

HEAVEN IS GAINED BY ACTION.

BY J. BOWMAN, JR.

Almighty God, who sitt'st above
Thy ministration of sin and woe,
Whose scepter is unending love—
Ours, Ours, Ours, Ours, Ours, Ours!

Oh, Father, send thy quickening love
Into my heart, thy truths to show;
Oh! teach my soul thy ways to tread,
Thy wisdom o'er my pathway shed!

Deep seeks my heart Thy truths to learn
My shackled spirit strives in vain
To pierce the darkness. Dost thou spurn
The soul that Wisdom's paths would gain?

It cannot be! The lights which burn
Within the heart this truth proclaim:
By action, mortal, thou shalt know
The source from whence thy blessings flow.

Creed-fetter'd mortals serve a God
They ne'er with reason can maintain;
His attributes are of the sod,
And such are they who him proclaim!

Deep in the heart thou dwellest, O God;
I hear thy voice in rearing main
Thy temples are the mountains high,
Thy sermons mirrored in the sky!

What, oh, my God! I must be my aim—
What must the seeking spirit do
The realms of happiness to gain,
And ways of righteousness pursue?

Must bend the knee in pompous men?
Must swell the air our wallings rue?
Will chanting creeds at man's behest,
Win for the soul eternal rest?

Lo! from the spheres those truthful words
From cheering seraphs fill my heart:
Behold! 'tis a flight of soulless birds—
Is on, and upward! Man, departing

From idle tales! Those sound words
Are useless fables! Far apart
From such the Truthful Fountain flows
Where Light and Love eternal glow!

"In Nature's laws thou eye will find
Eternal Action was the day,
Nor all the powers of Earth can bind
Its fetters on this truthful say!

Who would be rich, himself must find
The gems which hidden from him lay,
Delve deep for Truth—base metal spurn—
Men learn to live; live thou—TO LEARN!

The cloud that shuns the laughing eye
Corrodes on the heart may dwell;
A frown may greet the pensive brow,
Though glad the heart as marriage bell.

So Truth lies slumbering 'neath the sky,
Though Falchold a fair tale may tell;
And reason leads her onward way,
Though mankind doth deaf ear bestow.

Let love to man thy bosom thrill—
In wisdom, then, thou servest me!
Let noble ends thy actions fill,
Press onward, then! Then unto thee
Will angels lead their throngs. Will
Base insinuation set thee free!

From Error's slough? Thou knowest well
Insinuation tells her death-knell!
As Heaven is far removed from Earth—
As Bliss is far removed from War,
Is found that fount; 'tis Timeless nor Death
Shall clog its water's ceaseless flow!

Knowest thou the mighty, priceless word
Which the Pure Fountain can bestow?
Press onward, then! From earth on free,
Thy upward flight shall gain its free!

St. Albans, N. Y., 1890.

Original Essays.

IMMORTALITY.

BY REV. ROBERT HARRIS.

"For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."—3 Cor. v. 1.

At a comparatively early period of man's existence upon earth, it is reasonable to suppose that he turned his attention to the body God had given him; and that he asked himself whence came it? that he reflected on the moral and intellectual powers bestowed upon him; that observing the physical form was subject to death, he inquired respecting the origin of the thinking and reasoning principle he had received; and that he commenced to reflect a little as to whether this principle ceased to exist at death, or continued to reason, judge, remember, will and hope, in a brighter and purer sphere of being than the present—that is to say, a celestial.

God, when he made man, either made him an immortal being, or he did not. If he made him an immortal being, then we may presume that he gave him such intimations of it in all ages, countries and climates, as was necessary to secure his peace, quiet his fears, animate his hopes, and establish his belief in its existence. We say so, because we conceive that this information, if required, a good and holy God would not withhold from the children whom he had created in his own similitude.

Can we conceive of an earthly father, who had some communication of vital importance to make to his child, allowing that child to die in ignorance thereof, he having had power and opportunity to make it known? And, can we conceive of the great and infinite Father, who pervades all existence, fills all space, is present everywhere and knows all things, having the knowledge of man's immortality in store, and yet allowing him to follow his father or mother, sister, brother, wife, child, or friend, in sorrow to the grave, without any knowledge of a hereafter, without any hope of a future day of an union, when death's portals had been passed through—without, in short, knowing more than the beasts of the field? From the earth in all probability I came, and thither in all probability I shall go; No; not thus can we think of God, our Heavenly Father.

In what manner he may have made the doctrine of our immortality known, we cannot pretend to say in detail; nor, indeed, is that all essential for us now to know. Sufficient for us is it to believe that God possessed the power and knew the best means by which to reveal it. "Enoch," we are informed, "walked with God, and he was not; for God took him," or, as it is in the New Testament, "Enoch was translated that he should not see death; and he was not found, because God had translated him; for before his translation he had this testimony that he pleased God." Elijah said unto Elisha, "Ask what I shall do for thee, before I be taken away from thee." And Elisha said, "I pray thee, let a double portion of thy spirit be upon me." And he said, "Thou hast asked a hard thing; nevertheless, if thou see me when I am taken from thee, it shall be so unto thee; but if not, it shall not be so." And it came to pass as they still went on, and talked, that behold, there appeared a chariot of fire, and horses of fire, and parted them both asunder; and Elijah he went up by a whirlwind into heaven. Jacob, on his way to Haran, slept, having only the stones of the place for his pillow, and during his sleep he dreamed, or had a vision, of a ladder set up on the earth and the top of it reached to heaven, and behold, the angels of God ascending and descending on it." And after six days," we find it recorded, "Jesus taketh Peter, James, and John his brother, and bringeth

them up into a high mountain apart, and was transfigured before them; and his face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was as white as the light. And, behold, there appeared unto them Moses and Elias talking with him." It is not expellable for his doubtless to glory," says Paul, "I will come to witness and revelations of the Lord. I know a man in Christ about fourteen years ago, (whether in the body I cannot tell; or whether out of the body I cannot tell—God knoweth;) such an one caught up to the third heaven. And I know such a man who saw how that he was caught up into paradise, and heard unspeakable words which it is not lawful for a man to utter." At his conversion to Christianity, as "he came near to Damascus, suddenly there shined round about him a light from heaven, and he fell to the earth, and heard a voice saying unto him, 'Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?' And he said, 'Who art thou, Lord?' And the Lord said, 'I am Jesus, whom thou persecutest.'" We learn, also, from the same apostle, in his first epistle to the Corinthians, that he "delivered unto them first of all that which he himself had received, that Christ died, was buried, rose again the third day, was seen of Cephas, then of the twelve. After that he was seen of James, then of the apostles, and last of all—he was seen of me, (Paul,) also."

Now, in these passages we conceive that there is evidence given of man's immortality. True, a man's being removed suddenly into the celestial land and never appearing afterwards, would be no proof of his continued existence in that land. Had we been eyewitnesses to the fact of his removal or translation, then we should have felt competent to testify to that fact, and no more. We might have conjectured that he continued to live, but then this would only have been conjecture—not proof—not evidence of the prolonged existence of his spiritual nature. When, however, one of the human family has passed from life to death, as regards the body, and has returned again to converse with spirits in the body on earth, as Moses and Elias did with Christ when they appeared unto Peter, James, and John, and their Master, at the time of his transfiguration—is not this fact conclusive on the point, that the spirits of men who have departed this life, still live, and that the soul of man is immortal?

Subsequently to the event just related, Christ was put to death; but, as he returned again and appeared unto his apostles and above five hundred brethren at once, did he not furnish the strongest and most convincing evidence which we can conceive possible, of his own immortality, and of the sublime and glorious doctrine he taught in these consolatory and sorrow dispelling words of his to his disciples prior to his death? "Let not your hearts be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions. If it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go to prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also."

We will now proceed, in the first place, to consider the Apostle's knowledge of immortality; "For we know." And here it may be observed that the Apostle does not say, "For we believe;" no, but "For we know;" thus testifying that he did not believe that man was immortal, but that he actually knew he was immortal. And how much more satisfactory is it to know that the soul of man is an undying principle, than to believe it is so, or to hope that, at the dissolution of the body by death, it will still continue to exist? Surely natural knowledge is better than belief; as much so, we think, as the knowledge that a drop of grain is good, is better than the entertained belief that it will be good. The one is certainly, the other, contingency—the one really, the other an impression that there will be a reality.

In the physical sciences, man does not rest satisfied with believing that so and so is the case, or that so and so will be the case; but asks for facts. He interrogates nature's works, as it were, to elicit their reply to such and such inquiries. He says to the rocks, "What teach ye?" to the fossils, "Whence did you come, and how originate?" to the vegetable kingdom, "How beautiful, useful and varied are ye, and what facts have ye in readiness for me to look and divulge to the world?" and to the animal kingdom, "Are ye not divided into several classes and orders? Is there not great variety amongst you? are not many instructive lessons to be learned from you?"

