

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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THE SUNDAY MORNING SERMONS
Of Revs. 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.
For Rev. Dr. CHAPIN's sermon of Sept. 4th, see third page.

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 X. MY TEACHERS.

There were no playgrounds around the house; for in those days it was not thought necessary for girls to exercise in the open air, or to become physically strong; to run, climb a fence, shoot at a mark, harness a horse and drive him, or even to walk five miles, were all considered very unladylike feats; and the more delicately we were reared, the better fitted were we considered to be for the performance of all feminine duties.

The sterner sex, with the exception of a few who were in advance of the age, encouraged this mode of education, and no doubt found women more submissive to their unjust laws, and more contented to be mere ornaments and playthings, than now, when woman is learning that she has the same muscles that aid the sculptor when he fashions the marble bust, and as brilliant a fancy to conceive the ideal—that she too has mental power to understand the wonderful mechanism of the human body, and can administer a healing draught, or apply the lancet and the dissecting knife, as skillfully as those who have hitherto excluded her from that profession—and the time may come when the Augean stables of the law, reeking now with the corruptions of the dead Past, and full of all manner of unclean things, shall be purified, not by the strength of some Hercules, but by the subtle chemistry of woman's tact and skill. Then the single woman who inherits her father's fortune, because no sons were born to that house, need not be told that she must have some masculine guardian to defend her rights, because from choice or necessity she remains unmarried; and no lonely widow will have her sorrow aggravated by the taunting remarks from those learned in the subtleties of their own unjust laws, that she has neither the power nor the skill to protect her own rights and those of her fatherless children.

But this freedom for women must be brought about, not by assertion of rights, or loud denunciation of oppressive laws, but by a patient, thorough training of woman for that place in society, and for those duties which rightfully belong to her. We must prove ourselves worthy of freedom, by a patient, energetic struggle with the obstacles by which we are surrounded.

But poor little I had no such thoughts in those days. Alas! they are the *after thoughts*, now that the desert is passed. No one can discourse so eloquently of the horrors of slavery as he who, with a soul worthy of freedom, has felt the master's foot upon his neck, and the lash upon his quivering flesh; and no woman can fully understand and appreciate that equality which is woman's right, till her heart has lain crushed and bleeding at the feet of some tyrant, whose claim to power is only that he is of the masculine gender.

As I said, there were no playgrounds about the house; only a vegetable garden, running up to the kitchen, on the backside of the house—not even a door-yard or shade-trees in front—but a little gate, at one side, opened from the street into a row of cabbage, and thither I entered, as the only escape from the public thoroughfare. These cabbages were about the only vegetables that remained green; everything else was browned or withered by the cold winds and hard frosts. I ran hastily along over the withered herbage, seeking for some hiding place, when I stumbled over a basket of potatoes, and sent them rolling in all directions over the rough ground.

"That comes of disobeying rules!" said a voice near me, in no very pleasant tone; and looking up, I saw a queer-looking, little old man, bending over his hoe, and looking rather spitefully at me. "My back aches hard enough, now, without having the extra job of picking them potatoes up; but never mind—you'll get your pay for coming in here!"

I was alarmed, and asked him if the girls were not allowed to come into the garden.

"You must be a new one, not to know that. Why, if we let them harum-scarum critters come in here, I should never have a seed come up—they'd be worse than forty hens; and if some things did happen to grow, after all their tramping, there would n't be a tomato nor a cucumber to put on to the table, and I'm not hearty as there'd be a turnip, either—such master hinds as give us for eating raw trash—they're worse than a drove of sheep. But you can run away now, afore I pick the potatoes up, or you'll have them over again!"

"No, I'm going to pick them up myself," I said, and I went to work filling the basket.

"You move 'mazin' spy," said he; "and on the whole, seeing you knocked them over, you might as well pick 'em up; it's easier than for me, for the rheumatiz has took my back dreadfully, this raw day."

"I should think it would hurt you to dig potatoes, then."

"Well, may be it does."

"Then I would n't dig them."

"That's as much as you know about things!" I filled the basket, and the old man still stood leaning on his hoe.

"Now," said I, "I can hoe potatoes almost as quick as I can pick them up; and if you will let me have your hoe, I'll work awhile, and you can sit down on the old log, and rest yourself a bit."

The old man laughed, not a pleasant laugh to hear, but a sort of mocking, bitter laugh, as if he did not believe me.

"Now, you see," I said, "it was only last week I helped our Joe, when my mother was gone to the Dorcas Society, and he and I dug two bushels of great, nice Jackson potatoes—a great deal better than these."

The old man let me take his hoe, but my last remark hurt his feelings evidently, for he said, after seating himself slowly and carefully, as rheumatic persons are apt to do—

"If these are n't nice it is not my fault; but the sile; it's dreadful light, dry sile. But the name of your potatoes is enough to spile 'em. I'd an Adams man, and I could n't stomach a potatoe with the name of Jackson."

"That's what Charlie Herbert is. He says, if he was only twenty-one, he'd vote for Adams; and he reads enough to know the right side."

I worked fast to show my skill, and the old man laughed to see the second basket filling up. I forgot that I had on my new merino frock, that was to serve for my Sunday dress all winter, and also my new chinchilla hat, with broad, blue ribbon-strings, bought only the day before. I forgot everything save the wish to fill my basket, and as the hills yielded well I thought I could do it very soon, for the basket only held a half bushel. I had got it even full, and was just about to heap it, when an Irish servant girl came running toward me.

"And are you the miss they're been seeking? They thought as you had started for home."

I threw down my hoe and stood irresolute what to do, while the girl burst into a merry laugh.

"Arrah, miss, ye can't be afther seeing the mistress with that dirty face and hands!"

I looked at my hands—they bore witness to my work; and when I remembered that my face was wet with tears when I came into the garden, I could imagine how it must look with the dust of the potato-hills well plastered on 'by the moisture on the cheeks.

"Will you let me go into the kitchen and wash myself?"

"That is contrary to the rules, miss," and both she and the old man laughed at my ignorance and perplexity, at which I began to weep. This touched the heart of the Irish girl.

"Now be quiet, darlint, and it's meself will bring ye some water, if ye'll wait a bit," and she ran into the house; but she had scarcely disappeared when the garden gate opened, and I saw approaching me a tall, dark woman, with a very solemn face and manner. She wore a mourning calico dress, with large, spreading figures upon it, made very high in the neck, with a broad, linen collar, ornamented with a black bow that almost touched her chin. Her hair was black and straight, and rolled on lead in two puffs, on each side of her face. I had ample time to examine her, as she made her way carefully through the cabbages and over the rough potatoe ground.

"Is this Miss Bertha Lee?" looking at my soiled frock and mud covered face, in surprise.

I was ashamed to acknowledge my name when I saw the expression of her face, and did not answer her directly, but looked eagerly for the Irish girl with the water.

She asked again:—"Are you the little girl that came from Oldbury this morning?"

"Yes, ma'am," still looking for my water.

"Your mother is waiting for you. She was much surprised 'not to find you in the parlor, where she told you to remain."

"I'll come as soon as I have washed my face and hands. The girl will bring me some water."

"This is no place to make your toilet, and Bridget has other business than waiting on the scholars. You may come with me."

I was unwilling to go, and remained standing in my place, hoping for Bridget's appearance. Just then the kitchen door opened, and I saw the girl with a bowl and towel; but when she perceived who was with me, she threw her water away and went back into the house.

There was no alternative now but for me to follow the stranger, which I did very reluctantly.

The old man had, meantime, watched us in silence; but, as he saw my unwillingness to go, he said,

"You haint done nothing so very bad, miss, and I'm very much obliged to you. There aint many of the gals as would hoe a row for an old man like me."

"You are welcome, sir; and I would help you a little every day, if they will let me."

"Hoing, Miss Lee! Have you been hoeing potatoes?" said the lady.

"Yes, only see there, I hoed all these!" pointing to the basket.

"Have you been in the habit of hoeing potatoes at home?"

"Oh, no! my father and mother don't know that I ever hoed any; but Joe works in the garden a great deal, and I help him when I can. When my mother goes away I stay with Joe. She goes to Sewing Society one day, to Missionary Society one day, to Mothers' Meeting one day, and to pray for the Jews another—that makes four afternoons in a

week, and so I get a good deal of time to be with Joe. He can sew as well as I can, and we change work."

"Joe? Pray, who is Joe? A hired man, I suppose."

"Who is Joe?" That was a puzzling question, and if she had not added the last clause I might have been a long while in answering it; but I was so indignant at her supposing him a hired man, that I said quickly:—"No, indeed, Joe is not hired at all; he works when he pleases, and does just as he wishes. He is n't my brother, really, but I love him as much as if he was."

"Well, I think you will have something else to do here than hoe potatoes. Mr. Mudgett can take care of the garden, and we will find more suitable employment for a young lady."

We had walked on while we were talking, and before I was aware, we were at the parlor door, and my companion was leading me into the room, but I drew back, and was unwilling to enter. She laid her hand upon me, and was using a little force, when I resisted and said, "I must wash myself first."

My mother saw us, and coming hastily toward me, took me by the arm, and drew me in. Miss Garland was sitting very erect in her chair; the "licentiate" was lounging on the sofa, and the black-eyed woman, my guide, came in, and took a chair near him.

"There!" exclaimed my mother, as she drew me before the teacher; "you have ocular proof of the truth of my words."

The face of Miss Garland had seemed so winning to me at first sight, that I ventured a glance now, but to my great disappointment, a change had come over it; she looked sternly, and less cordial, and I felt at once that her first impressions of me were changed. Disappointment, mortification, and a sense of injury came over me, and I burst into tears.

"Your daughter had better go to her room now," said Miss Garland; "Miss Crooks here will be her room-mate, and you need have no fear but she will be in good hands, and under a moral influence which we hope will be beneficial."

"Miss Crooks, will you go with Bertha?"

As I turned to follow this lady, the licentiate rose and said:—"Bertha, I wish you to read this tract;" at the same time handing me one, the title of which was, "The Sinner Subdued." I shook my head and refused it, at which Miss Crooks gave a look of astonishment and pity.

"Bertha!" said my mother sternly; but my magnetic repulsion for the licentiate, if I might so call it, was too strong, just then, to be overcome; and I did not raise my hand to take the tract, though he still held it.

"Will you take it, Miss Crooks," said he, "and read it to her?"

With a very gracious look and smile, that ought to have made good to him my deficiency, she took the paper and promised that I should hear it. I followed her up two flights of stairs to a narrow, oblong room, ten by fifteen feet in size, with but one small window. The furniture of the room consisted of two chairs, a toilet table, under an eight by nine mirror, a small writing-table, a washstand, and a bedstead, with a bed in which the feathers were not numberless. The bedquilt was of dark calico print, and the walls of the room were yellow washed. I went to the window; it looked out upon a narrow lane, bordered on each side with poison hemlock and alder bushes.

"This is our room," said Miss Crooks; "you may have your trunk in this corner, and you may put your books on this side of the table, and remember that I sleep on the front side of the bed;" to all of which I made no reply, but seeing that she laid the tract upon the table, on what she called my side, I took it up and tore it hastily into fifty pieces.

Her black eyes shot angry darts at me, as she exclaimed, "You wicked girl! how dare you do so?"

"Because I hate him, and I'll not listen to him any more, nor read any of his books."

"That shows that you are just the naughty girl your mother describes you to be."

"Has my mother been telling you that I am a naughty girl?" I asked.

She hesitated; she had gone a little too far.

"Why, of course, she would tell Miss Garland all about you."

My heart sunk within me. And so, I thought to myself, I am left here among strangers, with the impression of my character which my mother leaves. My heart was certainly growing hard and bitter toward others. I was glad to be left alone, to undress and bathe myself as well as I could in the small quantity of water which the ewer was capable of holding.

My basket of oranges was with my trunk, and I ate one, thinking, as I did so, of what my friend had said, "Bertha, remember that God is good to all his creatures."

I lay down on my side of the bed, and fell asleep. I had, perhaps, slept an hour, when I was awakened by my mother—"Bertha, wake; it is the tea hour."

"I don't wish for any."

"You must get up and dress, and go down with me. I shall leave immediately after tea, and wish to see you in your seat before I go."

It was not pleasant to go down stairs into a dining-room, where forty girls were assembled, all with eyes and ears open to criticize a new comer. My mother was so differently constituted that she could not understand this shrinking from observation, and made sport of my sensitiveness. She was a large, tall woman, quite imposing in her appearance, and I walked in under cover of her presence, as she sailed

along in her heavy brocade silk and high turban—much like a sail-boat in the wake of a man-of-war.

Miss Garland preceded us; and, on taking her own seat at the head of the table, turned and said:

"Mrs. Lee, young ladies, and her daughter—Miss Bertha Lee. Miss Bertha, you may take your seat beside Miss Lane; we always sit in alphabetical order. Miss Lane—a young lady in dark blue thibet and light brown curls—stepped out and kindly gave me a seat beside herself. When we were seated, there was silence a moment; when my room-mate, Miss Crooks, with an assumption of great dignity, ushered in the "licentiate," who took the vacant seat at Miss Garland's right hand. The girls touched each other's elbows, as girls are apt to do when a young gentleman makes his appearance among them, and a little plump, merry-eyed girl near me, whispered to her companion: "Miss Crooks ordered preserves for tea, because Mr. Calvin was coming—wish he'd come oftener."

After a blessing was asked by Mr. Calvin, each scholar repeated a passage of Scripture, a practice far preferable, it seemed to me, to listening to a chapter read by one person.

The supper was good of its kind, consisting of bread and butter, crackers, and a plain tea-cake, cut into extremely thin slices. The preserves were a compliment to Mr. Calvin, and, of course, the scholars were not expected to eat freely; and the little girl who expressed so much pleasure at their appearance, pouted her pretty lips when she saw that there was space to rent in her tiny sauce-plate.

"Oh, dear!" she whispered, "I do love raspberry jam, dearly, and I shan't get any more of mamma's for one year; she gives me a heap."

She was a Southerner, and thought our Yankee tables lacked the abundance of her own home.

"You may have mine, Addie," said a young lady near me, whom I heard addressed as Miss Lincoln, and whose sweet, brave face I liked very much.

"May I?" said Addie, eagerly; "don't you really want it?"

"No, I never eat preserves."

Addie took them, and, looking roughly at her friend, said:

"You are so good, Miss Lincoln, you don't need food like other people; I suppose the ravens feed you as they did Elijah, or you find wild honey in this Rockford desert as St. John did in the desert of Judea."

The young lady addressed turned to Addie, and said in a low voice, not intended to be heard by others, but every syllable of which came to my quickened ear:

"I have ment to eat which you know not of, Addie; I wish I could persuade you to partake."

"There now, do n't," said Addie; "let us not be solemn, now; other good folks are n't like you at all. Just look—look quick; see what a heap of jam Miss Crooks has given to Mr. Calvin, and he is eating it as if it was nothing but nut-apple sauce. He's mighty fond of sweet things, and Miss Crooks thinks of course he'll swallow her; but don't you think that huge black bow will stick in his throat, to say nothing of those dear little puffs of false hair?"

Miss Lincoln did not smile, and tried to look displeased; but there was nothing forbidding in her look; that oval face, with its fair brow, on which the smooth brown hair, plainly parted, lay in glossy waves, looked so sun-like in its purity and repose, that I looked at her as I have upon some pictures of the Madonna, and wondered if anger or envy ever disturbed her peace.

When our simple meal was closed, Miss Garland turned to Mr. Calvin and asked him if he would like to say a word. He was just finishing the second plate of raspberry jam, at which Addie was quite indignant, saying that Miss Crooks had n't eaten a particle herself for fear there would n't be enough for Mr. Calvin.

"Poor thing!" said Addie, "she likes it well enough, I know; but she'd live on saw-dust bread and cold potatoes, if she could secure Mr. Calvin."

Miss Lincoln looked at Addie very gravely, at which the latter said:

"There, now, if it troubles you, I'll not say another word; only just let me nudge Abbie Clark here," a little, thin, sallow girl, who was still eating, though all the rest had finished. "Stop, now," said Addie, "you are eating more than your sixteen ounces; you'll have to give an account of it to-morrow."

"Oh, dear, I forgot," said the girl, laying her bread down; "but I'm hungry all the time."

"That's no reason you should eat more than the rules of health admit—sixteen ounces of solid food per day, and eight of liquid—that allows you for supper only one slice of bread and one cup of tea, with an infinitesimal dose of cake."

"How droll she is," I said to myself, little dreaming that there was no fun in her words.

"Hush," said Miss Lincoln, "Mr. Calvin is speaking."

Addie pursed up her mouth, which was small enough before, and, folding her hands upon her breast, looked as sedate as it was in her power; but I thought the suppressed mirth would burst her little, plump, red cheeks.

"Young ladies," said Mr. Calvin, "I am very happy to meet you all again, and as my stay is short, I wish that all who desire to be directed into the straight path and narrow way would meet me this evening in Miss Garland's parlor—all who would flee from the wrath to come."

There was a hush all through the room as the last sentence was spoken, and a shadow seemed to fall upon us as we rose from the table; no words

were spoken, and we passed out silently, and with little noise. The coach was waiting at the door for my mother, and she bade me a hasty farewell. I went up to my room and sat down by the window. I have said it was a cold grey November day, there was no fire in the room, and neither stove nor chimney to be seen. I sat shivering, and wishing that I could see Willie or Charlie, or even Joe, one minute.

Before long Miss Crooks came in to put on a fresh collar, arrange her hair, and perfume her handkerchief with cologne from a small bottle, which she locked carefully in her trunk after using a few drops.

She seemed in good humor with herself, and disposed to be sociable, and even enlisted my services in arranging her collar and black bow. The latter gave her some annoyance because her dress was so high—"It troubled me all the time I was eating," she said. I suggested a brooch—yes, she said, that would be nice, but she had none. I offered her one of the two which I possessed, and when she saw how much better it looked than the large bow, she said she would borrow it just for once.

"Why, poor child!" said she, "how cold your hands are, and no wonder; it is cold here. Come with me to the study-room, and I will give you your seat there."

I followed her down one flight of stairs into a long, wide hall; on the right hand side a door stood open, and revealed a large room carpeted with a neat, homespun carpet, and furnished with two oblong tables, each running the length of the room, leaving space only to pass around them. These tables were covered with green flannel, and divided into squares by green worsted tape. The chairs in the room corresponded to the number of these squares. There was no other furniture save a stove in the centre of the room. The room was vacant now, and Miss Crooks ran her eye along the numbers on the squares and stopped at No. 9.

"L," she said, "this is it; it comes directly behind the door, but it is a quiet, cosy place—perhaps you will like it all the better; here is a drawer for your books; and you can sit here whenever you choose, whether it is study hours or not."

It was warm and pleasant here, and books were lying about, so that I was very glad to sit down in my little corner, and get accustomed to it before the evening study hours.

Miss Crooks disappeared, and I was left alone. As I said, the door was open, and I was behind the door. The hall was heated by a stove that stood at one end, and near a large, deep window. A group of girls were on the window-seat and around the stove, as I passed down, and I supposed they must have seen me. Perhaps they did, but thought I could not hear them in the study-room, for Miss Crooks had scarcely left me, when one of them said—

"Well, girls, what do you think of the new scholar, Bertha Lee?"

"I hardly know what to think of her," said one; "she aint handsome, and you can't call her homely; but she looked half frightened to death."

"I like her frock," said one; "it's real French thibet, and made sweetly; and what a splendid looking woman her mother is! I guess she's some-body."

"Well, now girls, I guess I know more about her than all the rest of you," said the lively Addie; "come, listen to me and I'll tell you something, but you must all promise never to tell as long as you live!"

"Tell us! tell us!" they all exclaimed, "you may be sure we'll never tell."

"Look round, girls, and see if anybody is coming." "Not a soul round," said one; "Miss Crooks is entertaining Mr. Calvin, and the other teachers are out walking, and the servants are all at supper, so tell on quick."

