leave you—in the midst of the happiest group on earth—an unbroken home-circle!

A young woman ought, like an angel, to pardon the faults she cannot comprehend; and an elderly woman, like a saint, because she has endured trials.

"Shall I have your hand?" said an exquisite to a belle as the dance was about to commence. "With all my heart," was the soft response.

Banner of Light.

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CIRCLES.

We shall continue to hold our circles on Saturday afternoons, at this time, making five sessions each week.

WHERE DO YOU START FROM?

A tree grows from its centre, adding a new ring every year. An apple grows from its heart, and the skin stretches over the expanding pulp to suit the advancing needs of the pippin. A young animal is true to nothing but its nature, knows nothing better, and assimilates everything to that law nature's needs. Children are hearty and natural too, and so grow healthy until the mistaken teachings of worldly teachers clasp their own consciousness into jail, and then they become suspicious, distrustful, and knavish.

So long as growth and development, therefore, proceed from the centre, so long they are true and healthy, and certify to a corresponding increase of manhood and of power. But do all men—nay, does one man in one hundred start on his career of growth from the centre of his nature? How few revolve around hubs of their own, and how many are mere flies sitting on the circumference that go around the solid and substantial hubs of other people? How many ever think they have any particular nature of their own, but are satisfied to imitate and copy, to laugh when others give the signal, to shout when they shout and groan when they groan? How many would feel that the world was falling to utter ruin, if the party or the creed to which they have anchored their prejudices so long should undergo the process of disintegration and demolition? How many are ready to declare they know not what will be done when the great men on their side die, as if nature had it not in her power, when she needed it, to reproduce as good as they?

This inquiry, in making up one's estimate of a man, is a most important, as it is a most searching one—"Where do you start from?" It is the last analysis of character. One will straightway tell you—and without uttering a word about it, either—that he goes in for making his pile of money; he intends to be rich, even without understanding what riches really mean and are; and in his answer you get his point of departure at once. Another says he wants power; yet he betrays his ignorance of the first principles of power, by seeking it as some fleeting and marketable acquisition outside of himself, as if it were like the grasping of reins, or putting his foot on other men's necks, or imposing the arbitrary restraints of authority somehow upon other people; and he answers you on the instant as to the point from which he starts in the only world he has yet learned to know. A third is after fame; but it is the fame that is made of wind, and comes out of a trumpet; and you know that his life begins and ends on the circumference above. A fourth goes crazy for what he calls Society; but it means nothing more than a court from which the lack of money, and not of virtue and culture and beautiful manners, keeps all others out, and where tailors' talk and milliners' gossip form the weightiest topics of discussion, and allusions to art, literature and high morals are so thin that one could as soon get stimulus out of them for his soul as a well man could get nourishment out of water gruel; and this one tells you at once what a little matter life is to him, and within what a limited area he permits his nature to expand.

And so they go, all the way through the scale. "Where do you start from?"—that is the question. If from below the surface, then you will assuredly betray the fact to all who have the perception to see it. If from the heart of your being, the perpetual health of that being will show it to all who have eyes to behold it, or hearts to feel the contagion of its blessed influence. If from the care, the great deep, the living, active, deathless principle which God himself dropped where at your birth, as a seed is imbedded in productive soil, then yourself and all the world have cause to be glad, for each has the assurance of so much the more worth and wealth in the sum of the great possessions.

In action, all merit, all virtue depends on the motive. Unless the inspiring principle is a worthy one, the action cannot be other than mean and base; and the individual sinks himself, as a matter of course, to the level of his motive. Nobody can expect to be noble by practicing low tricks. If a man gives play to his desire for revenge, in time he must develop into a monster of malice, and hatred becomes the heart and core of his being. If a man seeks virtue and truth because virtue and truth are more desirable and more beautiful than all else, it will not take a long time for him to show it even in the slightest actions that have their origin in spontaneity; and straightway virtue and truth are the top, and crest, and crown of his life, and he certifies that he is sound and whole to the very core. These things always publish themselves. The very manners blab secrets. Even the careless expressions of the face refuse to keep still. Nature delights to make everything known, and is an everlasting mystery to us only in publishing new secrets every day.

Let the circumstances, the relations, the life and ends be what they may, we are untrue until we return to ourselves, and leave off both imitations and hypocrisy. To reform is nothing more than to go back to the better way; to turn within; to dig down beneath the crust of semblance and show, and strike upon the solid ore of realities. There is no art, no rule, no platform resolutions and convention propositions about this; it is all nature, and the operation is silent, like every other operation by which her work is thoroughly done. Yet he who thinks this No-law such an easy task, shall find there is little danger to society from its observance if he will enter

upon the experiment of yielding it a perfect obedience but for a single day. The highest must ever remain the most rigid and exacting law of all.

Let us disparage nothing, not even the making of fortunes; for upon this thirst for and habit of accumulation rests the buttresses of civilization; we must needs climb up to spiritual exaltation by the slow ladder of material comfort and ease and prosperity. Instead of sullenly and sulkily deprecating these helps and needs in growth, let us only look to it that they do not themselves take the place of the real growth; for there is the seat of the whole trouble. We want to exalt all things, not excepting even the Almighty Dollar, by the high uses to which we put them; the error now is, that we bring ourselves down, spiritual gifts and all, to the low plane on which all material things are to be sought, and are content to remain picking among the shining rubbish like bewildered children, instead of building with it the beautiful structures which all aspiring souls pray to inhabit.

DO YOU FORGET?

Yes—if you profess a friendship, or a love, do you forget, as soon as the object of your regard, or the immediate motive that led to this friendship, is out of sight or ceases active operation? Because circumstances change their combinations, and outward relations do not now present the same scenes they did, and the zest of personal contact is in a measure gone, do you therefore suffer your old love to fall away and crumble into the dead ashes of forgetfulness? Is your love only something to flatter your vanity, to feed your personal pride, to prop you up amid changeable events—instead of a deep well, sleeping in the very heart of your being, into which your friend may at any time look down and behold a clear reflection of his own face? Do you love selfishly and proudly, peevishly and pettishly—or silently and truly, through good report and evil report, trusting your heart and the truth forever?

How very easy it is for some natures to forget! They all the time need visible reminders of the object of their regard. They are devoted to the outward person alone. There is not a spiritual and silent love, a close secret from all the world beside, and a living principle continually within themselves. True, it is sweet for eyes to look straight into loving eyes, and there read the evidences that bring the soul of each abiding happiness; but if that cannot be, may not the spirit itself make amends for this deprivation, and put forth its silent manifestations, unknown even to the very object of its love, and at times when that object is unconscious that it is thought of? Let us ask the reader once more, then—do you forget? If another forgets, do you? Is it not a necessity of your nature to be true to its deepest instincts? And even if another seems to have forgotten, will you therefore forget, and give up all the precious memories that now inspire you, in obedience to a feeling of selfishness?

THE NEARNESS OF HEAVEN.

If a spiritual newspaper, or writer, or speaker, has anything to say on this subject, Orthodoxy either gives back a sneer, or holds up its hands in horror. Yet the Orthodox folks themselves are at liberty to speak as freely on it as they choose; such elasticity—on one side—has the religious judgment of sane men.

The New York Independent has a leading editorial with the above title, introducing a letter of nearly a column in length, from a Western correspondent, who, in the course of a long fit of sickness, believed that he experienced a foretaste of the real delights of heaven. Instead of denouncing its correspondent, as would have been done if he had been unorthodox, the Independent not only gives the whole letter, but prefaces it with the following truly Christian comments:—"It is undoubtedly difficult to decide in a case like this how much of what seemed to him an immediate perception of heavenly glory is to be attributed to the disordered working of a delirious mind; and for a skeptical, or a merely worldly and sensuous person, his narrative will seem on this account to have little value. But the fact that his mind acted in this way during his very delirious wanderings, and that while he appeared to those around him to be suffering, he was, on the other hand, so far as his own consciousness was concerned, enjoying an experience more high and ecstatic than he had ever previously conceived to be possible—this may well give, to a thoughtful and reverent mind, some new impression of the kindness and goodness of God to his children, and may teach us that those whom we love and watch over are not necessarily in pain, because the body writhes and is tossed.

We know not yet what shall be met by us, when we pass through the veil, and are forever at peace with the Lord, on the other side of its shadowy folds. It is not intended that we should understand it, until we attain it. But the experience of those who have gone so near the Invisible World, through the ministry of sore sickness, that they have almost heard what is uttered, and seen what is done in its glorious realms, must always have exceeding interest for us. And therefore, without hesitation or criticism, we lay our correspondent's narrative before our readers, omitting a few sentences from it, for greater brevity. May it prove as profitable and animating to others, as it clearly seems to have done to him."

DR. FRANKLIN ON DEATH.

In the published works of Benjamin Franklin occurs the following beautiful and highly spiritual passage:—

"We have lost a most dear and valuable relation. But it is the will of God and nature that these mortal bodies be laid aside when the soul is to enter real life. This is rather an embryo state; a preparation for living. A man is not completely born until he is dead. Why should we grieve when a new child is born to immortality? A new member added to their happy society? We are spirits! That bodies should be lent us while they can afford us pleasure, assist us in acquiring knowledge, or doing good to our fellow-creatures, is a kind and benevolent act of God. When they become unfit for these purposes, and afford us pain instead of pleasure—instead of aid become an incumbrance, and answer none of the intentions for which they were given, it is equally kind and benevolent that a way is provided by which we may get rid of them.

Death is that way. We ourselves, in some cases, prudently choose a partial death. A mangled, painful limb, which cannot be restored, we willingly cut off. He who plucks out a tooth, parts with it freely, since the pain goes with it; and he who quits the whole body, parts at once with all pains and possibility of pains and diseases it was liable to, or capable of making him suffer.

Our friend and we were invited abroad on a party of pleasure which is to last forever. His chair was ready first, and he has gone before us. We could not conveniently start together; why should you and I be grieved at this, since we are soon to follow, and know where to find him?"

LECTURE AT THE MELODEON.

Mr. Pierpont spoke, last Sunday afternoon, from the text, "Can there be any good thing come out of Nazareth?" He compared Spiritualism and its advent, to the birth and character of Jesus the reformer, so disreputable and scorned, yet growing up to such mighty results. In the evening, after reading what he termed a portion of the fourth chapter of the poem of Job, he took for his text, "There be many that say, Who shall show us any good?" In his lecture he replied to those who urge objections to Spiritualism on the ground of mercenary use, and spoke of its good results in a sensible manner. Both of these lectures were thickly embellished with facts from the personal and private experiences of the speaker—facts of manifestations which will admit of no other hypothesis than that of Spiritualism.

This was the last lecture at the Melodeon, and this week workmen will commence the demolition of this time-honored edifice—one of those temples of free speech which will in future history bear a reputation as the natal place of many of those thoughts which have agitated the world for a score of years.

LECTURERS.

Mrs. ROSA T. AKENBY will lecture at Salem, on Sunday, 15th inst., and at East Abington, on Thursday, 12th inst.

Mrs. ADA L. COAN may be addressed at Boston, Mass.