In reference to these works of the Almighty Creator, the scientific mind is not satisfied with the vague hearsay, or the wavering belief, or the faith of somebody about them; but must have facts for the basis of its knowledge; evidence—not rumor; truth—not fiction. In the high and holy concerns of eternity, however, to ask for evidence or demonstration, similar to that furnished to the Apostles and the early Christians, and to ones greater than any of these by general acknowledgment, viz. Christ, is now considered by many followers of the Prince of Peace, if not an act of impiety, at least a thing not to be entertained for a moment, as if it were an impossibility, if not a sinful act of conduct, for spirits to return to the earth and supply their relations and friends, still in the tenements of mortality, with ocular demonstration of their continued existence. They conceive, it may be presumed, that it is better for them to believe on the assertions of others, who had evidence given themselves, than to ask for such evidence in their own case; to be satisfied with an unsettled belief, or faint hope, rather than have absolute knowledge. How can they reconcile the conduct of the Deity, according to their way of thinking, in giving man scientific knowledge based on facts, with that of his Creator in giving them many hints, intimations, and assertions, of an eternal existence after death, at the same time withholding from them all evidence or proof of this existence? He do not, however, believe that God has withheld this evidence, but, on the contrary, that all who wish to obtain it may now, as in the days of Christ and the Apostles, find it, and be able to say with Paul, and with many others of our own day and generation—"For we know." "Seek and ye shall find," says Jesus, and so say we.

In the second place, we will now proceed to consider the words of the Apostle respecting the body and its dissolution at death: "That if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved." And here we may remark that by tabernacle is meant the human body, which resembles a tent, or temporary habitation, in which the immortal spirit dwells on earth. Inasmuch as this earthly dwelling, or house, is the soul of man, which, to himself and to all other men is, strictly speaking, invisible; but in this rudimentary state of our being, it is absolutely necessary for an abode, and for fulfilling the part of a medium, through which it brings itself into communication with men, and with the animal kingdom, and nature in general, when necessary or inclined. This house, or dwelling, lasts but about three score years and ten, and in countless cases not near so long as this, its longest period of existence in general; indeed, of those who only live for a few hours, days or months, on earth, how vast the number that every year go to join the innumerable and immortal assemblies of the spirit land? Beautiful, indeed, the dwelling is; with unerring wisdom contrived, and with consummate skill constructed; but how true respecting its temporary earthly continuance are the words: "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." "Man that is born of a woman is of few days and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and he endureth but for a shadow, and continueth not." Such, then, being the brief earthly duration of the dwelling of man's immortal spirit, how important is it for him to know that when the body is cast off, its inhabitant will never die, but, on the contrary, be ever animate, ever vigorous, ever young, ever learning, ever teaching, ever progressing in knowledge, in wisdom, and in love, throughout the revolving cycles of eternity! How important, too, to take due notice of the life or conduct that, at the death or change of this dwelling, the spirit may be fitted to join the "innumerable company of angels, the general assembly and church of the first-born, and the spirits of just men being made perfect," and not to wait before doing so, till "the silver cord is loosed, or the golden bowl broken, or the pitcher broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern;" for "then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit unto God who gave it."

In the third place, we will direct our thoughts to the dwelling given to man at death, as alluded to by the Apostle: "We have a building of God, an house not made with hands." By the building here is meant, we conceive, the spiritual body, which man has when the fleshy body has been left behind decomposing in the grave. Paul teaches us that "it is sown a natural body and raised a spiritual body;" that we shall see face to face, and know even as we are known." The Scriptures do not, that we recollect, give any minute description of this body, unless it be to inform us that "a spirit is not flesh and bones;" but as Christ appeared after his death to his disciples, and was recognized by them as their master who had been crucified, we have good reason, we apprehend, for believing that his spiritual body resembled his earthly—that, in fact, it was the man Jesus they saw; otherwise how could they have identified him? And hence we reason that, in form, the spiritual body at death resembles the corporeal, but is free from the imperfections or injuries it sustained during its earthly and introductory state of existence. Clairvoyants describe the spiritual as resembling the corporeal body; as being, in fact, the body of a man, but more refined, glorious, and beautiful than at present. And let it not be thought a thing incredible, that persons exist who can discern spirits. The gift existed in the day of the Apostles, as well as many other gifts, and they exist still, ignorance, superstition, and erroneous views of religion, may have done much to produce a living skepticism. When many believed what they saw and knew to be facts, many weak and unreflecting minds may have believed tales and legends as true, which never had a real existence. Too much was thus believed. The period in man's history was what we may call the credulous or believing one, which was followed by the skeptical or unbelieving period, in which the frontal brain became largely developed, in which the reasoning faculties were cultivated, and their latent power educated. With the vast accumulation of fiction heaped together during the believing period, the important truths that had been communicated were incrustated, or heedlessly swept away during the period of incredulity immediately succeeding. The unbelieving period is evidently a reversion of the former, or believing one; and so far as it goes, that many almost doubt whether there be anything true in religion. The wave, however, of infidelity is now beginning to recede, and men's minds are gradually reverting to the truth, which has long been obscured, and the want of which has been deeply felt and sincerely deplored. Either extreme it is evident is wrong and injurious. To believe without evidence, what stores of error may thus be heaped together, dimming the lustre of truth, if not totally obscuring it for generations, and thus producing incalculable detriment and misery to countless numbers of men! To disbelieve, on the other hand, without previous investigation and indisputable evidence for doing so, to sweep away indiscriminately what and what truth and error, what injury and loss is here again produced to succeeding generations of men! Who can say which of these is the worse?

Let us from these statements, then, learn to believe on evidence, and to disbelieve whenever evidence justifies it. To not differently, would seem to be choosing a course detrimental to ourselves and our race. The pioneers of truth, whether religious or scientific, have, we admit, in all ages of the world, met with opposition, persecution and contempt; but let all such take courage and be of good cheer, for notwithstanding, its evolution still continues, and nothing can permanently stop, though it may temporarily retard, its onward, progressive march.

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In the fourth place, let us consider the eternal duration of this spiritual body—"eternal in the heavens." It has not been designed by the Almighty to continue merely for a brief period in a fleshy dwelling on earth, but it is to exist forever in heaven. Being a part of the divine being himself, which is individualized in man's corporeal form, we cannot, therefore, conceive of any period in which it may be truly said that its existence has terminated. No; how could we? A part of the Deity to cease to be? Why, such a thing is impossible! If a portion of him could be brought to non-existence, then why might not the whole of him? The Deity, however, being eternal—that is, without beginning or end—man's soul, being part of him, must also be eternal, for otherwise eternal existence could not be predicated of the Creator of all worlds, and the loving Father and unceasing benefactor of all mankind. What a thought, then, is it to know that the soul of man is eternal! How replete with cheering and elevating truth! How immense the development of its powers will be, the word eternal teaches! Who can form an adequate idea of it? Let us attempt it, and we shall find it is just as impossible as to comprehend the Almighty unto perfection.

On earth, the soul of man is in process of development till death, and then it is introduced to the spirit-land, the angels' home, where it goes on eternally to improve. The work of men must not be conceived to end with the body. A mission here each individual doubtless has, but when admitted to the number of the angelic hosts in the celestial country, they have still to continue the work of spiritual progression commenced below. They must not entertain the opinion that all employment shall have then terminated, that perfect happiness shall have commenced its reign, that, in short, they have attained to absolute perfection, requiring no more effort for advancement, no more eager desire for knowledge, no more holy aspiration after wisdom and goodness, and no more ardent yearnings after justice and benevolence. No; they should bear ever in mind that a continuous and harmonious development of all the powers of the soul, is the end to be aimed at—in fact, the established law of the Creator which no indifference, no distinction, no perverseness, can subvert or destroy.

It must not, however, be supposed that the new dispensation weakens men's belief in the divine revelations of a remote antiquity; on the contrary, it strengthens and confirms it, making what they did not before receive or understand appear, as it is, frequently, full of truth and beauty, and designed for the promotion of man's true welfare in time and highest happiness in eternity. To the bereaved it says: "Sorrow no more; your relative is not dead, but alive—not lost, but gone before;" and furnishes evidence confirmatory of the truth of these words, while to all it gives encouragement, the strongest and the best, to cultivate and develop the God-like nature which God has given them—in a word, to progress ever onward, ever upward, ever onward. It removes the fear of death; for why fear the death of the body, when it is known that his inmate will be an eternal inhabitant of the celestial land? Accidents often occur, removing men from the present sphere of existence; disease is always at work, cutting down its thousands and millions; war is at intervals sending vast numbers of our race in the prime and vigor of life on to their eternal home, and there may be other causes that send large portions of the human family prematurely from this theatre of thought and action; but much as such causes are to be deplored, and much as we could wish to see them obliterated and removed—though that is hardly to be expected in the present-developed state of society; yet it is something to know, nay, is it not a pearl of priceless value to know—that of all who are cruelly or suddenly hurried out of time into eternity, not a soul is lost—that they all still live—that man, or the works of man, or fire, or water, or lightning, or portions of the earth's structure may crush to death, mangle or destroy the earthly house he dwells in; but that all these, even if they could be combined, are entirely powerless against the soul as instruments of destruction, it being truly a spiritual and eternal body, which no material substance, no physical power, no vivid lightning, and no terrestrial thing whatever has power to annihilate or destroy.