"You see, girls, I am to recite Arabia to-morrow in geography class, and the teacher told me that I must tell her all about the country, and all about Mahomet, who lived and died there. There is not much in the geography about it, and Miss Garland is so good about letting us read her books, that I thought I would ask her if I might examine her library. She said yes, and I went in there; you know it is a little bit of a room opening out of hers, and no other door but that. Well, I suppose she forgot I was there, for it was n't three minutes after I went in, that Mrs. Lee came into the room, and took a seat close by the library door, and as she moved her chair the door closed. I could n't see then to read a word, and I did n't like to go out, so I sat still, not caring a fig to hear what they said; but after awhile I heard Mrs. Lee say—

"You can't imagine, madam, what a trial I have with that girl; she has an indomitable will, and needs a great deal of curbing; her father is disposed to be altogether too indulgent to her faults, and it will be necessary to hold a tight rein."

"Is she fond of study?"

"Yes, she likes her books well enough, especially if there is anything else to be done; but she is no genius. Her tastes are low, and at home she spends a great deal of time with the washer-woman, and with a poor, half-witted boy, that is dependent upon my husband for bread. We have a neighbor, also—a poor widow, good enough in herself, but with no position in society, who has one son, a year or two older than Bertha. Now, this boy and Bertha are great friends; it is an intimacy that must be broken up. The boy is old enough to choose his employment for life, and now is the time to crush this foolish friendship. He may write to her; but if any letter should come directed to Bertha, in a gentleman's handwriting, I wish you would open it. I

will write once a fortnight; her father will write with me; and, to save trouble for you, I will direct the letters. Here is a specimen of Mrs. Herbert's handwriting, which I wish you would preserve, as her son may write under cover of her hand; she is one of those foolish, fond mothers, who do not know that severity with children is often true kindness."

Miss Garland took the paper, and remarked that Miss Bertha would find a correspondence with gentlemen difficult to carry on at Rockford Seminary; and, moreover, that she must learn perfect sublimation to the rules of school. While they were talking, Miss Crooks came in, and asked Mrs. Lee if it was her daughter that had gone into the garden, "for," said she, "there is a young girl hoeing potatoes with old Mudgett, and I thought it was the same one that came in the coach with yourself."

"Likely as not it is her," said Mrs. Lee, "she is always doing something that other girls would not dream of doing."

Mrs. Garland laughed her pleasant little laugh, and requested Miss Crooks to go for Bertha, and then the ladies talked about Mr. Calvin—and Miss Garland says—"He is my nephew, and comes occasionally to see me, and is a great help in making out bills, and posting my books. He is very zealous, as you perceive, and bids fair to be a powerful preacher; he always holds meetings when here, and by his pungent, powerful appeals to the conscience, is very effective in rousing the stupid."

"Yes, I see he is, for all the stubbornness and pride of Bertha's heart manifested itself when he was faithful to her. I hope it will not frighten him from his duty."

"No danger of that," said Miss Garland, "but come, we will adjourn to the parlor, where he will be happy to converse with you."

They both went out, and I had a chance to escape from my hidingplace; but I was so curious to see this little wicked imp, that I curled myself up on the window-seat, and watched for her and Miss Crooks to come in.

I did not have long to wait, for peeping over the stair railing, who should I see but the child herself, with face and hands dirty as a pig's nose and feet, following Miss Crooks to her room. She was weeping; and the tears made channels in her dirty face; I had to stuff my handkerchief in my mouth till they were out of hearing, it was so droll—but, poor thing, they do say she is to room with Crooks, a terrible punishment for all her misdeeds, is it not?"

"I shall have nothing to do with her," said one, "if she has such a low taste as to enjoy hoeing potatoes."

"I shall cut her decidedly," said another, "if she associates with washerwomen."

"If she is willful with her mother, she will be no company for me," said a prim little girl in the corner.

"I shall feel sorry for her," said Addie, "when she finds no letters for her from her boy-lover—a poor girl, I know all about that, for Ned Wise, that lives at Green Hill, joining pa's plantation, said he reckoned he wrote me forty letters last year, and I never received one of them!"

During this conversation there was a pale girl, with light hair, dressed in a French calico frock, and seated on a stool, leaning her head against the wall, that had not spoken during the conversation. I could see her through the large crack in the door, and felt sorry for her, because she looked ill and sad.

"Girls," said she, and her voice was low and clear, and attracted the attention of the whole group, "has it occurred to you, that Mrs. Lee may not be Bertha's own mother? I was brought here by my step-mother, and it required a year of hard study, and of forbearance and long suffering to live down the prejudice excited by her remarks. I was a thoughtless child, full of faults, it is true, but faults over which an own mother would have spread the mantle of love, and veiled from stranger eyes. It may be so with Miss Lee—I thought as I looked into her eyes that I saw traces of similar suffering to that which I have known, and my heart warmed to ward her."

"And here let me pause and address you, my dear friend, at whose request I have written this record of my school life. You can recognize yourself here, and recall the remark, but you never knew how soothingly it fell upon the poor, little bruised heart, that was yearning so much for sympathy. It was the confidence inspired then that has made me willing to open my heart to you in later years."

School girls are swayed by the opinions of others, as the tender herbage is moved by the wind; and those words turned the current of feeling at once.

To myself I had felt hard and bitter while they were talking. Stung by a sense of injustice, seeing my false position, I was hopeless, despairing, and in a fair way to become very reckless; but those words touched me tenderly, and I laid my head on the table and wept.

"There, now!" said the impulsive Addie, "I wonder I did not think of that; how stupid! And I have no mother, either," and she choked, and sobbed, and laid her head on the shoulder of her companion and wept.

"I'll tell you what, girls, we will do; in the first place, find out if Mrs. Lee is Bertha's step-mother, and if so, we'll treat her kindly, and invite her to join our Secret Club, and if she is n't worthy, we can turn her out afterwards."

"And you, Anna, must find out for us."

To this they all agreed. Just then one of the girls, leaving her companions, came into the study-room for a book. I heard her step; I felt that she came near me, and then glided away; but I did not raise my head. A moment after, and there was a busy whispering in the hall, evidently a hurried consultation, which was interrupted by the sound of the gong, a noise which made me jump to my feet, and look around to see if the walls were falling down. But nothing occurred, save a gathering of girls in the study-room, and an orderly taking of the seats, until more than half of them were filled. The rest, I heard some one say, were gone to Mr. Calvin's meeting.

I was not required to learn lessons that first night, and staid in the study-room only a short time, enough to learn that we were seated here, as at table, and that the same girls were near me. There was Miss Lincoln with her serene face, the regular Addie, my intimate, Miss Lane, and one or two vacant seats which would be filled by those whom I had seen in the chairs of the same number at table.

I liked the quiet of the study-room; no one was allowed to whisper until the recess at eight o'clock. I took good care to go to my room before that time. I was weary with excitement, and very willingly retired to bed.

I must have slept an hour or more, when I was roused from my slumbers by the clock striking ten, and saw a light on the table, and my roommate, Miss Crooks, sitting near and carefully gathering the torn fragments of Mr. Calvin's tract, which she wrapped in a paper and put in her trunk.

I did not like her to think I was asleep, as I would not wish her to deceive me in that way, and I asked her what time the girls retired.

"Every one is in bed by ten," said she, "and there must be no talking after you have lain down."

Of course I was left to my own thoughts.

CHAPTER XI.

GETTING ACQUAINTED.

I shrank from making my appearance at the breakfast table next morning. Little favor was to be expected from Miss Garland, already prepossessed against me; and I had no doubt that Addie's story had circulated by this time, through the house, notwithstanding her solemn charge, "Now, girls, don't you tell, as long as you live!" School girls' promises to secrecy are like many promises to pay, at the present time—not very good negotiable paper.

The gong, that tremendous instrument of censure, the invention of the Chinese, it is said—a nation that sometimes punishes its criminals by noise, and terrible sounds, (but insanity is produced,) called us all to the study-room, where Miss Garland read prayers, and from there we went to breakfast. As I passed out of the door, a young girl, the same who defended me the previous evening, came and drew my arm within hers, and said kindly—

"Miss Lee, as you are rooming with one of the teachers, you will have no one to walk with you in the morning; we are allowed a half-hour to walk, and if you will take me for a companion I shall be happy to go with you."

I was only too grateful to accept such an offer, and would have said more to her than the simple, "I would like to go with you," but at that moment I saw Mr. Calvin coming toward us, and I hastened to my seat before he came near enough to speak.

Anna looked a little surprised, and I was afraid she would think me rude; but I was more afraid that Mr. Calvin would ask me if I had listened to her tract.

We had griddle cakes for breakfast, an unusual treat, it would seem, from Addie's remark, "Oh dear, girls, aint you sorry Mr. Calvin is going this morning? you must eat dry bread to-morrow. See, see," she said, nudging her nearest neighbor—"what a heap of sugar and butter on the dish nearest Miss Crooks—you know who'll have those. Would n't Mr. Calvin like to eat mamma's cakes? she has heaps of cream and sugar. There now, it is too bad, there's no sugar on mine, only just on the top cake—never mind, I am provided," and she took from her pocket a huge lump of white sugar, which soon dissolved by the heat of her cakes. "I bought a pound yesterday," she said, "on purpose for Miss Crooks; poor soul, only look at her, she is eating crackers; she's afraid the cakes will not hold out. Such self-denial is worthy a greater reward. He takes all her good things as a matter of course, esteeming himself infinitely worthy."

While she was talking, her friend Miss Lincoln endeavored to catch her eye, but Addie rattled on very thoughtlessly, till she was brought to a sudden pause by the tinkle of a little bell, and Miss Garland said—"There is too much whispering at Miss Lincoln's table. I think I hear your voice altogether too often, Miss Addie Harper; you may exchange seats for to-day with Miss Crooks, and if there is not more quiet we must make the arrangement permanently."

Miss Lincoln looked grieved and mortified; she was an "assistant pupil," in other words a teacher without pay, receiving simply her board for a great deal of labor. Addie's bright eyes were full of roguery, as she rose to change her seat, and we knew Mr. Calvin's nice cakes would find more than one customer. As for Miss Crooks, her black eyes snapped angrily at Addie, and when she took her seat, it was like a cloud concealing a bright little star. We had a very silent meal, but I was much amused as I glanced now and then at Addie, to see how much she was enjoying the cakes which had been so nicely prepared for Mr. Calvin. Twice I heard her say, "I thank you for some of those cakes," and Miss Crooks heard too, and looked unutterable things. At the close of the meal, Mr. Calvin made an exhortation upon these words—"Knowing the terrors of the law." His words had a strange power over me, and when he drew his pictures of suffering and torture, I trembled and could hardly refrain from groaning aloud.

I was glad to get out in the fresh, clear air of a bright frosty morning. My place was in the junior class, the same to which Addie Harper, my newly found friend Anna, and the group which had made me the subject of their remarks, belonged. We were under the special charge of Miss Lincoln, and took our walks under her superintendence.

I had put on my bonnet and shawl, and was waiting in the hall by the stove, for Miss Lincoln and the girls, when Miss Crooks came to me and said that I was wanted in Miss Garland's room. I obeyed reluctantly, and found Miss Garland and Mr. Calvin conversing together.

"I send for you at Mr. Calvin's request," Miss Garland said; "he wishes to converse with you upon the great interests of your soul."

I did not raise my eyes from the carpet after Mr. Calvin began to talk. I would not for worlds have caught his eye.

"I am going away," he said, "for some weeks; and I cannot leave you so obstinate in sin, so bound in the chains of Satan, without an exhortation to repentance. I promised your mother (a most rare and faithful woman, who seeks your good), that I would be faithful to you. You did not come to my meeting last evening, which shows that you are still hardened and rebellious, and to such I have no words of peace. There is no peace to the wicked till they turn from their evil ways and repent. With such a faithful monitor as your mother, your case will be harder than many others, and your punishment, like those of whom it was said, 'It will be better for Sodom and Gomorrah in the day of judgment, than for you.' You are without excuse."

As he spoke I trembled so that I could hardly stand. I began to feel that I was doomed to eternal misery, and I saw no way of escape; but this feeling was mitigated a little by the remark which followed.

"Go on," he said, "and when the day of reckoning comes, you must be separated from your mother, your teachers, and those who, like myself, have warned you of coming wrath."

It was wrong, perhaps, but the idea of such separation carried some comfort with it.

"Now kneel," he said, "and I will pray for you." I did not move from my position, nor raise my eyes from the floor.

"Come here, my child," said Miss Garland, in a pleasant, persuasive voice; "kneel down here, by me, and let Mr. Calvin pray for you. He is one of God's faithful ambassadors; you must not reject him." I obeyed her; but the prayer was lost in the tumult of my own feelings, and I must confess that I was regretting extremely the loss of my walk.

When Mr. Calvin had finished his prayer, he offered his hand, but with a strange perversity I did not give mine in return; it seemed to me that our natures were so repellent that I could not return his apparent interest for my good. Opposites, I know in chemistry, often combine, but contraries repel, and as soda and acid cannot unite without effervescence, so I found my whole soul in commotion whenever this man came near me.

"My dear, Mr. Calvin wishes to bid you good-by; shake hands with him," said Miss Garland.

I must obey, but my little, cold hand lay very passively in his, as he held it, and said—

"When we meet again, I shall hope to find you a meek, submissive Christian."

I said nothing; but, as soon as released, sought my friends. They had all gone but Anna, who sat on the window-seat, reading the Pilgrim's Progress.

"They could n't wait for you," said she, "because they have only a half hour for walking, but we will go after school this afternoon; it will be warmer then. Come with me to my room—there are five minutes before the gong strikes for study-hours. Anna's room was very pleasant, being on the corner of the house, and lighted by two windows. She gave me a little rocking-chair, and took off my shawl."

"You look warm and flushed," said she, "and if Mr. Calvin has been talking to you, I can understand your feelings; here, let me bathe your head in cologne; I know it aches, it is so hot. Miss Lincoln says that Mr. Calvin is terribly in earnest in his religion; he is a good man, she says, but I think she is quite as earnest a Christian, only in a different way. You must get acquainted with her, and she will lead you to be good, in a gentle, loving way—no drive you with goad and spur, like Mr. Calvin. Everybody loves Miss Lincoln, and I guess—but you must n't tell any body—that Mr. Calvin would give all he has in the world if she would only love him. He has written and written, and got down on his knees to her, but though she has shed gallons of tears about it, she'll never marry him in this world. She is my room-mate, but though she never talks about it, I guess out a great deal. Miss Garland does not like it very well, because Miss Lincoln loves Mr. Calvin. He is her nephew, and she almost worships him, and poor Miss Lincoln is n't quite as much in favor with the Principal as she deserves to be. Do you know, Bertha, (I may call you Bertha, may I not?) that you look like Miss Lincoln?"

"Me look like her! You are making fun of me; she is so lovely in face and manner."

"Nevertheless, you would be like her very much, if you could only look calm and peaceful like her."

"But my step-mother always told me that I was very plain, and had no claim to beauty."

"Your step-mother! Ha! ha! Just as I said, and so Mrs. Lee is n't your own mother?"

"No, my own mother's in the grave," and here I broke down, and burst into tears; at which Anna said, "And so is mine," and she drew my head toward her till it rested upon her shoulder, and we wept together.

The school bell rung, and the long dreaded hour had come when I must make my appearance in the large hall, before all the school; but it seemed easier; a great mountain was removed out of the way now that I had a friend to go with me. The seminary building was situated a short distance from the boarding house; and, as we went out of the door, we were joined by Addie, Miss Lane, and our teacher, Miss Lincoln. The term had commenced only a few days before, and the school was not yet full; and as new-comers arrived daily, there were a few minutes devoted each morning to recording their names. We had to go to the teacher's desk, record our names, while she read them aloud to the school.

It was not very pleasant to do so, especially as my seat was at some distance from the desk; and I felt my cheeks burn as I walked back, every eye turned upon me, and these words ringing in my ears, "Miss Bertha Lee, Oldbury, Mass." But Anna took my hand as I seated myself beside her, and I soon recovered from the shock. Then, after prayers, followed an exercise which amused and puzzled me exceedingly. "You may all rise," said the teacher. In a second all were on their feet. "Those who were in bed by ten o'clock last night, and had their light extinguished, may take their seats." Nearly all seated themselves, and the few that stood were called to the desk, where a private explanation took place. Again they were required to rise. "Those who were up and dressed by five o'clock this morning may take their seats." Again a few stood, and an explanation was demanded.

All rose again, as required. "Those who have not spoken evil of any person since yesterday morning may take their seats." A few stood—among the rest our friend Addie, who went to the teacher, and not having secretiveness largely developed, spoke in a whisper so loud that she was heard all over the room: "I said she was a greedy thing to eat so many sweetmeats and griddle-cakes." There was a smile on almost every face, which was only renewed as Miss Garland replied, "You must take care, my dear; we are very apt to see these faults in others of which we are most guilty ourselves."

Poor Addie's face was scarlet, and her pretty lips were in a full pout as she made her way back to her seat.

Again the school was up; and this time poor little Abbie Clark's expression, "I am hungry all the time," was made plain.

"Those who have not eaten more than sixteen ounces of solid food, or drank more than twenty-four of liquid, may take their seats."

A few stood; and one, a fine-looking girl, some twenty years of age, with a form round and full as a globe, and a fair, bright face, walked to the desk, and she, too, like Addie, seemed to dislike the secrecy, and spoke in an audible whisper:—"I ate, ma'am, because I was hungry, and it is possible I ate more than sixteen ounces. I did not stop to reckon, and I do not like to do it. I eat what I wish, and never think of my food before or after a meal. If I did, I am sure I should not be as healthy as I am. I would like to be excused from the arrangement which requires us to calculate, and measure our food."

I could see that astonishment was depicted on the face of nearly every scholar at the audacity of Miss Brooks, and they waited almost breathlessly for the answer; but we were all unable to hear it, though it lasted some five minutes.

There was a slight flush on the cheeks of Miss Brooks as she returned to her seat, but a quiet dignity in her manner, as of one who would yield her opinion only for good and sufficient cause. There was nothing more said, and we passed on to other rules, till one hour was consumed in taking the record, and then division into classes followed. Now, for the first time, I began to feel reconciled to my lot and to my banishment from home.

Miss Lincoln was to be my teacher in a number of studies. Miss Crooks only in one—Arithmetic; the dry technicalities of which were very pleasing to her, and I had no doubt she would be very thorough in that, and in its sister study, Geometry, by the way she arranged matters in her room. Everything must be in straight lines. Hogarth's line of beauty was entirely unappreciated by her, and if a chair was left in any other position than with its back to the wall, it was very annoying to her sense of order. She did not like flowers in the room, because they made "a litter," she said; nor boxes nor ornaments of any kind on shelf or table, for it took so much time to dust them.

My father sent me a little table with drawers, and a large bag attached to it, so that I gave up the other entirely to Miss Crooks, and the use of one of my drawers, on condition that I might have my work-box and other little keepsakes on my own table. My basket of oranges I shared with her; but I noticed that they disappeared just after breakfast, and I was confident that I saw something round and yellow peeping out of Mr. Calvin's coat pocket, when he knelt to pray in Miss Garland's room.

"What did Miss Garland say? What did she say?" "How dared you stand up all alone?" were the exclamations of a number of girls that grouped themselves round Miss Brooks at recess. Miss Brooks's pretty lip curled a little at the expression, "How dare you," and she replied, "Would I dare sit in such a case?"

"I have no objection," she added, "to telling you what Miss Garland said. It was simply that she was trying an experiment, and that she was very doubtful herself as to the propriety of it; but she hoped that, being one of the older scholars, would not throw my influence in opposition to the teachers. She thought the general good required the experiment, and she had no doubt I would consult my own happiness by yielding for a few days, at least. Now, my own mind is made up upon the subject, and I do not approve of this experiment; but, for Miss Garland's sake, I will submit to it; and, therefore, to-morrow morning you will see me giving due account of the ounces of food I eat, and it shall not exceed sixteen, for I will have it carefully weighed by scales."

"That is n't at all necessary," said one of the girls; "we have had all the different kinds of food weighed, and we know now that we can eat two small biscuits and one cup of coffee for breakfast, a wee piece of meat, one large potatoe, and a half slice of bread, with a segment of boarding house pie, which segment may be measured by the arc of a small circle—supper must be light."