Miss EMMA HUSTON will speak in Blanchard's Hall, East Slough, on Sunday afternoon and evening, 22d inst.

Miss A. F. PEARSE will lecture in Northampton and vicinity until the first of July, and has engagements till the first of September.

LORINE MOODY will speak in Framingham Sunday, May 29.

GEORGE ATKINS will speak at Putnam, Sunday, 18th, and East Waverly, 22d insts.

H. P. FAIRFIELD speaks at North Brookfield May 14 and 15.

[For a fuller list of Movements of Lecturers, see seventh page.]

THE DUTTON CHILDREN.

An advertisement of these wonderful works of nature appears in our columns. We visited Music Hall on Saturday afternoon, and take occasion to recommend our readers to visit them. We can only say they are the most interesting and astonishing productions of nature in the phase of humanity, which we ever saw. There is nothing dwarfish in their appearance, but limb and form and feature are perfect, and they are exceedingly pretty children. The larger of the two is four inches less in height than the renowned Tom Thumb, who was considered a prodigy. It is only by comparison with misuses of their age, that one obtains a conception of their diminutive size. They sing several songs and dance a polka and waltz in quite a pretty manner.

NOTICE.

Mr. L. G. Chase, of St. Louis, writes us that he is about to take an excursion which is explained by the following paragraph, taken from his circular. He will take subscriptions for the BANNER OF LIGHT during his tour.

"Between the editor and to his chair and the farmer confined to his farm, is a large field for operation, and in this large area I purport to work for a series of years. With a horse and buggy, I intend moving around among the workers of the soil, passing from one State to another, from Minnesota to Texas, visiting the Northern States in the summer, and moving South on the approach of winter. My object is to acquaint myself thoroughly with the present condition and future promise of the agricultural resources of the Mississippi Valley, and to put the facts and figures I may gather into a readable form for publication through the leading journals of the land, interested in the progress of agriculture. Not only will farm statistics be collected, but any facts that will tend to the development of the country."

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The circulars we sent out to our subscribers' copies a few weeks ago, offering the BANNER for three months at favorable rates, were intended to apply to parties who had never taken the paper, not to those whose names were upon our books.

NEWS DEPOSITS.

It will be considered an especial favor by us, if persons who wish to read the BANNER, will patronize the News Dealers in the town in which they reside. They will generally find it to their advantage so to do, and we wish to encourage dealers in their efforts to increase our circulation.

NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS.

We shall hereafter commence new subscriptions with the issue following the receipt of orders, instead of the issue of the same week. Thus all orders arriving after Monday of any week will be entered in season for us to send the following week's paper.

[From our special St. Louis Correspondent.]

SPIRITISM AND CATHOLICISM.

Messrs. Editors—Spiritism has never been so prosperous in St. Louis as it is to-day. The Catholic church has volunteered material aid to advance the truths of spirit progression. Some few weeks ago Father Samarius, of the Catholic College in this city, gave a lecture in their college hall upon Spiritism. The lecturer was listened to by many Spiritists, and well received by them, as the Rev. Father admitted the fact of spirit manifestations, but said they were evil spirits, and ought to be driven away from our souls by the power of the cross. This lecture pleased the Catholics so well that a large number of the reading, most influential and wealthy of their sect, and by the way many of them are leading citizens, along with friend Mittenberger and others, invited the Rev. gentleman to repeat his lecture in the large hall of the Mercantile Library Association, which he did last evening. Our Catholic friends thought it would advance the cause of truth; the friends of progress knew it would, only differing with them as to its mode of action.

The Protestant churches were well represented at the lecture, though their members hate the Catholics with a holy zeal, still they could harmonize, fraternize and dialogue with them to annihilate their common enemies, the friends of progress. The hall, which will seat some fifteen hundred persons, was filled to overflowing. The Protestant and Catholic churches seemed to have vied with each other to see which would turn out the greatest number, and all were expecting a great treat. It did prove a great treat to the Spiritists, but a bitter pill to our dear friends of the Protestant church, as the speaker—though I do not give his exact language—told the audience that Spiritism was the tail-end of the reformation, and that all that could be expected from it; that when it and Protestantism shall have died natural deaths, the Holy Catholic Church will be on the road to prosperity; and though he did not send them all directly to hell, very politely left them suspended over that pool to fill by their own laws of gravitation. This was more than the Protestant church-members had paid their quarter for; they expected that the new philosophy would catch it, but were not prepared to be told theirs was not any better. Many of them naturally hostile to Catholicism went to their homes feeling there was more of the cloven foot in the doctrine of the priest they had listened to, than in that he was combating.

The lecturer read lengthy extracts from leading works of the new philosophy, and the more liberal of both churches seemed to receive it with more pleasure than the denunciation of the same by the speaker. The Spiritists should return him their sincere thanks for calling such a large body of people together, and reciting to them so much truth. They could well afford to pay for the hall whenever he is disposed to lecture, for I verily believe this one lecture has done more for truth, more for a liberal philosophy, than a full course from any liberal mind in the Union.

A. J. Davis and Mrs. Iyer came in for a good share of notice, worth at least two months' advertising in all our city papers, as it will only help them to draw good audiences when they come again. As to any arguments against spiritism out of communing with those in the flesh, which the public were expecting would be given, he maintained a respectful silence; but rather giving them by implication to understand that he did not believe it possible, though in the more private lecture he admitted the fact. Father Samarius is a big gun; but he only brought down very small game, and thinking minds were disappointed at the result.

When a crowd of fifteen hundred persons, at twenty-five cents admittance each, can be called together into a city to listen to a lecture against spiritism, know ye then that it is founded upon a rock. It is a sure indication of its strength, and its opposers' weakness; neither Protestants nor Catholics dare to meet it alone; and joining their forces, after being so long surrounded by mutual hatred, betokens a weakening of the knee, a faintness at the heart, a crumbling of their institutions—that their work is well nigh done.

Allow me to make a suggestion in relation to the BANNER. Having felt it myself, and also heard many others express the same, that the messages from the spirit-world are very interesting, serving by giving each its due weight, to help

form correct ideas of that hemo whittler all are traveling, and that even more space devoted to that department would be well received. Bear in mind that suggestions cost nothing, and that your big basket under the table will hold many of them.

Your humble fellow mortal,
E. O. O'Hall.

St. Louis, April 29, 1880.

SPIRITUALISM IN IRELAND IN 1708.

Messrs. Editors—I have lately found a work written by an Irish nobleman, who flourished in Dublin in the latter part of the eighteenth, and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries. As I have never seen or heard of this book before, I judge it is not very widely spread; and for this reason I extract from it the following remarkable incident, which I hope to see in your paper, if you think it sufficiently interesting. This work is entitled, 'Personal Sketches of His Own Time, by Sir John Barrington,' and is a collection of anecdotes mingled with his biography. Sir John had been appointed 'King's Counsel' in 1703, and subsequently 'Judge of the High Court of Admiralty in Ireland.' The following occurrence happened to himself, on an estate in the county of Wicklow, of which he became possessed in 1708. I copy it entire, verbatim et literatim:—

"This intimacy at Mount Kennedy gave rise to an occurrence the most extraordinary and inexplicable of my whole existence—an occurrence which for many years occupied my thoughts, and wrought on my imagination. Lord Rossmore was advanced in years, but I never heard of his having had a single day's indisposition. He bore, in his green old age, the appearance of robust health. During the vice-royalty of Earl Hardwicke, Lady Barrington, at a drawing-room at Dublin Castle, met Lord Rossmore. He had been making up one of his weekly parties, for Mount Kennedy, and had sent down orders for every preparation to be made. 'Lord Rossmore must be to the company.'

'My little farmer,' said he to Lady Barrington, addressing her by a pet name, 'when you go home, tell Sir John that no business is to prevent him from bringing you down to dine with me to-morrow. I will have no *ifs* in the matter—so tell him that come he must.' She promised positively, and on her return informed me of her engagement, to which I at once agreed. We retired to our chamber about twelve; and toward two in the morning, I was awakened by a sound of a very extraordinary nature: I listened; it occurred first at short intervals; it resembled neither a voice nor an instrument; it was softer than any voice, and wilder than any music, and seemed to float in the air. I don't know wherefore, but my heart beat furiously; the sound became still more plaintive, till it almost died away in the air; when a sudden change, as if excited by a pang, changed its tone; it seemed descending. I felt every nerve tremble; it was not a natural sound, nor could I make out the point whence it came.

At length I awakened Lady Barrington, who heard it as well as myself; she suggested that it might be an Eolian harp—but to that instrument I bore no similitude; it was altogether a different character of sound. My wife at first appeared less affected than I; but subsequently she was more so. We now went to a large window in our bed-room, which looked directly upon a small garden underneath; the sound seemed then obviously to ascend from a grass-plot immediately below our window. It continued; Lady Barrington requested that I would call up her maid, which I did, and she was evidently more affected than either of us. The sound lasted for more than half an hour. At last a deep, heavy, throbbing sigh seemed to issue from the spot, and was shortly succeeded by a sharp but low cry, and by the distinct exclamation, thrice repeated, of 'Rossmore—Rossmore—Rossmore!'

I will not attempt to describe my own feelings; indeed I cannot. The maid fled in terror from the window, and it was with difficulty I prevailed on Lady Barrington to return to bed; in about a minute after, the sound died gradually away, until all was silent.

Lady Barrington, who is not so superstitious as I, attributed this circumstance to a hundred different causes; and made me promise that I would not mention it next day at Mount Kennedy, since we should be thereby rendered laughing-stocks. At length, wearied with speculations, we fell into a sound slumber.

About seven the ensuing morning, a strong rap at my chamber door awakened me. The recollection of the past night's adventure rushed instantly upon my mind, and rendered me very unfit to be taken suddenly on any subject. It was lighted to the door, and my faithful servant, Lawlor, exclaimed on the other side, "Oh Lord, sir! 'What is the matter?' said I, hurriedly. "Oh, sir," ejaculated he, "Lord Rossmore's footman was running past the door in great haste, and told me, in passing, that my lord, after coming home from the castle, had gone to bed in perfect health, but that about half after two this morning, his own man, hearing a noise in his master's bed, (he slept in the same room) went to him, and found him in the agonies of death, and before he could alarm the other servants, all was over."

I conjecture nothing. I only relate the incidents as unequivocally matter of fact; Lord Rossmore was absolutely dying at the moment I heard his name pronounced. Let skeptics draw their own conclusions; perhaps natural causes may be assigned, but I am totally unequal to the task. Atheism may ridicule me; Orthodoxy may despise me; Bigotry may lecture me; Fanaticism might burn me, yet in my very faith I would seek consolation. It is, in my mind, better to believe too much than too little; and that is the only theological crime of which I can fairly be accused."

I was attracted to the above sketch by the fact of its having occurred so long ago, and its resemblance to spiritual manifestations of the present day; also by the source from whence it originated. It must have required much moral courage on the part of the author to write and publish an assertion which he knew would be disbelieved and ridiculed by nineteenth of those who read it. If Sir John still lives, he has probably become confirmed in his superstitious belief of spirit visitations.

