

# BANNER OF THE LIGHT.



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## THE SERMONS

OF BROTHER HENRY WARD BEECHER AND EDWIN H. CHAPIN, as reported for us by the best Phonographers of New York, and published verbatim every week in this paper.

TUESDAY EVENING—Rev. Dr. Beecher's Sermon.

WEDNESDAY EVENING—Rev. Dr. Beecher's Sermon.

Written for the Banner of Light.

## Despair and Morphine;

OR,

THE COQUETTE.

A French Story.

BY M. WHORTLEY BENTON.

When Lord L— was appointed ambassador to the French Court, he took for his secretary a young Englishman, named Stanley. He had been turned out into the post fresh from Eton, and the University and his father's country-seat were all he knew of life, never having so much as seen a single London season. Nevertheless he was handsome and dashing, and he had not been three months in the French capital before he was in love.

The object of this attachment was a French belle of great intelligence and personal attractions, and the centre of a brilliant circle of admirers. Though Mademoiselle Paulet was not vain, she was a coquette, and by a common rule of the heart, when she became aware of the silent devotion of Stanley that his was not merely admiration, she at once allowed her affection to cling to him, although according to the rules of the coquette, she disguised her every word, and act, and look, and laugh, and danced, and chatted, seemingly, as heartily with him as with any of her other cavaliers.

She was a queen in every respect, and she seemed determined that all should adore her; her homage submitted to like all monarchs; she felt herself privileged to jest as much as she chose at the expense of others, believing that it was as easy for her to deal with a mere smile as to wound with a word.

Mademoiselle Paulet, therefore, to blind the aspiring (and, desperately in love) Stanley, resorted to artifice to draw him into a deeper passion, and then into jealousy. To do this without repelling him entirely, to excite his fears without destroying his hopes, she selected for her cavalier and favorite a young soldier, of whom, from his attributes of character, personal appearance or manners, Stanley had little cause to be jealous. He was so ridiculously vain and so stupid, that Rosa herself could not forbear laughing at him, yet she delighted in annoying Stanley.

For a time Stanley treated Rosa's flirtation as a good joke; but it was soon visible that unrequited love was making rapid inroads upon the handsome young secretary, and the reverse from hope to despair, even during the carnival season of his aspirations, was too much for the constitution of the young Englishman, and he became possessed with but one idea; one face only haunted him day and night. He never slept; he was never calm for a half hour at a time. His morning walks were all taken in that quarter where he knew, (for love knows by instinct,) that she would be. His evenings were devoted to meeting her. Whether at ball or reception, although she always kept a place for him at her side, yet so much of her attention was bestowed upon the soldier rival, that Stanley was desperately jealous.

Thus things went on for some time. Beside her, Stanley lived; but when away from her a moment, a strange depression came over him, and the idea daily grew upon him that he should sink under the excitement of this unrequited love. He felt that a refusal would kill him, and he dreaded worse than death to disclose his passion.

One evening, at one of the gayest receptions of Paris, Stanley met Mademoiselle Paulet. He had grown daily more excited, and still more dreaded a denouement. On this occasion, Mademoiselle P. was, as usual, attended by Le Clerc, the soldier lover; yet she was wonderfully kind. She danced with Stanley, and roamed through the gay apartments, talking rapidly and gaily about the world in which they were mixed, but which he hated, and above all, about Stanley's presentiment of approaching death.

At times she listened attentively—Stanley almost imagined sadly; but when she had drawn him on to speak still more fervently, she laid her white hand on his arm, and laughingly called him a dreamer—told him he was going mad and love-sick.

At last, having drawn her into the shadow of a recessed window, he detained her, and exclaimed, as she strove to fly from him:

"You have laughed at me long enough; you must listen to me for one moment, and then, when I am dead, you may laugh if you like; but I must speak now. I love you! love you more than life!"

"How very amusing! How delightfully absurd!" she exclaimed; and then, calling to Le Clerc, she continued: "Do come to my room, monsieur. Here is M. Stanley making me an offer. Ha, ha!"

"Enough!" exclaimed Stanley, turning from her with anguish. "Laugh now! It is your last opportunity!" Saying this, he abruptly turned and left the apartment, and was soon passing through the busy streets of Paris toward his own lodgings.

For a week Stanley tossed on his bed in a high fever, nursing his grief, rage and despair, and meditating the wildest of suicides.

During this season of prostration, several friends called upon Stanley, and among the *on dit* that they disinterestedly detailed, was the latest engagement of Stanley to Mademoiselle Paulet and the Chevalier Le Clerc. This was a stunning blow for the young Englishman; he could not believe it; would listen to no reason; and, in the heat of his excitement, determined to judge for himself.

He rushed accordingly to the residence of Mademoiselle, and asked for Rosa. To his infinite chagrin, the porter (with a lie in his mouth) told him that Mademoiselle was not at home.

Stanley turned away with a burning cheek, and by some fatality came directly upon Le Clerc. He bowed stiffly, and passed up the same steps that Stanley had just left, and was admitted. This seemed to prove beyond doubt the truth of the rumored engagement; and in despair Stanley hastened to his lodgings, summoned his servant to replenish the fire, confided to his care his faithful dog, and then, telling him he had an unusual heaviness, dismissed him for the time. Stanley then drew his lounge to the fire; placed on the table beside him a bottle of wine—into which he poured a small bottle of morphine, which he had obtained from a night-riding pharmacist—and, stretching himself on his couch, he sipped draught after draught, until he became too weak to lift his glass. An awful sinking came over him, and eternity seemed opening to his view. How eagerly he looked back to his past life! How thoughtless and wicked seemed every action! How foolish every earthly consideration, even! Rosa, the idol of his heart, to which he had devoted his time and affection, was a trifle—a phantom—just glimmering amid the fading relics of his life.

He had become too weak to pray—he could now only dread!—until thought grew dimmer and dimmer. Memory passed, and he felt as if his spirit was leaving its tenement of clay. Terrible thought! He struggled, drew long breaths, strove to raise himself; his brain reeled, his hand fell by his side, and he became unconscious.

Next morning, when the servant came, as usual to attend his young master, he found the door closed; neither did the well-known rap bring any answer. Becoming alarmed, he forced the lock, and found Stanley lying on his face, his hands clasped in his hair, and his features contorted and rigid. The wine bottle was empty on the table, and the morphine vial was on the floor. He was, to all appearance, past assistance. His servant soon gave the alarm, and in due time the diplomatist, Lord L—, a fellow secretary of the young Englishman, and other curious friends, crowded to his apartment. The Ambassador sincerely deplored the death of his young friend; and, taking the faithful dog as a memento, he promised to send the distressing intelligence to Stanley's home in England.

In the course of time, Stanley was arrayed in the garments of the tomb, and his body was bestowed in the cemetery of *Pere la Chaise*, to await the funeral at the chapel on the coming morrow. But while his friends were talking together about the strange and sudden manner of Stanley's death, a great transformation was taking place in his tomb, and amid the shades of *Pere la Chaise*. The stiffened members of the shrouded man began to twitch with convulsive animation; and the first sensation that the outside lover had of returning life was a feeling of intense coldness about his heart, a complete absence of warmth within and without. His next sensation was that he was utterly powerless in mind and body. His heart beat, but he was not conscious of it. By degrees, however, his feelings grew sharper; he felt the cold still more keenly, and he now amounted to frightful agony. He attempted to open his eyes, and at length succeeded; but he could see nothing—he was enveloped in darkness; and only when he had lain on his back for some time did he know that there was a space of dark air above, and that he was not shut in close. He strove to turn himself to burst the bonds that confined him, and, drawing his feet up with a convulsive thrice, he burst the coffin-lid, and in another moment was sitting up! While on every side of him were the inanimate bodies of youth and age; the young maiden and the grey-haired man—some in bridal decorations, strewn with flowers, and adorned with jewels; yet all were appalling to behold.

Once more returned to some degree of consciousness, Stanley was in agony to be released from his uncomfortable quarters. Stepping out of his coffin, he fled like a specter till he gained the portal; then, tearing away the bandage that bound his throbbing temples, he shook the iron door till it turned on its rusty hinges, and in a moment he stood in the open air.

What he was on his way to the porter's lodge, Stanley formed a scheme in his mind of keeping his resurrection a secret, save from the old sexton; and, by a certain disguise which he planned, appear at his own funeral among his friends, and by so doing test the sincerity of their friendship. At length he reached the cabin of the sexton, in whose window burned the dim light that had first greeted the eyes of the awakened lover. He seized the latch, but the door refused to yield to his touch; he called, and in a moment the sexton made his appearance, pale with terror at the sight of the shrouded man, who but so lately had been deposited among the dead.

Stanley muttered a few incoherent words, and fell senseless into the arms of the aged man; and when he became again conscious, he felt a degree of pleasure, for he was warm and comfortable; and beside him, with inquiring eyes, sat the old sexton, who, laying his hand upon the reanimated man, exclaimed, "For God's sake, are you spirit or flesh?" Hereupon an explanation followed, and a promise was extorted from the sexton that he would keep his secret, and help him to carry out his scheme. Accordingly Stanley obtained the latest Parisian dress, donned a huge pair of red whiskers and a wig to correspond, persuaded the old sexton to put the shroud and bandages back into his coffin, replace the lid, re-cover it with its pall, and make all ready again for the funeral.

After these preliminaries, Stanley sallied forth to while away the time until the hour for the funeral services should arrive. At the appointed hour, Stanley entered the chapel. The mourners were not very numerous. Lord L— was there, with his two other secretaries; and Stanley, as he placed himself among the mourners, felt a strange mixture of the ludicrous and the serious, when he contemplated the queer part he was enacting. However, he justified it to himself, that it was necessary to his future happiness, and contented himself with standing close and keeping his ears open. Le Clerc was also among the mourners; and, as the particular cause of his unhappiness, Stanley could not but keep a keen lookout upon his movements.

When the services were concluded, Stanley took his place among the rest in the mourning carriage; and as he sat *vis-a-vis* with three of his former friends, he had a fine opportunity to scan their real or affected sorrow. Lord L—'s eyes were full of tears, and his face betokened a deep distress for the fate of his young protégé. The two secretaries lounged listlessly in their seats, and showed a morbid indifference; while Le Clerc was quiet and downcast.

After the procession began to move toward *Pere la Chaise*, the two secretaries began to take more notice

of their immediate surroundings; and, casting a sharp glance at each other, they addressed each other in English, with—

"How strikingly like poor Stanley!"