In conclusion, let us not fear to search for truth—to search for the evidence of our immortality; for assuredly when once we have obtained it, and can say with the Apostle: "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens;" then shall we feel free indeed—free from a chilling unbeliever—free from an appalling view of death—free from a gloomy and depressing despondency—free from a heart-rending sorrow—yes, and free from the enervating and degrading tendencies of ignorance, misery and sin.

It is not, then, of incalculable importance for us to know that we have such a glorious destiny before us—that we are not merely to be human beings on earth, but that we are to be angels in heaven? This man may not in every age of our race have known; but if they have not, the fault, we conceive, has been their own. It has been always ready for them, but they have not always been ready and willing to receive it. Their credulity led to infidelity, and infidelity closed its eyes to the truth: "Seeing, they saw not; and hearing, they did not understand." Still, the period has again come when men have been found fit and ready for its reception, and millions have received it, so that at this day it is a fact that the inhabitants of heaven can, as in the days of Christ and his apostles, and in other periods in the history of our race, hold communion with the inhabitants of earth—the Spiritual Telegraph, though not a new invention, being the greatest wonder and the grandest achievement of the age in which we live. It is the desideratum so long required and so much needed, come at last. And truly its arrival was much to be desired in an age like the present, in which man's reasoning faculties are largely developed, in which infidelity is so prevalent, and in which some potent remedy is required to lead man to truth, peace and contentment.

It must not, however, be supposed that the new dispensation weakens men's belief in the divine revelations of a remote antiquity; on the contrary, it strengthens and confirms it, making what they did not before receive or understand appear, as it is, frequently, full of truth and beauty, and designed for the promotion of man's true welfare in time and highest happiness in eternity. To the bereaved it says: "Sorrow no more; your relative is not dead, but alive—not lost, but gone before;" and furnishes evidence confirmatory of the truth of these words, while to all it gives encouragement, the strongest and the best, to cultivate and develop the God-like nature which God has given them—in a word, to progress ever onward, ever upward, ever onward. It removes the fear of death; for why fear the death of the body, when it is known that his inmate will be an eternal inhabitant of the celestial land? Accidents often occur, removing men from the present sphere of existence; disease is always at work, cutting down its thousands and millions; war is at intervals sending vast numbers of our race in the prime and vigor of life on to their eternal home, and there may be other causes that send large portions of the human family prematurely from this theatre of thought and action; but much as such causes are to be deplored, and much as we could wish to see them obliterated and removed—though that is hardly to be expected in the present-developed state of society; yet it is something to know, nay, is it not a pearl of priceless value to know—that of all who are cruelly or suddenly hurried out of time into eternity, not a soul is lost—that they all still live—that man, or the works of man, or fire, or water, or lightning, or portions of the earth's structure may crush to death, mangle or destroy the earthly house he dwells in; but that all these, even if they could be combined, are entirely powerless against the soul as instruments of destruction, it being truly a spiritual and eternal body, which no material substance, no physical power, no vivid lightning, and no terrestrial thing whatever has power to annihilate or destroy.

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ANCIENT GLIMPSES OF THE SPIRIT LAND.

NUMBER EIGHTEEN.

Jesus is reported to have said that "every scribble instructed into the kingdom of heaven is as the man bringing forth of his treasures things new and old." This is what we are trying to do as a scribe instructed into the kingdom of heaven. Our work is to bring forth things old and new from the treasury of the Lord—from the Gentile as well as the Jew. It appears to us, as to Mrs. Child, that the Hebrew and Christian Hierarchies have not dealt justly and beneficently with the various Spiritualities outside their own folds, but the rather that the clergy and church have compassed their Lord within very narrow dimensions, and have sought to maintain and perpetuate a sordid pecuniary interest and pharisaic surroundings by a deadly proscription of further unfoldings. Even "Liberal Christianity," while reading some of the ancient swaddling clothes, finds a pecuniary and social interest in sowing new cloth to the old on such wise as to make the rest worse; for, after discovering the nakedness of old Jewry, it is attempted to conceal it by a cloudy film of ritual tomfoolery. An oblique Judaism, plucked in a salt that has lost its savor, as if taken from Lot's wife, is also served in the Sunday schools of "Liberal Christianity" as proper food for babes and sucklings; while its higher literature lets all slide through the capacious strainer of the Tubizen school, leaving only the very strong meat to such stomachs as can cope therewith. But the dyspeptics, and the fossils who forever wish to confine themselves to the ancient bread, are alarmed at the pungent qualities of the Tubizen hash, and the double phase of "Liberal Christianity" finds an apt significance in the psalmody of Mother Goose, wherein it is sung that

"Jack Sprag could not do fat,
His wife could not eat lean—
So, 'twixt them both, they cleared the coast,
And jacked the platter clean."

Dr. Bellows is particularly alarmed at the emptiness of the Biblical platter as presented by way of Tubizen, and has sounded long and loud to the lovers of old grub to set their teeth hard on the same as "the sovereignest thing in all the world for an inward brace." It would appear to foresee that any loosening of the grasp would result in the downward sliding of the clergy, and hence fastens upon the old platter as the most detectable of dishes; and is not partial to the one swept, garrulous and lickered clean by the German critics. He would seem rather to dwell in close communion with the consecrated pent-house of an ignorant and credulous past, than to come into more beautiful relations with a fan that would thoroughly purge the floor, and to tread the daylight that would disperse the old credulity, and show the Bible as its true worth in the natural order of spiritual unfolding. He would defend the ignorance that pronounces the Bible the Word of God, and will not recall its words at the expense of an imbecile vanity of a foregone conclusion. For contra, the Harvard Professor, Dr. Noyes, is for letting much of the Bible slide as worthless as authority, and as unworthy of the age to be called in any exclusive sense the Word of God. English and German evangelicals are mar-

member, I know; but that signifies nothing in your case. You are a good girl, Jean, and I wish you would make up your mind to stay here in the castle."

As he spoke thus flatteringly, he reached out his hand as if to take hold of her and draw her to him; but Jean was as immovable as a rock.

"I never could stay here at all, without I might see Gertrude all the while," was her ready answer.

"And that I told you not to speak of."

She was instantly dumb. Not another syllable would she pronounce in the presence of the Lord of Rescued, so long as he forbade her speaking of one she loved as much as she did Gertrude.

CHAPTER VII. A FRIGHTFUL PERIL.

Bernard had been apprised of every syllable that passed between Jean and his master, and pursued his lips and shook his head with a new but silent resolution.

"What shall we do, Bernard?" poor Jean could not but ask of him.

"Do something," he replied, almost sullenly.

She looked at him with surprise; for in all her acquaintance with him, she had never known him to wear such an expression on his face as that.

"What? What do you mean, Bernard?" persisted the puzzled girl.

"Oh, something. Wait and see. But, Jean, never tell to anybody else what you know, will you? 'Twill do any good for folks to find out how Gertrude's father treats her. So keep it all to yourself, child."

And she faithfully promised she would.

Very soon afterwards, Bernard began to communicate his plans to Gertrude, when he went up to hand her her meals. He was not allowed to remain long enough at any one time to convey his whole project to her, so he was forced to do it piecemeal. But Gertrude was not long in comprehending him.

Her imprisonment was weary in the extreme to her. The apartment in which her unfeeling and inhuman father had shut her up was at the extreme corner of one of the towers, and the highest one among them all. The ascent to it was by devious stairs of massive stone, hidden in the darkest possible stairways, up which it was necessary for a person literally to grope his way. The moisture sometimes sweated out upon the stone walls, so little air was there in circulation there. The walls, too, were heavy and thick, so that the sharpest sounds could scarce penetrate them.

The room in which Gertrude was doomed—she knew not for how long a time—to pass her hours, was low and confined, so that it had the effect, of itself considered, to depress her spirits. Whereas she had been all buoyancy and ardor, but a few days ago, now her heart had completely sunk down within her, and a cast of deep melancholy had come down upon her face like a cloud. Day by day, and hour by hour, she paced her limited floor, counting the moments by the pulsations of her own poor heart, or vainly dreaming of the bliss that lay in liberty, or trying to wonder when her weary and hard confinement would cease. She felt the iron cruelty of her parent, but that she always knew to be his characteristic from childhood. But she could not divine the strong and deep-laid impulse that drove him to so wicked a deed as this of shutting up his only child in solitary confinement, and leaving her to live, or die, as she might.

The sun scarcely lay in her little room at all. The loop hole of a window which was the only aperture through which she received light, was so narrow and so deep that the sunlight could only fall upon one or the other side of the casement. But she could stand up at the stone sill of this window, lead her arms upon its chilling floor, and gaze out into the blue depths of the sky, or down into the torrent of the turbid Rind beneath. And in that place she was wont to indulge in her saddest of all solitary musings.

"Oh," thought she to herself, again and again, "if I could only get out! By the stairs it is impossible; and by the window—"

She shuddered and drew back, as the mere thought flashed across her.