A. S. S. S. S.

THOUGHTS ON MAN'S RELIGIOUS NATURE.

Religion is said to be the strongest element in man's nature; to think truth, to will justice, and to feel love in its widest extent, is said to be the highest act respectively of the intellectual, moral, and affectional powers. This element overrides the body, mutilates the instinct, and masters all the other attributes of his nature. It appears to be that portion of his being called into exercise by the exhibition of a superior power to himself. In early ages the nebulous conceptions of superiority connected themselves with the changes of the physical elements of nature. These changes, misunderstood, gave rise to fear; and to save themselves from apparent destruction in exhibitions of violence in these changes, they thought the gods were angry, and endeavored to propitiate them by mystic ceremonies of sacrifice and worship. This fear transmigrates through man's existence to the present day.

Mrs. Hatch, in her discourses on this religious nature of man, states that in the history of nations we see man has never been taught to worship; that the savages of America worshipped and adored a Divine Being, and that the heathen world carved idols from wood and stone, and worships them, &c. That savage and heathen nations did worship and adore is true; but that which called this principle into exercise, was fear of the superior powers of nature, is equally true. We see the early inhabitants of every clime outwardly manifesting their inward ideas by the erection of idols.

And to this day, do we find temples erected in dots over Christendom, built by man in acts of veneration and fear. How many worship in these temples from the same cause? Fear of the shocking summons of death? Fear of that hideous monster, the devil? Fear of the terrible torments of fire through endless ages in the future world—these are taught by the churches to all their proselytes. Even among the most advanced in religious truth, how many go on from perfection to perfection, from the hope to escape an inferior condition in the spirit-world?

Man progresses as the infant: he has to pass through all the various changes from childhood to old age; first feeling his way by stumbling in the right path, and wandering in the wrong, till, by experience and observation in "Nature's book of lessons for every day," he solves many of the problems of existence, and dispels the superstition and ignorance of former times.

Nature's divine revelations have piled up truths mountains high, the results of which have changed the character of his conceptions of Deity, and the sensations of fear and dread have given place to just and truthful ones of love and goodness. Man has, by searching, found out God. The new testament of science has demonstrated his immortality beyond the grave, and the continued progress of the spirit in future existence. He is not strictly religious in any department of his nature, though living in concord with his brother, in harmony with himself, and in unity with his God, unless he possesses that active living principle so beautifully described by St. Paul, named Charity. This is the fountain of all virtue. How feeble are the hopes of Christians when measured

CONTINUED FROM THE FIRST PAGE.

my mind; I need such an assurance of God's pardoning mercy as that which comes upon me from the cross? If you do not feel the need of this in your own soul, I repeat, you will not feel it from long historical and theological arguments. My friends, it is in the way of the opportunities that we come up to the great truth; we descend through Jacob's well to eternal depths, and in a draught of water we learn the need and efficacy of divine truth.

Finally, let us consider the woman's opportunity in the incident now before us. We have considered how Christ used his opportunity; let us consider now the woman's opportunity. It was a twofold opportunity. First—there was the opportunity of ministrations. I have already illustrated this in speaking of opportunities in general—that there are good deeds—in the thousand incidents in life that they occur in the common, daily affairs of the world; and that we are not to wait for great opportunities. She had an opportunity of ministering especially to the necessities of Jesus Christ. She did not know he was the Messiah that she had been expecting, who was to tell her all things. She only saw a humble traveler sitting upon Jacob's well; she knew not what a great privilege she had, yet it was a great privilege and opportunity for her. My friends, how many would gladly avail themselves of a similar opportunity? How many are there here who would be glad to minister to Jesus Christ in person—to minister to him who so nobly and constantly ministered! How many, were Christ on earth, would crowd to him to do what they could for him—to do it for the sake of reputation, if for nothing else. No, we cannot minister to Jesus Christ now. He needs not our human help. No more is he enmeshed in the necessities of the flesh; no more does he halt weary by the wayside; no more does he linger thirsty by the well; no more does he need anything that human hands and human ministrations can do for him. But what is one of the most sublime and grandest truths that Christ taught? "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have also done it unto me." There is the great law which he has laid down for us. With every needy man, with every weak, dependent claimant by the wayside, Christ comes to us again, as he came to the woman of Samaria, and asks for our ministrations; and often in ministering to them, we entertain angels unawares." Do you know what you do whenever you minister in unselfish love? Can you tell the result to which your efforts tend? Do you know what hopes you may revive, what seedings powers you may arouse, what courage you may inspire?

Oh, manifold, more than I can stop to tell, are the occasions of ministering in this life. Whenever you are called upon to give, remember that it is to Christ, and that you have an opportunity akin to that of the woman at Jacob's well. Whenever humanity comes to you in a lowly, degraded shape, amid contemptible associations, and looks up and appeals to you in its weakness, and you despise and reject it, remember that in so doing you smite and degrade the image for which Christ poured out his blood. I do not know a grander truth in the Gospel than this broad doctrine of Christ's oneness with humanity. As we help and comfort humanity, so we minister to Christ; as we despise and abuse it, so we reject him; and whichever way our efforts or influences go, we either minister or withhold that ministration.

And the second opportunity which the woman had for reception. This is the exact point that Jesus urges in the text: "If thou knowest the gift of God, and who it is that saith unto thee, give me to drink, thou wouldest have asked of him, and he would have given thee the living water." By the gift of God? I understand the opportunity he had. It is interpreted differently by some. Some say the "gift of God" meant the person of Jesus Christ; some say it was that which was symbolized by the water. But be it so; it was all involved in the fact of an opportunity. "If you knew," he said virtually to the woman, "what an opportunity you had, oh, how you would improve it." That is the essential meaning of it.

I think one of the great troubles in this world, is the fact that we do not know our wants, and that is the reason we do not know our opportunities. Man thinks he wants this thing or that. He thinks, in the perpetual hunger and thirst of his soul, that he wants fortune, fame, pleasure, or some earthly thing. If he gets it, he finds himself mistaken; if he does not get it, he suffers only tantalizing want. He does not know, poor mistaken soul, that he is thirsting for the living water that springs up into everlasting life. Sin is a great mistake, a tremendous error, without. It has been well said that the devil is a fool, and he is. It is a mistake to be a sinner, a mistake to turn away from God and Christ, a mistake to turn away from him who sits by the wayside offering us living water. It is guilty ignorance, though—unexcusable ignorance. A man ought to know his own state; of all things, he ought to look within, instead of looking out of himself to other things. That is the trouble with men; they are always looking to some outward object—some goal, which, when they reach it, will only inspire tantalizing thirst for something more.

O man, go down into your deep heart to-day; look into your own soul; look into the spiritual nature that God has implanted within you, and see its wants. For in these wants of your spiritual nature you may recognize the greatness of the humblest opportunities; and when you come to realize their true greatness, you will thank God for every truth that he speaks to you, in however humble words, or upon however ordinary occasions. Then the Sabbath assembly will never be dull to you, nor its ministrations be without interest. Then any uttered word of truth, any appeal to duty, anything that touches the deep consciousness within you, will be answered, and you will let Christ by the wayside, and gladly open your souls to receive the living water.

Written for the Banner of Light.

TO —

BY CORA WILBUR.

I love thee! not with passing fancy's gleam,
Not with the wildness, waywardness of youth;
My soul wraps round it no illusive dream,
But sees thee mirrored in the fount of truth;
Apart and holy, conscious and divine,
Bending in homage at Love's spirit shrine.

I love thee! for the beautiful and true,
Abiding Christ-like in thy pure, warm heart;
For the meek virtues that, like falling dew,
Baptize thy spirit; 'mid the busy mart
Of life and toil, with inspiration's might,
Uplift thee to the morning glows of Light.

I love thee! for the faith and hope that dwells
Singing exultant in thy favored breast;
For the sweet patience that forgiving quells
Life's every discord, sorrow's wild unrest;
Beside the myriad flowing founts of truth
I meet thee, radiant with the spirit's youth.

I love thee! o'er my brow carelessly sweep
The wafted benedictions of thy thought;
And heart-sent angels guard thy dowered sleep
With gentle memories; recollections fraught
With pure affection's guiding light divine;
With songs of worship from Love's spirit shrine.

I love thee! at thy feet would humbly place
All that success can give of power and fame,
For the approving smile upon thy face,
For one promised, pet, familiar name;
Exchanging all life's transitory gleam,
For the abiding glory of Love's dream.

A dream that knows no waking; from its source
Eternal, beautiful, onrapt and free,
As is the golden sunlight in its course
O'er vales of beauty, mount, and sounding sea,
That dream-speak's wondrous holiness and power
Enfolds my spirit since our meeting hour.

I love thee! thy soul's music from afar,
Comes to the silence of my solitude;
The vestal glory of the evening star
Is with immortal tenderness imbued;
Pure, fervent greetings from thy soul to mine
Are brought by angels from Love's spirit shrine.

PHILADELPHIA, May, 1880.

by this standard? How many have been burned at the stake and canonized by the church for their sacrifice to the faith? How many have bestowed their goods to feed the poor, and have retired from the world to worship the Deity in solitude and in secret? Yet how few have possessed this vital quality, without which all professed nothing? It is the comfort of the afflicted, the protector of the oppressed, the reconciler of the difference, the intercessor for offenders, the forgiveness to our enemies, and solicitude for the welfare of all. In short, it is love for love's sake.

DIVINE HUMANITY.

The doctrine of the Incarnation of God is as old as history. Man has ever loved to believe in some instance in which the Deity has manifested the greatness of his love for him, by putting on the human form. Never more than at present has this part of religious belief been prevalent.

It is a profitable thing to compare present opinions with those of the past. Some will be surprised to find views of truth which they suppose to be new, to be so very old. The present generation read little beside the news of the day. This is true, not only of the common people, but of our teachers. See the confusion of Edward Beecher in a recent sermon, (published in the *Banner*), that he has lately been reading the history of some dogmas of the Christian Church, and the mention he makes in the same sermon, that Horace Bushnell found himself able—after examination, and to his own surprise—to accept the Nicene view of the Trinity. It is a good thing to know the experience of our predecessors, and there are many who would value the Bible more were they to read it. And further, there are many who would receive strange ideas with greater tolerance, if by reading they would inform themselves as to the many modifications the doctrines of their own church have undergone.

Old writers speak of "the Mysteries of Eternal Generation." In regard to the second member of the Trinity. To be eternally generated, is to be continually generated, in which view the expression of the old writer has much meaning. Is not that portion of the Trinity manifested in Christ to be continually made manifest? I believe so. The Christ is continually generated, and incarnations of God exist upon all sides of us. It is common enough for preachers to recognize a divine spark within us, and not uncommon to have it directly appealed to and enlarged upon; but it is rare for any, even among the most liberal, to declare that God shines out of us, just as much as the opaqueness or transparency of our natures will permit; that God is absolutely and unreservedly present in the flesh; to-day; that we have all of us seen as much of him as we could had we lived in the days of Jesus. No, they won't go as far as that, although it is time they should.

