

BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XVI.

(\$3.00 PER YEAR.)
In Advance.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1865.

{SINGLE COPIES,
Eight Cents.}

NO. 18.

Written for the Banner of Light.

NIGHT.

BY REV. E. CASE.

Night! and the starry chambers
Are bending o'er my head;
Night, and those heavenly rangers
Seem whispering of the dead.
Tis a strange and silent language
From those far depths above,
Like strains of sweetest music
Poured forth from souls we love.
Tell me, ye glittering watchers,
That sit at heaven's gate,
Tell me if there be others
That with these watch and wait?
Those whose rooms are silent,
Whose halls echo not;
Whose glorious forms and faces,
Though gone, are not forgot.
There were brows with golden ringlets—
There were cheeks of summer bloom—
There were eyes that shone that shine not—
Alas! the noisome tomb!
There were steps so light and graceful
Young flowers might bless their tread;
There was manhood's might, and woman's light,
The bowed and hoary head.
We miss them from our sunny paths,
We miss them when we pray,
In homes or bowers, or glittering halls—
We miss them! Where are they?
Tell me, ye Night, whose burning orbs
Wheel through yon depths sublime—
Ye wanderers through Eternity—
Ye conquerors of Time—
Tell me, if in yon silent depths,
Unseen by mortal here,
They live, where your far circles run,
Your courses wander near—
If in those burning depths serene
Soul meets with soul in bliss?
Or is that world as dull and cold
And pulseless as this?
If so, be quenched, ye glittering orbs!
Be quenched, ye burning fires!
O'er Night and Chaos o'er my soul,
And Nature's hope expire.
Dayton, Ind., 1865.

The Picture Room.

BE THYSELF.

A DISCOURSE BY WILLIAM DENTON.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

We live in a universe abounding with variety. The heavens present us with systems, suns, stars, planets, comets, meteors and clouds. Systems differ from systems in shape, suns from suns in size. "One star differeth from another star in glory." One planet, is belted, another girt with rings; comets and meteors are as varied as their numbers. Clouds are never twice alike; pile upon pile they lie, with rosy-topped mountain peaks, slip like silvery sheep across the blue meadow of the sky, or lie like golden islands in a silver sea. The earth is not less varied than the heavens. Here, the mountains lift up their hoary heads in silent majesty, white with the snows of a thousand winters; and there lie the dusky valleys, ten thousand feet below them, where twilight holds continual holiday. The boundless plain stretches before us, a wide expanse without a hillock; an ocean of drifting sand unbroken by a green blade, or a grassy prairie in its virgin green, or clad in flowery beauty. The placid lake, the leaping rill, the dark cañon, the river, rolling forever on, and the ocean girt by low, sand-banks or frowning precipices, calm as a frozen lake, or waked to wrath by furious storms howling to the moaning of the winds.
Nor are the organic productions of the earth less varied; from the cedar that rears its symmetrical head three hundred feet above its roots to the velvet moss that carpets the ground at its feet. The lichens cling to the boulder, the algae to the wave-washed rock; the pine's leaves are spines, while a leaf of the tall palm will cover a company of soldiers. The condor soars with unwearied wing the heights of the Andes, the Katydid chirps in the meadow its evening hymn; the whale floats, an island in the ocean, the animalcule explores a drop.
What diversity! No, two plants, no two animals, no two things alike. Not only does the oak differ from the pine, and the pine from the cedar, but no man ever saw two oak trees alike, nor any two leaves upon an oak. There are no two grains of sand alike; to microscopic eyes they would be as diverse as boulders. To a stranger the sheep in a flock seem all alike; to the shepherd they are as diverse as the individuals comprising it, and he can call them all by name. Nature never casts two articles out of the same mould; when one is cast, she cracks the mould and makes a new one for the next; and thus secures endless variety.
Man is no exception to this rule. Look at the variety of races—the blue-eyed Caucasian, the olive-eyed Mongolian, the dark-skinned African, the black-haired, beardless American, the dumpy Negri, and the spindle-shanked Australian. Heads differ, eyes differ, fingers differ; all parts differ in every man from every other man the world over. That passing from us which is invisible to all differs from the invisible aura of others, or how could the dog track his master through the crowded streets? There are said to be from three to four thousand languages on the globe; from the harsh and guttural languages of the South Sea Islands, to the soft and musical tones of the English tongue. Every individual has in each particular, an aspect that distinguishes him from all others. The glance reveals the person, and the lip the mood; the eye the character, and the hand the will.

when we have no other clue; and we say that is John, Mary or Thomas, when the persons speaking are unseen.

This variety that we thus notice in Nature is a continual blessing. Suppose it otherwise. Let all the heavenly bodies be alike in size and brightness, and placed at equal distances, and we should have a celestial checkerboard, giving but little pleasure to the observer. Make all the flowers roses, and who would not miss the violet? The rose itself would lose half its beauty for want of contrast with its less fair floral sisters. If all leaves were alike, and all trees after the same pattern, how the dull landscape would fatigue the eye. Make all men like pins in a paper, mould candles in a box, or shot in a barrel, the fat thin, or the thin stout; elongate the short or stunt the long, give all eyes the same expression, make all noses aquiline or Roman, and what a desert of faces would surround us. Let it occur to-day, what terrible mistakes would take place before morning. There is not an ugly sinner but would pray for the return of his old face, to rescue him from the dead level of humanity.

Minds differ more widely than faces. "Many men, many minds," is a proverb as true as it is old. More varied than flowers in the garden, leaves in the forest, or stars in the sky, are the minds of mankind. Look into our libraries and see the products of those minds; books on every conceivable subject, and no two alike even on the same subject.

This difference is seen in boys as soon as the intellect is awake, and manifests itself continually. Here is a little mechanic saving his cents and buying a jack-knife, with which he whittles mimic water-wheels. See him in the brook, his little pants tucked up to his brown knees, while he rejoices, as his wheel spins round, like an angel over a new world. Give him a chance to develop in his own peculiar line, and like a Watt or a Fulton he will yoke new steeds to the car of progress, and drive on the world at a diviner speed.

Another little fellow is drawing horses on the barn door with chalk, or making little dogs out of dough in the kitchen. An artist is he in the germ; full blossomed and fruited, the business of his thinking soul, and obedient hand shall be to embody the creations of his genius, that shall bless the world for long centuries after he has gone to more than realize his most glorious conceptions in a higher school of art.

Here is a born orator; mounted on a stump, he harangues the village. "Round ships may sail, they attract him not; wheels may spin, what cares he? Could he enchain an audience by his eloquence, earth has no greater blessing, heaven itself could grant no more. To this he devotes himself; his soul leads, he obediently follows, till multitudes hang breathless upon his words, while he talks as a spring leaps from the mountain side.

This farmer cares more for his cattle than a monarch for his crown. Spring has driven winter from the land, the birds are singing, and he rejoices as he drives his "jocund team afield." Nothing could induce him to leave these incense-breathing fields for the din and dust of the city; but the merchant despises the dull round of the farmer, and is never happy but in the crowded mart—a busy man among busy men.

It is well that it should be so. Were all to become merchants, the stock would all be spent; the river of commerce would dry up, for the rills of production would cease to flow. Were all producers, goods would accumulate as water does in lakes, and there would be no rivers to distribute the surplus to the needy lands. If all were poets, painters or orators, bread and butter would be sadly deficient; and if all were plain, prosy farmers, how much that makes life joyous we should lose.

As men's intellectual endowments differ, so do their moral faculties and religious sentiments. One is a born skeptic; he must see, hear, feel, and is hardly satisfied without tasting and smelling, what is marvelous in order to give it credence. He may desire to believe, but the arms of his faith are so short that they cannot reach the distant object. Another believes at once; it is only necessary to present the statement, and he swallows it in a moment, though it gross as a mountain. He reads that the whale swallowed Jonah, and he lived three days in his belly; if he had read that Jonah swallowed the whale, he would swallow both, and make no bones about either. He has no need to pray.

"Stretch out, faith's capacity wider and yet wider still." The door of his soul is wide enough to take in all company; no more to be reasonably praised for the width of his spiritual gullet, than the skeptic blamed for the narrowness of his.

One is firm as a mountain; he feels like Rhododendron when he exclaims,

"Come on, come all! This rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I."

Another is pliant as the wheat stalk, that waves in the June breeze.

This man is spiritual; every breath that he draws is redolent of heaven; he mounts as naturally as the freed bird, and carols in the sky; that man gravitates to the earth like a thunder-cloud big with a shower.

The arms of the benevolent would all mankind embrace. If he was made of gold, his sympathy would lead him to give himself away for the benefit of mankind. Some such give away all that they have, and more than they have; while the economical man's purse strings are twisted around his heart, and he thinks ten times before he gives once.

If all were credulous as some, the world would feed on lies, and dire would be the consequence. If all were skeptical as others, new truths and strange facts might stand looking at the world's heart for centuries, and gain no admission. If all were firm as some, progress would either be impossible, or slow; and if all were pliant, revolution would be a perpetual as howl, in spring, and peace and stability would be an autumn. If all were spiritual as Swedenborg is

his latter days, corn and potatoes would be sadly deficient; and if all were "of the earth, earthy," we should be no better than the savage in the wild.

There may be too wide deviations from a normal standard morally, as there are intellectually, for some are born morally aquatic, as others are physically; deviations that require careful culture and training to overcome; but men as naturally differ in their moral natures as they do in their physical constitutions, and the difference thus existing is of the greatest value to the race. One's religion is like the sun, fervid and intense; another's like the moon, calm and beautiful; and another's like the stars, bright and saint-like; yet all lovely as the varied flowers of the meadow, or the tints of the evening sky.

Hence the importance of the exhortation of my text—BE THYSELF. There is no originality, no complete manhood, without it. It is the highest prerogative of the animal kingdom, the crowning glory of humanity. Among the coral polyps, at the base of the animal kingdom, we have millions of animals united in one community; what is eaten by one is as eaten by all; and the will of the individual is lost in that of the group, harmoniously forming their story structures at the sea-bottom. Among the molluscs, countless multitudes lie in one oozy bed, with little scope, as there is little inclination, for individual action. Among the fishes there is more scope, but, living in shoals, the will of one is lost in that of the many; among the birds a few leaders control the flock. Beasts possess more independence; but the strongest horse leads the band as it sweeps over the prairie, and the old male buffalo decides the course of the entire herd. Ascending to man, there is more individuality, and the most among the most highly developed.

Even the savage is an individual who comes into direct communication with Nature for himself. His parents say, shift for yourself, and Nature says the same. He learns where the fish hide, and he spears them; he watches the beaver, and traps it; that he may clothe himself with its skin. He knows the ridge on which the chestnut grows, and when the leaves fall he makes for the winter a secret hoard. He builds his own tent, supplies his fire, communes with Nature, and forms ideas of the world in which he finds himself. But he must be obedient to his chief, even to death; and his individuality is sacrificed continually. But here is the philosopher in whom humanity blossoms and brings forth fruit. In him we see the highest development of selfhood. In him Nature's great endeavor is fulfilled, her work on the world is completed. Reason sits on the throne, and the lawless propensities are subject to her sway. He reads, hears, investigates; and what his judgment decides upon, that he does, and hears the continual plaudits of a good conscience, saying, "Well done."