"Yes; but he is a Frenchman, probably! It can't be any relative, for there has been no time to send the intelligence to his friends in England."

"What a stupid thing a funeral is," said the second spectator.

"Do you think so?" replied his friend. "For my part, I rather like it. A churchyard is a cheerful place, and the present funeral is anything but unpleasant. You know," he continued, lowering his voice to a whisper, "it is not every day that one can have one's superior removed."

"Ah, ha! then you think to step into Stanley's shoes, eh? I wish you may get it, especially as I have been promised the first *si-cure* for the past six months."

At this conversation Le Clerc showed much indignation, and Stanley could have grasped him by the hand in gratitude. But the two fellows still rattled on.

"Stanley was a mighty proud fellow," said the first speaker.

"Yes, but very affectionate—a regular spoony—always making one a bosom friend, willing or not."

"Ah!" sighed Stanley to himself; "you will never be troubled with my friendship again!"

"Good fellow enough," was the reply. "I wonder, by the way, how the Paulets stood the intelligence of his death? But here's Le Clerc. He can tell us all about it."

Le Clerc paid no attention to the conversation, until he was addressed point *blanche* with—

"Have you seen Mademoiselle Paulet recently?"

"Alas, no!" was the soldier's reply. "She has shut herself up, and accuses herself of being the cause of our friend's death. She has gone almost mad, they say, with grief and regret, and will not even admit me, her old friend!"

"Old friend, eh?" exclaimed one of the former speakers; "quite her accepted lover, I thought!"

"No, not that," replied Le Clerc, instantly; "I almost believed her to be warmly attached to this young Englishman, and her grief since his death has confirmed it beyond doubt."

Oh, how happy was Stanley! How he could have that moment thrown aside his disguise and sworn everlasting fidelity to his rival, but a monitor within bade him beware lest all might be mistaken; and he resolved to await and judge for himself.

"But," resumed the pertinacious secretary, "she always seemed to give you a decided preference, and I am astonished at what you tell me. However, I always thought a great deal of Stanley; fine fellow he was."

Le Clerc made no immediate reply, but finally answered—

"He was fully aware of the merits of his friend, and sincerely lamented his loss."

About this time the procession drew toward the cemetery gate, and the mourners moved slowly onward through the avenues of *Pere la Chaise*. In a few moments more Stanley stood beside his own grave. How much now he felt like laughing at the mockery of prayers over a mahogany box with a few brass nails in it. Yet when he saw his good patron, Lord L— weeping heartfelt tears of regret into his empty grave, he could not but sober into veneration and love. Soon the green sod was heaped above the grave, and the friends dispersed their several ways—some to quarrel for preference to his vacant secretaryship, some to forget him, and a few to weep and regret.

Stanley, still preserving his disguise, resolved to remain near, until evening, and if nothing prevented, to test the grief and devotion of his lady-love. He determined to seek her, explain all, and again offer her his heart. Accordingly he bivouached himself in a remote quarter, and when the shades of evening began to steal over the gay promenades of Paris, he passed among the brilliant crowds, even to the door of his old apartment—where he found his servant in full possession of his wardrobe and wares, supporting all the dignity of a *paravenu*—and then he passed on toward the "City of the Silent."

On his first approach to *Pere la Chaise*, he saw two female figures moving about among the tombs; and, as he came nearer, he found it to be Mademoiselle Paulet and her servant. Who could she be mourning for at such an hour? Burning with curiosity, Stanley slipped from monument to monument until he was but a few paces behind her. And what was his surprise and joy to see her kneeling beside his new-made grave and strewing it with flowers! Stanley bore up until he could contain himself no longer, and then approaching Rosa, he said—

"Pardon my intrusion, Madame; but this is the grave of my best friend, and you can guess why I came hither. You seem to be an acquaintance, and I presume you are Mademoiselle Paulet?"

The kneeling figure bowed in assent, and Stanley continued:

"When my amiable friend died, he charged me with a message for you."

Rosa pressed her hand upon her heart, and exclaimed—

"Is it true? Oh! tell me what he said."

"This message," continued Stanley; "I should have delivered before, but I learned you were in affliction, and I dared not intrude. This morning, I learned by accident that the death of my friend was the cause of much grief to you; and, let me add, that he was sincerely attached to you."

"You will!—and on the earth; but name the hour and he will come to you alive!" exclaimed he.

"Alive!" she screamed. "Leave me! leave me! Why should you trifle with me thus?"

"I obey," returned the fabled mourner; "but let me assure you that to-night you will see him alive!" Stanley bowed politely and hurried away. Rosa called after him, but he did not turn back, thinking it best to leave her to her own vague conjectures.

At an early hour of the morning, Stanley sought the residence of Mademoiselle Paulet—was ushered into the drawing room by the porter, who was half dead with astonishment at the reappearance of a supposed dead man—and soon found himself *vis-a-vis* with the idol of his heart.

It is needless to prolong details of the credulity, surprise and superstition of Mademoiselle P. upon seeing and conversing with one whom she had been mourning as dead. Enough, that after Stanley completed his explanation of the whole affair, a pair of the loveliest white arms were wound about his neck, the sweetest and rubiest lips were pressed to his, and the most bewitching eyes looked into his face!—and that Stanley was soon installed as bridegroom, and Lord L— invited to the wedding of the repentant coquette.

Written for the Banner of Light.

## TOO LATE BY A TRIFLE;

OR,

AN UNCOMMON AFFAIR.

BY JEREMY LOUD.

The domestic arrangement of Mr. Joseph Stratton—or "Uncle Joe," as he was known all through the neighborhood—consisted of himself, his nephew, Walter Stratton, who was the son of his much lamented brother Simon, and his housekeeper. These three made up the little household party; and a pleasant view than they generally presented to the accidental visitor it is not easy to describe.

"Uncle Joe" had reached fifty; perhaps he was on the yonder slope of that rather autumnally-inclined figure. He was hale and hearty, always with a fine glow of animal spirits, a curiosity *val-er-ant* man; well off in point of pecuniary affairs, and supposed to be now pretty much past all hopes of marrying. He lived in a very substantial-looking house, where he dispensed hospitalities on a scale exactly suited to his generous heart.

His nephew, Walter, had just completed his college course, and come home to recline on the dignity of his new attainments. He had successfully gone through the stages of Freshman, Sophomore, etc., and was now invested with the higher-sounding title of Alumnus. Walter had always been a remarkably studious boy, yet occasionally given, like most other lads of the best spirit and vitality, to impulsive freaks of frolic; no worse than that, however. That much was to be pardoned to his blood.

Having at length obtained his degree, and left college forever, his uncle determined to keep him with himself for awhile, to recreate him from his long and persistent application, and give him a chance to look around and decide what he would finally go upon for life.

It was just at the close of summer. The weather, for the season, was delicious, rather than sultry, seeming to intoxicate his uncle Joe with its subtle influence. It called and kept him out of doors pretty much all the time. Walter, however, still clung to his books. He could not relinquish the habits to which he was wedded. This did not suit his uncle at all. So he resolved to draw him out of his seclusion. "This will never do for the boy!" he would mutter to himself, as he strolled idly about his grounds, lost for some part of a compulsion.

Upon the thought, uncle Joe sat down to his desk and wrote a hasty note to his sister Mary's child, Ellen McNeil.

"Dear Nell," it ran, "tell your mother to send you up here to me at once. If you happen to have any friends with you, bring them along too. I can never stand this in the world. Walter is as dead as hay. I can do nothing with him. He is books, books, books, all the time. Come straight up here, and help me drag him out of his hole. I will pay all expenses. Affectionately, Your Uncle."

This brief missive "did the business." Nell McNeil was up at her affectionate uncle Joe's house in no time at all, bag and baggage. What pleased the old gentleman still more, she brought along with her, according to request, as sprightly a little beauty, with black eyes and laughing lips, as ever made the house of an old bachelor brilliant. Walter was considerably taken aback when they arrived, and could hardly keep his amazement to himself; he wanted dreadfully to make a confidant of some one, to whom to impart the secret delight that had so unexpectedly taken hold of him. But whom could he go to? Not to his cousin Ellen, for how did he know but she would up and tell his secret to her friend Mag herself; and then the fat would certainly be in the fire.

There was no way for him but to live and learn what he could, and as fast as he could. And it is no disparagement whatever to the young gentleman to say, that he had quite as much to learn as youth ordinarily have, at his age.

The house, from the day when the two beauties arrived, was full of life and laughter. Echoes of the gayest sort peopled the entries, and thronged all the apartments. If there was anything going on, the girls were sure to be at the bottom of it. If fun was afoot, the girls could tell you, if they felt so inclined, all about it. They kept the gates flying, and the doors swinging. They waked up the cows and the chickens, and set the horses on the canter over in the pasture. If the old gander was heard hissing louder than was his wont, ten to one they were engaged in the work of uncoiling his long neck by tauntingly pointing their fingers at him. There had been nothing of the kind at Uncle Joe's mansion, since the days when the memory of Walter, at least, ran not to the contrary.

Uncle Joe, of course, was of all men most delighted. He never could have expressed his satisfaction, if he

had tried. The English language was too meagre for his purpose, so he compromised the matter by going about the house and chuckling, rubbing his hands, occasionally taking a sort of skip-jig up and down the room—when not observed by his agreeable young guests—and by making up excursions, parties, rides, drives, and walks, anywhere and everywhere the two girls were willing to go. Sometimes Walter would go with them, and sometimes he would not; for, fascinated as he manifestly was, at the first, with his cousin Ellen's friend, he had not yet lost all the old attachment he felt for his books, but hived himself up at the same rate almost, that was his hearty uncle's special aversion.

"Come, Walter," said he, as he burst in on him, one afternoon, finding the boy hived up with his books and papers as usual; "this is a little too bad; you'd ought to be ashamed of it. Now why don't you try to do something to make yourself at least useful, if not agreeable? Here I've got a couple of as smart girls in my house as you ever saw, or will see, in your life; they are worth a dozen of your *hick-hacks*, that you have been cracking your jaws over, for four years back, and I warrant you, they'll restore your spirits a thousand times quicker than any Latin or Greek that was ever spoken. Come, now, boy! just come out of this den of yours into the daylight; or else I'll go to work and set all your trumpery of table and papers, bed and books, clear out into the pasture, and there you can muse and study to your heart's content!"

Walter was started by his uncle's impulsive speech, decidedly. He actually got up from his chair and began to manifest signs of life by walking the room.

"I thought I was attentive, I'm sure," he placidly, with a faltering accent.