"Still, it is wrong for me to be here. If I could only get down below once more, and present myself direct to my father, and tell him what a child I am, and what I ever mean to be—would it not soften his cruelty perhaps? Would he not possibly look upon me in a different light, and take me to his heart more like a daughter?"

She shook her head at such a thought, feeling its utter impossibility.

And suddenly the tears began to well up into her eyes, and to flow down her cheeks.

That was the saddest of all sights to be imagined. In a cage of stone was immured this innocent singing bird, and all the music was being rapidly crushed out of her heart.

Bernard came again.

"Missus," said he in a whisper, "I have a way to save you?"

"Oh, what, Bernard? As you love your mistress, pray tell me what it is!"

"Sh—sh! You must not be too impatient," said he. "Let us begin at the beginning, and go but a step at a time."

"Well, well, Bernard; now I will be still; now tell me."

begun seriously to consider of it. It gave her a great deal of thought till the time came round for Bernard to make his next appearance.

"Alas!" he exclaimed, on seeing her this time, "It is just as I feared; mistress Gertrude. Your father has taken greater precautions than before, and now it will be quite impossible for you to escape by the way I pointed out to you."

Her countenance sank to an expression of deep melancholy.

Nothing more passed on this occasion. But as night intervened between this and the next appearance of the faithful servant, Gertrude had improved the space in formulating certain plans of her own. Ignorant how long she might be immured within these cheerless walls, whereon no human face was permitted to reflect its melancholy smiles but her own, it had occurred to her that it were far better for her to spend her activity and strength in some worthy effort to achieve her freedom, than to lie down and waste it all in the bitter repinings that flow out of such a sorrowful lot. So she now had a project of her own to advance, which she did promptly.

"Bernard," said she, the moment he presented himself at the door, "I have something to tell you."

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1890.

Herry, Colby & Co., Publishers.

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THE WORLD AROUND US.

No new evidences are needed to satisfy all observing persons that the present condition of the popular mind is far in advance of any point to which it has attained in the past. True, it is easy enough to make vaunting boasts on this score, and the practice is as common as it is easy; but where you see so much smoke there is apt to be at least some fire. The tokens everywhere abound, that no age has surpassed the present one for its free spirit of inquiry, its general openness to the reception of truth in all its forms, its increasing spirit of liberality, its growth of charitableness in the entertainments of opinions, and its general hospitality toward views of all sorts and of all manner of men. And it is for this that so many of us exchange congratulations, overlooking what still remains as undesirable, because we all believe it transient and perishable, while the good will stand forever.

Those who have been long predilecting and impatiently awaiting a general upheaval of public sentiment, nor would confess themselves satisfied unless they could behold chaos everywhere around them, may experience some slight pang of disappointment that their united hopes and prophecies have not been literally fulfilled, and are not, indeed, likely to be; confounding the external manifestation, in their eager haste for the enjoyment of their beam's desire, with the inward and deeper experience, which oftentimes works unseen and almost unknown, and finally breaks out into open being as the sun beams over the landscape in the early morning. This is the state of things in the world of today. There is not near as much excited discussion as there was. Convulsion has come in and taken its place. There is an almost settled determination in the popular mind, silent as it is, to have better forms, and a truer spirit in the future, and thus allow the dead old forms to stifle themselves off without any need of violent interference with the beautiful processes of nature.

One thing makes itself manifest, in considering the progress already made by liberal ideas; the dead past has ceased to wield the potency of its spell over the minds of men. No Calvin, no Harry the Eighth, no Knox, or Luther, or Pope, on any plain—thank God!—bind the minds that have now become free. Limited as freedom may be, in point of extent, it is nevertheless large compared with tendency. All the secret lies in that—tendency. The human mind must go either forward or backward; it never stands still—that is contrary to the law of organization. And if it has but gone upon the right track, its progress is certain and rapid.

What, therefore, is the picture that presents itself to us to-day? Of a world freshly awakened, as out of the slumber of centuries; of new activity in all departments of thought, and so of life; of novel inventions and discoveries, that both lead on and back up this wonderful activity in human thought and emotion; of ideal hopes and theories of the advancement of the race, such as could not have found a lodgment in the brain or heart of man in the past; of brave words and works for the truth, and for humanity; and, above all, of shining examples on behalf of truth and principle—may, on behalf of the very ideals whose practical realization is, after all, the general hope and prayer. This is all actuality; there is no more in it and of it than we may see every day, if we will but look for it. There is scarcely a man or woman of ordinary intelligence in our midst, but adds his or her prayer, security, and even unconsciously it may be, for the speedy and sure realization of what the few openly hope and labor to bring to pass. So truly are all hearts united in this revolutionary service. It needs not noise or loud profession to help it on, for there are no its aids, nor are they its surest heralds; but the silence that sometimes seems to brood over the field is the surest token that the work going on is not the less thorough because no drum and trumpet calls to it the public eye and ear.

The newspaper performs a large share of work in reforming of public sentiment, and the illustration of public advancement; and the publications of the liberal press generally—books, reviews, tracts, polemical, &c., &c.—are not without their wide and deep influence also. The fact is, that all these things are at first but reflex of public sentiment and opinion; and finally they grow to be both its stimulus and its director. The press is already fast superseding the pulpit, and may come to take its place almost altogether. Without exciting any suspicion, where they are rung with such effect, more would be said about them. But we have the record of one distinguished modern writer, who says as follows: "I heard a humorous balladist, a minstrel with wool on his head, and an ultra Ethiopian complexion, who performed a negro ballad that I confess I mistook these spectacles in the most unexpected manner. They have gazed at dozens of tragically dying on the stage, and exclaiming in appropriate blank verse, and I never wanted to wipe them. They have looked up, with deep respect he said, at many scores of clergymen in pulpits, without being dimmed; and he held a minstrel with a corked face and a banjo single and danced to the music which he sold the heart-thrilling with happy pith. Humor! humor! the minstrel of tears; who knows the way to the font of laughter, strikes in life and rugged places with his enchanting wand, and lifts the fountain gush with sparkling, who has refected myrtle more from his natural springs, than ever tragically has watered from her pompous old urn."

In political affairs, it requires no very keen eye to detect the promises of a benignant future in the chaos into which we are all precipitated. Radicals will gain ground, and so will Conservatives, too. In every direction is to be seen activity and motion. Old issues are left in the distance; and the new ones up so grandly, taking in so much larger views, points and ideas than ever before, that it would go against the record of all human experience to question the final establishment of an order of things such as the modern world has never before beheld. Europe is alive with these same ideas, to-day; Napoleon swept the deed when he sowed the continental field with sword and cannon-shot, sixty years and less ago; and now these same liberty-seeds are fast germinating, from which a harvest—not of fear, but of wide spread blessings—will very soon be secured.

Not only in politics, in the church, and in society, are the powerful influences of the new and larger methods of thinking felt, but in studies of all kinds known to the human family. In the pursuit of science, especially, this spirit is allowed the freest play. All its right exultations are respected, and, in the very act of repeating them, the mind is permitted to follow their logic to such limits and results as it naturally leads. Science, in fact, is the great regenerator of the world, contradicting and correcting old modes of thinking, overturning and demolishing old superstitions, and cutting the fetters of things with such clear and unmistakable lines that there is no denying or dodging them. Science is the most powerful preacher of this stirring age; it not only proclaims the truth, but it tells the whole truth, whether welcome or not. It plows deep with a sub-soil plow, and brings hidden things to the surface.

There is everything to encourage the spirit of the true reformer, in what one sees going on around him at this day. Perhaps the partisan may not fancy that matters are going fast enough for him, because, forsooth, he sees but narrowly and in the direction of his own private end; but all who put their faith in God, and trust implicitly to his promises and his inspiration, are quite satisfied that, in his own good time, He will bring all things that are possible to pass. The very atmosphere is filled with all these promises, tokens of whose rapid fulfillment abound on every hand. The hopes of the human family are in process of realization; but none must look for an external fulfillment, until the spirit of man shall have become completely renovated and reformed. The outward shows of improvement are not of so much worth, except as they certify beyond a question to what has been going on thoroughly and patiently within.

Robert Dale Owen's "Festivals." This work, ten thousand copies of the American edition of which were sold in the first six months, has just been re-printed in England by Messrs. Traber & Co., of Paternoster Row, London, in a handsome volume, post octavo, of 392 pages; the type somewhat larger than that of the original edition. It is published, with emendations and additions, under the supervision of the author; and there is prefixed to it the following

AUTHOR'S ADVERTISEMENT TO THE ENGLISH EDITION. "Six months, elapsed since the date of publication, permit an author to reconsider his work under the light of varied criticism, and to judge, in a measure, its effect on the public mind. Seeking to profit by such opportunity, and by the numerous private communications which have reached me, and are daily reaching me, in connection with the subject treated of in this volume, I find, so far, nothing but confirmation and encouragement. The reception of the work, both as regards the number of copies sold, and the extent and character of the notices it has called forth, has greatly exceeded even an author's anticipations.