The benefits that flow from the exercise of this selfhood are innumerable. Among men who practice it are Emerson, the most original mind on this continent, and whose private life is pure as his intellect is clear; Garrison, whose manliness no force could bend, and whose love for the bondman was only equalled by a fearless denunciation of his oppressors. In science, Lyell, Darwin, Huxley, Spencer, Draper; independent, free thinkers, who are delivering the world from ignorance, enlarging the domain of thought, and breaking the bonds of priestly bigotry and intolerance. On the other side are the tools of Popish superstition, who dare hardly call their souls their own; with whom the word of a priest is potent as a law of God; who kneel and swallow the God baked but yesterday by the cook, and dare not open their shutters to let in one ray of heaven's pure light; the slaves of episcopal domination, whose priests swear never to be wiser than the thirty-nine articles, and who must perjure themselves if they ever step beyond the narrow, creed-made pale that the first step of an infant mind would almost overstep; and along with these the millions of abject subjects, whose spiritual bondage is their pride, and who tremble when they hear a free thought, lest the heavens fall, or the earth gape and swallow both speaker and hearer.

The world's heroes in poetry, philosophy, mechanics and reform have been heroic by virtue of their selfhood. Leave this out of the composition of a man, and you have, in poetry, a verser who never dared to write an original line; in philosophy, a peddler of defunct ideas; and in war, a poltroon. What made Homer, the prince of song, and enabled the old "blind man of Cilex" to chant a strain which the hills of Greece echoed for centuries, still heard across the wild ocean, and mid the din and roar of this nineteenth century? He wrote in his own inimitable style the beautiful thoughts that crowded into his brain; from the heaven of his own creation he poured down those melodies which a busy world on tip-toe stands to hear.

Who was Shakespeare's model? Whence did he draw the supplies of which millions have drunk and been refreshed? With no broken pitcher did he go to another's well, but drew from the exhaustless fountain of his own soul. He stands to-day like a granite mountain, whose head is lost in the clouds, and whose culminating point no traveler has reached; as men ascend, untrodden heights lie still above them. Had he been a mere imitator, the molehill of his production would have been long since trodden to the dead level of the plain.

How did Bunyan write his Pilgrim's Progress? As the brook bubbles, taking no counsel of other brooks, but telling its own story in its own way; and, in spite of its many absurdities, the thinker's book will live for centuries. Copernicus and Galileo, taking counsel of their own souls, heeding not the monkish false-mongers who believed the world to be flat as a table, and the stars little shining points, boldly marched into the untrodden realm, explored its sea of words, and came back laden with glorious truths.

Columbus, sailing with no map, old and decrepit, who had bounded the world, and inscribed

on its boundary, "no more beyond," launched his bark to cross the unknown ocean; and for weary weeks and months sailed steadily on, on the cloudy sky above, the inky sea around; spite of the frowns, tears and entreaties of the cowards who accompanied him, till a new world, like a radiant maiden, leaped into his arms and blessed him for his manliness. We are here to-day, because Columbus dared to be himself.

It was this selfhood that made Raphael, the prince of painters, and Napoleon of warriors. In Watts it gave us the steam engine, with its hundred hands and its restless soul; and in Fulton, the boat that heeds not wind or tide, whose steam arm paddles day and night, and never tires. By it Socrates climbed the heights of philosophy, from which it was but a step to the heaven into which he entered.

Mere imitators in art never scale the heights; but placing their feet in the prints left by former travelers, they tire themselves out with a step that is unnatural to them, and faint and die by the way, leaving no sign behind that they have ever been. In life's battle they never make heroes, but wearing another man's armor which never fits them, and wielding a weapon never made for them, they accomplish little, and fall an easy prey to the enemy.

Of the hundreds who have imitated Shakespeare, how many live in remembrance? They have gone like the smoke of the Indian wigwag from our land, while he shines on like a star. Books written by these imitators are mere repositories of twaddle, mountains of chaff, great in bulk, but small in nutriment for the hungry soul. A bonfire of them would give more light to the world than they can give in any other way. Most of our theological works are of this class—embalmed hosts of dead men's foolish thoughts—a library of them is a catacomb, or a mummy pit; how useless to look for light or life in them! Men throw overboard their own thoughts, richer than pearls, and load their barks with cast off, water-worn shells of conservatism.

Books written by thinkers—men who thought and dared to express their thoughts—are always worth reading. I care not whether their authors were Atheists or Methodists, Heathen or Mahomedan; the life's blood of the author circulates through them, and in reading you feel its pulsations. But books written by men who never saw through their own eyes, who never put out their hands and felt the world for themselves, nor took one manly step, are the faintest echoes from the distant hills, compared with the heaven-shaking thunder that produced them.

Selfhood is as necessary in religion as in art, science and literature. The world has been cursed for centuries by men who have sought to shape the religious element in all after the same model. Placing the soul of man in the crucible of sect, it has been melted down, and poured into some creed-made mold; its beauty marred, its original proportions destroyed, it stands a monument of man's folly, a warning to all, and speaks in loud tones the language of my text, Brother, Sister, BE THYSELF!

All great religious reformers have acted more or less on this principle. The more fully they have carried it out, all other things being equal, the wider has been their sphere of influence, and the more good they have accomplished. What enabled Moses to rise above the multitude, like a mountain in the midst of a vast plain, so high that at the distance of thirty-five hundred years he stands out still in bold relief against the horizon? What made him there in his name, that Oblivion swallowed it not with the millions that have disappeared in his never-to-be-satisfied maw? Snapping the fetters with which the priests of Egypt sought to bind his soul, he listened to the promptings of his heart as it taught him a better religion than he had ever heard, and he hesitated not to obey its requirements. Leaving behind him the enchantments of Egypt, and the pleasures of Pharaoh's court, he became a wanderer in the desert—an excellent place for a man to commune with himself. Thence he came and stamped his soul upon the Jewish nation.

He dared to think for himself on religious matters, to face the great universe and question it, and with a rare originality he taught his countrymen a religion—the answer, as he believed, to his questions—far in advance of its predecessors. But every Jew had just as much right to question for himself and cherish the answer as he; but this Moses would by no means allow; the answer to him must be the answer for all. Hear him! "If thou wilt obey the statutes and commandments that I command thee this day, then blessed shalt thou be in the city and in the field; blessed in thy going out, and blessed in thy coming in; blessed in thy basket and in thy store." But if thou wilt not obey them, cursed shalt thou be in the city and in the field; cursed in thy going out and coming in, in thy basket and in thy store." Liberty, spontaneity, selfhood—all must be sacrificed to rigid conformity. The Jew must be a Moslem, or destruction awaited him. Moses regards the seventh day as holier than all others, and consecrates it to rest for all generations; and the independent Israelite, who gathered sticks upon that day, is stoned to death. Moses thought an angry God could be appeased by burning sheep, oxen and doves; and the man who has advanced beyond this must kill and roast his cattle notwithstanding; for Moses speaks, and will be obeyed.

You tell me that Moses received his commandments from God; yes, from the God that is in you and me; and in the same way that we receive ours. He talked with him as we talk with him when we converse with our brother; and he saw him as we see him in the sunny sky, or the grassy spear at our feet pointing heavenward.

Moses thus became the model man for the whole Jewish nation. Every child was taught that just in proportion as he became like Moses, was he a true man, and sure of God's blessing; as far as he fell short of this, so far had he departed from the right; and was subject to a curse.

After the death of Moses, he was elevated by priest and Levite, Sabbath after Sabbath, and feast after feast; his holy law was unrolled and weekly read to the assembled multitude. Moses was King, the children of Israel his subjects. Moses was the die and the coin, stamped by the repeated blows of their priests with his image and superscription. To be like Moses was the highest ambition of the noblest and best; greater than he could no man be; to be wiser was impossible, and to dream of being better was blasphemous.

Thus crept the nation snail-like through the dull centuries; an oppressive ritual upon their backs like a mountain of lead, and Moses before them, a dark cloud shutting out the blue sky from their wistful gaze.

But Nazareth produced a man who refused to bow any longer to the God, Moses, that had been set up. "One man dared to be true to what is in you and me." In an age of slaves he was free; in an age of cowards he was a hero. While the whole nation was crawling in the dust, Jesus stood upon his feet, and allowed his manhood to speak. "Ye have heard that it hath been said by them of old time (that is, by Moses and the Moslems), 'An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth,' but I say unto you, resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also." Again ye have heard it hath been said by them of old time, 'Thou shalt not forswear thyself; but shall perform unto the Lord thine oaths;' but I say unto you, swear not at all: let your communications be, yea, yea; nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil." We find him saying, in opposition to old Jewdom, "Why judge ye not of yourselves what is right?" He proclaimed himself Lord of the Sabbath, as every sensible man is, and boldly set at defiance all who attempted to fetter his soul.

What a consternation was there among the Scribes and Pharisees, the soul-mongers of Judea. "Have you heard that mechanic of Galilee, who is traveling about the country preaching heresy? I heard him address a rabble the other day, when he made himself superior to Moses, and set at naught the law given by God himself on Mount Sinai. I understand that he has been saying, 'Why judge ye not what is right yourselves?' thus making men their own law-givers, and taking away the necessity for our services. He is a bold blasphemer, whose mouth must be stopped; away with him, away with him, crucify him, crucify him, he is not fit to live." The multitude echo the cry, "Away with him, crucify him," and so they did; and doubtless thought there was an end of his doctrine, and their craft was forever safe. Never did men make a greater mistake; bury a truth, and it is a seed; it springs up, grows and bears fruit a thousand fold. Kill a reformer, and his ghost does a hundred times more than the man could ever do if alive. The doctrine of Jesus could not be killed, and his death seemed to give it life; it spread far and wide; mounted the hills, crossed the valleys, was wafted over the seas, it mounted the throne of the Cæsars, and conquered the conquerors of the world. Now the despised Nazarene, the young reformer of Galilee, has become the esteemed Saviour. While he lived he was no better than the publicans and sinners with whom he associated; he had a devil, and was mad; he was a pestilent fellow, whom no Jewish aristocrat would be seen in company with for the world. But now he is a good man, a great man, a prophet; nay, a greater prophet than Elias himself, then the greatest and best man that ever lived; the son of God, yes, the only begotten son of God; and lastly, God Almighty from heaven. Men were not satisfied until they had unseated the omnipotent, and set the man Jesus upon his throne. This is the way the world serves reformers; there is nothing too vile to say about them while they are alive, and nothing too good when they are dead, and the world has accepted their doctrine.