"Attentive!" sneered his uncle. "Just about as much so as that table is attentive! Why, my dog, surely you girls a great deal more compliment than you do, and actually as to their enjoyment more. Why, boy, I've been really ashamed of you! What do you suppose that young Mag will think of us up here?"

"Think!" echoed Walter, opening mouth and eyes together.

"Yes, think. You don't believe she's a fool, do you? You think she's a little better than a dog?"

No, indeed; Walter had had the very best reason to know that she had eyes, and right sharp ones, too.

"And what do you conclude," continued Uncle Joe, "that she is going to make up her mind to about you? You'll pass with her for a real nifty—something, instead of a somebody!"

And more of the same sort.

"It all produced a proper effect, Walker, as soon as he was left to himself, determined to act upon his uncle's suggestions, and show the young ladies how very agreeable he could be. He had been struck with Mag; from the first; it gave him little or no trouble; therefore, to follow up his original impressions, or rather his partiality."

"We'll have a little bit of a frolic in the woods to-morrow," proposed uncle Joe, at the breakfast-table. It was at once agreed to on all hands.

"So get together you girls and boys as many of them as you have a mind to; we'll all turn out and make a time of it. There's my fine, shady camperdown woods—we'll go down there, I guess, and if we do not make the echoes wake up, then it's because we've none of us got voices. What say you, Nell?"

"I say it's a capital spot, uncle," answered his sprightly niece, full of the project for the morrow. "It doesn't seem as if I could wait till the time came round."

"We'll have a table set—"

"On the ground, uncle, on the ground," interrupted Nell.

"Well, as you will. And there shall be a fiddle—"

"Oh, royal!" burst forth both girls at once. "And if anybody can dance—"

"Ha! ha! ha!" they all laughed in concert. "Then all's well, they have got to show their heels."

The old gentleman was manifestly as full of excitement about the matter as the girls were; he could scarcely keep from rubbing his hands gleefully together, long enough to finish his breakfast.

Walter, too, was getting considerably warmed up with the project, but he lagged quite a distance in his feelings behind the rest. Still, he could not keep his eyes off of the fair face of Mag.

"Morrow came. It was bright and clear. No sun over-dispensed more genial and kindly beams for any picnic, or other party, that was projected by old or young. The girls looked out from their chamber window early, and clapped their white hands with glee to find what a beautiful day it was going to be.

Down stairs they ran, thrumming noisily against the door of the still sleeping Walter, on their way.

"Oh, uncle Joe! what a grand time we are going to make of it!"

That was Nell's honest opinion, and it was her uncle Joe's also, as he sufficiently proved by clapping her to his arms and imprinting a kiss—and a right hearty smack it was, too—on her rosy cheek.

Possibly uncle Joe would have been quite disposed to go through the same ceremony with Mag; but being nothing but a bachelor, and not exactly knowing how these strange young girls might interpret such liberties with their countenances, he thought he could remain on the safe side. But he wished her a kiss in his heart, whether he gave it with his lips or not.

After breakfast, all was bustle and confusion. There was carrying out of dishes almost unnumberable. The cart path to the woods was well and industriously travelled. Whatever uncle Joe's well-supplied house was able to contribute towards the pleasures of the occasion, especially in the line of eating and drinking, was bestowed without stint or calculation.

By-and-by the picnickers began to flock in. They were all full of spirits and glee. Mag was presented to this one and that by Ellen, and Walter really took some pains to see how very gallant and proper he could be.

Early after meridian, they commenced looking over to the Camperdown Woods, of which, both for fuel and for shade, Uncle Joe made such great account. The spot was truly alive. Space would fail me to enumerate the belles and the beaux that came hurrying and carrying over from the village, invited and uninvited.







At Broadway Church, N. Y., Sunday Morning,  
March 4, 1890.

**TEXT.**—"No man hath seen God at any time; the only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him."—JOHN 1:18.

These words proclaim the purposes and the substance of Christianity. They show us why Jesus came into the world, and what He accomplished by His coming. They tell us of the natural limitations and the limitations of Christianity in one word, they throw open before us the idea of a divine revelation and Christianity as being that revelation; and these are the points I propose to urge upon your consideration in the present discourse. I propose, in the first place, to refer to the grounds of revelation as a revelation of God to man, and, in the second place, to consider the nature of Christianity as being such a revelation.

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There appear to be those who are so constructed that a divine revelation to them seems a priori incredible. They cannot at all admit the idea that God has thus revealed Himself to man. They believe that man is only in that which he knows, and that he knows only in that only as verified by human experiences. That for a moment anything has ever interrupted the usual course of that splendid and austere mechanism—that under any conditions the veil of this material economy has been drawn aside, and man has had some glimpse of the face of God; that without exception, And, my friends, if you get down into the secret feelings of many hearts, and the real, substantial persuasion of many minds that rest in a respectable and formal assent to the truth of Christianity, I think you will find that this lurking incredulity really there—not in the open, but in the depths of their thought—With a certain subtle suggestion of disbelief—a feeling that the order of nature cannot be broken, and that there never has been, and never can be, for any man on this earth, any more clear or emphatic revelation than that which we have already received. I am feeling I urge, in the first place, the grounds of a revelation of a revelation from God to man—without exception, in the reason of things.

[illegible]

Now, my friends, take the same matter and carry it up to our condition as human beings. Here, in this universe, and I ask, is it unreasonable that man should be placed in this great mansion of nature, in this many-chambered universe, surrounded by such tokens of divine existence, goodness and care, but at the same time so liable to be tossed by doubts and fears, so ignorant of his own nature, so grossly ignorant of his life and nature, should be left entirely without any manifestation of God? Does not nature itself indicate an expectation of such a revelation? In the very glory which it makes manifest, does it not suggest a greater glory bebehind the veil? In the nearness with which it seems at times to bring God to us, does it not awaken within us a longing for more knowledge, and a desire to be brought closer and cause us to be assured of his presence and his care for us? I am speaking now to those who affirm probably that nature is a sufficient revelation—at least that it is the only one, and who perhaps profess more or less to see God in nature—to find intimations of him in the machinery of this outward world, in its structure and its laws, in its order and its harmonies—and I remind those of the fact that nature itself is seen by us in a deeper light than that which it sheds. It is impossible for any man at the present day to go to the face of nature—to what he calls natural theology—unassisted entirely by the influence of the Christian revelation. In more subtle and secret ways than he may know, the persuasions of Christianity have entered into his mind, and have so affected him, which he thinks he gets first-hand from nature, that really gets subtly interpreted by the influence of Christianity; and those very facts of Christianity more or less believed or even formally rejected in him, help him to find facts in nature, which, otherwise, he would not have discovered. For in all investigations we know that there is a close connection between what we know and what we see. We need help us to establish any doctrine or sentiment. And so I repeat, much that one might think he receives first-hand from nature, without the aid of Christian revelation, really comes to him through the subtlest, though it may be to him unconscious—light of Christianity. Hence with a deeper light than nature itself sheds, the Christian revelation is able to penetrate and reveal; and, therefore, he must remember to take it into the account when he says that nature is a sufficient revelation.

Then, again, we must remain such that while nature of itself throws around us such light in regard to the existence of God, on the other hand, from its very procedure, from its gulfs of deepening mystery, it flings over us, at times, appalling shadows. Nature alternates in its beneficence to us, at times, with gloom, behold in one point of view, it may touch us with a deep sense of the presence and goodness of God; but, on the other hand, there are times and moods and points of view in which it only darkens and troubles us, leading us into the region of doubt and skepticism. And while it sometimes seems to bring God near to us, at other times it may carry him far away from us, so that we are held in a state of suspense by any God at all is very conspicuous in the little creatures inhabiting this vast ball of earth, suppose that we have any peculiar connection with, appeal care for us.

We need something firmer, more sure than nature gives, and nature itself suggests that something, true kinds an expectation of a divine revelation, which, of itself, it cannot gratify. It reveals to us that we must thank God for the revelation. It is just enough of God to make us convinced that it is reasonable that he should let us see more; and upon this ground the intimations and aspects of nature would lead us to expect more. And the reasonableness, we remark, is coupled with a desire on a part of man to know God and to have revelation of him. This desire has been felt in all periods of the world. It manifests itself in all the religions of the world. It is the basis of all the revelations that had preceded. All the long process of human beings that had passed over the stage of our life, way or another had been seeking the Lord, desiring after him, if happily he would reveal himself to them. There is a great desire in the human heart, no earnest longing in the soul which God planted there, that is meant to be ungratified. Except it be in the department of the highest truth, except it be in the region of the highest knowledge, except it be in the sphere of the highest affections, you cannot look anywhere and find an instance where there is not a desire that has not its gratification and its object.

Is it likely, then, that when you mount into this higher region, this more important realm of nature, the fact becomes anomalous and contradictory, and that the deepest desire, the highest aspiration of the soul is fertile and flurried? I say, then, the desire of man is all ages for God, the longing and seeking after God, is proof of the reasonableness of some kind of revelation of God to man.