I ascribe this gratifying result chiefly to the fact, that the classes of phenomena grouped together in the present volume are therein presented, not as beyond nature, but as in harmony with it; not as exceptions breaking in upon the uniformity of a great system, but as an integral and necessary portion of that system; not, in fact, as violating or transcending the general laws which we see regulating the universe, but as occurring in strict conformity with these laws; albeit with a portion of them—the ultra-mundane—which we have not been in the habit of studying, how implicitly soever they may be deserving of careful study. But forth as miracles, ultra-mundane phenomena are justly rejected as incredible—as inconsistent with the progress of our present knowledge, and as variously indicated as classes of natural occurrences—unexplained, indeed, but as surely embraced in the ordered economy of the world as the storm or the sunshine—the aspect of the question changes. The inquiry is no longer whether God, to meet a special emergency, suspends, from time to time, one or other of his laws, but only whether we have hitherto overlooked a portion of these laws; that portion which serves to connect the next phase of our existence with the present. To this mode of presenting the question, I believe my book to have been chiefly indebted for the prompt sale and the favorable reception with which it has met.

But there are the lesser rewards. Tokens of sympathy and of gratitude contain the greater. A mother, deprived of her favorite child, and refusing to be comforted because he was not, confesses that she has been indebted to these pages for healthy and hopeful views of death, renewed spirits, courage to labor and to wait. A skeptic, into whose hands the volume fell a few weeks before his decease, requests that, after he is gone, I may be furnished, that to this volume, and especially to his Chapter on the "Change of Death," he owed the consolation which had ever reached him, that there was a fairer and a better world toward which he was fast hastening.

These and other similar testimonials, the true ground of authorship, cause me to rejoice that an English publisher is about to re-issue my work. The edition has been revised by myself, and contains some emendations and additions. R. D. O. London, July, 1860.

The edition to which the above advertisement was prefixed, appeared only three or four days before the late accounts left England; but the indications were, that it would have a large circulation.

The Antismal Fair.

The several fairs held all over the country, may, as a whole, be taken as a sort of poetic tribute, unconsciously paid, perhaps, to the Genius of the Year; and a very fine presentation they might be called. The land is alive with gay and eager assemblages of people, who come together to talk of the interests of the one great and fundamental pursuit on which all of us depend—Agriculture. Without moralizing on these occasions, we may nevertheless venture to assert, that our people enjoy few gatherings through the entire round of the twelvemonth as heartily as these annual shows of cattle, and horses, and products. They smack of the soil, and of the habits of home. The full pens, all arranged in rows with their exhibitions within, are enough to make anybody wish himself a farmer in earnest and for life. We know of no better means of education for the people, with reference to the great interests of agriculture, than attendance on these annual fairs.

Inheritance.

Dr. Holmes says, in the course of his "Professor's Story," in the Atlantic Monthly:—"It is very easy to criticize other people's modes of dealing with their children. Outsiders observers see results; parents see processes. They notice the trivial movements and accents which betray the blood of this or that ancestor; they can detect the irrepressible movement of hereditary impulse in looks and acts which mean nothing to the common observer. To be a parent is almost to be a fatalist. This boy sits with legs crossed, just as his uncle used to whom he never saw; his grandfathers both died before he was born, but he has the movement of the eyebrows which we remember in one of them, and the gusty temper of the other. It is well that young persons cannot read these fatal oracles of Nature. Would our impulse be his highest wisdom, after all. We make our great jump, and then she takes the bandage off our eyes."

Theseus Parker. T. W. Higginson says of Mr. Parker, in an article to his memory in the Atlantic Monthly:—"He lived his life much as he walked the streets of Boston—not quite gracefully, nor yet staidly, but with quick, strong, solid step, with sagacious eyes wide open, and thrusting his broad shoulders a little forward, as if butting away the throng of evil deeds around him, and scattering whole atmospheres of unwholesome cloud. Wherever he went, there went a glance of deep vigilance, an unforgettable memory, a tongue that never faltered, and an arm that never quailed. Not primarily an administrator, nor yet a military mind, he yet exerted a positive control over the whole community around him, by sheer mental and moral strength. He moved down harvests of evil as in his youth he mowed the grass, and all his hours of study were but whetting the scythe. While he lived, it seemed a matter of course that the greatest requirements and the heartiest self-devotion should go together. Can we keep our strength without the tonic of his example? How petty it now seems to ask for any fine drawn exhibits of poet or seer in him who gave his life to the cause of the humblest! Life speaks the loudest."

Using Grand Words.

A writer in the Post has said about what we have thought of saying, this long time, on the subject of using "great long words instead of plain, direct, proper and homely ones. He says: "Big words are great favorites with people of small ideas and weak conceptions. They are sometimes employed by men of high intellect, when they wish to use language that may best express their thoughts. With few exceptions, however, illiterate and half educated persons use more 'big words' than persons of thorough education. It is a very common but very egregious mistake to suppose the long words are more dignified than short ones—just as the same sort of people imagine high colors and flashy figures improve the style of dress. These are the kind of folks who don't begin, but always commence. They don't live, but die. They don't go to bed, but mysteriously retire. They don't eat and drink, but 'extremely indisposed,' and instead of dying, at last, they 'decease.' The strength of the English language lies in the short words—chiefly monosyllables of Saxon derivation; and people who are in earnest seldom use any other. Love, hate, anger, grief, joy, express themselves in short words and direct sentences; while cunning, falsehood and affectation delight in what forces call 'verba ossequentialia'—words 'a foot and a half' long."

The Sunday Lectures.

The Regular Course of Lectures will commence in Allston Hall, Dorchester place, on Sunday, Oct. 7th. Miss Fanny Davis will lecture in the Trance State, at 2 45 and 7 15 o'clock, P. M. Admittance 10 cents.

Mrs. Chandler, of Roxbury, will speak in Somerville, in a trance state, Sunday, Oct. 7, at 8 and 7 o'clock, P. M.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

IS THERE A SPIRITUALISM?—Read the following from one of his sermons, and judge: "At times we have such a sense of the work of God in the soul, that we almost expect to see it. There are to the Christian's experience visions of heavenly things that seem like the 'light of the eye.' I do not think that as this world grows older we are brought nearer to that condition in which we realize the change that is going on within us. Nor do I doubt that many men from whom earthy feelings have become nearly burned out, and who have given themselves up almost exclusively to a Divine life, come so near to the eternal world that in places the veil is so thin that they seem enveloped in the heavenly brightness. When Christ had touched the eyes of the blind man once, he saw him as trees, walking; and when he had touched them twice, he saw clearly. Now, I think that touching the eyes of many once, at least, so that they see blessed objects in the celestial abode, half-formed or inverted, if not clearly."

"WATER FLOOD DO YOU PREFER?—A Nat for Bible Students to Crack; to which is added the Jewish Sphinx, by M. Duran." This is the title of a pamphlet from the press of A. J. Davis & Co., New York. Price six cents.

There is one noble trait observable in human nature all over the world. The man who has been unjustly injured excites the sympathy of his fellows, and nothing advances a cause so much as the prosecution of its supporters. The world cannot become wholly depraved while such is the disposition of mankind.

A dispatch, dated Turin, 15th, says that the Sarlatian General, Panl, entered Perugia after a hard fight. The fortress subsequently surrendered. A thousand prisoners were taken. The Sarlatian loss was light.

The pamphlet concerning "Physical Love in Health and Disease," will not be sold by agents. Those therefore who want this extraordinary little work, must send 25 cents, direct to the publishers, Clark & Co., 17 Bromfield street, Boston.

THE MECHANIC'S FAIR will close on Wednesday of this week. The attendance has been ten thousand per person per day.

AN INTELLIGENCE OFFICE FOR SALE.—The proprietor of an intelligence office, who is about removing from the city, will dispose of his establishment at a very low figure. It has been in operation seven years, and does a lucrative business. For further information apply at this office.

Mrs. H. M. Miller is to lecture at Conneaut, Ohio, Oct. 7th and Nov. 4th, 1890; Penn. Line, Lanesville, Lockport, in Pennsylvania, remainder of October.

A BREAK OF NATURE.—There is a dog at the Sallisbury Dog House, five months old, born with only two legs. He stands erect upon his feet like a human being, and is fed like a child. He is indeed a curiosity. Barnum should have him.

ODD-FELLOWRY.—The annual meeting of the Right Worlthy Grand Lodge of North America has just been held. From the reports it appears that there are 177,111 members of the order within the jurisdiction, and the disbursements for relief and charity for the year amount to \$160,570.47. The order is in a highly prosperous and growing condition.

Some of the German papers are very savage toward Garibaldi. "The Adventurer" is the mildest name they give him, and "pirate," "bandit," and "professional rebel," are much more common when they mention his name and deeds. In Italy, the papers call him "hero," "savior," and "archangel."

Red is becoming the dominant color with the Paris women; red feathers, red ribbons, red petticoats, red stockings, and so forth; and Eugenie patronizes it. The Emperor would probably not approve of Red Caps, for the same reason it is not to his taste, though it used to be "all the rage." Literally so, in Paris.

