

BANNER OF THE LIGHT.



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THE SUNDAY MORNING SERMONS
OF REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER AND EDWIN H.
CHAPIN are reported for us by the best Phonographers of
New York, and published verbatim every week in this paper.
EIGHTH PAGE—Mrs. Grant's Sermon.
TENTH PAGE—Cora Hatch's Tenth Discourse.

BERTHA LEE, OR, MARRIAGE.

To the Memory of my Husband this tale is dedicated.

BY ANN E. PORTER,
Author of "Dora Moore," "Country Neighbors," &c., &c.

CHAPTER VI.—(CONCLUDED.)

His manner excited curiosity, and I could not wait even to take my bonnet off, but ran up stairs, and opened the door of my mother's room. It was darkened, so that I could see nothing distinctly, at first, but I heard a low, crooning sound, as of one hushing a baby to sleep. My eyes opened wide, then, and I soon perceived an old woman seated in a low chair, in the corner, with a bundle of flannel in her lap. "What is it? What is it?" I asked, eagerly. The old woman laid aside the covering, and a baby, a "real live baby," met my gaze. Few little girls can keep quiet at such a sight, and I jumped up, clapping my hands, and exclaiming, "Oh, I'm so glad! I'm so glad! May I touch him?" The noise disturbed my mother, and she raised herself slightly.

"Is that Bertha? Do be more quiet. It is just as I expected—you have grown very hoydenish!" "There, run away, now," said the nurse, "and to-morrow I will show you his little feet."

I went to seek Willie and Joe. After a search, I found them in Joe's chamber. Willie was not well, and Joe was telling him stories. They both welcomed me with noisy demonstrations of pleasure, and Willie asked:

"Have you seen the baby? Aren't you glad, Sis? He's my little brother, and I am going to give him all my playthings!" "He's the sweetest, little baby I ever saw," I exclaimed, "and to-morrow I am going to see his little darling feet; the nurse says he has as many toes as I have." Joe, who was not a little baby in the house, said, "Joe, aren't you glad there's a little baby in the house?"

"Yes, yes—no, no, Bertha; Joe don't like babies—not such babies—no how! Come, Willie, I'll carry you to bed; she won't mind now where you sleep!" I followed, and, to my great delight, found two single beds in my room—one for Willie, and another for myself. I sat down by Willie, and told him stories till he fell asleep. Joe, meanwhile, rocking himself to and fro in a low chair. "Joe," said I, after Willie fell asleep, "do you remember when I was a baby?"

"No, no—yes, yes—Joe remembers it all. Oh, how pretty she looked when she said, 'Joseph, dear, you may say sister!' Joe was sick then, and he cried—good crying, not bad; and Joe remembers, too, when Willie came—great joy—she happy as an angel; and uncle gave Joe a gold piece, and said, 'From my son Willie, Joe!'"

I looked at Joe, and wondered what kind of a baby he could have been, he looked now so much like a little, withered, bent old man. For the first time in my life, it occurred to me that he was not like other people. I had always seen him thus, and now, perhaps from having lived away from him for some time, I could see that he was peculiar. The next time Mrs. Towle came to wash, I asked her to tell me all about Joe.

"Why, you see," said she, "Joe was n't always as he is now, Bertha. He was one of the brightest, prettiest little babies I ever laid my eyes on. His mother and your mother were great friends, just like sisters. I've heard it said, and I guess there was some truth in it, that, when a girl, she had a sort of attachment to your father—at any rate, she was brought up with him, and may be she was kinder disappointed when he married another; but your mother never had the least mite of jealousy about it, but loved Miss Mary dearly, and she felt sad enough about the marriage. You see, Mary married a man very much beneath her—his habits were not good, and he was rough and overbearing. It's just the way with these poor girls that are disappointed—they are hardly ever happy when they do marry. I suppose they keep thinking 'what might have been,' and when a man finds out he isn't the idol of his wife, he's apt to be like an ox—terribly contrary and stubborn. Then, he was jealous of his wife, who never gave him the least cause in the world; and I'd sooner jump right into the fiery furnace of Nebuchadnezzar, even if the angel of the Lord were not there, than to live with one of these jealous men. I suppose Mary had a terrible time of it, hardly ever daring to step her foot out of doors; and when she came to see your mother, she was like a poor little trembling lamb, half dead with the cold, that needed shelter and love. Your father never said much to her, and never went to her house, for Barnes—that's Mary's husband—hated him, as bad men always hate the good."

At last Mary's child was born, and a nice big boy it was. I nursed Mrs. Barnes, and a more meek, gentle soul I never saw. For a day or two, Barnes seemed almost kind, and proud to have a boy; but one day, when I said, 'Are n't you going to name the baby, Mrs. Barnes?' she looked up very mild and sweet spoken to her husband, and said, 'If you

please, I should like to call him Charles, for my father.'

If devils have eyes—and I guess they have, and that's the way folks get such awful wicked ones sometimes—I do believe that Barnes showed where his came from, then. He glared on his poor, little, pale wife worse than any tiger on a lamb. 'Yes, that's what you want, do ye? Women are apt to call their brats after their fathers, and you're no exception, I see! Go to h— with your young one!' and he dashed out of the room, slamming the door after him. Poor Mrs. Barnes lay back on her pillow just like one dying. It was a long time before I could revive her; and when she did come to life, I was almost sorry I'd done anything to restore her; it would have been better if she'd gone to heaven then. She wore such a look of anguish, that my heart ached. Ye see Charles was your father's name, but the poor little woman never thought of it then; for she was so happy that she'd got a nice baby, and that Barnes was kind to her, that her heart was filled with thanks to God.

Now, Barnes's christian name was Jotham, nothing but Jotham; that's the name of one of them wicked kings we read about in the Bible, that hardened their hearts and would n't serve the Lord. Now Mrs. Barnes had too much regard for her child to burden it with such a name, 'cause its father was so unfortunate. I do think mothers do very wrong to give such ugly names to their children, when there's pretty ones enough. It don't cost nothing to name a child, and its just as cheap to give 'em two names as one. I'm a poor woman, and haint got much else to give my children, so I give 'em plenty of pretty names. There's Mary Angelina, and George Washington, and Alma Julietta, and Jefferson Franklin. They'll not reproach me when they grow up, for not giving 'em nice names. 'To be sure, I aint quite so proud as my neighbor, Mrs. Jones; she's got a big sounding name, I tell you. She said she found it in the Bible, and I guess the minister thought she was smarter at finding Bible names than he was, for, as sure as the world, I saw him laugh at the corners of his mouth when he christened it 'King Ahasuerus.' Mrs. Jones always gives both names. I asked her once if she did n't know there was a bigger name yet in the Bible."

"La's, no," said she, "if there is, I'll have it for the next one."

"Why, Beelzebub," said I, "prince of the powers of the air?"

"Well, I'm much obliged to ye, Mrs. Towle, for telling me," said she, "that's just what I'll name my next boy—Prince Beelzebub. You're sure it's in the Bible, are you?" said she.

"Yes," said I, "I'll spell it out for you when your next boy comes along." "But, as I was telling you, when poor Mrs. Barnes came to herself, she said meekly, Mrs. Towle, I'll call my boy Jotham; perhaps it will please Mr. Barnes; I never liked the name very well, but it will not make much difference, any way; we'll love you just as well, won't we, baby?" she said, as she laid her hand on the little round face, nestled so close to her bosom.

"It aint for me to decide, Mrs. Barnes," I said; "but perhaps you can find some pretty name beside Charles. There's 'Andrew Jackson,' my man thinks he's the smartest President we have ever had, and then there's 'Napoleon Bonaparte,' as he knows what fighting is." She did n't answer me, but only just smiled a little and shut her eyes, as if she wanted to sleep. The next thing I knew, that nice great baby was christened—'Jotham!' I could have cried, and I did say that no good would come of it; that if they gave the child that name, some misfortune would happen. But the child grew beautifully, as I've seen grape vines tied to crooked poles, and Mrs. Barnes took a world of comfort in him. There was n't any baby about that had such embroidered frocks, and such pretty pink and white blankets and shawls, and such tasty caps—all it's mother's taste, for Barnes was n't worth much money, and was very stingy with what little she had. But Mary Barnes had a deal of taste in her fingers, and she would make one dollar go as far as some folks would ten.

You know your mother lost her first baby, and she took wonderfully to 'Joe,' and used to go every day to see him, and would have been glad to have had the baby and its mother with her all the time, but Barnes would n't let Mary bring the baby to your house. But your mother had such pretty, winning ways with her, that even he, ugly as he was to almost everybody else, used to be very civil to her, and when she was in the house it seemed as if the devil in him stepped one side.

About the time Mrs. Barnes weaned little Joe, she seemed to run down; she grew thin and pale, and very weak, and would go about in a dreamy, feeble sort of a way, that made me afraid she was going into a consumption. I got some roots from the woods, and made her syrups, and your mother sent her cordials and wines, but nothing seemed to do her any good. She did n't complain any, and when anybody asked her how she was, she would say, 'Very well, I thank you,' in such a sweet, gentle way that you could n't think she was sick like other diseased people, only laying aside the body gradually, as one, when they are tired, lay off their clothes slowly, and with stops between. I could n't help thinking she would be a real angel, soon. She did n't seem to think herself that she was going to die, but she clung closer and closer to her little boy, and seldom let him be out of her sight a moment. Her husband did not appear to observe the change in his wife, but one day when your mother said to him, 'Mr. Barnes, I am afraid Mary is not long for this world,' his reply was, 'If she is sick, why don't she have a

doctor? I've said nothing against her having a doctor, and accordingly, more from regard to your mother, than sympathy for his wife, he asked the Doctor to call."

"What is your opinion of Mary?" said your mother to the Doctor.

"A case beyond my skill, or that of any human being," he said.

"Shall we tell her of her danger?" she asked.

"Danger!" said the doctor, with a peculiar emphasis, "an angel, near heaven, is in no danger!"

"But her child, doctor?"

"Pray that it may go with her," and the Doctor rapped on his gold snuff box, and took a pinch, then bade your mother 'Good morning.'

Not many days afterwards, your mother went over just at dusk to see her friend. It was little Joe's birthday, and she had some toys and a new frock for him. Mary Barnes had dressed herself in a plain white muslin, in honor of the day. Her hair, which was very rich and wavy, was parted plainly on her forehead, and a spray of myrtle leaves and a white rose-bud drooped carelessly from one side of the heavy braid. She was lying on the couch with her little boy at her side. He had fallen asleep, with his head resting on her lap, and a plaything in his hand. Her hand was on his brown curls, and she, too, was sleeping. Your mother sat down to wait her waking. There was no one in the house; the only domestic, a young girl, had gone out on some errand. Your mother sat some time, and thinking that the little boy's position could not be very easy, she rose to remove him to his crib. As she took Mary's hand from the boy's head, its coldness started her, and the manner in which it clutched the curls seemed very strange. Hastily laying the child on a crib, she returned, and one glance told the sad truth that Mary's sleep would know no waking on earth.

They laid her in the coffin, with no change in her apparel save another wreath of myrtle and a fresh rose-bud. I tell you this just as your mother told it to me. I remember all her words, you see. When Barnes was told that his wife was dead, he turned as pale as death, but he did n't say one word. It was not known that he saw her at all afterwards; but Betsey, the little girl, told me that she was surprised to see him coming out of the parlor late one evening, when he supposed every one else in the house was asleep. She said she staggered like a drunken man, and had to take hold of the doors and chairs to keep himself up. Be that as it may, he was a different man for weeks, and made no objections to your mother taking little Joe home with her. The little fellow loved your mother so well, and took so kindly to your father, that he did n't feel his mother's loss, as most orphan children do. It did your father and mother both good to have the child in the house. It is my opinion that God made children on purpose for old folks' good. You see he might have created us all grown-up men and women at once; but he knew better than all that. I am a poor old woman, but I know something of God's ways. I've been acquainted with him nigh on now to sixty years, and I've learned to trust him. Sometimes things look a little mysterious, to be sure; but, as I tell my old man, it all comes ought straight at last.

One summer there was a terrible drought, and we lost all our corn, and potatoes, and apples, and he said, says he to me: 'It aint no use, trusting God any more; I've prayed and prayed for a good harvest, and it's all cut off, and I've nothing to feed my family with.' To be sure, everything looked dark enough, but I was n't going to stop praying for all that; I only prayed the harder. Well, now it happened the drought—for it was a terrible one, and seemed to grow worse the harder I prayed—became so hard that it killed all the worms on the trees, and the bugs in the garden, and the next year we had a wonderful crop of apples, and lots and lots of corn and potatoes; and they came after the twins were born, when I could n't work to earn money; and Jim said then that it did seem as if God shut up his hand and held fast the food till the very time when we should need it most, and then he opened it wide, and let the blessings come down in a shower.

Well, as I was saying, little Joe was a comfort in the house. Your little brother's death—the one that died before you were born—e'en almost killed your father. I never saw a stronger man bowed down as he was. How I pitied him when he would say—'Oh, Mrs. Towle, I can't say, God's will be done!' and that would set me crying, because I remembered how my heart was broke when my own little baby died, and all I could say was—'Oh, sir, may be God saw they did n't need all the trials of this world, and has made 'em angels at once, without having to work their way up, as we must. You would n't have your little boy suffer as you do now, if you could save him from it.' And that seemed to comfort him a little, and he would say, so kindly—'Well, Mrs. Towle, we'll try and feel that God knows what is best for us,' but his lips quivered, and I could see he longed for Charlie. Now, Joe stepped right into Charlie's place, and a happy time the little fellow had—the house was brighter than it had been for a long time. As I told you, children were sent for our good. The Saviour told us we must become like little children if we would get to heaven; and how can we become like them if we do n't have them with us?

Barnes came a few times to see his child; but he was so gruff and stern, that the boy never wanted to go to him, and would run directly to your father, if he came in when Barnes was here. I saw it once or twice, and noticed a terrible scowl on the man's

face, and I thought to myself, 'breakers ahead,' so I ventured to ask your mother one day why she did n't take the child as her own.

I can see, this blessed minute, how her pretty blue eyes opened wide at my question. She was then putting a plume on his cap, and tried it on his head, while he sat on the rocking-horse. Going a little one side she looked at him so lovingly, as he said 'Geo up,' and rocked away, making the plume dance, that she could n't help putting her arms round him and kissing the chubby cheeks.

'Why, Mrs. Towle, he is ours now—Mary's child is ours.' He is dear to us as if he were born to us.'

'But his father, ma'am; may not he claim him some time?'

'His father? What does he want of him? He surely do n't show him any affection. Why, the child has no love for him.'

'That's the very reason, ma'am, you see, that you may lose him.'

'No, no, Mrs. Towle, the man is not such a monster as that,' and she took the boy from his horse, and drew him close to her side, and covered him with kisses.

'Whose boy are you, darling?'

'Papa and Ma'ma's boy, now—Ma'ma Mary up in heaven,' and he danced away to mount the horse again.

'He's a beautiful child, is n't he, Mrs. Towle; so much like his mother. I pray every day that we may not make an idol of him.'

'You must not think praying will do it all, Mrs. Lee. You must try every day to feel that it is a treasure just lent to you.'

Ye see, I spoke in that way because I had my fears. I knew more about Barnes than she did, and I had a sort of peep into the future. Some folks tell about having supernatural knowledge of what is to happen. Now it is easy, sometimes, to tell what is going to happen, if you can see all round a thing, and know just how matters are situated. There's my gal Sally is right smart at figures; and sometimes I've heard her say, when she's sitting with her slate in her hand, 'Now if I add this and this together, and subtract this, and then divide, I know the answer will be right.' Now it is just so with me; and I had been watching Barnes for some time, and I mistrusted what was going on. Ye see, I knew that he had been up our way a number of times, to see Pine Higgins—old Josh Higgins's darter. Her father kept tavern—one of them third-rate houses, that aint nothing to speak of in the way of entertainment, but always have a crowd in the bar-room. Now 'Pine,' as they called her, (her real name was Polly Angeline), were n't any better than she ought to be. She was a great, coarse, strapping girl, with long danglers in her ears, and four or five rings on her red hands, and ever so many great big flowers on her bonnet; and when she walked in the street, she had a yellow shawl and a red gown. Some folks thought she was wonderful fine, but I've lived in gentlemen's families enough to know that your mother, with her neat gingham gown, and the nice lace around the neck, and her hair in natural curls, was a great deal better dressed than Pine, with all her finery. Pine owed your mother a grudge. She lived at her uncle's some years. He keeps the hotel on State street, and your mother boarded there at the time. Almost every week she would lose something in the wash, and at last a valuable breast-pin was missing. Search was made, and the theft traced to Pine, who was sent home in disgrace, and forbidden to enter her uncle's house. She had all along nursed this grudge against your mother; and if ever a chance presented, I knew she would have her revenge.

I kept still, but watched how things were going. At last I could n't keep in any longer; and one day, when I came to wash, and was hanging out clothes in the garden, I asked your father to come out and see what was the matter with one of his grape-vines, that seemed to be dying, (he was mighty particular about his grapes); and while he was pruning, I came along with my clothes basket in my hand, and says I, rather carelessly, as I eat down the basket and took out a pair of little pants, and shook them out, ready to hang on the line, 'Do see there, sir, how that boy grows! He'll be big enough to go to college soon.'

Your father looked up very pleasantly, and says he, 'He thrives wonderfully under my wife's care. I was thinking, this very morning, that if it were possible, I would have his name changed. I mean possible without giving offence to his father.'

'Pity that the little Barnes blood there is in the child should entail such a name on him,' I said.

'His father do n't seem to care about him. I wonder if it would disturb him much?'

'Have you taken the child as your own?'

'Why, of course. You do n't suppose we would ever give him back to Barnes?'

'But he's Barnes's child, Mr. Lee. Can't he claim him? Will not the law give the child to him if he demands it?'