H. W. Beecher says so much, and shows such an appreciation and knowledge of human feelings, that I wonder that he can stop where he does. No cannot, if he will, say anything more of Jesus than he has done of other men and women—especially women. He has not done so in his sermons. Unconsciously to himself, he worships God-to-day in the human form. No one of our public men is so ready to recognize true heroism. I should like to talk with him.

Men may say what they will of Christ's example; even among the best of Christians it has never had the influence of the flesh and blood around them. In practice they have found their Saviour among those they have met in their lives. Ask any man, and you will find that he has endeavored to fashion his life after that of some worthy and loved one whom he has met. Christ's example would be worthless, could we not see the same admirable qualities in human nature in our own day. The character of Christ would be rejected as impossible, did we not see that his divine nature was continually manifested—that the "Mysteries of Eternal Generation" were a perpetual fact.

In this view of the incarnation of God, we can see His justice. All ages and all times have been equally favored by His presence. No hungering soul has failed of finding a supply of aliment according to its needs, within its reach. Each human being has been able to find a Teacher and Saviour in one higher than himself. We are not obliged to strain our eyes by peering through the dust and fog of religious contention, to get a glimpse of God as manifested in the crucified Nazarene, for the humblest walk in life shows us as worthy examples of truth and devotion to duty—God manifest in the flesh at our very doors.

W. OAK.

THE PATENT OFFICE.

The Patent Office, with its pillared front and its noble flight of marble steps, wins you to its entrance. Our first entrance was into a room where the large cases were filled with a strange medley of very old machines and inventions of a past day, all thrown together in a confused, unclassified mass. A new wing has lately been added, and many of those are to be assorted and removed there.

We passed on by cases of stuffed birds, animals, mineralogical specimens, &c., to the upper rooms, where we at once found business enough for feet and eyes. Here, everything is arranged in the most complete order and system, and all one needs is plenty of leisure to examine curiosities from the four quarters of the globe, and Yankee contrivances too numerous to specify. The arrangement, however, is such that you can take any one section and see immediately the models relating to one branch. For instance, here is a part of the room devoted to cooking stoves. What an endless variety! We sit down and look at these specimens of Yankee handiwork, none of them too large for a doll's baby-house, and wonder at the ingenuity of the human brain when it is expended upon this one branch. Some hope to win favor by their elaborate contrivances, tier upon tier, of two or three iron stoves, many-sized boilers and double ovens; others, by their simplicity and neatness. Here is the poor man's wood-burning stove; here the model of a large hotel range, where the cook can rejoice in the multitude of her steamers and boilers; here is a machine to cook by gas—here by steam; here a bachelor's apparatus to cook a steak and make coffee by his spirit-lamp, &c., &c.—and we could spend a whole day here; but there are so many other things of greater interest, that we must pass on.

Above us are beautiful models of bridges spanning the cases, and nearly by a vessel all rigged. In this case are specimens of India rubber work, and perhaps nothing attracts you more than the variety and ingenuity exhibited in this branch of the useful art. A portrait of Daniel Webster, life size, painted upon rubber cloth; a complete representation of the animal kingdom for the use of children—lions that roar and birds that sing, besides illustrations of Mother Goose, the old woman that lived in a shoe, with all her children around her, and Mother Hubbard's dog waiting for his bone. Tumblers, soap dishes, funnels, syringes, medical instruments, water buckets, table covers, gloves, spring beds, &c. It is only fifteen years since it was discovered that garments could be made of rubber, and it has now become a very extensive and profitable business.

But we must not try even to enumerate the different classes of articles in the halls—all mechanical inventions are here represented. There were some cases of modeled imitations of fruit that were very fine. Almost all the fruits of the temperate climate were represented, and most of them so perfect, that we should not have detected them as imitations, had we not known that the natural fruit could not remain long on exhibition in a perfect state. The bloom of the pearmain, the down on the peach, the rust on the russet, were so perfect as almost to defy suspicion. The peculiarity of every species of pear and plum was admirably represented. Attached to each specimen was the name and habits of the fruit, to what soil adapted, its flavor, and value, as a market or table fruit. These cases form a complete fruit grower's manual, and are well worth the study of every horticulturist. They are made of a composition, and colored—the process I could not learn, and I know not but it is a secret with the inventor.

We reluctantly leave these cases for the feet and brain will grow weary, and turn to a large case containing some valuable historical mementoes. Here are specimens, carefully preserved, of the hair of all the Presidents from Washington to Pierce; the latter, if I recollect right, is the only dark lock there—old, or nearly old, the rest being white or gray. Mr. Polk's, I was told, turned gray while he held office. The only wonder is that even one should come out of the White House with the locks of youth. The burden of the office is enough to make the heart old and the head white.

Here are relics older yet—statues taken from the ruins of Pompeii; and here is Franklin's printing press—a poor, simple, clumsy contrivance, compared to the steam presses of the Herald and Tribune office, but a precious relic nevertheless. Near by is a collection of Cashmere shawls, sent by the Turkish Sultan to some of our Presidents and government officers—dingy things they seem to be, and, were it not for the foolish value attached to them, would not be much coveted. Far more precious is this other relic near us—a torn fragment of Washington's tent, the one which sheltered him during nearly all his campaigns. Here, too, is his sword, and a suit of his clothes. These last are a blue coat, with

buff facings and large metal buttons, and buff cloth breeches. Near by is his camp-chest, open, with bottles and tumbler inside; his writing-case, a pair of bellows, and some other little household relics. Franklin's cane, that he carried to Washington, is with them. There is, also, the original copy of the Declaration of Independence, but so worn and faded, that you can decipher but little of it.

We leave reluctantly these upper rooms, so full of amusement and interest, and, going down to the basement, we find a large, elegant sarcophagus of stone, elaborately wrought and carved. It is very massive, and was once a resting place for the body of the Roman Emperor, Severus. It was sent to General Jackson, as a depository for his body when the grave should claim it; but the sturdy old republican had no fancy for such a dusty old tomb, and no particular reverence for it, because an old Roman had turned to dust there, so he wrote a letter, returning thanks for the compliment intended, and politely refused the present, adding, that he wished to be buried, without pomp or ceremony, beside his beloved wife, near their own home in Tennessee, there to rest in peace till the resurrection. The sarcophagus is deposited for aghast in the basement of the Patent Office; but, if some ambitious, disappointed aspirant for the presidency, who has failed to achieve greatness in his life, wishes the honor of a burial in old Severus's tomb, perhaps he can obtain it. It would be better for the country if some of them could be there now.

NINA.

ADA L. COAN.

To the Editors of the *Banner of Light*:

DEAR SIRS—As there seems to be many rumors afloat in relation to my position as a medium for spirit communications, allow me through the columns of your paper to throw some light upon the subject. It is rumored that I engaged with M. V. Bly in publicly exposing Spiritualism; but such is not the fact. I have not seen Mr. Bly since the meeting held at the Melodeon, and with much pleasure, I have never appeared upon the public platform with him, and I should not have done so then, had it not been for the urgent request of numerous friends of Spiritualism to meet him; and I complied, much to my own chagrin and disgust; for I must here say that *fair play* was not granted me on the evening in question. I did not appear the second evening of his challenge, for I knew of whom the audience would be composed, (namely, Mr. Bly's friends.) Being a lady, of course I had a certain degree of delicacy in being invited before an audience comprised almost exclusively of men. I therefore expressed my opinion, *honestly*, that he (Bly) could perform more without the aid of spirits, than any medium I had seen could perform with the aid of spirits; but this does not make Spiritualism any the less true, for Bly performs his manifestations by trick, (and therefore can do more), whereas other mediums and myself do not perform by trick.

I would say to friends and opposers of the cause, I am as strong a Spiritualist as ever, and whenever I appear, either on the public platform or in the social circle, it will be as a Spiritualist medium, and with a firm belief in the beautiful philosophy of Spiritualism.

Respectfully,
ADA L. COAN.
Boston, May 7, 1855.

The Busy World.

PRINTERS' BANQUET.—The Boston Printers' Union entertained their visiting guests, last Thursday night with a supper at the Roxbury House. Speeches were made by Joseph T. Buckingham, Ben. Peirce, Poole, Albert J. Wright, A. J. McCoubrey, Z. K. Pangborn, Charles Hale, H. A. McGinnan, Wm. Madigan, Hon. Moses Kimball, Mayor Lincoln, Hon. A. M. Rice, Col. F. Shepard, J. M. Wightman, Esq., Hon. Henry Wilson, Hon. Josiah Quincy, Jr., and others. On Friday the delegation were grouped about the statue of Franklin, when a photograph was taken by Heywood.

REBURY OF BROTHER.—The Presbyterian Church at Cortland, N. Y., has suspended one of its most respectable deacons, for attending the meetings of Henry Ward Beecher, Theodore Parker, and other reform clergyman.

CHELSEA HERALD.—This a lively and spicy little sheet seems to be rapidly growing into popular favor. Instead of quoting its local news from the Boston papers, it is getting to be quoted from. John W. Day, Esq., whose contributions have formerly often enriched the *Banner*, has lately entered its editorial corps, and will probably give the paper no small impetus.

The children's May-day Festival at Music Hall was a splendid affair.

Hon. Wm. H. Seward has gone to Europe.

There will be a regatta on Mystic River on the 17th of June under the auspices of the Charlestown City Government.

The Thordike Will Case came up in the Probate Court on Monday week, and under an act passed at the last session of the Legislature, Judge Ames passed an order allowing Mrs. Thordike, the widow, \$8000 during the litigation of the Will; and \$3000 to each of the children, save Mrs. Marfat.

The colored people are to have a convention in Boston on the 1st of August to consider what course they shall take in the next Presidential campaign.

Washington Irving was visited on the 3d inst, his 76th birthday, by his neighbors, who greeted the venerable man with congratulations.

Mary Snyder committed suicide at Baltimore on the 14th ult., because her parents required her attendance at a church of a certain denomination, and chided her for non-compliance with their wishes.

A SENSIBLE PLAN.—We see it stated that in the new church to be built by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's Society, in Brooklyn, N. Y., there are to be two large parlors, a study and kitchen arrangements for public dinners.

It was said by Sheridan:—"Women govern us; let us render them perfect. The more they are enlightened, the more the more shall we be. On the cultivation of the mind of women depends the wisdom of men. It is by women that nature writes on the hearts of men."

"SPIRIT OF '76."—This is the sounding name of a new paper which has lately made its appearance in this city. It seems to be an ably conducted sheet, leaning strongly towards Native Americanism. Its columns are partly filled with religious matter, well selected, and its literary department is much above the average of weekly papers. This is just such a paper as many may wish, and we rejoice that in the providence of God there is genius enough of every sort to accommodate the wants of all.

BOSTON MUSEUM.—This week Mr. Warren has a benefit on Monday night; Mr. Ring on Wednesday, and Mr. Barret on Friday. These are the times when the admirers of these popular actors can give them a solid proof of their appreciation.

PETERSON'S Philadelphia Counterfeit Detector and Bank Note List for May, has been received. It is one of the best and most complete works of the kind published in the United States. Every merchant should have a copy.

If an onion is planted in the hill with melons, cucumbers, or other vines, it will protect them from the striped bug.