"Mother," said a little poet of four years, "listen to the windmaking music for the leaves to dance by." During the last war, a Quaker was on board an American ship, engaged in close combat with an enemy. He preserved his peace principles calmly, until he saw a stout Briton coming up the side of the vessel by a rope that hung overboard. Seizing a hatchet, the Quaker looked over the side of the ship, and remarked, "Friend, if thee wants that rope, thee may have it!" When, sitting the action to the words, he cut the rope, and down went the poor fellow to a watery grave.

GRIM-HEARTED WORDS, that look't with Levitic eyes On those poor fallen by too much faith in man, She that upon the freezing thresholds lies, Buried in more sinning by thy sacred ban— Seeking that refuge because foulest vice, More godlike than the virtue in, whose span Gains the more sinning by thy sacred ban— To enter Heaven than thus wilt thou be?—Lowell.

A lady, in reply to some guests that pressed the mutton on the table, said—"Oh, yes, my husband always buys the best; he is a great epicure." This reminds us of an old lady, who, in describing the sudden death of her husband, said, "he died in an *ostentatious* jump, and then she takes the bandage off our eyes."

ADDITIONS FROM THE DEPARTS OF NORTH AFRICA. On Wednesday of this week, Messrs. Cutting & Butler, the proprietors of the Aquarium Gardens, in Bromfield street, purpose to open their new rooms in Central court, Washington street, to be named "The Boston Aquarium and Zoological Gardens." In these new rooms, in addition to an immense number of new Zoological and Aquarial specimens, a novel and unprecedented attraction will be brought before the public, viz., five specimens of the aboriginal tribes of South Africa, comprising a Fingo, a Zulu, a Kuller, a Bushman and a Hottentot. This interesting group of savages have lately arrived in Boston on board the ship G. W. Anderson, Capt. Hall, having been selected by Capt. Dillingham, a gentleman who has had much experience in South Africa, and is familiar with the country, who was dispatched especially for the purpose by Messrs. Cutting & Butler.

The Journal of Health says the reason why children die is because they are not taken care of. From the day of their birth they are stuffed with food, choked with physic, dosed with water, suffocated in hot rooms, steamed in bed clothes. So much for in-door. When permitted to breathe a breath of air once a week in summer, and once or twice during the coldest months, only the negro is permitted to peer into day-light. A little later they are sent out with no clothes at all, as to the parts of the body which most need protection. Bare legs, bare arms, bare necks, girted middles, with an inverted umbrella to collect the air and chill the other parts of the body. To rear children thus for the slaughter-pen, and then lay it to the Lord, is too bad.

"Tommy, my son, what are you doing there with your feet dangling in the water?" "Trying to catch cold, ma, so that I can have some of those Sherman cough lozenges you gave me yesterday."

THE SPIRITS IN WASHINGTON CO.—An spiritual excitement in the "old days wonder" of the time in Barton, Wisconsin. Certain mysterious noises heard in the building, have broken up a school, and alarmed the community generally. From the Milwaukee Sentinel we learn that the strictest scrutiny and investigation have taken place by all sorts of people, and yet the agency of these manifestations remain undiscovered. The house has been thronged by the curious, and yet the rap, rump and bang enough to jar the very building, would continue, the doors open suddenly and shut again without any apparent agency, not even the faintest breath of wind—and other unaccountable things transpire.—Wisconsin Argus and Democrat.

The demand for the relief of suffering in Syria is unabated. Tens of thousands at Beyrout and in the Lebanon are without a home, and dependent for food and clothing upon the charity of others. The plea for these sufferers is one of humanity, which addresses itself to no sect or nation or class, nor to Christians alone, much less to Protestant Christians only, or to the friends of evangelical missions; it speaks to men and women of every sect and name and nation, and should be responded to freely, heartily by all. Before the winter sets in, let the judicious and responsible Committee at Beyrout have adequate supplies.

Official dispatches from Peru announce that the Peruvian government had made a proposition to our Minister for the settlement of all existing difficulties between the two governments.

It was said in the olden time that the body was more than the raiment; but now the raiment is often a great deal more than the body in value, and five times as much in circumference.

There is no remedy for time mispent, No hell for the waste of time mispent, Whose very labour is a punishment, Heavier than aught save hell or grace. Aubrey de Vere.

A British steamer has arrived at New Orleans with the remnant of Walker's men. Walker was shot on the 12th. Rodler is still a prisoner.

"Alas and a lack a day," is generally considered an expression of grief; a traveler in the East Indies says, however, that a lass and a lac a day "aint had to take."

Dolans Alvar, who recently absconded from Havana with a million and a quarter dollars belonging to the credit of Espanol, Madrid, landed recently from an open boat at Key West.

"Do you love me, Simon? I love you—ask the sun if it loves flowers—ask a cold if it loves a warm blanket! Love you I—show me the man who says I don't, and I'll call his head in with a distemper!"

DANCING WITH THE PRINCE.—It is rumored that, in order to silence all gossip, and settle the great question, "Who shall open the ball with the Prince?" the committee have properly awarded that much coveted honor to the oldest lady in the room!—N. Y. Evening Post.

Mrs. Moffatt, of Castleton, N. Y., once notorious as Roxina Townsend, the keeper of the house of ill-fame at Thomas street, New York, where Helen Jewett was murdered, nearly a quarter of a century since, died at Castleton, near Albany, on Saturday week. She has resided in that village for nearly twenty years, and was a very exemplary member of the Methodist church. She was a woman of active benevolence, and was foremost in every movement to ameliorate the condition of the poor.

OBSTACLES, ON TOOTHACHE MIXTURE.—Take of chloride of zinc, perchloride of iron, each, fifteen grains; alcohol, distilled water, each, sixty grains; muriate of morphine, one-third of a grain; of clove, fifteen grains; mix. A few drops of this solution applied to the cavity of a decayed tooth, first cleaned, instantly cures the most lively pain. Oil of clove alone is also an excellent remedy for toothache.

The rainbow of peace never rises on our hearts in all its beauty, till a storm has cleared the atmosphere. We are incapable of uninterrupted love, without coldness, quarrels, and reconciliation.

John Gardner, a deaf-mute at Hunterdon, N. J., and his two sons, were suffocated on Tuesday while repairing a still.

The Duke of Duras, observing Descartes seated on day at a luxurious table, cried out, "What do philosophers indulge in, dainties?" "Why not?" replied Descartes, "do you think that nature produced all of her good things for fools?"

Blot for the day is passing, And you lo! are dreaming on; The others have tucked their armor, And forth to fight have gone. A place in the ranks awaits you; Each man has some part to play. The Past and the Future are holding, In the hands of the stars today.

"Have you any domestic manufactures to report?" asked a certain member of the female board of the family rejoicing in the bloom of health. "Well, yes," said she, with something of embarrassment in her voice and countenance, "we have right, with a combined prospect." The marshal, who is a modest man, blushed slightly, made the entry in the schedule with his pencil, and asked how many yards of rug carpet she had made during the year.

"Where are you going?" said a young gentleman to an elderly one in a white cravat, whom he overtook for a mile from Little Rock. "I am going to heaven, my son; I have been on the way more than eighteen years." "Well, good, old fellow; if you have been traveling toward heaven eighteen years and got no nearer to it than Arkansas, I will take another route."

When that youngster, the Prince of Wales was about conferring the honor of Knighthood on the Speaker of the Canadian Parliament, that officer ridiculously went down on both knees, and slit open the tight white leggings with the strain. Rising and backing out in his confusion, he trod upon his long gown, and fell backward upon the crowd. It was a very cheap exhibition of fealty.

Swinging is said by the doctors to be a good exercise for the health, but many a poor wretch has come to his death by it.

"Here's your money, doll, and now tell me why your rascally master wrote me eighteen letters about that contemptible sum." "I am sure I can't tell, but if you'll excuse me, sir, I guess it was because scortem did n't fetch it."

those who are unable to protect themselves. You now have hospitals for the physically diseased; poor houses, lunatic asylums, and penitentiaries. You have institutions for the education of the mind; you have schools and colleges, far better than your forefathers possessed. But is this all the work man has to do? He has not only to do, but to be. There is no state in which man exists, that does not affect his moral nature. As he is in life, so does he feel its effects even after death. Man's moral character and nature should be trained and strengthened, that he may be the better hereafter. How is it now? What do we mean now by man's moral character? But the opinions of others, if those opinions are good, his reputation and character are good. In all relations of life, the situation of woman has been such as almost to deprive her of character; the less she is known the less character she has. If widely and publicly known, she must be very discreet, prudent, and worthy of her smiles and looks, never to stare at anything that can look at her again, or she will be called bold. To sum it all up, she must be extremely pious, and regular in the performance of her church duties, alighting over the sins of the community, giving to the poor, and ready to participate in all such movements. Do not look, though, into the kitchen, the nursery or behind the curtain; for Bridget, of course, will lie, the children do not understand what they should have, and Mr. Cadillo, of course, thinks he knows better of his wife than she does, and she is wrong. Pay no attention to such things; she is a pious woman, bears a good reputation, and her character is unimpeachable. Neither man nor woman are to be true to their nature, but must square themselves by moral sentiments, and strive to make such a reputation as the public would have them possess.