Your father stood a moment as if a new thought had suddenly occurred to him. The knife dropped from his hands, and he seemed like one suddenly become anxious and troubled.

'To be sure he can. I wonder this has never occurred to me before. I'll see Barnes directly, and persuade him to give me the child, or, at least, a written promise that he shall remain till he is old enough to choose some profession. Thank you, Mrs. Towle. There's a dollar for good advice. I do n't see why you should n't have it, as well as any lawyer.'

'I aint no lawyer, nor do n't profess to be,' I said, but seeing you've paid me so handsomely, I will try

to give you the worth of the money. Now suppose you do n't go to Barnes yourself. I'm sorry to say it, but you know he has a spite against you. Could n't you get Squire Hale to do the business for you? You seemed to think I was something of a lawyer; but I have n't time to keep my tongue well oiled, and a lie sticks in my throat like a blue pill. But then my boy Jeff can stand up straight and stiff as a soldier, and send a lie out of his mouth like an arrow from a bow, and then look, for all the world, as if he'd only said something that deserved a cookie. His father says he's a lawyer by nater, and if I do n't take care I shall whip the nater all out of him. But a lie is a lie, any way, and if I catch the boy in one, I give him something that is n't so sweet as a cookie. But if a lawyer must tell lies to keep up his business, he might as well tell one in a good cause. Now what I'm coming at is this: If Squire Hale will say to Barnes that you are n't anxious to bring up other folks' children, and feed and clothe 'em, and make gentlemen of 'em; but on consideration of his giving you little Joe, and sealing the bargain by real lawyer writing, you will do well by him. I give the general ideas; but you're a better scholar than I am, and can fill up.'

Your father smiled when I had finished, and did n't look at all as if he thought I was presuming. 'But,' said he, 'Mrs. Towle, I do want the child very much, and would feel it a privilege to do for him.'

'Never mind; let Squire Hale do the business with Barnes, and don't you make the road too straight for him; some folks like to turn corners and wind themselves round, and can't go straight along any more than snakes; every one to their nater.'

'As I spoke, I heard a merry laugh behind me, and your mother came along, and little Joe running after her.'

'You hear Mrs. Towle's opinion of lawyers, wife,' said he.

'Ah, indeed,' said she, 'were you talking of lawyers? Oh, Mrs. Towle, you must n't say so, for I want to bring Joe up to be a lawyer and go to Congress; there are a great many lawyers in Washington.'

'So I've heard my man say; he reads the papers; but may be, ma'am, it would be, as well for the country if there weren't as many.'

Your father laughed, and said he, 'Mrs. Towle, you've hit it this time. Come, my boy,' said he, turning to Joe, and the child sprung into his arms.

'We would like to ride this pleasant day,' said your mother, 'if convenient.'

'Yes, we'll go at once,' said your father; 'come, Joe, we'll harness 'Nellie.' And, Mrs. Towle, I shall follow your advice this very week,' he added, as he was turning away.

'I wish he'd do it this very night,' I muttered to myself; 'what's the use of putting things off that ought to be done?'

And, sure enough, it was just as I feared. The very next morning Squire Hale came to your father, and he hemmed and stuttered, and finally managed to say that he had some very unpleasant work to do; he hoped, indeed, some compromise might be made, etc., etc.

Your father suspected, and, as he said afterwards, his heart sunk like lead, and he wished he had followed my advice at once.

CHAPTER VII.

Your father could not believe it possible that Barnes would take away the child, but he left no stone unturned to prevent it. Squire Hale said: 'It was too bad; he sympathized sincerely with your family; the law which was framed for the good of the whole, sometimes bore very hardly in isolated cases, but he supposed there was no mistake that Barnes could legally claim his own child.'

Now it did seem to me that among all the corners and crannies and crooked places and knot holes and woodchuck nests that lawyers have to run into, he could have found one little hiding place for poor Joe. But the Squire was looking forward to a seat in the legislature, and while he despised Barnes, and pitied the child, and lamented the misfortune to your mother, he remembered that Barnes could control a great many votes in the vicinity of Higgins's tavern, and if he, Squire Hale, could manage his card rightly, Barnes would bring over all that part of the town to his interest.

Now it would not do to offend such a man; like other beasts of prey he must be gently handled, and the fur stroked the right way, and some food thrown him to keep him quiet, and altogether in a good voting condition. My man says that these office-seekers have dreadful hard work to keep their caravans in order,lection times—they must give the lions big joints, keep sugar on hand for the elephants, dress up the monkeys, gorge the big snakes till they become stupid, laugh at the clown, and pay him, well, too; and, after all, like as not, some ungrateful tiger will give a spring and bite his keeper just when the poor man thought he'd hushed him into a nice nap.

Now Squire Hale was training his caravan for the fall show, and he could n't well afford to lose a lion like Barnes, so he threw him the prey that he roared for. It was nothing more nor less than giving the poor child to be devoured by wild beasts.

I shall never forget the day that Joe went away. The Squire came up in the morning to tell your mother, that she might not be taken by surprise. He was a very mild spoken man, and he looked that day like a picture of Jeremiah. I've seen, weeping for the sins of the wicked.

'A bad affair, Mrs. Lee—bad indeed—but I'm

hoping we'll get Joe back in a few weeks. I shall do my best to aid you. Barnes will soon weary of him, and I shall persuade him to give him back, and then we'll draw some writings strong enough to keep the boy with you.

I suppose he meant that when he had secured his election, he could then attend to his conscience. Your mother did not say a word; her heart was too full, but she kept the child by her side all the time. She had packed up all his clothes and playthings to go with him, and now the last hours she wanted the little fellow to herself. Your father never went to the store all that day, but he walked back and forth in the large dining room, over my head where I was washing, till I was so nervous I concluded to wash the calicoes before I put the second boiling of white clothes into the kettle; then, you see, I could get more composed in the garden while I was hanging them out. I don't know as it's so with other folks; but I'm a poor ignorant woman and don't read much, and when I'm in trouble there's nothing quiets me more than going out doors in the air and sunshine, and looking all round on the trees and hills, and the great blue sky; I think then that God is so good he can't do anything wrong, and my faith grows strong in his love, and I come back into the house, trusting him just as a little child trusts a father. I hoped, too, your father might take a notion to come out. I had it on my mind that God would put some comforting word in my mouth for him. And, sure enough, he was standing at the dining room window when I set my basket on the grass, and went to the wood house to turn the little wheel that the clothes-line run on. I suppose I wound it up a little too tight, or something else, and all at once it broke in two. Your father saw it, and came out to tell me where I should find a new one in the wood-house; he stopped and run it out himself, and then he went to trimming a little tree.

He cut off the branches so close that I thought he would certainly kill the tree, and, supposing he didn't know what he was about, I said, 'I'm afraid the poor little tree will suffer if you cut off so many limbs.'

'Oh, no, Mrs. Towle—no danger; if I cut the branches the roots will grow deeper and stronger. Do you see that summer harvest apple tree?—what a fine, close head it has, and how thick and smooth its trunk? I trimmed that tree for a number of years very closely, to try the experiment, and you see the result. It was loaded with fruit this summer, and I picked off one half.'

'Oh, that was wasteful.'

'Not so; the remainder will be enough to pay for it.'

Just as he spoke, those words of Scripture came right into my mind—'Every branch in me that beareth fruit he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit; and I could not help saying, 'Why, Mr. Lee, that's just the way God treats his children—these trials are just like pruning trees; I suppose they'll do us good, but they make our hearts bleed.'

'You are right,' said your father; but when we feel that our trials are brought on by our own neglect, they are doubly hard to bear.'

'They come from God, nevertheless, sir. I remember the minister once said, 'Everybody is that to us, and no more, than God makes him to be,' and I suppose by that we shall be the better for having to bear with such wicked folks as Barnes.'

Your father smiled, and said, 'I would rather grow better in some other way.'

While we were talking, Betsey came out to say that a chaise had stopped at the door, and a man wished to see your father. Your father was a strong, healthy man, but I could see he turned pale; but he shut his mouth in a way that told me he was determined to control his feelings. I went up stairs into the third story, and looked out of a window, where I could see the street. Sure enough, there were Barnes and Pine Higgins. They were man and wife now. She was dressed in her gayest style, and her wicked looking black eyes shone with a triumphant leer that made me hate the critter.

'Tell Mr. Lee I have come for my child,' said Barnes, when he rung the bell.

When your mother found out who was to have the care of little Joe, she felt worse than ever, and said she could not give him up. I was sitting at the window with the blinds closed, shaking my fist at Pine Higgins, and saying in my heart, 'The devil will have you some day, you wicked Barnes,' when Betsey came running up—

'Oh, Mrs. Towle, I've run all over the house for you. Mrs. Lee says she hopes you will be willing to take Joe to Barnes; y'ee nobody asked him into the house, and he's out there in the chaise waiting for us to bring the child to him.'

'Let him wait there till he is tired; I'm not going to give the lamb to the butcher.'

'But he must go; Barnes has a paper from Squire Hall.'

'Who cares for Squire Hall? Did n't Jesus Christ say, 'Wo unto you, lawyers?' Such a thing may be right in Squire Hall's books, but it ain't right by God's law-book.'

'But the child must go—there's no mistake about that, and I think it's to save her husband's feelings Mrs. Lee wants you to take the child.'

I got up, for I thought to myself that if it must be done, I might as well be the one as anybody to do it; and my temper was up so, that I had n't any tears to shed, and I knew your mother would weep so that she could n't do anything.

'Come, Joe,' said I, 'do you want to go to ride? there's a pretty horse at the door.'

Now the child always took a fancy to me, and he came to me at once. 'Now kiss mamma,' said I, 'and say good bye, and papa, too.' The little fellow put his arms around them and kissed them two or three times, and then giving his hand to me, said—'I'm ready now.'

Oh, dear, how I groaned in my heart. I would sooner have laid him out for the grave; I could have done that, and said God's will be done; but the child's future looked dreadful dark to me when I thought of Pine Higgins as his mother. But I marched on, hoping though, and praying, that God in his mercy would take that Barnes out of the world as soon as consistent with his will. It was a queer prayer. I meant that I hoped he'd make it his will soon. As I was lifting Joe into the chaise, I said, 'There, Barnes, the devil has put it into your heart to take this child away from his best friends; and as sure as I stand here, talking to you, you'll be haunted by your wife's ghost to night.'

Pine glared at me with evil eyes, and said, 'It's a pity if a father can't have his own child.'

I did n't mind her words; but I looked her right in the eye, and said I, 'Pine Higgins, you be kind to that child; you have been to Sunday School, and have read your Bible, and it's there said that if you

are not kind to this child, 'It will be better for you if a millions were hung about your neck and you cast into the depths of the sea.'

'Who's said I ain't going to be kind to him?' 'Nobody; but I wish you would remember that there are those above watching you, and you will be blessed or cursed, as you treat this motherless one.'

While I was speaking, little Joe had been looking at Pine, and now, as if he had made up his mind, he turned to me—'Auntie, I want to ride with you; I don't want to go with her,' pointing to Pine.

The poor child had supposed he was going to our house to play with the children. He used to come once in awhile, and was happy as a king. I suppose he got the idea by my asking him to ride.

'No, no, Auntie is not going to-day. You will go with me next time; and then,' I said, 'let him come and see me.'

'I've no objection to that,' said Barnes, 'if you'll not bring him to this house.'

Little Joe was not pacified; he began to cry aloud, and to jump out of the chaise. I knew your mother would hear him, and I put some candy in his hand. He threw it away.

'No, Auntie, I want to go with you. I don't want to ride with her,' pointing to Pine.

'You shall ride with me,' said Pine, pulling him roughly back, while Barnes laid the whip on the horse.

My washing did n't get along very well that day. I had to stop every once in awhile and wipe the tears. Ye see, when I got over being angry, then I fell to weeping. I thought how I should feel if my darling little 'Tot' should be given to such a woman as Pine Higgins. It was afternoon before I hung out the last basket of clothes, and then your mother came out and helped me; and, when we were through, 'Now,' said she, 'I am going to have the horse harnessed, and I will drive you home. I want to see the children.'

Dear heart! I thought it would comfort her; only I was sorry I could not get there before her, and dress them in their Sunday clothes. Like as not they would be as dirty as little pigs; but then 'Tot' always looked pretty, even when she was dirty, with her curly head, and chubby cheeks, and her droll ways. Sure enough, they were dirty when we got there; but it did my heart good to see all four of my little ones running to meet us with their baskets full of blackberries. They had been out berrying, and your mother had a fine play with them; and then she came into the house and ate a bowl of blackberries and milk. I hope she was comforted a little; but when she said 'Good night,' and kissed 'Tot' (I had washed her and combed her hair), the tears filled her eyes, and my heart ached for her as I turned into my poor little house, with my poor children all round me, and she, poor, dear soul, with not a chick or child of her own, riding home so solitary.

I said to myself, 'I do n't know what will come of it. Who knows but that Barnes may cause more sorrow still.'

I watched your mother pretty close, and I could see, from week to week, that the loss of the child wore upon her. She was sad, and went about the house as if seeking for something she could not find. Barnes was living with his wife at Higgins's tavern, and the neighbors said that the child was not abused, but rather left to itself, and was playing in the street a great part of the time. It was a long walk from my house to the tavern; but one morning I started early, hoping to get there in time to bring Joe home that day. I found him up to his knees in a mud puddle, sailing chips for little boats. He was ragged and dirty, and looked more like my children, when I am out washing, than like the neat, clean pet of your mother. As good luck would have it, Barnes and his wife were gone to a muster, cattle show, or something of that kind, and were to be absent all the week.

I asked the old man Higgins if I might take the child home with me.

'Yes, and welcome,' he said. 'He did n't see what Pine wanted the brat for. He was only a bother about the house, and he should be much obliged to me if I would keep him till Pine came home. He must not go to Mr. Lee's—there were strict orders left about that; but I might take the child, and moreover, if I would keep him till Saturday, he would send me home in the chaise, and come and fetch the child back when I wished.'

I washed and dressed the child myself, and had hard work to keep the tears back when he said, 'Shall I see Mamma Lee and Papa Lee?'

I told him yes, and he clapped his little hands and said, 'Then I'll stay all the time, Auntie.'

I'd no sooner got into my own home, then I sent one of my girls for your mother, and then I righted the house and made things look as nice as I could. When your mother came, she brought a basket of cake and pies; and her pale face looked so bright when the child sprang into her arms and kissed her, that it did my heart good.

She stayed all night, and little Joe slept sweetly by her side. He was the same playful, pretty child as ever, but I thought he was more rude; and once he startled us all, as Jeff was drawing him round in a little wagon, and accidentally run against a tree, by saying, 'Damn the old thing,' and, not many minutes after, 'That's nice, by gosh!' Your mother looked very sad.

'Oh, dear Mrs. Towle, I can bear anything better than this moral poison for my boy—Mary's child!'

She wished me to have Joe with me as often as I could; but, dear me, what could a poor woman like me do against two such creatures as Barnes and his wife?

But I never had a chance to try after that, for in a few weeks old Higgins died, and it was found he had n't money enough to pay the debts, so the whole concern was sold out, and Barnes and his wife went to Boston.

That was a sad time for your mother, and I really believe it brought on the long sickness which followed.

Her child, a fine boy, died a few hours after it's birth, and, for many weeks, your mother hovered between life and death. She was very feeble for more than a year, and your father took her to the 'Springs' and to the 'Mountains,' but it did n't do much good, as I could see; but I thought to myself, if she could get her poor, lost child back, she would be well again.

Nothing was heard of Barnes for a long time. Your father tried in vain to find where he lived in Boston, and his employment.

One day, it was about three years after the disappearance of Barnes, Sim. Damon, one of our neighbors, asked my man if he would help him drive some cattle to Boston. Now Jim never had much of a chance to see the world, and he concluded to go.

When I was getting his breakfast, long before day-light, it came into my mind, as sudden as a streak of lightning, Jim is the very man to find out Barnes, and I charged him again and again not to forget it, and stay one day longer on purpose. He said he'd be glad enough, for your father's sake, to do it; and he guessed Damon would help him, for he knew every creek and turn in Boston.

I prayed and prayed that he might succeed, and somehow I was wonderfully drawn out to pray that week for the child, and one time, when I had prayed more earnestly than ever, just as I was rising from my knees, I heard a voice saying, 'Be it unto thee according to thy faith.' Then I knew I should hear from the child. Jim was coming that very night. I got his supper all ready, and made the children wash themselves and stay at home.

Just at seven o'clock he came, jogging along, tired most to death, but so glad to see us all alive and well, and with a good, nice supper on the table. I wanted to ask him the first thing about Joe, and then I said to myself, 'never you mind, your prayer is answered; be a little more patient old woman.' Jim brought each of the children an orange, so those had to be handed round, and then supper, and afterwards four of the children must be put to bed, and my oldest daughter had an errand to the store. At last we were left by ourselves; Jim had seated himself in the old rocking chair, and was looking hard at the coals, as if he was trying to guess some riddle. I had a stocking drawn on my hand, and my needle all ready to mend a hole. 'Jim,' said I, as carelessly as I could, 'why did n't you bring poor little Joe with you?'

He jumped as if I'd struck him, instead of asking a civil question.

'Why, wife, how in the world did you know that I had found him?'

'I had faith in God, Jim.'

'You're e'enmost equal to the saints of old,' said he.

'I suppose we have the same God that the old prophets had,' I said, 'but I want to know all about him. I'm afraid the child is a sad rogue by this time.'

'No, I could n't say that of him; but it would make your heart ache to see him; poor thing, he has been abused most shamefully.'

I thought Jim was going on to tell me more, but he sat looking at the coals, just as he did when I first spoke to him. I grew impatient.

'Why, husband, what is the matter with you? Do speak out.'

At that he put his hand in his pocket and pulled out his wallet. 'There,' said he, 'is a five dollar bill; it's the money I have earned by my trip to Boston. We need it enough in our own family, God knows, but I shall be haunted, day and night, with the sight of that child, till we get him away from there. Now, wife, take this and go to Boston, and bring little Joe to his old home again.'