[illegible]

limitation?—No, man's capacity and desire to know more  
 about God, and these go to make him may be termed the  
 capacity of a revelation of God. If a man has desire and  
 capacity to know God—if nature itself attunes  
 him—does not reveal God—suggests, but does not clearly  
 make him known—man stands in the position of  
 being, who by the fitness, completeness and analogy of  
 things, needs such a revelation. Does he not need it  
 to know God, to require to know the things of God  
 which of uncertainty and trial, the sorrows and ends of  
 which he does not know—where sorrows press upon  
 him—where temptations assail him—endowed with  
 desires that wander through eternity, with thoughts  
 that break the barriers of space and leap into an endless  
 existence, does he not need a revelation? Does he  
 not in his conscious weakness need infinite strength  
 to be able to stand in the presence of God?  
 Suppose that there were no Christianity. But said  
 the Sacred Books. Reflect for the moment the idea of  
 a revelation, and consider man as standing in the  
 reverse face to face with nature. Isay the reasonable  
 nature of revelation is made manifest. Instead of being  
 an unlikely thing, as some suppose—instead of being  
 a thing that exists in credibility to the utmost—its  
 possibility for revelation for all men is made manifest  
 in man with such capacities and kind in his  
 such desires, and place him in such a state or existence  
 without making himself manifest to him? No, when  
 you come to look at the matter you will find that the  
 incredulity of man in regard to a revelation is thoughtless  
 and, and that their convictions about it are mere  
 the more reasonable such a revelation seems. If it  
 strange upon what a little assumption men presume to  
 be, and with what a little amount of knowledge  
 they pretend to set up standards of final judgment—  
 assuming that there can be no revelation and that  
 is positively absurd. What are your grounds for such  
 knowledge upon which you dare to base it? What do you  
 know of what you call the harmonies of nature, except  
 what the experience of a few brief generations has  
 gathered? Know in from the great soul of man, from  
 his deepest wants and richest capacities, comes the  
 proof of the reasonableness of a revelation of God to

Having then stated upon what grounds the divine revelation stands as a thing that might be expected, and that is reasonable in itself, let us in the next place proceed to consider the claims of Christianity to be such a revelation—to be a revelation of God to man, and here it is, my friends, that the affirmation of the text comes at in all its force: "No man hath seen God at any time; the only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him." Now admitting the reasonableness of such a fact as a revelation—admitting its possibility, and not only its possibility but its probability—which, I claim, upon every ground of fair reasoning, we must admit—admitting the likelihood that God would in some way make himself distinctly known to his children—then comes the question, how could this be accomplished? Suppose God should proceed, with a consideration of the capacities and faculties of man and the ends to be attained by such a revelation, to make it, how could it be made? Is it not evident that a revelation were given to the senses would not be satisfactory—you would not add to the confusion of the senses, and the wonderful phenomena, would not be evidence of an infinite and eternal God our Father. Men make a great mistake in this matter. They conclude that everything that is strange is supernatural, everything that is curious is spiritual, and everything that we cannot explain, must be referred to some other sphere of existence. Upon what grounds? Upon the grounds that we, who are here, are not acquainted with other spheres, we do not understand, sights that we cannot explain, how do we know that those sounds come from any spiritual spheres, or that those sights are spirit presentations? It is a mere adjudication and verdict of the senses. Man has something within him deeper than the senses. He has feelings, in a word, emotions, and these are the things that are the true basis of his knowledge. Therefore strange sounds and sights, I repeat, would not be a satisfactory form or process of revelation.

Then, again, a revelation made to the mere intellect would not be a satisfactory revelation. That would be mere revelation of propositions, of statements of certain truths. Indeed, I may say, that God could not reveal himself to the mere intellect of man, because the intellect is a knowing faculty—a faculty which takes hold of naked truths and facts, and is not possible for it to take hold of anything which is not naked truth. There are no truths, no language, which could reveal God to man; set merely before the intellect to be interpreted. No man by any amount of propositions could state what God is, and convey to the intellect of another man, even convey to his own mind, a correct idea of God. After all, you find yourself limiting God, personifying him, embodying him. It is the best we can do. We cannot have an intellectual conception of him, as we cannot have an intellectual conception of infinity—how can we conceive it? If it were possible to conceive it, it would be no longer infinite. The moment you put it into a proposition, that proposition limits it, and it becomes no longer infinite. The perplexities and contradictions are tremendous when we undertake simply to have an intellectual conception of God. The various propositions by which you would attempt to convey an idea to the intellect of what God is, are contradictory to the things you predicate concerning him. *God does one of two things: He either precipitates that conception in outward symbols, makes forms of God, and then idolatry exists, and the intellectual concept of God becomes embodied in clay, brass, iron, stone or gold, so that he has a god fashioned by his own hand or else, having merely a philosophical conception of God, without attempting to embody him, he is not revealing himself to man, but only God in the mind, that are at best mere representations and broken symbols of him, that do not give a true conception of God.*

I have said that we cannot comprehend God. must make a distinction between comprehending a apprehending him. We can apprehend God, as we can apprehend the character of a friend or of a father, though without comprehending the entire nature of that friend or father. To take the ground that so many would take, that we can know nothing about God because we cannot know anything about the nature of all knowledge; because we cannot know everything about everything. If not to know everything is equivalent to knowing nothing at all, then we are in ignorance everywhere. That is quite a favorite way of attempting to refute what is called the error of certain men at the present day, in philosophy and religion, to assume that we can know nothing about God, or that we cannot know anything right or judge the Bible to be a reliable record, saying that we cannot know anything about God, and that therefore our knowledge of God is inadequate to take hold of God, and that therefore it is inadequate to take hold of any form, representation or statement of God as coming from God. But it seems to me, in order to support certain theories, men in this way lay down a proposition which cuts the ground beneath their own feet. We must accept it further. If we do not know everything about God, we cannot know anything about anything, and we cannot know anything about anything.

Moreover, if our nature being finite—we cannot know anything about God, we cannot know anything about him hereafter. For we shall always be finite. The angels, the highest seraphs, are finite. All beings are finite to God, and if it is impossible for a finite being to know anything about God, then nothing can know anything about him, and there is no knowledge of him, and there is no philosophy. We must not be too too sharply reproaching and comprehending him.

We must not want precisely such a revelation of God as is given in Jesus Christ, by which the proportional features of the Almighty nature are thrown upon

son by the loss of Christianity. Just exactly—by the loss of things—such a picture produced by the lens of a camera, has been the proportion of the revelation in miniature, and you can tell its character and relations, so the Infinite nature, never to be comprehended yet presented by Jesus Christ in His full proportionality of expression, and adapted to the human soul's apprehension. In Jesus Christ we have the expression of God's being. In Him we see God as He is. Christ reveals the revelation of God to the intellect by exhibiting Himself in the form of man. The revelation of the Infinite itself could not acquire a form. The personality of God comes to us through Jesus Christ. And He gives us more than a mere general representation. While looking upon Him in His embodied form, we see more than the mere embodied presentation of God; we have a moral authentication of God in our own souls as coming to the things that comes to us in Jesus Christ. Does not the revelation of God in Jesus Christ, in His nature, the excellence of his character, and the force of many of his qualities—does not that blessed Savior, when we ask again, meet our moral idea of God, and answer to us this deep something within us, which, as I have said, is the more sensuous exhibition of things does not respond to us? Does not Christ reveal himself to the whole man as eye of sense, the intellect, the heart? Is not He the revelation of God to the soul as well as a revelation of God as we might expect, and we have the revelation

"No man hath seen, nor hath any man required to see, nor hath any man seen the Father, only he who is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him." I ask if that is not the truth—the morally authenticated statement of the truth? And I ask if it is not God's revelation to man? What else is it, if not God's revelation to man? If so, as I have shown, a revelation is reasonably to be expected, what could we have expected, if not as that which comes to us in Jesus Christ the Lord?

Now, my friends, this is a simple review of the ground of our faith in Jesus Christ—simply going back to see if we stand on some traditional grounds, upon grounds that are authenticated by philosophy, reason, science, and history. We do stand on solid ground when we say that God has revealed Himself to man, and that revelation is through the personality of Jesus Christ. A revelation is probable, is likely to be expected, and the only conceivable way of making such a revelation is through a personality—not by sensuous displays, not by terms adopted to the intellect, but by personal presence, throwing the full blaze of God's being into the mind of man, God's own self, His own face, His own mind, the heart, the soul of man. I repeat, then, that this is the revelation, or there can be none, and is none to be found anywhere.

"No man hath seen God," and no man can see him. That is a great truth (one that is confirmed by the very reason of things and the nature of the case). Taking then, this great truth of Christ as a revelation of God, let us turn upon you, before I close, a few practical conclusions.

In making God known to us, I see, in the first place, what it is Jesus has made known. I want not only the fact of Christ's revelation to be impressed upon you, my hearers, but the magnitude and importance of what it also is. He has not merely proved to us that there is a God; He has made it a sad thing indeed if we had to go to any kind of a God, and He has proved to us that He is God. You will find very few people who are not themselves of the conception that there is a God. All nations, however brooding in darkness and blinded with error, have come at least to this conclusion—there is some vague, mysterious, enormous way, held to be the property of that there is a God. "The great beyond" is a universal idea, and the Christian has no need to be shown us what that God is. "The only begotten Son, that is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him." "Revealed" is the meaning of the Greek word—he hath revealed him. Revealed what? Revealed the Father. Revealed not only a God, or an infinite, slightly supreme being, but revealed that which is the Father, the weight of the truth that greater truth do we ever take in its fulness as we ought—Christ not only came to us to reveal God, but to reveal him as a Father?

And let me urge upon you as a conclusion of this statement, that Christ revealed or declared not only a fact, but an eternal fact. That is one great truth we must remember and cling to; with which we must meet all errors, cure all needs, and do the great work of the world. There is no other eternal truth than the conviction of the truth of the Fatherhood of God made known in Jesus Christ, as an eternal fact—there is nothing else than this, I say, that will answer to the great needs of man, or that will vindicate the truth, power and glory of the Gospel.

And Christ has revealed the Fatherhood of God, as the Father of all men and angels, in a metaphysical or absolute sense of that word. Read over the chapter that I read to you this morning, (John xiv.) and see how while Christ reveals himself as the apostle and glorify of the Father made manifest, he still says, "My Father is greater than I." And he says that I speak unto you as I speak to myself; but the Father is greater than I, saith he, doeth the works." Oh, I wish that you could take in the magnitude of that thought! It is grand to think how ecclesiastical dogmas have confounded the truths of the New Testament. The ecclesiastical doctrine of the trinity, instead of really showing us what Christ is, has degraded him, so to speak, in our minds, and has degraded the nature of the Fatherhood of God. The gospel has been hidden by it. In the substance of the attempt to prove a double nature in Jesus Christ, his real nature has been hidden from our eyes. I do not pretend to say what the relations of Christ to the Father were. I cannot, and no man can tell. Take just what the New Testament shows. In its plain language, it tells us that Christ is the Father's only begotten son of faith. That says that in Christ dwelt all the fullness of the Godhead bodily—that the Father was in him, and spoke through him. I believe that without any subtle qualification at all, I believe that when Christ appeared through Christ, and I say the glory of the fact, is that it is an eternal fact; because the more you give to God, the more you glorify him, and Christ gave you the fact that this relationship was adopted at any particular time, but always existed. What was it the gospel came to do for the world? Did it come to make men acknowledge themselves to be guilty, and to come back to God, and then God would be a Father to them? No, God would make them be a Father to themselves, that's guilt, and then God, that they had wandered from one who always was a Father to them? What do some of the church formulas seem to profess? Why, that God is made a Father to us in the confession of certain articles of faith, or going through certain forms and ceremonies. What does Christianity say? The God is not made a Father to us in any form of faith or ceremony, but he always was a Father to us. The great thing that needed is, for men to awaken to a recognition of the fact—of God as a Father. That is what the world wanted to know. Poor, darkened, stumbling, blind humanity wanted to know this oneness of God, and that they were all sons of God, and that the Father who made his angels came to preach was this truth to all men—that they were sons of God by creation and children of one infinite Father.