Moses was now dethroned, and Jesus made king; henceforth all must be his obedient subjects. Moses was knocked unceremoniously off the pedestal, Jesus placed thereon, and made the model for the whole human race. "Looking unto Jesus" now becomes the duty of all. The path of life bears the impressions of his feet, and it is our duty, not to make our own impressions, but walk implicitly in his; for "he has left us an example, that we should tread in his steps."
Thus have men destroyed one idol and set up another; and the business of many men is to induce people to worship it. In the name of Jesus the freeman, souls are robbed of their birthright, and the most terrible threatenings denounced against those who, like him, dare to be themselves. In the name of humanity, I protest against this Jesus our helper, our friend, our teacher, but never our master or tyrant, who holds the lash of future torment over the trembling captive.

Supposing the Jesus of the New Testament to be the veritable God-man, who lived and died that we might live, his example is not such as it would be well for mankind generally to follow. Could each man be a Jesus, it would still be infinitely better to be himself. Looking at his character, as drawn by his four biographers, let us see what would be the consequence of a universal attempt to imitate the example of Jesus.

He lived to be above thirty years of age, yet never was married, never had a wife to call him husband, nor a child father. On one occasion he said, "There are some eunuchs which were so born from their mother's womb; and there are some eunuchs which were made eunuchs of men; and there be eunuchs which have made themselves eunuchs for the kingdom of heaven's sake. He that is able to receive it, let him receive it." Paul, who seems to have regarded Jesus as a perfect example, never was married, and he advised others to imitate him, as he did his master. Suppose men universally were to shape themselves thus after this model, would not the consequence be most disastrous? The whole world a Shaker community; and in less than a hundred and fifty

years a wilderness of wild beasts without a human inhabitant.

According to Mark, Jesus worked at the trade of a carpenter. At the age of thirty he abandoned his business and went out to preach the Gospel. Walking by the sea of Galilee he found Simon and Andrew, James and John fishing; he called them, saying, "I will make you fishers of men;" they left their fishes and nets and followed him. Matthew sat at the receipt of custom; Jesus passed by and said, "Follow me;" and, strange to say, although a Jew, he left his money gathering business and followed Jesus. When he had in this way taken twelve men from their vocations, and they and a multitude were assembled together, he preached to them thus: "Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat and the body than raiment? Behold the fowls of the air; for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they? Why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin. Therefore take no thought saying, what shall we eat, or what shall we drink, or wherewithal shall we be clothed? For after all these things do the Gentiles seek; for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things. Seek first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you. Take, therefore, no thought for the morrow; for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself." Again he says, "Sell that ye have and give alms." Suppose that men were to commence imitating Jesus in this respect. The tailor leaves the shopboard and cloth, the blacksmith the hammer and anvil, the farmer the plow, and the weaver the loom; millers cease to grind and bakers to bake, and each commences to preach; and as they preach, they say, "God has given you life, will he not also give you food to sustain that life? Cease working, then, and trust in him. He has given you bodies without any effort of your own, will he not much more clothe those bodies without any effort on your part? Look at the sparrows and the pigeons; they neither sow nor reap, and yet God feeds them. Consider the wild roses; see how beautiful they are, and how well clothed; the purple robe of a king is not equal to theirs, and yet they neither spin nor weave. Therefore take no thought about what you shall eat or wear, but trust in God, who feeds the sparrows and clothes the grass, and it will all be well."

The consequences of generally practicing such unphilosophical doctrine would be starvation and ruin. It might answer well for Jesus and his disciples to do this, for others were sowing, reaping, baking and fishing for them, and supplying their necessities. If it had not been so, their preaching and practice would have by no means corresponded; for they would have discovered that leaves do not grow on bushes, nor clothes on trees, and that though birds may be fed without sowing and reaping, it is otherwise with human beings.

On one occasion, Jesus went into the temple and found the sellers of oxen, sheep and doves, and the money changers there; and after he had made a scourge of cords he drove them out, poured out the changers' money and overthrew the tables; this, too, after preaching non-resistance to its utmost extent. An imitation of such conduct would hardly be tolerated, nor would its influence be beneficial. His denunciation of the Scribes and Pharisees is terrible; they were surely not all bad, all "serpents" and of the "generation of vipers," all "foes and blind"; yet he makes no exceptions, but fulminates his woes against them in the most offensive manner. If they were thus bad, how much would his denunciations do toward reforming them? If they were not thus bad, then was he unjust to a class of men among whom must have been many noble characters.

He called the Gentiles dogs, and told his disciples not to preach his doctrines to them, and states himself that he preached in parables that others "seeing might not see, and hearing, they might not understand." When the people ask him very reasonably for a sign of his Messiahship, he calls them an "evil and adulterous generation." He makes himself the head, and teaches that all are to be subordinate to him. "One is your master, even Christ;" "I your lord and master." If a city would not receive his disciples, nor hear their words, as they wandered round rehearsing the gospel of the Nazarene, when they departed from it they were to shake off the dust of their feet as a testimony against it, and he informs them that it would be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah in the Day of Judgment than for that city. He seems to have had some of the feeling that exists in the little souls of our sectarian bigots. Their sect is comprised of the chosen few, to whom it is the Father's good pleasure to give the kingdom. They are not of the world, and they will have the pleasure of seeing the destruction of their enemies, those who would not believe, bow down and support their church. The notions of Jesus with regard to property, prayer and non-resistance, are very far from reasonable; and though he said and did many excellent things, taking the narratives concerning him to be true, still it is evident that he is no model for the race.

And of this the church generally seems to be aware, though professing continually to practice his precepts and live his life. Jesus says, "Lend, hoping for nothing again;" but where are the Christians that do it? Do outsiders demand six per cent, ten per cent, or two per cent a month, if they find any one whose necessities compel him to pay such usurious interest, then Christians do the same; and no difference, in this respect, is observable between them. Jesus said, "Resist not evil, and if any man smite thee on the one cheek, turn the other also;" "Love your enemies," Christians generally pay no more attention to these commands than if they had never been uttered; in fact, every sect has made an artificial Jesus of its own, less fanatical and extravagant, and more fashionable and better suited to the times. We have a Quaker Jesus, who wears a broad-brim, and says "thee," who never enters a "steep house," and looks upon music and dancing with horror. The Methodist Jesus believes in class-meetings, where every one tells his experience, in prayer-meetings where men and women shout and scream as if God were dead or asleep, and has great faith in John Wesley's sermons and the Methodist discipline. The Episcopal Jesus, unlike the real one, thinks much of forms and ceremonies, loves the tones of a solemn organ, and the dim, religious light that streams through a stained glass window; believes in the thirty-nine articles, and thinks the creed of Athanasius, "which in damning souls is very spacious," one of the best compositions outside of the Bible. The Shaker Jesus believes in "Mother Ann," regards marriage as a mortal sin, thinks all the world Sodom, and Shaker communities so many "Zions to which the righteous Lots have fled from the impending destruction." This conduct is probably better than it would be to literally follow the example of Jesus, for this, we have seen, would be most disastrous.

The obligation of my text is strengthened, then, by our review of the life of Jesus and the conduct of his so-called Church. Man, woman, be thyself, and thou shalt be a Jesus, too, or a greater than he.

In obedience to this principle, Luther, single-handed, coped with the banded hosts of Popery, shook the triple-crowned Pope himself, though sitting on the throne of ages, made the Roman hierarchy tremble at the sound of his name, and delivered from priestly tyranny a host of noble souls. Had he been content to shroud his manhood in the monk's cowl, and keep down the rising aspirations of his soul, we might still have been moping about in the dark night of priestcraft, by the pale light of the stars, nor dreaming of a dawning day, and he, a poor Popish slave, had crept long since to the silent grave.

Had he been more faithful to his soul, walked according to its dictates without looking to the right or the left, we might have been much further advanced to-day. What a multitude of Lutherans are wearing his cast-off clothes, ragged and thread-bare, fitting no one, in place of their own natural and beautiful apparel!

George Fox was a poor shoemaker in Drayton, Lincolnshire. Feeling the fire of truth burning in his bosom, he went out to warm the cold, dead world with its divine influence; casting down his boots and lasts, he went forth to preach the Gospel. What Gospel? The Gospel of George Fox, and no other. And this poor shoemaker, with no more than an ordinary amount of brain and intelligence, shook every steeple in the land. Bold, fearing nothing when his soul led the way, pre-eminently self-reliant, and ever turning to "the light within," we find him entering the old vaults of gloomy superstition, club in hand, breaking the sectarian images, opening the prison doors, flashing light into the dark corners and enforcing by precept and example the sentiment of my text. When the priests heard that the "man with the leather breeches" was coming, they left their pulpits and fled; and George mounted the deserted pulpits and distributed to the famished multitude the bread of life. At one time we find him wading through the bogs of Ireland, at another roaming in the wilds of America. The phlegmatic Hollander is stirred by the indefatigable Drayton shoemaker, nor could the cold prisons of England quench the fire of his zeal. Had all the Quakers been as much themselves as George, the promised millennium had dawned long ere this. This, alas! they never dreamed of being. George was good, great and useful; and they, to be so, must be like him, the nearer the resemblance the better. He wore a broad-brim, had no collar on his coat, said "thou" and "thee," and every genuine Quaker does the same to this day; and should he depart from the faith, he is soon told that "There is no following Friends' rule." When George went into a church, he kept on his hat, to show that he had no faith in "holy houses"; the Quakers, imitating their model man, wear hats in their own meeting-houses which no one regards as holy, and that to the detriment of their health. Unfortunately George could not sing, and had a small organ of idealism, so that he had no taste for pictures, and little or none for the fine arts generally. Henceforth, every Quaker must be dumb; music is a sin, and paintings and sculpture a waste of time and labor. Friends' meeting-houses are built like barns, and their worship is so dead and monotonous that the young gladly escape from it to something more attractive. The spirit may move one Friend to sing as much as it does another to preach; but all singing is proscribed as "demoniac," and must be excoriated. In short, every Quaker must be a Fox, whereas to be a man, he must needs be himself.

John Wesley was somewhat manly; and his obedience to himself, despite of ecclesiastical laws, made him a reformer; but when he said to the members of his church: "It is your business to obey our rules and not to mend them," he evidently did not intend others to be as noble as he had been.

If thou wouldst be a man, bend at the shrine of no mortal; walk in no pathway because others tread it; be thy own leader, thy own sect, thy own church. Who was Wesley, that thou shouldst be a Wesleyan? or Luther, that thou shouldst be a Lutheran? or Christ, that thou shouldst be a Christian? all men; art thou not equally so? When the priest threatens thee with damnation, and would load thee with his givings to secure thy soul's salvation, say, "Hands off, sir! I am, also, a man! Rather let me be lost, being a free man, than be saved to be an eternal slave!"

Sects are engines that crush the soul; priests direct them! Keep out of their power. They are sand-pits where ignorant or interested men pretend to dig treasures; keep from their brink; once enter, thou mayest lose the light of day. They are man-traps set on "holy ground," beware of them; let not thy feet wander on their domain.

