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SERMONS.
One of the Sabbath Discourses
of H. W. BEECHER, will be pub-
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EDWIN H. CHAPIN'S SERMONS.
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COSELLA WAYNE; OR, WILL AND DESTINY.

BY CORA WILBURN.
CHAPTER II.
THE RHINE VOYAGE.

"It is the Rhine our mountain vineyards loving,
I see the bright gold shies!
Sing on the march with every banner waving—
Sing, brothers! 'tis the Rhine!"

The fairy regions of the song consecrated Rhine!
The vine-clad hills, the stately ruins, the towering
crests and old baronial castles looming darkly o'er
the blue, rippling waters! The magical sunshine of
that fairy region, bathing the blooming hedges and
kissing the blushing roses and the lingering violets;
the token-flowers that cluster around the sloping
banks; the fragrant treasures hiding amid luxuri-
ant grasses; the sweet wildflowers modestly appear-
ing their timid eyes; the scattered blossoms, that
line the greenwood path, and fill the air with such
delicious fragrance! Oh, consecrated Rhine—dream-
land of poetic reveries—what mighty inspirations
dwell in those storied fancies! Not fraught with the
holiness of ages past, but glowing with the violet-
breath of summer, the music stirring of the air that
play amid Eolian harps, that waken amid Elysian
trances, and rested on the golden harp-strings of
adorning seraphs in the land of souls! Not with the
faded repetitions of love-rows spoken by mailed
knights of old and titled maidens; not laden with
the heart outpourings of the long departed, the long
since dead and reunited, dost thou come, oh sum-
mer's breath of life and song! The high heart of
youth throbs hopefully exultant now as then, and
prophetic voices murmur as in the loving hearts of
old: "Thine, thine forever!"—and radiant nature
smiles, though man's improvements change her best
solitudes to crowded cities, and bring the busy
hum of life to the wild wood shrine, once sacred to
her worshipping souls alone.

From the deck of one of the first steamers launch-
ed on that noble river, the dark, reflective eyes of
a child wandered from scene to scene, with a rapidly
flushing and palting cheek; that betokened one of
those sensitive, enthusiastic natures, which is one of
God's best gifts; but which the matter of fact den-
ial of the world deem it a bounden duty to crush
out of existence, in obedience to man's mandates,
or disappointment's stern commands.

White cities were passed, cathedral spires and
monuments of lasting fame and beauty; renovated
sites, and flower-crowned rural residences; forest
shades, and vine-clad hills; sunlit glens, and fairy
islands; ruined battlements, and frowning crags—
all passed before the enraptured vision of our own
Cosella, who was standing near her mother, with
throbbing heart and heightened color.

"Mother," she said in a low, earnest tone, "I have
dreamt of a river like this, but it was not the Rhine;
it was called Eternity, mother, the beautiful, blue,
shining river! and there were mountains, and the
grapes on them were gold and purple; and beautiful
roads went up the mountains, and many people were
there, walking; and their faces were so bright,
mother! and I saw the lady with the white dress and
silver stars, and she took me by the hand and called
me Cosy, and—"

The excited child paused to take breath; again
the superstitious tremor shook the frame of Shina.
"My dear Cosy," she began—
"Mrs. Phillips? why will you not allow that child
to stay with her attendant? She is disarranging your
dress, and you are completely spoiling her."
The loud, imperious tone of her husband's voice
startled the gentle woman; she blushed, and glance-
d hastily around; the passengers could not have
heard him; they were all in another part of the ves-
sel.

"You will never manifest the dignity becom-
ing your station," he continued, coming nearer and
speaking in a lower key. "Do behave like a lady;
you ought to be used to it by this time," he sneered.
Tears trembled in the large, soft eyes of Shina; her
lip quivered, but she made no reply.

"Come here, Ella," he called to the child. She
shrank behind Shina's chair. "Come, my dear, come,
Ella!" he said mildly and coaxingly. "I want
you to come by that name; my name is Cosy!" pouted
the child. Manasseh cast a threatening look upon his
wife, but she approached the little one with smiles.
"Your name is Ella, dear; it is foolish to call you
Cosy, such a baby name!"

"Have I not expressly forbidden you to call her
so?" he said in a low voice, grasping his wife's arm
under her shawl. "Call her so again at your peril!"
he whispered in her ear. "Can we be too careful?
Would you have us discovered? Would you bring
ruin, disgrace, imprisonment upon me?"

The face of Shina blanched with fear, and her
timid heart contracted with sorrow, as she felt his
rude grasp upon her arm. "Oh, Manasseh!" she
pleaded with tear-filled eyes.

"Obey me, then," he retorted, and released her
arm.

"I don't like you, papa—I don't—go away, go
away!" petulantly exclaimed the child. A curious
smile played on his lips. "Oh, nonsense, Ella! you
must like your father. Come here, I will show you
something." He took an ivory case from his pocket
and held it before her. She approached him slowly,
half in curiosity and half in reluctance. He took a
seat beside his wife and drew Cosella on his knee,
giving the ivory playing into her keeping; but his
attention was soon diverted from the child to the
conversation of three persons who had seated them-
selves near him, and were speaking in the mother
tongue.

lishman, was the father of the blue-eyed, sunny-haired
maiden at his side, who, a true type of the island
beauty that combines perfect feminine grace with
healthful glow and strength, bloomed a true sum-
mer's rose, in contrast with the pale, drooping Shina.
Father and daughter were bound on a pilgrimage of
love, for in the orchard of Mayence reposed the
earth form of the wife and mother; and thither they
often repaired to pay the tribute of affectionate re-
membrance.

The third person, was a young man, with dark
complexion, large, soulful eyes of grey, and open
brow, around which waved a quantity of dark brown
hair; a certain polish and refinement visible in his
slightest movement, a certain negligent care in the
arrangement of his dress, revealed the graceful
Frenchman; while the tender, half-mirthful smile
that hovered around his lips, and the rich color that
momentarily rose to his face, as some fresh point of
picturesque scenery broke upon their sight; as cur-
ved and bend disclosed the ever-varying beauties of the
storied Rhine—they gave indications of an enthu-
siastic nature, of a soul keenly alive to the apprecia-
tion of the beautiful and the romantic.

"Last year, Mademoiselle," said the young man,
addressing the girl in excellent English, that was
tinged with a peculiar accent, "I was very much
favored with pleasant company; not so agreeable as
the present," he bowed to the lady and smilingly
continued, "but very agreeable; in particular there
was one compatriot of yours, a fine gentleman—
beautiful scholar—a learned man—a poet—he was
everything! but he was so sorrowful, so triste always,
poor man! He lost a beautiful young wife. We
were great friends. I have travelled all over Europe,
he too; and we talked over old times, till we both
laughed and cried. No, I mistake, we both cried
and laughed; but he never laughed; he only smiled—
and! He would sigh so deeply, oh, so often! and
call her name, his dead wife's name! He was such
a good, charitable man, was Perceval Wayne—"
"Perceval Wayne?" cried the Englishman, and
"Perceval Wayne?" in loud, startled tones cried
Manasseh. In a moment he was bending over the
child, trying with her curls, speaking low and coax-
ingly, yet losing not a word of the conversation that
so deeply interested him. Shina trembled with an
undefined apprehension.

"You know Perceval Wayne?" said the sweet
voiced English girl. "Oh! I do tell us all about him,
please, Monsieur Danvilliers."
"You know him—you knew my friend?" eagerly
questioned the excited Frenchman.

"We knew one Perceval Wayne, in London," re-
plied the stout Englishman—"just such a one as you
describe. Please go on, Monsieur. Perhaps it is
some one else, Emma."
"Do you remember the name of his wife?"
"Yes, mademoiselle—it was Lea; and she was a
Jewess. I cannot find the English word just now."
"A Jewess," said Emma. "Yes, father, it is the
Mrs. Wayne we know. How many pleasant evenings
we spent together! Do you remember, father? He
was so much beloved, so universally esteemed; and
though many were prejudiced against him on ac-
count of his marriage, I know that we were not; and
we felt deeply for him when he lost his beautiful
young wife. He was ill for months; and when he
recovered, he was merely the shadow of his former
self."
"You knew him! You knew my dear friend!
How glad, how very happy I am!" exclaimed the
Frenchman, heartily shaking the fair girl's hand,
and offering the same joyful demonstration to her
father.

"Indeed, we knew and esteemed him," said the
portly gentleman. "What was it to us that he mar-
ried a Jewess? She must have been good, as well as
handsome, or he would not have chosen her. Why,
sir, he could have married the richest lady in the
land; but Perceval Wayne did not care for money—
that he did not, sir! But please go on, Monsieur
Danvilliers; tell us of our friend."
"The light and joyous expression fled from the
Frenchman's face, and a moisture gathered in his
eyes.

"Alas! I shall make you sad," he replied, and
passed.

The cheek of Emma paled, but her father said,
firmly:
"Go on, go on, my friend. This is a world of
change. We must be prepared for all things.
Come, Emma, do not give way. Let us hear the
worst."
The slight ivory toy snapped beneath the con-
vulsive grasp of Manasseh; its fragments fell to the
deck. A sensation of deadly coldness overpread
Shina's trembling frame. Bowing her head to her
knees, she vainly struggled for self-control. Yet,
seated upon Manasseh's knee, the dark, searching
eyes of the child were riveted upon the Frenchman's
face, her lips apart, her head bent forward as if in
eager listening.

"I will tell you all, as you desire; but I am so
sorry to make you feel sad," continued Mr. Danvilliers,
speaking low, and as with effort. "We travel-
led together as far as Basle; then we hired a car-
riage—Monsieur Wayne and myself—and we go
through all the beautiful Switzerland, and through
Italy—la belle Italie; but in Milano my friend was
taken very ill. I watched with him for sixteen days
and nights. He was not delirious, not wild at all
with the fever; but he said he saw the spirit of his
wife beckoning to him—that she wore a white dress
—that silver stars shone from it. He would hold
long conversations with this fancy. I was fearful
his reason would depart; but he was quite calm and
gentle, and rational on every other point. He so-
lemnly declared it was his Lea's spirit; but that, of
course, was one *beset*—a delusion of the brain.