And, my friends, that which was true of the gospel in that day, is true of it to-day. "Alas, how little heeded is the doctrine of the fatherhood of God, even now! It is held by too many as a mere statement, a mere opinion, rather than cherished and believed as an actual fact, the basis of all our thoughts and feelings." It is a vague, dim existence—an awful personage, bidden behind the veil of his infinity, while Christ alone is the only conception to which they turn for any light or help. How common is it, as I have urged upon you before, for people to feel that if God were only for Christ, they could not apprehend him. How many are ready to say, "God is in Christ, and Christ is God." They then, conversed with our sorrows, that compassion which plied our weakness, that gentleness which distilled its mercy upon every wound, that sympathy with mankind which shared the joy of the marriage feast and the sorrow of the death-chamber, that love for man that wandered from place to place, heeding the sick, restoring the blind, and blessing the little children, the spirit of God, the Father, was manifest with testimony, and achieved the great victory of Calvary! But, alas! God to me is a hidden power, a secret Oh that we all might see that God is as just as he is as Christ; that Christ shows him to us as he is; that the love that was in Christ, is in God; all the sympathy Christ manifested is God's sympathy, and all the care Christ manifested for humanity is God's care. I cannot but feel that the Father is a God who does not mean to keep him afar off, but to bring him near

...gains, how many who held the fact that God had  
Father has been revealed through Jesus Christ, that  
that it is not a fact for them? They feel that they are  
alienated, guilty, and afar off—that they have w  
dered away, like the prodigal, too far to claim him  
their Father; that they may do so for those who have walk  
in the way of his life. But Jesus says, "Father in heave  
outcast, and burdened with the heavy weight of th  
iniquities, how shall they dare to say it? Oh, my fr  
friends, the greatness of this unbelief how terrible, h  
is its effects! What is it we need to preach but th  
that for you, afar off, cast away, alienated, bruise  
of the Father, that you may be reconciled to Him, an  
eternal fact, not a shifting relation—not a fact crea  
created by your faith or obedience, but an eter  
fact revealed through Jesus Christ. Here is the co  
verting power of the gospel—that it makes known

as a Father to the lowliest and the vilest. Oh, that you might feel this and believe it!

And here, in the midst of all that tries us in this world, is something to lean upon. Oh, how man wants this central fact to stand upon in this world! We are like passengers in a tempestuous gale. Every object we trusted is shifting before our eyes, and sometimes the waters surge over our souls. We need something to catch hold of that shall be fixed and firm when the world reels and our hearts grow faint. What is that but the assurance of this truth declared by him who came from the bosom of the Father to make it known?

And now let me ask once more, Is this conception of God as a Father merely a sentiment with you—merely a liberal article of faith, and not a reality? Follow are you going to know the Father, after all? Have taken every possible step to reveal him? Christ has said, "Whoever has seen me, has seen the Father." How can you know him? Not simply by contemplating, by studying God—not by formal conclusions about him, not by merely gazing at Jesus Christ as he stands described in the New Testament—but by becoming one with Christ. Why do you make Christ a distant being, far away, a distant and distant light? He is plain by the peculiarities of Palestine. Why do you say if you had seen him then and there, touched the hem of his garment and talked with him face to face, you would have believed and trusted in him? Christ is here to-day, now. He comes to us in various ways, in many ways that I know, more effective than in the life of the Fathers of the Church. He comes to us in the presence in the Roman Catholic service of the word, but in a far higher sense. I believe that by the little crumb of bread which Christ held up, saying, "This is my body broken for sin," and by the drop of the cup of which he said "This is my blood shed for sin," that we are brought into the presence of him, that these come near to Christ, touch him, and feel the life of his spirit. These simple acts call up Jesus to us, and I think of the painful wailings, the weary labors, the going about to do good, the wrestling with temptation, the agony in the garden, and the death on

And now, would you my friends, come near to him? Would you realize this revelation which Christ has made? Would you have something more than a mere intellectual conception of the truth he has revealed? Avail yourselves then of this opportunity to take the bread and the cup in commemoration of him. It is your table; you are all children of God. Christ died for you, and he has made his blood available to all. Nothing that brings you nearer to him? Why go afar off and say virtually, "We need none of these things; the world is enough for us; we need no more interior and satisfactory proof of God's existence; we do not need to calculate this inward life to bring us near to God?" No! I am not a Calvinist, I am not a Puritan, I am not a Unitarian; I should make it a sectarian table, the show table, the table of the few, if I did not allow any man under the canopy of heaven, from the Pope down to the smallest Saint, really to exclude me from his table because I am a heretic, as he calls me, nor can I exclude any man because he differs from me. It is the Lord's table, you and I are all children of God, and we are all to partake and share the life of God. Therefore I invite you all to partake, remembering that to know Christ and God is indeed life eternal.

\* **DEAR BANNER**—I have come across an old book, in an old library, entitled "Alfred: an Epic Poem, in Twenty-four Books, by Joseph Cottell. First American from the last English edition. Newburyport: published by W. B. Allen & Co., No. 13 Cornhill, 1814; (vol. 1.)" in which are embodied many passages to my mind in perfect accordance with the principles of modern Spiritualism—(this book was first published in 1800; the second edition in 1834)—as a few extracts from the twenty-third book will prove. After his perfect conquest of the Danes, he (Alfred) had a vision of his guardian angel.

Whilst Alfred in his tent at midnight slept,  
 His saw, or thought he saw, a spirit, tall  
 And of majestic port. His eyes was mild,  
 Yet one dark look he had, as though he stood  
 Immovable from ages infinite.  
 "Thou art," he said, "appeared like some huge eagle  
 Of barle towering in the white, whose head  
 The winter storms have beaten, and the winds  
 Wrathfully assailed; yet still it looks the same:  
 Through time, in all its revolutions,  
 The same eternal seal, white still, is worn  
 The monarch throneless, as distinct, is viewed  
 Yet unassailable form, whose royal throne with many  
 Effulgent seat-crowned, adorned, and crowned,  
 Making the darkness of the world or tent  
 Casting celestial splendors. Alfred long  
 Endured the terrors expectation brings;  
 "When in a slow and solemn tone he cried,  
 "Spirit! what soul's name is this?" The sound had ceased,  
 At each vibration ended, the mightiest  
 Communion, immaterial, all was still;  
 Whence thus the spirit answered:

"I am one  
Of the innumerable host who throng  
This lower world—communal life beyond:  
I am thy guardian angel! From the hour  
This world received thee I have been thy friend,  
And ever near; commissioned by high Heaven  
To be thy friend, thy guardian, thy comfort, abroad,  
Hostile to human kind. We God hath sent  
To thee, of his wondrous way, and name  
Immortal truths such as shall cheer thy mind  
Hereafter in the great and trying scenes  
That lie before thee."      ♪   ♪   ♪

"Thy guardian, I  
Constant have escorted thee, both hours so dark,  
They seemed desertion; but, 'tho' Almighty Be  
Heaven should love thee none, I have not left the way  
Best suited to secure thy better part—  
Thy soul hereafter. Thou with thy whole power  
Hast sought Him, and implored His ministry  
From hence till now, and I have not once  
The secret purpose of his ways to man,  
And makes him walk by faith, yet I am now  
Permitted to assume a character  
Clear to thine organs to declare the ways  
Thou hast been led in. Henceforth may learn  
More truly to exult in Heaven."

"When youth  
Gave to thee reason, I, with heightened joy  
Pursued thy heart, implore thy best, thy pride  
Ah none, though few require, and still remained  
Thy guardian spirit. Little dost thou know:  
What beset and unkind bleedings spring  
From such dependance. Spirit like myself  
Pace cannot stop.

And sometimes when engaged  
In shouting loud hosannas 'mid the choir  
Of angels and archangels, I have seen  
Fervid swells of love, and ecstasies  
Directing) whilst the sloughish sunbeams bright,  
Tolled onward so—such is an angel's speed!  
Nor deem it strange that on like me should bound  
The starry influences from all the spheres  
Of high intelligences progress make  
Toward Love's pure spring, abundant with each good,  
Whose radiant waters all the holy spirits  
Drink ever, and celestial wisdom  
The heart expanding; making each and ere  
For all their lives divinest sympathy,  
And more intense benevolence. High Heaven  
All hath appointed to gradations lead  
To run this race, and by steps infinite  
To reach perfection. Thus material bodies  
Love, first their friends, their country, the whole world,  
Comparing thus their loves, and then  
Their wings for higher flights; and last of all,  
Archangels, tolling still, and still to toll  
In this most glorious exercise, adoro—  
The drop, the stream, and the sea of love,  
Nor deem, though ever distant, the pure spring—  
The fountain of all love.

This poet lived in Bristol, England, in 1804, as it appears by his preface to his second edition. Will some one of your numerous readers inform us (Mr. Bqaire, now in London, perhaps might ascertain,) whether Mr. Cottle has published any other poem. If so, what? Whether he is still living in Bristol; and give a short biography of this excellent English poet, of whom it may be said there are few his superiors.

*Braintree, Mass.*

ETERNITY.—Eternity has no gray hairs. The flower fades, the heart withers, man grows old and dies; the world lies down in the sepulchre of ages, but time writes no wrinkles on eternity. Eternity! Stupendous thought! The everpresent, unborn, undecaying and undying, the endless chain, compassing the life of God—the golden thread, entwining the destinies of the universe. Earth has its beauties, but time shrouds them for the grave; its honors are but the sunshine of an hour; its pinnaces, they are but the gilded sepulchres of its possessions, they are toys of changing fortune; its pleasures, they are but as bursting bubbles. Not so! In the untried bourne. In the dwelling of the Almighty can come no footsteps of decay.

**CAUSES OF FAILURES IN BUSINESS.**—The leading cause is an ambition to be rich—by grasping too much. It defeats itself. Another cause is aversion to labor. The third cause is an impatient desire to enjoy the luxuries of life before the right to them has been at all acquired. Another cause arises from the want of some deeper principle for distinguishing between right and wrong, than a reference merely to what is established as honorable in the society in which one happens to live.

## UNIVERSITY OF ANIMALS & RESEMBLANCE

The author of "The Age of Virtue," in his search after better truth, has struck a rich vein of thought, and endeavored to show how much toward laying bare the source of human misery, he was enabled to solve one question. But, with all his sagacity he appears to be unable to solve one question. He does not understand the uses of Carnivorous Animals, and cannot make them harmonize with the more general displays of wisdom and goodness. But he thinks that the business of all who have brains for research, to probe nature to the bottom. I do not profess to follow him very deeply into the designs of the Creator; but I think that if I endeavor to throw some light on this question I will endeavor to throw some light on this question.