But, says an objector, some men's sense of right is very defective, and when they think they are doing right they are really doing wrong. I most willingly grant it; but what then? Shall we tell the man that he must do what he thinks is right? or shall we tell him that we are right and he must bow to our authority? This would make the man a slave, and that could never be right. If a man should be so blinded as to conscientiously believe right to be wrong and wrong to be right, I should still say to him, "Do what you believe to be right, but the consequence of your ignorance will fall upon your head." Whether men sin ignorantly or willingly, they suffer, and this suffering tends to make them wiser continually—tends to bring their sense of right side by side with Nature's natural right.

But, says another, must man discard all models, cast aside all examples, refuse all guides? Destruction would assuredly be his fate. There is no necessity for this; all models, all examples, all guides are useful to enable us to form our own. A man's model must be in his own soul.

Ever there floats before the real
The bright, the beautiful ideal,
And as to guide the sculptor's hand,
The living forms of beauty stand,
Till from the rough-hewn marble starts
A thing of grace in all its parts,
So ever stand before the soul
A model, beautiful and whole!
The perfect man that we should be,
Erect in stern integrity,
Keep this, oh soul, before thy sight,
And form the inward man aright.

Be true to this model to-day, and to-morrow it is fairer and more beautiful and perfect, always advancing as we advance, and ever before and above us beckoning us on. All we read, hear and learn helps us in the formation of this true self that must be our model, hence we must disdain no advice even from a child. We all have much to learn. Moses, Jesus, and Joseph Smith may teach us something; let us thankfully receive all they can give. But let no man take us off our feet; let the officious help of none prevent us from exercising our faculties and unfolding ourselves in accordance with our own law.

Religious imitators, like all others, fall short of their original, and copy its defects, rather than its excellences. The Pharisee imitates the sectarian pride, the narrow-souled bigotry of Moses

who could see no virtue outside of the tents of Israel, rather than the wisdom that dictated sound laws, and the meekness that is said to have characterized their model man. Of the million imitators of Jesus, we have many that can denounce with his vehemence, proclaim damnation to all unbelievers, and speak of outsiders as "dogs;" but how few imitate his manliness, his contempt of riches, his active benevolence and unswerving adherence to right? Of the thousands of Quakers who imitate the little and, in some cases, ridiculous peculiarities of George Fox, where will you find the man as bold and self-reliant as he, daring to utter his thoughts though they differ from those of every living mortal?

Absurd imitation of the past has characterized the masses in all ages. The worship of the Greek and Roman deities continued after all faith in them was gone. Altars smoked and priests officiated in the temples long after the gods had departed; for the dead absurdities of the Past ruled the living Present; and even the philosophers did not possess sufficient self-poise to throw off their allegiance to the defunct tyrants. In our own time, the foolish dictates of fashion are scrupulously obeyed by millions who know no higher law; and multitudes of intelligent men and women become the mere playthings with which she sports at her pleasure.

Instead of one fashion-monger dictating to the world, how much better would it be if all developed their natural taste and love of the beautiful, and dressed accordingly. How much we lose from the stupid folly of those who allow the taste of one, or it may be the lack of taste in one, to govern and mold the whole.

All who take the privilege of being themselves, should be equally willing to give the same privilege, and not seek to impose their conditions upon others. The water is very well for a fish to live in, but a poor place for a bird; and though grass makes a good dinner for a horse, a lion would soon starve on it. The road I travel may suit me, but what right have I, when others are unwilling to go the same way, to knock them down and drag them into it? Every planet may revolve on its own orbit, so it comes into collision with no other, and there is room in the wide universe even for the eccentric comet.

Many reformers decry and despise those who are operating in other fields. Their pet reform is the one upon which the world hangs, or the central sun around which the universe revolves. All others are fragmentary, theirs integral. Men advocate one reform, read about it, hear every one talk about it where they lecture, until it assumes a mountain magnitude and shuts out all else from their gaze. The Temperance reformer says nothing can be done to elevate and bless the masses till they are made sober, for drunkenness is the parent of crime and misery. Let him become temperate, and the day of the Lord is at hand; and he is astonished that all reformers do not lend their aid to the great work until it is accomplished. The Anti-slavery reformer assures us that slavery is the curse of curses; the cancer-worm that is eating out the nation's heart; the sum of all villainies; a fire burning to the lowest hell. Hence the Anti-slavery reformer is the most important; all others are comprehended in it, and he who does not advocate it is recreant to truth and duty.

The Land reformer is certain that his reform underlies all others—the soil must be the foundation. Let the land be equally divided, or every man have possession of what he can cultivate, and poverty, and the vice and misery consequent upon it, will flee, and the golden age return. Slavery could not exist, temperance would be no more, and the voice of rejoicing would be heard through all the land.

"This reform all should labor for," says he. "Hold," says the advocate of Woman's Rights. "Men are what their mothers make them, and they make bad laws because women who mold them are robbed of their rights, and hold a degraded position in the world. Give woman her true position, educate her for her high destiny, and every reform will follow, as spring the flowers when summer warms the soil." All might learn something from Cowper's Fable of the Nightingale and Glow-Worm:

"A Nightingale that all day long
Had cheered the village with his song,
Nor yet at eve his notes suspended,
Began to feel, as well he might,
The keen demand of appetite:
When looking eagerly around,
He thought of putting him to bed,
A something missing in the dark,
And knew the Glow-Worm by his spark;
So stopping down from lawlorn top,
He thought to put him in his crop.
The worm, aware of his intent,
Disengaged him thus, right eloquent:
'Did you admire my lamp,' quoth he,
'As much as I to yours ministry;
You would advise me to be wrong,
As much as I to spoil your song:
For 'twas the selfsame power divine,
Taught you to sing, and me to shine;
That you with music, I with light,
Might beautify and cheer the night.'
The songster heard his short oration,
And, warbling out his approbation,
Released him, as my story tells,
And found a supper somewhere else."

"Find thy work and do it," my brother, my sister. The business of one is to enter the untrodden wild, axe in hand, and with sturdy strokes bring to the ground the giant tree; of another, to grub up the bushes and pile the brush for burning; the work of a third to turn up the virgin soil to the sun's bright eye, while others follow to scatter broadcast the good seed, attend the growing crops and gather in the glorious harvest. All are necessary; none can say, "I have no need of thee;" for the final result can only be obtained by the diversified labor of all.

Heed not the teachers who tell thee to deny and crucify thyself. Thou art thy own law, thy own Bible, thy own model. There are no scriptures so sacred as those written in thy soul; read them carefully, and obey them unscrupulously, ever seeking for new light to scan aright their pages, from the world around thee, transcribed in books, or engraved upon the ever-living page of Nature herself. So shalt thou develop into a noble, sound, whole-souled being, happy in thyself, and diffusing happiness, as the rose its fragrance, to all around.

Be thyself, a nobler gospel
Never preached the Nazarene;
Be thyself, 'tis holy Scripture;
Though no Bible lies between.

Dare to shape the thought in language
That is living in thy brain;
Dare to launch it, banners flying,
On the bosom of the main.

What though private sneers surround thee,
Nail thy colors to the mast;
Flinch not, see not; boldly sailing,
Thou shalt gain the port at last.

No parrot, idly prating,
Thoughts the spirit never knew;
Be a prophet of the God-vent,
Telling all thy message true.

True, the coward world will scorn thee,
Friends may fail and friends will frown;
Heaven itself grow dark about thee,
God in anger thence look down.

Heed not; there's a world more potent
Carried in thy manly heart;
Be thyself, and do thy duty,
It will always take thy part.

If the God within say, 'Well done!'
What are other Gods to thee?
Hail 'tis thine own; but where thine soul is,
There is heaven for the free.

New Doctrines and Their Advocates.

A Lecture Delivered in Clinton Hall, New York,
Sunday Afternoon, Nov. 24, 1865, by
Orrin L. V. Hatch.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

INVOCATION.

Our Maker God, whose majesty and glory fill us with wonder and adoration, we come with awe before thee, who rulest all the universe, controlling alike the smallest atom and the greatest sun; thou who art from everlasting to everlasting unchanging, whose name is Infinite Spirit. We hail thee as the one Supreme, who, superior to all comprehension, reignest and rulest by thyself—who art ever present, yet unknown to us, uncomprehended and unseen. Oh, Spirit of all life, Being of all Beings, we praise thy name; though thou demandest not our worship, yet we give it because thou art our Infinite God—unto whom praises and blasphemies are alike as nought, for when we pour out the song of thanksgiving, we but recognize thy being and cannot enhance its bliss. We praise thee for that consciousness of thy life and perfection which enables us, in a measure, to understand thine attributes. Oh God, we praise thee because thou art unchangeable—because thy laws are unalterable, thy spirit is perfection; and for that undying fervor of thy love, that perfect picture of thy being, which makes us feel thou art God and worship. Yet we know that the purest aspirations, the ecstatic songs of the thousands of thousands who congregate about thy throne, can never express even the feeblest fragment of that praise which is thy due.

We praise thee, not for our feeble mortal life, with its attendant powers, not for those natural blessings which must pass away with this our earthly home, but for that life, that undying, consistent love which remains forever. Oh God, we bless thee for our thoughts and aspirations; for our desire to know more of thee; for all that guides us to thy Infinite Being; for those revelations, which come from the spirit, and from the home of spirit, which is thine abiding place; for those laws of justice and purity which remain unchanged though man on this threshold of eternity falter and would avert his gaze. May we be directed and consoled on the weary passage here, by the constant presence of thine indwelling spirit, and, finally, be admitted to the bliss unspeakable of an eternal communion with thy glorious attributes, forever and ever. Amen.

"There is nothing new under the sun."—Bible.
"There are more things in Heaven and Earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy."—Shakespeare.

"New Doctrines and their Advocates," is the theme we shall call your attention to on this occasion.

It is known that "doctrine" signifies teachings or revelations; new doctrines, therefore, must be the expression of ideas, of principles never before unfolded or spoken of. This is the definition of the leading term in our announcement; and yet we began by quoting the strongly skeptical expression of the royal sage, and we intend to end by convincing you that there can be no such thing as an absolutely new doctrine, and that all pretensions in this direction utter an unmitigated falsehood in the very statement of their claims; that those who boast of possessing new sources of enlightenment, new powers of discernment; in the moral and religious realm, either intend to deceive others, and are therefore knaves, or deceive themselves, and are therefore fools. There can be no truth in such pretensions. Humanity is on a level of perfect equality, as far as any such creative powers as they imply are concerned; and there can be no announcement of any spiritual truths hitherto undreamt of. Yet men and women from every department of life are continually stumbling against some bright idea, which they fancy to be original, and crying out, "Behold a new and saving truth!" Nay, they are ready to submit to martyrdom for the sake of principles so essential to the welfare of the species, and cheerfully expose themselves to the chances of immolation on the altar of popular prejudice, if, thereby, they can but secure the promulgation of their cherished faith. This has been the case in every age of the world. At all times and in every nation there have sprung up those pertinacious and indomitable spirits, who have been ready to take upon their shoulders the full burden of human passion and folly in the fulfillment of a self-imposed task of reformation and enlightenment.