Well, my friends, he grew weaker and weaker, and
I knew that he must die. The doctor said he could
not live another week. Then, as my evil fate would
have it, I received a letter from my other wife, who
was at the point of death. What could I do? I loved
my mother, and I loved my friend. I left him with
tears and sorrow, and I hastened home to find my
mother much better. Thank God, she is living still

but my poor friend! As soon as my mother could
be removed to the country, I returned to Milano.
The landlord at the hotel told me that my friend re-
covered a little, but the doctor said he could not live
long. He was conveyed to a small village—I forgot the
name just now. I went there. There was but one
miserable hotel in the place—one hut, more like
than like a hotel for a gentleman to live in. The
landlord, a little, talkative fellow, told me that he
had taken the place a few weeks before; but the land-
lady told him that a fine Englishman, a gentle-
man, died there some weeks before. I described our
friend, and the little landlord cried out that was the
person and the name. They had buried him private-
ly. I fear that, as he was not known, they treated
him disrespectfully. Some people is all for money,
I took the room he occupied, and I assure you I cried
and I prayed for him. No one seemed to care for
him—none knew his name rightly; but I found his
grave, in a retired spot, and I put a marble stone
upon it. I thought it my duty. He has no relations
living, but I took his portrait while he was sick.
You know I am something of an amateur."

Emma was weeping silently. Her father, control-
ling his emotion, said:
"What a pity! And to die among strangers, in a
foreign land! Poor Mr. Wayne! Yes, sir, there's
no comfort out of old England. You have beautiful
views, and grand scenes, and old curiosities, and you
see strange sights; but for genuine comfort, for
downright good nursing in sickness, and ease in
health, give me old England, I say!" And with this
patriotic sentiment, the old gentleman gave his gold-
headed cane an emphatic thump against the deck.

The Frenchman sat with folded arms, regarding
with respectful admiration the lovely Emma, who
was wiping away her tears, and gazing pensively
upon the vine-covered hills, the changing panorama
of the glorious Rhine.

The face of Manasseh was flushed with a fondish
joy. A sensation of faintness, a sickening feeling of
dread was upon Shina. With closed eyes and pallid
lips she leaned against the skylight.

But the strange, spirit-guided child! In his
deep abstraction, listening so intently to the narra-
tion that so deeply interested him, Manasseh had
dropped his arm from around her; and when he
sought for her again, she stood beside the young
Frenchman, a questioning look upon her face, her
hand resting on his knee.

"Poor Mr. Wayne! So generous, so noble, so soon
called away!" said Emma. "How few men are like
him—so devoted to a memory! Could you give no
particulars concerning his last moments, Monsieur
Danvilliers?"

"I could not get much, I am sorry to say, made-
moiselle; but the little talkative landlord told me
that his friend, the last landlord, told him that he
was always calling on his wife. I asked him if the
name was Lea, and he said, 'Oh, yes; it is, *em-mer*—
the last name on his lips was 'Lea.'"

A soft rose flush mounted to the temples of the
listening child. Her head bent forward as with
eager listening, or anxious expectation; her dark
eyes were upraised to the young man's face with an
expression of entreaty that long, long afterwards
lingered on his memory. She attracted the atten-
tion of all three.

"What a fine little girl!" said the Frenchman,
taking her hand and gazing admiringly upon her.
"A sweet child!" said Emma Leslie; "not exactly
beautiful, but what an expressive face, what glorious
eyes, dear father. Do you not think she has the
Jewish type of features?"

"Why, not exactly, my dear," replied Mr. Leslie.
"Her skin is very fair, and her eyes are dark brown,
not black—so is her hair; but I do not think she looks
Jewish."
"What is your name, darling?" said Emma, stoop-
ing toward her, and taking the soft hands within
her own.

"Co—" the child met the warning, threatening
glance of Manasseh, and replied, casting down her
eyes, and blushing. "Ella Phillips; mother calls me
Cosy."
"You are a cozy little thing, but you mean rosy, I
suppose," said the gentle Emma, smiling, and strok-
ing her silken curls. "Where is papa and mamma,
dear?"

"Over there," said the child, pointing.
The dewy, violet eyes of Emma, met the dark glance
of Manasseh, as he bowed politely and smiled.
Instinctively she felt repelled, as pure nature ever
must be, in presence of the impure, the sordid and
debased. Her eyes rested upon the crumpling shawl
of Shina, and a deep womanly pity stole to her heart,
and intuition whispered sadly, "she is an unloved
wife."

"My little girl is troublesome, I fear," said Mr.
Phillips, advancing to the group, and looking fondly
at the child.

"Not at all, sir—not at all," replied the portly
gentleman. "We are very fond of children; is she
your only one?"

"I will tell you, sir, my only treasure; I fear that she is
delicate, and I travel for the benefit of her health,
and that of my wife."
The little girl appears healthy enough," said the
bluff Englishman, "but your good lady does appear
pale and suffering."

"Mrs. Phillips is very nervous and excitable; she
is always apprehensive of danger for our darling
here. Please excuse my little girl; whenever she
hears her own language spoken, she makes free to
scraps acquaintance. Good morning, Miss, good
morning, gentlemen," and bowing and smiling, he
led the child away.

Emma Leslie had been reading his dark face, and
the covert sarcasm of his words, when he spoke of
his wife, fell discordantly upon as she sat as
ever was attuned to the divine harmonies of life and
love. He felt those searching eyes upon his face;
not for worlds could he have met the questioning
glory of these heavenly orbs. She returned not his
salutation, but she fondly kissed the child.

Manasseh, looking around him, said to Shina,
"Come, my love, rest yourself awhile in the cabin;
you are again faint and pale. I will read to you, if

you wish; but first call Lydia to take Ella." Shina
arose wearily and took his proffered arm; the com-
miserating glance of Emma rested full upon her
face; she felt its influence, and timidly looking up
blushed painfully. She knew by her husband's po-
liteness, that he was angry with her; she expected
a renewal of the scenes that embittered her life;
the deception of passing as a cherished, petted wife
before the world, while she was, in reality, a crouch-
ing slave, weighed heavily on her heart and con-
science.

"I do not like that man," said Emma, with char-
acteristic frankness.

"I agree with mademoiselle entirely," said the
Frenchman, with a bow.

"He is a Jew, for certain," said Mr. Leslie; "and
I think he is a domestic tyrant from the timid man-
ner of his wife. Why, sir, she looks as if she had
some sorrow, poor, young thing. I don't think she's
over twenty-four. The little girl is a pretty child."

"A remarkable child!" said Emma.

The spacious and luxuriously furnished cabin was
deserted; all the passengers were on deck, enjoying
the lovely scenery—the breezy fragrance—listening
to the greeting music of the passing boats. The old,
stepped in blissful recollections of life's summer
time; the young, lulled in enchanted visions, that
arose from vine-clad mount and forest denseness,
from velvet lawn, and flowery path, to leave their
impress of beauty upon the dreaming heart, in the
angel guise of prophecy.

Manasseh, with flushed face and sternly contract-
ed brow, seated himself upon the velvet cushions of
a downy ottoman, and said, in loud, imperious tones
to his trembling wife, "Call the servant to take this
child on deck; she needs not be a witness to every
word I say. Call Lydia!"

Shina went to the door and called the woman.
"Lydia," said the master, "as she appeared;
"take Ella on deck, and mind, do not let her go
near these English people, and that mousethroat French
dandy! I will not have the child contaminated by
intercourse with Christians. I can rely upon you,
Lydia; Mrs. Phillips is not so particular. And see
here, Lydia; I do wish you would dress more becom-
ingly, and not wear such gaudy things; the flowers
on your gown are large enough for a May bouquet,
and your ears are many ribbons as a country girl of
sixteen! Mrs. P.'s—why do you not attend to the
dress of your attendant? You look as shabby,
and as Jewish, woman, as a rag-picker!"

The angry color mounted to the temples of Lydia,
she pushed back her cap, placed her arms a kinko,
and commenced:
"If I'm shabby, it's the fault of those I live with,
that care neither for soul nor body, judge nor judg-
ment; and I ain't ashamed of looking Jewish, and
none of my folks were ever rag-pickers! My great
grandfather was a learned Rabbi, and fasted
seven days out of three—I mean three days out of
seven—and never ate meat in the postional days,
and my grandmother never touched money on the
Sabbath, or ate a forbidden thing in her whole long
life. Here you are lugging me up and down the
world, and I'm compelled to eat all kinds of for-
bidden eatables and drinkables, just to keep body
and soul together, and my holy religion is thrown
to my face, and I'm told I look Jewish! That's what
I want to look like, master Phillips, and madam, and
Miss Cozy! I would n't change, not to be the King
of Prussia's prime minister, nor the lord chancellor's
key-bearer. Say, Master Phillips, when is the last
day for the destruction of Jerusalem?"

"Do n't torment me with your fasts and feasts—
sometimes next month—got the almanac and see; and
now let me alone and go on deck. I want to speak
to Mrs. Phillips."

"If I've said anything disrespectful, or irreli-
gious, or defamatory to my position, please excuse me,
master," said the voluble Lydia, who often com-
mitted words to memory without at all noting their sig-
nification; the result was, she said many curious
things, and made sorry blunders with the vernacu-
lar. "I never wish to obtrude my unaccountable
opinions on those that know better; but master
kins I do grow eloquent when our holy religion is
slung about; I can bear a good deal here, but I want
to be somebody, and have a good place in *Genadin*."
"I wish you were there, now," muttered Mr. Phil-
lips, as she left the cabin, leading Cozy by the hand.