"Thank you for your directions," said Miss Brooks, "but I shall use scales, and shall only be thankful if the experiment does not bring on the dyspepsia. I have a bachelor uncle, who being well, wanted to be better, and so went to dieting and measuring his food, and after every meal, he would sit down in a corner of the room away from any one, and would allow no one to speak to him, even on urgent business for half an hour, because he was digesting his food, he said. Poor man! he has lost health and peace of mind. But come, girls, let us have a game of ball!"

No one wanted to play ball, it was too hoydenish, they would rather sit and talk. Addie would like ball well enough, if it were not too hard work.

We were in school seven hours per day—from eight to twelve in the morning, and from two to five in the afternoon. At seven we entered the study room, and remained, with a short recess, until half past nine, and at ten we were all in bed. We were required also to study one hour before going to school in the morning. This made ten hours of mental labor every day, varied by the exercise of calisthenics, a few minutes, each daily session, and the privilege of a short walk either in the morning or evening.

The discipline was uniform and rigid, but the gentle, persuasive manners of Miss Garland were very effectual in bringing any refractory pupil to the way of thinking; but they were in fact the velvet glove and iron hand.

The second day was rainy, but the succeeding one was bright and sunny, one of those days that sometimes occur in November, making us half believe that summer has relented and come back to linger awhile longer. Addie, Anna and myself walked together after school hours up Heartbreak hill, and sitting down on a huge stone to watch the sunset, began to talk with all the freedom of school-girls. Addie told of her beautiful mother that died the year before, and how desolate her Southern home had been ever since. Her father had closed up all the rooms which she had frequented, sent Addie North to school, and was now himself in Europe.

"Mamma's the only one on the plantation that I care very much to see. The poor soul misses my mother and myself sadly—'you dear child,' she says when I came away, 'who will make honey cakes and rusk for you? You'll jes pine away in that ar cold country, and your poor old mamma will go to the grave mourning.'"

I used to read the Bible to her every day, and that morning she asked me to read the story of Joseph to her. My father came in while I was reading, and I can see the dear, good, fat creature now, sitting in her arm chair, and looking up to my father, her hands clasped—Oh! I miss Anna James, Joseph's not, and will ye take Benjamin also?"

Pa stopped—the tears came into his eyes; he too was going away that morning with me, not to return for some years. 'Mamma' had been his nurse in his infancy, and was very dear to him. 'Will you not miss me too, mamma?'

"Oh, Massa James, you know you're the light of my eyes, and when you're gone poor mamma walks darkly, but you're not like the poor lamb that has lost its mother, but God will bless you, honey," she said, "for the sake of my dear young missus in heaven, and let Mamma June bless you too." I knelt down and she put her hand on my head, and said, "God bless you, honey, and keep the dear child in all his good ways."

"Will you bless me too, mamma?" said my father.

er, and he knelt down at her side, while she laid her old withered hands on his head, and said, "God in heaven bless my dear young master, and make him like Abraham in the holy book, that served God with all his household, and had a posterity like the sands of the sea."

"I never loved my father," said Addie, "so well as when I saw him kneeling there. I wish you could see him, girls; he is the handsomest man in Sullivan county—here is his picture, but it isn't half as handsome as he is, and she drew a miniature from her bosom and showed to us. It was a beautiful head, crowned with brown curly hair, and the face was handsome, though the lines around the mouth indicated the least bit of a tendency to indolent ease. "Sad as pa felt," said she, there was a little quiver of his mouth, and a deeper dimple in his cheek when mamma wished his posterity might be like the sands of the sea. Poor little I am his only child, but mamma has thirty or forty grandchildren, and she is very proud of her posterity. Oh girls! how I wish we had mamma here to make goodies for us!"

When Addie stopped talking to take breath, Annie asked me to tell her about my mother, which I did, only regretting that I could not tell more.

"And that that half-witted boy that your mother told Miss Garland about," said Addie.

I told them all Joe's story, just as Auntie Towle had related to me, and the girls could n't help weeping when I came to the part where Pine Higgins abused the little boy.

"The poor, dear soul!" said Addie, "I wish I could see him—how mamma would pet him."

"Don't forget to tell us about the widow's son," said Anna, "that you like so well, and that your mother thinks so unworthy of you as a companion."

Addie's eyes sparkled, and her round plump face was full of fun when I told of reading his notes during my confinement to my room, and told her of his hiding behind the chimney.

"You must not let him come here, Bertha, or I shall certainly steal him from you. Heigho! he's the man for me! But how will you live without his promised letters? Our Secret Club must take this matter under consideration, Anna."

We all yearn for sympathy, and perhaps none more so than young girls sent from home to a large boarding school. The associations formed there affect the character for life, and mothers should beware how they trust their loved ones in such a miscellaneous gathering.

It was fortunate for me, perhaps, that Rockford Seminary was so well governed by rigid but conscientious teachers. It was a great alleviation to my home-sickness to find sympathy and friendship—at least, what school-girls call friendship—which is generally a sudden falling in love, and sometimes as sudden a falling out of it.

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

CASPER HAUSER.

BY O. L. BURNSEID.

On the still lake of Auvorne sleep and dream,
My dearest love—I come to thy embrace;
The arched swans have left their silent stream,
And seek the beauty of this sunlit place.
His castle crowns the summit of the hill,
Who spent his early years in dungeon's gloom—
Poor Casper Hauser! let him have his fill
Of all he sighed for in his living tomb.

By the sweet lake of Auvorne dream in sleep,
And I will come in more than dreams to thee;
For I have found an alchemy so deep
That all the solid spheres will part and flee.
Our love will not disturb the silent swan
That swims on rippled Auvorne in her grace;
And Casper Hauser will look out upon
The beauty that surrounds his dwelling place.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE STORM-SPIRIT.

AN OLD SAILOR'S STORY.

BY OLIVER C. COOPER.

As pretty a little craft as ever danced over blue water, was the bark Arrow; and besides being of faultless proportions with regard to structure, she was a capital "sea-bow," and a fast sailer. Give her the wind three or four points free, and she was off like a race-horse; brace her sharp up, and she would run right into the wind's eye.

On the occasion of which I write, the Arrow was on a passage from Boston to Malaga. We had been out about fourteen days, and had become pretty well accustomed to the bark and to the peculiarities of our officers—who, by the way, proved clever fellows, and treated us well—when, one evening in the last dog-watch, it was proposed by some one that Tom Brown, inasmuch as he was the oldest and most knowing man in the fore-castle, should spin us a yarn. This proposition was earnestly seconded by us all; and those who had their watch on deck, gathered around the fore-castle door, one keeping an eye on the movements of the officer of the deck. Tom, finding himself thus summarily called upon for a yarn, took his pipe from his mouth, and placing therein a piece of "pig tail" that would have astonished a new beginner in the art of chewing the "vulgar Indian weed," he exclaimed:

"Well, shipmates, I do n't mind if I do tell you a little story concerning a passage I once made from the East Indies. I have often spun the same yarn to my shipmates in former voyages; and as it is different from most salt water stories, and true, too, every word of it, it may interest you."

Saying this, Tom relieved his mouth of an astonishing quantity of tobacco juice, gazed abstractedly at the lamp, swinging with the motion of the vessel, over his head, for a moment, and then commenced:

"About ten years ago, I found myself ashore in Calcutta, with very little 'shot in my locker,' and prospects of getting a ship for home rather dubious. One morning, however, after having been ashore about three weeks, my landlord informed me that there was an American ship in port, bound home, and expecting to sail in two or three days. This was just the chance I wanted, and therefore, after eating a little breakfast, I shod my course for the wharf at which I was told the Rodney was lying. I found only the mate on board, and he told me to call next morning, when the skipper would be aboard, and he had no doubt, would ship me. Accordingly, next day, at the appointed hour, I was again on the deck of the Rodney, saw her captain, and, after a short talk, signed the articles. There was a strangeness in this man's appearance that I noticed when I first set eyes on him. He was a large man, and had bright black eyes, which, during the time I was in his presence, did not seem to rest on one object a single second. I did n't more than half like his looks, any way; and if I had n't been anxious to get

I accidentally heard, before I shipped again, that Captain Brady had been placed in a lunatic asylum. My next voyage was to Liverpool; and after I arrived there I came across a ship who was in the Rodney on her passage out to Calcutta. And he told me that among her crew was a boy, about ten years old, whom the captain had picked up in New York; and that one night, during a heavy gale off Cape Good Hope, (the ship being in the same longitude as when we saw the bird,) and while the boy was on the lookout forward—the rest of the watch being aft—the old man came on deck, in bad humor, and after jawing the second mate awhile, for some fancied negligence on his part, walked forward; and soon after they heard an awful shriek, and while they were inquiring among themselves the cause of it, the captain came aft, and asked where the boy was. They searched for him, but he couldn't be found about the ship! After that night, he said, Captain Brady appeared restless and uneasy, and seldom came on deck after dark, and when he did never went forward of the mainmast! He also told me that the crew made up their minds that the captain found the boy asleep on his lookout, when he went forward that night, and threw him overboard.

it is to be cleared away, it is to be cleared away.

cause more subtle, and entering into our natures.

Therefore, it is another step not only in the order of religious thought, but of religious life, to come to believe there is one God. Our business, our pleasures, our ambitions, all to be regulated by the belief in one God; all to give way to that. The first step is to believe that there is a God; and the next step is the other step to believe that there is one God who is the Father of all." To have this proposition, "One God, the Father of all," to have it dwelt a little upon this, I have shown, is the importance and glory of this truth, as added to the original conception of a God. It is so important and so essential that we may look at it a little further. The truth of one God, is the deduction of natural religion. The truth of God the father, is the unfolding of revelation. It is the gift of Christianity in its broad spiritual sense. People, before Christ, may have spoken of a Father. The word may have been used; but the truth revealed behind the word, the essence of the thing, is the doctrine of revealed religion and Christianity. It is not a truth that the reason of man could draw out of itself, because it did not do it; and I argue that what men did not do in the ages before Christ, natural reasoning could not do now. Man has an apparatus for living that he had not before Christ; he has means of locomotion, and thousands of utensils in civilization that he had not then. But I do not suppose that he has any more power to inquire into the great secrets of the universe than he ever had; if we go back he does it more successfully. I think if I do not think to the simple ground of natural religion, we again fall back upon the old Heathen thinkers, and find all the truths contained in their elaborate discoveries and propositions; and, therefore, I say that if the reason of man had not then found out the great truth of the doctrine of God the Father of all, before Christ, I have no reason for

Oh, how thankful I am that the great truth of the gospel is not a hard thing, at least, to conceive of! It is not a particular idea, or abstract proposition, which a philosopher only can comprehend. I think you may doubt the authenticity of any creed, of any faith, which requires you to be a philosopher before you can understand it—any creed which is so metaphysical that the common mind cannot receive it. That is the great objection to Calvinism. Before you can comprehend the scheme of salvation of that Church, you must become a man of considerable intellect. But the central truths of God the Father—a child can take it in. Sometimes when the Father is dying dead, the car is growing dark from the booming of the eternity, so that a faint gleam of words here and there can be seen. I can show you one plank to the dying man, "One God, the Father," and with that he can take the sweep of the sea of eternity. It is a great truth to be embosomed in the heart of man. Some men believe this for themselves. That is not the Christian doctrine; you must go further than that; it is one God, the Father of all. When you pray, "Our Father," remember it does not mean your Father especially, but *our* Father, the Father of all humanity.

I cannot stop to dwell upon the distinct results that grow out of this, and show you the social duties it involves, but merely repeat that in it is the power of the gospel; and if it is realized, it makes no odds by what method it is realized. Some men may realize it in the terms of convulsions, like those which are passing over Ireland now, and have been in this country. They may get the first idea of God the Father in that way. Others may take it in calm meditation. But only get it; that is the great thing to be sought after. Here is the grand distinction. All men, however low, weak, and vile they may be, may utter the words, "Our Father;" and before this fact all outward distinctions shrivel

What a creed it is for the intellect! What a scale of standard it is for the heart and life! How necessary to all action in the world; how necessary to all religious life in itself; for we cannot understand the meaning of "one Lord, one faith, one baptism," until we get this. And yet I feel how inadequate all utterances are; how short the measuring lines of emotion. Oh, to get into the truth of these great words. Oh, let that truth lodge in your minds; hold it to your hearts until it permeates the whole of your nature. Think of it; pray over it; act upon it; "One God, and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all."

THE WEARY HEART WITH ANGUISH
RIVEN.

Banish every gloomy shade.
103 Pleasant street, Boston, Aug 27th 1859

MAN AND HIS RELATIONS.

BY S. D. BRITTON.

CHAPTER XII.

RELATIONS OF MIND TO THE CHARACTER OF OFFSPRING.

Life is the spiritual and natural revelation of the Divine procedure. Not in outward seeming, or in the changing phenomenon of the visible world, but in their vital principles and essential nature, all things endure. Effects are widely diversified; they come and go in rapid and endless continuity; but essential causes cohere, and, like diverging streams, lead back to a common source. The ultimate springs of being are one in the Invisible; and these great life-lines that connect external forms with the inward and central Life, are unbroken forever. The organic creation is preserved and rendered imperishable, with respect to forms, functions and uses, by the great law and the curious processes of reproduction. It is true that specific forms perish and are decomposed, so that, in external outlines and aspects, the world is destroyed every day. Yet the world remains; and, in a most important sense, its forms are indestructible. The living germs of a creation that is ever now take root in the ashes of this vast decay; and the earth, even now, is far more radiant and beautiful than when it arose from the slumber of unconscious and shapeless being.

"In the young morning of Creation."

The whole world of organized existence is subject to the action of one great law. The particular forms and special qualities of all things are determined by the intrinsic nature and peculiar characteristics of the remote and general and the immediate and individual sources of their organic life. The operation of this law may be traced through the entire vegetable and animal kingdoms. The man who sows good seed in his field will be sure—other things being favorable—to reap an abundant harvest. On the contrary, if the grain be imperfect, the germs will be defective, and the plants, being sickly, will perhaps wither and die before the season of maturity. Under the same general law, the organic and other essential characteristics and specific dispositions of animals and men are transmitted to their offspring. It would be unphilosophical and absurd to expect the children of diseased and weakly parents to be constitutionally sound and vigorous. No more can we rationally expect that the offspring of ignorance, indolence and vice, will be distinguished for mental strength and virtuous activity. The imperfections transmitted from one generation to another are never restricted to the body. The whole man falls under the operation of the same law; and thus the bodily health, intellectual capacity, and moral character are alike determined. These considerations warrant the inference that there is much in the corporeal, mental, moral, and religious condition of man, that results from antecedent causes, against which—in the very nature of the case—the individual can oppose no adequate resistance.

The causes that determine human feeling, thought and action, are not, in all cases, subject to the control of the individual; much less do they exist by his volition or appointment. It may be said in truth of any man, that his *original constitution* was not in all respects perfect; also that the multifarious circumstances and conditions of his outward life are not precisely adapted to promote and secure his greatest usefulness and his highest happiness. No one, however refined and exalted in all things that pertain to the physical, mental, and spiritual life of the world, has yet reached the sublime moral altitude from which the illuminated soul

"Stoops to touch the loftiest thought."

But the capacity to ascend into the highest heaven is latent in the soul. The power to break away from our mortal restraints and to rise above earthly ills and encumbrances—revealed in our aspirations—will be realized in the great Hereafter, as we rise from the present imperfect actual up through the infinitely unfolding Ideal of human existence.

Men do not create their own faculties nor, consciously, fashion the organic medium through which they act. The individual is not responsible for the blending of mental and temperamental qualities in his constitution; he did not institute the social order and the political systems of the world; nor bring with him the unfavorable conditions and false relations which inevitably—in a greater or less degree—determine the manner and the issues of his life. To find the causes of these evils, and to account for the wide diversity in the characteristics of men and the aspects of human existence, it would be necessary to go back beyond the dawn of consciousness in the individual. There we might perhaps discover the reason why one man is from his birth free from any organic defect or constitutional infirmity that may predispose him to sickness and death; while, in many others, life is poisoned at the fountain. We might also discover that outward conditions often make human destiny on earth a painful problem, to be solved on the moral blackboard of perverted faculties and a mispent life.

It has been observed that organic perfection is indispensable to vital harmony. If one organ be defective, the action of the whole system may be irregular, and its continuance uncertain. A man may constantly observe the organic laws, and in nothing disregard his relations to the physical world; but if the body and the vital movement be incomplete or irregular, all his efforts may be inadequate to secure the blessings of permanent health and protracted existence. Improvement in such cases is certainly not impossible; on the contrary, a faithful observance of the laws of our being cannot fail to secure comparative health and happiness. The mental and moral faculties, not less than their corporeal instruments, acquire new strength by right action. By this means we may escape many of the ills from which others suffer. We may fortify ourselves in such a manner as to guard against outward foes, by which I mean various maladies and causes of vital derangement, not involved in the laws of procreation, and to which we have no constitutional predisposition. But when the foe is in possession of the citadel—which he holds by a hereditary title—when disease has its origin and its seat in the very rudiments of human nature, and its deadly virus is transfused through every vein and artery; when its consuming fires dissipate the fluids, torture the nerves, and the tissues shrivel like parchments cast in flames—then, indeed, we may strive earnestly, but strive in vain, to dislodge the enemy or to resist his power. Many persons live just long enough to sow the seeds of misery, and then depart, leaving others to reap the fearful harvest of pain and death. Wherever the elements of a congenital disease exist, and are transmitted, the subtle destroyer will sooner or later manifest his presence—if not otherwise—in the pale countenance, the frail, attenuated frame, the bloated limbs, or the demonic expression. Thus the blood of generations is polluted and set on fire; and the fair forms of thousands fade and pass away in life's morning hours.

There are abrupt and painful contrasts in life, and it is impossible to overlook the deep shadows and startling colors combined in the picture of the world as it is. But if there are organic imperfections, which inevitably result in an irregular vital motion, uncertain health, and premature dissolution, so also there are many people in whom the cerebral development and action are no less unequal and irregular, and such persons are liable to be imbecile in mind or unstable in virtue. If, in the one case, there is a natural predisposition to disease and a speedy disorganization of the system, there is in the other an equally forcible manifestation of such mental and moral infirmities as lead to a still more fearful ruin of earthly interests and human hopes. If one person is rendered sickly by her-

editary infirmities, which he could neither remove nor successfully resist, it is quite as obvious that another may be deprived and vicious from a similar cause. There is not so much as the poorest semblance of reason in the assumption—whether expressed or implied—that one part of man's nature is thus subject to the law of hereditary transmission of forms and qualities, whilst other departments and attributes of his being are not so influenced and determined.

Thus the original constitutions of some people are rendered as truly incompatible with strict moral rectitude, as others are with the laws of vital harmony and the realization of sound health. The child is as sure to resemble the parent in its moral characteristics as in its mental faculties and physical form, features, expression, complexion, and other distinctive qualities. Hence the family character is often quite as perceptible—through succeeding generations—as in the family face. If it be objected that some individuals, in respect to character, are altogether different from their progenitors, my reply is—the child does not, in all cases, resemble the parents in form, feature and complexion. These apparent exceptions to the universal law, doubtless result from peculiar combinations of opposite personal qualities—thus united in the same organization—from the operation of the physical laws, and in part, perhaps, from causes which are neither accurately defined nor clearly understood. However, that the law I am endeavoring to elucidate really exists, no intelligent observer will be disposed to deny, nor can we reasonably presume that any portion of human nature is beyond its dominion, or exempt from its influence.

It will be perceived that the mental faculties and moral states of men and women are reproduced in their offspring. We are familiar with a gentleman of high respectability—the father of nine children, six of whom are living—who assures us that he is able to trace in each one the existing states, personal habits, and general pursuits which characterized his life at the time they were respectively generated. At one time, having just commenced his labors in the ministry, his mind was for some months most solemnly impressed with the weight of his new responsibilities. Though naturally buoyant in spirit and somewhat inclined to mirth, he seldom smiled, rarely conversed on trifling topics, but devoted a large share of his time to silent meditation. During that period his second daughter was born. The child was well organized, bright and intellectual; but in her childhood was not disposed to talk, and was never known to laugh aloud until she was more than four months old.