To Intemperance a man must sacrifice the ambition of being something. He must content himself with being an unreckoned cypher; devoid alike of reputation and influence.

PRATHEWORTH.—Mrs. Ann Halsted, living on the line of the Detroit and Toledo Railroad, by raising a white cloth on a pole, succeeded in arresting the attention of the engineer, and thus saved a train from being run into a tree which had fallen across the track. Superintendent John D. Campbell, has presented her with yearly presents to Detroit, Toledo, and Chicago.

BURIED ALIVE.—The tomb in which the body of a young lady was placed about two months since, at Albany, N. Y., was opened on Sunday last for the purpose of affording the parents of the deceased, who had just arrived from Europe, an opportunity to look at the remains of their much-loved child. The grief and horror of the parents, as well as the spectators around, can be imagined upon finding as they did, the body lying on its side with one hand under the head, showing that the woman was alive when placed in the tomb, and awakening from the trance in which she had fallen, had endeavored to extricate herself from her entombment.

THE INVESTIGATOR contains many words of wisdom. We extract from one of its editorials:—"As knowledge is the handmaid of freedom, so is freedom the patron of useful knowledge. Our people well know that without public virtue and intelligence, there is no security for the permanency of republican institutions, and therefore great effort has been made to advance the noble cause of popular enlightenment. In consequence of this, we not only have a large number of scientific and ingenious men, to whom we are constantly indebted for important improvements and discoveries, but it is not extravagant to assert that the great body of the American people are more intelligent and better educated than any other upon earth. Indeed, under the beneficent influence of

our national government, which protects the freedom of speech and of the press, the American mind may literally be said to revel in the enjoyment of its privileges and its powers. Nothing can elude its search, or escape its grasp. It cleaves the skies and penetrates the earth. It chains the winds and the waves, and subjects the elements to its stern dominion."

PLANTS TO SUE OUT.—Mr. V. Thiele's greenhouse plants are for sale at the Boston and Maine Railroad Depot (Boston), viz.: healthy fine verbenas for seventy-five cents and one dollar per dozen, and a great variety of other greenhouse and hardy plants, for low prices. Mr. T. has been confined with rheumatism for over two months. All who read the *Banner* love flowers, and love, also, to lend a hand to the suffering.

APOTHECARIES, physicians, and all others who are purchasing Botanic Medicines, will find at B. O. & G. WILSON'S, Botanic Dispensary, Nos. 18 and 20 Central street, Boston, the largest assortment to be found in the country—consisting of every variety of Medical Roots, Herbs, Barks, Seeds, Leaves, Flowers, Gums, Resins, Extracts, Ointments, &c., &c. Also Brandy, Wines, Bourbon Whiskey, and other liquors, perfectly pure, for medicinal purposes; Glass Ware, Medical Books, Syringes, &c.

Late advices from Port au Prince state that the Dominican Government has negotiated with an American Company to work the gold mines of that country.

The weather has been warm and pleasant the past week, and many trees in this vicinity are in blossom.

BOSTON THEATRE.—Mr. W. E. Burton remains at this theatre during the present week. On Monday evening was produced the powerful and original drama, "The Upper Ten and Lower Twenty." The house was well-filled, as it will be every night during the week.

The last European steamers from New York and Boston took out about \$1,400,000, in specie.

PAWNERS' BANK.—The Charter of the Pawners' Bank was unanimously accepted at a meeting of the petitioners held on Friday week. Many subscriptions have been offered by Merchants and Savings Banks, and books will soon be opened for the balance of the stock.

A Frenchman, wishing to speak of the cream of the English poets, forgot the word, and said, "Do better of poets." A wag said that he had fairly churned up the English language.

A clerical friend up town, says the New York Evening Post, characterizes his cat as a blackleg, because she is all that time gambling. He says she plays very high, but is not partial to poker.

FROM WASHINGTON.—The President expresses his belief that England means to carry out her understanding with this country with regard to Nicaragua, notwithstanding the operations of Sir Gore Ouseley. Senor Mata has had a long interview with the Secretary of State with reference to Mexican affairs. His letters from Mexico are encouraging, and he entertains no doubt of the triumphant success of the Liberal party.

It is intimated that Mr. Richard Cobden, during his late sojourn at the White House, availed himself of the opportunity to sound the President on the subject of a moral interposition of the United States in the present entangled and menacing affairs of Europe. It is certain that English statesmen are greatly alarmed, and the wisest are unable to force to what terrible issues the present complications are to lead. The Mormon imbroglio bids fair to be speedily and permanently settled. It appears that Brigham Young has submitted a proposition to a company of capitalists to sell all their right, title and interest in Utah territory for a reasonable sum of money, and to leave the territory within a specified time. Some of the company are said to be here consulting with the administration.

Special despatches, received at the French legation, confirm the report of strong words having passed between Lord Cowley and Count Walewski relative to the course pursued by the English Cabinet.

Napoleon thinks the English Cabinet has proved false to the professed *entente cordiale*, and expresses confidence that the English people will never sanction the subjugation of Italy by Austria. The approaching elections for Parliament, he thinks, will prove the correctness of his judgment.

The President, it is said, considers the action of the British Minister to Mexico, in threatening to hold Vera Cruz for the payment of English claims to be a direct violation of the Monroe doctrine.

Banner of Light.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1855.

Publication Office, No. 5 Great Jones Street.

An Old Spiritualist—No. 8.

In our last of this series, we promised to devote the present number to Phenix's recollections of Hume. Late of a summer afternoon, several gentlemen were in the office of the *Spiritual Telegraph*, asking where they could obtain a medium. They were all unknown to Phenix, and most of them apparently to each other. Mr. Hume came in, and it was proposed to him that he should act as medium for a sitting that evening. Mr. B. offered the use of the back room. At the hour appointed the circle was formed. The usual style of manifestation occurred. A German present, was addressed by Mr. Hume, while personating an aged female. The German seemed to recognize the assumed face at once, burst into tears, and asked a question in German, which was answered by Hume in that language. A conversation ensued between them, the German claiming that it was the spirit of his mother, and that the facts communicated by her through Hume were strictly in accordance with his memory of them as they occurred in Germany, before her death.

Hume's face then changed to that of a little girl; and so peculiar and appropriate was it, as to be recognized by all to be the face of a young girl. The German held a conversation again in his native tongue, and apparently with so much feeling as to gain the confidence of all present as to the reality of the manifestation, Hume professing, at this time, to be in a trance state. A musical instrument was called for. One of the company went to the store below, which was a music store, and tried to borrow some instrument. The lad in attendance lent him an old accordion, which had been for many months in the window, as a sign, and was out of order, being much warped by the sun. This was brought up, Phenix held the left hand of Hume, while the medium's right hand held the accordion beneath the table. While so held, "Sweet Home" was played, in a manner far beyond any that he had before heard. All hands, except the right hand of Hume, were upon the table, and the instrument was claimed to be worked by spirits. The gas light was partially turned down, but still it was light enough to read the heading of a newspaper. Raps occurred on the backs of chairs while occupied by the sitters. Some one asked if the spirits could shake the house, as in the olden time; and immediately the floor seemed to shake with some violence. This evidently was an impression made upon the members of the circle, or by a peculiar motion of the chairs in which they sat; for the boy in the store below, as we afterwards learned, was not aware of any motion. A variety of tests, similar to those referred to in former numbers of this series, were given, some of which were entirely outside of the doctrine of chances.

The second sitting with Hume occurred in a house in Fourteenth street. Indeed, many sittings there took place, and the following incidents are recollected by the members who attended:—While all were seated at the table, a couple of the doors suddenly were slammed to. Phenix asked whether the spirits could not do the same with other doors throughout the house; and immediately the doors commenced slamming, almost like the beating of a long roll on a drum. Every door in the house seemed to be suddenly shut to, with force. A guitar, standing in the corner of the room, moved out towards the table. This guitar, when placed under the table, was played upon, while passing around upon the knees of the sitters; and while the playing was going on, would respond, by one, two and three vibrations, in answer to questions asked. On the occasion the medium sat in a rocking-chair, and it commenced to rock with some violence. Phenix thought the medium was doing this with his feet, by resting them upon the floor, and thus forcing the chair back; and, therefore, when the medium remarked that the spirits were rocking him, Phenix asked, "Will they rock me?" The answer was in the affirmative, and he took his seat in the chair, the medium, and all the others, being at some distance from it. The chair was violently rocked without his volition. Each member of the circle, in turn, was seated in the chair, and similarly rocked. A bell, placed under the table, was rung, and passed up into the hands of different members of the circle; and on one occasion, it seemed to answer the mental questions of persons present; but Phenix states that his mental questions were not answered.

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Three tables were placed touching each other. Dr. H. J. O. D., and Phenix, were requested, by alphabet, to get on the centre table, and they did so. The other two tables were removed; and while neither the hands of the medium, nor those of any member of the circle touched this centre table at all, it was lifted free from the floor, and suspended for a few seconds in the atmosphere, the weight of the three individuals on the table being equal to six hundred pounds. A lady—Mrs. H.—seated at the table, spread her handkerchief on her lap, and requested the spirits to take it. It was immediately drawn under the table. In less than a minute we were directed, by alphabet, to look. The handkerchief was lifted up, and found to have been folded in the form of a flounced dress, with extreme beauty, such as might be accomplished by a French milliner, after some hours' labor. Frequently chairs were pushed from and towards the table, apparently without the contact of hands, or any mechanical device. Various musical instruments were played upon; when on the floor under the table, while the hands of the medium, and of all the members of the circle, were upon the table.

On one occasion Dr. G., who stated that he was most anxious to remain, at the same time said he must leave, and go to Jersey city, as a patient there was slightly deranged, and would be very bothersome if he did not call. It was immediately spoiled out: "You need not go; Mr. — thinks you are standing at his bedside, and that you have held of his hand." Your medical associate will so report to you in the morning." Dr. G. was persuaded to remain. The next morning, at nine o'clock, he received a note from his medical associate at Jersey city, stating, "Last night Mr. —, with one exception, seemed to be perfectly rational. At twenty minutes past eight he insisted that you had just left the room; that he had been talking with you for some minutes, and that you had forgotten to prescribe for him." This was the hour, precisely, when Dr. G. proposed leaving Hume's circle; and at the next meeting he brought the note of his Jersey associate, and showed it to us.

Much occurred at these sittings equally interesting with the above, which so closely resembles what has been, or may be told of other mediums, that it is not necessary to repeat it. Much occurred, also, which gave rise to suspicions of trick, and gave great cause to doubt the sincerity of the medium. Still, the incidents detailed above were conceived to be entirely outside of any ability on his part to deceive, and perhaps he was wrongly adjudged when suspected.

In our next we shall give Phenix's recollection of some strange manifestations, which occurred with a clerical gentleman from Oxford University, and a fellow of that institution.

New Patent Cordage and Line Machines.

Two of these very ingeniously constructed machines are now in operation at No. 12 Spruce street, which the public are invited to examine. One makes cordage—the other fish-lines, curtain cords, &c. The proprietors assure us that these machines will turn out more and better work per day than any other machines in existence; and we do not doubt their statement, as we never before saw better specimens of work in this line, and the rapidly with which the machines operate is truly astonishing.