'You can put up your money, Jim,' said I, 'though God will bless you for being willing to spend it for the orphan, but there are those who will not begrudge money spent for that child. Now begin and tell a straight story. You're main' slow in letting your knowledge come out.'

To tell the truth, wife, said he, 'I thought I would persuade you to go, and let you see for yourself, but seeing as you want all particulars, here they are: Damon and I had searched the town for Barnes, and finally gave it up as a bad job; and seeing a crowd going into the court house, Damon says, "Don't you want to see a trial? There are some of the great lawyers going to speak to-day." I was pleased enough to go, and we followed the crowd, and as luck would have it, found a good seat. It was all new to me, and Damon had to tell me where the Judge sat, and then point out the jury at his right hand, and the clerk, and the clerks in their boxes; and then the lawyers with their green bags. One of these I noticed in particular. Damon said he was the smartest lawyer in the court. I should n't have thought so by his dress, for his coat was n't half as fine as Squire Hall's, and his hat was nothing to boast of either; then he was thin and sawly like, and when he took his seat, he sat awhile with his head resting on his hand, looking as solemn as a parson. I got a good look at his face, and it seemed to me as if hard thinking had worn it, as the heavy teams wear the turnpike road, all in deep ruts and channels. I was disappointed in his looks, and did n't like him as well as the lawyer that they said was pitted against him that day. He was a thick-set man with a face as smooth and ruddy as our "lady apples," and he had a lot of curly black hair. Damon said it was a wig, but I was n't near enough to tell, and he had a nice, shiny, black coat on, and a gold ring on his hand, which was white and small. The Judge sat up higher than the rest, and was a fat, easy looking soul, with a smooth face, and looked just as if he meant to let the lawyers do the thinking for him. After awhile the men were brought in to be tried for forgery, and you can guess, wife, how astonished I was, when I saw that Barnes was one of these men!'

'I don't know as I should have been astonished at all, Jim. I hope they've sent him to prison!'

'The curly-headed man was his lawyer, and he did make a right handsome speech for him; you'd have thought Barnes was an angel dropped down from heaven; and then you could n't help crying when he told about his poor wife and children, thrown helpless upon the cold charity of the world. He did n't seem to prove that he had n't committed the crime, but he tried to make out that, being a husband and father, it was impossible for him to do it; and before he got through, I was convinced, myself, that Barnes and Pine had become converted, and were good folks, and I was going to shake hands with him, as soon as the trial was over, 'cause I knew they could n't convict him, though Damon said that there were two men in the jury box that did n't look at the lawyer at all, but sat as stiff as stone posts; but the others had their eyes on the speaker, only when they would look at Barnes, so pitiful like, as much as to say, "We'll let you off; such a good man as you are shan't go to prison!"'

When he got through, there was a little recess, and some moving and talking among the spectators. All at once it was so still you could hear a pin drop. I looked round, and there stood the dark, thin man, that Damon said was the smartest lawyer in Boston. I did n't think he begun smart, anyhow. He opened his coat, and threw it back a little, and his cuffs were rolled up, and he made no flourish, but stood as quiet and cool as if he had n't got to overturn all the fine speeches of the other man. He took it just as I do an ugly log of wood, when I'm sawing; I always begin cool, and saw easy at first, so as to keep my breath and strength for the toughest part. But think's I, "You've got a cross grained stick

there, old fellow—them jury men aint going to alter their minds for you, after all that curly-headed man has said. Them two stiff ones will be brought over by the other ten, and you'll lose your cause, any way." I thought he'd talk right at these two, and keep them up to the mark; but he did n't seem to notice 'em at all, turning all the time to the others; and when he saw them looking at Barnes, he said: "Yes, look at that face, gentlemen, for God, in his infinite wisdom, has so made us that the character of the human soul is impressed upon the face; and we may as well expect the surface of the boundless ocean to be calm and placid, when the storm hath stirred its hidden depths, and it is boiling and seething in wrath, as to expect a man whose spirit is stirred with the tumult of unholly passions, and the bitter waters are casting up the mire and dirt of a corrupt heart, to have a calm, sweet face—I say you may as well expect the ocean, in a tempest, to be calm as the sea of glass about the throne of God, as to expect such a man to wear the tranquil features of Him who know no guile. Yes, look at that face, and if you read there peace and love, good will to man, and faith in God; if you see beaming from those eyes a father's holy love, a husband's tender regard, or in the lines around the mouth an expression of manly courage, and Christian sweetness of temper, then believe he may never have wronged a fellow for the sake of gain, or perverted the cunning of a right hand to defraud a friend."

You see I remembered it all, 'cause it was printed in the paper, and I read it over. The men looked hard at Barnes, and I could see 'em smile; you know what low, bushy eyebrows he has, and only a strip of forehead above those devil-eyes of his, and how hard he looks about the mouth—

'Yes, I know the looks of the man well enough; but go on—what did the lawyer say next?'

'Why, he went on to tell how the man committed little sins, and was n't detected, at first, and so grew bolder; and then he described him as a gambler, in one of those halls, losing little by little, gaining once in awhile, just enough to lead him on. I can't begin to tell you how he pictured out such a career—the haggard, trembling, wicked wretch, losing his last dollar, and then drinking away his reason; and at last, he showed him to us at midnight, when his wife and children were asleep, trying, by a pale light, in the miserable cellar which he called his home, to imitate the handwriting of the only friend he had left in the wide world, for the purpose of defrauding that friend out of his little all. I say, wife, he told it all as plain as if he'd been a spirit following Barnes round. I saw him forge that note just as plain as you see me sitting here; I know he did it, and every one of the jury, except the two stone-post men, looked as if they would n't dare think any other way. The others looked a little less stiff, and moved in their seats, and I thought they wanted to speak out, and say, "You're only telling what we knew before." The lawyer did n't look at them any, scarcely, but he looked at the others hard; especially one fellow, who kept eyeing the curly-headed lawyer, as if he did n't want to decide against him. The tall, dark man drew himself up, and looked at this fellow, as if he saw his soul thinking, and he told him of the dreadful nature of forgery, and the sin of letting such a man as Barnes loose on community, till the fellow would as soon have turned the tiger out of his cage in a menagerie crowded with women and children, as to have said "Not guilty" to Barnes. The jury were out but an hour, and came in with a verdict of "Guilty!"'

'Then Barnes is in the State Prison!' said I, jumping up and laying my hand on Jim's shoulder.

'Why, wife, you seem to be glad.'

'I rejoice with all my heart. He can't torture any more innocent souls. But Joe, poor little Joe, you aint got to him yet.'

'Be a little more patient. I aint naturally one of your quick men.'

I know Jim is naturally slow, and I'm dreadfully vexed, sometimes, when I want anything done in a hurry. But it's no use hurrying such folks; it's just like trying to make a kettle boil by watching—it is sure to keep on singing till you are all in a fret. Wait patiently, and not let on as if you cared a straw whether it boils or not. It will soon boil over, as if to show you it would have its own way.

I was so impatient I could n't keep still on my seat; but I took the stocking, and made believe I was all engaged mending it, and did n't care whether he said a word more or not. Jim got up and lighted his pipe, and took a few whiffs, and then looked all round the room.

'You think, wife,' said he, 'that our house is a poor concern; and so it is, compared with some of the rich nabobs in Oldbury; but dear me, I wish you could see Pine Higgins's home!'

I laid down my stocking. Ye see, Pine Higgins had always held her head ten feet above me, and thought herself too good to step inside my house.

'I can't describe it to you,' said Jim, 'because we haint no such about here. A body can look down into it as they are walking along the street—a cellar, I should call it. I found out the place from one of the officers who had the charge of Barnes. Pine was lying on a miserable bed, with a broken arm. They told me she broke it fighting with the officer who came to take her husband.'

A little boy sat on the floor, trying to hush a crying baby. I never should have known it was Joe, if it had n't been for his eyes, and they looked larger and brighter than they ever did before. He had grown tall, but was very thin, and there was something strange in his face when he looked at me, sort of wild and frightened. I had to tell Pine who I was, and she said she was a fool to marry Barnes; that he had abused her, and she hoped now he'd get his deserts. While I was talking with her, Joe disappeared. He had hushed the baby asleep and laid it on the bed.

'I came to see little Joe,' said I.

'He's a stupid child,' said Pine, 'not worth the raising. You'll find him in the next door, with a canting old shoemaker. When I get off the bed again, I'll teach him not to go there any more.'

'Perhaps you'll be willing to give him up now,' I said, 'if he's such a stupid child.'

'Not unless they'll pay something,' said Pine. 'If they want him enough for that, they may have him.'

'Have you any one to take care of you?' said I.

'I make Joe wait on me,' said she, 'Pity if the lazy brat can't do something. There aint any pluck in him, anyhow.'

She went on to talk about her husband, and she swore so much, and talked so bitterly, that I had no wish to remain, and went to seek Joe. In the next room I found an old man sitting on a shoemaker's bench, and little Joe curled up by his side, with his head resting on the old man's lap. The latter had a

piece of bread in his hand, and I heard him say, 'Eat it, child—you'll feel better.' But the boy pushed it away, and only curled up closer to the side of his friend.

'What's the matter with you, child? You do n't talk any now-a-days, and you seem stupid. Poor little fellow! you shall sleep in my bed to-night.'

'Good-day, sir,' said I. 'You seem to be very kind to that little boy. I am an old friend of his, and have called to see him.'

'Then the Lord has sent you,' said he; 'for the poor little forsaken child needs a friend.'

'How long have you known him?' I asked.

'It is nigh on to a year, now, since his father came to live in this street, and the child soon learned the way here; and as I'm a lone old man, I took to him. He has a wonderful fancy for my tools, and he can almost make a shoe now. I was n't long in finding out that he was abused at home. That's a real v'argo, sir, no mistake, and I have threatened two or three times to complain of her. The father is bad enough, but now and then would defend his child, and has struck his wife for abusing him; but the poor boy only fares the worse for it when he is gone. She has beat him so he could n't walk straight for two or three days, and latterly, since she's been abed, she has kept a club to knock him about with; and once she knocked him so hard on the head that he was senseless. It was a mercy I happened to go in. I wanted him to stay in the shop while I went for some tobacco for my pipe, and there I found him on the floor, just like one dead. I got water and camphor, and revived him, and then I told her if such a thing happened again, I would call in a police officer. Here, Joe, rouse up. It aint one of the bad men that come to your house, but a friend of yours.'

But the little fellow only clung closer to the old man, and cast his eyes round on me as if he had no trust in a stranger.

'Joe,' said I, 'don't you want to go and see Mamma Lee, and Papa Lee, and Auntie Towle?'

At that he raised his head and smiled, and played with his fingers, and repeated, 'Mamma Lee, Mamma Lee.'

I thought he must be sick; and the old man, whose name was Jenkins, said that he would keep him for the night, and in the morning he was to call with Damon, and see what could be done for him.

Early this morning we called, and found the child too ill to be moved, with no friend but this shoemaker, who seems poor enough himself. There, wife, you have my story! And Jim knocked the ashes from his pipe, laid it on the mantel-tree, and sat back in his chair, looking at the coals on the hearth.

I did n't say one word, but riz right up and put on my shawl and bonnet, and started out. Jim did n't see me. It was ten o'clock at night, but the sky was full of stars; and as I looked up at 'em, once in awhile, when I was going through the lane that led to the turnpike, I thought of those verses of Watts that they sing sometimes in meeting—

"The stars are but the shining dust
Of thy divine abode,
The pavement of those heavenly courts
Where I shall walk with God."

and I walked on without any fear; for if God has such a beautiful place for his children, he'll help us to "tread the desert here," as another hymn says.

I had a mile to walk before I could reach your father's house, and I hurried some; but I frequently, in those days, began washing at five o'clock in the morning, and your mother used to have a key left under the blind in the porch window, so I could let myself in. As good luck would have it, the key was there, and I went into the basement kitchen, and from there up to the sitting-room, where I found your father reading. The door was open into your mother's sleeping room, and as soon as she heard my voice, 'Why, auntie,' said she, 'I have just waked from a dreadful dream. I thought little Joe was drowning, and he cried to me for help, but I had n't strength to pull him out of the water; and when I tried to cry for help I could n't make a sound, and he had sunk out of sight just as your voice awakened me.'

I told her my story at once, and she could hardly wait for morning. It was agreed that your father and I should go to Boston in the early stage, and bring Joe home with us. It took two days to go to the city and back then, and we might need a day there, but your mother said Betsey should go and see to my man and the children, and I was very willing to be the one to go, because if Joe was sick I had strength to lift him, and could take care of him on the way home.

I can't tell you how I felt when I saw Pine. She had n't had the right sort of nursing. Some women in the house pretended to take care of her, but they were a drunken, dirty set, and she let her temper get the better of her a great deal, which only inflamed her blood, and kept her arm from healing, and she drank all the gin she could get hold of, which made matters still worse; and there she lay in a wretched, miserable bed, hardly fit for a pig. She had n't seen Joe since my man left, but we found him at the shoemaker's, in a little cot bed, close to his work bench. The old man had made some gruel, and it was quite nice and good too, but the child could n't eat at all, but lay most of the time stupid and sleepy; but when awake, his great, bright eyes were staring right before him, and his little thin fingers working all the time upon the bed clothes, or with pieces of leather, which the old man gave him to play with; he wanted these by him all the time.

Your father sat down by him, and said, 'Jo, Papa Lee has come to see you, and he's going to take you to see Mamma Lee.'

Then he would smile, and his pale face would look bright for a moment, and he'd repeat, 'Mamma Lee, Mamma Lee, boy—but Mamma Mary in heaven,' just as he used to years before.

He did n't know your father, though once in awhile he would turn his eyes upon him, and rest them on his face, and a sudden flash of recollection would light them up, but he soon sank again into a stupid state.

When I took off my bonnet, he looked at me earnestly, and his lips moved, and I thought he was going to say, 'Auntie Towle,' when the smile passed suddenly away, and he took no further notice of me for some time, but kept his eyes wide open, staring at the wall opposite.

I took your father's seat by his side, and began singing the little hymn that your mother used always to sing to him, when she put him to bed—

"Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Dress this little lamb to-night;
Through the darkness be thou near me,
Watch my sleep till morning light."

Then he put his little hands together, and his face was very pleasant as he repeated, 'Mamma Lee—Mamma Lee.'

Your father did n't care to see Pine; but he gave

even though it be the very quintessence of Poetry, which I think it is, notwithstanding I formerly held quite contrary views, and that a formidable array of

arguments can be adduced to sustain it. This notion of Plato completely antagonizes two of the most celebrated philosophical notions that ever held the human intellect prisoner—viz., the celebrated "Monad Theory" of Leibnitz; and the modern one, that souls, like bodies, are formed *ex utero*. I shall have occasion, in a future paper, to allude to both these latter doctrines at length, especially with reference to certain spiritual experiences, and to some singular notions respecting the nature and absolute origin of the soul itself. To resume:

Plato maintained that the soul was an emanation of God—"Divine particular aura"—and that, after purification by innumerable transmigrations, it was re-absorbed again into Deity. Of course this notion, instead of proving—if it be true—the immortality of the soul, disproves it altogether, because immortality cannot be to the essence, but to the person: the particular emanation which constitutes the soul of A, B, C and D, respectively, are distinct beings, and "souls" can be predicated of either, only as such, and such could they remain only so long as they and God continue separate entities. So long as each soul knows, feels, suffers, enjoys and cogitates—i.e. is possessed of a continuity of self-knowledge—just so long will it be possessed of an individual conviction of personal identity, and of such only can immortality be predicated and affirmed; but when re-absorbed into Divinity, utter and complete annihilation of the individual ensues, and that, too, as complete and effectual as if the materials whereof it is composed were utterly blotted out of being. A tree is a tree no longer, after it is sawed into planks, although the wood remains as before.

Plato's theory, therefore, is unsatisfactory, and, after all, his much boasted demonstration of human immortality amounts, in its final effects upon our minds, to nothing more than

"A pleasing hope, a fond desire,
A longing after immortality!"

In my next, a voyage to the sky.

LE ROSICRUCIAN.

Written for the Banner of Light.

MAN AND HIS RELATIONS.

BY S. D. BRITTON.

CHAPTER X.

EVILS OF EXCESSIVE AND INDISCRIMINATE PROCREATION.

That man is an Atheist who does not recognize the existence and the supremacy of the Divine natural law in and over all. The essential springs of our common life, the natural relations of the sexes, and the inevitable and lasting consequences which attach to every purpose and succeed every action, admonish us that, higher than the constitutions and court circulars of States and Empires, supreme over all legislative enactments, civil tribunals, and imperial decrees, are the laws of the Creator, as enacted and recorded in the very rudiments of our common nature. The laws of nations, and the civil policies of human governments, are wise—and they conduce to the progress and the happiness of the people—only so far as they are faithful translations of the statute-book of Nature into the living language of human speech and action. Moreover, in the precise degree that our legislators depart from the Divine requirements, as expressed in the fundamental laws of Nature and human nature, the government becomes oppressive and degrading; at the same time, so far as the political institutions, the civil policy and the social life of a people are based on essential principles, and in unison with the inherent laws of universal harmony, they may furnish incentives to individual enterprise, or otherwise promote the collective interests of the race.

"The will of Heaven; in respect to this world, is conspicuously revealed in the economy of the world itself. Before that august tribunal all things are pure and beautiful—are intrinsically true and good—in proportion as they conform to the essential life, the organic laws, and the normal relations of our being; and are thus adapted to actualize the heavenly harmonies among men." Thus alone we may hope to realize the appropriate answer to the prayer, "Thy kingdom come; thy will be done in earth as in heaven."