Some time since the writer spent several days in Western New York, at the residence of Mr. C., an honest and generous man. Some twenty years ago he was employed in making extensive additions and repairs to his house. The work occupied a long time, having—from various causes—been repeatedly suspended. The premises were in a state of confusion all the while, and Mrs. C., though an excellent lady, was not one who could feel settled in mind so long as everything around her was in disorder. Possessing a most active temperament, acute sensibilities, and with a large love of order, her discordant surroundings kept up an unpleasant excitement of mind, and increased her nervous irritability. There was no place where she could feel at rest, and she sighed in vain for the solace of undisturbed repose. Mr. and Mrs. C. have a son who was conceived and born under the influence of this nervous and mental agitation. The young man is constitutionally restless, dissatisfied and unhappy in a surprising degree. In his waking hours he seldom remains longer than a few minutes in one place, and during his whole life he has been constantly "seeking rest and finding none."

A miserable man—who often shocked the delicate sensibilities of his wife by staggering into her presence in a state of intoxication—has not only transmitted his insatiable thirst to his unfortunate son, but even reproduced (either directly or through the action of the mother's mind) his own irregular and reeling locomotion; so that the boy could never walk straight. It is but a few months since such a melancholy example came under the writer's observation. The boy is now some fifteen years of age, and in other respects is an interesting youth; but, alas, he is the moving, life-long, and appalling record of the great error of his sire. A lifetime spent in penance, as an atonement, could never obliterate the fatal consequences of one such deplorable mistake. Such mournful records do reckless men and thoughtless or abandoned women leave behind them to testify that they have lived!

But how does one general cause of reasoning affect the question of individual responsibility? It may be objected that if a man inclines to evil on account of some original defect in his mental and moral constitution, it follows that he acts from an irresistible necessity; that he is in no way responsible for his conduct, and we can do nothing to reform him. But our argument surely does not authorize the conclusion that man is a mere machine, destitute of voluntary powers and wholly subject to the control of foreign agents. The objection—which is based on a false inference—is in itself rather specious than sound. If a man be of a consumptive habit, it does not thence follow that he has nothing to do to preserve health. On the contrary, it is the more important for such an one to exercise the utmost caution. A well man may venture to inhale the night air, he may brave the storms, the floods, and the frosts; but for a sick man to expose himself in a similar manner would be rash and perhaps inexorable. This will equally well apply to man as a moral agent. If there exists a constitutional inclination to evil, or a perverted exercise of the faculties, it is the more necessary for the individual to be strictly guarded against every cause or circumstance which may favor his downward determination. It is the more important that all good influences be brought to bear on him, for in this way we may restrain and strengthen him, and in the end give him a moral momentum from which he will move onward and upward.

However, from our investigation of the laws of human nature, and the present imperfect conditions of things, it is rendered obvious that many transactions in this world are properly referable to such a predisposition of mind, on the part of the actor, as fairly places him without the pale of ordinary responsibility. Legislators and jurists may be slow in the legal and practical recognition of this truth; but the enlightened moral philosopher can entertain no doubt on this point. The man who is *absolutely impelled* in a wrong direction, should not be severely censured and rudely condemned for yielding to an irresistible impulse. A moral obliquity may be as excusable as a spinal curvature. If, in respect to his moral nature, a man is lame, he must have extrinsic aids and supports to assist him through the world, and he should no more be sent to *perdition for limping than any other cripple*. Whoever inherits diseased appetites and perverted passions may find them stronger than either the reverence for law or the love of liberty. Indeed, so long as life lasts they may defeat the best resolutions, and in every conflict conquer the man; though all the while, with an inward desire for a purer and nobler life, he continues to

"Resolve and re-resolve, then dies the same."

And even when life is over, according to the proverb, "the ruling passion may be strong in death."

Now, in my judgment, a man is entitled to quite as much sympathy and compassion, if the defects of his constitution belong to the moral economy of his being, as if they were the more superficial evils which chiefly affect the body. Yet, strange to say, so far as congenital evils merely influence the vital functions, or the operations of the intellect, they are regarded as *damnable misfortunes*; at the same time, in every instance where they involve the moral constitution and action,

they are viewed as *criminal offences*. It will be perceived that the ordinary treatment in cases of moral disease or derangement, derives no sanction or support from our course of analogical reasoning. Moreover, the common disposition of offenders against the laws is at war with the essential principles, and the benign spirit of a true moral and Christian philosophy. Sick people—even when disease is the result of careless exposure, or a conscious violation of some known law—are tenderly nursed. The deaf, dumb, and blind, as well as idiots and insane people, are all kindly cared for; but if one be morally incomplete, or some terrible malady has its origin in the very rudiments of his moral nature, he is savagely treated even by the professed ministers of justice. How is humanity crushed and trodden under foot, and language perverted, when justice is but a softer name for cruelty and revenge, and we are obliged to go, for the world's definition, to the whipping-post and the gallows, or to loathsome dungeons—its sepulchres for dead men's bones—where lizards copulate and multiply! Even in this model Republic the high places of authority and responsibility are often occupied by petty despots, and licensed criminals, who sit in judgment on their fellows. Professing to be human, to be civilized, and, withal, to be *Christian*, (1) they yet disgrace men's bodies with the lash, or break their necks on the scaffold, in a formal manner, and before vulgar crowds. The judgment of the court, the writing of the death-warrant, and the foul work of the executioner, are all done under the high sanctions of Law and Religion, and accompanied, too, with the solemnities of prayer! In the insulted name of Jesus—who "came not to destroy men's lives, but to save them"—Dr. Cheever, or some other minister, pronounces a benediction, and thus ends the horrid tragedy. And this is *justice*—according to the fashion of this world!

"Earth is sick, and Heaven is weary,
Of the heartless words that States and Kingdoms utter
When they talk of justice!"

It may be said that much that is abnormal and wrong in human conduct can not be traced to a hereditary and organic predisposition to evil. This is very true. Many persons become depraved and vicious from the influence of corrupt examples, and from a variety of other causes. But we have looked in vain to the exponents of Law and the teachers of Religion for a wise determination in this matter. The degree of moral turpitude, in the individual, is measured and determined by the abstract nature of his act, and not at all by the man's power or his incapacity to have acted otherwise. He may be as incapable of perceiving a moral distinction as a blind man is of discerning colors, or a hole in the wall; but this will avail nothing in extenuation. Physical blindness, to be sure, is a great misfortune, and those who suffer from this disability are very properly sent to some asylum to receive a polite education; but *moral blindness* is regarded as a crime for which the poor victim may very justly be sent to prison here and to hell hereafter. Neither his natural constitution and temperament, nor his education and early associations, are competent to materially modify the legitimate course and bearing of the law. However, if any unusual clemency is manifested, it is generally reserved for those who perhaps least deserve it. Our tribunals are sometimes merciful to the enlightened transgressor—the man who has had the advantages of a superior education and refined society, and who may therefore be presumed to have clearer perceptions of right and wrong. If any indulgence is granted, it is to this class of genteel offenders, while all legal and deserved penalties are reserved for vulgar sinners, who have no influential friends to shield them. Even a coarse, blundering saint, is less respected in our modern fashionable society, than a polite and accomplished knave; and by common consent men of great wealth and members of Congress are entitled to the *special privilege of shooting people and going unhung!*

Punishments to be salutary in their influence must be benevolent in their design, and of such a nature as to increase the moral strength of the subject. In all cases we should keep in view the legitimate objects of government and the true dignity of Man. Moreover, those who blindly seek and consummate their own ruin, do not thereby forfeit all claim to human sympathy and the Divine regard. If a man who is naturally sound and vigorous should lose his health in consequence of his own imprudence, it would still be our duty to watch over him in sickness and to minister to his wants. Or should he pluck out his own eyes, he would certainly deserve as much sympathy as an ordinary blind man. Nor is this remark untrue in its application to the moral nature. What if they follow be willing to exchange an Eden of light and joy for a wilderness of darkness and despair! To be thus morally insensible, is, of all other misfortunes, the greatest, and the most deeply to be deplored. The world and the church may leave such to perish; but the great Father will remember his wayward children. Oh, have compassion on the fallen, and the mission of an angel shall be thine!

It may be objected that our philosophy of the moral obliquities of human nature is opposed to the Divine justice and benevolence, since it presumes that the innocent sometimes suffer for the guilty. It is written in an ancient book that the iniquity of the fathers is, or may be, visited on the children to the third and fourth generations. It is true that the influence of our actions never can be restricted to ourselves, nor even to the times in which we live. From our intimate and indissoluble connection with the Race, it will extend to those around us, and, in some degree, to all who shall come after us. The doctrine, therefore, that the sovereignty of the individual entitles him to disregard his relations to others and to society at large—gives him the right to do wrong, under the shallow pretence of taking the consequences to himself—is a selfish and mischievous falsehood. Such an individual sovereignty does not exist, and this insidious and corrupting philosophy has no fellowship with Reason or Humanity. The institutions of Nature are not merely adapted to men in their individual circumstances, capacities and relations. They are parts of one universal system, and must be regarded not as separate and independent forms of being, but they should be viewed in the light of that wisdom which comprehends all things, in their true relations, and with a wise reference to their ultimate results.

The very law whereby the distinctive attributes and specific tendencies of one individual are transmitted to another, forms no exception to the benevolence and wisdom which characterize the whole economy of Nature. It is granted and insisted that, through the operations of this law, men sometimes propagate disease and multiply murder. Millions are borne down the polluted stream of Time to perish on the Stygian shore. But with our limited knowledge we should be slow, in our disposition, to impeach the Divine wisdom. I think I perceive the justice of this law. True, if we disregard its requirements, our children may be more frail and imperfect than ourselves. Nevertheless, I feel assured that this very law is at the foundation of our highest hopes, and inwrought with the imperishable glories of the immortal life and world. In the absence of such a law, the succeeding generations of men would all occupy much the same position. At least, there could be no improvement in the natural constitutions of men, resulting from obedience to the principles of natural rectitude; hence, the general condition of society, from age to age, would exhibit little or no improvement from the law. The same law that involves the retrogression and ruin of transgressors, is the law of PROGRESS to those who observe its requirements. To all such it is the ladder on which they ascend to heaven. Obey that law, and it shall be a lever to raise the world and thee. Thus the whole Race may advance in intellectual, moral and spiritual excellence, until man shall rival the angels, and become, in the highest and holiest sense, THE CHILD OF GOD.

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THOS. CALES FORSTER, CORRESPONDING EDITOR.

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NEW ENGLAND COUNTRY LIFE.

To live in the country as one should and may live, is just as much an art as sculpture, or painting. It is not everybody who has learned it, either; not even of those who have lived in rusticity all their days. Occasionally, a rich man moves back with what money he thinks he will have occasion to use, with an idea that he knows all about it; but he finds, after a time, that he is no more possessed of a knowledge of the art of living in the country than if he were not worth a dollar. Or a poet strays off to the hillsides, and across all the green meadows within a circuit of twenty miles, deluding himself with the fancy that, of all created men, he is just the one born to tear the heart out of this simple, but tantalizing secret; but imagination seems almost as impotent in the matter as Money, while it plays its owner quite as many shabby tricks as the rich man's recollection of his stocks and mortgages.

It is nothing new to say that the country life of New England is a distinctive and peculiar thing; so much so, that any poor approach to a sketch of its outlines would not fail to be recognized by all who pretend to the slightest personal acquaintance with it. It is an older than the Western country life, and produces today very different fruit. Its customs and style are, at first sight, scarcely related to the vast rural system, that, combining almost every variety of elements, has rooted itself firmly beyond the western slopes of the Alleghenies. In fact, it is just as much deserves a patient and poetic historian and chronicler, as Old England under the sweet descriptions that flowed, like June brooks, from the pen of country-loving William Howitt.

Nobody can love rural life truly, except he first understands his own nature. That knowledge puts in his hand the key to the whole. For only he who is simple, even as good old Walton was, can open his heart to the simple influences of Nature; and only he who is gentle may lie in her green lap and suffer her breath to daily with his hair. Your man with the stuffed money-bags feels no chord vibrate, as he stands at the corner of the house on an early night in Spring, and catches the shrill piping of the frogs in the ferns, or hears the exulting carol of the robin redbreast, pouring out the fullness of his little heart on the top bough of the old apple tree. And yet your poet is scarcely better off, for he goes into spiritual ecstasies that make you think of the thirteen back summersaults thrown by the clown at the circus. He is all rainbows and larks; and it would bring you sensible relief, if he would but bridle his "fine frenzy" long enough to tell you he was really afraid of taking cold, or ask what you thought the folks in the house were going to have for breakfast in the morning. Another regular dweller among the hills and valleys—the farmer—the man who thinks it all of life to haw and gee as his square-toed father kept it up before him, and to raise calves and porkers, year in and year out, obediently to the never-ending routine whose slavish service he was born into,—he is even more unfitted, as a general thing, than either of the others to make what should be made out of country life, and turns up his royal nose at all those delights whose possession raises the envy of everybody that thinks of him.

The New England Farmer fails to make the highest use of his life, because he is not a poet as well as a farmer; and the poet comes short, because he is not a farmer as well as a poet. And the man with the city securities falls between the two poles, because he can sit, as yet, upon neither the one nor the other. And that is about as the case at present stands. The practical needs must be married with the poetic; while rhapsodies to the new moon are just as much out of place as the manners of the stable are at the hearth in the evening. The dreamer does nothing but dream; and the worker does nothing but work; no life, whether town or country, can thus be much else than one-sided. Everybody sees that the former is top-heavy, at once; but all do not see just as readily that the latter carries lead on the soles of his shoes, and could not rise from the dirt even if he had the wings.

Talk of New England country life as we may, a man who really loves it will find himself falling into a habit of idealizing all its rugged features, the moment he sits down to its contemplation. The human heart has a wonderful tendency toward optimism in what it hankers after. If it loves the country, it will refuse to sketch any but the most attractive pictures of it. So that, after all, it is not such a consistent matter to charge the poet with "airy nothingness," seeing that the rest of us are as much given to coloring as he. No one can describe rural life as it is, with the hope of making his descriptions reach a single heart, unless he steep them in the mellowed richness of an excited imagination. There must be, somehow, a soul in your picture; and to make the actual life what the picture is, there must needs be a soul in that also.

A Sunday in the country is an experience of its own, especially in the summer season. With their "meadow-clothes" pulled out of the drawers, and taken down from the nails in the closet—with the dried orange-peel folded away in the handkerchief, the boys' hair pasted down with the last sleek over the forehead, the spike of lilac-blossoms in the hand, and the frisky three-year-old colt running forward and backward at the door—with the bell tolling solemnly over the still lake of the holy morning air, and the open wagons creeping on over the quiet roads, and the dark knot of men gathered about on the grass before the church door—the Sabbath morning picture presents itself most naturally, and perhaps a little picturesquely to the reader's imagination. Who is not familiar with the twing-trawling of the fiddle up in the singer's gallery, before the service began? and the shy looks cast by the young folks at one another over the church? and the blowing of the summer wind through the open windows, flitting ribbons and leaves of hymn-books alike in its passage? and the fifthly, sixthly, seventhly, lastly and finally, of the preacher, who generally succeeded in putting both the deacons and the children to sleep under his droning ministrations? and the last sweet hymn of the choir, sung as one never

hears hymns sung elsewhere, let him go all the way from New England to Rome? Whose memory refuses to give up the transactions of the old farmers at the noon intermission on Sundays, swapping calves and colts, or talking up the never-ending subject of the highway taxes, or expressing their satisfaction at knowing that they have got as good a minister for the money, as any other town within ten miles for the same price? And the long, dull, dead hours to the children after tea, sitting about in hard wooden chairs with a bible in their hands, just as Capt. Kyd sings of himself in his famous song, and wishing as hard as their little, fostered hearts can wish at all, that Sunday was over with, "and that's a fact," and the taking off the Sunday clothes at last, to be laid away for a week of ordinary and natural days; and the getting the wash-tubs ready for early Monday morning; and the seasons going to bed for every one but Sarah, the oldest sister, who receives her husband's lover every other Sunday night, "regular," are not all these a part and parcel of the Sabbath known to those whose lives have been passed in the country? and are they not every one to be mentioned, in order to make the picture complete?

We are not overmuch given to relaxation in this country, even in the cities; and New England, in particular, need feel no fear that the charge of wasting time in the frivolities of relaxation can be laid at her door. The old Puritan is just as much in us now as theologians insist the "old Adam" is. We go about our amusements grimly, eager to have done with them; at the theatres, we always want to know what is coming next. None of us abandon ourselves to the delicious sensations of the hour, absorbed in the luxury of a new, much less of an old delight. We are forever uneasy to get on; we must see progress; we must move, if it be only in a circle. And what wonder, then, to find our friends and relations in the "rural districts" in pretty much the same condition and category?

A residence in, or near, a country village in New England—we of course speak of such far-back villages as represent the real character of country life—discloses to any attentive observer the astonishing, or the ridiculous, fact that the inhabitants round about are reduced to exceedingly narrow straits for amusement. In truth, their social entertainments, we sometimes think, may be said to be enumerated briefly as follows: election days, and funerals! It's nothing to smile at, even grimly; it presents itself to the reflecting mind altogether too seriously for that. In former times, when the men were what was called the high and peaked "Jackson coat-collar," and suffered their buttons to creep up, year by year, between their shoulders, they gave themselves rather enthusiastically to militia musters, and apple-parings, and quilting scrapes, and sometimes corn-huskings; but these have gone out of fashion. All that remain are the election days and the funerals. Both of these are great occasions. They turn out in a body to the polls; and they overflow the house, and run into the road, when there is a funeral. We have heard many a one declare his regret that he had missed such or such a funeral, for he had not seen the inside of the house since the dead occupant had made the alterations!

There are sundry characteristics of New England country life which must be duly rehearsed, like an inventory, to give one a correct idea of its leading traits and peculiarities. In Japan, for instance, they have ways quite peculiar to their own tight-shut nation; so in China; so in Turkey; and so, too, with us in New England. The only reason we do not think so is, because we do not go away from home where we can hold our customs off from us and look at them. We get so used to our habits and manners by eating, drinking, and sleeping in them, that we in fact know less of them than of the shape of the clothes we take off every night. Rural life in New England embraces such branches and topics as the following: Life on the Farm; Justice Courts; the country Store and Post office; the way the Farmers eat, drink and sleep at home, at their own hearths and tables; the Farmers' Sons, and Daughters, and Wives; the Sabbath Day in the country; the Hired Man; Haying Time; Social Customs and Entertainments, and more of the like character. Life in the country is made up of items like these, just as items go to make its composite work everywhere else.

Of course, where the country is the country, the farm-life naturally is the hub of the whole wheel; the rest are but spokes, felloes and tires, depending on the solid old ashen hub to keep them both in place and a-going. Give us a fresh and living idea of the life of the Farmer himself, and we have got about the whole story. It is the picture sought for, frame and all. It has fallen to our good fortune to have had ample opportunities in the few years to observe and enjoy that same simple sort of life; and we think its characteristics deserve, at the hands of competent writers, a fuller, freer, and more appreciative discussion than it has had heretofore. We have for some time wished that the real meaning of country life might be comprehended, and adequately translated to the people, that there should not be that prejudice against it which prevails in cities and towns to-day. The city should know more of the country, and the country should know more of the city. When this shall be accomplished, there is little question that men will better comprehend their social relations.

We mean to return to this interesting topic again.

Celebration at Norwich, Conn.

The scattered sons and daughters of this ancient little town in Connecticut, celebrated the 500th anniversary of its original settlement on the 7th and 8th inst. The affair was a brilliant success. It was computed that at least ten thousand people were assembled on the occasion. The exercises on the first day consisted of an address by Bishop Lee of Delaware, and singing of hymns written by Mrs. Sigourney, Miss Calkins, and Rev. Dr. Chester; on the second day, of an oration by D. G. Mitchell, a poem by Amos G. Chester, the singing of an original ode written by George Canning Hill, and a dinner underneath a tent, at which fifteen hundred persons sat down. All these persons who took part in the public exercises were natives of the town. The occasion was one to be long remembered by those who were so fortunate as to participate in the same.

Slavery at the North.

The Boston Medical and Surgical Journal gives an account of a case, lately treated in the Boston hospital, of a young girl, completely debilitated by the confinement of a milliner's shop. She was removed to a partial degree of strength, and sent back to her labor. She worked in an establishment for making ladies' visites and mantillas. At this establishment eighty girls were working together in a single room, for ten hours daily.