Rev. Dr. Bellows, of this city, presided at the Inaugural services of the new Unitarian Church of the Redeemer in Cincinnati, on Sunday, the 24th ult. The services were held in the Universalist Church, on Plum street, the use of which was given for the occasion, and Dr. Bellows preached both morning and evening to overflowing

Miss Rosa T. Amodey.

H. H. BARNARD.—"Miss Rosa T. Amodey has just given the people of this place a public lecture, the first of the kind ever before listened to in Bedford. An attempt to describe it and its transcendently beautiful effect upon its delivery, would, I fear, fall far short of doing it anything approaching to justice. She seemed entranced by minds far superior to earth, or anything that pertains to mortality. One young man, who has always scouted the idea that spirits can move matter, and by sound logic attempted to disprove it, says he does not believe she was in her natural condition, or that she spoke her own thoughts, but that she was doubtless moved by some kind of inspiration."

Her subject, from Matt. xii, 27, was selected by a committee chosen from the audience. The poetry with which she closed, and which occupied in the time of delivery just fifteen minutes, was of the most lovely and elevating character. We all seemed lost to everything else, and, like the speaker, were seemingly entranced by its appealing force.

It such as Miss Amodey are heretofore to be the advocates of spirit manifestation, I should tremble if I loved any cause that raised its standard against it. Let all who love purity, and holiness, in their most lovely forms, better than vice, immorality, and overreaching craftiness, see to it that they do not array themselves against so righteous an inspiration—one that aims at the pinnacle of all that is purely just, good, and true."

Compensation of Mediums.

WINTFIELD S. TRIPLE, PAINE, OXFORD CO., MAINE.—"While looking over your paper of a few weeks since, I saw an article from the able pen of Dr. Child, on 'Commerce in Mediumship,' and, having myself some experience as a medium, I have concluded to give a slight history of my career since I commenced practicing on spiritual things—not for my special benefit, but for others. I commenced as a healing medium, and trance speaker in the autumn of 1883, and have practiced since that time considerably; have examined one hundred and twenty persons, and prescribed for the same; have healed, or taken away the pain in many cases of headache, rheumatism, and diseases of the lungs, by the laying on of hands; have spoken a number of times entranced, and have given in all cases very good satisfaction. All that have listened to the teachings through my organism have been well pleased, and thanks have been most of the coin that I have received as compensation for my services. I have never had any price set for my services—and in all cases, when I have been asked what my price is, I invariably say, 'If I have done you any good, you are perfectly welcome—or, 'If you wish to make me a present, you can do so; my services are free.'"

The 24th of December, 1883, I examined four persons in one family, and told them if they felt able to pay me anything they might do so; but if not, it was perfectly free. I received fifty cents. At another time, in December, I examined one person, and he paid me forty cents. This is all the money compensation that I have ever received; but I have received that which is worth far more than anything that can be procured with mere money—I mean spiritual improvement, harmony of mind, and happiness of soul; all procured by doing good to others; blinding up the broken heart, and comforting the mourner under whatever garb, and under whatever circumstances. If I can do good to others, and have that assurance in my own mind, it is all I ask for. But there is still another consideration connected with this—i. e., will thanks and good will, without anything else, pay my bills for clothing and the other necessities of life? In consequence of trusting to the generosity of others, I am now greatly embarrassed; although I do not say this in a spirit of bitterness, but as an actual history of myself, and as the experience of one that tries to place infinite trust in the superior, overruling Power that tempers the wind to the shorn lamb. If you think this will do any good to your subscribers, and if you will be so kind as to print it, you will have my blessing, and the blessing of an approving conscience also.

You will please say in your paper that I will answer calls to lecture at any place; and if reference is wanted as to my ability, you can address your agents, William K. Ripley, North Turner Bridge, or H. A. M. Bradbury, Norway, Maine. They have both heard me, and are good judges of spiritual lecturing. I am the friend of all truth, under whatever form, and your brother in faith."

[We commend the course our correspondent has pursued, as being of a remarkable unselfish character, but ask if it were not better to exercise the material body in material pursuits, for the supply of its material demands, and devote the balance of time to spiritual things?]

Free Lecturer.

GEORGE W. HOLMES, NEW BRITAIN, WIS.—"My field of labor, as a lecturer on spiritual philosophy, will be in the Northwest—Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Iowa. I shall remain at Waukegan through the month of May and part of June, when I shall be happy to answer calls to lecture in that vicinity. My travels in Illinois and Wisconsin assured me that in the Northwest the fields are ready for the harvest, and laborers are needed, and those who are willing to labor for humanity and the truth's sake (not for money)—those that are willing to earn the necessities of life by some useful employment in the field, independent of their lecturing, and not bleed the inquiring minds after truth, and disgust them at the very threshold, by sticking the contribution-box in their faces, thereby encouraging that monstrous fraud that has so long crushed humanity, by peddling out opinions to the masses at ten to fifty cents per head, or from five hundred to fifteen hundred dollars a year.

Laborers are needed that have outgrown the hireling priesthood of the past, that must always shrink from the application of truths that will deprive them of their bread and butter; those that have passed off from the animal plane that enslaves the mind and body, and seeks to enslave others to gratify its sensual desires; those willing to preach a free gospel, as pure Spiritualism has ever in all ages sought to do—this class we much need: "The laborer is worthy of his hire." Nature is a punctual pay-master, ever fully compensating for laborers. Physical labor supplies physical wants; intellectual labor, intellectual wants; spiritual labor, spiritual wants; and no individual can claim that as a right, which he has not obtained by his own labor. "Cursed is the man (or woman), that earns not his bread by the sweat of his brow." Cursed is the man that hires others to think, to philosophize for him!—disappointed is the man that trusts others to feel for him!"

Bond on laborers with warm, throbbing hearts, with clear heads—not to war with our national faith, or tear down our household gods; not to arouse the selfish antagonism of our erring brother by denunciation, but to teach him the higher life—by living it out before the world, in purity, in love, in an untiring labor of unselfish devotion to the highest interests of man."

[We most heartily agree with our correspondent in his views, here presented.]

Miss Gibson's Discourses.

A. H. GILMORE, BATH, MAINE.—"Miss Gibson still continues to lecture here with increased power and success. She commenced with a congregation of about fifty, in the City Hall, which holds about six hundred, and has been obliged to take the largest hall in the city, in order to accommodate all who wish to listen to her teachings. She has, since February 21st, delivered in this place thirty-two discourses, and seven in towns in the vicinity."

Notwithstanding we have had, since Miss G. came among us, the renowned Prof. Grimes, the 'Medium Detective'; an attack upon her by one of our most critical and prejudicial doctors; a powerful discourse against Spiritualism from the sacred desk; and any quantity of false reports, yet she still rises, and nobly sustains herself as a speaker and a woman of character and correct conversation and deportment. Crowds still flock to hear her, though it is sneeringly said that it is only the common people—the low and baser sort. We have respectable audiences, made up of the intellectual and common-sense people of the city. Yes, the truths of Spiritualism still live, and will live, unquenchable and unharmed by all the calumny, lies and misrepresentation that foolish, silly men can bring against it."

Nature.

LUCIA BURT, MILAN, OHIO.—"Surely this world is not so bad as some would have us think. 'T is not all sorrow, pain and darkness. The sky is not always overhung with dark and gloomy clouds. The thunders do not always sound, or the lightnings flash, though sometimes dark clouds and fearful thunders roll around our heads. Still, however dark and gloomy, every cloud has a 'silver lining'; and if we could only see through the darkness to the sunshine beyond, we should be happy, even in sorrow; for 'tis not the world that is so bad, but the people in it. This world is full of beauty, and should be full of happiness. The feathered warblers sing it in their morning songs; the forest trees repeat it in their moving branches; the tiny flowers, peeping up from every wood and dale, repeat it louder than words; the

little child, gathering all the sunbeams and flowers that cross its path, repeats it; the young student repeats it, as on some beautiful night he casts his eye upward to the clear blue sky above, dotted with its myriads of twinkling stars. Listen but a moment, and you will hear 'creation's deep musical chorus' sounding up the anthem, 'This world is full of beauty.' But why was earth made so beautiful? Why did the great Creator strew the flowers so thickly along our pathway? Was it to make us miserable? Then why did he not place thorns instead? Why not cause our land to be covered with poisonous reptiles of every shape and name? Why not cause in every breeze that wafts along, some deadly plague or poisoned fragrance? Why not make all things unlovely and hateful to the eye of man? Methinks I hear a sweet echo answer from my own heart, which softly says, 'God hath made all things beautiful, that his children may be happy while traveling through to their spirit home.' Let us then strive to seek out earth's beauties; cease our complaining, and be content. Then we will be happy."

A Good Plan.

G. WARDEN, NORTH DANA.—"I have proposed to some of the most prominent Spiritualists of this place to raise money enough to circulate twenty copies of the BANNER gratuitously, and let those who feel disposed read and profit by them. By this course, I am satisfied more will be done to spread the truths of Spiritualism, with the same amount of money, than can possibly be done by paying high prices for lectures."

"What is Truth?"

HARRIET W. MANSFIELD, GILSUM, N. H.—"The question, 'What is truth?' has been asked, and as many times have there been attempts to answer it. Truth to me is what my conscience tells me is right. I know but little of truth, but expect to be ever hearing and also receiving more. Men profess to know a great deal of truth, which is at last proved to be nothing more than error. That which they obey not, and cannot live, is not truth to them. A conscience of right lived up to is only truth."

Spirit Communism, &c.

MRS. L. FURMAN, MINNEAPOLIS.—"I am pleased to say that the BANNER has furnished me with a great amount of spiritual reading. With great delight do I peruse its pages. I embraced the truths of Spiritualism at the opening of the new year. How thankful we ought to be for its blessed privilege, which we realize as coming from the Giver of all good. Why has not God created us to hold communion with the loved ones that have gone before? I know no reason. The great truths of Spiritualism make the corner-stone of our soul's growth. It is a sure foundation to build our hopes upon in this life and in the life to come. How much do these spiritual communications lessen the cares and anxieties of our every-day life."

There are quite a number of Spiritualists, and also several mediums, in this immediate vicinity. The West is a vast field, and we need more lectures to fan into a flame the faith that has been kindled. I am a well-wisher in your noble exertions in spreading the BANNER and the glorious truths contained therein; and may success ever crown your efforts in carrying on the work of salvation."

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE FUTURE.

BY S. E. LYNDE.

Oh, truly earth is lovely, fair,
But heaven is brighter far;
The contrast it would well compare
Like sun to evening star.

Oh, 'tis but little mortals know
What God hath now in store
For those who do his will below,
When life with them is o'er.

Though clouds may rise that grieve us here,
And all our hearts with sorrow,
Yet recompense our souls shall have
In that eternal morrow.

Melrose, 1889.

LETTER FROM EMMA HARDINGE.