I do not expect to unfold, in this chapter, the true philosophy of *impregnation*; nor will it be proper, in a popular treatise on a profound subject, to even attempt a subtle analysis and comprehensive exposition of the conditions, laws and processes involved in the reproduction of the species. The obscure beginnings of our organic formation and life are veiled in mystery, and no one should undertake to enlighten the public mind on a subject of this nature who has not been favored with extensive and varied opportunities for the most delicate experiments in vital electricity, and for minute and critical observations in the subtle chemistry of animal life. The writer's opportunities for a microscopic inspection of these vital mysteries have been quite too limited to justify the expression of an opinion; and as this field is far removed from the sphere of ordinary observation, I will leave it to some future author, whose capacity for critical investigation may be equal to the task, and whose opportunities may be commensurate with his desires and the peculiar claims of the subject. In the meantime, those who desire to become better acquainted with the physiological theory of *impregnation*, may, if they please, peruse the works of Blumenbach, Velpeau, Spallanzani, Dutrochet, and other writers on Embryology.

Under the influence of our corrupt civilization the propagation of the species is so rapid, that extreme poverty becomes the common inheritance of millions. Among the poor and laboring people the population increases with the greatest rapidity. This is not, of course, to be mainly ascribed to the superior strength of their vital energies and animal passions; nor, on the other hand, chiefly to the enervating influence of a life of indolent ease and luxurious indulgence, on the part of the wealthier classes. It does not require the vision of a seer to enable the discerning mind to suggest other sufficient reasons for this difference, the particular elucidation of which may not be appropriate in this place. Suffice it to say, thousands of embryonic forms of humanity are every year destroyed by professional men and methods. Multitudes thus perish in secret which no man can number. Precisely where Nature develops the germs of new life, and God unfolds immortal entities, they find their sepulchres. If the poor are not restrained, in this respect, by reason and conscience, they may be by their ignorance of such destructive arts as have prevailed among the more polished, fashionable and affluent circles. Those who possess wealth and influence, but whose intellectual culture may have obscured the moral perceptions, are often the first to shrink from the most solemn responsibilities, and they have not been the last to pollute their own souls by the foul sin of feticide, now so prevalent even among the polite and professedly pious circles of modern society.

The circumstances of the laboring classes, more especially in great cities and populous manufacturing districts, are such, that parents who have a numerous progeny, can scarcely provide adequate food and clothing. Under these unfavorable conditions, the education of the young is of necessity sadly neglected; and if soul and body are kept together for awhile, it is that the former may be veiled in darkness, and the latter clothed in rags. Both are almost inevitably engulfed in the great maelstrom of social wrongs and popular vices; and thus vast multitudes ignobly perish—

"Unwept, unhonored and ununged."

They are all unnoticed and unknown while living, except those who, with desperate energy, inscribe their

names on the rolls of infamy, leaving their frightful record in lines of blood.

These monstrous evils, which so enfeeble, debase and scourge our country and the civilized world, are not to be removed by sheriffs, nor can they be shut up in prisons and kept out of sight. Moreover, they are not likely to be greatly diminished so long as we are surrounded by the present imperfect social conditions, and our ideas of virtue and humanity are not elevated above the legal and fashionable standards. These evils, great as they confessedly are under the most auspicious circumstances, are liable to be frequently aggravated by the commercial and financial revolutions which occur in this country, from what incidental causes it is not my object to inquire. It is at least apparent to all observers that the great forces and interests of the business world are often temporarily deranged or paralyzed, so that many are reduced by extreme want to some fatal alternative. Thus thousands are every year driven to desperation and ruin by some dire necessity. If we do not find an efficient remedy for these evils in the wholesome restraints of a higher moral science, and the realization of a purer and nobler life, it must follow—as our country becomes more populous—that these evils will naturally and inevitably increase, until—in the United States as in the Old World—millions will be chained from the hour of their birth to the low sphere of degrading servitude, famine feed on multitudes, and despairing souls, with their necessities like a millstone about their necks, be swallowed up in the abyss of hopeless suffering and rayless oblivion.

That the multitudes, however imperfect and deformed, will wholly restrain their natural, and especially their *unnatural* impulses, our knowledge of human nature does not authorize us to infer. We are not visionary enough to even dream that ordinary mortals can be suddenly transformed into angels of the celestial degree, by the total annihilation of their animal instincts. No such merciless crucifixion of human nature is demanded; nor is such a state of etherialization, for the present, to be desired. For, if it were fairly inaugurated, propagation might be suspended; or, to say the least, the race become so ethereal as to be unfitted for the present state of the natural world. But I would have men obey the dicta of Reason and Nature. Moreover, the present rapid, indiscriminate, and lawless propagation of the species is not *natural*; on the contrary, it is at war with nature. At the same time, the sense of moral obligation is perpetually violated, and thousands are virtually put to death by those who should be their natural preservers. Who does not know that, in a state of nature, offspring are far less numerous than they are under the influence of our corrupt civilization. We have only to look at the facts developed in the character and history of the North American Indians, to perceive that, in this respect—as well as in other characteristics of civilized life—we are alien from nature, who rashly trample down her institutions, and yet murmur because we are appropriately arraigned before her tribunal, and punished as her righteous Lawgiver decrees.

We have a miserable conventional morality, sanctioned alike by the ministers of Religion and Law, and withal fatally fashionable. It leaves Virtue to wander about shipboard, and sends Chastity on an exploring expedition into ideal regions; while it covers lust and crime with fine linen and a marriage certificate. The votaries of this legal morality—who can conceive of nothing higher—are ragged and filthy as the *lazzaroni*. Such men are virtuous according to the statute, and as pure as the legal definition of chastity requires. The law provides that they shall only be allowed to debase and destroy one fair object at the same time. One after another they may defile the white shrines; permit sacrilege in temples consecrated to Love by the presence of the Holy Spirit; and, like ruthless leopards, may disregard the images of beauty, or shiver the finest symbols of the angelic creation. It is only necessary to procure a license from a civil magistrate. Against the violence of such criminals the law interposes no barrier. At the same time, conscience has leave of absence when the State asserts the paramount dignity and authority of the Constitution. The innate sense of delicacy—so natural to the female in her virgin state—is seldom respected by sensuous men, who, like the *carnivori*, live on flesh, and with whom the restraints of the criminal code determine the limits of virtuous indulgence.

Men are often grave and thoughtful about trifles, while they are disposed to be thoughtless and trifling over the most important interests and solemn realities of life. A respectable mechanic will exercise far greater caution in tempering a cheap jack-knife than most people display in determining the temper of their own offspring! That, the predominant feeling and general tendency of mind existing in the parents at the time of conception, and—so far as the mother is concerned—during the successive stages of gestation, may determine the mental characteristics and prevailing disposition of the child, is confirmed by facts which are quite too palpable to be overlooked or denied, and of too significant and momentous a character to be lightly regarded. The demands of this essential law of our being will never be duly respected so long as the generation of human beings is left to accident (?), sudden caprice, or unconquerable passion: Millions of unwelcome children are forced into the world; and left unarmed to grapple with a cruel destiny. The advent of each is viewed as a misfortune, or, perhaps, regarded as a Providential affliction. Children generated and born under such unfavorable conditions are liable to carry with them life-long consequences of the thoughtlessness or depravity of their progenitors; especially when the unhappy state of feeling in the mother, during the whole period of gestation, has contributed to fix and deepen the impression. They are liable to be quite destitute of filial affection, but often possess an inherent feeling of opposition to parental influence. It is criminal in the extreme to assume this high responsibility without a wise reference to the natural and spiritual relations of the parties, and a due regard to existing physical, mental, and moral conditions. As no act in life is, or indeed can be, productive of more important and lasting consequences of weal or woe, it must be obvious that no human transaction demands a stricter observance of the laws of nature and the dictates of reason, or a more devout respect for the suggestions of conscience and religion.

I have intimated that the legal morality is defective. Indeed, if it were brought to trial by a Divine standard, under an enlightened interpretation of the laws of Nature, it would be perceived to be grossly immoral. Many women have drunken husbands, and by the stern demands of the law are forced to live with them; and, moreover, to submit to the foul dominion of morbid lusts, excited and corrupted by unnatural stimulants. Children are consequently begotten when the husband's wits are out and Reason has resigned her throne to Rum. To submit to the loathsome embrace is sufficient to shock all the finer sensibilities of woman; but when there is added to this, the fearful apprehension that she may bear children when love is not in the act that determines their existence—that the offspring may be conceived in the wild delirium of unbridled lust and intoxication—oh, then, how sadly must all true human feelings be outraged and conscience violated! Even life with such corrupt and corrupting companions is rendered more terrible to a sensitive mind and a benevolent heart, than death with all its real or imaginary horrors. But even this does not reveal the deepest shade that darkens the legal standard of morality. That is manifest in the disposition the law makes of those who are born out of wedlock. It offends robs them of their inheritance, and thus loads them with legal disabilities and with the world's reproach, as if it were a crime for the young and innocent ones to live,

Consumption, Scrofula, Insanity and other frightful maladies, are known to be congenital diseases in many families; and by an irresistible law these evils are transmitted from one generation to another. Disease poisons the currents of vitality; the blood of nations is corrupted, and death is sown in the very fountains of this vitiated life. Is there any remedy for these stupendous ills? Must they be perpetuated and augmented at infinitum under the shadow and blasphemous pretext that Providence thus decrees? Shall foul corruption continue to be generated in high and low places, dressed in fine linen and taken to church to be baptized? Must deformity, suffering and death be immortalized in the flesh that doctors may be supported? These are grave questions which humane and rational men are in conscience bound to answer. There is at least one sure way to arrest this tide of wrong and ruin. Men and women, whose original constitution or habits of life unfit them for assuming such a responsibility, should not become parents. The streams of evil which have corrupted society so long must be cut off at their source; and this can only be done by suspending the processes of reproduction wherever the conditions are such as to render their continuance either inhuman or unwise.

They are not common offenders against Humanity and Heaven who legalize great wrongs and make iniquity respectable; who polish the chains of low desire and gild the soul's dungeon walls; who—worse than all!—(in the form of a comely personality) lead foul lusts and secret crimes to the baptism and the communion. Nay; such are not vulgar sinners; nor will an ordinary atonement suffice for these. A righteous retribution will doubtless banish them from Heaven, and leave them to wander afar—until, like the lost Peri, they move the crystal bars of Paradise by tears of penitence.

Banner of Light.

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NO CIRCLES THIS WEEK.

Mrs. CONANT will not be able to attend to her duties this week; hence there will be no circles for spiritual manifestations at this office. Our country friends had better postpone their visits until they see a notice in the BANNER that the sittings have been resumed.

THE CONVENTION SYSTEM.

There is in man, as in nature, a centripetal as well as a centrifugal force, both of which manifest themselves in his thought and his action, which is but the trail of his thought. It is altogether an elementary trait of human nature that it tends to the centre as much almost as to the circumference. Offer men all the liberty they want, and even more than they know how to appreciate—make them "free indeed," by reason of the gifts with which you endow them—and still the inclination is to curtail what they have, and to effectually preclude the enjoyment of still others that are within their reach.

This tendency has illustrations on every side of us. The Puritans were driven out from the mother country by intolerance in matters of religious worship; but no sooner had they fixed themselves permanently upon this soil, than they went to work persecuting the Quakers and the Baptists; hanging women and cropping and branding men; for exactly the same reasons for which they were themselves rooted out of the land in which they were born. We see the same spirit, in general, in all the religious denominations of our day; as shown one toward another. All of them declare that they walk in the perfect freedom of the Gospel, yet none of them are willing to let the others enjoy that freedom as to their consciences and creeds may seem best.

The result of the Reformation tells exactly the same story. If there was any central idea associated with that great European movement, which released the masses in a great degree from the thralldom of the Romish Church and its rules and ceremonies, it was this—that each man was to interpret the Bible, considered as the Word of God, for himself; instead of trusting to the interested interpretation of Popes and Councils. For the time this idea prevailed, and vitiated the whole of that movement which we call the Reformation. But as Protestantism began to spread in Northern Europe, and the leaders saw that they had a power in their hands quite as formidable, in its way, for their uses as the Pope's was for his, it was a great deal more than human nature could stand to suffer the temptation to use such power to pass. Hence Protestantism, to-day, is as much a distinct power, setting up its creeds and convoking its synods, its convocations, and assemblies, and laying down its own peculiar interpretation of the Bible as an authorized rule of conduct, as any species of ecclesiasticism that ever arose on the face of the earth.

Now, then, what liberal Christians undertake to do for religion to-day is this: they insist on protesting against Protestantism. They disown its authority to make rules and regulations that shall bind and distort the conscience, as much as Martin Luther did the authority of the august and powerful church of Rome. They declare only for perfect freedom of thought on religious topics, and they protest vigorously against any and all sorts of organizations or associations, whether called by the name of Church, League, Assembly, or Convention, that tends to bring back the rule of authority in any shape, and that does not, on the contrary, tend to expand and extend the freedom of individual conscience and the basis of personal accountability. And chiefly among this class of protesting Protestants, we have good reason to speak of the Spiritualists.

But even with professed Spiritualists there appears to be the same danger of the centripetal inclination that has manifested itself in all the religious sects before their time. Already they are beginning—some of the leaders, from one motive and another—to rally their Conventions, to erect their platforms, to talk about their peculiar creeds, and to project plans for their own distinctive colleges. It is exactly what all the other denominations have done, or else sought to do, before them. And just so surely as the mass of believers in spirit communion and spiritual freedom are led off in this direction, will they come short of those grand results in favor of universal liberty that have hitherto been steadily set before them.

Spiritualism, if it means anything at all, means genuine Individualism. It is a direct and searching appeal to the soul of every man. It puts the old go-betweens

at their real, and not at their market value; and hence teaches every man to come as close to the Divine Spirit as he can—to suffer himself to be thoroughly infused and interpenetrated with the same—to cultivate and obey chiefly his own conscience—and to feel himself responsible, at all times and in all places, for his actions, which are but the results and externalities of his thought.

Now if the work of quickening the conscience and expanding the spiritual faculties is to be done at last by the individual, it is a fatal mistake to delegate that work to any body of men, or, indeed, to any outside authority whatever. This work is a work of experience, and not of authority. It cannot be committed to another to do. It is not of that sort of business which may be performed by proxy. It so happens that it is nothing out of which powers can be created, or from which synods and Conventions can be deduced. It belongs wholly to the individual man, and cannot be broken up amongst a crowd of any sort or character of men.

In this sense, Spiritualism is genuine democracy, for its distinctive operation is the making men trust more to themselves, to their own sincere convictions, and to the voice of their own consciences. But Conventions are composed of delegates, who represent—or claim to do so—many who are not present. Hence, the moment we depute other men to express for us our peculiar experience and form of faith, we tie our hands and blind ourselves blindly by what our representatives say and do on our behalf. We agree beforehand to whatever creeds and platforms they may announce in their assemblies. We pin ourselves to mere externalities. Authority at once raises its head, and of course exacts obedience, and delegates very soon assume authority, whether consciously and of design, or not; and with assumption on the part of a Convention comes deference and submission on the part of the individual, till at length he finds that he has parted with his own sovereign right and power altogether. There is no other result to be expected than this, from this whole system of Conventions; they speak chiefly, if not only, for themselves, and demand that individuals shall defer to and obey them as authorities; whereas we profess to spurn everything like external authority in matters of religion always and altogether.

We have entire confidence in such spontaneous gatherings, assemblies, or organizations, as are purely local in their character, and best express the immediate want and sentiment of the neighborhood; for there the individual is likely at no time to be overlooked, nor, indeed, is he ever tempted to forget himself. Such congregations are on the genuine democratic principle. No man then delegates his faith, his conscience, or his experience to the representation of another man, to be patched in, like mosaic, with the opinions and sentiments of others, in order to make up a compromise on which authority and power may rest. In these neighborhood gatherings, where all come together as they are moved, and rejoice in a common bond of sympathy, no such thing as a design to establish something, or overthrow something, is once thought of; but the single aim is individual improvement, individual refreshment, and individual good.

The temptation always has been, and always will be, on the part of men who act for others, to assume more than what belongs to them; and next follows, very naturally, the disposition to acquiesce, then to subscribe, and finally to obey. This serves to impart still greater stimulus to the ambition and vanity of those who would be thought leaders, who love to stand in public places, before the gaze of others, and to exercise authority; and so they lay down their regulations and laws, impose their creeds and restraints, and seek to set their limits to the freedom of individual conscience. It may not be any particular fault that persons are thus inclined to assume and exercise power, for we may say that it all lies in nature; from the first dawning of ideas upon the mind, the notion of ruling and regulating others, and of being ruled and regulated ourselves, is thoroughly instilled into the nature.

When a man comes to know himself, he had best relinquish nothing of his own power over himself into other hands; for such a delegation of power is liable to be misapprehended, in the first place, and misdirected and abused always. Besides, the culture and expansion of the soul's faculties is a work that no other living person can do for us. The influence of assemblies and congregations is but stimulating, and in no sense radical, and is therefore not to be depended on in lieu of positive effort and aspiration of our own. We must make up our minds to fall back on ourselves as last, taking these aids and helps for just what they are worth, and nothing more.

The Convention system is likely to do for Spiritualism what the Church system has done for mankind hitherto. We do not see how it is possible, under it, to steer clear of the evils that beset all organizations whose aims are creed and authority. It is not imaginable that a man can delegate his religious sentiments, ideas, and convictions to another, to represent them, or a fraction of them, in some great Convention of delegates, met for a similar purpose; for no one can thus represent another; and, even if he could, it would not be done for the sake of making infectious a good example, but for the sake, solely, of establishing and perpetuating a sort of ecclesiastical authority.