It is to be wondered at, when the laws of health are thus tampered with, that disease in all its various forms is entailed upon the human race? It is so in every civilized country. The god Mammon rules with an iron hand, and his victims go to an untimely grave in consequence. Or, should they patch up their diseased forms by aid of the physician's drugs, the inevitable result is puny offspring.

The Washington Monument.

The New York Herald says that boxes have been put up in the vicinity of the post office of that city, headed by an appeal to citizens to subscribe for the completion of the Washington Monument. It states that similar facilities for collecting money for the same object have been granted by the Post-masters of Boston, Baltimore, Washington, New Orleans, Charleston, and indeed of all of our large cities. The smaller post offices of the country are following the example; and of five thousand applications that have been made by Lieut. Ives, of the Topographical Engineers, whom the Secretary of War detailed three months ago to take the sole charge of the monument, not one unfavorable response has been received. There are thirty thousand post offices in the United States, and the calculation of Lieutenant Ives is, that if but an average of two dollars a year can be collected from each office, the whole sum needed to complete the monument will be forthcoming as rapidly as it is wanted.

Analysis of the Croton.

In a great city there are many causes of popular excitement besides those of the spirit that rise in undefined and vapory forms from the vast deep of the distillery, or that escape from Custom House bonds. The last new fashion in the world is the latest arrival: the cats in the adjoining yard; the want of Meyer's Chemical Extirpator in the bedstead; the mosquitoes in the room; or "that blessed baby," may disturb the peace and keep half the town awake.

Hitherto Fire has been a very common cause of excitement, but about these days Water seems likely to take the lead. (The two elements never did agree.) Something was in the Croton pipes, (of course there was.) Every one wanted to know what it was; but no one could tell. At length Dr. Chilton made a chemical analysis, and found that the pipes contained water! Professor Torrey boiled the water, but only succeeded in cooking his greens and a few "small fry" (animalcules). But one of our friends Shlarbaurn's microscopes revealed the whole secret in less time than Chilton and Torrey were employed in filling "the demijohns" and boiling their fish. The microscopic analysis showed that, with a single glass of the Croton, we swallow several large farms, boundless crops of vegetables, (the crops are large this season,) together with vast flocks and herds that graze in the watered pastures, or raminate in the cool shades of the interminable forests of Delamater.

Now we may educate the mind through the eye, and any one who wants to see for himself precisely what the Croton water pipes are filled with, must go down to Shlarbaurn, 300 Broadway, up stairs, and obtain one of his instruments. No one can have the least idea of the extent of his possessions until he looks himself over through Mr. Shlarbaurn's glasses. Those who are presumed to be destitute of brains may by this means demonstrate to the world that there is something in their heads; and even those who have suspected that their pockets were empty, will, by a careful inspection, be able to disclose something besides their ordinary "small change."

Seriously, our honest German friend is one of the most ingenious artizans in New York, and will furnish any kind of an instrument that may serve to sharpen the vision of his patrons, at a less price than the same can be obtained elsewhere. Neither his finest spectacles, the best opera glass, nor even the most powerful microscope, will ever show that Shlarbaurn takes the least unfair advantage of his customers.

National Agricultural Exhibition.

The Seventh Annual Exhibition of the National Agricultural Society takes place during the current week, beginning on Monday and terminating on Saturday. The accounts say that it promises to be the most successful exhibition of the kind yet held. Six large structures have been erected on the grounds for a floral hall, a mechanics' hall, a fine arts hall, and for the display of agricultural implements, farm products and domestic manufactures. The railroad companies will carry free of charge articles and animals intended for exhibition, and will transport passengers to and from half the usual rates of fare. There are to be one hundred and twenty-five premiums distributed, amounting in aggregate value to twenty thousand dollars, and applicable to cattle, horses and mules, sheep and swine, poultry and game, farm and garden products, implements and agricultural arts, science and literature. Besides these there are special premiums offered by citizens and associations, among them being a thousand dollars for the best trotting horse.

The Bible in the Schools.

There is trouble again over this exciting topic in the New York schools, and the settlement of the difficulties seems as far off as ever. Last June, the Board of Education passed a resolution requiring the daily sessions of the schools under their jurisdiction to be opened with the reading of the Scriptures, the resolution to take effect on the 1st of August; but as vacation intervened, it could not become operative until the first Monday in September. On the other side, certain local Boards of Trustees have directed the teachers to open the schools as they did before the resolution of the Board of Education was passed. The condition of the teachers is therefore perplexing in the extreme; they lose their pay if they refuse to obey the one Board, and their places, if they refuse to obey the other. Such a state of things cannot advance the true interests of education, and the Legislature of the State must step in to direct the teachers where their allegiance lies. Thus a question of ecclesiasticalism is dragged into our politics.

Military Operations.

The Concord Encampment, during three days of last week, was a great affair, in its own way. Some six thousand troops—all there were in Massachusetts—turned out, and were commanded by Governor Banks in person, who remained in the camp during the entire proceedings. The show was a most imposing one, attracting visitors in any number, both from home and abroad. On Wednesday the entire force marched around the monument erected to the memory of the first defenders of American liberty, and cheered the shaft, a brigade at a time. Major Pore's Rifle Battalion, however, declined to obey the order, alleging that it was not laid down anywhere as a military maneuver in "Scott's Tactics." Several pictures were made of the camp scenes for pictorial papers, with which the public will be duly entertained in the course of the present week.

Judge Douglas's Platform.

In a recent speech at Columbus, Ohio, Senator Douglas thus announced his political position:

"Maintain the doctrine of non-intervention and popular sovereignty, and the Union is safe. Stand by that doctrine, and the country will prosper; all sections will be contented, and territorial expansion is certain. Expansion is a necessity of our national existence, and our destiny is, sooner or later, to spread our institutions over the entire continent, Cuba, Central America, Mexico, and all the islands adjacent to us, will in time be ours, and this will be as it should, 'an ocean-bound republic.' The democratic party is the only party which recognizes the equality of the States, and the right of the people to exercise all the rights, privileges and immunities of self-government. I stand firmly by the democratic platform of 1833. I want no new plank, and no new pillars to strengthen or uphold it. I stand upon the platform and carry the democratic banner. Let the nominees of the Charleston Convention take the same position. Put him on that platform, and give him the old democratic banner, with all its glorious memories clustering around it, and the democracy will march to a glorious victory in 1860."

"God in his Providence."

We understand that a new work, by Rev. Woodbury W. Fernald, is about to appear with the above title. We are authorized to expect a very thorough treatise, taking up the subject in all its great branches, and presenting both the Philosophy and the Practical Application of it. Though grounded in New Church principles, yet from what we know of the author and his plan, it will not be a technical or sectarian book, but one of popular character, and destined probably to a very wide circulation. We shall await its appearance with much interest. It will be about four hundred pages, published in Boston, and will be out in October.

The Millionaires.

A well-known banker in Wall street, New York, said, some time ago, that he could not then count over twenty-five men in that city who were millionaires; many he found to come near the mark, say worth five or eight hundred thousand dollars, but not more than twenty-five whose property was worth a million. No doubt the number has increased perhaps double since; but as is not gold that glitters, it is not every so-called millionaire that owns a million of dollars.

Meetings in Boston.

Ordway Hall will be opened for Sunday services, by Dr. Gardner, the first Sabbath in October. Meetings will be continued in this place until the Committee, who have in consideration the plan of free meetings, shall secure one at the two new halls which are now being built. Lizzie Doten is engaged during the month of October; it is expected that S. J. Finney will occupy the desk during the month of November, and Mrs. Spence will speak every Sabbath in December.

To our Readers.

We now propose to furnish new subscribers with both the BANNER OF LIGHT and the WORKING FARMER for Two Dollars per annum. The WORKING FARMER is strictly an Agricultural paper, edited by Prof. Jas. J. Mapes and assistants. Its advertisement in our present number will furnish particulars. By this arrangement our friends in agricultural districts may save one dollar in the cost of the two papers. If

Mrs. Hatch.

Corra L. V. Hatch will speak at Music Hall, September 18th and 25th, at 3 1/2 o'clock, P. M.

Mr. Parker's Society occupy the Hall in the morning, hence Mrs. H. will speak but once each day.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

VERMONT STATE SPIRITUAL CONVENTION.

The Sixth Annual Convention of the Spiritualists of the State of Vermont met, pursuant to the call, at South Royalton, Friday, September 20, at 7 P. M., and was called to order by D. P. Wilder, who was elected President pro tem; and, on motion, it was resolved that no formal organization take place until Saturday morning. The afternoon was taken up in a mutual interchange of thought, and the relation of experience by the members of the Convention. In the evening, a discourse was given through Mrs. M. A. Townsend, of Bridgewater, Vt.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 21.

Convention met, and formally organized by electing—President—John Landon, Rutland, Vt. Vice Presidents—William Noble, Bennington; Charles Walker, Bridgewater; J. Rogers, Bethel; Mrs. Mary Lamb, Bridgewater; D. P. Wilder, Plymouth; Miss Lucia Raymond, Woodstock; A. T. Foss, Manchester, N. H.; Mrs. Jane Hunter, South Royalton, Vt.

Secretaries—S. B. Nichols, Burlington; Newman Weeks, Rutland. The opening discourse was given by A. T. Foss, of Manchester, N. H. Subject—"The Authority of the Human Soul as developed in Human Reason;" which able and philosophical discourse was listened to with much attention by the large assemblage.

John Landon read a letter from Dr. John Beeson, agent of the American Indian Aid Association, appealing for sympathy for the Red Men, which letter was referred to a select committee, consisting of S. B. Nichols, Mrs. M. A. Townsend and J. Rogers, who made the following report:—

Resolved, That we earnestly ask our Senators and Representatives to use all their influence in the Congress of the United States, for the enacting of a law setting apart a portion of the public domain for the homes of the remaining tribes of the forest, where they can be unmolested and peacefully enjoy life, liberty and happiness, and that the government cease all military operations against them.

Resolved, That the Secretaries of this Convention be directed to forward a copy of the above resolution to each of our Senators and Representatives to the Congress of the United States.

Resolved, That we heartily sympathize with our brother, John Beeson, in his noble efforts in behalf of the American Indians, and trust ere long that he will meet with full success in his labors.

These resolutions were passed by the Convention. S. B. Nichols introduced the following "Declarations of Sentiments," being nearly the same as recently adopted at the Plymouth Convention in Massachusetts, for adoption by the Convention, which, after being read, were laid on the table, to be called up for future discussion and adoption:—

EXPRESSION OF SENTIMENTS.

"While this Convention claims no authority to construct a creed for Spiritualists, or to adopt tests of fellowship for any sectarian purpose, yet in view of the manifold mistakes and persistent misrepresentations of Anti-Spiritualists, both in public and in private, in press and in pulpit, its members feel called upon to exercise the manifest right of defining their own position, and setting forth their own sentiments in so far as they profess to have any agreement. We therefore adopt the following statement as representing the views of this Convention on the topics therein specified:

First. *Who are Spiritualists?*—We recognize as Spiritualists, according to the now common use of the term, all who hold to the one fact, that human spirits have a conscious personal existence after the death of their physical bodies, and can and do communicate to those in the body, under suitable conditions. Beyond this, on questions of philosophy, morals, theology, reform, etc., we profess no full agreement, and take no responsibility for each other's opinions or acts. We expect to see alike in those matters only as we arrive at like states of mental and spiritual growth. Nevertheless, we regard ourselves entitled to the name of Spiritualists in the full sense, only as we adopt and practice sentiments which are truly spiritual in their nature and tendency—that is, refined, purifying and elevating.

Second. *What is Spiritualism?*—In its modern and restricted sense, Spiritualism may mean nothing more than the mere fact of spirit existence and intercourse. But it is also often applied to a system of philosophy or religion, based upon this cardinal fact. When thus applied, we would do the term as follows: It embraces all truth relating to man's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare and destiny; also, all that is known, or to be known, relative to other spiritual beings, and to the occult forces and laws of the universe. It is thus catholic, and all comprehensive. We deem this department of truth to be but partially understood by even the most capacious minds on earth; and hence wide differences of opinion exist among Spiritualists as to its details. Each individual is expected to form his or her own conclusions, according to the evidences presented to the individual mind. In accepting modern evidences bearing on this subject, we do not necessarily reject the ancient. Hence it is no part of Spiritualism to deny the truth or authority of the Bible—each Spiritualist being at liberty to place his own estimate upon the value of that, and all other ancient records. Spiritualism, therefore, should not be confounded with the Harmonical Philosophy, so-called, of Andrew Jackson Davis; nor with the Philosophy of Dr. Hare; nor with the individual theories of any other writer, however prominent among Spiritualists; nor even with the teachings of disembodied spirits themselves, inasmuch as these appear to differ as widely in their opinions as do spirits in the body. None of these are recognized by us as authoritative teachers, though each may have some truth, and that truth belong to Spiritualism. But while we undertake not to define Spiritualism in all its details, we yet agree in affirming that its grand, practical aim, is the quickening and unfolding of the spiritual or divine nature in man, to the end that the animal and selfish nature shall be overcome, and all evil and disorderly affections sorted out—in other words, that the work of the flesh may be supplanted in each individual by the fruits of the spirit, and thus humanity become a brotherhood, and God's will be done upon the earth as it is done in the heavens. Hence we emphatically declare that no theory or practice which tends to abrogate moral distinctions, to weaken the sense of personal responsibility, or give a loose rein to animal desire, by whomsoever taught or received, can with any propriety be considered a part of Spiritualism.

Third. *Relation of Spiritualism to Specific Reforms.*—Since man's spiritual welfare, in this and the after life, is intimately connected with his conduct, his habits, his occupation and surroundings, as well as his beliefs and motives of life, we recognize all questions of Human Development and Practical Reform, as legitimately embraced in Spiritualism. Hence, as earnest and consistent Spiritualists we cannot fail to take well-directed efforts for such objects as the following:—

1st. Physiological reform in general—including temperance, dietetics, and tobacco, and dress reform—to the end that our bodies may be made the fit and useful habitations of the Spirit.

2d. Educational reform—that body, mind and spirit may be unfolded, healthfully and harmoniously, in accordance with their own laws, and by the use of the most enlightened methods.

3d. Parentage reform—that every child may be secured its right to a healthful and well balanced organism, and an introduction to life under favorable conditions.

4th. The emancipation of women from all legal and social disabilities—that she may fulfill the noblest mission, and be fitted to become the mother of noble offspring, as she cannot while a menial or a slave.

5th. The abolition of all slavery—whether chattel, civil, mental or spiritual—because freedom is the birth-right of man, and the indispensable condition of his best development.

6th. The establishment of universal peace—because contention, violence and bloodshed are the offspring of animalism—contrary to the dictates of brotherhood, and opposed to man's spiritual progress.

7th. Theological and ecclesiastical reform—because belief in error, and subject to authority, are unfriendly to human progress.

8th. Social reform and reorganization on the principles of a brotherhood—because the present antagonistic and selfish relations of society are adverse to man's highest welfare, and fall to meet the wants of his unfolding spiritual nature.

9th. In every other effort, general and specific, which commends itself to our individual judgment as tending to elevate and spiritualize mankind.

Fourth. *Organization.*—While we would carefully avoid combinations for any improper purpose—such as limiting individual freedom, controlling each other's opinion, or avoiding personal responsibility, yet we affirm the propriety and desirableness of association on the part of those who agree for the promotion of any proper object in which they feel mutually interested. Among the objects which may be named, are those affording mutual aid and encouragement in the true life, promoting friendly and fraternal intercourse and interest in each other's welfare, and co-operating for the support of public meetings.

In the afternoon, the Convention listened to discourses through Mrs. Townsend and Mrs. Pratt. The Declaration of Sentiments, taken up from the table, was passed by a large majority of the Convention; but as some felt a desire to speak upon them, the vote was reconsidered, and after passing the following resolution, the Convention adjourned until 9 P. M.

Resolved, That this Convention return their hearty thanks to Bro. A. T. Foss, of Manchester, N. H., for the very able and instructive discourse given us to-day, and that we bid him God-speed in his labors in behalf of the down-trodden and oppressed.

Mrs. F. O. Hyzer opened the evening meeting by Improvising a beautiful song—after which she spoke ably in favor of the adoption of the Declaration of Sentiments; these were discussed ably on both sides, and subsequently passed.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 22.

The church not being able to hold half of the large congregation, the Convention went to the grove, and listened to a discourse through Austin E. Simmons, on "The Present and Future of Spiritualism," which discourse seemed just what was needed.

In the afternoon, Mrs. Townsend spoke again on "Woman—her mission and duties—after which Mrs. F. O. Hyzer spoke upon "Freedom of Love, and Love of Freedom," which discourse was able, argumentative and philosophical, and cannot fail to do much good.

The Convention voted to meet at its next annual Convention, at South Royalton, on the last Friday, Saturday and Sunday of August, 1860, and appointed the following Committee of Arrangements to issue a call for the next Annual Convention—Newman Weeks, Rutland; Austin E. Simmons, Woodstock; S. B. Nichols, Burlington; D. P. Wilder, Plymouth; Charles G. Townsend, Bridgewater.

To this Committee were left the arrangements of locating the quarterly conference meetings—the first of which will be held at Rockingham, if the friends desire.

There were but few friends present from out of the State, but a good representation within its borders. A good and harmonious feeling existed all through the Convention, and all seemed desirous of more effectually carrying the "faith of Spiritualism" into the practical workings of human life. The discourses through the various media were practical in their nature, and it is felt that the seed thus sown will bring forth good fruit.

The following letter from our sister, Miss A. W. Sprague, was read at the Convention:—

Oswego, N. Y., Aug. 24, 1859.

DEAR GREEN MOUNTAIN FRIENDS:—You have met again for the Annual Convention, and for the first time I am not with you. During the last five years I have never before been absent, and the gathering of familiar faces and the voices from our spirit friends have given me new strength to go forth again in the great field of labor appointed me. But I am glad that others may meet and partake, though I am away; and may this Convention be one long to be remembered for its harmony, its strength of thought, and its new resolves for higher and nobler action for the future. Even now I seem to see the trees in that consecrated grove wave their green leaves and bow their crowned heads, beckoning me to come, and hear the wind, stealing through their branches, seeming to say, "Wanderer, return!" And I see gathered around hundreds of familiar faces, that but to think upon makes my eyes grow dim, here in this new home, and among friends that a few months ago were strangers. But I will not dwell upon this, but rather tell you that my time thus far, in my absence, seems not all to have been vain. I found much interest in Oswego when I came here two months ago, and I can say, at least, that I leave not less than I found. Next Sunday I go to Ogdensburg, Binghamton, and other places in this State; and then leave for the West, stopping at Terre Haute, Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Louis, &c. I think it doubtful if I see New England, until it is again clothed in its robe of green. Till then God's choicest blessings be with you all, and his angels keep and comfort you; and sometimes, when the long hours of winter come, and you are gathered peacefully to your homes, whisper a prayer in your hearts for one who is wandering among strangers, striving to do the will of the Father, and when that work is done, will return, like a weary bird, to see again the greenwood home. Once more, God be with you all, and, though invisible, shall I not be remembered with the rest of the invisible spirits who meet you there?

With much love,

A. W. SPRAGUE.

Mrs. Hyzer, Mrs. Townsend, and other friends furnished the Convention with song and music improvised for the occasion. The Convention were received cordially by the people of South Royalton. Mr. Woodward, the attentive and obliging landlord, did all he could to make his guests comfortable, and all of the members went to their several homes feeling better and happier.

Yours, &c. B. B. NICHOLS.

Emma Hardinge in New Brighton, Pa.

Editors of the Banner of Light:—It will be utterly impossible for us to find language to convey to you an adequate idea of the sensation produced by the advent among us of this brilliant luminary of the higher spheres—unlike the bright meteor that flits athwart the zenith, dazzling our eyes for the moment, then leaving us in a darkness more oppressive and gloomy from the contrast, but rather like the genial rays of the sun, that not only glides the face of nature with resplendent beauty, but leaves a fruitfully influence, both substantial and useful.