Editors of the Banner of Light:

DEAR FRIENDS—I am requested by a spirit, whilst writing on other subjects and in other directions, to address a few lines to your paper on the subject of drugs as an agent for procuring abnormal conditions in the human system. I must premise, however, that, although I have heard of, I have not read, the discussion growing out of Dr. Child's remarks concerning Hashish. Whatever opinions may be put forth in these remarks, therefore, must not be received by way of endorsement or antagonism to any one else's thoughts. Furthermore, I am not in the habit of sending spirit-communications to the papers, and only do so now at the request of the spirit of whose name or identity at this point of my communication I am ignorant. The spirit says:

"For many years previous to my partition from my earthly form, I was in the habit of drinking coffee in immoderate quantities. During these years I was favored (as I considered) with daily intercourse with, and visions of, spirit-land. What I recorded as the result of this communion, I need not now speak of; enough for me to declare that I, a spirit, and inhabiting the very world into which my mortal vision penetrated, am now engaged in comparing the experiences of my actual condition, places, persons, ideas and things, with all that I beheld through the urn of my human surroundings; and I come to this conclusion—namely, that I did see spirit-land, its places, persons, societies, and—to use a familiar and therefore expedient phrase—its institutions; but I beheld them all, without a single exception, through a universally perverted medium; I beheld through an aura, which I can now only describe, as the carrying inwards of the human emanations upon the spirit, everything which I should have seen, and now see, by the spirit passing outwards through the grosser emanations, and yet not partaking of their character. I have met and conversed with many spirits whose experience has been similar to my own, and they agree with me in the opinion that the spirit is a plate upon which is diguerecyped every thought and action of the earthly life; the thoughts become fused, as it were, into the great cauldron of identity, making up a general character; but the actions stand out in individualized, objective realities—shaping that character and engraving themselves in forms upon the spirit-body. Thus every earthly action affects the spirit through a human medium; and thus any condition of the spirit, induced by physical causes, carries with it a physical as well as a spiritual impression. Any affection of the spirit induced, then, by eating, drinking, smelling, or even touch, producing cataplexy or partial unconsciousness, carries into and bears upon the forces of the spirit all the body's emanations, forming a mask through which the spirit has to perceive; when, on the contrary, the impression made on human consciousness comes from the psychologic power or magnetic influence of a disembodied spirit. The interior consciousness is the first touched. The magnetic sphere or seat of sensation, is the next recipient of the spiritual influx; and the body's forces are thus subdued, or rendered negative, without any disturbance of, or interference with their emanations. Whatever of 'reaction' may ensue upon the withdrawal of the influx, must be pure and beneficial, drawing outwards the grosser emanations of the body, and never entering injuriously upon it."

Not so with drugs. The effect upon the body is the first thing felt. The body's force is the magnetic sphere which acts upon the spirit; this, in turn, peeling through those emanations, beholds, as through a veil, realities presented to the body's shape, and scenes and persons all distorted to the sphere of morbid, sickly forces. The more I consider the nature of this mode of influx, the more am I convinced the result must ever be pernicious to the body, whilst to the spirit it brings with it a foul and heavy vapor, likely to touch the reason with its weight, besides leaving its thick breath on the mirror, wherein the spiritual eye will never see the image of spiritual things reflected, unless the glass be pure and undimmed by earth."

Not as a dictator, but as a friendly guide,—himself once shipwrecked on the reef of material, not spiritual second-sight,—I would ask leave to add, where nature has endowed you with the wisdom of the seer, cultivate the gift sublimely by aspirations after lofty thoughts; and by pure spirit forces attract pure spirits around you. Prepare yourself by similarity of nature for whatever influx you desire. Pray to the All Good for the reception of good; and for your body, keep it pure and healthy—pure with moderate, but never excessive fasting—healthy with air and exercise, labor and wholesome diet, and then no angles in your sensitive nature will break the line of sunshine on your spirit. Where nature has herself closed up your spiritual vision, artificial means may break the lock, but it only spoils the casket. The spirit-flower of sight within not fully ripe, cannot fulfill the part assigned without the gross aid of drugs and vapors. These are but

earthly spectacles, at best,—helps to delude, rather than helps to see,—something you read, but not the spirit volume. This God and nature only can unclose. You may improve, by growth and study, in this noble page; but when on earth, its knowledge is denied you. God wells in mercy light you cannot bear; and earthly art will wear your sight, not aid it."

No name is given in this communication that I would choose to sign. I have been instructed by my spirit guides to accept truth, and tender it again for its own intrinsic worth, never upon the more authority of great or small names, of whose identity I can give no evidence. If the above is of any interest to you or your numerous readers, I shall have additional pleasure in complying with the charge of my spirit friend in presenting it to you.

Most cordially yours,
EMMA HARDINGE.
Providence, R. I., May 2, 1889.

EVIL AND GOOD.

[CONTINUED.]

Do we desire to know what our own condition is; how much we possess of heaven, and how much of hell? Let us examine ourselves. Heaven is peace, and hell is war. How much wrong do we find in the world? Our opposition, our warlike faculties are active in proportion to our discovery of wrong, and our heaven is commensurate with our peace; harmony in the soul with all things. A heavenly condition of the soul does not see or resist any wrong. Is our condemnation sent forth to everything, and everybody? Are people all to blame—almost every wicked—and almost everything wrong? If so, we are in that condition of spiritual growth when the laws of nature are throwing off the elements of wrong in us. This is a necessity in one degree of the soul's growth, which degree is war, antagonism, inharmonious, and hell.

"Seek first the kingdom of heaven," says the holy Jesus. By our natural growth we will find it. Have we grown to it? How near are we allied to that heavenly condition, where all is peace, harmony and love; where all that exists is right, and nothing that exists is wrong?

A soul of heaven has confidence in God; in all his works; sees no wrong there; sees beauty in everything; sees God only in nature; unmeasured beauty in the immortal soul; beauty in deformity the same as in symmetry, for the hand of God is in both; sees through the filmy vapor of pollution and degradation emanating from one soul, as being only the result of a purifying process of that soul; the lawful effect of a means our Father uses to bring his child to heaven sooner. The soul of heaven sees unutterable beauty in immortal life; whatever may be its condition of progress or degree of growth. All God's children are beautiful; all life and all things are beautiful. The soul of heaven is in harmony with the lowest life, with even the elements of a stone; there is no repulsion; can be with serpents without a shudder or a shriek, and see the work in them of a divine hand; can behold the worst manifestations of human life without reproach or blame. Are we at peace with all men and all life? Do we see no wrong, but everything right? If so, there is peace within the soul; the kingdom of heaven is there, and the soul is allied in condition to that world where all is peace, harmony and love—where there is no evil, no fault, no wrong.

Thus we may measure our capacities for hell or heaven, for an early or a more advanced condition of spirit-life. Our attractions for evil are determined by our perceptions of evil—our attractions for good, by our perceptions of good. Evil is a low degree of good, as cold is a low degree of heat; and every immortal soul must pass through every degree of spirit development in its journey home. Each degree is in its natural order, and produces its legitimate manifestations. This is life as it is.

To admit the immortality of the soul, is to admit that the soul cannot be injured; for repeated injuries would, in time, destroy it. If the soul is immortal, it cannot retrogress; for repeated retrogressions would land it sometime in nonentity. The immortal soul is something that is never hurt or injured by any material influence; it is divine; it comes from God; it grows by the unseen power of God, and no human effort can retard or advance its growth, injure or benefit it. All its capacities are in the latent germ, and the germ quickens, grows, expands, and in its time unfolds in beauty after its own nature. If the soul is immortal, such must be its properties. The soul is above material influences. "The body is dust—the soul is a bud of eternity." Our material life is an effect of the soul, and never is the soul affected by it. The body, and all its manifestations, are the offspring of the soul. Our loves of material life are the necessary surroundings of the soul, produced by the soul for its covering while it grows in the body; it lives in this house of clay and earthly loves while it grows to the stature and manhood of a spirit.

The soul of man, acted upon by inherent law, produces all there is of a man; there is nothing of man independent of his soul. Every manifestation of life is the manifestation of the soul's power, acting through the mediumship of matter, of the body. And it seems to me that it is as absurd to say that these manifestations, which are of the soul, influence it, for good or evil, as it would be to say that the smoke rising from the burning fire has any influence upon its burning. The soul is the master of the intellect, the will, and the passions, and it uses them at its pleasure—they are its servants. The soul is not a little inferior thing to be nurtured and fed by the freaks of the will, intellect, and the passions; it is not a function or faculty; it is the whole of our being—the background of all our existence. The soul to each one is an immensity, unmeasured and unpossessed, shining through the frail investment of material life. It is the receptacle of all that is good—all that is holy—wherein abides all the wisdom and power that man possesses. The soul must have its way; it is made by law; it is in the hands of law, and the laws of God govern it. It is wrong to rest in confidence in the government of our Father's laws? We answer no.

This is destiny, from which man can never fly. When man can write his name in water for future generations to read—when he can tie knots in the wind that cannot be untied—

"When stages on air shall fold,
And fish on land shall range,"

man may take a step or two outside of destiny; outside the laws of God.

TO BE CONTINUED.

STORIES FOR CHILDREN.

FRIEND BANNER—My mind has been troubled for some time with the idea that there is one portion of the community that you might benefit very much by leaving a little corner in your valuable paper for the instruction of that much abused portion of humanity, the little children; and, believe me, that the interest that is manifested each week for your paper in the small circle of my acquaintances here, would be greater if you would comply with this request. You have got some beautiful writers for your journal, some of whom might be induced to lay aside the man or woman, for the time being and become as little children, and, by their loving words of instruction, lead the young minds into paths of pleasantness and peace. I hope you will not think that I wish to dictate to you, or that your journal is not conducted as it ought to be—far from it—no such thoughts have ever entered my mind. I hope you will not laugh at me when I tell you that I have related writing to you three several times on the subject, and I now do so because it cannot be helped. You may call this an impression, if you please. If it is, I consider it a good one. Hoping that you may enlist the minds of the rising generation in your behalf, by contributing to their gratification and instruction, and thereby secure them as your future subscribers, I am, dear sir, your friend and well-wisher,
R. S.
Philadelphia, April 17, 1889.

[We think there is talent among us to supply this demand, and we hope some one of our readers will take advantage of the hint thrown out in the above. If any desire to do so, let them remember that children do not want to be "written down to," as heretofore has been needed. Their perceptions are clearer than most people suppose, and while they cannot digest the same mental food which the deep thinker delights in, yet reason is powerful in them, and, when dressed in the pleasing garments of Romance, will be eagerly sought for. Any prominent truth of Spiritualism may be taken and woven into a short story with much effect. We like the suggestion of our correspondent, and trust some of our readers, gifted with proper talent to undertake the work, will do so.]

Education, truly speaking, says a recent English writer, is the work of a lifetime. Exposed to every diversity of influence, the mind cannot remain stationary; if we do not advance, we retrograde. The school or university ought to furnish us with a method of study—how best to lead out, or evolve, whatever is noblest or highest in our nature. Self-culture is but the continuation—the legitimate application and use of the method acquired. Our whole life is a training, it ought to be a perfecting—for 'spirits are not finely touched but to fine issues.' Self-education neglected, man wrongs that which is peculiarly his own.