Ever and anon, at short intervals, a flourish of trumpets announces to the startled world the fact of a New Dispensation, and that large class who are always ready to hear or to tell of some new thing—when the seed falls on the stony soil of an incredulous generation, cry out against the persecution of a good man who is in advance of his contemporaries. Yet the truth is that these self-made victims, in their grolplings in the dark, have merely hit upon some notion which genius has long ago anticipated, and which the few, if not the many, are already familiar with; and holding up the jewel, they cry, "How wonderful!" They have simply dragged from its hiding-place in the closets of the learned some sacred truth, dressed it up in tawdry guise, and spread it out before the world as a perfectly novel doctrine, which they are ready to die for rather than renounce. They think all the world is blind as themselves, and seek to enlighten humanity by holding their farthing candle to the sun. In a word, every true principle—except in the domain of applied science, if even that be an exception—has been revealed again and again, uttered over and over, has become a standard for humanity, and been adopted by all minds, and still when presented in some new form, there are those who are always ready with the cry, "A New Dispensation!" Yet all the while the new truth differs from the old truth just as much as the sunlight of to-day differs from that of a thousand years ago. That light is identical in composition and qualities with the first solar ray which shone through the broken vapors of Chaos—and so moral and religious truth is poured from no new fountain since conscience was awakened in the bosom of our first parents.

It matters not through what forms of devotional ceremony men have, at different times, chosen to approach their Creator—it matters not what idols they have worshiped, or what temporary shrines they have set up to hold the truth—that truth has known no change; it is the same yesterday, to-day and forever, among all classes and races of mankind. The fundamental truths thus recognized are few, and so simple that they may easily elude our penetration, when presented to us in new disguises as entire novelties.

Religious truth is simply this: the worship of an omnipotent power, the practice of truth and justice, and the love of our fellow-men. We defy any one to find a precept in the Bible which does not embody one or the other of these elements—or to name a single people, past or present, or the past, on any spot of earth, who have not fully recognized and openly declared them. The Christian and Mahometan, the devotee of Brahma, and the worshiper of Baal, may lose themselves in the labyrinth of their respective creeds, may bewilder themselves with countless sophistries, and

may deafen each other with metaphysical jargon, yet the club, once found, will conduct straight to the great central principles, which are the same in all their systems, and were flourishing in the fulness of vitality and influence before the names of their founders had been heard among men. The laws of justice and humanity existed before the Jewish nation.

The Dispensation of the Christian Religion is hallowed among its disciples, and its leading features are regarded as having been first proclaimed at the advent of their Redeemer; yet we affirm, without fear of successful contradiction, that the Prophet of Nazareth never uttered a truth that had not been proclaimed ages before he walked the fields of Palestine. We venture the assertion, moreover, that the pattern of moral and religious excellence which he presented, had been previously figured forth in the records of other nations. Thus the Golden Rules found among the moral writings of different heathen philosophers; and in particular was distinctly laid down by Confucius, the Chinese sage, many hundred years before the Christian Era. Nay, even the impure tribes of Asia, as well as the Jews, with their barbarous, retaliatory laws, were by no means ignorant of it, however they may have fallen short in practice of its sublime requirements. Knowing this, we must regard it as an extraordinary fact that men have always been so forgetful of past revelations, and so prone to hail every successive pretender as the almost divine founder of a New Dispensation. Innumerable have been the self-styled martyrs who have fallen upon bloody fields in defence of such baseless claims.

Let us look, for instance, at the war which, for hundreds of years, has been waged between the two great divisions of Christendom—the Romish and Protestant Churches. The fundamental and essential principles of each are precisely the same; each presents the same scheme of salvation, the same grounds for the belief in immortality; and yet their rival pretensions as to which is the original and authorized depository of sacred truth, have filled Europe with commotion for the last four centuries. These sanguinary disputes have turned altogether upon minor points of ceremony and disputed formulas of a creed; and yet those who, in these wretched and useless controversies, have offered up their lives, have been proudly styled the martyrs of a New Dispensation!

We will say nothing here of the quarrels among Protestants themselves—of the many leaders who have turned Christianity topsy-turvy for the sake of their New Dispensations, respectively. Suffice it that all have simply sought to effect changes in modes of worship and in the vocabulary of creeds, and have made the same mistake of compounding the form with the substance, and elevating their own trivial utterances into oracles of divine truth. Yet the most complete statement of moral doctrine which the combined wisdom of the whole enlightened world could put forth to-day, would not be one whit more comprehensive or authoritative than the oldest lesson to which the primeval tribes of humanity were called upon to listen. This may seem a strange position, but nevertheless it is susceptible of an easy demonstration. These new lights every now and then come forth to astonish and alarm the world—they labor to set forth their warnings and promises in the most terrific or the most alluring guise, as become the all-important character of the disclosures they are sent to make—and the sum and substance of the new revelations is contained in the simple and oft-reiterated maxim that God is Love, and that you must be good to your brother man. But the variations on this simple theme comprehend such a variety of phases, such singular forms of expression, truth is dressed in such an endless succession of disguises, as forbids an attempt at description. And no less remarkable is the willingness, nay, the joy, with which men will sacrifice all their earthly hopes and pleasures, and even life itself, for the sake of these outward trappings of a principle held in common by themselves and all mankind. The more bitter the taunts hurled at them, the more they enjoy the situation; and when the world cries out that theirs is no new doctrine, but only the revival of an old one, which was always believed, then they come forward with their claims to the crown of martyrdom.

The forms of these revelations are varied, especially in the Protestant Church, although even this latter, forming as it does a vast organization, and having recognized the fact that revelation was not given, once for all, to any man or body of men exclusively, does not entirely repudiate the idea of a New Dispensation. Still, it is so far bound up in established forms as not willingly to allow its disciples to burst upon society with any very startling novelty in the way of doctrine. Yes, even among the Protestants, since the time of their two great leaders, Luther and Calvin, hundreds of lesser lights have greeted the world with new forms of revelation. Outside of the pale of general Christianity, again, we meet with still another class of reformers—those, namely, who repudiate all time-honored restraints, and start on an untrodden path, ignoring the Bible and Christianity and all authoritative comments and expostulations. These would favor the world with an entirely new style of revelation, with new forms and objects of devotion, for they are persuaded (hard as they might find it to give the grounds of their belief), that the world needs some grand scheme of thorough and sweeping reformation, both in its belief and its practice. In taking this position, they allege that they are only following out the great movement of human thought and action, which was begun at the period of the Reformation, forgetful that this Reformation merely introduced freedom into religious discussion, without tending to any alteration in the theme discussed. Yet so prone are many careless minds to give credence to the claims of these pretenders, that they really suppose that the men who, for the most part, simply wished for liberty, that they might force others men to believe as they did, intended to inaugurate an era of the boldest infidelity and the most unrestrained license.

There are no reformers in the domain of the arts and sciences—for the arts and sciences are, so to speak, continually reforming themselves as to processes and modes of expression—that is to say, being founded on the irrepressible basis of physical and mathematical laws. It is otherwise with the doctrine of religion and morality. They are perfect in the beginning, or they are not true at all. They are not the labored products of human invention, but the spontaneous and necessary growths of an unconscious human faculty, which time can do nothing to improve. They are the workings of an innate power of the soul, and no more subject to change than the proportion of the elements which enter into the composition of the atmosphere, or the order of the planets round the sun. Those who attempt to deny their axioms and confound their distinctions, twist, as well as attempt to cause the night to take the place of day. They might as well strive to pluck the moon and strew from the sky as to persuade the world that new truths in regard to these matters should be allowed to supersede those already proclaimed, which underlie the institutions of society and government, and support them in all their forms.

and ramifications. Religion, in its uncorrupted state, is simply the fullest expression of human wisdom in the spiritual sphere. But to return from this abstract discussion to more personal considerations: We are far from willing to deny to reformers in general the utmost sincerity of zeal and the highest species of moral courage. Yet while we admit that they have repeatedly braved with unflinching fortitude the terrors of the torture-chamber, the scaffold, and the stake—that they have endured with smiling patience the despoiling of their goods, and the degradation of their names, yet we are compelled to withhold from even the most heroic among them the praises due to the highest and purest exertions of disinterested benevolence. The Hindoo mother who, compelled by a grovelling superstition, abandons her new-born babe to the holy waters of the Ganges, performs the seemingly unnatural act not purely at the prompting of perverted, religious feelings, but is actuated no less by the instinctive, maternal wish to secure the infant's future exemption from pain and punishment. So, too, the martyr, in even the final act of self-renunciation, may be animated and sustained by a feeling more nearly allied to a selfish regard for his own interests than we are accustomed to ascribe to him. He has simply made up his mind to barter the transient pleasures of this mortal scene for the sure delight of the invisible world; whereas, perhaps, an unmixed regard for the welfare of his fellow-beings might induce him to remain and labor a little longer in this scene of disappointment and tribulation.

Now-a-days less self-sacrifice than even this kind of devotion involved, is necessary to support the character of a reformer, and, accordingly, examples of the species grow up around us like Jonah's gourd, and would wither away as quickly beneath the heat of active persecution. They confine their functions to denouncing all the institutions of society, wholesale. In their belief all the world is out of joint, morally and politically, and they entertain not the slightest doubt respecting their mission to set it right. But how shall this be effected? Will they reveal a new religion? What shall it be? Can it be planted more firmly on the principles of eternal rectitude than the old faith? Are men better prepared to dispense with these principles now than in ages past? Is it possible for human beings to conceive of a higher standard of moral excellence than has already been presented to them? Obviously not. But yet the *so-called* reformer must aspire to guide the world—in appearance, if not in reality. Accordingly, while he admits that God has certainly spoken through others before, he asserts that he now speaks in a special manner and to a new effect through him, as the appointed minister to lead you through the gateway of his doctrine into the paths of happiness, peace and love. Probably the only novelty about the matter consists in the unexampled and unexampled impudence which alone could support him in such preposterous pretensions, and the unequalled absurdity of the theory to which he solicits your adherence.

To this class belongs the whole array of social, political and religious reformers of our times. They abound especially in a period of revolution and social uneasiness, like the present; and such periods are, above all others, fitted for their purposes. Charlatans of this sort swarmed and buzzed like carrion flies amid the noisome corruption engendered by the decay of European society during the period of the French Revolution, and their influence extended even to our remote and comparatively untainted land. These philanthropists start off with the assertion that everything is wrong—the world, humanity, the Church, society, and he proposes to pull all these edifices down, and replace them by others on their own peculiar and respective plans. What some of these plans are, we shall proceed to tell hereafter. They are prompt and ready in the work of destruction, and all their negative propositions could very easily be carried into effect; but how or when or where the desired remedy is to be found and applied, they will leave you to discover on bloody battlefields and desolated homes and under the pressure of a corrupt and despotic government.