From the high position this celebrated medium occupies as an able and eloquent advocate of the spiritual philosophy—the flattering encomiums of the secular press, partially prepared a few of us to anticipate a rich feast; but when the flood-gates of more than mortal eloquence were opened upon before us, literally overwhelming us with angelic inspiration, we could but exclaim, with the Queen of Sheba, that "the half was not told us."

Her subject on the first evening (Aug. 31st) was, "What is Spiritualism?" The audience was respectable, both in numbers, and intelligence, whose rapt attention evinced their appreciation of the manner in which the theme was discussed. Never have we seen subjects so rationally at variance with the preconceived opinions of the large majority, present, so cheerfully acquiesced in. Nothing was said, calculated to shock the sensibilities of the most timid, or excite the angry feelings of the more passionate. Argument, not ridicule, was the weapon used to combat error, and apt illustrations fortified each new position with the strength of absolute demonstration.

After the lecture was concluded, a number of questions were propounded, which were answered promptly, and to the satisfaction of the audience generally.

On the next evening (Thursday, Sept. 1), her subject was, "The Religion of Spiritualists." When this was announced we had some misgivings; we feared that prejudice for long-established opinions would take the place of reason, and the good feelings evoked by the first lecture, would be lost in the second. But how happily were we disappointed. The mild, conciliatory manner, the deep pathos and burning eloquence, combined to disarm prejudice of her poison, and intolerance, of her fangs. The forcible manner in which she enjoined the duty of serving God best in performing good offices to his children, rather than yielding a blind obedience to a dead faith, was perfectly irresistible. The flowers of peace and happiness were strewn in the rugged pathway of humanity, and the rich fruit of love and good-will to man, cannot fail to follow in her wake.

Her advent among us will long be remembered as the harbinger of a new era. Her lectures have inspired us with new hope, strengthening the weak, encouraging the strong, and utterly overwhelming opposition.

As a pioneer in the cause of spiritual reform, we look upon her as unequalled, and no one who has not heard her, can exalt her so high in his imagination as to not be more than realized when she appears before him.

May her bow be fanned by a seraph's wing, and her thoughts inspired with the wisdom of an archangel, is the earnest prayer of

A. JAQUET.

New Brighton, Pa., Sept. 5, 1859.

Social Picnic.

The Spiritualists of Salem and adjoining towns will have a Social Picnic at Pine Grove, Marblehead, on Friday, Sept. 10th, weather permitting—if not, the first pleasant day. All interested in Spiritualism are invited to attend. It is expected each one will furnish their own refreshments. There will be music in attendance.

The cars will leave Salem for the Grove at 9.20, 11.15, 1 and 3.45; returning, will leave the Grove for Salem at 5.15 and 6.45.

Mediums are especially invited to be present.

Three Months' Subscribers.

Those persons who subscribed for the BANNER three months, and which term is about to expire, can, by remitting \$1.25 have the BANNER sent to them during the remainder of the year. If our friends who were instrumental in getting up these clubs, will attend to their renewals, they will receive a copy free.

Spiritualists' Picnic.

We call attention to the advertisement of the Picnic at Abington Grove next Thursday the 13th inst. We are requested to say that there will be no train at 12 1/2.

Adrian Convention.

DEAN BANNER—I attended the Adrian Convention, held on the 21st, 22d and 23d of the present month, and a fine time we had. Several speakers who had been expected from Ohio, were not present, on account of a strike on the railroad on the part of the working classes, and consequent stoppage of the cars on the Michigan Southern route; still the time was fully occupied by the speakers present, who were not only willing but even zealous in bearing their testimony in favor of the good cause of Spiritualism. A good influence seemed to pervade the entire assembly during the three days.

Beautiful tests of spirit presence were given through our much-esteemed Sister Thomson, who, in a trance state, improvised beautiful poetry; and also, in a number of instances, described the departed loved ones of certain individuals to their entire satisfaction.

J. O. HALL.

Jackson, Mich., Sept. 8, 1859.

Human Folly.

The folly of national jealousy is fully shown by the fact that it costs England annually, to protect herself against aggressions from France, a larger sum than represents her trade with the latter country. Enormous taxation, poverty, ignorance and want, is the consequence. And this is civilization!

S. J. Finney.

Can you visit Boston and speak here the Sabbath in November? Address Dr. H. F. Gardner, at the Fountain House, Boston. Answer immediately.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

CONTENTS OF THE BANNER.—First and Second Pages.—Literary Matter.

Third Page.—Rev. Edwin H. Chapin's Sermon at Broadway Church, N. Y., Sept. 4th; Poetry.

Fourth and Fifth Pages.—"Man and His Relations," (a powerful essay,) by Professor Brittain; Editorials; Report of the Vermont Spiritual Convention, &c.

Sixth Page.—The Messenger; Lecture by Cora L. V. Hatch, (second of the series of four,) at the Music Hall, Boston, Sept. 4th.

Seventh Page.—"The Age of Virtue," by George Stearns; "Dealings with the Dead," No. 3; "To What is our Civilization Due?" "Phenomenal Heavens;" "God's Body and Mind;" "The Religion that Christ Taught;" E. V. Wilson at South Milford, Mass.; Poetry; List of Lecturers, &c.

Eighth Page.—"Suffering and Progress," by Dr. A. B. Child; "Children's Convention at Longwood, Pa.;" "Judge Edmonds on Spiritualism—No. 9," &c.

We would say to our numerous readers who may wish to supply themselves with the current literature of Spiritualism, that Mr. Munson, formerly of 6 Great Jones street, is at present located in our New York office, 143 Fulton street, and that any orders for books, &c., will find immediate attention by addressing Banner of Light, New York.

We have felt it a duty on our part to afford to our readers an opportunity of sending direct to us orders for any books which they might desire, and are happy to inform them that we are now fully prepared to respond to them.

Hoping we may find their wants not all supplied, we again refer them to our New York office, from which place they may be supplied with the books of the day.

Rev. EDWIN H. CHAPIN, having resumed his duties at the Broadway Church, New York, we shall, as heretofore, give verbatim reports of his sermons. (See third page.) We shall also continue our verbatim reports of Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER's sermons next week.

"Our Systems of Education," by Prof. Payton Spence, M. D., is on file for our next issue.

We call special attention to chapter twelve of Prof. Brittain's series of articles on "MAN AND HIS RELATIONS," one our fourth page. One more chapter will complete the present series.

Bro. N. W. Daniels, of Toledo, Ohio, in a note to us says:—"Miss Emma Hardinge would receive a cordial welcome if she would visit us on her tour West. We can warrant her a good home."

The romantic drama of "The Son of the Night" has been brought out at the National Theatre in a superior manner, and doubtless will have a good run. This theatre is in good hands, and certainly deserving of public patronage.

The people of Providence, R. I., says the Journal, talk of erecting a monument there in memory of the late Horace Mann, where it is understood his remains are to be deposited.

The National Intelligencer states that the equestrian statue of Washington, which is to be placed in the circular piece of reservation at the intersection of New Hampshire avenue, K and Twenty-third streets, is fast proceeding toward completion. The main portions, both of the horse and rider, have been cast, and with a single exception, only small details remain to be undertaken.

A "CAPITOL" JOKE.—"Take me to the capitol, sir," said one of our ex-governors to a hack-driver, yesterday. "To the what?" said coachman, somewhat mystified. "To the capitol," responded the gentleman, with emphasis. After a little hesitancy the driver closed the coach door, but his mind seemed to be still in a fog. At length he exclaimed:—"I'm stuck, sir, this time; don't know any such place." The ex-official, with his peculiar gravity, quietly requested to be taken to the State House!

HEAVY MEASUREMENT.—The Newburyport Herald, in giving its readers an idea of the length of the Great Eastern, says:—"Three monuments like that at Bunker Hill could be placed end to end on her deck, and yet leave eighteen feet of room at each end."

When you meet with one pursuing Ways the law he entered in, Working out his own undoing, With his recklessness and sin; Think if placed in his condition, Would a kind word be in vain? Or a look of cold suspicion Win thee back to truth again?

CONANT AND ADAMS'S QUADRILL BAND.—This Band, (formerly Hall's) is prepared at all times to furnish good music at reasonable rates of compensation. Those who may require the services of this excellent Band, will be promptly served on application to either of the following named gentlemen.—G. W. Adams, No. 5, North Grove street; J. M. Bullard, 80 Brighton street; J. H. Conant, at the Music Store of White Brothers, Tremont Temple.

The Canadians will celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the taking of Quebec, on the 13th inst.

Jones at blissfully listening to the voice of his adorable Arabella, as it reverberated the plaintive ditty in the caverns of Luzerna. "What a splendid voice for a hennery," he rapturously exclaimed, as her note melted into echo. "How so?" replied the beloved one, in astonishment. "Because the echo repeats the lay," replied the miscreant.

We have instincts as true as those of the free to refuse the evil and choose the good, if we did not smother them up with nonsense and metaphysics.—Mrs. Jameson.

Language is the great civilizer of the world; therefore it behooves us to render it as perfect as possible, that it may truthfully daguerotype the human mind.

The Annual Exhibition of the Horticultural Society will take place at the Music Hall on the 21st, 22d and 23d of the present month.

The Kanakas show a disposition to revert to first principles. Christianity is decaying in the Sandwich Islands, and the people are returning to the false gods of their fathers. Considering the samples of Christians they have mostly seen, we do not much wonder at the change.—Traveller.

Why, Mr. Traveller, how dare you talk thus boldly?

The Commencement exercises of the Ladies' Department of Oberlin College took place on the 23d ult. The young ladies were dressed in white, with green garlands about the waist, and as they marched to the church with heads uncovered, the effect is said to have been most charming and impressive. The Graduating Class numbered twenty-five, being much the largest class that has ever gone out from the Institution.

A gentleman killed himself in Florida, last week, for the love of a Miss Bullitt. The poor fellow could not live with a Bullitt in his heart.

The Milky Way forms the grandest feature of the firmament. It completely encircles the whole fabric of the skies, and sends its light down upon us, according to the best observations, from no less than 18,000,000 of suns.

Who soul does not sing, need not try to sing with his throat.

Enthusiasm is the genius of sincerity, and truth accomplishes no victories without it.

As the various military companies were marching through our streets on the way to the State Muster at Concord, Prof. BRATTLE remarked that "the army was so badly drilled, that it was extremely warm for the poor soldiers up there when they were all mustered." The Professor intended no

into all your life, and beauty and perfect and re-arrange your whole mental conformation. Acknowledge religion first, and all that is made up of forms and worship and creeds, will come in proportion to your requirements. Acknowledge religion first, as an element of your mind, and the beautiful architectural structure of the temple in which you are to worship and commune with God, will be built and fashioned from the qualities of your mind, and the temple will grow out from your daily life and practice, and each thought and feeling will be a grand pillar to support the mighty structure of immortality. Religion—confine it to you can to any book or creed, or name; confine it to any inspiration of the soul; confine it to any clime or nation or country! No, never! Religion is, like the All-Father, the pervading spirit of the human soul, and receives its inspiration as the flower does the sunlight. And when you hear of religious worship, when you know religious forms, remember that they are but the perfume to the flower of religion; the seed, the germ, the root, is deeply implanted in the soul, and through the life and light of its own preserving and beautifying influence it calls the sunlight and the shower from the great Source of life, and gives, in return, its fragrance and its beauty. Oh, religion—it walks along the aisles and corridors of your soul, like a beautiful angel of light, sowing flowers all around your path; it is the crowning virtue of manhood, crowning intellect with a brighter radiance, making all science a more glorious thing, making all art something that is deep, divine and sacred, making all worship the bright image of itself, making all human life something higher and greater and better than passion, or intellect, or science could do. Religion is the pervading element of man's and woman's nature; it belongs to the soul, it acts out its powers and qualities through the mind, and renders all of life and beauty and perfectness still more beautiful and still more perfect.

Have we not proven the existence of religion? Is inspiration the cause of your religion? No. For as the flower could not exist without a germ, as a stone planted in the soil would never yield a flower, though the dews descended and the sunshine came, inspiration planted in your soul could never give it religion; but religion, planted there can yield as its fruit the bright and glorious result of inspiration.

THE AGE OF VIRTUE.

BY GEORGE STEARNS.

Second Paper.

ITS CHARACTERISTICS—PEACE.

The age of virtue must follow the general reformation and gradual improvement of mankind, and is not to be introduced by any sudden revolution of society, by any instantaneous conversion of public opinion, nor by any conventional device for transforming ordinary men and women into philosophers and philanthropists at once, after the democratic policy of making virtues, or as their Grecian exemplars once attempted to create generals by vote, and were archly advised to make heroes of all their asses. To find a comparison nearer home, character is not to be a faculty as certain "Masters of Art" and "Doctors of Law or Divinity" to be made by the dictum of a learned "Faculty." But this is the only soil for good advice, and virtue is the fruit of nothing else. To institute this cause of Rectitude, we must first recognize marriage as the Mother of Human Nature, and woman as the primary teacher and moral educator of Man. Until we do this practically, and learn to dignify the parentive function, and especially maternity, as the highest and most sacred offices to which human beings can aspire, guarding the responsibility of incumbents by qualifications in all respects adequate to the personal and social results which ought to be anticipated, we can hardly presume to delineate with accuracy the Divine resemblance of a "perfect man," or even the features of a "proper child," much less the characteristics of mature Humanity as revealed in the Age of Virtue. Nevertheless, it may be predicted with rational certainty, that the beginning of this golden era will be clearly defined by the prevalence of

UNIVERSAL PEACE.

The time when "words will be beat into ploughshares and spears into pruning-hooks, and nations shall learn war no more," will never come till the cause of war is extinct—the spirit of oppression has died out of the heart of Man—till every man has learned to love his neighbor as himself. So long as the fens of domination stalk through the Earth; so long as the eyes of savage hordes are dazzled with the pageants of military glory; so long as there are any to admire the bloody exploits of ambitious arrogance; so long as any covet self-aggrandizement, opulence and vain renown; so long as aforesaid and demons seem to wed in human shape; so long as any are ready to trample lawlessly on the precious Rights of Man, men of an opposite stamp ought to be ready—men of nerve and valor never will be wanting, to beat back the encroaching powers of darkness, and shield the innocent. The cause of war is not in self-defence, but in the aggressor moved by unprincipled selfishness or insane malignity. It is meet to resist, though resistance is a terrible remedy for wrong. War is a flame of indiscriminate destruction—a two-edged sword brandished with equal peril to the assailing and the assailed. How expensive while it makes unceasing vigilance the price of a desperate liberty. Principle—the Law of Love, is the only final, and how much cheaper weapon! This kills the demon and exorcises the possessed. It smother's enmity and begets a helper in every seeming foe. Love is the god of Peace that is to humble Mars. It is the little child Isaiah saw down the course of time leading the wolf and lion. Character—the offspring of human development, is its coming Christhood. When Man's head and heart have grown to the wedding of Love and Wisdom, then will the Blessed Babe be born.

PEACE! What a heavenly chimera of thrilling interests does this short word impart! What a smothering of earthly wrongs does it represent! Recollect for a moment what you have read of that horrid farce of Hell—"The Reign of Terror," when in all France there was no cranny or rest for a soul, and in Paris, for a series of months, no respite from alarm; when trophies shook the very walls of the city, every heart palpitated with fear, friend turned away from friend with distrust, and all faces grew pale with dismay; when danger was the only theme of meditation, and the torture of innocents the exclusive topic of discourse; when wealth and character afforded no security of person, the civil power was prostituted to the most nefarious ends, sleep deserted every human dwelling, all business was suspended, the whole order of society was interrupted and every means of enjoyment frustrated by a general caricature of Government, while havoc and bloody murder became at once the employment and amusement of devils incarnate, clothed in a brief authority of political usurpation. Think of all this, and then fancy yourself one of the victims awaiting a doom of violence in the dungeon of that infernal power, even to the precious moment when Robespierre lost his head, and you begin to hear a murmur of joyous voices without, and then the shout of popular exultation—"The monster is dead!"—"Vive le droit!" and when the auspicious fact is fairly confirmed, and the dear Right is vindicated, tell me, in such a crisis, *What is Peace?* Now, imagine this World to be one vast whispering-gallery, and that you occupy a focus of vocal reflections wherein the faintest utterance in the remotest habitations of men is audible, so that all the plights of human misery—the cries of hunger, the curses of extortion, the moans of disease, the alterations of error, the anathemas of blame, the slanders of prejudice, the threats of anger, the shrieks of murder, the clangor and lamentations of war, the lone prayers of incarcerated innocence, the muttered grievances of European vassals, together with the groaned agonies and stifled longings and whispered imprecations and despairful ejaculations of American slaves, were daily gathered in the convex sky and echoed in your ears; how long would you sit and listen thus to

"every day's report
Of wrong and outrage with which Earth is filled,"
ere you cried out with Cowper—

"Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,"
Where such infernal discord were no more?

It is well that ears are not made to comprehend all the myriad sounds of earth, which if heard simultaneously were enough to make a Hell even of Heaven. To be sensible of what Man daily suffers, would break the stoutest heart, and wean the soul from life to seek for its own development. One learns enough by meditation to be sick even of thought, if it had no cue of Hope. How melancholy the fate of Bonaparte, if left to ponder wretchedness as essential to human nature!—to think the present age of wrong must be endured forever! What else but Hope now keeps the heart from breaking? If Heaven were not a future fact on Earth, then were there none above; for angels could not rest in view of an endless Hell. Surely as God himself is bliss, Bliss is not merely the end of every soul, but all evil is transient. Philanthropy would be a virtual curse without the ego's ken of the coming Age of Virtue, when the Art of Living will be generally understood, Education will have turned the tide of vice and crime, Charity will rival love of self, Temperance will have rooted out all disease, and Philosophy have

tamed the monster Death, That blessed day will surely come, but not till Russia's haughty Czar shall abdicate his throne, repenting the name of Autocrat; not till the blood of Napoleon shall flow into generous veins, prompting willing hands to industry and beneficence; not till all the kings of Europe have turned Republicans, and every American slaveholder, forcing the evil of his way, has laid himself; not till Priestcraft has died of ridicule, and Protestantism has made a freeman in every head, a worshiper of Truth in every heart, and a temple of God in every form of life; not till Conscience has become the Supreme Head of the Church, and Reason is made President of the Human Day of Judgment. Then shall tears be wiped from every eye, no sound of woe shall be heard in any land, and no suffering or alarm shall any longer disturb the repose of Man in Earth's completed Paradise; for,

Darkness at length dispersed by light,
Error no more preventing Right,
Evil vanished out of sight,
Love suspicion of wrong dispelling,
Then shall prevail, from Pole to Pole,
Long as the rolling Earth shall roll,
Peace, to the blessing of every soul,
Pure as the Heaven of Hope's foretelling.
West Acton, Mass.

Written for the Banner of Light.

DEALINGS WITH THE DEAD—NO. 3.

With unmingled astonishment I gazed upon the man, as he sat there in his quiet study. The weather, to him, not to me—for I was totally unaffected—seemed to be oppressively warm; and it appeared exceedingly difficult for him to overcome its drowsy influence, and prevent falling asleep. However, he mastered the tendency for a time, and the efforts he made in so doing, disclosed to me another beautiful arcana of the human economy. It will be remembered that in the second paper of this series, I mentioned the astonishing fact—a fact of great value to all who can think clearly—that I could, and did behold at one and the same time, both the external and the essential part of whatever the eye of the soul glanced at. The reader will receive a better notion of what hope is intended to be conveyed, if I liken this double power to a person looking through a glass vase at a series of smaller and multi-colored vases enclosed within it—the eye resting on the surface of each, yet penetrating the whole. I saw—and what obtained of that one man pertains to all immortal men—the clothes, beneath the clothes the body, beneath that, filling it completely, the spiritual man. Here let me define a few words: Body—that which is purely matter, corporeal, dense, weighable, atomical, or particle. Spirit—that which is the sublimation of the last—that which is the condensed effluvia, or aura, of the most refined matter—which is the human body. Spirit is the emanation of all human particles, is itself unparticle—and therefore cannot be destroyed by any power strictly material. Soul—the thing that is, that feels, tastes, enjoys, hates, loves, fears, calculates, and knows. Let me, then, be understood hereafter according to my own definitions. In a moment I became a wrap observer, not of the man as a person, but of the man as a rare mechanism. The clothes omitted a dull, faint, leaden-tinted effluvia, that extended in all directions, about seven inches from their surface. The body, the matter, was of a bright orange hue, and its grosser emanations extended in all directions a mean of fifteen feet, penetrating the chairs, wood-work, walls, and all that came within its range. When the man rose to silence the bell, I beheld the general form of this physical sphere. Its poles were the head and feet; its equator—whose bulge exceeded the dimensions of the poles by one-seventh—was directly on the plane of the abdominal centre. This sphere penetrated that of the clothes, and, although it was so marvelously fine, still it, like its exemplar, a large soap-bubble, was parcelled—heterogeneous. Within the body, itself a second body, I saw a beautiful pearly substance, whose mass was in perfect cohesiveness, indivisible, atomless unparticle. This was the man's true shell, his house and home—but not the man himself.