The Public Press.

"MARRIAGE AND SEPARATION."

The holy and beautiful views of this subject, impressed through Lizzie Doten, as reported in the BANNER OF LIGHT of April 2d, are truly worthy of record. They are almost fully up to the purest standard of the "Higher Unfolding" on this plane; and they differ so much from a class of ideas which have already become somewhat popularized in connection with Spiritualism, that any person, with half an eye, can see that there has been no mistake—no visionary folly in pre-announcing a truer philosophy—a purer expression on this, as on all other topics of spiritual and humanitarian interest.

It seems that Miss Lizzie D. did not exactly agree with her spirit communicators in their idea that two persons who are not precisely harmonious in their conjugal relations "should bear it to their best ability." But blessed is the medium whose spiritual connection is of a character so true and noble as this; and even greater blessing has that person, medium or no medium, whose own development is equal to the spirit, and full practical expression of an inspiration so effulgent and exalted.

I knew such a medium once—I know her now—a woman who struggled and labored under toils and difficulties which might well dishearten and overcome even an hundred earnest souls like hers—a woman who did, actually, to her "best ability," bear the burden of conjugal and domestic infelicity—who would not, for a moment, hear of a separation from husband and children, which friends repeatedly urged. Spirits, through other mediums, said she would be happier if she was living with a different companion. Spiritualistic friends wondered that those who purported to be her brighter guardians, should continue to hold her down so long to such conditions; but her sympathy for her husband and family even went beyond that degree which her best surroundings wished her to exercise. In one thing she did not hold that check upon her sympathies toward her husband, which she should have done, to enable her to help him through effectually; and through that she became completely prostrate—was obliged to forego her cherished duties. She fled her home, and amidst the wreck of her system, struggled for life. The friends with whom she found refuge were not fully equal to sustaining her moral energies; and what with the force of a sympathy once again misdirected, together with the pressure of surrounding circumstances, she became warped into a sphere and sentiment entirely different from that which was indicated in her former lofty course of mind and action, and now dwells in a distant spot, with one who is not her husband, but the wedded spouse of another, who indeed sits deserted and forlorn.

And in which act of her life was this woman the truest to herself and to all the noblest faculties of her nature? In her faithfulness to her husband, and his redemption? or in her wanderings with the husband of another?

I know there are many excuses for her conduct, in the premises, and also for his connection with any such affair. I also know that there are good reasons for almost any or every disturbance or disarrangement in conjugal relations. But I am none the less aware that all this is more the work of impulse, weakness or willfulness on the part of one, if not both the parties of a broken marriage covenant, than it is of true wisdom.

There are parties now separating or separated, who could have continued to dwell happily together, had one or the other of them been willing to make a little of that concession, or to cultivate a little of that firmness or candor, or a trifle of that mutual helpfulness, which principle itself required. There are mediums and lecturers in the spiritual field, as well as preachers, teachers and other persons, elsewhere, who have made no truly practical or persevering effort to produce that state of things which would have harmonized this or that difference between themselves and their respective companions in marriage, but who have been ever ready, at the suggestion of a friend—it may be at the bidding of a spirit—to hurry up a "divorce" in some convenient, "free and easy" State—and to run after affluence throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Around some who have been thus endangered, (male as well as female,) I have thrown a sheltering sphere of watchful and sustaining regard, to preserve them from the influence of those who would not have been so tender of their true nature and higher sensibilities as they should have been. Many a noble-minded and sensitively conditioned person, (of the masculine gender as well of the gentler sex,) has been held down, to inferior conditions by the persuasive voice of a professed friendship and love, which was more sinister and selfish—more plausible and persistent—than it was true and royal. And hence it is that many things which are called for—which are sought for—as "affinities," are merely so many expressions of the magnetic or psychological power; and as an additional consequence, many of those marriages which are called "spiritual," or "congenial," and were lauded to the skies as none of your "priestly" concerns, have proved no more happy and enduring than the common, every day unions under the seal of Church and State.

Of course there is no intention to bring odium upon those who have tried their best to promote domestic unity and peace, but have failed through want of the requisite co-operation, or through the lack of sufficient stamina in themselves; neither would we subject to condemnation or derision those who have taken other partners than those to whom they are legally allied, when they have been apparently driven to the step by dire necessity; but still, beyond all this, stands out prominently the truth, that faithfulness to the conjugal relation is one of the highest and purest principles to which Human Nature can devote itself; and that steadfast fidelity to matrimonial obligations, even under disagreeable conditions—even where self-protection requires some special interference or relief—is a virtue which the brightest of heaven's messengers will invariably advocate and most heartily commend.

And more than all this, on those who are the truest, and have been the most effectually tried, in this sublime department, will devolve the true leadership and the most efficient interest, in a great moral and beneficent movement, such as the world has never yet witnessed, and which will bring true hearts, in all directions, into such a concentration of effort, in behalf of misdirected and down-trodden humanity, as will reach the very dregs and dragons of society, and lift all its interests above the slime of their prostration and corrosion, into the very light and steadfastness of heaven.

Hence it is that views so much beyond the average ideas of Spiritualism—so diverse from the individual opinions of even the gentle hearted Lizzie Doten herself—are now being promulgated more generally than they thus far have been. May they be multiplied everywhere through such organs as the brighter intelligences can effectively use; and may each and all whose present conceptions are not clearly up to such lucid and ennobling expressions, duly strive for the higher attainment they indicate; for not only many a "medium," but likewise many a man and woman, in every direction, and on more subjects than that of marriage, is held down to inferior views through a surrounding social influence, which savors more of earth than heaven, as did Peter, when the Master "saluted him as Satan."

Athol Depot, Mass.

D. J. MANDELL.

WHAT AND WHO IS GOD?

MESSRS. EDITORS—Since the term God is being made to run the gauntlet of newspapers, and public discussion, started by the peculiar ideas of H. W. Beecher, perhaps I may be permitted to put in an opinion, as the subject passes. Every person must reason out his or her idea or opinion of God, or a supreme power, in accordance with the development of his or her mind. A little child can have no idea or conception of the solar system, and much less of the stellar. How then could such child have an idea of infinity, either in power, attribute, condition,

knowledge or locality? or what difference would it make whether this child were ten or fifty years of age? If the mind is in childhood, the idea of God must correspond to childhood. Toys for children are as necessary in theology as in play-houses. A man with the mental capacity of Henry Ward Beecher must understand this, and in his preaching must adapt his views to the capacity of those he teaches; and many of them must have an incarnate God, personal and local, with individuality, (diameter and circumference), date, (time of life), and place; and in our country, no name could be given more acceptable for that purpose than Jesus of Nazareth or the Christ of Christians. Yet Beecher, and other ripened school-boy, must know that infinity and personality are incompatible with each other, entirely neutralizing and destroying the subject as two negatives in a sentence. Omnipresence and locality are as inconsistent to each other as a bright light in a dark room—when one comes, the other goes. If anybody's God is personal, he is not infinite nor omnipresent; he may be where, but he is not everywhere; he is a toy in the great universe, as we all are, for we are all toys for the play-houses of superior powers and beings, nearly as much as the dolls and tops of our children are.

Personal gods are playthings for religious childhood. Divine essences and attributes are playthings for religious boyhood. Omnipresence and omnipotence are comprehensible terms, referring to incomprehensible subjects, and may be applied to a subtle, substantial, elemental existence, comprising all motion, life, sensation, intelligence and aspiration. We may call it Divine Mind, or God, or any other term, leaving off all qualifying words that limit or conflict with omnipresence, omnipotence and infinity, and then we have God, or subject of devotion, for manhood. "Omnipresence there could be no past or future—no time but the present—all events are in the now—and yet of what use to tell this to a mind untutored in mental philosophy? Such persons would be as sure that the events of last year and of next year cannot be in the now at the ancients were; thus they should fall off the earth if it turned over."

Times, dates, facts and future are all in the now of Omnipresence, as places are all here to Omnipresence. Where has no use or meaning. How absurd to talk of going into the presence of an omnipresent God, or coming from God, etc. These terms, with all the prayers of Christendom, are appropriate to and for a personal and finite God, with such passions and qualities as we have, only in degree above each worshiper. Our Gods must be made a little lower than the angels to meet the wants of the people of our time.

The idolatry-loving priests are alarmed at the sacreligious tendencies of Parker, and Beecher, and Emerson, and are ready to cry aloud, "You take away our Gods!" These men are only feeling the pulse of the people, to ascertain if they are ready to advance to another department of the school—to go higher. The teachers below are not willing to give them up, as they are supported by the scholars, and of course do not wish to have them go above their instruction. Well, hold on, old fogies; you may get your mantle as it falls from the ascending spirit.

Chagrin Falls, Ohio, April 28. WARREN CHASE.

MOVEMENTS OF LECTURERS.

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

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

Mrs. EMMA HARDINGE will lecture in Worcester, Lowell, Portland, Oswego, and various adjacent places during May and June. Next Fall and Winter she designs to labor extensively in the West and South. St. Louis, Memphis and many other places are already promised, and as she desires to complete her route via Pittsburgh, etc., before September, early applications will be suitably received, addressed to No. 8, Fourth Avenue, New York.

Prof. Payton Spence and Amanda M. Spence will respond to invitations to lecture, addressed to Jamestown, N. Y., or to New York city, care of G. W. Westbrook.

WARREN CHASE announces that he will lecture in Adrian, Mich., May 15th; Albion, May 17th; Battle Creek, May 22d; Ithaca, May 25th and 26th; Kalamazoo, May 29th; Grand Rapids, June 1st, 3d, 4th and 5th; Grand Haven, June 9th and 10th; Milwaukee, Wis., June 12th; Chicago, Ill., June 10th and 11th; Berlin, Ohio, July 1st, 2d and 3d; Geneva, Ohio, July 10th; Conneaut, July 13th and 14th; Buffalo, N. Y., July 17th and 18th.

Dr. JOHN MATTHEW 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 Sheboygan, Neenah, Appleton, and the region roundabout. From July 14th to August 31st he will be on the Michigan route, from Grand Haven to Detroit.

Mrs. J. W. CURRIER will answer calls to lecture. Address Lowell: box 815. She will speak as follows:—Milford, N. H., May 15th; East Longfellow, May 20th; Foxboro', June 6th and 7th; Springfield, June 10th and 11th; Portland, Conn., July 3d and 10th. She will stop a few days in each of the above places, and will sit for tests of spirit-power, by trance, clairvoyance and physical manifestations.

MISS SARAH A. MAGOUN will answer calls to lecture in the trance state on Sundays and week day evenings. Address No. 35 Winter street, East Cambridge, Mass. She will speak in Wrentham, May 15th, and at East Princeton, May 20th.

LORRAINE MOODY will answer calls to lecture anywhere, on Sundays and week day evenings. Address Maiden, Mass. He will lecture as follows:—Franklin, May 10th and 11th; So. Franklin, May 12th and 13th; Blackstone, May 16th; Milville, May 17th and 18th; Mendon, May 19th and 20th; Milford,

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