Shina sat with her hands folded in her lap, her
soft, dark eyes swimming in tears. He was dead,
the father of Cosella. He could never claim her;
she would never know his love and care! His min-
gled with her selfish joy her child was now her own.
Her husband paced the floor, his face flushed and
excited, his hands waving about him, triumph in
his voice.

"Shina!" he cried, stopping before her, and speak-
ing rapidly, "rejoice, rejoice with me! for he is
dead! my worst enemy is no more! This time we
are not deceived. That wicked Frenchman put the
tombstone over him—would that it had crushed
his soul to atoms! He is dead, the unbeliever! the
husband of Lea Montepesa. Be a true wife, Shina,
and rejoice with me, for now we are free to live; to
enjoy our wealth. Since that child's birth we have
been wanderers from place to place, as if a curse
was upon us, to elude him, to thwart his efforts. How
we have been chased from repose and quiet, by the
shadow of his approach. Shina—he is dead! dead!
I go to dust—his soul to perdition! And Cosella is
all our own—her fortune is ours; we can live in
splendor; we can travel over the wide world and see
its wonders, or we can settle here in Germany, in
France, or England. We shall be welcome every-
where, for all human souls bow to the power of gold.
Honor, fame, rectitude, virtue, love, all can be bought
with gold. I know it. Come, Shina, lay aside your
troubled looks. You must be pale and sorrowful no
more; the dread of discovery is past. It is no more
—my enemy and my covet. We will settle down in
some great city, or buy a country seat on the banks
of this splendid river. I have changed my name.
You were never known in London; we can live there
in style. I will deck your little form with silks and
satins, and buy the costliest diamonds for you, little

wife. You shall have servants in plenty, and pic-
tures, and flowers, and all things that you love; but
you must be submissive and never thwart my will.
Woman's province is to obey the commands of her
lord—never to cavil and resist his power."

Poor Shina had expected reproaches and upbraid-
ings; she drew a long sigh of relief, and her courage
rising, with a true and sudden impulse, she said, in
low, unflinching tones, as she placed her hand upon
his arm, and gazed earnestly into his excited face—
"Is it right to rejoice at his death, Manasseh? Surely,
he never injured us. Is it right to dispose of the
fortune of his child?"

She had raised the storm; the brow of her hus-
band clouded fearfully; an awful light shone from
his dark, painfully brilliant eyes; the mocking
smile disfigured his lip.

"Do you dare to dictate to me?" he cried; "you,
a weak woman, a paltry, insignificant worm; you?
The wife is subject to her husband; he makes laws
for both; such is our holy law. Dare you rebel?
Will you call upon your sinful head the curse of di-
abolence? Is it not enough that you caused the
fall of man—that your sex is in league with evil
spirits to waylay and destroy the souls of men?
Do you not owe an honorable position, affluence and
happiness to me?"

Shina sighed, and was silent.

"Your suffering air and pale cheeks," he con-
tinued, "are the target for every fool's remark. That
pompous Englishman on deck there noticed how
delicate you were. Beware! I warn you! I
will have no wife to be pitted by strangers. That
Christian girl, too, with her blue, piercing eyes;
would that I could annihilate the race that for ages
has trod upon our necks! Shina, reform your man-
ner before the world, or I swear by the God of our
fathers, I will punish you as you deserve! I know
how and when to torture you. Be gay, be cheerful;
sing and be happy before the world, or, as I hope
for the rebuilding of our holy temple, I will take
Cosella from you, and you shall never behold her
again!"

With a loud cry, thoroughly aroused from her
apathetic sorrow, Shina held his arm, and wildly
exclaimed—
"You would not—you cannot be so cruel to the
child—the only thing that loves me. Take her
away! my life, my soul, my only treasure! Oh,
Manasseh! if you have one spark of feeling, leave
me my child. I will do all—I will smile, and sing,
and laugh, though it be a bitter falsehood."
"Sit down!" he said coldly; "take your arms
from around me; we are not rehearsing a love
scene, and people may come in and think you crazy.
Shina, I command you, call that child Ella; I will
do so. It is dead—miserably dead and forgotten,
and his child is in my power. If his spirit lives,
and sees and feels, it shall behold her growing up
a bitter enemy to his faith; a zealous, nay, even a
bigoted Jewess, as her grandmother desired; as I
pray to train her, and as I will, if I live. His spirit
shall feel torture to behold his babe, his Christ,
splitting in scorn upon his nation, spurning with
holy horror their doctrines. If she grow beautiful
and talented, she shall be as a scourge to the un-
believers, a stranger of her nation's wrongs, aton-
ing for the lost soul of her mother!"

There was something so terrible and menacing,
so mysteriously threatening in his words, that the
trembling Shina veiled her eyes, and turned away
in fear. She had often timidly inquired the cause
for this bitter hatred, this sworn, anding enmity;
but he had repulsed her, and told her to wait. Amid
her sickening dread and horror arose the impulse to
ask him now; to know the full extent of her wretch-
edness, for a dark shadow pressed on her soul, and
led her to listen and endure. With wildly beating
breast, and choking voice, controlled by a desire she
could not resist, Shina asked her husband:
"Why, Manasseh, did you hate Perceval Wayne?
Did he ever injure you personally?"

With bloodless lips, and frame that trembled con-
vulsively, she awaited his reply.

"Women are inquisitive and troublesome; it
needed not the wisdom of the blessed King Solomon
to find that out," he sneered. "But I will satisfy
your curiosity; I feel just in the mood. Perhaps it
will punish you for your arrogance, in opposing your
opinions to mine, who am your head and lord.
Know, then, Shina, that long before I saw you, I
loved Lea Montepesa. Don't start; sit still! I
loved her, worshiped her, as Perceval Wayne—cursed
be his memory—never could, though he has died of
grief for her, and I married and live on. Lea—
peace be with her—was, as you know, of a proud,
aristocratic family. I was poor then, so I never told
my love, for I knew that her mother would have
spurned me from the house; she looked for such a
high station for that peerless daughter, that Princess
of Israel, that lily of the sacred plains; and I know
now that she, the departed, would have turned from
me contemptuously, to give her smiles to that Chris-
tian rhyme-maker; but I had a scheme in view,
which, if successful, would have insured me wealth
for life. I succeeded, but only partially, and I re-
turned to —, and found—destruction, eternal per-
dition seize him!—Lea had eloped with the Chris-
tian! I was mad for several weeks; so was her
mother. I traveled to dissipate my grief and rage.
I met with you; you were gentle, yielding, the
counterpart of Lea; she was proud and immovable,
firm and unbending, young and beautiful as she
was. I married you, and together we entered the
service of Hannah Montepesa. You know the rest.
How the intriguing mother won the Christian's con-
sent for the return of Lea to her birth-place, that
her child might be born there. You know the plans
we laid, that were all frustrated by Lea's death.
Alas! she never would have returned to the religion
of her fathers; she had accepted the blasphemous
creed of the Nazarenes. When he returned from the
journey on which she sent him, he found his idol a
corpse, and her stern mother sleeping in death beside
her; and he was told that his babe also was dead.
And I grieved over his misery; and he repaid me
then, in that chamber of death, for the pang I had
suffered. You know now that it was not only the

Christian I hated, but the successful rival, the hus-
band of Lea—peace be to her ashes!"

The head of Shina had drooped upon her breast,
the tears were streaming from her veiled eyes, and
she sought not to arrest their flow. From her pallid
lips issued broken words, unfinished prayers, wild
great sobs welled from the wounded, loving heart so
cruelly betrayed.

"Oh, most wretched!" she moaned. "Father of
Israel! why, oh why? He loved Lea—revenge him-
self on an innocent child! The dove I dreamed of
is a cruel, destroying falcon! Oh, God! let me die!
let me die! But Cosy—my angel child—my orphan
babe—I will cherish—protect—I will—"

Merrily sounded the signal bell of arrival; the
boat touched at a landing place. All was bustle and
pleasant excitement, but Shina heard it not; she lay
in a swoon, upon the cabin floor.

CHAPTER III.
FORNODING.

"Over the misty mountains,
Over the sounding sea,
Far through the dreary distance
Came a white dove to me."—Mrs. Taylor.

It is the great day of Atonement with the Jews.
Clad in the habiliments of the grave, the sweeping
shroud of Honon, with its wide cape edged with lace,
the cocktail cap upon their heads, the worshippers of the
ancient law read the accustomed prayers and beat
their breasts in penitence. The synagogue is thronged,
the gilded chandelier dispenses its rays of artificial
light to the broad glare of day, and the voice of the
reader rises loud at intervals in the repetition of the
sacred formula: "Hear, oh Israel! the Lord thy God,
the Lord is One!" and the congregation fervently
responded: "Blessed be his holy name forever and
ever!"

Occasionally, the sweet, softly murmured chorus
of female voices lends its charm to those antique
hymns of praise and penitence. The women sit
above, in a gallery devoted solely to their use, separ-
ated from husbands, fathers and brothers; some,
the aged and the matronly, arrayed, in the vestment
that once shall shroud their lifeless forms; others,
the young and gay, wear dresses of pure white, em-
blematic of the forgiveness of sins, the stainless
purity of the day of expiation. Few wear their
usual gay clothing; some retain their glittering
jewels, their pearls and rings; but the truly pious
divest themselves of all outward adornment, and
stand in true humility before the Lord. It is a
right fast day; neither meat nor drink has passed
the lips of that prayerful throng since yesterday's
sunset; no refreshment will be taken until three
stars illuminate the twilight depths of heaven. Is-
rael offers this penance of the body, this humiliation
of spirit by the confession of all sin, in place of the
burnt offerings, the sacrifices of olden time.

They pray for the restoration of the land by them
doomed holy; they weep aghast for the destruction
of the sacred temple, for their centered people and
doctrines ruined. They strike their breasts, con-
fessing their sins of commission and omission, and
say aloud:

"For all this, oh Lord! King of the Universe
grant us remission and pardon for thy name's
sake!"