God gave to man, for his natural and proper food, every herb bearing seed which is upon the face of all the earth, and every tree, in which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed. In order that the earth should be capable of sustaining the dense human population which has already occupied portions of its surface, and which may yet cover its whole surface, it was necessary that it should possess very great productive power. But the human population, at first, and long afterwards, was so small that man alone could not subdue the vegetable luxuriance of the earth. It is true, that man was commanded to "increase and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it;" but this command was never yet been fully obeyed, and the greater part of the earth still remains a howling wilderness.

Even countries most thickly inhabited, do not contain half the population that the earth, with due cultivation, is capable of sustaining. If man alone had been left to subdue the rank luxuriance of the vegetable kingdom, the consequence, from the decay of the vegetable matter, would have been most fatal to human life. To prevent this, myriads of animals of every form and size were brought into existence, to be, as it were, pioneers of man, in subduing the earth, and rendering the resources of life from becoming the means of death. But had only the vegetable-eating animals been created, and left to multiply and die, equally calamitous consequences would have resulted from the putrefaction of animal matter. And, therefore, to complete the beautiful scheme of creation, other animals were brought into existence, to subsume the animal matter. The carnivorous quadrupeds and birds are necessarily few, compared with the more prolific animals, on which they feed; but the insect tribes, in countless numbers, are found to consume wherever putrescence renders their existence necessary for the salvation of human life. Yet many of them, of these several classes of animals, may gradually give place to man, and disappear before him, as human beings become sufficiently numerous to subdue and cultivate the earth, and sufficiently correct in their habits, not to require the bed-bug and the body louse, and the maggot, to be their scavengers in clearing away and consuming the filth, which would otherwise renerate disease and death.

The voracious and predatory animals, especially those of the reptile and insect tribes, serve another important purpose. They stand as sentinels on the outskirts of civilization, guarding the desolate wilderness from unnecessary encroachment, and admonishing the human species not to spread themselves over more territory than they can conveniently cultivate. That the universally detested insect, the mosquito, is one of our most useful friends; it warns us of danger from miasmatic exhalations, helps to consume them, and gives us the opportunity of admonition to seek for purer air and safer surroundings. Flies perform the same service, though in a lesser degree. Every animal, besides its minor and secondary purposes, has an important mission in this world, which we should do well to find out and respect.

To beautify the earth and furnish sustenance for man and beast, the land was covered with a luxuriant vegetation. To crop this vegetation and prevent the destruction of human life, arising from the decomposition of vegetable matter, the herbivorous animals were created. To keep these in check, and to prevent their becoming so numerous as to press on the means of subsistence, and cause them to die of starvation, a few carnivorous animals were brought into being. Thus the forces of nature were made to counterbalance each other.

each other.

But few of the lower animals live through the natural period of their existence; they are liable to die prematurely from two causes, from violence, on the one hand, and starvation on the other. Of the two the former is far less painful and calamitous. With the limited sphere of their capacity they are endowed with the freedom of will and of choice. In short, they are free agents, not free moral agents, however, for they are not furnished with moral and reasoning faculties, and accordingly, in following the bent of their inclinations they would naturally out-run the means of subsistence. If their undue increase were not kindly kept in check by the carnivorous propensities of a portion of them. But of all creatures, beasts of prey have the hardest lot; they necessarily live in solitude; and they are peculiarly liable to die of starvation, and they naturally embrace every opportunity to kill and devour each other.

GEORGE FILLIS.

### The Sleep-Walkers.

Since public attention has been directed to spiritual phenomena, by the modern developments, the idea entertained by certain careful observers, that Somnambulists are media for Spirits, who avail themselves of the opportunity afforded by the passive, unconscious condition of the sleeper, to subject him to their controlling influence. The following interesting case, which appeared some time since in the *Stamford* (*Eng.*) *Review*, appears to favor this supposition:

An extraordinary instance of somnambulism occurred recently in the city of St. Paul, Minn., about one o'clock, Sergeant Harrison, while on duty at the lock-up, observed a person, clothed in white, walking toward St. Paul street. Supposing to be some one who had assumed a disguise for the purpose of playing a joke, he called to the person to stop. He was answered by a woman, who said she was the wife of Mr. J. Oliver, a cabinet-maker, having nothing on but her night-dress. She was walking about with her eyes wide open, and apparently awake, but in reality in a state of perfect somnambulism. She was taken to her home, which was close at hand, and her husband, who was sleeping, was awakened. He appeared that she got up and walked down stairs, unlocked the front door, and went into the street, without either disturbing her husband or arousing herself; nor was she conscious of what she had taken place when she awoke in the morning. But the most remarkable feature of the case was, that she was also unable to walk without crutches or a cane, and was unable to walk without crutches or a cane for the last year or two, who was, when discovered, walking as well as any other person, and without either the support of the wall or a crutch.

THE MUSIC CHARM.

As an illustration of the mysterious influence of Music on the nervous circulation, and consequently on the functions of animals, we extract the following from one of Madame Briciano's letters to the great German poet, Goethe:—

This spider I had a spider in my room; when I was upon the guitar it descended hastily into it, where it spun lower down. I placed myself before it and drew my fingers across the strings; it was clear to me how it vibrated through its little limbs; when I changed the cord it changed its movements—they were involuntary; by each different arpeggio, the rhythm in its motions was also changed; it cannot otherwise—this little being was joy-penetrated, spirit imbued, as long as my fingers vibrated. When I stopped, it retired. The little play-fellow was chiefly made his appearance when I sang the gamut; the fuller I swelled the tones, the nearer it came, the middle of the room it remained sitting. The master was much delighted with the little animal; it took great care not to disturb him. When I sang notes and varying melodies, he seemed to be afraid; it could not endure it and hastened away.







other argument of the soul's immortality is that this life would seem very small and insignificant without it. Mr. Thompson says: "I have been taught that the soul is the life of the individual, and this seems to me very reasonable. I think there is a great difference between the mind and the soul; the mind is a faculty of the soul, and by education and cultivation acquires the mind. The growth of the mind is the cultivation of the soul. This cultivation, I think, should not stop at death. Acquired knowledge, I believe, is an eternal property of the soul. The soul of creation is the life of creation; the soul of a man is the life of a man, and this life never dies, but grows in quality forever."

I believe that the good soul has the most exterior, and the bad soul the best.

Rev. Mr. Thayer—I fully agree with the last speaker, that the soul is not the mind, as claimed by Mr. Spooner. I agree with Mr. Edson, which is also in perfect agreement with the teachings of Paul, that man has a soul, body and spirit.

The soul is the life of a man, and from the soul comes first the body, then comes the mind. A soul cannot produce anything unless it has to it the germ of life. The soul is the seed of eternal life. I never heard of a child being born with a mind. I agree with Dr. Child, that the mind is the effect of the soul. Precisely how this effect is produced, no one can say. There could be no mind without the soul. The soul is the base of the whole superstructure of intelligence.

Yet, notwithstanding the mind is the effect of the soul, it is my impression that the mind does influence the soul. I believe that the mind will exist with the soul forever.

Mr. Leonard—We want study and experience on this subject as much as we do about material operations.

In my daily and almost hourly communion with spirits, I learn that there exists a great diversity of opinions, and I attribute this to different experiences. The journey of life is long, and we have many experiences to pass through.

I believe that every particle of matter has life and significance. In the sense, we ask, did this life come from? From God, who is unseen, but whose works are full of wisdom. Life is latent in the mineral kingdom; it becomes visible in the vegetable kingdom; it is manifested still higher in the animal kingdom; and then a still higher development of life is manifested in man. This we call the soul; and this soul we have evidence lives after death. When we come to a conscious recognition of the immortality of the soul, our spiritual nature is constantly becoming larger, and our material nature growing less. I have positive evidence that my soul can live out of my physical body, and I will tell you what this evidence is. Not long since, in the silence of the night, my spirit brother came to me, and by his aid and my own will, my spirit left my body and was completely separated from my body—so far as my consciousness could discern—the same as if death had taken place. What I saw and experienced was unutterably beautiful; I conversed with my brother really, tangibly; I caught glimpses of the spirit-world, that seemed more real and far more beautiful than anything of earth. I never saw a spirit when in my body, but I saw spirits and spiritual things, really and positively. I was told by my brother that this separation of my spirit from my body was only temporary; it was given me only as positive evidence of the continued existence of the soul after it goes out of the body; that I must return to my body for a little while, and faithfully finish my earthly mission. Words cannot express the regret I felt at being obliged to resume my earthly existence. A sense of duty only made me resigned.

In this unaccountable separation of soul and body, I have positive evidence that the soul still lives, and lives in a better world, without the physical body.

Ms. Dean read a short poem, which evoked stirring thoughts of Reformation, and sent forth solid facts.

#### The Court of Death.

It was some forty years ago that the great American artist, REMONDINO FRANK, on casually taking up Bishop Porteus's descriptive poem—wherein Death is represented as an onrushing angel of gloom, the gloom of his subterranean empire—conceived the idea of his *Court of Death*. The Court of Death. Our first examination of the original picture, and the great moral lesson involved in its allegorical significance, served to awaken a peculiar interest. We regarded it as a deeply impressive poem, and its author as an eloquent and forcible preacher, speaking from the altar of canvas, and through the eye, to the understanding and the conscience. Benjamin West's monstrous conception of Death, as a grim and diabolical skeleton, seated on a pile of bones, clothed with unnatural and unreal features, that must at once offend the judgment of the philosopher, while it excites the fears of the ignorant and shocks the nerves of childhood. The portended imagination of the heathen world never conceived of a more frightful picture, and so far as we know—no Pagan's hand has yet fashioned—on canvas or in sculptured form—a more repulsive ideal with such terrible intensity and power. But the feeling of disgust inspired by West's "King of Terrors," is never excited by Peale's *Magistrate of the Shadow Land*, and the figures so graphically portrayed at the bar of his Supreme Court. The artist touches his great moral lesson by pictorial illustrations which at once excite our surprise and admiration. Our purpose will be best subserved by a descriptive rather than a critical notice.