The question with many is: "What constitutes the eye? what is the mass?" Soul is a thing *sub generis*—and unique, light, taste, &c., are some of its properties; reflection, reason, fancy, &c., are its qualities; judgment is its prerogative, and physical life, earthly experience are its schools. We believe the second sphere to be—at least I do—its universality, whence it will graduate to—what? I will state in subsequent papers. None of these can be the soul itself. Time is but one of its phases of being, amidst a vast multitude of other phases yet to be passed through. We know something about the soul's properties, qualities and methods, but very little, if anything, about the soul itself. We realize somewhat of its *accidents* by virtue of its incidents—nothing more. The human being is to be likened unto a circular avenue, divided in two parts by a wall, firm, solid, vast, separating what we know from what we do not know. We begin at the wall, not at either side thereof. This wall is the *conscious point* from which we look forth to the edge of the circle—one hemisphere—and one only. What pertains to the other? What lies *just* the other side of that conscious point? Go to bed, try to fathom the soul within you; try to reach a fixed point deep down in yourself. What results? Why, you strike the wall, and can only think the wall—nothing more! But there is a point reachable quite beyond! Well, I saw a man try to buffet the tendency to somnolence, and this is what I saw; the brain was one live mass of phosphor, like luminousness, totally distinct from the man mentioned above. There was a large and brilliant globe of white fine mist encompassing the head. It extended a prodigious distance above and horizontally, and that of which it was constituted proceeded from an oblathe spheroidal body situated so that its centre rested exactly in and upon what the anatomists call the corpus colossus, or callous body, which I affirm to be the seat of consciousness—the throne of the soul. I have examined not less than three thousand persons, and in every case beheld a similar bright, intensely bright ball, as I did in the present case, and this ball invariably occupied the same relative position, with this difference—a greater or less size—which varies from that of a very small pea, to that of a very large egg of the common barnyard fowl, and the brightness varied from that (comparatively) of a camphene lamp, to an infinite intensification of the dazzling radiance of the Drummond Light. In the man before me this globe was nearly perfectly spherical, but in others I have beheld it multi-angular, and the experience of ten years has demonstrated the fact that the *better* the person, the smoother and rounder became this human soul-sun. Now here is a strange thing—I have seen men with large souls, who were perfect wretches! But I never saw a small soul-sun that was circular, and never saw a good person have a very small one. What surprised me was, to see bad men have such large psychic centres.

In the man before me I beheld the operations of this soul. Whenever the drowsiness came over him, one side of his forehead would collapse, and straightway a perfect stream of radiant fire-flecks went forth in an opposite direction, like—as they really were—rays from a sun. These rays sped through all parts of the brain, ran along the nerves, leaped to the muscles, and diffused a new life throughout the whole body, whereupon the globe resumed its general shape again. This was curious, but something still more so now took place. The man took up his pen to write. I observed, above, that when he strove to keep awake, that this globe indented itself from the outside, which was smooth, albeit a countless multitude of filmy rays of light streamed forth in all directions, yet the surface still retained its polished, burnished, ineffably dazzling general appearance. He raised the pen in his hand, placed the holder between his teeth, and seemed to be thinking, and the globe expanded itself evenly till it was four or five times as large as formerly. This it did gradually, and as gradually subsided again; but, in the meantime, his hand had flown over the paper, and the man had indited a *trouvaille*! Anxious to ascertain what this thought was, I looked upon the paper on the desk before him, and was surprised by observing a very singular phenomenon. The words written were: "The ancients were far behind the moderns in general intelligence, but far, very far, beyond them in isolated instances of mental power. Great men are few in any age, popular men are plentiful in all eras. A popular man is he who keeps just at the head of the human army; but a great man is he who volunteers to become the pioneer of coming ages—he who feels the pulse of God in his heart, and who knows to love, and loves to know. We are approaching an era when human genius shall be the rule and not the exception, as now. When that day shall fully dawn, the earth will fully bloom. It has only painfully striven heretofore, and brought forth abortions—perfect to these contemporaneous with them, but in view of her yet untried energies, abortions still!" Now the ink was scarcely dry on the paper, and yet the aura naturally pertaining to it was almost entirely obscured by another aura proceeding from the forms of the words, and this aura was a part of the man himself, for I saw a line of fire pass from the globe to his brain, thence to the arm, the pen, and finally attach itself to the paper. And I felt assured that, even should that paper be burnt up, yet that the thought itself would never

perish, but would float in the human world until it should be inhaled into some soul, and thence be born again into the conscious realm around us.

Much more the man wrote. I watched him long. But at length his weary task and the sultry weather overpowered him; and rising from his desk, he threw himself upon a sofa, and in a short time fell asleep. While I watched him, I became aware, for the first time, that I was being practically educated by a human spirit, whom now I saw for the first time. He conversed with me by a method I am totally unable to explain, and informed me that he was commissioned to instruct me in certain essentials, with reference to future usefulness in my sphere of action. He said his name was Ramus, that in history he was called Thotmer, and that he was an Egyptian of the second dynasty, a King, eleventh in the line. This was all he told me then, but, pointing to the man, bade me "look." I did so. The man was sound asleep. The globe was rapidly changing its shape. Soon it became a disk, then a pointed disk, and this point passed through the head till it reached the medulla oblongata. It entered this body, and passed through the spinal marrow, till it reached the joint of the vertebrae, just in proximity to the stomach. Here it left, and instantly enunciated itself into the solar plexus. The man was in a death-like sleep. "The soul," said Thotmer, "has gone to recuperate itself, and draw vitality from the nourishment of the body—not for itself, but with which to change the body hereafter. Soon it will finish its task, permeate awhile, and then resume its throne!"

• • • I awoke not, nor did the man. I left him, and, guided by the rare being at my side, began an ascent toward the sky.

Written for the Banner of Light.

ALONE.

Alone I sit by the fire,
The embers dying and grey;
Faith beginning to tire—
Hope fast ebbing away.
Soon the bleak sands will be bare—
The waves will hide them no more;
No matter—I've now but one prayer—
May no beacon betray that shore.
One year ago at this time!
Can I be the same indeed?
My youth was then in its prime,
My future had but one creed.
Love enclined me round;
Now I am standing alone,
Hushed are the words of sweet sound.
Gone is the love all my own.

Guarded was then his choice
From sorrow, and care, and pain;
Oh! but to hear that voice
Ere I dream again!
A thirst for one blessed sight
Of that lost, but still loved face—
But never by day or night,
Will he seek in my heart a place.
Nothing but memories left,
Strung on the thread of the past—
Like a rosary that's bereft
Of the heart, which made it fast.
Through bitter and blinding tears
I remember them o'er and o'er,
For the sun of my fresh young years
Has set—it will rise no more.

Sept. 1st, 1859.

F. E. T.

Correspondence.

To what is our Civilization Due?

Orthodoxy claims that to Christianity is due the credit for our civilization. The claim is false. So the intellectual, moral and religious nature of our race, through God the Father, is all the credit due. Christ having no other influence in the case than to be one of the many whose office it has been to assist in developing and stimulating that intellectual, moral and religious nature into action. Any other man advancing the same sentiments, at the same time, would have answered the same purpose.

The elements that have been at work to produce our present state of civilization are, first, God—then His qualities in our race, which qualities, it is true, have existed in more than an average degree in some individuals, Christ among the number. But there is no more propriety in attributing all the civilizing force to one person, than there is all the mental force. Or, indeed, than there is in attributing all motive power to one stream of water, even though it be the purest and largest river that runs.

The civilizing tendencies of our race existed long before Christ did, else neither he nor any one else could have had any influence to produce the result.

The difference between the civilization of eighteen hundred years before Christ, and eighteen hundred years since, is nothing more than the inevitable progress of our race, acted on by our inherent qualities, assisted here and there by a light a little brighter than the rest, like Christ, Boeoth, or a Briton; and better than all, the beautiful fact is beginning to be appreciated, that the kingdom of heaven is close at hand, that the door is not closed, and that those lights will not be dimmed by death, but will reflect back to where light is needed, rather than forward to where all is light.

The human mind runs toward God, by nature, just as inevitably as the stream flows onward toward the Father of Waters. The stream may be obstructed by driftwood or dams, but it is sure, sooner or later, to rise superior to all restraints, and rush gladly on toward its goal, perhaps forced to take other than its natural channels for the time.

So the soul's progress has been retarded by a dam built by men who ought to have known better, out of the driftwood called revelation, with the brush and sticks of depravity, etc., filled in with the mud and filth of superstition—with no outlet except through the narrow race, dug, it is said, by "the son of man"—a route which few would or could take, because it was dug only for the elect. It was doubted whether it led to the right destination, and even if it did, the better and least selfish portion felt that the humanity, if not the decency, of speaking through on the merits of some one else, and leaving their friends to suffer privation, was at least doubtful; especially as it was reported that they would, on their arrival, be required to join in the "laugh at the calumnies" of those left behind, and to join in singing the praises of those who so laughed. Thus our race had almost become persuaded that God was indeed "sorry he had made them," and that if they went on they would find Him the revenged being which those at the dam had said he was, and therefore they cared little whether they went or not.

But, glorious to relate, it is now seen that God has been libelled—the stream of spirituality is rising rapidly—it is breaking over and through the dam, which, not being built by God, cannot stand, and is rushing resistlessly and joyously toward its Father and home—many following the race or canal, which has been broadened and deepened—many of its sectarian lock-tenders superseded by Parker, Beecher, etc.,—on its banks are held the union meetings of this country, Ireland, etc.; but by far the greater number following the broader, surer, and more natural channel, of love to God the Father, and to humanity, His children.

Yours truly,
ENOS BOUGHROX.

Battle Creek, Mich., August 20, 1859.

Phenomenal Heavens.

It seems, from the report of different papers for the past week, that the phenomenon in the heavens, commonly denominated the Aurora Borealis, or Northern Lights, affects very materially the transmission of communication through the telegraphic wires. If this be so, then the inference is plain that right conditions are essential for good and truthful communicating. In the New York Tribune of last week, we have the following:—

"Montreal, Monday, August 20, 1859.

The Superintendent of the Canadian Telegraph Company's Lines telegraphs as follows: "I never, in my experience of fifteen years in the working of telegraph lines, witnessed anything like the extraordinary effect of the Aurora Borealis, between Quebec and Father Point, last night. The line was in most perfect order, and well-skilled operators worked incessantly, from eight o'clock last evening till one o'clock this morning, to get over in even a tolerably intelligible form, about four hundred words of the steamer Indian's report for the Associated Press; and, at the latter hour, so completely were the wires under the influence of the Aurora Borealis, between the telegraph stations, and the line was closed for the night."

Now, had the Superintendent, and those who worked the wires, only been as wise as the "Savans of Harvard," they would have denounced the telegraphic wires as a deception, and their communicating purport a cheat and a humbug. Why? Because the wires would not work to perfection in spite of conditions. Our Spiritual friends cannot give de-

monstrations to perfection in spite of conditions; therefore Spiritualism is a "cheat" and a "humbug." Had the Superintendent denounced the wires as a cheat and a humbug, he would have been just as wise as the "Harvard Professors," when they maintain that Spiritualism, if true, can be demonstrated in spite of all opposing conditions. Is it not so, gentlemen? Had he been like you, would he have ceased to make another effort to communicate after the line was closed for the night? We think so.
A. C.
Elbridge, N. Y., Sept. 4, 1859.

"God's Body and Mind."

MEANS, EDITOR.—In the BANNER for Aug. 21st, I notice an article, under the above caption, from our friend Ewing. In which he puzzles himself to find out what God is, and how he exists. Had the thought ever occurred to our friend that God to be a God must necessarily be incomprehensible to finite minds? If man could comprehend God, he would at most only be his equal, as man can comprehend nothing above himself.

He says, "We cannot form a conception of mind without there being a body connected with it." Would it not express his idea better to say, all we know of mind is its manifestation through matter, and all we know of God, is his manifestation through Nature? What is Nature? Is it anything more or less than the manifestation of what we call Duty? "The heavens declare his glory, and the firmament sheweth forth his handiwork."

Again, he says, "What we call Nature is not immutable, it is constantly changing, and that change is not only a change in its constituent elements, but it is a change of structure, and a production of new and heretofore unknown objects and beings."

"Unknown objects and beings." Unknown to whom? To God or man? Who produces these unknown objects? Must not the change exist in the Producer, before it can be manifested in the thing produced? Does not our friend's reasoning argue a change in God, which produces the change in Nature? Would it not be nearer the truth to say that change in matter, is the unchanging will of God, and variety, his immutable mode, or manner of manifestation?

Is our friend quite sure that a "change in the constituent elements" of things ever took place? Did he ever see an element destroyed, or a new one produced?

Again our friend asks, "Where was God's mind and body before Nature was formed?" Is our friend sure there ever was a time when Nature did not exist? Is it not as easy, and as reasonable to suppose that matter is eternal, as that God is?

Can our friend tell us what either matter or mind is? May not mind, after all, be matter in its most attenuated, or ethereal mode of existence? All our knowledge of matter is gained through our corporeal senses; how many forms of matter there may be that entirely elude our senses, we know not. The man whose senses are aided by the inventions of art and science, takes cognizance of many elements, or forms of matter, that the untutored man knows nothing of.

Let us then suppose that intelligence or mind is the most subtle and refined of elements or forms of matter, and is universally diffused through all grosser matter, somewhat analogous to electricity; Being the most sublimated and impressive form of matter, it would naturally receive impressions from all other things, which is the distinguishing attribute of intelligence. Being universally diffused, it would govern all things, whether in the mineral, the vegetable, or the animal kingdoms.

There is not an atom of matter, from the crystal in the rock, to the brilliant halo in the spirit form, that does not manifest intelligence. Human minds may be a portion of this universal element insulated something like a Leyden jar.

These are only random thoughts put in motion by the expressed thoughts of Dr. Ewing, which, if worthless in themselves, may stir up thoughts in others that may be valuable.

A. W. BENTON.

Fulton City, Ill., Aug. 28, 1859.

The Religion that Christ Taught.

"One tempting him said, Master, which is the great commandment in the law? Jesus said unto him, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.'"

Love to God and love to man is the foundation upon which Jesus, the great Master Builder, directs every man to build for time and eternity. This is not only the first and second great command of heaven, but is the great central principle around which all the graces of a divine life must cluster and bloom forever. Without this foundation we build in vain, and our hope is unfounded. Jesus said, I am come to send fire on the earth; and what will I if it be already kindled? And again he said, I suppose you that I am come to give peace on the earth? I tell you, nay, but rather division!

Burning words of truth will set on fire and separate those things that should be removed, that the pure in heart may appear to the glory of God. The breath of the Almighty will destroy every building of man whose foundation is not love, and whose adorning is not wrought in truth and righteousness. For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy by his pure life the works of evil men, and thereby establish truth and righteousness in the world. It is a holy privilege to stand in the great temple of God, and worship him who created all things; to stand in the integrity of our hearts, as did the holy men of old, before men and angels, and give thanks to the Father for the blessings of life, and be assured that our thank-offerings are acceptable, and to know that our prayers are heard and answered according to his will—this is *Life*.

The religion taught and lived by Jesus was love—perfect love to God, and an unfeigned love to man. His creed we find in his Sermon on the Mount. His faith and manner of life is recorded in the Gospels. Whatever is written of the pure, the holy, and the just one, is for our edification and example, if so we have an honest heart, faith, and a sound mind—for herein is the comfort of the glad tidings of life to us.

No man can call Jesus Lord, Master, or Teacher, if he mind not the things he said, and follow him not in word and deed. Love to God and love to man: on these two commandments hang all the teaching of the law, of the prophets, of Jesus and the Apostles. And this, they teach, is the only foundation on which to build for eternal life.

"Perfect love casteth out all fear," and "he that is begotten of love is born of God." Therefore he becometh a law unto himself, and is enabled to fulfill all law, and overcome all evil with good.

Charity hath hope in all things, and if needs be, suffereth long, but in the end sits enthroned in the mansions of the blessed.

"And we know that the Son of God is come, and hath given us an understanding, that we may know him that is true, and we are in him that is true, even in his Son Jesus Christ. This is the true God and eternal life." Or the understanding, the knowledge, revealed through Jesus, is of the true God, which knowledge is life eternal. "Little children, keep yourselves from idols." "Love is the fulfilling of the law."
T. J. H.

Nashville, Aug. 24, 1859.

E. V. Wilson at South Milford, Mass.

The above mentioned gentleman lectured on his hall on the evening of August 30th, to a very attentive and interested audience. His subject—"The Mission of Spiritualism"—was handled in his peculiar and masterly manner, treating it in a matter-of-fact manner which carries conviction to the listening thinker, and applying it to practical everyday life, thereby raising man in the scale of being.

The cause, in such hands, I think cannot suffer. Let all who are in want of speakers, secure his services at their earliest convenience; as I feel he is capable of doing great good in the lecture field, to which I am informed he is about to devote his whole time, for the present.

Yours in truth,
SAMUEL W. GILBERT.
P. S.—His discourses of character (of which I forgot to speak), were very satisfactory—two cases of which were given us after the lecture, which is his practice, generally, wherever he is called to lecture.

SPAIN.—The Spaniards have a tradition which strikingly characterizes their beautiful country and its desolate condition. When their titular saint, the holy Jacob of Compostella, arrived in Heaven, he requested all that was good for his country in the way of material blessings. Everything was granted to him; brave men, beautiful women, healthy climate, a productive soil, etc. Finally, he also demanded a good government. But he was told, "No, holy man, that you cannot have; because if Spain had also a good government, our angels would abandon Heaven to settle in Spain!"

Life is not all smiles and roses; and without deeply rooted convictions of faith and hope, it is impossible for any human being to live a truly happy life.

LIGHT.

BY WILLIAM FITZ PALMER.

From the quickened womb of the primal gloom,
The sun rolled black and bare,
Till I wore him a vest for his Ethiope breast
Of the threads of my golden hair;
And when the broad tent of the firmament
Arose on its axis, and the blue
I pencilled the hue of its matchless blue
And etched it round with stars.

I painted the flowers of the Eden bowers
And their leaves of living green,
And mine were the dyes in the silken eyes
Of Eden's virgin queen;
And when the friend's art on the trustful heart
Had fastened its mortal spell,
In the silvery sphere of the first-born tear,
To the trembling earth I fell.

When the waves that burst o'er a love accused
Their work of wrath had sped,
And the Ark's lone fowls, of grief and true,
Came forth among the dead,
With the wondrous gleams of my bridal beams
I bade their terrors cease,
As I wrote on the roll of the storm's dark scroll
God's covenant of peace!

Like a pall at rest on a senseless breast,
Night's funeral shadow slept—
When ethereal swains, on Bethlehem's plains,
Their lonely vigils kept—
When I flashed on their sight the heralds bright
Of Heaven's redeeming plan,
As they chanted the morn of a Saviour born—
Joy, joy to the outcast man!

Equal favor I show to the lofty and low,
On the just and unjust I descend;
Even the blind, whose vain senses roll in darkness and tears,

Feel my smile, the blest smile of a friend.
Nay, the flower of my love is embraced,
As the rose in the garden of kings,
At the chrysalis bier of the worm I appear,
And lo! the gay butterfly wings.