Five times that day, the congregation fall upon
their knees in worship to the unseen God, and im-
plore his pardon for the people. They pray, too, for
the earthly and Christian rulers set before them, for
the prosperity of their adopted country, for the wel-
fare of all.

Trembling with profound humility, with the con-
sciousness of wrong, Shina offers up her applica-
tions, and Cosella prays beside her from the same
Hebrew page:

"For the sin we have committed before thee, by
false dealing with the neighbor."
Shina beats her breast, and thinks of the wronged
Perceval Wayne.

"For the sin we have committed before thee with
lying lips!"

She weeps more bitterly, for she has stained her
lips with falsehood for another's sake. Cosella looks
in wonderment upon the gentle face, with its peni-
tential sorrow.

"Thou shalt make restitution!" was the injunc-
tion of the law she remembered; but her spiritual
perceptions were obscured; her weak, woman's heart
was not endowed with the moral purpose to stand
and fulfill. The bold, commanding intellect, and
powerful will of Manasseh bound and subdued her
spirit; she felt the whisperings of conscience, the
mandates of justice, but she dared not be free to act
a noble part. She knew that her husband prayed
for the repose of Lea's spirit, as well as for that of
her mother

and waited at the entrance door for the appearance of Manasseh. Deeply impressed with the beauty and solemnity of the religious exercises, Cecilia was enraptured in dreams, rapt, wild, intangible, of the future and mysterious world.

He calculated well. Impulsively she rose and cried: "Let us go! let us not waste a moment!" Then, rapt in thought, the possessor of her selfishness held warfare with her passionate love of that one human thing. She burst into tears.

There is one prevailing God of Love, who is good, so there is another prevailing God of Love, (Free-Love) which is bad and evil. By it, our beloved brother A. B. Child's theory goes to the wall. But the worst feature is, that it is so difficult to distinguish the good love from the bad love, that none but a priest can tell which is the genuine. I would therefore advise all persons who believe that God is Love, and the Devil also, (Free-Love) to get a priest to marry them, so as to be sure God has put them together, so they can love rightly, and ever within bounds, as limited by law and religion.

Original Essays. ORIGIN OF THE DIVERSITY OF LANGUAGES. In the eleventh chapter of Genesis, verse sixth, it is written: "And the Lord said, behold the people is one, and they all have one language."

and the substitution of a new, philosophical and systematic one in its place—whether immediately, or by degrees—is something which, in the nature of things, could not take place by human agency, or means, alone.

Socrates was the Athenian Son of Man, or Son of God, who taught that purity of heart was more acceptable in sacrifices, than the most magnificent offerings—that wisdom is our best guide, our greatest good.

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT. THE POOR BOY, BUT HAPPY SPIRIT. BY J. EDWIN CHURCHILL.

Oh! I am poor, and needy, and forever woe; And know not where to lay my weary, lonely head; My tired limbs all shiver'd, and my heart is sore;

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to the images themselves, as upon a millstone of the
 canvas and marble is looked upon as equivalent to an
 attack upon the ideas they represent, their use becomes
 idolatry. Just so the employment of the Bible, as a
 means of communion with God, is idolatry, but the
 moment it is revered simply for itself, and the de-
 traction of it is considered as a detraction from God,
 its reverence becomes idolatry.

Orthodox views of the Bible have sadly interfered
 with the progress of moral reforms. If all its words
 are equally inspired and infallible, then the words of
 Him who spoke as never man spoke, are of no more
 authority than the earliest conceptions of the Egyptians,
 or the most anthropomorphic representations of the
 Pentateuch; and in accordance with the hermeneu-
 tical rule, that the general must be explained by the spe-
 cial, the profound and universal principles of the
 Harmon on the Mount must be modified by the sen-
 sible and practical instructions of Moses, and the illogical
 reasonings of Paul. In this way the Bible has been made
 an obstacle in the path of reform; and some of the foulest
 errors of barbarism have been perpetuated and upheld
 in Christian communities. There can be no question
 with a candid mind, that the Scriptures, taken as a
 whole, contain more numerous and explicit sanctions
 of slavery, polygamy, and tyrannical rule, than
 any other book; and that the condemnation of these
 practices in the Old Testament is as authoritative as
 the New, their practice ought to be regarded as right.

This view is the one which their advocates in all
 ages of Christianity have assumed. The friends of
 peace have always had Joshua and Judges hurled at
 their heads; our fathers, in the revolution, were
 morally combated with St. Paul; the strongest argu-
 ments against the temperance movement were drawn
 from the Bible, and urged by orthodox ministers; the
 Mormons cover their sin of a dozen vices with
 chapters from the Book of books; and the supporters
 of slavery lock the chains around their victims with
 divine precepts and infallible curses. It is in vain to
 say that the Bible's commands in reference to these
 sins were accommodations to a peculiar state of so-
 ciety, and are no longer to be applied. "Poor, weak
 human reason" sits in judgment upon a Book, every
 word of which is infallible! Right and wrong are
 eternal principles, the same in Judea as in America,
 with Moses as with Christ; and God can know no
 accommodation inconsistent with absolute truth.

Blowly developed is a broad and healthy religious
 sentiment under the crushing weight of a priest-caste
 and unquestioning credulity. "Conventional religion
 is as French dinner, of which we know neither the
 ingredients nor the manner in which they have been
 compounded, or the hands through which they have
 passed; but are content to take and eat it as it is
 served up to us." "Theological systems are to faith, as
 says Justin, "as temples dedicated to implicit faith,"
 and do not enter to worship in them, instead of leav-
 ing his shoes, after the Eastern manner, must have his
 understanding at the door, and it will be well if he
 find it when he comes out again." When creeds are
 heaped about as inviolable, each progressive step must
 be painfully won by suffering and martyrdom. "How
 wide," says Mackay, "the religion of the Patriarchs
 and that of the prophets of Israel; or, again, between
 the spirit of Moses and Paul; between the political
 and jealous Jehovah of the Hebrews, and the universal
 parent of the Christian."

Again—Religion and science are inseparable. No
 object of nature, no subject of contemplation, is desti-
 tute of a religious tendency and meaning. If religion
 be made to consist only in traditional and legendary
 forms, it is of course as distinguishable from science as
 the *Mosses in the House of the Good Samaritan*, from
 the *evolving grounds of hope, faith and duty from the
 known laws of our being and the constitution of the
 universe. Religion may be said to include science as
 its minister.*

Here, then, is a foundation upon which all may
 build and rear a "broad church," co-extensive with the
 utmost boundaries of scientific research. We seek
 no favor for Spiritualism, but can look science in its
 truest eyes, and say, "We have you linked with us,
 and defy your utmost scope to find in our range of facts a
 disabeyance of parts to a unitary, consecutive whole.
 We have no miracles, but have discovered a further
 unfolding of the impenetrable world in continuity of
 being with this, which the greater phase of science has
 failed to discern, but none the less scientific that it
 escapes, for awhile, their earth-distorted vision. But
 even this scientific phase is birthless itself compared
 to that which Dr. Bellows and his confederates would
 take us in the bibliolatious past, where the *spiritus
 of the stagnant exhalations lead bitter and thither, as
 we pursue through the horrible pit and miry clay, till
 finally submerged in bottomless damnation. To be
 thus shrouded, is to rest upon the bosom of a "broad
 church," the growth of "Liberal Christianity?"*

Dr. Bellows would have, not our highest reason, but
 with its barbarous precedents on the plane of old
 Jowry as divine revelations than can flow from the
 Almighty to day.

There was an oracle on Heathen ground at the Cave
 of Trophimus, much celebrated in old time. A woman
 was the medium, prophet, or priestess for the heavenly
 voices. The word of the Lord came through her
 that "those who took reason for their guide" in this
 world rose in the next "with all the marks of their
 original, shining with a vivid light above the others,
 and continuing to animate the happy mortals who
 hold intimate converse with the Gods."

If, then, born of the spirit, are like the wind, blow-
 ing whither it listeth, it would appear that the upward
 and onward current from the Trophonian Cave, was a
 fuller, clearer volume than that, sighing like a fur-
 nace, from the modern Bellows, and striving to re-
 kindle the dying embers of the past, instead of begin-
 ning a more healthy ventilation by a fan that would
 thoroughly purge the floor. In not that more truly the
 oracle of God which points to highest reason as the
 over-living guide, than that which would find the word
 of God in galvanised excrescences and fossil remains?
 Our retrograde Unitarians, who are seeking to weld
 their Unitarian deism to the ritual growth of narrow
 wrought, undeveloped ages, will find their Jordan a
 fabulous one to travel. Not even the compound blow-
 pipe of many Bellows will suffice to make the union
 complete; but rents, and fissures along the way, will
 continually burst out and consume them in such efflu-
 vials of strange fire to the purer flame of heaven. The
 one, teaching us the way of life according to the high-
 est revelations of all nature, the other, smelting us
 between the lids of a book, and the exoteric relics of
 a circumscribed, religious unfolding. The one would
 have the higher light, the other, ignorance as the
 mother of darkness. The one would visit with the
 aim from heaven, the other with the blast from hell.
 Ignorance in its darkness has pronounced a book the
 infallible road to the Jordan, though sure to dump
 into the Dead Sea or wilderness those who travel it
 only by the permitted light of a priest-caste, and the
 indulgence of a submerged majority. When the soul
 is so infirm that it must be stayed by dead formulas,
 the day of its damnation is at hand. It sinks, not to
 rise again, till ready to be girt in fuller freedom of
 flowing light—in fuller liberty to seek and to grow in
 knowledge all its surroundings. To have the ligaments,
 strong muscles of the soul, there must needs be cul-
 tivation and training for their development, correspon-
 dent to healthy development of body; for only thus
 is it that we can have health and strength in all
 the faculties of the soul—in all its intellectual, moral,
 spiritual, and affectional nature. In all we rise in
 such growth, is so much salvation to the soul—is so
 much accumulated for the kingdom of heaven. But if
 we compress the soul within the lids of a book—put
 upon it ritual restraints and corsets, we enfeeble it,
 and prepare it for the loss of its life—for tares and weeds
 of rank luxuriance soon choke and cast it in the shades
 below. The Trophonian Oracle uttered the law of un-
 folding when she assigned to highest heavenly light
 those who sought, in reason's scope of irrepressible
 upward growth, to surmount all darkness and live
 nobly free.