They proclaim religion to be wrong, not for themselves alone, but for all others. They would strike down the holiest shrine that the purest religion has erected in your hearts, and has decked with the offerings of affection and exalted sentiment, and then drive you to partake of their own polluted orgies. Others of this class are such as would force upon the world, under the guise of various religions, falsehood instead of truth. Their plea is, that every man should rely upon his own private convictions of right, should apply them to all subjects—religious, political and moral—and thus direct his efforts for the renovation of society. This is as if the Creator should say to every star: "Follow your own course, independently of all other celestial bodies, wherever it may lead you;" the result of which would be chaos worse confounded. Every mind is related to every other mind by a law of spiritual gravitation, as necessary and beneficent as that which binds the planets to their orbits, and which could not be repealed for a moment without the most disastrous consequences. You cannot attack the laws of society, imperfect as many of them undoubtedly are, without endangering the barriers set up by Nature against the most destructive inroads of unbridled passion, and destroying all the securities for peace and happiness on earth.

No man is so strong in intelligence and education as to be enabled to set laws at defiance. The well-disposed portion of community may live above them, but the masses require them as restraints, and the lowest class are their helpless and imbruted victims. But the reformer may allege that the only really effectual law is that of love, which enjoins a passive resistance to evil and outrage. But this principle will certainly be found in the affairs of the world at large to be utterly impracticable—at least until we can discover the means of deterring tyrants without the exhibition of armed force, and have learned to look on the wrongs of injured innocence without a pang.

Not every sin is followed, of right, by its appropriate consequence, and none of us can act upon his own "higher law," without endangering the welfare of other people. We may proceed upon our highest convictions of right, and find ourselves in a position of hopeless conflict with what the great world regards as necessary to its own well-being. The laws which govern society were made by general consent, and correspond to the highest attainable standard of morality; if they are discovered to fall far short of it, the common sense and intelligence of humanity quickly alter or abolish them. The reciprocal duties of human beings are clearly defined, and are well understood by the vast majority, and they cannot be set aside in favor of any high-sounding claims on behalf of a New Dispensation. Men may worship what God they please, and after any forms their fancy may dictate, but they have no right to set bounds to the freedom of another by attempting to hide or frighten him out of the old-fashioned principles which the experience of ages has proved to be amply sufficient

both as safeguards and restraints. But the reformer really takes the same view of this subject as the rest of mankind. He merely wishes to effect a transfer of that ardent devotion which they have hitherto paid their great moral and religious leaders, to his own person. In his secret heart he does not in the least undervalue Christianity—he is merely jealous of the supreme respect which is rendered to the character of its founder—and he strikes with all his feeble force at that mighty image which throws a shadow over his own overweening pretensions. Or he thinks that the world has long enough revered the memory of Luther and Calvin, and he would fain substitute a more modern idol. If he spoke sincerely, he would say, "There is no new revelation given to me to-day. I do not ask you to believe that I have any unheard-of principles to announce—I merely wish you to look at me as the latest expounder and embodiment of Eternal Truth." Philanthropist! In doctrine, the world is in advance of you. For humanity is right, after all. The general intelligence, morality and religion of the world furnish the best possible standard of belief. We believe the majority of the world are the best judges of what is right and wrong—that the great heart of humanity pulsates in accordance with goodness and truth. Do not say the world—is a huge mistake. It is not so. The hearts of most men are in the right place, and they sympathize with the good, not the evil. If the humblest of your species finds a harmless consolation in any form of devotional belief or worship, it is not for you to tear away his only spiritual support, because you happen to stand on a higher vantage-ground of education and intelligence.

There are not a few of the most sublime and consoling of all ideas which have been so distorted by the tricks of mountebanks—have been draped by their clumsy fingers in such repulsive disguises, and burdened with such a load of extravagant and irrelevant speculations—that it is not to be wondered at that the world utterly refuses to accept or recognize them. Thus, for instance, the belief in the immortality and continued manifestations of the human spirit is no new thing. Humanity has not dragged on its weary course till now without having received and welcomed the true gospel of angelic visitations. In the dim vista of long past ages, we clearly discern that God had not so far forgotten his children as to leave them in utter darkness respecting so all-important a theme. Yet there are those in your midst, to-day, who would persuade you that he has only in recent years, and mainly through their instrumentality, vouchsafed the unspeakable privilege of such communion to poor mortals groping blindly in the shadow of the tomb. It is not so! If it be true, to-day, that angels live and speak with men, it has been equally a truth in every preceding age. If it be a new revelation to you, it is so even as the glories of sunrise are new on every succeeding morn.

There is, no new doctrine in any age of the world, any more than there is a new creation of species. God's truth is eternal, and the same forever, and the first word or thought of humanity, in connection with his existence and manifestations, is just as correct and genuine as the latest. Your ideas of devotion, when compared with those of the past, may seem to yourselves higher; but in reality you have not advanced a step in this direction. Liberty, Truth and Justice are continually pictured in the glowing imagery of poetry and rhetoric, as plying their resistless weapons on bloody fields, or falling beneath the iron vigor of some tyrant's arm. Now Truth was never slain; indeed, we question if she was ever enlisted on either side in human conflict. Justice was never defeated in battle; and as to Liberty, we doubt very much if she ever fought a battle; but we are sure that she was never conquered. All these events only exist in the visions of the philanthropist's heated brain—they are to be numbered with the fanciful creations of the poet. Like the great luminary of the material heavens, Truth shines on, ever the same, through endless ages; only the earth-born vapors of passion, ignorance and fanaticism obscure her from our gaze, and we fight on in the darkness, and fancy she has been withdrawn from her orbit; her rays again break through the mist, and each side thinks she favors it alone. The heights to which that soul attains who has become conscious of this, is far superior to the level of the so-called "reformer," as heaven is above the earth.

Genius may be called the only true revelator; Genius which, like the eagle, can stoop to dip its pinions into the waters of human strife and infirmity, only to soar again the brighter for the contact, as the sunbeams are flashed back in splendor from its dripping plumage; while the dark culture of imposture can but feed on the offal of the pool and brood upon the agitated waves, never able to conquer or to rise. The pretended reformer would have humanity by tearing down the edifice of its faith, but knows not how to build a new one; the truly inspired man climbs to the heights of prophecy, cries out to his brethren to come up higher, and lends them a helping hand, while they ascend by safe degrees.

There is, then, no new doctrine save that which is sanctioned, believed in, worshiped, by the whole world. We do not say this of forms and ceremonies, which are but its changing symbols and outward adornments, but of that true, distinct morality which distinguishes right from wrong, and that high religious fervor which sheds a warm and heavenly light upon the rugged path of duty. The true reformer, therefore, is to be looked for in the bosom of society itself, not among its outcasts. He recognizes the principle that his work must begin by silent self-examination and improvement, not in noisy denunciation of his neighbor's creed. He knows that truth has no beginning, and can know no end; and proceeds with modesty, yet with firm confidence on his appointed task, knowing that he is alive as ever, active, powerful, and sure to conduct humanity at last to its destined goal.

We thank thee, oh thou Spirit of all Being, Supreme Ruler of existence, that thy hand and thy voice sustain and guide thy whole creation, and thine influence, within and through all its forms, is working out the destiny of ages, as thou sittest above humanity, leading them gently from darkness into light. Oh may it be our privilege to live forever beneath the shelter of Infinite Wisdom, and endlessly partake of the blessings which its hand bestows. Amen.

A California correspondent thus speaks of the wants of his State: "What California needs most to-day is rain. What she wants to-morrow is seventy-five thousand females, which would equal the male population according to the last census." Massachusetts can supply exactly this number, and not miss them.

A French chemist has discovered no less than sixty-five different poisons in cosmetics which he has analyzed. Most of the cosmetics to which the name "vegetable" are affixed, are composed of active mineral poisons.

JOY AND GRIEF.

BY D. M. H.

Harp of a thousand living strings,
Swept by the fingers of sweet time,
How low and sweet thy dulcet notes,
Or, swelling grandly, how sublime!

At times thy strings with joy are swept,
And murmur sweetly with delight;
Then sorrow strikes the trembling chords,
And day is changed to darkest night.

So must it be; the bow long bent
In one direction loses power;
The creeping shadows of the day
Mark out the progress of the hour.

The sweets of life we call its joys;
But these alone would grief the mind:
Untouched by grief, our pleasures lie
In fading ethers, undefined.

What were the light without the shade?
The peaceful calm without the storm?
The amber sky without the cloud,
Or blooming rose without the thorn?

What were the heat without the cold?
The gentle breeze without the gale?
The grand old hills that pierce the sky
Without the caverns of the vale?

'Tis unproportioned joy and grief
That stays the progress of the soul;
Pleasure must drink the bitter tears
When grief has overflowed the bowl.

No joys exist where grief is not;
A purpose lies in every pain,
And we must drink at either cup,
If manhood's rights we would attain.

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS,
102 WEST 27TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

"We think not that we daily see
About our hearth, angels that are to be,
Or may be they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."
—LIONEL BENT.

OLD ITH SHARP; OR, UNCLE PHILIP'S SECOND SERMON.

"Dear Uncle Phil," said Rod, "Sue and I have come trudging over here in the snow, to ask you if you will preach us another sermon?"

"Yes," chimed in Susan; "we all want to hear one—Mary and William, and Kate and Louis, and ever-living Tom have agreed to come, and merry Kittle. Will you? Please do!"

"How happens it that Parson Smith does not satisfy you? Did not I see you all out to meeting last Sunday?"

"Now you know, Uncle Phil," said Lucy, "just as well as I do, that Parson Smith can't talk to children. His sermons are just like the great icicles that hang from the roof—nobody can reach them; and when they do fall, if you touch one, you don't know why, it looks like candy and yet freezes your fingers half off."

"And your sermons," said Rod, "are like the beautiful sunlight that makes everything so clear and plain; even the icicles shine in it, just as some of Parson Smith's New Year's sermon seemed good to me, because I could understand it after you had preached yours."

"Well, children," replied Uncle Philip, "if there is anything an old man likes it is to talk and have good listeners, and so you may all come this evening, for I can't give up my old fashioned, and we'll hold one meeting around the glowing hearth. Come early, for I don't like late callers; they make one old before his time. Remember, if you want to keep young, you must sleep enough, and at the right time."

"I see you are all here," began Uncle Philip, in the evening; "and I have my text all ready."

"Oh! I hope it is the rain or the sunshine," said Mary.

"Or the mountain or the forest," said William.

"You would find it difficult to guess what it is," said Uncle Philip. "I selected it with much care from the many that presented themselves. It is a fruitful subject."

"Then it must be apples or popped corn," said roughish Tom.

A merry laugh followed, when Uncle Philip, putting on a grave face, and calling to silence, announced his text:

"Old Ith Sharp."

"What that old cuss fellow?" said Rod; "that mean miser, that scold and snarl, and that we all hate so?"

"Hate is a pretty harsh word," said Uncle Philip; "but that is the very man that I have chosen, and he forms the text of my sermon."