Now where are your hospitals for the morally sick and diseased? The new dispensation is opening a new thought to the world. Man has a moral nature, the recognition of his human nature. Man instinctively recognizes right and wrong; it is as natural to him as his eyes and sight in the physical world. He is in light and wrong, his nature act on one thing, and hence it is right for one individual to do one thing, and another another, though your moral teachers lay down a standard by which they say it is right for all to do thus and so. We have a national idea that Sunday is a day of worship, and the man or woman who goes forth and labors to-day, unless under some peculiar religious system like the Jew, is wicked and vile. The national idea is, one day shall thou rest, and the rest shall thou labor. To stand opposite this idea, is to do that which is wrong, and to do that which is wrong, is to be morally diseased. You are morally diseased, you are opposite to what you have been taught in right, until your actions are produced by a consciousness that a new state of things is demanded, that new legislation must take place. As soon as you begin to feel in yourselves that there is something wrong about your old standard, you will change it. If you act prematurely to that, you become morally diseased, and need a moral physician. Many commit suicide because they are morally diseased. In society the standard of right and wrong should be kept high, and the national standard of morality is to you insufficient; that you would perform any manual labor to-day with as much purity as to-morrow or yesterday. You must revolutionize the moral world. Some say they will have no moral standard, no individual rights, all in common. This is chaos, but out of it will come a higher moral standard than before. You must have a moral standard to regulate you, or you will be vacillating, morally sick. 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New York Department.

H. H. Britton, Resident Editor. OFFICE, NO. 113 FULTON STREET. PSYCHOLOGICAL PHENOMENA OF SLEEP.

Man is susceptible of no condition that is more remarkable for its beautiful mysteries than Sleep. The eye and the ear become dull and insensible, and the outward avenues of the senses are closed and sealed; the connection and intercourse with the external world are at once broken and suspended; our earthly plans are disregarded and forgotten; at the same time the senses and objects presented in dreams and "visions of the night," may be discerned through an inward and more spiritual medium.

It is well known that Sleep ordinarily occurs in consequence of physical exhaustion; but it may be induced by several other causes. Extreme cold—by driving the electrical forces and animal fluids from the surface of the body toward the centers of vital energy—invariably produces a drowsiness that is often quite irresistible; and all persons who experience death from this cause, gradually lose sensation and consciousness in a profound slumber from which they awake no more. Sleep may also be induced by magnetic manipulations, the administration of certain drugs, and by a variety of other means.

In all these cases, Sleep is one and the same state, and in the comprehensive judgment of the philosopher, all objects and events are governed by law; and what we are disposed to regard as supernatural, is only superior to our present limited views of the vast extent and latent capacities of Nature. Very different causes often produce similar effects. Consumption, for example, to say nothing of other causes—may originate in a scrofulous condition of the system, or from improper exposure to the atmospheric changes; a fever may result from a highly electrical state of the earth and atmosphere; it may be produced by malaria; severe and protracted labor, loss of sleep, a sudden cold, and excessive indulgence of the appetite, are also among the proximate causes of a similar form of vital derangement.

Moreover, while the accidental causes of disease, in a given case, may determine its specific form, complete its organic relations, or otherwise modify its superficial aspects, it will still be sufficiently obvious that fever is essentially the same general condition in all cases. This reasoning will apply with equal force to the subject under consideration. Sleep is, intrinsically, the same state, whether occurring from natural causes or as the result of artificial expedients.

But the physical phenomena of Sleep do not more clearly illustrate our views of the general subject than the coincident operations of the mind. The mental processes of the magnetic sleeper are neither more nor less than a kind of dreaming. At times the mind travels among a multitude of obscure and grotesque images; its impressions are all indefinite, and its vagaries are numerous, wild and improbable. While the mind thus wanders along the dim confines of our conscious existence—surrounded by a phantom creation—the imagination may be intensely active while Reason sleeps and the judgment is unreliable. The same is true of the psychological phenomena developed in ordinary sleep. While dreams are often confused, disjointed and meaningless, they are sometimes orderly, connected and deeply significant. If in the magnetic slumber the mind occasionally exhibits amazing powers, and important disclosures are made, it is no less obvious that dreams are in some instances prophetic, or at other times rendered the vehicles of important information. It may also be observed that the vision of the Somnambulist and the Clairvoyant, developed in a state of magnetic coma, are essentially the same, and may be equally clear and reliable.

Moreover, the mind may be constantly active in Sleep, though our inward experiences leave no impressions or traces in the waking memory. A large proportion of our dreams doubtless consist of the irregular exercise of certain faculties—in a state of incomplete slumber—while the organic functions of other faculties are temporarily suspended, and the outward avenues of sensation are imperfectly closed. Such dreams may originate in the existing state of the system; also from some peculiar position of the body, or its relations to the elements, objects and forces of the visible and invisible worlds. Any condition, object or circumstance, that either obstructs respiration, or serves to attract the attention to a particular part of the body, may—by its influence in the distribution of the animal fluids—develop certain psychological phenomena. Sleeping with a tight cravat on might cause a person to dream of hanging himself, or of being strangled in some other way; the additional weight of two or three extra quilts might very naturally cause the sleeper to dream of bearing some heavy burden. A few nights since the writer, having retired at a late hour, without taking the usual precaution to open a window of his sleeping apartment, dreamed—in the course of the night—of being partially suffocated in the confined atmosphere of a tomb. In this case it is obvious that the want of proper ventilation and a free respiration, produced the dream; and—by a law of association—supplied the whole scene, and the particular images that accompanied the mental procedure.

The relation of the physical to the mental processes may be clearly perceived and illustrated by any person of ordinary capacity who may be pleased to make the proper experiments. The sense of hearing generally continues in operation sometime after the appropriate functions of the other organs of sensation are suspended. The sleeper may hear imperfectly, and even answer if directly addressed, when he no longer possesses his normal consciousness. Whispering in the ear at this stage of mental introversion will often excite the faculties; and while the sensorial impressions may be wholly for gotten, the operations of the mind may be distinctly remembered. When two, or any larger number of persons, are, by direct physical contact in electro-psychological rapport, the circulation in each will tend toward the points of confluence, according to a natural and irresistible law. This will be made

apparent by simply holding the hand of another person. If the hand be cold when the connection is established, it soon becomes warm. The positive and negative conditions and relations of bodies thus combined, causes an immediate determination of the electrical currents from each to the other, and such a mutual attraction of the elements of the circulation that the blood vessels become distended, and the color of the skin clearly indicates increased vascular action. Pressing a finger on or over any particular organ or portion of the brain will inevitably attract the nervous circulation to that point; and this conveyance of the electrical forces will necessarily increase the cerebral action, and the functions of the organs may be involuntarily performed. Such experiments belong to the department of what has been denominated "Phrenomagnatism"; and though they have hitherto been confined to subjects in the magnetic sleep, they may be equally successful at the proper stage of a natural slumber.

The several processes of sensation, and the predominance of certain faculties, affections, and passions, operate as immediate causes in the production of many dreams and visions. Hydrocephalus may cause one to dream of water, or of drowning; while inflammation of the brain would quite as naturally—through a sensation of intense heat—suggest the congruous images of fire and its effects. The improper accumulation of water in the bladder will cause young children to dream, and the reaction of the mind on the organs of the body, often produces involuntary relief. During the period of lactation mothers are liable to dream of nursing their children; and dreams of offspring frequently accompany the later stages of utero-gestation. These, by their mysterious semblance of reality inspire the mind of the fair sleeper with all that tender solitude and intense pleasure which naturally belong to maternity. The mind of the hero—even when he sleeps—may be peopled with the images of war—of long marches, of bloody battle fields, and brilliant victories; while the man of great reverent dreams of consecrated places and solemn assemblies of devotional exercises and religious ceremonies. A person in whom the sexual passion and the imagination are equally active and strong, will naturally dream of Love, and all its ideal and actual concomitants. He finds repose in some enchanted bower, and ecstasy in a soft current; or, in his amatory expeditions, he expects nothing in some lady's chamber. To the industrious possessor of a wife.

These facts all indicate that whatever influences the determination of the vital forces and fluids may also determine the direction of the mind.

The Observer on Irreverence.

We copy the following paragraph from the New York Observer of the 18th ultimo: "SILLINESS OF SPIRITUALISM.—The Skeinist, a spiritual paper published in Western New York, furnishes an illustration monthly of the superstitious and foolish into which a portion of the Spiritualists have fallen. It gives communications purporting to come from the prophet Elijah, and from our saviour, which the editor declares to be authentic, but which are so palpable and puerile that it would be a libel on any living man to attribute those productions to him. Irreverence and silliness can no farther go, and it is a satisfaction to believe that the evil must soon work its own course."