And here is the very pinch of the matter. We oppose the Convention System for exactly the same reason that we oppose the ecclesiastical system. Both have a similar object and aim; and both, even if they do start out into the field with the bravest professions of regard for humanity, bring up at last—and not very far along, either—with assumption of authority, with the establishment of platforms and creeds; and the undue assertion and exercise of religious authority. As opponents of everything that savors of, or looks toward, authority in matters of religion, we should oppose this projected system of Conventions, whether State or National, with all our influence and ability; and we do so only because of the love we bear the entire human brotherhood, and our jealousy of its being defrauded of that which, from eternity, is clearly its own.

To criticize, much less to denounce, any man or set of men who strenuously insist on the establishment of the Convention System for Spiritualists, would be nothing to our purpose; they of course understand their own secret motives and inclinations much better than we can. But it lies in the path of our duty to set forth our views on such a system, as it relates to the doctrines and professions of Spiritualism, which we shall always be ready to do, and do with frankness and plain speech. We point out the evil, and warn others of the reefs and rocks on which all religious systems have become wrecks themselves, and made wrecks of those who trusted them. And it is our sincerest hope that no genuine believers in the great and all-pervading principles of the spiritual philosophy may be led away from their freedom into any Convention camp, by the stirring music of any party life and drum whatever.

Air Navigation.

Mr. Wise is not satisfied yet, it seems, that it is impossible to guide a balloon across a continent or an ocean. His last grand experiment of making a voyage in the air from St. Louis to the Atlantic shore, though successful to a degree below all previous experience of that character, nevertheless failed to satisfy the wishes of the scientific and daring aeronaut, who says that he is determined to keep on experimenting until the thing is actually done. He has spent between twenty and thirty years in this peculiar and unpromising line of labor, and thinks he must devote the remainder of his life to the same calling. The New York Herald remarks of these continued experiments, in its usual pool-pooh style, "All the thing has been done." "Balloon navigation, like the Northwest Passage, may serve as a problem to occupy scientific minds; but we are persuaded that for these purposes it must ever remain an unrealizable theory."

THE MESSENGER DEPARTMENT.

We have before us three letters, proposing certain questions in reference to the communications we publish from spirits, and complaining, in certain respects, of some of them. No. 1, writing from Ghent, Kentucky, asks how the questions therein professedly answered, are propounded, and also how the propounders recompense the lady medium through whom they are answered.

Some of these questions are propounded at circles in various parts of the country, something, perhaps, after this style: The investigator has been communing with some intelligence claiming to be a personality in the world of spirits. He is not satisfied that what has been said to him by and through the medium, has not been the product of one or the other of them; and he says, "If you will go to the office of the *Banner of Light*, at Boston, and give at their circle a communication on this subject, or an answer to this question, I shall then be satisfied that neither the medium nor myself is the source from which the matter comes, and will have additional proof that you are a spirit, communicating by your own individual power."

The spirit assents to abide by this test, and comes to our circle to answer the question, we not knowing that such a question was ever propounded. Investigator thus receives what to him is a proof of spirit-power, and is relieved of the bugbear that spirits cannot communicate aught but what is taken from his mind; for he knows that we can have no knowledge of the matter.

As to compensation of the medium, we will say it is resolved of us, out of the earnings of our enterprise.

No. 2 is from New Orleans, who complains that all the good things and startling, appear to be confined to Boston, among the tricky Yankees; and if it were all truth, "there are persons equally deserving and desirous, all over the States, who should be advanced in knowledge."

We think Spiritualism is not at all confined to Boston, or the Yankees. We hear of it in New Orleans, in Texas—in fact, there may be found believers in all the Southern States. Its star rose in the Western States, where it has hosts of friends, who have been gladdened by its rays, and who are marching on under the banner of "Progress through eternity." If there is less of Spiritualism at the South than at the North now, perhaps the day may be upon us when the last shall be first; for the tendency of many of our mediums, this fall and winter, will be southward; and as the liberal spirit is stronger at the South than here, we have little doubt that much good will come of it.

Nor is Spiritualism confined to this continent. England and France have not been forgotten by its sons and daughters who have cast off the mortal. A leading mind in the British world of letters, has sent pressing invitations to one of our mediums to visit that country, assuring him that his services are desired by many, who, like himself, wish to know more of this new power. Spiritualism is found in Switzerland, and in a majority of the States of Europe. In South America, in Cuba, in the other West India Isles, in California—in fact, the wonder is to tell where it is not to be heard of or found.

Our friend, further on in his letter, says: "Although I delight in, and find much food for thought in your sermons, lectures, and leading editorials, I do not mean to accept or endorse that part containing the communications. Ay, there's the rub! I deeply regret it is not any village, but a village at your circles. I have a high regard for you, but I cannot afford to let you gull me, or make me believe in a life, any more than your other thousands of readers. You have several times assured us that these messages are from departed spirits, and that your medium was a woman of verily."

We thank our friend for the compliment paid us in the above sentence, first part, and to the second, reply, that we do not desire any of our readers to believe anything, whether from us or a spirit, which they have not proved to them. We alone know that we are honest in our claims, and we can only assure our friend that we still believe the messages are from disembodied spirits, and that we have full confidence in the honor and integrity of our medium. For years we have tried and proved the spirits who have the charge of these circles on their side of the River of Life. We have tested the spirits communicating to us, and while we have not found them infallible, we have found a degree of correctness, honor and truth, not to be met with in the same number of embodied spirits of the same variety of character.

Thus we are satisfied to act in the capacity of publisher for them, and to devote a portion of our paper to them. This is a private matter. We do it because we think it is proper; and we do not ask any of our readers to believe as we do, simply because it is our belief, but ask every man to prove to his own satisfaction, by his own investigation, the truth or falsity of spirit communion; then he will be better able to judge as to our honesty.

Our friend continues:—"In a few cases, messages were written, and there was a certain, somewhat, when you have published, neither I, nor any of my friends, have ever seen, or we could recognize. If I should ever be able to do so, I could never cease to make it known—could never publish it wide enough."

During the first six months of the publication of the BANNER, not one message was received which was not published, and no one was published until we had ascertained its truth by writing to parties to whom the spirit referred us. So exact were the facts communicated that we became satisfied that it was perfectly safe to publish without investigating their truth, leaving the public free to investigate for themselves. It is strong presumptive evidence of their truth, that being published in a paper with a circulation of 20,000, in every State and Territory of this Union, and with at least 100,000 readers, as ours has, no paper or person attacks the truth of any of them, when we ask them to do so.

Many of these messages need no verification, being on theological questions. About one third are verified by parties as well known, friends, and should be, should you ever see one you recognize, and should write us to the effect that you could verify it. You would probably think your name good enough for the statement; if others did not, you would say let them ascertain to their own satisfaction who and what I am. Some are verified to us, but being to men who are not Spiritualists, and who would not be known to the world as endorsers of the truth of a communication from spirits, we do not feel authorized to make the matter public. A case of this kind has occurred where we are writing, where a deacon of an Episcopal church recognizes his son who communed through the BANNER. He says he knows it is his son, yet he has never seen anything of Spiritualism. Now it is not proper for us to mention names in this case, notwithstanding it would give us worldly or material advantage so to do, and benefit the cause; but we can get along without it, and thank God, the cause is able to take care of itself. The good seed is sown, and that is all we can ask for; and although there is not "a handle" to this message—no test, as our friend says, which the public can see, yet the father knows it. To a certain extent, therefore, this department is private in its operations, yet none the less powerful because none but us can see its work. There are probably many who read the paper, who have never seen a word from their departed friends. Consider how many we should publish, in order to give every man and woman one test. We might fill the BANNER every week for five years with messages, every one of which should be recognized by some one, and still there would be thousands left who could say, "I have never seen one, which I could say was proof to me of spirit intercourse."

Our friend renders this objection invalid, by the very next paragraph, which alone is an answer to all his objections.

"Many persons, by desiring their departed ones to control the medium of your circle, and give a test of their identity, have been gratified, and communed with their friends. Our friend then complains that he has not had that success; to which the only answer we can give, is given above. Complaint is also made that the mass of communications are from spirits whose friends reside in New England, and few who died in the South.

To this objection we can give no answer. We devote two hours, each day, to the reception of communications from those spirits who choose to avail themselves of the opportunity to speak through our medium. This time is all we can devote to manifestations, and it is all the time our medium is able to remain in the abnormal state, and preserve her own mental and physical health. We never call for any spirit, nor do we care who or what comes to us. That part of the business is under the control of those spirits who are engaged in the direction of this enterprise. We think they know their business, and we are perfectly aware that we are in our place, so far as these manifestations are concerned, when we sit to receive what they can give us. Doubtless they do the best they can, and, without making any claim to perfection, we feel well satisfied with what they have done. What they may be able to do, in the future, we cannot know, yet we may expect improvement, even in this department. We can only say, our circles are open to all spirits, from every sphere of happiness.

We have published, with this issue, by actual count, over sixteen hundred messages, from different parties, which would fill an octavo volume, printed in common book type, of at least two thousand pages. All these have been spoken by our medium, while in an unconscious state of trance, at

A Few Brief Hints.—No. 3.

Mrs. Spence as a Spiritualist.

Mrs. Amanda M. Spence, speaking eloquently of herself and her spiritual relations, in her *Dedworth Hall* lecture of May 22d, (see *Banner* or *Light*, June 4th,) announces herself as "a teacher of the inner life," and asserts that "the true teachers of the inner life should be like the true cultivators of external nature."

Very true, and very good, this last assertion of the said lady; and as to her position as a "teacher of the inner life," there is no question at all about that. The fact of this statement I verified for myself some years ago, when, after a long struggle in behalf of the principles of true Christian religion and unity, I found Mrs. Spence (then Mrs. Britton) introducing some of the essential elements of this cause and philosophy into New York city; thus furnishing me (among other instances) an early fulfillment of an assurance, previously made me by regulating spirits, to this effect:—"Hespera we have prepared for you."

But is not Mrs. Spence unjust to herself and her position when she says she is "without a faith"? Has she no faith in her cause? Has she no faith in the progress of humanity? Has she no faith in noble human hearts, which are waking all around her? No faith in her angel helpers—none in truth—none for heaven?—and, above all, and best of all, and first of all, though last mentioned, has she no faith in God?

It is scarcely possible that Mrs. Spence has "no faith," as she avers; for, even as a spiritualist, she must have at least enough of faith to believe in the spirit-land and its inspirations. Perhaps, however, it is questionable whether she has that trust and highest faith which is so useful, viz.—"the God Faith." I have noticed the probable lack of this in a previous criticism on her, in an expression which was reported as falling from her lips, last fall, at Utica:—"No God can change men—they must change themselves!" A most indefensible expression, and one which no one, yet, ever attempted to defend.

And it is, unquestionably, this same want of vital faith which evidently causes Mrs. Spence to cringe before her spirit associates. I do not use too strong a term here; for, in the lecture at Dedworth's, before referred to, this lady uses expressions which some minds might easily construe into more abjectness toward spirits. Taking particular pains to say that there is "nothing human whose anatomy or criticism" she fears, she then immediately speaks of herself in this wise:—"Yet I belong to a host, in the interior, who have commissioned me; who see my most inner thoughts, and whose criticisms I fear."

But why "fear" the criticism of "spirits" any more than the criticism of mortals? It seems to me, that if our associates, whether spiritual or material, are worthy of confidence, our relations towards them should be those of confidence, rather than of dread. I have invariably found that spirits who are reliable and trustworthy simply desire to be respected as our counselors and helpers, and are especially desirous to have us (in true wisdom) set aside every other fear except the fear (or filial reverence) of God.

But Mrs. Spence, like a mass of other mediums, does not yet, essentially, look above her immediate spirit communicators. She works more in the region of philosophy than piety, and her true sympathy is not sufficiently vivified by a direct and sustaining devotion toward God. Of late spirits frequently open or close their public communications by a prayer through their mediums. But the improvement will be all the greater when the mediums can themselves make the prayer, and are capable, not only of speaking from their own consciousness, but also of living and abiding in the spirit of a truly religious life. Then we shall hear nothing more of spiritual "agriculture" without a "faith"—nothing more about the "fear" of spirits; nor shall we be much troubled with indecorous expressions like these—"God does not make men!"—"No God can change men!" &c.; with a hundred other phrases quite as gross and silly as anything to which the most perverted "old" theology ever gave utterance.

All who are interested in spiritual things, will henceforth have much occasion to remember that piety, devotion, and an unflinching faithfulness to the Right and True, in all particulars—whether in word or deed—are of the very first importance to the proper and complete qualification of the lecturer, the teacher, the preacher, the man, the woman, or to society at large.

D. J. MANDALL.

Henry Ward Beecher on Lying.

This is an awful subject, and it requires a man of well-tried and indomitable courage to seize it by the horns. Whether or not he has come out of his late fierce encounter without being dangerously gored, "this public" are to judge.

Whilst uttering the most rigid injunctions against any violation whatever of the command to "speak the truth always," he nevertheless intimates that there are a thousand ways of saving your credit for veracity, whilst practicing deception, and exhibits the extraordinary endeavor, if we may so call it, or humility, or too great confidence, or it may be, too little confidence in himself, to say in so many words that, should his hearers seek improvement in this respect, they need not select him as a pattern.

But a man that spreads himself before the world in so many shapes, and so frequently and so fully, and moreover, with such extraordinary exhibitions of talent, must and will be judged of charitably. In the matter of lying, however, it seems doubtful whether he has not left the question some very considerably worse than he found it. His impassioned remarks and illustrations have led us to dwell at once upon the melancholy fact, that all men and all women are liars. That by word, look or action, every mother's son of us, and every daughter, too, his every-day and hour of our lives.

Why open this sink of rottenness to every eye? Such sins have been committed and tolerated every single day since the first six days in which God made the world.

Lying appears not only to be necessary, but at times even commendable: no caste of truth could find a tenant for a single day. Mr. Beecher has certainly shown great intrepidity in beating his head against this wall. What a rather shrewdly suspected before, he has now made manifest. We do all lie, and must continue to lie; and had he set himself up as a pattern, instead of a warning to his hearers, what score could divine its influence upon their practical or theoretical morality?

Let us cultivate the benevolent affections, let us love one another, let us be zealous in well-doing, and devote our whole lives to the great duty of promoting human happiness. It may be asked, Will such a life save us from lying? Probably not. Our government is imperfect, our system of laws unjust. Our social relations are unequal, and the entire organization of society is unsound. One abuse is set up to counteract another; legislation is frequently the pitiful makeshift of the hour—mere blunders, to correct existing blunders, with no regard whatever to any consideration of morals.

In such a state of society, Henry Ward Beecher himself may not cure lying, but he may, most inadvertently, perhaps, with the prospect of very unequal results, demonstrate the inevitable necessity of lying!

W. S. W.

Greenville, Ill., Aug. 14, 1850.

Professor Felton again.

ALABAMA.—A friend has just put into my hands the letter of Professor Felton, published in the Boston Courier of August 2d. In Professor Felton, as an individual, I have no interest more than in any other man; but, holding as he does an office of responsibility in an institution of learning, in whose respectability thousands and tens of thousands of the most intelligent of our population have a deep interest, he has no right to disgrace that institution by identifying its name with the low vulgarities with which his letter abounds.

Mr. Felton was not put forward by the friends of Harvard College as its champion, or its mouthpiece, on the subject of Spiritualism. The mortifying attitude in which he now finds himself is one of his own choosing. With a recklessness of which no man in any public station ever should be guilty, he rushed into the arena of discussion in almost entire ignorance of many of the most important phenomena which the subject embraces; and now, when he finds himself in a "tight place," instead of "backing down gracefully," like a man, he gets angry, and thinks to cover his retreat by calling hard names and playing the blackguard.

Now this may all do very well for Mr. C. C. Felton as an individual. It may be quite in keeping with his taste and his training. But it will not do for a PROFESSOR IN HARVARD UNIVERSITY. And the friends of Harvard College have a right to enter their solemn protest in this matter. They have a right to insist on one of three things: Either, first, that Professor Felton shall inform himself on the subject of Spiritualism, make himself acquainted with its phenomena, and with the facts which have to be explained and accounted for in order to a successful encounter with its advocates; or, second, that he shall hold his tongue on the subject; or, third, resign his place in the University.

The last will probably be most for the honor of the College, and quite as creditable to himself.

Has God Created All Men Equal?

Has God created all men equal? I should say yes, and no. Something within us says: "God is just and impartial in the distribution of his love; that he displays no favoritism, ascribing one and degrading another of his children. Yet Bible records speak of the 'chosen people,' a 'peculiar people,' 'the elect,' 'the sons of the living God,' &c., as if they were the chosen protectors of his solitude, the only children of his love."

Man—the image of God—is created equal in immortality, in eternal length of days. Though he enter upon that life later, there is no setting sun, but eternal day and sunshine; and he will be equally an heir of eternal life—equally receive the penny of salvation, or indestructibility.

Herein are all men equal. But God has implanted in man capabilities, impulses, and tendencies, which vary in each individual. The waters of intellectuality ebb and flow upon the shores of life, lifting, now and then, a wave of grand and majestic proportions—an individuality all aglow with the lovely rainbow tints of goodness and wisdom, and distinguished for force of character, for greatness of ability and achievement. These are the favored of earth; yet on them rests a thousand-fold of responsibility. Can it be said that God is the author of this difference in men? that he creates them unequal?

It is left with man to be, or not to be—a large wave or a small wave—just as the currents, the tides, and the winds of circumstance shall permit. To all men are given what we call human faculties—the intellect are exceptions, or blasted kernels—yet, as is the fruit on a tree in regard to quality; so is it with the spiritual fruit on the tree of life. One and all are at first small, green, and immature. Circumstances of position, locality, or birth being unequal, will cause inequality in the fruit, or spirit. One is dwarfed and deformed, another is large and fair in proportions; one is colorless from being shaded, another blushing "neath the genial warmth of the sun"; yet each is a veritable peach, a veritable apple, a veritable rose, or a veritable intellect. God's designs are the incentive to fair fruit; but adverse influences, or want of genial ones, cause the difference in size and flavor.