In the center of a large cavern Death is seated as the chief magistrate of the underworld. The figure is in shadow, and there is an indefiniteness in the outline. Every feature represents an imperfect conception of the subject. Every position in the face of Death is expressive of sternness of disposition and the inflexibility of purpose that determines his irrevocable decrees. His right arm is extended in token of his authority; and, to indicate his omniscience over the race, the right foot is placed on the mantle of a Youth, who has just fallen while clothed with the strength and beauty of his early manhood.

In the center of the foreground, and directly in front of Death, are the gliding waters of Oblivion, surrounding a narrow spot of ground that only represents the brief period of the earthly sphere of mortal existence. The body of Youth—the sphere of his being—is confined to this narrow space, while the head and the feet touch the ethereal waters on either side, to indicate the mysterious origin and uncertain destiny of man.

At the right, and partially in the front of Death, Pleasure is represented by the figure of a young female, whose surpassing beauty renders her influence irresistible. She is the youthful Venus of the picture—corrupt at heart, yet in external appearance, in form, feature and expression, beautiful beyond comparison. She is in a kneeling posture, and in the act of dipping wine from a vase. The smoke of her incense is ascending in a direction to conceal the dusky form and the grim visage of Death. Thus the artist suggests the idea that those who drink from the cup of Pleasure, who are lulled and captivated by her soft blandishments, do not see the destruction that is before them.

At the right of Pleasure the next figure is that of an elegant youth, who already feels the power of the Eucharist; he has taken the contents of her glass, and the effects are plainly perceptible. His countenance is radiant, his eyes are bright, and the whole muscular system appears to be relaxed. The next figures are Sorrow, in the act of drawing a dagger from her heart, and Remorse with her face buried in her hands. Still further to the right of Death are figures representing the various forms of Disease consequent on a life of intemperance and sensuality.

On the left of the Imperial Magistrate, the first figures represent Old Age supported by Faith. A venerable Man—whose hair has been tinged with white in all things—his body is bending under the weight of many years. The faded purple—the emblem of worldly power—is falling from his shoulders, and he is just ready to step from the brink into the oblivion stream. He is not alarmed, and sees nothing terrible in the presence of Death. His hour has come, but he is not disquieted. There is a serene and benignant expression on the face of that Old Man; his hands are extended as if he would express a cordial welcome, and a heavenly radiance enlivens his brow. Faith—in the form of his virgin daughter—is by his side to sustain him in his last moments. He is angelic in form and feature, while the expression is sad yet exquisitely beautiful. The slight shade arises from the consciousness that she must part with her sire. In this trying moment her eyes are turned to heaven with an expression of pious resignation, and she is supposed to be saying, "Thy will be done."

Further to the left the attributes of War are personified, in the figure of a tall and graceful chief. His lofty mien and his firm and resolute brow, no less than the deep impress on every feature, indicate the presence of an unshakable ambition and the dominion of a vigorous spirit. With one hand he holds a shield to protect his own person, while with the other he grasps the sword still wet with the blood of his last victim. He has slain a soldier, and the helpless widow and orphan are prostrate beneath his iron tread. Behind the warrior is Fame, a ghastly figure, with parched lips and a skin shriveled on the bones. The next that follows

is Pestilence. The general expression is indicative of fear, and one hand is over the mouth as if intended to keep out the pestilential vapors. Famines and Pestilences are usually personified in this connection, since they approximately follow in the train of War.

On the extreme left is Configuration, bearing aloft in either hand a flaming torch. The action of this figure is remarkably fine. There is something so exceedingly life-like in the form and attitude, that we are almost persuaded that it is actuated by human passions. She goes before the warrior to light his path as he rushes on to the deadly strife. In this group the spirit of War and the terrible evils that follow in its train are vividly and powerfully represented.

The volarities of pleasure—when they commence to reap the harvest of ruin—outre and are but dimly seen. While those who occupy the dark part of the picture are obscurely represented, Old Age, supported by Faith, and Hope—all expressed by the same angelic figure—appear in a clear and beautiful light. But it was not merely to improve the general effect of the whole composition, that the strong lights and deep shadows were thus distributed. Independent of any consideration of this nature, there is a manifest propriety in this arrangement. It may indicate their diverse disposition and characteristics, and the lives they respectively lead. The lawless, vicious and abandoned, dwell in a land of shadows. Clouds and thick darkness are round about them; while "the pure in heart" are at peace, dwelling in "the light that sheweth brighter and brighter unto the perfect day."

Our attention is called to this illustration of American Genes, at this particular time, by the publication of Dr. G. Q. Colton's fine chromo-lithographic print, which not only represents Mr. Peale's great picture in the number, outline and grouping of the figures, but also its color, expression, and general artistic effect; in all of which the fidelity to the original is so remarkable as to have secured the unqualified approbation of Mr. Peale himself, who pronounces it "an accurate and admirable copy of the original painting."

The print—which is sold at the low price of one dollar—may be secured forwarded to any part of the country. When ordered to be sent through the mail, the price—including postage, which should be prepaid—is one dollar and twelve cents. Address G. Q. Colton, 37 Park Row; or, if more convenient, it may be ordered at our New York office.

#### ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

225—We shall publish in our next issue an original story, from the pen of Ophelia Marguerite Cloutman, entitled, "TOMAHAWK; a Tale of France and Italy."

227—A letter from Bro. N. Frank White, dated Plymouth, March 7th, we shall print in our next.

"Ancient Glimpses of the Spirit Land," No. 7, next week.

DEA. WILLIAM OGDENBROOK, for many years a resident and prominent citizen of Salisbury, Mass., committed suicide by hanging himself in his store on Tuesday afternoon last, at about 2-1/2 o'clock. He was fifty-six years of age. From a communication in the *Villager* from John G. Whitcomb, we learn that Mr. O. was a native of Scotland—his grandfather and father having been ministers of the Gospel in his native town. The former had at one time as pupils, two boys, who afterwards became famous the world over—Thomas Carlyle and Edward Irving. His elder brother, John J. Carruthers, D. D., is a minister in Portland, Me. He had an extremely sensitive organization; enjoyed keenly, and as keenly suffered; the least word of reproach or censure painfully affected him; he was ill-fitted for the trials of his allotment. As Lockhart says of Scott's friend Erskine, "he had the heart of a woman, his enthusiasm and something of her weakness." To those who know him most intimately, it is not strange that a complication of trials, (prominent among which was a distressing family affliction,) disturbed at last the balance of his mind, and left him, who had done so much to console others in their suffering, the helpless victim of his own.

There is great excitement in Westford, caused by the vaccination of persons with impure vaccine matter, which has caused the death of several citizens of that town. The matter was obtained of Dr. Clark, Boston city physician, and applied by Dr. Duttrick, of Westford. The question under consideration by the Medical Faculty is—"Did Dr. Clark send inferior matter from the city, or did Dr. Duttrick keep in a dissolved state until it became putrid before he applied it, and thus poison his patients?"

DISSENTING VISIONS.—It is stated that a suite of twenty noble and distinguished gentlemen will accompany the Prince of Wales on his visit to Canada this Spring. It is said further, that the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke of Newcastle, and Major-General Bruce, will be among the nobilities on that occasion.

This reminds us of a bit of fun perpetrated by a comic actor, who whilst stopped at the old Exchange Hotel, on a morning, meeting McGill, the landlord, in the house, he said, abruptly—

"Make out my bill, sir; I shall remain here no longer."

"What is the trouble?" inquired the landlord, who in his turn became excited.

"Oh, nothing," replied the actor, "only I wish it distinctly understood that when I pay for a room for myself exclusively, I do not wish you to locate any of your ants there."

Oh, narrow heart, that holds the blighting creed,  
"That God is just and human nature vile!"  
Ignoring in thy thought the vital seed,  
Unconscious by kindly sunshine all the while—  
What though the garments consecrate to faith,  
Sweep in humility the altar stair,  
And lowly prayers the meek believer saith,  
Alas with mockery on the performed air!

Oh, wear in memory of thy own deep need  
The charm of faith that will not be dethroned,  
And let the beautiful, in thought and deed,  
Evoked by good, shall spring to meet thine own.  
Pure eyes once lifted to a higher vision,  
Bend heavenward unto the greater god,  
And through the light in spirit-brother given,  
See in each human soul a trace of God!

NATURAL SCHOOL.—The work of preparing the ship Massachusetts for a Nautical School is going on. She lies near the People's Ferry at East Boston, where she is having the proper births put in, and all things needed for the purpose.

THE HARBINGER, published in San Francisco, we have often had occasion to allude to as one of the most enterprising and entertaining monthlies published in America. As an inducement to clubs, the publisher offers a superb sewing machine, with mahogany case, for one hundred new subscribers; for seventy-five new subscribers, one of Wheeler & Wilson's best sewing machines on plain table; for fifty new subscribers, a splendid gold watch. Address Mrs. F. H. Day, Editor Harbinger, San Francisco, Cal.

The city of Boston has just lost a case in the Superior Court, and will have to pay \$1000 to Mr. Henry W. Morse, whose wife fell on a slippery sidewalk, in Harrison avenue, a year ago, and was permanently injured.

The overland mail from California brings news of great excitement regarding silver mines that have been discovered in that State. Much activity prevails among the miners.

Mrs. Lucy Hill complains in an Arkansas paper that her nephew has trampled upon her rights and feelings. The graceless rascal should not be allowed to trample upon his aunt's rights.—*Providence*.

Rev. Dr. Huntington, formerly Plummer Professor of Theology at Harvard College, has become evangelized, and taken orders in the Episcopal Church. President Follen has nominated for his successor Rev. Dr. Peabody, of Portsmouth, N. H., chief editor of the *North American Review*.

The U. S. House of Representatives have got a Chaplain at last. We hope to see the effect of Dr. Buckton's ministrations on the life, walk, and conversation of every Representative. There are some members who are so affected, at times, that they can't walk uprightly. So says the Traveler.

We were visited in our sanctum, recently, by an editor of a country newspaper, who was much surprised on beholding the vast amount of original matter in our "pigeon-hole." But—(we must say it)—shortly after his withdrawal, we missed our only pair of trousers! However, it was all right—'twas our condition! He probably had seen that we didn't have any more.

General Scott has issued orders for the movement of two hundred troops from the northern stations to the frontier of Texas; they will leave on the 15th of March in vessels direct to the mouth of the Mississippi. Captain Palmer takes command.

The Boston Evening Traveller is rapidly increasing in circulation, and it is thought. It is edited with remarkable ability, and is consequently on the high road to fame and fortune.