C. B. P.

EDWIN H. CHAPIN
 AT BROADWAY CHURCH, NEW YORK,
 Sunday Morning, March 23, 1860.
 REPORTED FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT BY JOHN ANDERSON.

Text—Hallowed be thy name.—Lxxii. 1.

I take these words as the ground of my discourse this
 morning, not only to illustrate the intrinsic purpose
 which this special petition involves, but to show the
 intimate connection between this petition and the truth
 which it professes to be the basis of. What I desire first of all to impress upon you is the
 fact that the words which constitute the text are re-
 lated closely with those which immediately precede
 them, not only in verbal position, but in essence, as
 natural elements of one great and complete thought.
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I used not to tell you how different such a conception
 of the Supreme Being is from the ungodly notions of
 the human soul, which, feeling that God if he truly
 is, is not a being, but a power, and that the only
 thing which he does is to give life to the human soul,
 and in fact seems to sit lightly upon
 the universe itself, in which God seems to have no
 connection with the universe which he made; and on
 the other hand, the superstitious conception, the dark,
 fearful conception of God, which the soul is so
 bound down and utterly overwhelmed. But a God to
 love, to adore, to reverence, to trust—such is the God
 which Christianity presents to us; thus touching the
 deepest springs and balancing the moral forces of our
 nature, and thus presenting to us the most beautiful
 elements of affection and will, as it teaches us to
 say, "Our Father who art in heaven; hallowed be thy
 name."

Let me urge this point a little further, even at the
 expense of repetition of little. In our moral esti-
 mate of qualities, it may be doubted whether we can
 ever separate the two sentiments of love and reverence.
 Perhaps in certain human relations this is not the rule;
 but I think it becomes the rule in the relation of
 the human soul, and in fact seems to sit lightly upon
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irreverent; but it is often the man who is always for-
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THE MORALS OF BUSINESS.

In this present social arrangement of ours, all depends upon the moral. We use the word in its original sense. Unless life has meaning, it is not life; and, on the other hand, it is life only so far as it has meaning. On the bald rock of absolute truth rests every superstructure that stands to day; what is put together with the help of the ties and cross-beams, the girders, the brackets, the rafters, and the scaffolding of falsehood, however well they look to the eye, cannot and will not stand. Time will only show it to the deluded builders. Time is the final test, settling and unsettling everything.

To be allowed, to wear a long hood on one's shoulders, to see the "cutest way" and forthwith to follow it, is not always the shrewdest, the longest-headed, or the "cutest," by a long distance. Let it be borne in mind of every man, that he must either add to or take from the general stock of social integrity. Nobody need think he can himself cheat, and forbid the same practice to others. And so far as he does cheat, by so far he diminishes the general stock of truth, lowers the standard of honorable dealing, and vitiates the force of his own example.

This he cannot do, however, and not himself be a sufferer. It is not so plain as it ought to be, and might be, to some minds, we know; but no truth is more true than this, that falsehood hurts him the most who deliberately practices it. If I deceive another, the evil does not rest there; I have not got rid of it by telling it; it goes forth as my word, my representative, and stands for me wherever and to whom my action may be known. If not now, then by-and-by, its hollowness will betray itself; and they who make the discovery, will naturally come not merely to doubt me, but to try the practice of playing off similar tricks themselves against mine.

Thus mischief widens, like circles in the water. Thus virtue decays and dies out. Contagion blights the whole body of society at last. No one man can stand aside, and say that he may take from the general health and general virtue what another may not; it is permitted to take nothing from it; it is in his place only to add to it, to help on the process of accretion, and not to draw against it at all.

How much more a people or a society is strong, by so much must it be virtuous. In other words, all its published wealth, strength, greatness, beneficence, relies on its naked integrity. In all business transactions, there is something finer than the business; the thought refers back from the thing done to the thing signified. Our merchants could not stand a day without this constant, though silent, appeal to a nice spirit of truth and honor; impalpable, when one goes to talking about it, yet the only rock bottom on which all transactions rest. Between men of the higher order in mercantile life, a nod comes to mean a promise, and the promise stands till it has gone round the world. They do not require to lodge their conduct about with legal technicalities, and formalities that are meant for thieves and forgers; if such were indeed the case, commercial transactions of a large nature would not be carried out, because their effectiveness would be destroyed by the delay. But once let it be even suspected, among such a body of men—who are the ones, in fact, that unite the four quarters of the globe—that this one, or that, is disposed to flinch from the candid and direct requirements of truth, and from that moment he is shut in a pillory of helplessness and shame from which there is no hope of escape; and, all the time, too, perhaps not a word has been spoken.

It is not any less true because we never thought of it before; nothing is less true, or more true either, on that account; but it is a fact of universal significance, that as a single tube of water may balance the ocean, and keep itself firm, so the simple principle of integrity alone sustains the whole unwieldy and complicated structure of business and affairs. It is nothing but the morals of a thing that saves that thing, making it sweet and keeping it whole. To imagine a state of affairs in which business transactions are conducted without any reference at all to truth and honor, is to create something that neither does nor can exist. The man in the streets little thinks on what a slight and slender basis, to him, all this business system rests; but there is the basis, for all that, and the only basis—the less real for being intangible and unseen, or abstract and outside the limits of definition.

Suppose, for example, that nothing but the law had way, integrity being set aside altogether; how long would it be before all this fabric of wealth and exchange would fall down, carrying with it the whole system of society besides? Who supposes that we could get on as well as we all do together, without the help of some unseen, but well understood bond, that lifts our common acts and intents up to a common standard—a standard established on the immutable principle of truth and right? All this may sound to many ears as little more than an abstract assumption. Let the experiment for once be tried, however, of getting along without such an abstraction, and see how wretchedly it would succeed! For what we agree to call idealities, and sometimes even dreams and illusions, are but the pith and point of ever-enduring realities, without which, business, society, education, commerce one with another, labor of all kinds, would be soulless and dead. The human race could not live long thus; it lives to inspirations and ideas, or it dies. The very man who boasts the most of his practicality, forgets that telling words he thus employs for the impalpable abstractions that have always informed and controlled him.

finest energies, and great things wait vainly upon our feeble and faltering endeavor. It is because, in this place, we do not behold things as they are—because our perceptions need long and patient schooling; and, secondly, because we are not able to see objects in their right relations. This making up the state of life is a highly important piece of business. All depends on the estimate we place on this object or the other, one, what class of motives we allow precedence and rule to our action, and how skillfully we are able to combine our aims and plans. In this sense, we make or mar all for our own selves. It is truly astonishing, and fairly makes a person of sympathy and sensibility tremble, to think in what a headlong manner the million plunge along through life, and stumble out at the gate that opens to the setting sun! No plans, no views, no arrangement of motives or aims, but all one grand medley and confusion worse confounded! It is not life, and such a result as genuine discipline can in no way be got out of it.

And the largest waste of individual force occurs in consequence of this very headlong ignorance. Thus, too, our main point receives illustration—that men waste themselves by seeking to deceive and defraud others. It costs a much larger expenditure of force and genuine power, to look after a lie, when it has been once started on its errand, than it would to set forth on any possible effects of telling the simple truth. In honesty, but all the more expressive phrase, "it costs more than it comes to;" that is, the expense of the efforts necessary to tell and take care of a falsehood, whether direct or implied, is far greater than the final results would begin to warrant.

The Patagonians have a superstition, which has its foundation in universal nature, too, that the valor of every foe they vanquish enters into their own hearts, making them all the stronger and more courageous for every encounter. It is an excellent notion, considered even sagaciously; but as a point of morals, it has incontestable evidence of truth. When a man overcomes the first temptation, he has become so much the stronger to vanquish the second, when it appears; its strength having challenged his strength, and been found inferior, by as much as he exerted his spiritual energies to obtain a victory, by so much is he more vigorous and strong. This is a case of daily and hourly illustration in the life and experience of every man. If he resists with success to-day, he will resist with all the more ease to-morrow. What he gains by a trial of his individual strength, is his own forever. And this is the good that obstacles, and trials, and temptations work in our lives; we should be puny and weak without them; our souls would never acquire that vigor which is the surest token of high health and the broadest promise of enduring happiness.

If this be true positively, it is true negatively also. If virtue thus accumulates, so that its actual accretions become visible to the introverted vision, we may as readily know how it may be kept from diminution and decay. And this brings us round to our point once more; all untruth on our part, by word, deed, look, or even silence, is to that extent our moral debt; we cannot live, if we practice it, except as a decayed tree lives, shooting out a meagre tuft of green at its crown, or only an occasional sprout among the dead branches, but nowhere hanging up clusters of ripening fruits. If this be life, it is not the life a man with an awakened soul aspires to.

It is idle to suppose that the observance of any formalities and ceremonies, whether social, sectarian, paritan, or even benevolent, can cover up untruth. It will not be so concealed. It looks out at the eyes. It blabs with the lips. It publishes itself and its meanness with every act and word. It may not be attended for with seventh-day observances of the moral forms, however sacred in their associations or respectable. It is bought up with no bribes, whether of gifts or factory. If here the man has taken his position, here must he stand; all the forces of his own nature, of universal nature, extending to the very stars and planets that still go unnamed, compel him to keep the place he has chosen. He is in pillory, where all the world of men and angels may see him. No matter what, or how loudly, he professes—nothing in his speech out but himself, and that has a voice of a hundred tongues.