Souls are the spiritual ground on which the winds of antenatal influences scatter the seeds that bring forth the native productions; they may be wheat, or wheat and tares, but they are there as environments of the spirit. We may not pursue this thought further, for this glance is sufficient to show us that this inequality is an infirmity of God's design—a fraud upon man. Every law that relates to the birth and to the life, present and to come, bears with perfect equality upon all souls. All are alike attracted or repelled; all are alike benefited or injured, all are alike favored or made miserable by good or bad influences—by favorable or unfavorable conditions. The laws of God are not for a few, but for all his sons and daughters; those laws are for humanity, not for individuals. Freedom is the unrestricted power to obey these laws, and is the right of all. Infringement and compliance, work the same results in all, varying only in proportion to the degree of deviation from the direct course.

Is there equality of happiness, on earth, or in heaven?—is a question that is disconnected with the present subject; yet a glance at this side of the picture may not be inappropriate.

Action of the faculties of each soul, whatever those faculties may be, is the natural element of delight in which it is pleased to exercise itself; and some happiness—the highest happiness consistent with the result. But there is a difference in the degrees of happiness—in its qualities and quantities. A cup may be full, but it holds not a gallon. Of some you may heap the measure, of others you may not even carry it full. One cup may be filled with gold, another with bubbles; but according to their value you may estimate the desirableness of each. The law of justice gives man enjoyment, but true beatification of soul is attainable only through the perfecting of the soul's internal character to the condition of goodness, wisdom, and strength, or power. To say that this beatification is equally distributed, would unquestionably be absurd; for in all the lives of great men we see vivid pictures, in strong coloring, standing out in bold relief against the background of humanity, yet there are not any two alike. Avarice hoards its wealth, and wears Poverty's meek to deck its glances in—like a coward, shuts out the light of day, and stealthily feasts its eyes on its soul-rotting treasure. Is this happiness? The cruel man thrives for blood, stamps on the insect, abuses animals, tortures his friends, is implacable toward his enemies, and gloats over suffering. But is this happiness? The vain man belittles himself in costly apparel; seeks to win admiration, and feeds on heartless compliments. Is this happiness? The ambitious man strides off, with blind haste, puts down the travelers in his path, to make a place for himself to climb over obstructions, to make ladders with which to ascend the mount of Fame. His soul burns with excitement. But is this happiness? The sluggish drowsily sighs and yawns upon his couch, folds his arms in slumber, and lives out a tedious existence. But is this happiness? Are not all these rather the satisfying of an impulse than the beatifying of a soul?

Did the good God devise no greater beatitude than these paltry enjoyments for men? Then were they, indeed, quite equally happy; for the obeying of inherent impulses would have a satisfying or satiating influence; but there is a higher law—the law of ascension in individualities, which brings a higher beatification, according to the development in goodness, wisdom and energy.

In answer to the question, I would say yes, men are equally valuable in the sight of God, equally immortal, equally dependent on conditions, and influenced, and equally the mirrored reflection of the same. No, they are not equally conditioned, not equally constituted, not equally blessed, not equally beatified; though every condition gives its possible enjoyment, its attainable beatitude. Under the guiding influence of eternal justice, each act has its reward, each condition its beatitude.

FRIENDVILLE, Pa.

Cora Hatch's Lectures.

M. M. CURRY, N. Y.—The BANNER OF LIGHT finds its way to this vicinity every Friday evening, and is cordially welcomed by the friends here, who are eager to peruse it, that their souls may drink the dew of inspiration which be sprinkles its pages. The cause of truth keeps a steady hold here, although of late we have not been favored with many lecturers from abroad.

On the 24th of July, and also on the evening of the 28th, we were entertained by discourses through the organism of Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch, of New York. The theme, on Sunday, was "Inspiration," and it seemed to us that all present might feel its mighty power, while listening to the eloquent discourse. The invocation was affecting; and at the close, the Lord's Prayer was chanted, with a feeling which must have characterized it when first uttered. On Tuesday evening, the subject was selected, by a committee chosen from the audience.

We have of late been deprived of the society, of one of the first adepts to the cause of Spiritualism, in the person of Mrs. Sally Scott. On the morning of the 14th inst., the bright Angel of Death came and kissed her breath away, and her spirit, which had long desired to be freed, sped to meet the dear ones gone before. To-day, I have been to listen to the funeral discourse, which was delivered by the pastor of the Baptist church, in this town, I thought, while listening to his remarks, that they were a poor tribute paid to the memory of the dear friend, whose exit had called forth her friends and acquaintances to consign her body to the grave. Possessing by nature a very benevolent disposition, she rejoiced to be able to assist the destitute, who never went unrelieved from her door. Before she became infirm with age, she spent much time with the sick. When her years had been numbered, to more than three score, the subject of Spiritualism came before her mind; and her teachings corresponded so nearly with the even tenor of her spirit, that she soon embraced its truths, which had a halo of celestial light to the remaining years she has spent with us. She leaves a large circle of children and grandchildren, nearly all of whom embrace the truths of Spiritualism; and though they miss the dearly beloved one, they know she will be with them, in spirit, to inspire them with noble thoughts, and to deeds of love.

Louis Napoleon.

W. S. A. BOSTON.—A writer in the New York Spiritual Telegraph says that the *Academie des Sciences Morales* of Paris have appointed a committee, of which Allen Kardec is secretary, under the sanction of the Emperor, to investigate Spiritualism, and that they have invited Mr. Charles F. Briggs, the editor of that paper, to furnish to them "well authenticated facts of spiritual manifestations."

It will be recollected that Dr. Gardner, on his late visit to Europe, carried with him a copy of the "Messages of John Quincy Adams," to be handed to the Emperor as a present from the proprietor of this work. One of these messages related almost entirely to the late Emperor Napoleon, the uncle of the present Emperor. Dr. Gardner put this work into the hands of a gentleman there, who assured him that he would have it conveyed to the Emperor on his return to

Paris. It is therefore probable that he has by this time received and read it; and the appointment of this committee, under his sanction, may have been the consequence of the impression made upon his mind by the perusal of this work.

New Graefenberg Water Cure.

MESSENGER, EDITOR.—I see in the BANNER a notice of the New Graefenberg Water Cure, and I wish to add a recommendation of this pleasant, convenient, well-adapted and well-supplied establishment to our friends who need rest, or physical renovating and recouling.

The proprietor, Dr. R. Holland, is not only in full sympathy with the great spiritual movements of the time, and most advanced systems of treatment of disease, but is himself a medium, with very strong healing powers. Although his establishment is one of the oldest, largest, and most convenient in the nation, yet, since it has become known that the proprietor is a Spiritualist, the superstitious and prejudiced part of community avoid the place, and endeavor to prevent others from going there, as they would to circles and spiritual meetings, lest they should become believers; and on this account the establishment is not as full as usual this season, which makes it all the more convenient for those who sojourn there. It should be known to our friends that this establishment is, and will be, conducted by the proprietor in accordance with the highest and best principles of the spiritual philosophy; and spirit aid and advice will be sought and used in the treatment of disease, when the patients wish it.

The large and convenient buildings are pleasantly located in a nook between the hills that surround Utica, N. Y., about five miles from the city, and surrounded with abundance of wild fruit, shade trees, and pure water; and the pleasant company and spiritual sympathy make it an exceedingly attractive place—so much so, that we almost wished we were a little sick, to furnish an excuse to stay a few weeks, and feed on berries, and paddle in pure water, &c. WARREN CHASE, Utica, N. Y., Aug. 17th, 1850.

One more Crusade.

B. A. HOWLAND, HARTLEM, N. Y.—Centuries have rolled away since Peter the Hermit, set on foot a project which resulted in that series of cruises against the Infidels of the East; and cruel-hearted as were many of those warriors fighting under the "red-cross shield," and bloody as were the battles which they fought, yet when viewed from this distant position, we see great and good results arising even from their sanguinary wars.

By that course of nations, the dark clouds of tyranny were in a measure scattered; thoughts were interchanged, and noble aspirations lifted the minds of men. By these crusades the lamp of Christianity was relighted, and although dimmed by superstition, it burned brighter, and extended its rays further than it ever did before.

But the sun of those days has set—they have gone with all their lights and shadows. God's world and people have been progressing, until now, in almost all lands, the name of Christ is known and adopted. But, together with the world, time, too, has been progressing. Customs have changed, men have altered their modes of thinking, great discoveries and inventions have opened the way for still greater. And may we not say that religion has also changed? For, where once cold materialism reigned supreme, now the soul thirsts for spiritual food. That religion which satisfied the minds of men a thousand, or a hundred years ago, cannot, will not, be adapted to the rapidly progressing mind of the present day.

Is it not, then, for another great crusade?—not for the protection of any material superstition, nor for the privilege of beholding or worshipping any sainted bones—but ought we not to institute here in the land of the West a spiritual crusade—a crusade not for the free use of Christ's body, but of the principles that he inculcated? Too long have they been hidden within the walls of churches; too long have they been buried within the cold hearts of sectaries; too long have they been concealed beneath the dusty covers of prayer-books and Bibles. Is it not time that every generous, free-minded person should shake off these clogs—should throw down these dark walls—should throw open these dusty prayer-books and Bibles—should put to shame the professed Christian, and proclaim genuine Christ-principles, both in public and in private; and, at noonday, upon the street corners? This is a crusade in which none but the true at heart can contend. The war-cry has already sounded; even now it is passing from lip to lip—"Dieu vent!" "Dieu vent!" Millions are listening with eager ears for the truth. Who, then, will hesitate to throw off all prejudices, and rush to the rescue of their fellow-believers?

Call for Mediums.

H. SCOTT, M. D., LANCASTER, OHIO.—This place is not surpassed by any town of equal population in the Western States in the essential qualifications of a good community. The natural scenery of our county is not equaled in any part of Ohio. The general intelligence and hospitality of our people will bear favorable comparison with those of any county of the middle or Western States. We have in the city, too, a population of six thousand, and ten churches, which in the absence of better systems, are doing a good business in conserving the morals of the people.

We have never been visited by spiritual mediums. Those who have traveled West have generally left us to the South. We have a good number of intelligent persons who are confessedly tired of the old, threadbare themes of religious instruction, and who are ready to examine the claims of Spiritualism. What we need and desire is, popular test mediums, as the subject would be new to the majority. Such would find a kind reception here by several respectable citizens.

The BANNER OF LIGHT has become to me the light of my life. No intellectual pleasure equals that of communing with minds that are free—minds that have got clear of sectarian bonds, and are not afraid to think and speak for themselves. I most sincerely wish that the BANNER could be in every family in our town, in the place of such intellectual food as is afforded them by the sectarian presses. There are but two BANNERS received here; but I have no doubt that if we could get an interest awakened, and some circles formed, that our new-dealers could get up a good sale for them.

I am anxious that you should, if you can, find room in your column for this short article; because I hope that by that means it will reach the eye of some proper persons, who may feel inclined to visit us.

Spirit Teachings.

MESSENGER, EDITOR.—The following lines were written a few years since by a young lady who had long been clairvoyant, and who was developed as an excellent rapping medium very soon after the commencement of spiritual manifestations in this country. She was, in truth, what she professed to be—a Christian; and while, here, she lived so near the Home of the Blessed, that not only was she permitted to wander over the ethereal shore, holding communion with spirit friends, but very often in her normal state she was able to see and recognize them. In the midst of great physical suffering, she was forgotten in doing good to others, and we who loved her so well know that her life was a beautiful poem, full of heroism and truth. It is more than three years since Nancie exchanged the crown of suffering for the crown of the redeemed, but we know she still loves and watches over the friends who linger below.

East Mayfield, Mass., 1850.

"AND THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."

Awake the proud anthem! let the peal reach the skies! Spiritual teachings have triumphed, oh haste to be wise. Our fathers and mothers in joy now will bring Their children to Jesus as a thank-offering. Go publish the tidings of our land and o'er sea, Our teachings have triumphed, and we are now free.

Let the music of voices proclaim to the world The Banner of Truth to us is unfurled, While the mottoes which long have been shrouded in gloom, Proudly float on the breeze as they burst from the tomb: Haste, haste, hear the tidings of our land and o'er sea, Our teachings have triumphed, and we are now free.

To champions of Jesus, who have come from your loins, The enemy is seeking our schemes still to foil; But with Jesus our Saviour, our friend and our guide, All evil will conquer, whatever betide: Then haste, bear the tidings of our land and o'er sea, Our teachings have triumphed, and we are now free.

The reign of sectarisms and errors shall cease, And friend shall greet friend, 'neath the olive of peace, While each shall rejoice in the evidence given, That loved ones watch o'er us from the portals of heaven; Then haste, bear the tidings of our land and o'er sea, Our teachings have triumphed, and we are now free.

All glory, our Father, we render to thee: Our foes, like proud Pharaoh, thou'st sunk in the sea; Thus aid we invoke to keep us safe enter in: And at last to thy kingdom may we safe enter in: Let each join the chorus arising to thee, Our teachings have triumphed, and we are now free.

No politics has ever been discovered that draws out a man's virtues so fully as the sod which covers his grave.

Friend after friend departs. Who hath not lost a friend? There is no union here of hearts, That ends not here an end.

Written for the Banner of Light.

LABOR ON.

BY O. H. THIRASHER.

Our journey here, though dark and drear,
At times is cheered by visions bright,
Though cold mankind, yet still we find
Some hearts still warm and doing right.

If we in life must struggle and strife,
And men should coldly turn away,
Then look above, for angels love,
To cheer us, and our souls repay.

Though sweet to know, while here below,
That friends are gathered round our path,
Yet waver not, what'er thy lot,
Though all the world should frown in wrath.

Then labor on—let others frown,
Labor with hand, with mind, with might;
Each arm be strong in crushing wrong,
And boldly battle for the right.

Each faint heart cheer—dry every tear
A heartless world has caused to flow;
All vice reprove, with heartfelt love,
For passion's victims here below.

York Centre, Ill., August 14, 1850.

Communication from the Spirit of Eliza Holmes.

Mingled emotions of gratitude and joy thrill my spirit, for the great happiness it gives me to communicate. Long years of silence have passed, and I have been numbered with the things that were, but now that I can come back with all the life revealed, it recompenses me for all the long period of separation. I remember our united lives and our dread of death, but now life triumphs over death, and is proved victorious over all decay and change. It is right that I should come and tell you that only the material must die and fall off to free your spirit also. I come not with "excellency of speech," but with my old defects and imperfections, with the same mind liberated from matter. I wish to dispel the mysterious, vague ideas you have of the spirit-world.

The spirit-world is lighted by suns that man has never seen; and spirits and angels are perpetually ascending to the celestial noon of heaven, never going backward, never growing weary of the ever-changing scenes. There is a fervent interchange of heartfelt sympathy between all the inhabitants of heaven. By spiritual attraction each individual finds his or her true sphere. The conventionalities of earth are laid aside; selfishness, that makes the earth the place of strife and contention, finds no place in spirit-life. It is true the lower spheres are a counterpart of the earth; all the various passions and evil propensities of men are there revealed, but the moment remorse for past misdeeds takes possession of the mind, then does true progression begin.

There are ever degrees between the good and the vicious, like steps on the ladder. It has ever been my mission to descend to the lower spheres, and assist the degraded there to progress.

If man only realized that every action, just or unjust, was engraved upon his immortal spirit, there would be more reflection, and less impulse sin. Upon your entrance into spirit-life, I was ushered into a vast apartment, and the walls were composed of various colored gems, each forming a little cell or cavity, which opened and revealed to me some act of my past life, either in blazing characters or in some figure. I saw, then, many barren spots in my life, that I would have returned to cultivate, if I could.

Theologians may appal the senses by picturing a lake of burning fire; but when we reflect that it is the mind that suffers, we shall readily see that we are free agents enough to work out happiness or misery in the future life. I look forward to the time when I shall meet my friends, and renew a friendship that shall never end.

WINE AND GLORY.

A fly on the brim of a tankard was drinking wine;
The rich manning waled of the ripe ripening wine;
"Oh, what are you doing? you rush to your ruin!"
"Do, foolish fly, and to reason I'm inclined!"
Thus argued another, careering in gladness
"I'll round the bright flame of a lamp for a minute,
"All drinking a folly, and brings melancholy;
"Take warning and shun it, lest fly that you are!"
"Behold how a passion more noble should move you!"
"Is glory alone has a charm in mine eye?"
Whatever be the cause, his radiance shall guide me;
"Good by, silly toper! and learn to be wise!"
The saying, he said, he said, he said, he said,
Then flew to the light that so tempted his gaze;
But burning his pinions in Glory's dominions,
He fell in the candle, and died in its blaze.

[CHARLES MACKEY.]

LECTURERS.

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

WARREN CHASE's address for September will be Lowell, Mass. F. A. THOMPSON, Westfield, Vt.
MRS. FANNIE BUBACK FELTON. Address, until September 1st, Willard Barnes Felton, Northampton, Mass.
J. H. CURRIER, (care of H. A. Mearns,) Orange, Me.
H. P. FAIRBANKS. Address at Greenville Village, Mass.
J. J. YOUNG. Address at Utica, N. Y.
MRS. J. W. CURRIER. Address at Lowell: Box 815.
MISS M. MUNSON. Letters may be addressed to her at this office.

MISS ROSA T. AMESLEY. Address at No. 32 Allen street, Boston, Mass.
MISS M. MIDDLEBURY, (formerly Mrs. Henderson,) Address, during August and September, Box 423, Bridgeport, Ct.
H. A. TUCKER. Address at Foxboro, Mass.

GEORGE ATKINS. Address Boston, Mass.
REV. JOHN BROWN. Will give a lecture on Spiritualism at Westfield, Mass.
MISS SARAH A. MAJOR. Address No. 33 Winter street, East Cambridge, Mass.

MRS. MARY MACOMBER, Providence, R. I.
MISS LIZZIE DORRIS may be addressed at Plymouth, Mass.
MISS EMMA HANCOCK. Address No. 8 Fourth Avenue, New York.