The loss of THE HARBINGER.—Italians papers of March 24 state that a numerous corps of divers had reached the wreck of the Hungarian, whose investigations may lead to some important discoveries in regard to the loss of that

vessel and the bodies of her passengers and crew. The *Hallifax Journal* says: "From what we can learn in regard to the position of the wrecked vessel when last seen, she must have struck about midnight, when all but the watch on deck were in their beds, and thus, probably, they perished."

A PEASANTRY FOR THE POPE.—A distinguished foreign personage, being asked by an Englishman if he intended to take away the Pope's possessions, replied, with pleasant naïveté, "I cannot tell, mon ami; mais I may take Vat-I-can!"

OLD LADIES AT A HOME.—There are fifty-seven old ladies in the "home" of the Association for the relief of aged indigent females in Boston, whose average age is seventy-four years.

Know yourself, and you know everything that is worth knowing.

England is a country upon which the sun never sets. America is a country that grows so fast that no surveyor can keep up with its growth and give a correct map of its outline.

Young ladies should remember that oranges are not very apt to be prized after being squeezed a number of times.

Lies are blisful swords, which cut the hands that wield them.

NATURAL HISTORY.—Messrs. A. Williams & Co. have received from Routledge & Co., London, part XI of "Wood's Illustrated Natural History."

The Prussian Government wishing to change the marriage law, first brought forward a project to accomplish its end. The "first chamber" has rejected the project, and resolved that there shall be no civil marriages in the kingdom, by which it is meant, that matrimony is an unclerical thing, but that its obligations shall be of a strictly religious character. This would not suit countries where divorce is an institution.

I know a maiden—locks of glossy gold  
Upon a breast of snow and dew and part;  
But, ah! like snow, that swells and melts and cold,  
And hides within an adamant heart,  
From whence no tender sympathies can start—  
A barren rock—no words, no tears can move  
Like some divine, soul-trancing work of art,  
She is—so fair, and yet unknown to love.

The Committee of the friends of Horace Mann, to whom was entrusted the procurement of a statue, to be placed in Boston, have decided to give the work to Ball Hughes.

DANCE DIABOLIQUE.—Sam, why is your head like the moon?" asked Digby.

"Can't say. Why is it?"

"Because the moon is supposed to be inhabited!"

"Now allow me to ask you a question, Digby," said Sam, somewhat agitated.

"Certainly, Sam."

"Are you a skillful mechanic?"

"Yes, sir."

"What can you make?"

"Oh, almost anything in my line."

"Can you make a devil?"

"Certainly! just put up your foot, and I will split it in three seconds. I never saw a chap in my life who required less alteration."

The English papers mention a dinner and dessert service, belonging to a right reverend bishop, which cost \$200,000. Such a "service" would have astonished those primitive bishops who lived on locusts and wild honey, and fed the multitude on few loaves and fewer fishes.

There were nine deaths in Boston last week by small pox.

For what is taste, but the heart's earnest striving  
After the beautiful in form and thought and life?  
From the pure past a nicer sense deriving  
And over by fair nature taught—Mrs. ALLEN.

A NARROW ESCAPE.—At Louisville, last week, a man took laudanum by accident, which induced a state of coma, and his friends supposing him dead, made all the arrangements for his funeral. The sermon had been preached, and the coffin lid was being lowered down, when Mr. Morris "came to," and by vigorous kicking denoted his desire for release.

Why is a wicked old man like a frivolous conversation? Because he's bad in the eye.

It is doing some service to humanity to think humbly; and they know very little of society, who assume we can be employed either in duties or meditations without any relaxation.

"Father," said a young liar, of some three or four summers, "when was the deed?"

"Oh, my son," replied the parent, "that happened a long time ago."

"With me alive then?" persisted the anxious inquirer.

"No, dear," was the reply; "the deed we read of in the Bible, happened many thousand years ago."

"Well, now," rejoined the boy, in great disgust, "that too bad! I thought Tom Madigan (another youngster of the same age) with him. He held to me the truth matter 'that he had there then, and waded through.'"

LAST DAY.—Thursday, April 5th, is the day appointed by Governor Banks for the annual Fast in Massachusetts.

SYMPATHY.—The hearts that bleed  
From any stroke of fate, or human wrong,  
Loves to dispel itself, that listening pity  
May drop a healing tear upon the wound.—Mason.

NEWSPAPER INFLUENCE.—The newspaper wields an enormous influence for good or evil, and we to the man at the head of the influential press who abuses his trust, by disseminating that which is harmful to the common mind, instead of that which is elevating and pure.

Zeal, not rightly directed, is pernicious; for as it makes a good cause better, so it makes a bad cause worse.

Despite nothing because it seems weak.

How far does a man go when he goes to hell? Why, what a foolish question! A man never goes to hell himself—it's always somebody else that goes there.

Take I, my me and mine out of language, and language would signify but little. Take you and your, thee and thine out, and with the exception of epithets of condemnation, it would alter it but little.

"A thousand years scarce serve to form a State;  
An hour may lay it in the dust; and when  
Can man be shattered splendours renovate.  
Recall its virtues back, and ransome time and fate!"

Let your wit be your friend, your mind your companion, and your tongue your servant.

NEW CENT.—(Notisance!)—Last month nearly one million and a half of new cents were issued from the Philadelphia Mint.

Letter from Mr. Mansfield.

Dear Banner—I have long neglected to write you for some time. I have mostly depended on those with whom I have been laboring to furnish you accounts of my usefulness. I will among them, rather than write you myself.

I am now in the city of New York, in which place I feel a good work has been wrought through my feeble instrumentality. I came to this place two days since, by invitation of the progressive minds of Memphis—not only by those who profess to be Spiritualists, but those who are in high church standing. There are many, I learn, in this place, as well as elsewhere, I visit, who do not meet with the Spiritualists in their Sabbath gatherings; yet they dare to openly avow their full belief in the communion of the spirits of their departed. I am now stopping with Dr. Samuel Gilbert, the doctor-renewed and most successful physician in curing the Cancer. He is a bold, fearless advocate of what he deems to be truth, though as active, and I may well add, a very zealous advocate of the Methodist Episcopal mode of worship; he is a man who proclaims to whoever interrogates him on the subject of Spiritualism, his full and undoubted belief in spirit communion. The doctor came to me immediately after my landing from the steamboat, and out of the abundant goodness of his heart pronounced me his guest while I remained in Memphis. He took me into his carriage, and we were soon at his princely mansion, just at the borders of the city. Though I have met with kindly greetings from those in other places who have been called to labor among, and with which I over hope to be grateful, yet I have not, in all my travels, met such hospitality as was tendered me by Dr. Gilbert and his lady. How long I was delayed here, I may remain one week longer here and among the friends in Memphis before I proceed to New Orleans. The good work is sweeping all before it that is in the least calculated or intended to retard its progress.

Fraternally yours, J. V. MANSFIELD.

Memphis, Tenn., Feb. 11th.

Answers to Correspondents.

Our correspondents must have patience. Day-and-by, when we enlarge the folds of our BANNER, all will have a bearing, we hope.

J. C. H. BUFFALO.—Your communication is on file.

New York Matters.

The Committee have made engagements for speakers at Dodworth Hall, until May, as follows:

James P. Walker, of Glens Falls, will speak March 16th and 20th; Mrs. Usher Clark, of Auburn, April 1st and 8th; G. B. Bickins, of Rochester, April 15th; N. Frank White, of Troy, April 22nd and 29th.

Andrew Jackson Davis has drawn crowds to hear him. Many are waiting with impatience to again hear Brother Walker. The theological church lost one of their brightest luminaries when they attended Mr. Walker on account of his spiritual convictions. He had many admirers and friends who endeavored to dissuade him from preaching Spiritualism to his congregation. He was with us on the sixth and sixth year of October; and no speaker at Dodworth Hall for the past year has been more earnestly called for, by those who heard his eloquent address, "The Movement of Faith which Follows its Suspense."

The spring promises an additional lecture room for Spiritual discourses. It is wanted; for frequently we have been obliged to lose the presence of many of our friends, whom we would have warmly welcomed, for want of accommodations.

Yours truly, A. E. LATROU.

March 8, 1860.

#### PUBLIC CIRCLES

#### FOR SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS,

#### AT THE BANNER OF LIGHT

#### Drawing-Rooms.

Having filed up spacious rooms on the second floor of the building No. 3-1/2 Brattle street, for public spirit manifestations, we announce that circles for

#### TEST MANIFESTATIONS

through the mediumship of

#### ADA L. HOYT,

will be given at the above rooms

ON TUESDAY AND FRIDAY EVENINGS,

until further notice, commencing

Friday Evening, March 16th, at 7-1/2 o'clock, P. M.

Admission 25 Cents.

Miss Hoyt will give private sittings at the same place, every day, from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M.

TERMS 50 CENTS PER HOUR FOR EACH PERSON PRESENT.

#### MRS. CONANT'S CIRCLES.

Our usual circles for the reception of messages from spirits, for publication in the *BANNER OF LIGHT*, DEPARTMENT OF THE BANNER OF LIGHT, through Mrs. J. H. CONANT, will commence on Tuesday afternoon, March 18th, and be continued every following Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday afternoons, at 2-1/2 P. M. Doors closed precisely at this time, and no admissions after.

#### Afternoon Circles Free.

At the urgent solicitation of persons who cannot attend our afternoon circles, and who are desirous of witnessing this phase of the phenomena, we hope to be able to give a circle on Thursday evening of each week, instead of the afternoon circle heretofore given.

Admission 25 Cents.

Notice will be given in our next paper definitely on this point.

#### CHARLES H. CROWELL,

FRANCIS MEDIUM, No. 3-1/2 Brattle street, Boston, (office in Banner of Light Building.) Medical examinations and prescriptions, \$1.00; general manifestations \$1.00.

Office hours, from 9 to 12 o'clock A. M., and from 9 to 5 P. M. Patients visited at their residences, when required. After 8 o'clock, P. M., Mr. C. may be found at No. 3 Pembroke street. He will also answer calls to lecture. 11 Feb 17.

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#### OF

#### MODERN SPIRITUALISM,

#### BETWEEN

#### Prof. J. STANLEY GRIMES

#### AND

#### LEO MILLER, ESQ.,

#### AT THE

#### MELODEON, BOSTON,

Every evening during the second week in March, 1860.

#### QUESTIONS:

1. Do Spirits of departed human beings hold intercourse with men on earth, as claimed by Modern Spiritualism?

2. Can the various phenomena known as Spirit Manifestations be satisfactorily and philosophically accounted for without admitting the agency of departed human beings?

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