If, therefore, a community is held together by men whose truth and integrity is capable of taking on as many forms as wreaths of mist or smoke, of what sort shall that same community be? If the eye be evil, then the whole soul must be filled with darkness. If our leading men—the men from whom others draw their worldly inspiration as from reservoirs set here and there for that purpose—are in a condition of decay, how long will it be before the whole social structure in as worthless and heartless as spruce-wood, mere tinsel to feed the first chance conflagration? It is so plain in the abstract; it is so hard to realize in the concrete. We may all of us see and know what is pure and true, but we are so apt to forget when temptation comes and takes us by the hand. The great problem of life is, how to reduce ideas to practice; and, let it be confessed in all lowliness and humility, the best of us succeed in doing little more than making mixed work of it indeed. Yet the great principles abide; the background is as fixed as it ever was, and against it, as a foil, our deeds show off to their own credit or demerit. It is easy to advise; nothing is cheaper than fluent counsel; but the bow is not all so easy as obvious to one as to another;—we must all see our own way with the eyes set in our own heads. But nothing will bring us peace at last, in all the variety of affairs in this life, but perfect and thorough truthfulness, and souls cleansed of the mists of such foul birds as deceit and false intent. If we succeed in business by untruth of any kind, we may be quite as sure that we do not get on, but will find the obstacles at some other day, if not now.

The Man of Europe.

"Time works wonders," sure enough! Who would have dared predict, not many years ago, that the lone prisoner of Ham, the exile and outcast, the alienated dreamer, rivalling even the immortal William the Third of England, would so soon make a mark on the politics of the European continent which the whole family of powers would be so prompt to acknowledge? Who would have laughed contemptuously in his face, if he had been told that this solitary individual dreamed of one day carrying out the high purposes of his imperial uncle—the man who at one time virtually had all Europe at his feet? But the dreamer held on his way, and cherished the hopes that were swelling and ripening in his heart. He heeded no scoffs of those who could not see what he saw, and were not waiting for and expecting what filled his own vision. And so he kept on, never doubting, never despairing, but all the time subjected to a discipline from external circumstances such as falls to the lot of few men living. And to-day he is the Emperor of the leading nation on the continent of Europe; and his policy is that which dictates ideas to all the other cabinets.

We do not pretend to deny that Louis Napoleon is a selfish man, or a thoroughly ambitious one; he has proved the contrary for himself, in too many ways already. But that he has been fitted to become an instrument, and a most powerful one, too, in the hands of a Providence that overrules the destinies of nations, is what we are but too ready to believe. His high career, from infancy up, speaks in this single fact. He is doing for the people of Europe to-day—no matter whether impelled by selfish and purely personal motives or not—what no other ruler or statesman is thinking of doing; and thus he is leading off in the work of revolution. It may be that the times of Henry VIII of England are to be repeated in his reign, so far as the temporal claims of Pope Pius are concerned, and thus a larger liberty of thought will be secured to the millions of Catholic believers, not only in France but throughout Europe. Italy must become a nation, and so may Hungary. The peoples will learn to estimate and understand their own power, and in this way best qualify themselves for self freedom. Considered in any light, the stir in thought that has been excited by Louis Napoleon, cannot fail to lead in the end to a thorough and radical reformation.

Our Mailing Machine.

The new apparatus which has been recently set up in this establishment for the more easy, exact and rapid mailing of the Banner or Light to its army of subscribers, deserves more than a passing notice, and would amply repay one for the time spent in examining its facile operation. Why so simple a thing had not been invented before, is the only remaining wonder. By its aid we are now enabled to get off our bags of papers for subscribers with much greater readiness than ever before, fearful of no mistakes in copying post-office addresses from our mailing books, and always certain of keeping things well before us.

The machine is styled, "R. W. and D. Davis' Patent Newspaper Directing and Type-Cutting Machine," and was patented on the 6th of Sept., 1859. What it does is simply this: it prints the name or address of each subscriber directly upon the paper, or wrapper, as fast as the same can be handled, and without any liability to misname or make mistakes. Accompanying each machine is a type-cutter, capable of being worked by any one, the object of which is to cut the address of subscribers on separate blocks; and this can be done as rapidly as the letters could be set up separately by regular compositors. The blocks come already prepared for lettering, costing only from one dollar to one dollar and a half per thousand; whereas their equivalent in metal type costs from fifteen to thirty-five dollars per thousand addresses. The mailing apparatus is worked with a treadle, and the blocks, which are glued to endless revolving bands, or straps, are allowed to make their impressions, each in its turn. When one of these belts has performed its whole round of service, another one, similarly provided with names, is fitted into its place and made to perform the same sort of duty. The belts are all arranged systematically in light boxes, so that they can be got hold of without confusion or delay of any sort. There is no danger whatever of this machine's getting out of order, for its very simplicity makes that impossible. It takes up scarcely any room, is worked with the greatest ease, and when brought into general use in the thousand mailing offices in the United States, will make the mailing system one of the easiest and most certain departments connected with every establishment. We would not part with the one we use, if we could not get another, at any price.

Fishy, but very Pretty.

A contemporary can't seem to stand it any longer. He is evidently tired of waiting for Spring. So he seeks to hurry it along by sending such a pretty piece of pastoral writing as is this:—"About this time the trout break out in bright scarlet spots—or rather their dull red spots brighten into scarlet—unconsciously indicating thereby that they are in season," and fit to be eaten. Acute anglers, who understand the life-synecdoche of the fish to a dot, are not slow to take advantage of the intimation. They are already troubling with their lines the waters of the Long Island ponds, and of the trout brooks of Pennsylvania. But trout is cold work in March, and somewhat unproductive; except now and then, when a June day is inter-poled into this month of ages. As yet, the trout are inert and torpid. In those northern latitudes they do not thoroughly wake up until the middle of May. Then, if the weather is favorable, they commence taking air baths, turning flip-flops from the surface of the water, in a graceful and hilarious manner. Flies are their weakness, and taking advantage of it, the angler feathers his hook with an entomological fabrication, and obtains the "shiners" under false pretences. It is a "fishers of men," very similar to that practiced by those "fishers of men" who are sent to Sing Sing for playing their tricks on two-legged godfathers. Rather mean, though, (is it not?) for a being "infused in faculties," to pride himself on bumping a trout."

The New Bonnets.

Everything going deserves attention, in its place; and so the new style of bonnets. We must say we like them. For the first time in, we would not undertake to say how many years, the top of the head is covered up, or nearly enough so, at any rate, to call it covering. The bonnet comes forward to the forehead, lying flat and fitting somewhat closely, though allowing space for trimmings underneath; at the sides it spreads out flaringly, and there the usual assortment of flowers and fruits may be hung up to dry. Now then, let the younger ladies bid adieu to neuralgic pains and hair grown prematurely grey; the cold steel will no longer have the pleasure of raising direct upon their heads, or the wintry winds of trying to tear their hair out by the roots; there is some hope of longer lives for them, and happier. For one, we welcome this return to common sense in matters of dress and adornment as one of the promising signs of the times, and congratulate our thousands of friends among the fair sex on the recently projected change. The gray-headed ones, many of them not yet twenty-five, may regard the new style in an spirit of wise sorrow, and admit that experience does cost something, after all.

Proceeding.

If we are to believe the "religious papers" hereabouts, the Episcopalian would appear to be doing an excellent business in the line of winning over converts to their views of church polity and church government. The recent visit of Prof. F. D. Huntington, late of Harvard University, over to the Episcopal benches, coupled with that of Rev. Mr. Coolidge, last year, has naturally excited more or less comment in sectarian circles; it is unmistakably stimulating men to review their religious creeds and professions all over again, to see if they may not have committed some error at the outset in making up their minds and taking their position. So far as all this is made a matter strictly of conscience, it is well; but if new claims are put forth for the infallibility of the Episcopal, or any other church in this country, it is time that the case of Pope Joanna be called up again, and the actual cause of the quarrel between Henry the Eighth and Pope Clement VII. be looked over. But if it be agreed that one man—be he king or peasant, Henry or John Wesley—may establish a church after his own views, why, then, we have nothing further to say; no man's conscience is cramped, and the field is wide open for all.

Prize Fighting.

The approaching prize fight in England, between Heenan and Sayers, is one of those disgusting affairs that—not singularly, at all, considering the modes of our popular education—is just now exciting very general talk and discussion. It is even pretended that a low personal conflict of muscular strength and endurance like this, is to be elevated into the character of a worthy contest between the English and American nations. To such a pitch of impudence do these "muscle" fellows carry their estimates of their own importance, when once they become the topic of conversation in circles styling themselves refined. We do not care, of course, which worries the other out of breath and strength in the coming fray, for we think they ought both to be trounced and shut up for a month's calm reflection. We believe in the necessity and beauty of physical development; but when undertaken for such low ends as this, we have neither respect for nor patience with the exhibition. If people would care to know the character of the parties who thus entertain each by the week in these contests, let them look for their "villainously low forecasts." In the very next picture of them furnished by the illustrated papers.

A New Medium.

An exchange informs us that the boarders at the Everett House, New York, are in a state of wondering excitement over sanby manifestations reported to have occurred in the family of Horace Greeley. One of his children, a girl of twelve years of age, has recently been developed as a medium. Several times, of late, her mother has left her alone in a room apparently inaccessible from without, and, on returning, has found either a beautiful bouquet on the table, or a canary bird fluttering around the room—both supposed to have been brought there by spirit hands. Evidently, it is impossible to keep this little within bounds; it will overflow everywhere. But possibly the able and ostentatious editor of the Tribune will (if permitted) explain a little more to the satisfaction of his half million readers. We shall read the revelation with the intensest relish.

Unhappy Menace.