L. B. BOWKER. Address at Natick, Mass., or 7 Davis street, Boston.
BENJ. DANFORTH. Address Boston, Mass.
ELEANOR WOODWORTH. Address at Leslie, Mich., will further notice.

O. T. IRISH wishes to travel West this summer. Address at Taunton, Mass., care of John Eddy, Esq.
A. B. WITTING. Address at Brooklyn, Mich.
CHARLES W. DORRIS. Address at West Kingsley, Conn.
MISS BERTHA B. CHASE. Address at West Hartford, Conn.
E. R. YOUNG. Address Box 83, Quincy, Mass.

GEORGE M. JACKSON. Address at Prattburg, N. Y., until further notice.
N. FRANK WHITE. Address during the month of August, at Seymour, Ct.
E. C. COOLEY. Address at La Prairie Centre, Ill.

LOVELL BEEBE. Address North Ridgewood, Ohio.
MRS. S. MARIA BLISS. Address at Springfield, Mass.
MISS CHARLES RICKER will lecture on the Sabbath. Address at Lowell, Mass.

PROF. J. E. CHURCHILL. Address at No. 203 Franklin street, New York.
MISS J. B. SMITH. Address at Concord, N. H.
DR. C. O. YORK. Address at Boston, Mass.

MRS. F. O. HYPER. Address, in care of J. H. Blood, Box 240 P. O. St. Louis, Mo.
MISS SUSAN M. JOHNSON. Address at North Abington, Mass.

MRS. AMANDA M. SPENCE. Address at No. 534 Broadway, New York City.
PROF. J. L. D. ORT will spend the months of August and September at Connecticut and Rhode Island, Address at Norwich, Ct.

J. H. GUNTER. Address at Hartford, Ct.
J. O. HALL, Buffalo, N. Y.
WILLIAM E. GRICE. Address at 7 Davis street, Boston.

MRS. E. E. RICHSON. Address at West Kingsley, Conn.
MISS CHARLES RICKER will lecture on the Sabbath. Address at Lowell, Mass.
A. C. ROBINSON. Address Fall River, Mass.

MISS A. F. PEARSE. Address West Whitely, Mass.
DR. MATTHEW, (care of R. Post.) St. Paul, Min.

ABOUT A PRO.—Patrick, the widow Malony tells me that you have stolen one of her finest pigs. Is that so?"
"Yes, yer honor."

"What have you done with it?"
"I killed it and ate it, yer honor."

"Oh, Patrick, when you are brought here to face with the widow and her pig on the Judgment day, what account will you be able to give of yourself when the widow accuses you of the theft?"

"Did you say the pig would be there, yer rivenance?"

"To be sure I did."

"Well, thin, yer rivenance, I'll say, Mrs. Malony, there's your pig?"

We love to gaze upon the clouds all burnished with gold by the rays of the setting sun.

Love is the fever of the soul; passion is the delirium of that fever.

SPIRITUALISM BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

BY A. H. CHURCH, M. D.

Spiritualism is a real behind the curtain as it is on the open stage of action. I do not know but those who for who and good causes conceal their belief in Spiritualism are just as true to duty as those who make much display in the proclamation of their belief. Spiritualism, in all its might and power, is a thing unseen; like electricity, it is invisible; its effects, or what it produces, can only be demonstrated to physical perception.

There are more manifestations of Spiritualism, real and tangible, ten times over, than have been made behind the curtain and have been kept there concealed, than have been yet told and published to the world, that the world knows nothing of.

In my experience in Spiritualism I have met many very extraordinary spirit-manifestations where profound secrecy has been pledged. In fact, the most telling evidence of the truth that spirits do communicate, that I have any knowledge of, have come to me from sources where secrecy has been enjoined.

In what I am about to relate, no secrecy was asked, or pledged—but the circumstances of the case have heretofore justly demanded that the facts should not be divulged. It is but a few months since the medium of these manifestations of which I am about to speak has gone to that better world, the world of spirits. His real name I shall not use, for many near and dear friends that he has left behind are opposed to Spiritualism, and would doubtless feel much mortification at seeing his name associated with the subject in any way. He was a minister of the Gospel in the Church of Christ; of good repute, and of high standing in society. I do not know that a member of his church, except myself, knew that he was a Spiritualist in the modern sense of the term. With him, conversation with spirits was as common, as easy, as tangible and as real, as was his conversation with mortals.

I listened to his beautiful sermons with heartfelt, soul-stirring delight. I fell in love with my minister, though I was a Spiritualist; I sought an interview with him, which was gained. At that time, which was six or seven years ago, Spiritualism absorbed my thoughts, as it has ever since done, and filled my whole soul. Being so deeply interested in him as a spiritual teacher, without ceremony I began to talk to him and question him about Spiritualism. He prefaced his answers to my questions with sensible reasons for not proclaiming what he not only believed but absolutely knew of the truth of the subject, viz: that modern Spiritualism was true.

It was joy to me to know that my good minister knew ten times as much about Spiritualism as I did—knew more of its realities, had seen more of its beauties, and, if possible, believed in it more. At this interview, and more than one hundred subsequent interviews, he related to me many of his own experiences with spirits of the departed, some of which I affirm is a true report.

He said that in the year 1812 he was practicing medicine in a quiet village in one of the Western States. About three o'clock in the afternoon of a beautiful autumn day, when all around was still, as he sat reading in his study, alone, he heard the word "Henry" distinctly pronounced. He sat a moment, wondering where the sound could come from. In a moment it was repeated, distinctly. "He thought to himself, if his brother George was alive, he should think it was his voice. The study in which he sat stood alone, disconnected with any other buildings. He looked out at the windows and at the door, to see if any person was present—went out, and walked around the study, to make sure if any person was there who had called his name. He found none; and was satisfied that no person was within the sound of his voice. He then resumed his seat in his study, and his reading; and again the voice, in a soft and affectionate tone, twice repeated, distinctly, "Henry!" He answered, "Who are you, and what do you desire?" The voice said, "I am your deceased brother, and I desire to hold communion with you."

A conversation here took place between himself and his spirit-brother, which continued two hours and a quarter. It was as tangible, as distinct, and as real, in words and sounds, as any conversation he ever had with any person in the physical body, the purport of which was to show the actual and real existence of the spirit of his brother, after death, and to give directions for his future course of life.

The spirit advised him to give up the practice of medicine, and prepare for the ministry. This manifestation was to him very extraordinary; he was astonished and wondered; it had a powerful influence upon him. While the conversation was taking place, he said that he was calm and passive, felt no surprise at the extraordinary and unaccountable means by which the voice was produced; but, when the voice was gone, he was filled with amazement and wonder; it affected him as he had never before been affected. He was not asleep; he was not unconscious; he was perfectly wide awake and fully conscious. It was not a phantom; it was not a dream; it was as real as anything he ever experienced in his conscious existence.

He obeyed the admonition; left medicine, and prepared for the ministry; and in due time went to preaching, which he continued to do till his death. He began his ministry in 1812, and ended in 1839. And faithfully and beautifully has he done the work his hands found to do.

This unmistakable manifestation of spirit-power, in which he identified beyond a question the spirit of his brother, he said, was palpable, well demonstrated evidence that his brother lived after death. It was conclusive evidence to his mind, too, that the spirit world is not removed from the world of matter; and that a spirit out of the body can commune with and influence a spirit in the body. All this to his mind became incontrovertible evidence of the fundamental claims of modern Spiritualism.

From this date, which is sixteen years ago, to the date of our first conversation on the subject, he said that he had been in daily and almost hourly communion with spirits disembodied. This, for what he considered good reasons, he had kept a secret. He said that spirits of all grades and conditions had been his constant attendants; some so pure, so refined and elevated, that they were as transparent as the sunlight; their beauty and manifestation of pure love caused tears of joy to flow; others were so dark with earthly love, that they appeared black and opaque; and between these extremes were all grades of spirit development—from the lowest and the darkest, to the highest and the purest—so pure, that his own development had not power to behold without pain. His perception of spiritual beauties at times was carried from one gradation of beauty to another, higher and higher, till the intensity of beauty, light and purity, became painful and overpowering. This he said was evidence to him that the higher joys of heaven were too great for man in his earthly condition to bear. He said that he could now realize the truth of the words—"Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither hath it entered the heart of man to conceive the good things that God hath prepared for those that love him."

Many nights he had been kept awake, without one moment's sleep, by the oaths and curses of evil spirits; their loud and boisterous talk; the real and visible presence of spirits, whose intents, purposes, and designs, were wicked and malicious. He had heard their conversation as really as he ever heard the conversation of mortals. He heard them talk of laying plans and plotting schemes for nefarious purposes, to be practiced on

this and that person in the form with whom he had acquaintance. They had in their conversation revealed to him many secret evils of his brother clergy, and also members of his own congregation, which he did not know, and had no external means of knowing, and of which external proof had, in time, in many cases, confirmed.

He said that the darkest spirits were often the most intellectual and well educated; that spirits, the most obstinately wicked had suggested to him rhetorical errors, on certain pages of certain sermons that he had written—errors which he had not discovered before the suggestion of these spirits. He said that the darkest spirits could assist him in his intellectual labors, to an extent; while spirits of higher and more lovely developments would invite him only to practical forgiveness, charity, kindness, efforts in love, and deeds of goodness.

At times, he said, he seemed like a lonely bark on a boundless sea, driven at the mercy of the elements; the influence of good and bad elements, of good and bad spirits, was equally beyond his control, and he was but a passenger on the sea of life, under the guidance of powers unseen, superior to his own.

Incidents in his own experience with spirits in the spirit-world, which is really in this world, that he has related to me, would fill a volume. But I would not weary the patience of the readers, or crowd the valuable columns of the BANNER with longer details.

I am not unmindful that many will doubt, the truth of what I have already written. It is a true presentation of facts as given to me by my minister, and in his veracity I have unlimited confidence.

This good minister's Spiritualism was behind the curtain, so far as the open declaration to the world "I am a Spiritualist"—but his practical life of kindness, charity and love; his beautiful conceptions of the eternal progress of the human soul, forever growing higher and better, of which every one was cognizant that knew him, stands before the world a monument of perennial beauty, which time effaces not, and eternity claims her own forever.

About six weeks before his death, he said that sixty days would more than number the days of his earthly existence. This proved true. How did he know this? His health was tolerably good; he had no disease that threatened a speedy termination of his life; no external evidence whatever indicated approaching death. How, then, did he know that the approach of death was near? The answer to this question is reasonable and satisfactory to Spiritualists, viz: the spirits in the spirit-world, with whom he was in constant communion, told him so.

Spiritualism came to him as it does and must come to all, spontaneously. He did not ask for it by words. The development of his soul made the demand; this was the potent, but silent call. His Spiritualism was not from external influence, but from internal growth, as all Spiritualism ever was and ever must be.

Had he proclaimed his knowledge of spirit-communion to the world instead of doing the work of life silently and quietly, justly and truly as he did do it, what profit would the world have gained above what it already possesses. From the inside growth of every soul, which growth is unaided and uninfluenced by external proclamations and professions, or teachings of any kind or sort, spiritual growth comes.

How many noble souls on earth are there, this day, who, like this good minister, are in possession of positive knowledge of the fundamental truths of spirit-communion, and tell it not. I cannot but repeat my full belief in what seems to me a fact, that were all the Spiritualism that is now developed behind the curtain, brought out before the world, opened to full view on the stage of human action, that ten real Spiritualists would be recognized where one is now.

Prepared for the Banner of Light.

THE UNLEARNED PREACHER.

Defining his views of Christ, and Salvation by Him.

(Being an abstract of two discourses delivered in the Stone Church, in Corlandville, N. Y., in 1838.)

BY ISA GRANT.

No literary merit is claimed for this production; nor is this important, since Christ has said, "Thou hast hid these things from the wise and intelligent, and hast revealed them unto babes. All things are delivered unto me by my Father; and no one knoweth who the Son is, and he to whom the Son will reveal him." Christ had great difficulty in making those he taught understand him; for this purpose he used parables, and various similitudes. Some of these he has explained. Those I receive as explained, and explain all others in harmony with them, as far as practicable.

Having adopted this rule in my investigations, and trusting in the Spirit of Truth, that searches all things, yea, the deep things of God, I have arrived at my conclusions, and submit these thoughts, with some of the evidences that led to them, to the careful and prayerful examination of my Christian friends, and all who love the truth. We have very generally received our views of Christ, and salvation by him, from the fathers, without questioning their truthfulness. These views may contain truth, mixed with error. Truth cannot suffer by the most rigid investigation; but error is always unsafe so exposed. The humblest child of God may learn truth which the most learned divine might overlook.

Having been several years in the bosom of the church, and knowing the many noble souls the church still contains, and their earnest desire to know the truth, I feel anxious to place these views—that to me are truth, and also very convincing—before those who are alike anxious with myself to know and walk in the truth as it is in Jesus Christ—hoping they, like the noble Bereans, who received the word with all readiness, and searched the Scripture to see if those things were so, will read and re-read these thoughts till they fully understand them; and if they are true, receive them; if false, reject them. But try them not by your belief, but by the truth; that alone will stand, when beliefs will fall, as no truth, only as it works by love, and purifies the heart, and produces the fruit of righteousness, can be of any avail.

I have taken for a text the last four verses of the sixth of Luke, and those corresponding in the seventh of Matthew: "He that cometh to me, and heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them," &c.

First, we will consider what it is to come to Christ. Before we can get a correct idea of Christ, we must come to a right understanding of God, his spirit Father, whom no man hath seen, whom Christ has revealed to us as spirit, comparing spirit to the wind that bloweth where it listeth, which we cannot see, and can know only by its effects. This invisible spirit fills all space, and permeates all animate and inanimate existences, and is their life. In him we live, and move, and have our being. All created existences compose his body, through which he manifests his wisdom, power and glory. The stars, heavens, gem his handiwork. Man manifests the perfection of his character—not only his wisdom, but his truth and love. These last, his highest qualities, he could manifest only through man, the most perfect work of his hands, and through him only as in a highly perfected condition.

You see me before you, hear me speak, see my movements. This body has no power of itself to move. The power that moves comes from the spirit within. This organism is adapted to earth life, for the culture of the spirit within. When its mission is accomplished here, it will return to dust as it was. And we have a spirit body adapted to spirit life—first a natural body, and then a spiritual body. If this body was a great deal purer than it is, a pure spirit might take possession of it and speak to you his own thoughts by the use of these vocal organs, and they would be purely his. In this manner God spoke through the prophets. Their organisms not being wholly pure, his communication by them partook somewhat of the character of the medium through which they came. But Christ inherited such purity, and his culture so perfected his organism, that God, the pure spirit Father, could dwell in him, work by him, and speak through him in his own words to us in all his truth and purity. Thus Christ became a medium for his Father to work by and speak through, and manifest by works of love and works of light to his earth children. "The word is not mine but the Father's who sent me—and the Father who sent me he doeth the works."

In this way God, who at sundry times and in divers manners, spoke unto the Fathers by the Prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by his Son. As wind gives sound to the trumpet, so the eternal spirit, God, moved the organism of Christ to speak words, forms, and truth as revealed in the New Testament. God was of truth as he is, and Christ its manifestation, or the medium through which it came to us: "In the beginning was the word, and the word was with God, and the word was God." The word was made flesh (manifested through flesh) and dwelt among us. Christ was this word manifest in the flesh and communicated to us. God, Christ, and the Word, are one, and only different manifestations of God. "God is Judge of all the earth: The Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgment to the Son. If any man hear me, and believe not, I judge him not. The word that I have spoken unto him, that shall judge him in the last day." God as the word of truth, and Christ his manifestation, are one. Christ is Emmanuel—"God with us."

In the same sense the word is called the body and blood of Christ. [John vi.] "Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you. Whoso eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood dwelleth in me and I in him. As I live by the Father, so he that eateth me, he shall live by me." He explains this figure of speech in the 63d verse: "The flesh profiteth nothing: it is the spirit that quickeneth (giveth life); the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life." These words, here used figuratively, are explained as the body and blood of Christ, which are indispensable to the culture and growth of our spirit-man. This "man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word of God." Our bodies, or the house we live in, may be fed and sustained by earth food, but the real man, the spirit, only by the bread which came down from heaven—the word of truth, which is life to our spirits. "Your fathers did eat manna and are dead; I am the living bread which came down from heaven. If any man eat of this bread, he shall live forever; and the bread that I will give is my flesh, which I will give for the life of the world." This bread, this word of truth, says Christ, I AM.

This is in accordance with his use of language in other places. "They have Moses and the Prophets; let them hear them." They had only the words of Moses and the prophets—not their earth forms. We have Christ and his earth form no more, but his words, which are spirit and life, are received and obeyed; and this is all we need of him. "His law is perfect, converting the same, making wise the simple, &c." Christ, *The Truth*, and that Spirit of Truth which is a well of living water springing up into everlasting life in all who receive him, is all the Saviour we need. This is the law of life in Christ Jesus, which makes us free from the law of sin and death. "Moses' law was too low; it could not make the results thereto perfect, as it was imperfect in itself. It is superseded by Christ, the higher and purer law, which can make those perfect who obey it. This Christ-law is a New Testament, superseding the Old Testament given for the Jews—a more barbarous and far less progressed people.

God is spirit, and Christ his body, or the medium through which he made himself known to man. Christ is, in every way, the life of man. The way, as our exemplar, the truth, the living word (God), the life, as the spirit of truth, that is, the wisdom of God, and the power of God.