Tom and Susan laughed, and the rest all joined in. When quiet was again restored, Uncle Philip began:

"I knew Ithaker Sharp when he was a boy. He is not as old as I, though his face is shriveled, and his form bent, at his eye dull, and his voice cracked."

"Why, I thought," said Susan, "that he was at least ninety-nine years old!"

"And I heard some one ask him," said Tom, "if he was acquainted with Mr. Mordecai, and he said yes; so I supposed he lived as long as any of the Bible days, and was acquainted with Esther and King Ahasuerus!"

"Oh, Tom, what story!" said Mary. "Now you must keep still, if you, and the one that interrupts Uncle Philip shall be sent into the kitchen."

"It's a fact though," said Tom. "I thought he could not die, because he was so shriveled up and so mean."

"Hush-sh-sh!" said Sue; and Uncle Phil resumed:

"He is indeed shriveled, and mean, and no one seems to love him; but you just listen to my memory of him, and perhaps you will not laugh any more when you hear him or speak of him, but rather determine not to be like him. We all called him Ith, when boy, and he was as plump and rosy a little fellow as you would wish to see. He was not a badly off fellow; that is, he did not join the other boys in mischievous sports, and we all liked him. Higher was a well-to-do farmer, and was quite proud of his son; but he seemed more anxious than anything else that his boy should become a man. His mother, too, seemed to think the must be taught to expect every selfish wish be gratified."

I don't think, however, that we thought that Ith was growing up; for he used often to come to see me, and play a fine play we had together. I remember, however, going to his father's one day, and seeing some nice pie for dinner; there was one piece after all had been served, and Ith, married, fretted, and teased his

mother till she gave it to him. This was a very little thing, but thus by little indulgences, do powerful habits grow.

When Ith began to come to school, I noticed he had many ways that we boys called mean; for instance, he would eat all his apples himself, and never share with his companions; he would push his way to the warmest place before the fire, and never move, though his face was as red as a Baldwin apple, and perhaps others just coming in were half frozen with cold. You see he kept indulging his selfish feelings on every occasion. If we went out to skate, he would take the best place on the pond, and so managed that no one else could get it. If we went to coast, he would have his turn just so often, no matter how many were waiting. When we had been all packed away as snugly as possible, up came little Ida Green, a pale-faced, gentle little child, who was not strong, and could hardly bear to be jounced up and down, as the rest of us could, on the bottom of the lumber wagons. Ida's father, seeing that Ith was taking up more room than any other boy, asked him to move a little, and thus make room for his little girl; but he did not move an inch; he sat as still as a statue as if he had not heard a word. It was then that I first noticed something disagreeable about his face. You all remember those deep lines on old Ith's forehead and around his mouth; well, little faint lines appeared on his face then."

"We call them crow-tracks," said Tom.

"No," said Uncle Philip. "I doubt if a crow could ever make such ill-becoming marks, if he tried his best; they are the marks of selfishness. When the spirit within us begins to cramp itself up, and to grow mean and petty, and to delight in no kindly feeling, then, you see, it begins to make the body look mean, too. You can see selfishness in the eye, and about the mouth; you can see meanness in the lips, and on the brow. As I told you, I then first noticed the marks on Ith's face, that are so plainly seen now; and when good Benjamin Young, that great-hearted boy, said, 'Come here, little robin, I have a nice nest for you in my lap,' I think I never saw such a contrast as between the two boys. Benjamin's face glowed, and his eye beamed kindness, and I could understand how he became the handsomest man in the county about, and as good as he was handsome."

Well, I must pass by much of Ith's boyhood, but he became more and more disliking and selfish. In little acts he showed how his bad habit was increasing. He would eat all the nuts and candy that were given him, without offering any one else any; but he was sure to put his thumb and finger into his little sister's parcel, and slyly take the very best bits. If he chanced to be in any public assembly, he would never rise and offer his place to an old gentleman or lady, but would see them stand rather than give up his selfish ease. Thus Ith's boyhood passed. I do not think that he was taught to be generous and loving, and he did not know that a terrible habit was growing on him, and so stealthily did it creep into his spirit, that none of us realized what a life was before him.

He left his native town to go into business in a larger place, and we saw no more of him until he came back to marry one of his old school-mates, a fine girl, who was captivated by what she supposed to be Ith's wealth. No one knew how, but he had some money. Some said that it was because of his ways, and one of the boys that had known him said he would skin a flint if he could sell the skin for a kernel of corn. I remember well how he looked at this visit. His face had lost all its roundness, and there was on it so mean a look that I wondered how Pattie Norton could promise to love, honor and obey him.

In the course of a year I went also to the same town that Ith had settled in, and I went often to visit him for old acquaintance's sake, and afterwards I went out of pity to his wife and children. His habit of selfishness had so grown upon him, that he was like a tyrant in his own home. He would not allow his wife to purchase anything, but he kept her furnished with just enough to be decent. When his children were about him, he pushed and cuffed them, and sent them without their supper to bed; this was because he did not wish to be troubled with them, and because he had become so selfish that he did not even wish them to have enough to eat. I remember how, as soon as he appeared in the street, all the children far and near would run and hide until he passed. He never had a pleasant word for anyone; he thought only of himself.

One day I was seated in my office, when Pattie, Ith's pretty wife, came to see me. She looked so pale and sad, that I thought she must be ill. She told me that she very much feared that her husband had got into serious trouble; that he had defrauded his employers for the sake of selfish gain, and that I must come up, if I had any pity, and see what could be done. I went with a sorrowful heart, for I had no doubt of Ith's guilt; but what was my surprise to find him not at all moved by his trouble. He began to declare his innocence, and to assert the guilt of a boy in the employ of his master. Oh, how cold and hard his face looked as he said to me:

"Albert, the boy, did it; he will be properly punished."

I had never supposed that Ith would tell an absolute falsehood, but so gradually do evil habits creep upon us, when we indulge them, that others soon find room to enter. I was sure he did not speak the truth when he told me of Albert's conduct, and explained how he had taken the money. He grew bolder and bolder in repeating his lies, and succeeded in having Albert punished, by the loss of his place and disgrace. Would you have thought that selfish habits could have led to such wickedness? I believe it was the knowledge of this wrong in her husband that killed poor Pattie, his wife, for she gradually faded away, like a plant without water. After this his children ran away as soon as they grew to be old enough to understand their father's meanness, for they all were like their mother, and could not bear their father's conduct.

As I watched him, year by year, I saw how he changed. I could hardly believe him to be the boy that I used to know. By little and little his face became pinched, his brow wrinkled, and his features all seemed to grow mean. One day I met him and said:

"Ith, how goes the world with you?"

"How goes it? Why, it's all upside down," he replied; "nothing is right in it."

"But, said I, this is a fine summer we are having; I think I never saw such lovely flowers, and such luxuriant foliage."

"What's the use of flowers? I would like to know," said he. "Who is the richer for flowers? I'd give all I ever saw for a silver dollar."

Thus you see his selfishness had killed out all the love of beauty in his heart. He kept growing more and more disagreeable every year, until he is just what you see him. He became too old, or, rather, too infirm, to attend to his business, and so he came back to his native town to spend the rest of his days. Poor old Ith Sharp! No one loves him, no one pities him; every one despises him. Is that rather a dull sermon? and are you thinking you wish I had preached a merrier one?

"But, Uncle Phil," said Rod, "do you suppose there is any danger of our becoming like old Ith?"

"Perhaps not," said Uncle Philip. "But boys and girls are always in danger from habits of selfishness. Let me tell you what I saw the last time I went to the city. In the street cars, a lady entered, who really looked unable to stand. She had the right to a seat. She very politely addressed a boy who had a full seat, and asked if he would let her sit for a few moments. He did not move; he had not even the politeness to speak. Now it may have been my fancy, but I thought I saw Ith Sharp's wrinkles on that boy's face. I was walking out in our village the other day, and I saw some children at play. I felt like having a little fun, and so I hid myself behind the large oak, and I threw in their midst a handful of candy. They scrambled well for it, but one fellow got the most, and one got none. The one who had the most began eating his as fast as he could swallow, never offering a bit to the one who had none. Perhaps it was fancy, but I thought I saw old Ith's wrinkles coming on his face. The last time I went to meeting, I saw a little girl take the best seat in the pew, and when an old lady entered she did not rise, but kept the easy place herself. I peeped around her handsome hat, and sure I was that there was something like old Ith in her eye and about her mouth. I went to a party of young folks the other day, and when supper was served, each child seized the best and largest pieces of cake, and crowded each other, and were very ill-mannered; and I slyly looked at their eyes and their mouths, and perhaps it was an old man's fancy, but I thought they all had something that looked like old Ith on their faces."

"Oh, Uncle Phil," said Susan, "do look in my face and see if you see anything."

"Oh, but I must look when you are thinking some selfish thought, or doing some selfish deed. It takes a good many years for the face to get to look like old Ith's. But I wanted you all to hear the history of his wrinkles."

"But, Uncle Phil," said Rod, "don't you suppose there is any help for old Ith? Can't anything make him see his miserable life?"

"Well, children, that is another reason that I wanted to tell you about him. It is certain we can't make him better by making fun of him, and calling him pames. I never found any way to really do people good but by kindness and love."

"I tell you a good way," said Mary. "Let us all be very polite to him, and treat him as if we were thinking of Ith, the boy, who lived here so many years ago, and perhaps even we can be of some use to him. I'm sure I never thought that he was once like us, a merry child."

"That is just what I wanted you to think about," said Uncle Philip. "Some of you will grow to be old men and women, and if you don't have a care, habits will creep upon you before you are aware."

"But would not it be fun," said Tom, "to go to his forlorn room, and carry him something nice? I have been there times enough to try and frighten him, and make him think that robbers were coming to carry away his money, that they say he keeps locked up in a great iron box."

"And I, too," said Rod, "have thought it great fun to plague him."

"Well," said Susan, "let us go to-morrow, and carry him some cake and apples, and see what he'll say. Why, they say he don't have enough to eat, he's so afraid of spending his money."

"I imagine," said Uncle Philip, "that all those stories about his money are not true. I think most likely that he is really poor; but no one believes he is; he has told so many falsehoods, that every one thinks he tells them always. Poor old Ith Sharp! My heart aches for him every time I see him. You know there are societies called missionary societies, that are designed to benefit the world; but I can tell you what sort of missionary societies I like—people that are trying to do the most good. Now suppose you all become missionaries. Don't you suppose you could warm up old Ith Sharp's heart a little?"

"I propose," said practical William, "that we come to you, Uncle Philip, and report progress."

"I expect one thing," said Rod; "that we must all begin at home and be missionaries to ourselves first. I declare I want to keep those horrid wrinkles from my face. Let us all visit old Ith Sharp to-morrow, and keep our brows free from his wrinkles, besides; but come, Susan, and all, put on hats and caps and hoods, for it's almost bedtime, and next week we'll come again."

And so these merry ones with new thoughts went forth, to think over Uncle Philip's second sermon.