We are not about to offer an apology for any form of superstition, fanaticism or irreverence; nor do we propose to arbitrate between the Editors of the Skeinist and the Observer, respecting the intrinsic value of certain "communications purporting to come from the prophet Elijah and from Jesus." While we certainly can not credit the ambitious pretensions of the spiritist that speak through the Western New York medium, (the evidence not being sufficient in our judgment to establish a rational conviction,) we are still less inclined to credit the implied assumption that the illustrious teachers referred to have lost the power of speech. As we have no idea that paralysis prevails in heaven, we must conclude that Elijah and Jesus are still able to speak for themselves, whenever their testimony may be required to subvert the Divine purpose by promoting the highest interests of mankind.

But when the Observer affirms that, "Irreverence and silliness can go no further," we incline to the opinion that he is greatly mistaken, and that he may find more startling proofs of irreverence much nearer home. We learn from a late number of the Congregational Herald, that there is a society of very orthodox ladies in Boston which are accustomed to pray for the removal of such persons as they dislike. Some time since they memorialized the Lord respecting Theodore Parker—in the language of the Herald, "They prayed earnestly that he might be stopped in his preaching of ruinous errors;" and accordingly he was silenced. If we may respect the testimony of this Herald of an omniscient Divinity (who is presumed to modify his purposes to suit the pious whims of all who sincerely address him), Mr. Parker only delivered one or two additional discourses, when he was suddenly driven from his congregation and his country forever. In view of these facts (?) the Congregational Herald exclaims, in a fervent and satisfied spirit: "Was not this one among the numerous answers which God gives to secret prayer?"

While the Observer is admonishing on the irreverence of certain Spiritualists, it may profitably consider the case of its nearest neighbor in the common household of faith. The Herald virtually represents that Mr. Parker experienced an unnatural death—that he was removed by a special interposition of Providence, to oblige "a praying circle of ladies," who had discovered and made known an important fact, which, we are left to infer, had escaped the notice of Omnipotence. The peculiar presence of those pious, praying ladies enabled them to determine the precise time when the labors of the great Rationalist should be suspended, and on this subject they did not hesitate to speak freely!

The irreverence that shocks the nerves of the Observer is nothing compared to this. The reader is requested to notice the difference. The Editor of the Western New York Skeinist humbly professes to receive useful information from an ancient Prophet, and from the revered founder of the Christian religion; but the Boston "praying circle" presumes to impart instruction to the All-wise Ruler of the Universe—especially concerning the character and influence of Theodore Parker, and the appropriate time for his removal! The Herald of orthodox Congregationalism is irreverent enough to suppose that the Lord, having ascertained from the fair memorialists the precise state of the case, and fully comprehending what was wanted by the saints in and around Boston, at once resolved to grant the prayer of the petitioners. Accordingly, Mr. Parker was first banished, and then put to death. All this merits the approbation of the Herald, on whose testimony the devout ladies of the Congregationalist "praying circle" are convicted of having been necessary before the fact to the death of a distinguished citizen. We are not surprised that the religious sensibilities of intelligent men who are stigmatized, as infidels, are often disturbed by the extreme irreverence of such pious blasphemers. Of course we do not question the sincerity of such people; we are, moreover, satisfied that they desire to worship in the most becoming and acceptable manner, and only regret that they are no better informed.

Moral and Physical Influences.

All worlds have their atmospheres; and the more volatile and ethereal parts of all inferior objects on their surfaces, are perpetually exhaling, like the effluvia of flowers. These subtle elements are invisible; but they are not less substantial in their essential nature, while they are far more powerful in their silent action. Indeed, all the more potent agents in the natural world are invisible save in their effects. Every one of the simple elements is doubtless represented in the great atmospheric realm, that surrounds our orb; and even the densest forms of matter are susceptible of being so widely diffused and so finely attenuated as to become impalpable and imperceptible. Immersed in its ethereal ocean—composed of the subtle emanations from the earth and its living forms—we are constantly liable to be influenced by intellectual powers and moral qualities as well as by physical elements and forces. A man with an infectious disease certainly cannot appear in our streets, and other public places, without endangering the health of many citizens, by the morbid and pestilential emanations from his body. Nor are the principles and laws which govern the mental and moral economy of human nature less potent and unerring. We may be sure, that wherever a moral pestilence—endowed with personality and locomotion—is permitted to appear in the market place, the social circle, or the sanctuary, there is an accompanying influence that inevitably lowers the general tone of society, and the moral health of the community is impaired. The capacity for original and vigorous thought, the common sentiment, and all noble resolutions may thus be enfeebled and depraved.

Persons of sound mental perceptions and moral sensibilities, detect the essential attributes and peculiar characteristics of others as soon as they are fairly within the circle of their atmospheric emanations. Most men and women of cultivated minds and refined habits, have an intuitive consciousness of the fundamental differences in the minds and morals of persons whom they meet in social life and in the transactions of business. Every public speaker is conscious of being influenced by the subtle emanations from the multitude. These are so dissimilar, at diverse times and places, that on one occasion he experiences and manifests a great mental illumination—enabling him to rise into the highest heaven of thought—while under other circumstances an oppressive influence, like a leaden weight, rests on all his faculties. Sometimes the mere presence of a stranger, with whom we have never spoken, inspires the mind and heart with serene and pleasurable emotions, while others make us feel restless and unhappy. Some people carry about with them a strange suggestive power, whereby they impregnate the souls of others. Under their influence the mind suddenly becomes prolific; our faculties are excited, and we are drawn out in conversation; while at the approach of other persons we instinctively retire within ourselves. Their frigid or fiery natures beat up the avenues to the sensitive mind and heart, as the cold night wind chills the flowers; or we are made to feel that they come to consume us with their burning breath, and the desolating storm of unbridled passions.

Critical State of Affairs in Italy.

We have not had long to wait for the decision of the King of Sardinia upon the advice proffered to him by the French sent official press. The troops of Victor Emmanuel have entered the Roman territories, and war has begun in good earnest. General Cialdini has taken Pescara, which was already announced as being a state of insurrection, and with the aid of the French and the Sardinian troops, he has driven Sardinia to this decisive step. So long as she and her King were the only recognized representatives of the Italian movement, she might feel herself at liberty to consult her own safety, and await quietly the march of events; but the Italian movement is no longer under the exclusive direction of the Sardinian Government. Victor Emmanuel has in Garibaldi a most formidable competitor—a man of that mould of which the successful leaders of great popular revolutions are made—a man utterly unprepared for himself, and not to be acted on by any of the meaner motives by which common men are to be controlled. The conqueror of Naples and Sicily is quite certain not to arrest his advance at the frontier of the Roman States. The momentum that he has gained seems sufficient to carry him over all the resistance which the States of the Church can offer, and to bring him with a violent shock into collision with the Austrian power in Venice. For such a consummation of the Italian movement, he is not prepared. He may not be able to fight it out manfully to the last. We may easily imagine the motives that have driven Sardinia to this decisive step. 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The Messenger.

Each message in this department of the BANNER was written by one of our contributors...

Answers to Letters—As one medium would in no way answer to another...

Visitors Admitted.—Our sittings are free to any one who wishes to attend...

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

From No. 2553 to No. 2720.

- Tuesday, Sept. 4.—A medium named Susan was not possessed of more divinity than most...

The Lord's Prayer.

How can the Lord's Prayer be reconciled to the teaching of Spiritism?

Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come...

What is the question given us to speak upon to-day?

Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Give us this day our daily bread...

What is the question given us to speak upon to-day?

Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Give us this day our daily bread...

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Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Give us this day our daily bread...

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Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Give us this day our daily bread...

What is the question given us to speak upon to-day?

Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Give us this day our daily bread...

What? No. When the world in this imperfect condition of its existence is fitted to receive freedom...

Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Give us this day our daily bread...

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Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Give us this day our daily bread...

What is the question given us to speak upon to-day?

joy in heaven that can find a mother, who knows she can return and have comfort with her child...

Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Give us this day our daily bread...

What is the question given us to speak upon to-day?

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What is the question given us to speak upon to-day?

I have an aunt there. I want her to know I can come. I had a brother in Manchester, N. H. He was three years old...

Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Give us this day our daily bread...

What is the question given us to speak upon to-day?

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What is the question given us to speak upon to-day?

for nature or God creates nothing in vain. Therefore we are to suppose he created all things for good...

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What is the question given us to speak upon to-day?

Correspondence.

The Home of the Lady Elgin. You have heard, no doubt, of the great calamity which has overtaken this city...

The Lady Elgin left this city on Thursday last, on a pleasure excursion to Chicago...

I attended to day high mass for the repose of the souls of the Catholic portion of the lost ones...

This melancholy disaster has given publicity to a great number of premonitions, warnings, visions, dreams, etc...

Mrs. Mary Ann Weiskopf lost her husband on the Elgin. On Saturday at four o'clock in the morning, she awoke from her sleep by a dream...

I thought I'd see you anon. This might not embarrass some, but it does me. I have three names. One name is Helen Bancroft...

My father and mother told me to come back here. I have much to tell, but I do not want to say more here than I can say in person...

My father and mother told me to come back here. I have much to tell, but I do not want to say more here than I can say in person...

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What is the question given us to speak upon to-day?

Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Give us this day our daily bread...

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