It is as difficult a matter to say which side is up, in Mexico, and which is down, as it is to tell on which side the coin will fall, while it is still slipping in the air. Our own government, the Justice party; but Miramon seemed to get the better of those fellows not a great while ago, and went so far as to lay siege to Vera Cruz. At this point, it was arranged for him in Havana that certain vessels should make their appearance off the coast, under the Mexican flag; the plan might have worked very well, for all that we know, had not our commodore, who was cruising in the Gulf, put his foot into it and so to it, by capturing these Miramon vessels! The Spaniards are much incensed about it, and so it was decided the French were, too; but what they are going to do about it, is not just so plain. The President of the United States has lent his countenance to the proceedings of the American commodore, and our minister, Mr. McLane, has returned to Vera Cruz in a government vessel, with the largest latitude to assert our rights in every place, and at the last extremity.

A Taste of Politics.

With the lapse of a little more than two weeks now, the political canvassing for the approaching Summer Fall will have begun. The sitting of the Charleston Convention opens the business. Next follows the Convention at Baltimore; then the one at Chicago; and how many others, or in what places assembled, it is beyond our power to say. A keen contest is predicted on all sides, this season, and we see no good reason now to question the truth of such predictions; but the whole story can be told better afterwards. We are quite certain, however, that all angry passions will be appraised to, ambitious motives will be brought into plain selfishness will work a large work of its own, and the social tumult will be almost universal. Where the body politic rests, as with us, upon the will of the people, it is safe to suppose that that will must create general excitement in the enlightenment, and social making up. Who is to be the next President? that is just the point. Of one thing only are we certain; it is to be neither ourselves, nor anybody now known to be related to us.

Miss Hoyt's Seances.

We find our afternoon circles are so fully attended, that we shall be obliged in future to occupy the entire floor, a part of which has, up to the present time, been used by Miss Ade. L. Hoyt for private seances. This being the case, Miss Hoyt has changed her hours for private sittings, which are now held from nine A. M. to two P. M.

This being necessary, and finding that it is impossible to confine herself so many hours in the day, and give her evening circles which seem to be demanded at this time, Miss Hoyt has, in her charges and requests, made an advertisement. The evening circles will be continued, and the price of admittance remains the same, which gives favorable opportunities to those who desire to investigate, whose means are limited.

The Crimes and Miller Discussion.

In consequence of pressing engagement of a professional character at the Legislature, now in session in this city, our reporter, Mr. Pomroy, has been unable to transcribe his notes of this discussion as rapidly as we desired, and we are unable to fix an earlier date than TUESDAY, APRIL 10th for the issue of the above book. It will be an octavo of 200 pages, and we are very particular that the report shall be correct in every statement, representing fully and truly both of the disputants, we have been obliged to wait for the reporter to revise his manuscript, which, under other circumstances, where a lesser point of perfection would have answered all purposes, would have been unnecessary. Price for 50 copies and over, 10 cents per copy. Single copies 25 cents, mailed free of postage.

Our Paper.

Every number of the BANNER OF LIGHT contains in the aggregate 271,600 ems of printed matter. This, we venture to say, is far more composition than any other weekly paper of its size can boast of in the United States. And this is nothing to what we intend to accomplish whenever our patronage warrants us in extending the folds of our BANNER. Our friends there, everywhere, must put their shoulders to the wheel, to increase our already extensive circulation. And in return we will give them the cheapest and best paper ever issued from the American press.

Metedeos Returns.

Miss Fannie Davis will lecture in the Franco state, in the Metedeos, on Sunday, April 8th, 1860, at 2 1/2 and 7 3/4 o'clock, P. M.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

BROOKFIELD STREET CONFERENCE.

Wednesday Evening, March 29th.

QUESTION—Do good spirits influence us; and what do we know of their influence?

HENRY C. WRIGHT.—I believe that in all ages and nations of the world it has been an admitted doctrine that disembodied spirits do influence those in the body. The question for discussion takes for granted that we, as spirits, live after the death of the body; so that is not debatable—the only issue is: have we the power to communicate? Now it has been the belief of all Christendom, that there are two kinds of spirits, good and bad, and that both have an influence over mortals;—but especially the bad ones. In Christendom, that bad spirit is called the Devil, and the good spirit God. These two elements represented in the Christian theology as two antagonistic powers, struggling for the mastery over the human soul. Milton has vividly painted it in "Paradise Lost." God is represented as the good being, trying to win us to his side; and the Devil is trying to reduce us by wiles and deceptions. It has seemed to be a belief with many theologians that good spirits do not influence us, but we are given up to the lead of evil spirits—to Satan.

Now my own observations lead me to believe that we are continually under the influence of good spirits, who are always laboring to make us better. When they were transferred to another state of existence, they remained in communion with the spirit left behind them. It is a false and hurtful idea that the soul goes away and is cut off from all communication with those left behind. It has long been a cardinal point in my religion that spirits, when they get out of the body, will know what is going on here as well as ever, and will take a deeper interest in us, when they are able to see through our clay disguise all our surroundings, than before, when their view was limited. Good spirits know what we are doing, and have power to influence us in the right way—to impel us in the right direction. Whenever I err by thought or deed, I feel myself surrounded by good spirits, tugging at my heart to lead it in the right way. When I allow myself to get awitched off the great trunk railway of life—and there are innumerable switches—I feel for a time there is no relief to my spirit, that it is "like the troubled sea when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt." This feeling is owing to the power and influence of good spirits over us.

When we are able to understand the causes and effects of things, I believe we shall all of us find ourselves unable to explain our emotions in any other way than through good and evil spirits. I never can account for them except by impression from the disembodied souls. No human being was ever so utterly abandoned, but what good spirits held the reins of his soul. I don't believe in the cold, heartless, Calvinistic doctrine, that it is possible for a man to "sin away the day." It would lessen our respect for the just God, if we claim that a sin against the Holy Ghost which cannot be forgiven. But then there is no forgiveness in the power of God; we have got to expiate all our misdeeds, ourselves.

We, in the body, are just as necessary to the spirits, as they are to us, and the influence is perfectly reciprocal. The two conditions are bound together by a sympathy the most close and intimate.

I know of no better test of good and evil spirits, than that recommended by Jesus of Nazareth: "By their fruits ye shall know them." We should not doubt that good spirits do influence us. I don't believe God does anything, or allows anything to be done, which is not good. Just in proportion as we have the spirit of goodness in us, we are influenced by good angels; but that influence depends on conditions. I have told people by their looks, years ago, and I thought if they had heads like mine they were pretty good; but now I find the best way to measure people is by their hearts.

Mediums should never lose sight of this fact. Piousness giving up of self to all manner of spirits, is destructive of morals and purity. Set in judgment on them all. Any influence which teaches us to cultivate evil passions and despise humanity, I know to be bad; but an influence which makes me respect men, and women, and little children; which makes me love God in human beings, instead of houses, books, and speculative creeds, I know is good, always, and never evil.

I believe my soul is born with the God-element in it, though it may be covered with rubbish and totally obscured. For an illustration: suppose I was born with a diamond in my keeping, but around that diamond was two inches thick of rubbish. Dr. Q.—has another diamond with four inches of rubbish around it; Dr. E.—has six inches; another has eight inches; another ten; another twenty. The diamond is still in each man's keeping; are we to quarrel and censure each other for the rubbish around our diamonds? Are you to be envious of me because I have not got so much rubbish as you? and am I to look down on you with airs of self-righteousness, because you have got more than I? It shows no sign of goodness for me to find fault with you. How came the rubbish there? Ah! this question has got to be answered; and when it is answered, there will be a terrible squaring! And it would seem as if men and women would not dare become parents—especially those who believe in endless damnation—so great, so eternal is the responsibility they assume.

Dr. Von Vleck.—The condition of every man—and I use the term in its general sense—depends upon his relation with the rest of creation. A state of good feeling in man is only induced by his being in a proper relation or communication with other existences. Whenever we feel unhappy, we may be so improperly disposed with reference to some men or things, and therefore that they are improperly disposed with reference to us. Thus good spirits must necessarily be in constant communication with mortals. I do not admit the existence of bad spirits; but with those who we esteem especially good, we are all more or less ultimately related, and therefore subject to their influence. All of us have "pulses of feeling" for the expression of which, no words are adequate; but we have no emotions that may not be, or are not, communicated to those who are in sympathy with us. Through a physical medium, any vanguard spirit can represent himself to be a dear friend, and perhaps make us believe it, &c. If we rely upon such means of communication; but those spirits who make us feel their presence without any physical manifestation, are certainly our friends, for it is by means of the law of sympathy that they are able to influence us. We need not look outside of ourselves for evidence of spirit-intercourse; and this direct and internal evidence every man must have before he is satisfied. So-called spirit manifestations, through the various public mediums in the country, are a mockery, if not delusive. They entitle no yearning souls. They are a pander to folly. No physical medium is necessary in order that there be a communion between spirits on the earth, and the inhabitants of another world. Between our spirit friends and us, there can be no material intervention. It is folly to suppose they can communicate with us through another person. If they cannot commune with us directly, it would be strange that other mortals were accessible to our spirit friends when we are not. This claim to special gift, power, or state of mediumship, is a pretence only. It may be that certain mortals may feel the influence of their spirit friends, when we cannot feel or realize an influence from ours; but that they can feel an influence from our spirit friends, when we cannot, is absurd.

I think the profession of mediumship should be discouraged, for its tendency is to degrade instead of elevate those who are in it, and whose attention is directed to it. It involves deception, positive falsehood, and leads to numerous perversions. I know of several professed spirit mediums in this city, and many in other places, who are downright liars and swindlers, and I can prove them to be such, and will do so as soon as a good opportunity offers. I do not wish, however, to be understood as denouncing all who claim to be mediums. I deem mediumship, as a profession, unnecessary, and liable to base perversions.