To Correspondents.

NELLIE D.—The sentiment of your poetry is very good, but before you send for publication you must see that you can measure each line into feet. Some one experienced will teach you. All such efforts are praise worthy, however. Experience is our best teacher.

M. SHARON.—In choosing words or sentences for enigmas, please find those that have not been used too often before. We have published enigmas on the same subjects, and have rejected as many as a dozen on "The Banner of Light" before yours.

ELLA H., ARCOLA, ILL.—Thanks for your pleasant letter. I am always glad to hear from those who read my words, but best of all I like to know that what I write awakens thought and a real desire to become better. I would be glad to send my photograph to you, and many others, but must wait awhile. Will you please accept this as an answer to your letter? Your true friend, L. M. W.

In his recent speech at Rochdale, Mr. Gaden said that if a map of the United States were laid before the members and professors of Oxford University, and they were asked to designate the position of Chicago, he did not believe that one of them could come within a thousand miles of it.

Female operatives in the Eastern cotton mills are, it is said, adopting the Bloomer costume as a working dress, as being less liable to become entangled in the machinery, and is besides quite a novelty.

Great is the power of eloquence; but never is it so great as when it pleads along with nature, and the culprit is a child strayed from his duty and returned to it again with tears.

THE ADGANA UNVEILED!

Year	1999	2000	2001
1999	100	100	100
2000	100	100	100
2001	100	100	100

Mediums in Boston.

Mediums in Boston.

MRS. R. COLLINS,
CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN AND HEALING MEDIUM,
No. 6 Pine Street, Boston.

CONTINUES to heal the sick, as Spirit Physicians control her for the benefit of suffering humanity.
Examinations \$1.00. All medicines prepared by her wholly composed of Roots, Barks and Herbs gathered from the garden of Nature.

11-Jan. 7.

Examinations \$100. All medicines prepared by her wholly composed of roots, Herbs and Herbs gathered from the garden of Nature.

DR. MAIN'S HEALTH INSTITUTE,
AT NO. 1 DAVIS STREET, BOSTON.

THOSE requesting examinations by letter will please on close \$100. a lock of hair, a return postage stamp, and the address, and date on the envelope.

MISS ANNA RYDER,
AT THE CHIEF ROOM, OF MISS ANKIN LODG CHAMBER-
AT THE WASHINGTON HOTEL, Boston, or will visit families.
Hours from 10 A. M. to 6 o'clock.

MRS. FRANCES PETERSON, and Expenses

M at the CIRCLE ROOM of MRS. ANNIE LOD CHAMBERLAIN, 158 Washington Street, Boston, or will visit families. Hours from 10 A. M. to 8 o'clock P. M. 6w-Jan. 16.

MRS. FRANCES, PHYSICIAN AND BUSINESS
CLAIRVOYANT, cures diseases, their remedies, and all kinds of diseases. One Office
cines. Her HOME ORIENTAL, for Scrofula, Rashes, Pimples, Faces, &c., &c., 25 cents a box.

DR. J. H. MORT STREET, ROOM NO. 1.
Hours from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M. DO NOT RISK. 4w-Jan. 16.

DR. WILLIAM B. WHITE, Sympathetic, Clair
voyant, Magnetic and Electric Physician, cures all cases of the heart, nervous and disagreeable feelings removed. Advice free; operations, \$1.00. NO 4 JEFFERSON.

PLACE, (leading from South Bennett street, Boston. Jan. 7.
MRS. J. S. FORREST, PRACTICAL, MAGNETIC
 and Clairvoyant Physician, 91 Harrison Avenue, Boston,
 downtown Bennett street, Boston. Office hours 9
 4 p. M. 2nd Jan. 31.

MRS. LIZZIE WETTERBERG, Healing Medium,
 um, No. 12 Lincoln st. (near Summer), Boston. Boston
 from 9 till 12 M., and 2 till 5 p. M. No medicines given.
 Dec. 31. 8w

MADAME GALE, Clairvoyant, Healing and
 Medium, 18 Lowell street. Examination by Jock
 half, sent by letter, and 2 till 5 p. M. Dec. 24

SAMUEL GROVER, HEALING MEDIUM, N.
 131 BLYTHE ST. (opposite Harvard street). Jan. 1.

MRS. LATHAM continues to exercise her gift of healing at 374 Washington street. Jan. 1.

MRS. S. J. YOUNG, Medium, No. 80 WARREN STREET, Boston, Mass. Jan. 2nd - Dec. 31.

SOUL READING.
Or Psychometrical Delineation of Character.
M. AND MRS. A. B. REVERENCE would respectfully announce to the public that those who wish, and will visit the person of either of them, will be enabled to see and hear, and will give an accurate description of their leading traits of character and peculiarities of disposition; marked changes in past and future life; physical ailments, with prescient knowledge of what business they are best adapted to pursue in order to

successful; the physical and mental adaptation of those entering marriage; advice to those who are contemplating marriage; and the duties of a pastor or minister to their former or future congregations. It will give instructions for self-improvement, by telling what faculties should be restrained, and what cultivated; what habits should be avoided, and what cultivated; and what can do what they advertise without fail, as hundreds are doing to testify. Skeptics are particularly invited to investigate the facts, and state their own conclusions. Address as Directed For Written Delination of Character, \$1.00.

For Hitherd calls or letters will be promptly attended to either by day or night.

Address, MR. AND MRS. A. B. SEVERANCE,
717 Whitewater, Walworth Co., Wisconsin.

JAMES V. MANSFIELD,
TESTIMONIALS

POSTAL MEDICAL, ANSWERS SEALED LETTERS, at 102 West 16th street, New York. Terms—\$1.00 and 4 three-cent stamps. Jan. 1.

MR. & MRS. H. M. RICHMOND
HAVE opened rooms for Healing the Sick, without the use of medicine, at No. 37 SMITH'S BUILDING, April, April. No charge to the poor.
Rochester, N. Y., Jan. 1, 1865. 3w*

SEALED LETTERS ANSWERED.
L. L. L. has located in Chicago, Ill. Persons enclosing 3-cent sealed letter, will receive a prompt reply. Post Office address—No. 3371, Chicago, Ill. Residing 468 West Lake street. Jan. 1.

DR. J. A. NEAL, No. 34 West 15th Street,
New York, still continues his treatment of Disease
plan of manipulation peculiar to himself, and which is
very successful. Confidence of complete success in
cases established in the minds of patients, when the method
once applied. He is prepared to receive boarders as patients
Jan. 7.

SAMUEL H. PRENTISS, Healing, Speech,
and Franchise Medium, No. 2 Concord street, Worcester,
Mass. Jan. 7.

**NEW AND STANDARD WORKS IN
SPIRITUALISM.**
AT 80 PAMPHLETS NEWSPAPERS E-

J. BURNS, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY, 1 WELLINGTON ROAD, CAMBERWELL, LONDON, ENGL.

ALL New Publications on the Spiritual and Progressive Philosophy, whether published in England or America can be procured as above, soon after their issue; also, all the Works advertised in the columns of the **BANKER OF LIGHT** and **THE** **WORKS** taken for the **BANKER OF LIGHT** at a per annum. Sample copies always on hand. (See October 1904.)

SCENES IN THE SUMMER LAND
NO. 1.—THE PORTICO OF THE BAGE
BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

SCENES IN THE SUMMER L

THE Artist has endeavored to impress on canvas the he has often had clairvoyantly of a landscape in Spheres, embracing the Home of a group of Bages. With those who desire to have the same view as himself of that terious land beyond the gulf of darkness, he has published

PROGRESSIVE PUBLICATIONS.
WESTERN DEPTO. NO. 326 STATE STREET, corner E
von street, CHICAGO, Ill.
Agency for the "Banner of Light,"
AND ALL
LIBERAL, SPIRITUAL, PROGRESSIVE
REFORMATORY BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.
A fine assortment of STATIONERY, NOTIONS,
and all the popular Clark & Westcott trade. Single copies 25 cents.
Large size photographic. \$1. Large size color.
\$3. Popular discount to the Trade. For sale at this office.
June 25.

Address, **TALLMADGE & CO.,**
Box 2722 Chicago.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

I HEREBY offer my services to the friends and inquirers of theosophy, and to all who desire to be removed from the frequent visits of lecturers on those subjects convening together and appoint one of their number to make no charge for the purpose. I will accept of no charge of a small admission fee; to these casual gatherings humbly means cannot be overtaxed, and some good may be made no matter how small the number. I have over the friends of Truth are able and willing to allow provided that it compensate me for my time. Please send your order to the Editor of this journal, 1885, 5th Avenue, New York.

Very respectfully, D. C. S. 1864.

CORA WILBUR

DYNAMIC INSTITUTE.
HAYING purchased the elegant residence of the late Dr. H. Kneeland, Esq., we have fitted it up for the reception of patients, and invite the suffering throughout the country to be cured as follows:—First, by the treatment of the same as practiced by Dr. Newton and Bryant, and announced by many who are conversant with the cure of the equally well known and successful second order of Division street. P. O. Drawer 117.
DISEASES, & GOUT.
Milwaukee, Wis., Nov. 7, 1864.

ADELPHIAN INSTITUTE.
BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES. By arrangement with the Board of Education, the Institute will continue five months. A Teacher of Dynamics will

UNION SOCIABLES
ARE held every TUESDAY EVENING, in LYONS
at Wrentham street, Boston. All Spiritualists are
Dancing to commence at 8 o'clock precisely. Ticket
10 cents. Doors open at 7 o'clock. Ladies free.

DIARRHŒA CORDIAL.
THOSE desirous of procuring a superior article for the
of Diarrhœa—for children as well as adults—can
be forwarded \$1.00 per bottle, to T. GILMAN
(Room No. 3), Hancock House, Boston. tf—o

BOOKS!

PLA MARSH, at No. 11 BROADFIELD STREET, keeps constantly for sale a full supply of all the Spiritual and Orphic Apparatus at wholesale and retail prices.
ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
Jan. 7.

SIX DOLLARS FROM 50 CENTS
CALL, and examine something urgently needed by Body, or R. W. will be sent out for you for 50 cents each, or sample Lot at wholesale prices.
Nov. 26-ly

N. KENNON.
CORY DOCTOR, ROOMS 21 TEMPLE PLACE, BOSTON.
CORY A. M. to P. M. Dr. K. has had twenty-five of experience.
87-26

NEWBORN IMPROVED ARTIFICIAL LI

SUPERIOR to all others in durability, lightness and
INFORMATION furnished on application, in person, or
 by letter. Address, **RIHARD CLEMENT, New Contract**
 Philadelphia, Pa.

MISS LIZZIE WHITTELL, Fashionable
 and Dress Maker, 50 Warren street. Work done
 residences of customers, if desired.

DR. J. T. GILMAN PIERCE,
Hancock House, - - - Court Square
ROCHESTER.

M. D. CHILDS, M. D., DENTIST
 50 School Street next door East of Parker St.