To receive Christ, is to receive his principles of truth, actualizing them in our lives, in our every relation to our brother man. Thus, by receiving and obeying the truth, we become assimilated into the spirit and image of the truth, and become like God its author, in the qualities of our spirits, in purity and love. "Thus we become one with him. This is the at-one-ment—at one with our Spirit Father. "If ye do good to them that do good to you, and lend to them only from whom you are to receive again, what do you more than others? Your Father is kind to the evil and unthankful—good to every one. Be ye perfect as he is perfect," i. e. do you like him, and you become like him. If any man follows doing good, he becomes good, and any man does evil, he becomes a bad man, and the longer he continues in that direction, the more rapid will be his ruin and degradation. So, on the other hand, by walking in all Christ's good lessons, these straight paths for our footsteps, and engaging in his labors of love, we become like him. "This is his righteousness. In this way all may become sons of God, and have Christ's righteousness by receiving Christ as the truth, by living his life, and obeying his teachings. "As many as received him; to them he gave power to become sons of God—born not of flesh, but of God—I in thee and thou in me, that they may be one in us, begotten by the word of truth unto a lively hope." All who thus obey the truth, and are led by the spirit of God, they are the sons of God. "Whoso shall keep my commandments, he shall abide in me, and I in him, and we shall come forth, and we shall bring forth much fruit to the glory of the Father. He that shall be like the wise man whose house is safe on the rock of immortality—no winds or floods can effectually assail him. He that heareth, and doeth not, his house upon the sand will fall. When the floods of light and truth prevail, he will then see it is vain to "Call me Lord, Lord, and do not the things that I say."

God is spirit. We can have no correct idea of God as regards form. We can see him in the work of his hands, and in his qualities, as revealed to us, and by his spirit in us, which searches all things—yea, the deep things of God. Every object of creation is, in some sense, his body, through which he manifests himself; but his highest and purest qualities are manifested by Christ, and by man, in a perfected condition, which is the church, which is his body. "In a higher sense than all other works of his creation, his wisdom is manifest in all his works; but not only wisdom, but truth and love, are manifest through Christ—through man. They show, in their wonderful mechanism and powers, their great originator, the Divine Mind.

Man is spirit, and manifests through the organism God has given him. God is spirit, and can manifest through man's organism, when in a proper condition, as in the case of Christ. God is but another name for the highest conceivable good. He is the embodiment of wisdom, truth and love. God is wisdom—he cannot err. God is truth—he cannot lie. God is love—he cannot hate or be unkind. Nor is he kind to the evil as the good. We have nothing to fear from him, but everything to hope. No fountain can send forth salt and fresh, or sweet and bitter waters. Only good can come from this good fountain.

It is for us to come into true relations to God. We may hide ourselves in a deep, dark, and cold, and complain of the sun's heat, and when we come into true relations to him, we shall feel his benign influence. So we may wander in the ways of sin and transgression, till our souls are all covered in pollution; but when we retrace our steps, and come into true relations to him, we shall find him the same loving Father, forgiving, and blessing to the full extent of our capacity to receive. As in the case of the prodigal son, God is more willing to give than any earthly parents can be to their children. And what does God require of us, but that we deal justly, love mercy in our relations to our brother man, and walk kindly with God? He asks of us no worship or service the very best of parents would not desire of their children. God is a spirit, and they who worship him must worship him by receiving his spirit and walking in his truth. "Neither in Jerusalem, nor any other temple, shall man worship the Father. The most High dwelleth not in temples made with hands," nor is worshipped by man's hand, &c.; all the worship he desires is that obedience to the pure love qualities of their Heavenly Father—that which is indispensable for their true culture and for the mutual good and harmony of all his children, here and hereafter. Thus we see the bearing of our text: He that heareth and doeth these sayings, will be saved—will be cultivated into the loves and spirit of heaven. God is spirit. We are the children of his essence, his substance—emanating from, and are a part of him.

Our children, by proper culture, come up to the full stature of their fathers; without any culture they would be mere animals, and, thrown among savages in their infancy, they would be mere savages; they would be the stupidest of the human race. So we, as children of God, must have culture, to develop in us the pure and high qualities of our great originator. "It is education forms the common mind. It is the education of that mind into the spirit and qualities of the Father, into the spirit of heaven, that will enable us to enjoy its felicities. As the poet very justly says—

"Souls, though sprung from heavenly race,
Must first be tutored for the place;
The joys above are understood
And relished only by the good."

The word of God, Christ manifested to us, is to supply this need for our culture. "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word of God." The house we spirit-children live in may be sustained by earth food, as before remarked, but the spirit-child of the spirit-Father must have the bread of heaven, which Christ said he was—"The word of God." "Beloved, now are we the sons of God." "When he shall appear we shall be like him." "If sons, then heirs." "The heir differeth nothing from a servant, though he be lord of all that is upon earth, and governors, will be the time appointed of the Father." So we, as children, are here being educated and fitted for our heavenly

inheritance in our Father's kingdom, by such tutors as—the spirit of truth, and the influence of his spirit—Christ, the spirit of truth, tending it.

Christ is a man, but he is not like other men; he is a man in all points made like unto his brethren, like them, subject to temptations and trials, &c. He was also subject to culture—"He grew in wisdom;" learned obedience by the things which he suffered. He was also, like them, dependent on his Father for all his heavenly gifts. "Of my own self I can do nothing." "The word is not mine, but the Father who sent me, and the Father doeth the works." "The Father hath given me a commandment what I shall say, and I know that his commandment is life everlasting." "I have given them their words," &c. Christ, being in harmony with his Father, his spirit might be in obedience, or it might act in unison with his spirit-Father, under his divine influence. In either case, he was dependent on his Father, who never left him alone, as he did always the things that pleased him."

Christ was made a sacrifice for us. He laid aside all the honors and glories of earth, "became a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief;" humbled himself, and became obedient unto death. His whole life was a sacrifice of self and selfish ends, in the highways and byways. Among the low, the lost, and the abandoned, he sought out the lost sheep, to bring them to his Father's fold, and cultivate them for his heaven of love. He is our sacrifice, as we follow in his footsteps and obey his instructions, and thus become our Saviour; but not as a vicarious atonement. [The word atonement occurs but once, I think, in the New Testament, and is there a bad rendering—Rom. 5:4.] If in any such sense he is our Saviour, he is of universal application. "If I be lifted up, I will draw all men unto me." He is the propitiation for our sins, and unto me, but also for the sins of the whole world." "Who is the Saviour of all men." &c. Christ's statement is, "For this was I born, and for this end I came into the world, that I might bear witness to the truth," (manifest the truth, as in the lessons you have received of me.) To us, as the truth, he is our Saviour, as our example and teacher—as we obey him, and walk in his footsteps. "He that saith he loves him, and keepeth not his commandments, is a liar, and the truth is not in him." "He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me," (and no others.) "If a man love me he will keep my words, and my Father will love him, and we will come and make our abode with him. When Christ had made known the truth given us, the word of God, of life, that could make us wise unto salvation, when he had finished his mediocrity mission here—when he had overcome the world, and put down all rule and all authority and power—he gave up the kingdom to God, even the Father. "He himself was subject to the Father, that God may be all in all." Thus will it be with all who keep his sayings; that overcome, as he did. They, like him, are the sons of God; and when he who is their life shall appear, they will be like him. "He that doeth righteousness is righteous, even as he is righteous." (The only righteousness that can avail us is Christ's righteousness.)

Our Father's method of saving his children from sin and degradation, is to unfold in them the principles and qualities in himself, by the culture and discipline of his spirit-life, as a primary school, a rudimentary state, preparatory to the ultimate life. As our children, under proper discipline and instruction, are cultivated in all that forms the intellectual and moral man, by the study of the sciences, together with strictly moral practices, they become worthy citizens; so God's spirit-children, by learning and practicing his pure precepts, have the high qualities of their spirit-Father unfolded in them.

It is well to cultivate the intellect and the morals, but not enough. The higher loves, the unselfish loves, of the spirit-Father must be cultivated in them. As the young man in the Gospel had kept the whole moral law, "One thing thou lackest;" one important thing—the development of the higher love-sympathies. To this end he must sell his possessions he did not need, and give to those who did need, and come with him and engage in the same labors of love for the dark, ignorant and lost sheep of our Father's fold, to bring them into a higher condition. By thus doing you may become one with me and my Father in the same work, and the same pure, unselfish loves of the angel world.

The merely intellectual man, however far he may have pushed his scientific researches and discoveries, may be dead to all the higher sympathies of true manhood, these having never been called out; and he may hold on to his acquisitions with a miser's grasp, and be as heartless. The moral man also may fall very far short of the culture he needs. His spiritual love-sympathies may be left uncultivated. If these are not unfolded in us, we are not the sciences to perfection; we must be strictly moral, and even devoutly religious; stand high as a pattern of piety in the church; we may have faith, knowledge, and zeal, in the cause we have espoused as religion; but if the God-loves are not unfolded in us, we shall be "like sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal."

This unselfish God-love is unfolded in us by its exercise—by the constant exercise of our love sympathies toward the needy and suffering. Even a drink of cold water given a brother in need, should not lose its reward. We see how it is more blessed to give than to receive. "Not for doing and giving, but in doing is the reward; every kindly act done with intent to benefit our brother man, the spirit of that act, flows back upon us to strengthen and enlarge them. Thus we have become daily, as we practice these, more like our Father, who is kind to all—the evil and the good; as we do like him, we become like him. These kindly acts are all Christ recognized in his representation of the Judgment. "When I was hungry ye fed me, naked ye clothed me, thirsty ye gave me drink, &c. Inasmuch as ye have done these acts of kindness to your needy brother, ye have done them to me; and to those who have lived only for self he said, "Inasmuch as ye have not done these acts of kindness to your brothers, ye have not done them to me."

Here we see no acts recognized as service to God not done to our brother. To this end are all his lessons given, that we keep in exercise our love sympathies by example; like the smith's arm, which grows strong by exercise, so our love sympathies may be strengthened and enlarged till we grow up into the stature of the perfect man in Christ, while all our evil passions are left to die for want of exercise. If we are willing to do the will of God, we shall know what he requires. "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it is of God." The blessing is to him that does it and continues to do it. "If ye continue in my word ye shall be my disciples indeed, and ye shall know the truth and the truth will make you free." "If the Son make you free, ye shall be free indeed." The Son and the Truth are here put down as one and the same. Obedience to his truth is obedience to Christ, and this will make all free who thus practice—free from error and sin, and free in the spiritual loves of his Father and his brethren. "His servants ye are, who obey his commandments, that ye may abide in the love, and the love be perfected in you, that ye may not be ashamed before him who shall come, and who shall reward every man according to his works done." "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." "If he sow to the flesh, he shall reap corruption; if he sow to the spirit, he shall reap life everlasting." If we have only such loves and enjoyments as we can manifest through this earthly organism, when "this body returns to dust as it was," we shall be striped of the only medium through which we can enjoy—being a stranger to the spiritual, the purely mind-loves. Well may our condition be compared to a house on the sand, that was swept away, and its ruin great.

But if we live after the spirit, cultivating the mind-loves, keeping under the earth-loves, we then come into our true element. When this house of our earthly tabernacle is dissolved, we find our new spiritual house perfectly suited to our condition, on the true foundation, the Rock of Ages, safe and secure. How unlike him who has cultivated the earth-loves; only can he enjoy spiritual mind-loves.

Would a South Sea Island cannibal, brought here, into the most refined society, be in his element? Could he enjoy "a feast of reason and a flow of soul?" Would their loves be his loves? Ask him if he loves his pale-face brother and sister. "I would, if they were roasted," might be his fitting reply. His loves are of the lowest of the earth-loves. Forgiveness and mercy could not change his loves, and nought can but Christ—the truth and works meet for repentance. Unless his loves are changed, he must find a low place in the mansions of his Father's house. At this house of many mansions, all will find a place adapted to their condition. Judas went to his place. A mother, asking for places of preference for her sons in his kingdom, was told these were not for those who were prepared. The character of the man (not reputation) assigns him his future home. Those in high repute here, may be very low there. "Many that are first shall be last, and the last first." The character, qualities and condition are his inheritance there. "They that are wise shall shine." Those who have heard these sayings and done them—done as God does to his children, (good to the evil as well as the good,) will become like God in their character—have the kingdom of God within—righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. Their heaven will not be above them, but within, above the low, and all around sweet melodies of heaven, "their joys to man be taken from them."

Those, on the other hand, who have neither heard

nor done these sayings of Christ's, but have "drank in iniquity like water," will be fitted to destruction. "When I shall be finished, bringeth death." This lost state is the consequence of their condition. No angry God puts forth his hand to punish. God punishes only as the best of parents would the child they tenderly loved. "He corrects us for our profit, that we may be partakers of his holiness." The condition of those who make their hell, "They eat of the fruit of their own doings." As the house on the sand, swept away by the winds and flood, their ruin shall be great.

The first thing for us to do in the right direction, is to be converted; to become as little children, turned away from earth and its loves, to the spirit, unselfish mind-loves of the Father. "If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." We are to lose our grasp on the riches, honors, and sensual pleasures of earth, and seek for desirable riches and righteousness. Seeking these first, he has promised to add what we need of earth's riches. For this end we are to receive these lessons, or sayings, for our text-book. As the child begins with the alphabet, and proceeds on to the higher lessons, so we begin with these sayings of heaven, and proceed on to the higher lessons, until we are able to practice in these heavenly acts, as we thus "work out our salvation with fear and trembling." "God worketh in us both to will and to do of his good pleasure."

Only as we hear these sayings, and do them, as our souls are cultivated in the spirit, and qualities of God, can we hope for heaven. If we set aside this Christ, these teachings, we may all others of his, and make everything depend on our faith, without any foundation in his word. Thus we see our character as individuals qualifies us for heaven or hell, and our character is formed by our lives. All may be cultivated, though some have organisms more favorable to a high moral and spiritual cultivation than others. These should and must be cultivated, and aid of their more favored brethren, but the lowest of these may one day outshine the brightest of the now angel-band in glory, and may even outstrip their more favored brethren here. "Publicans and harlots go into the kingdom of God before you." The kingdom of God here implies the laws of instruction God gave by Christ. To "enter the kingdom," is to come under those laws which lead to righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Spirit, for all who obey them.

Thus we have considered these sayings, the doing of them as applied to our individual culture and salvation. But this is not all the benefit to be derived from their observance. "Godliness (goodly acting) is profitable unto all things. Having the promise of life that is to come, and that which is to come." "The life that now is," would be changed from a comparative Pandemonium to the Eden of God. When love alone rules in the hearts of all—when each seeks his brother's good, and would do all things for them he would they should do for him, bearing one another's burdens, forbearing with the weaknesses and infirmities of each other, being truly a band of brothers—children of one Father of heavenly origin, and under heavenly instructions—how rapid would be our growth into the spirit and qualities of our heavenly Father. We would then be truly "the light of the world." We should need no peace, anti-slavery, temperance, or other reform societies. Loving our enemies could not ultimate in their destruction. All things whatsoever ye wish ye shall do, do ye even so to them." "I could not allow the lover of Christ to hold his brother man in bondage—to make a brute of him, forbidding the culture of any of his God-given faculties by use; nor could he for paltry pelf put the bottle, in which are the seeds of ruin both for body and soul, as well as of the peace and prosperity of those connected with him, to his neighbor's mouth."

When these precepts, these sayings of Christ, are all obeyed—lived out in all our relations to our brother man, the millennial day will have dawned on earth; this earth will be speedily renovated. Love in Christ will conquer as force in Moses could never do, and the earth will be filled with the knowledge and glory of the Lord. The kingdom of God will be within men. The kingdoms of this world will become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ. Christ being the supreme law, all other laws of earthly origin will be dissipated like the morning dew before the meridian sun. Wisdom, truth and love, will reign triumphant here on earth as in heaven. Then truly "Blessed is he that keepeth these sayings of Christ." He will have right to the tree of life while here; and when he has finished his mission here, he will know the truth of Christ's saying—"If a man keep my words he shall never see death." The ugly caterpillar coils up in its winding sheet, and soon awakes from his sleep in a beautiful garb, with ethereal pinions suited to a far higher and sublimer life. So we, "who keep my word," lay this clay body down, to return to dust as it was, and awake in a spirit-form among angels of light and love, in the blessed mansions of our loved Father, our inheritance, where we may revel in all the loves, beauties and glories of his heavenly kingdom. Oh, immortal man, this glorious destiny is for thee, when educated for it! Shall earth's loves engross thy moment of time, and leave thy earth sun, to set in darkness?

The following text was presented to the lecturer as opposed to the principles of his views of Christ and salvation—"We are saved by grace through faith, and that not of ourselves; it is the gift of God; not of works, lest any man should boast."

Salvation is the gift of God, not as a legacy or donation in funds, ready for our acceptance and use, but as the gift of an education or profession. To illustrate: James, a poor and destitute lad, goes to Mr. S., a liberal and wealthy man, and says, "Mr. S., I want you to give me an education and profession." Mr. S. says, "I will; you may commence your studies to-morrow." Mr. S. furnishes books and all the requisite means, and James commences in the lower branches, and pursues his studies diligently until he is master of the English and other languages necessary to the study of his profession, which is law. He then commences reading Blackstone, &c., under a good instructor; and then commences practice in the lower courts, and soon completes his studies, and is admitted to the Bar. This education and profession is the free gift of Mr. S. But for him, all efforts or works of James would have proved unavailing. True, James, by diligent application, has acquired his qualities which fit him for his station.

So of every true Christian. He is to receive Christ, the truth, as his text-book, for learning the science of heaven; and when he has fully learned these lessons, so that he can practice them, he will have mastered the science of heaven, and be admitted to its enjoyment. All this is the gift of God, and he who has mastered the text, without the due application to the principles required, the good works—the free gift would not avail. Read the text and context: "We are saved by grace through faith, and that not of ourselves; it is the gift of God; not of works, lest any man should boast. We are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God ordained before, that they should walk in them." Without these good works, which they were to walk in, the gift would fail, as in case of James, if he had not made diligent application in the necessary studies. If there is any part of the Testament we cannot harmonize with the main principles of it, we can only wait for a better light. If we take one part to destroy another, the whole might share the fate of the fabled Killybeg cats.

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