Dr. P. B. RANDOLPH.—I am of the opinion that true Spiritualism is the holiest, purest, best instrumentality, our Eternal Father has, in this world, vouchsafed to his children. There seems to be a misunderstanding in the public mind respecting the part played by spirits, good and evil, in the great drama of life below the spheres. Many persons attribute all their good and evil deeds to the agency of spirits. This is wrong. We are men and women, and as such act on ourselves, and incur certain responsibilities. Our joys are our own—so are our pains and woes. We are men, as well as mediums; and that philosophy which regards us as automatons, or machines to be played on altogether by spirits, is slightly at fault.

There is no certain and unmistakable proof of the influence of good spirits upon us—the check-rein idea. When our perverted instincts lead us astray; when we are tempted by our appetites and propensities to violate a moral law, or to act contrary to the true principles of self-conservation, and are suddenly checked in the world manifestation, without a mental process on our part, we may rest perfectly assured that our course has been observed by some loving son or daughter, father, brother or sister, dwelling beyond the veil, and that the sudden checking is an effort on their part to restrain, reclaim, and set us right before God, themselves, and our own conscience.

I don't agree with friend Wright on the baby question; but I have no desire to quarrel with individual expounds of ideas that differ from my own. In criticizing the words of others, I mean no personality whatever. There is no time to quarrel with men—only in their capacity of philosophers and thinkers, do I arraign any man before the bar of a virtuous public sentiment; and all I say in opposition to views of others, must be accepted in this light only. Doubtless we are to a great degree endowed with the power of choice. Let him choose right. The sweet and silent I regard as the best manifestation of our departed friends.

There is a great amount of twaddle to-day that passes current for spiritual philosophy; and, though it succeeds at present, yet by-and-by the truth as it really exists will be made apparent. The forces of the nether land are at work, preparing the way for a better time coming, when true Spiritualism will be understood and practically carried out. I feel that though things look dark at present, yet it will "all right in the spring" of the coming time. Let us stop the discussion of side issues, and give our attention to the great central truths, all men and women for themselves. Then we shall be walking temples, and the heart will be the residence of the eternal spirit of goodness and benevolence. I prefer the soul of Spiritualism to its body, its religion to its science, and its consoling influence to its splendid scientific and philosophic reborn—which are all well so far as they go; but the kernel in the great nut is the one thing needful for you and me, our neighbor, and the human race.

Mr. THOMAS.—The question is not as regards the ranks of mediums; but the experience of many will lead them to say that even the communication of lying spirits through mediums has been of value to them. In all the created world, I find nothing evil. If we claim that evil does exist, we make God out a liar. Every man for himself must be qualified to answer the question, whether good spirits do communicate. Some minds can only be reached through the manifestations of grosser forms. Thousands are enraptured by a moving table, when all the poetry and beauty of the spirit-world could not influence. They must be approached through the external. Only "by their fruits" can you test the communion of spirits.

Mr. THAYER.—It seems strange to me that any one who believes in the existence of God, can for a moment doubt that good spirits do influence us. I don't believe God does anything, or allows anything to be done, which is not good. Just in proportion as we have the spirit of goodness in us, we are influenced by good angels; but that influence depends on conditions. I have told people by their looks, years ago, and I thought if they had heads like mine they were pretty good; but now I find the best way to measure people is by their hearts.

Dr. GARDNER.—I agree with Mr. Von Vleck, that all jugglery, trickery and deception should be exposed, and I will go as far as he will to expose them when I find them. If he knows what he says to be true, I hope he will put the public on their guard. But I am sorry he has made such a wholesale denunciation of mediums and mediumship. I have had as much experience as most men in this matter, since the first manifestations of Spiritualism in this country, but, as yet, I have not had the fortune, or misfortune, to know that a vast majority of mediums are deceivers. As a general thing, I have found mediums to be truthful and responsible. I have seen phases of mediumship which would lay the mediums open, perhaps, to such a charge, while they were wholly free from any such intent. If you go into the investigation with lies in your heart, you should expect lies in return. You draw such an atmosphere to you. I don't believe Mr. Von Vleck, Mr. Dyer, or any other man, not a medium, can perform the ballot test as Miss Hoyt does it. You may initiate it by shrewdness; so can I, when "conditions are right;" but I challenge you to do it as she does.

It has been said that mediumship is detrimental to purity of morals. I have had much experience, in employing male and female trance speakers for the Boston spiritual meetings, for a number of years, and have been brought in contact with all kinds of mediums, and challenge you to find a class of persons in any circle of society so chaste and honest as they. Dr. CHASE.—Yes, good spirits do influence us. Does not the spirit of Christ influence humanity now—and has it not had a powerful influence on the actions of millions ever since his glorious advent? Millions of millions of men and women answer, yes. It is the spirit of Christ that influences humanity, not his flesh and blood; not gilded temples; not forms and ceremonies; not material organizations and ordinances; not pretence and worldly distinction. In Christ is there not a palpable influence of a good spirit? Do we know nothing of the influence of Christ's spirit? There is not one of us who feels not the power of his universal love and the vastness of his unseen, mighty spirit.

Did not good angels influence Christ—and did he not say that he could call a legion of angels to his aid? Did not the angels of Christ influence John the Divine? The record of good men answers, yes. Did not Christ suffer agony in the garden of Gethsemane? And think you that it could be anything less than the influence of good spirits acting in wisdom that produced this suffering? Did not the devil tempt Christ, and was this temptation anything short of the immediate influence of the angels of God acting for a purpose of wisdom? The deepest consciousness of our religious being answers, no. Though influences of darkness, of evil, as we say, beget and largely influence Christ when he was on earth, yet we cannot conclude that every spiritual influence in the life of Christ was immediately under the direction of the angels of God.

There is not a prisoner in our State prisons whose spirit and spirit guardians do not have an influence upon us. There is not a rebel of earth whose spirit is not woven with ours into the electric web of human sympathy. And is this, think you, without a purpose in the plan of creation? Is there anything in the purpose of God's creation that is not good? And is there any influence coming from God, who is spirit, to our spirits that is not borne to us by his messengers who are also spirits? There is no influence that moves on, save the influence of the unseen spirit, and there is no spirit that is not a messenger of God; an agent acting in time and place to fulfill the purposes of God's creation. Then is there an influence acting upon us that is not the influence of good spirits? No, for then the darkest deeds of our earthly lives, and the fondest sufferings that we are forced to endure, are dealt out to us in wisdom by angel hands for good. Christ met death; Christ had sufferings. We meet death, we have sufferings; but there have been and there are bands of love and goodness in this work. It is all to me the positive, positive influence of good spirits.

Mr. DODGE.—Willis I have been taking the BANNER OF LIGHT, I have been interested in the reports of this Conference; but that interest has grown intense since I find subjects discussed and grounds taken counter to our own consciences. I cannot appreciate the idea that our darkest deeds are the doings of good spirits, for our advancement and development,

The Messenger.

Each message in this department of the BANNER was drawn...

We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth-life...

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits...

Answering of Letters.—As one medium went in no way...

Visitors Admitted.—Our sittings are free to anyone who...

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED. The communications given by the following spirits...

Saturday, March 17.—Annie's files and ceremonies of churches...

Friday, March 23.—What does modern Spiritualism mean...

Thursday, March 22.—Nathaniel Norton, Taunton; Levi...

Wednesday, March 21.—Nathaniel Norton, Taunton; Levi...

Tuesday, March 20.—John P. W. Johnson, New York;...

Monday, March 19.—John P. W. Johnson, New York;...

Sunday, March 18.—John P. W. Johnson, New York;...

Saturday, March 17.—John P. W. Johnson, New York;...

Friday, March 16.—John P. W. Johnson, New York;...

Thursday, March 15.—John P. W. Johnson, New York;...

Wednesday, March 14.—John P. W. Johnson, New York;...

Tuesday, March 13.—John P. W. Johnson, New York;...

Monday, March 12.—John P. W. Johnson, New York;...

Sunday, March 11.—John P. W. Johnson, New York;...

Saturday, March 10.—John P. W. Johnson, New York;...

Friday, March 9.—John P. W. Johnson, New York;...

Thursday, March 8.—John P. W. Johnson, New York;...

Wednesday, March 7.—John P. W. Johnson, New York;...

Tuesday, March 6.—John P. W. Johnson, New York;...

Monday, March 5.—John P. W. Johnson, New York;...

Sunday, March 4.—John P. W. Johnson, New York;...

Saturday, March 3.—John P. W. Johnson, New York;...

Friday, March 2.—John P. W. Johnson, New York;...

Thursday, March 1.—John P. W. Johnson, New York;...

that pointed out by the globe-board, but the straight...

Our questioner is not bound to believe us, unless there...

Our questioner imagines he stands upon a platform...

I lived to be eighty three years old. I studied the...

I know there are a good many new inventions, and...

I have seen a good deal since I've been here. I have...

I find a good many things that I have changed in...

We are disposed ever to stand upon a platform of...

The Jesus of eighteen hundred years ago, could he...

Then my blood stood still; and the same feeling came...

My name was William H. Bancroft. I died in Boston...

I understand that my son knows something about these...

I was a little sorry about something that I did to my...

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Many have been my trials with him. I have watched...

When that companion wandered to a strange land...

I am here this afternoon rather unexpectedly. I was...

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everything in nature is capable of answering prayer...

Our questioner has not a household lying low...

My son has, as I am informed, taken up his father's...

The spirit who writes was born in the town of Danvers...

Thomas Knox. My dear brother, why do you not recognize...

Lydia A. Hartwell. Mother, dear mother, when the doors of the celestial...

Thoughts. Suggested by the passing away from earth of Mrs. M. M. M.

Through all earthly scenes removed. Her spirit still with those whom she loved.

Where none of her were—where none of her were—where none of her were.

From her abode she looketh down. Waiting for us to share the crown.

When we shall no more stream shall cross. Then we shall know 'tis no loss.

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lived in Boston when she died. Had she, after she had...

Now, contemplating—as that was the train of thought...

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Lydia A. Hartwell. Mother, dear mother, when the doors of the celestial...

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