The desolate Gorn, like a mourner forlorn,
Conceals all the pride of her charms,
Till I bid the bright hours chase the night from her
flowers,
And lead the young day to her arms!
And when the gay rover seeks Eve for his lover
And sinks to her baby repose,
I wrap the soft rest by the zephyr-fanned west
In curtains of amber and rose!

From my sentinel sleep by the night-brooded deep
I gaze with undimmed eyes,
When the cygnets start of the mariner
Is blotted from out the skies!
And guided by me through the merciless sea,
Though sped by the hurricane's wing,
His compasses, dark, lone, and listening bark
To the haven-home safely he brings.

I waken the flowers in their dew-spangled bowers,
The birds in their chambers of green,
And mountain and dale, with beauty again,
As they bask in the maternal sun,
Oh, if such the glad world of my presence on earth,
Though fretful and feeble the while,
Ever glories must rest on the home of the blest,
Ever bright with the Duty's smile!

OBITUARY.

Died in Cambridge, Vt., Aug. 29th, Brother Jonas Safford, in his sixty-second year. He has long been a consistent believer in Spiritualism, and has been investigated over since the Rochester rappings became known. He has not spared time nor expense to get light, and has ever strove to impart it to others. He has endeavored himself to a large circle of friends by his honest, upright life in all things. In dealing with his brother he understood that to be a Christian, he must be Christ-like, and to be a Spiritualist, he must be spiritual-minded. It was through his instrumentality that I visited his town last fall, where I have since given some twenty lectures, which I trust have resulted in good.

August 2d,

SUFFERING AND PROGRESSION.

BY DR. A. B. CHILD.

"Press close, bare bosomed night! Press close, magnetic, nourishing night!"

Suffering is progression. The truth of this sentence is a key to the explanation of that most unacceptably saying, "Whatever is, is right." In our earthly existence every wave of progress is full of suffering. Every day of happiness is a holiday to the soul; its work of progress is suspended while it is happy. In the calm of peace the soul stands still; in the active elements of conflict it moves onward in its development from lower to higher conditions. Evil is the exciting cause of suffering; suffering is the proximate cause of progress. Progress is good; and the means which produces it, must also be good. If the destiny of humanity be progression, the overruling wisdom and power which destines this progression has furnished means to the end, which means, in our dark perception of spiritual realities, we call wrong, but in a clearer view we shall see these means culminating in the highest good; pregnant with the elements of divine love.

Humanity scorns the drunkard. Why? Because his drunkenness produces degradation, want, disease, suffering in a thousand forms. Every indulgence in drunkenness is rewarded with pain.

We have not been able to see that pain is the main-spring of progress—for our spiritual vision has not been opened. No man can see drunkenness as being of divine ordering, unless he can see the hand of God in it; that it is a means, through the suffering it produces, to work out progression; to elevate a man sooner to a better condition than perhaps any other means less fraught with suffering could have done. Let humanity once see drunkenness as a thing of divine ordering, meant to be for good, and charity covers it everywhere, and not till then can the mantle of charity cover up the drunkards of the earth. The hand of God is in drunkenness; the suffering it produces is progress to the soul of the drunkard. Drunkenness holds within itself the undeveloped power that alone can conquer and subdue the evils flowing therefrom. By the means of drunkenness the soul gains mastery over its evils and rises above its curses.

Prostitution, with its secret fangs of venom, its ten thousand sores of pollution; with its remorse, its tears, its groans, and its agony, humanity repels with disgust; and for its victims there is no sympathy, no charity, no love, no fellowship. In suffering a means of progress? Then how rapid must have been the flight of that soul upward, who has drunk deep at the bitter cup of prostitution. The virtuous and the happy in their condemnation may have stood still, while the prostitute in her suffering has passed on in her progression.

Where is the mantle of charity that covers up the fallen and degraded prostitute to be found on earth? Nowhere, save in the soul-recognition that God, in all his orderings, has done right, and prostitution is a means in his hands for good; that it is a chariot of suffering that chastens the soul, and bears it sooner to angel passiveness and perfect resignation to the ways and means which God's infinite love has provided for humanity. Suffering is a germ planted in the dark soil of earth, that comes up into the light of spirit reality, and there blossoms in fragrance and in beauty. The soul that has passed the dark and painful ordeal of prostitution is chastened and subdued. It has been unfiled with, and purged of, the loathsome curse; it has gained ascendancy over its long retinue of evils. Prostitution has been, or shall be, a means to rid the soul of all the elements existing within, that afflict with its evils. In a higher condition of life there is no prostitution, neither is there any drunkenness; the afflictions of both prepare the soul for the mastery of both.

The murderer is a deep sufferer; the hand of affliction is laid heavily upon him. No tongue can tell the agonies of his soul. He is a wrecked mariner on the ocean of suffering—driven at the mercy of the elements, which his own powers cannot control. He knows not the unseen power that moved his hand to do the deed of darkness by which his bark of life is wrecked. He cannot tell you why he did the deed. He asks forgiveness, he yearns for happiness, while every beat of his heart sends forth the silent wail of misery and despair. "Evil propelled him, and reform of evil propelled him."

What suffering is here! The Lord loveth whom he chasteneth. All his children he loves. Is not this murder and its consequent suffering the means that God makes use of to carry the murderer to a higher condition of life? And the suffering that is brought upon others by this deed is designed to advance, too, the progress of their souls. It is only in this light, that the dark deeds of the murderer can be covered over by our charity. This enables us to hold him in the embrace of our sympathy and affection as a brother in the family of humanity, notwithstanding he is a murderer.

"Every man's a divine inside and out."

The murderer is no less divine, no less immortal or progressive, than the man who is not a murderer. Progression carries the murderer to that condition of love where the dark deed of murder is known no more.

The convict in the prison suffers. Iniquity is stamped upon his brow by the instruments of human revenge. His liberty is restrained; his passions are in conflict; the baser elements of his being are aroused; inharmonious, discord, tumult, remorse, anger, revenge, nefarious plans and designs are the inmates of his bosom. Chains mutilate his flesh, the dismal walls of a narrow cell bound his vision, and the creaking of iron doors grate harshly upon his ears. Home, with all its pleasures and endearments, is not there; the world, with its millions of varied beauties, is shut out. Is not this suffering? Is not the convict's soul destined to eternal progress, sensitive to the chastisement of these afflictions? And by these afflictions is not the love of earthly things weakened, and the love of spiritual things, over which man can exercise no control, strengthened?

All crime is rewarded with suffering; "the wages of sin is death," pain and misery; and sin, pain and misery progress the soul. Thus it is that crime becomes a fruitful means of good, and we see

"Discord is harmony not understood."

In a higher condition of human life there is no crime, and to this condition humanity rises only by pain and suffering.

The hungry man suffers; but the sufferings of hunger are waves of progress that shall enable the soul sooner to feed on those drops of eternal wisdom which shall nourish it forever.

The toiling slave suffers; but the sufferings of a toiling life are breaking the fetters of earthly love, whereby the soul shall be sooner set free to wander "at its own sweet pleasure," in the

"Gardens where angels walk and seraphs are the warders."

The widows and the orphans suffer; but God and angels love them and administer suffering to them to earlier prepare them for the full company of congenial souls, where there shall be no more death, no sighs, no sorrows, no unsatisfied desires. It is progression through suffering that shall make widows and orphans angels; and so it is of all earth's children.

That young woman suffers who makes the rich man's shirts; who, by constant toil all day and half the night, is scarcely able to feed her sickly mother and herself, and wear the cheapest fabric for her clothes. The midnight lamp reflects the hectic flush, her aching, tired shoulders—these in silence proclaim her suffering. Every pain she bears cuts asunder a thread of love that binds her soul to earth, and it shall mount on wings of spirit love to soar away in freedom, sooner for her suffering.

And thus it is with all the sufferings of human souls. Suffering is incident to every place and every condition of the earth.

Humanity progresses ever, but never without pain and conflict. Shall I curse the means that work out my greatest good? Shall I denounce and resist evil when it brings suffering, which suffering must be identified with my progression?

Evil is held in check or is dealt out to humanity by a hand of wisdom and power. Evil comes not by human will or by human effort. No man suffers by his own desire; no man is happy at his own pleasure. No human effort can stay or advance the tide of evil that flows over humanity; it is God-given and God-directed. God is good, and doeth all things well. I thank God for human progress; I thank God for the proximate cause of human progress, which is suffering; and I thank God for the cause of suffering, which is sin.

The elements of drunkenness, of prostitution, of murder, and of crime, are in the world on the existing plane of human progress; and while these elements hold a place in humanity, their manifestations in the great work of human life are inevitable.

It is folly to say that these evils are enhanced or diminished by all that may be said or written on the subjects pertaining to them. A careful review of the history of the past shows that the world has been flooded with preaching and talking against all kinds of evils, while they still, unmitigated, keep on untouched, uninfluenced. A deeper, stronger power than any external will of men produces them, and they are measured out justly and in wisdom.

Let no one think that this article advocates drunkenness, prostitution, crime, or oppression. It has nothing to do with increasing or diminishing these evils, nor is it possible for it to have any effect in either direction. The elements of evil are integral parts in the material and early existence of the human soul; and evil made manifest is the natural operation of the soul's progression. Every operation of the soul, whatever it be, is directly or indirectly the legitimate product of nature's laws. The progression of man is the great purpose of life, and all the manifestations of life are the effect of means working to this end.

From the New York Tribune.

JUDGE EDMONDS ON SPIRITUALISM.

NUMBER NINE.

SPEAKING AND WRITING MEDIUMS.

To the Editor of the N. Y. Tribune:

SIR: All the kinds of mediumship, except speaking and writing, are necessarily slow in the process of communicating thought, for the reason that they convey it either by symbols or by spelling out words and sentences letter by letter. Hence it was, that as soon as the fact of spiritual intercourse was established, speaking and writing mediums began to be developed, that thought might be more rapidly conveyed.

This kind of mediumship, like all the others, is marked with a great variety of feature, and, like the others, is capable of improvement by proper cultivation. In this connection I can speak only of the general characteristics, and chiefly of the mediumship after it has gone somewhat through the process of cultivation. Those general characteristics are, that words and sentences are written or spoken, and thoughts uttered, which are not the product of either the mind or the will of the medium.

It is not always easy to ascertain that this is so. A medium is in your presence writing with ease or speaking with fluency, and the natural inference is, that it is of his own mind that he is doing so, and the evidence must of necessity be strong to establish that it is otherwise. That evidence will, however, be furnished to any one who will patiently investigate to the end. I have endeavored to do so, and I will mention some of the prominent evidences to show that it is some other mind than the medium's that is at work.

1. One is that of the medium's speaking in a language unknown to him, in which, however, he conveys distinct thought and utterer proper sentences, which are understood by those who are acquainted with the language.

2. Another is, that sometimes the medium knows and sometimes does not know the thought he is thus uttering in a strange language, and that not at all at his option or under his control.

3. The medium frequently refers to events and relates incidents unknown to him, but recognized by others present at the time as the truth.

4. He not unfrequently speaks of events and incidents unknown alike to him and to those present, but which are afterward ascertained to be facts.

5. He prophesies events which are to happen, and which do happen, and that sometimes in regard to matters with which he has no connection, and of which he has no knowledge.

6. He often describes persons, gives names, and delineates characteristics, which are recognized by others as correct, but of which he is previously ignorant.

7. He utters thoughts in conflict with his own sentiments, which he does not receive and which he repudiates.

8. He writes and utters things of which he is ignorant at the time of their utterance. Such is the case with all the trance mediums. They do not know what they write or say; and I once had the services of a writing medium who was not entranced, but who frequently wrote matters of which I know he is, even to this day, ignorant.

9. He displays knowledge of science and arts, which it is well known he does not himself possess, and uses words and technical terms, the meaning of which he does not know.

10. He delivers discourses, marked by close argument and profound thought, far beyond his capacity. I have, for instance, witnessed a little girl of some ten years old, a foundling, with scarcely a knowledge of his alphabet, discourse with gentlemen of advanced age and of accomplished education, on topics, and in a manner that confounded them, realizing the account of Jesus at twelve years old. "In the temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them and asking them questions, and all that heard him were astonished at his understanding and answers."

11. And to add to it all, the medium is unable to do this at his pleasure, but only under the influence of this unseen intelligence. I have often seen mediums try in vain to recall the power under circumstances when they had every inducement to success; and I have known the exhibition arrested midway, when the medium was mortified at the failure.

These and sundry other evidences which I have not now the space to enumerate, but which the candid investigator can readily observe for himself, will enable him to be certain that there are times and occasions when the medium is writing and speaking thoughts not his own, but flowing from a mind and a will outside of and beyond himself.

This is no impossibility, though it may seem so to some. The power is recognized by the learned, independent of Spiritualism. Wilkinson, in his treatise, "The Human Body, and its Connection with Man," speaks thus of it: "And so, too, if the soul or spirit, or any other spirit or influence, can make the imaginations or the thought-movements in the cerebral substances, these will seem as much our own thoughts as though no such influence had been exerted. But in both cases, be it remembered, there is an object out of the faculty excited; though, in the one case, the object is out of the organism externally; in the other case, out of it internally."

There are, however, some considerations affecting each of these kinds of mediumship.

1. As to Writing Mediumship: Sometimes the writing is merely mechanical, the arm of the medium being moved by some other aid than his; sometimes he is unconscious even that he is writing; sometimes he is aware that he is writing, but is unconscious of what letters or words he is forming, and sometimes he is conscious of all he is doing, but is aware of the extraneous impulse. Sometimes he writes by impression, the thoughts being given to him, but the language used being his own. Sometimes he is aware of each word as he writes it, but is unconscious of what the sentence that he forms. Sometimes he is conscious of the sentence, but is not aware of its connection with what has gone before, or what is to follow. Sometimes he writes in his native language; sometimes in a foreign one unknown to him. Sometimes he writes in characters apparently unmeaning, and seemingly mere "pookies-and-hangers," like a child learning to write, and sometimes in well-formed hieroglyphics, which are interpreted and understood. Sometimes the distinctive handwriting of the medium is preserved throughout; at other times, through the same medium, a different handwriting is carefully preserved for each spirit communicating; and sometimes the handwriting of the

communicating spirit, which distinguished him in life, is closely imitated.

II. As to Speaking Mediumship: Here, too, there is great variety in the manifestation, and it is only of general features that I can speak.

The principal difference in the kinds being when the medium is entranced or in a normal condition. Between these two extremes there is every conceivable shade of condition.

I have known the mediums when speaking to have all consciousness suspended, so as not to see any object, or to hear any sound, or to feel any wound of the flesh. So I have seen them when only one of the senses would be suspended; as, for instance, to be unable to see, though hearing and feeling were acute. I have seen them when fully conscious of all that was going on, and yet without the power of exercising any control over their own organs; and I have seen when the medium was in the full possession of consciousness and volition, and yet was uttering the thoughts of an intelligence not his own.

I deem the latter the most perfected species of mediumship—for the supremacy of one's own individuality is left unimpaired. The trance and semi-trance state is resorted to only because the medium is so undisciplined that unless his consciousness and volition are suspended, his own thoughts and will will control, interfere with, and sometimes interrupt, the manifestation. And I have observed that mediums, originally and only in a state of trance, have gradually, as they have permitted themselves to be improved, become more and more in their normal condition when used.

This, however, is comparatively rare, and requires an uncommon degree of mental culture and self-discipline. I do not know that I have ever met a medium improved to the condition of which it seems to me that the state of things there is one serious difficulty, too often overlooked, namely—that the mind of the medium will affect the communication.

Such has been the case with revelation in all ages of the world. It is not and cannot be perfect, until man himself—the channel through which it is necessarily made—is perfect.

In the meantime, however, amid all these discouragements—at times it does come pure and undiluted—there come to us, as of old, revelations of the greatest moment to man.

What they are I shall have occasion briefly to relate in the next and last paper of the series.

J. W. EDMONDS.

Lake George, Aug. 15, 1859.

CHILDREN'S CONVENTION AT LONGWOOD, PA.

EDITORS OF THE BANNER—I do not send you the enclosed letter because I want you to put it in the excellent BANNER, but I send it because I feel something whispering to me to do so. Five years ago, when I was very ill, I had an impression to hold a Convention for the little ones. I did so, and hundreds came. I always believed the spirit of a little angel daughter touched me, and I wrote a letter to children. Hundreds came, in all their juvenile innocence and beauty, and I was made well enough to lay my hands upon them and bless them; for I love God and little children.

Very truly thine, the friend of all good spirits in this and all other worlds—yes, and the friend of evil spirits, too; for I could not be happy in heaven without trying to help those who had fallen "into the pitfalls," on the perilous journey of life. Love is the saviour of the world.

JOSEPH A. DUGDALE.

Hamorton, Chester Co., Pa., 8th mo. 27, 1859.

CHILDREN'S CONVENTION AT LONGWOOD.

1st of Tenth month, 1859.

UNCLE JOSEPH'S FIFTH ANNUAL LETTER TO THE CHILDREN.

DEAR LITTLE GIRLS AND BOYS—The other day, I was in West Chester, and before I was conscious of it, Eva and Joseph, two little pale-faced angels, came around my neck, and the one that I saw said, "Oh, Uncle Joseph, when 'tis time to go to the Children's Meeting?" The same day, William Everhart said to me, "Uncle Joseph, I don't mean that he offered to do it to me, but just let us take a journey together, and let me see your arms around me." Prof. G. and he said, "Friend Dugdale, the children are asking me when your meeting is to come off again. We shall turn out twice as many as we did last year!" Well, all this happening in one hour, just as the wind will sometimes blow down a peck of chestnuts, made my heart feel a little warmer than before, and I thought, "Well, the next morning, when I go to the Children's Meeting, I will take with me, just as many of the boys and girls who attended our first meeting as now setting out to be young men and women. To tell you the truth, I was thinking about our meeting for 1859, when my ears were arrested by such a torrent of warbling that it had been water, I am quite sure it would have sprinkled me all over."

Such singing as we shall have when the jubilee comes, and the great day shall be heard in our dear cherished land! Some people pretend to understand the language of beasts and birds, and they might have interpreted these as saying, "Bring the little ones here again, here again, here again—oh, do, do, do!" Now, just between ourselves, I thought that the children were a little bit of a nuisance, and I thought, "Well, the next morning, when I go to the Children's Meeting, I will take with me, just as many of the boys and girls who attended our first meeting as now setting out to be young men and women. To tell you the truth, I was thinking about our meeting for 1859, when my ears were arrested by such a torrent of warbling that it had been water, I am quite sure it would have sprinkled me all over."

Now early, in time to see the sun put out the stars. Don't forget our obligation, if we are young, to help the little ones who have no way of getting to the meeting. If the horses were like "old Major," they would work freely, provided they had a good mess of oats and could see the fun. Sort out the baskets and kettles, select the biggest, then pile them full; for we are to have a big time, and it would almost make me cry to see the little ones so happy. Look out for "Aunt Dinah's" big basket. One of the teachers at Media told me, the other day, they would turn out strong. Lancaster County, and our little State of Delaware, have always been represented. There are two more acres to be added to the list: the little ones of the West, and the little ones of the East. Let the little ones of the West, and the little ones of the East, be represented. There are two more acres to be added to the list: the little ones of the West, and the little ones of the East. Let the little ones of the West, and the little ones of the East, be represented.

But I must hurry; we are packing up for a trip to New Jersey. Don't forget the little ones who are going to the great Convention there to celebrate the first of August—Uncle Joseph to be one of the boys? Though a native-born Pennsylvanian, forty years ago I picked huckleberries over there, played in the sand, swam in the streams, and thrashed a boy for calling the little plain coat a name which might make him angry. I wish you could all read the sweet little book called, "A Kiss for a Blow," and practice forgiveness of injuries in your young life, as taught by the Son of God, who laid his hands on little children and blessed them. By so doing you will avoid many of the bitter repentances and tears of the grown-up world. I wish you could all read the sweet little book called, "A Kiss for a Blow," and practice forgiveness of injuries in your young life, as taught by the Son of God, who laid his hands on little children and blessed them. By so doing you will avoid many of the bitter repentances and tears of the grown-up world. I wish you could all read the sweet little book called, "A Kiss for a Blow," and practice forgiveness of injuries in your young life, as taught by the Son of God, who laid his hands on little children and blessed them. By so doing you will avoid many of the bitter repentances and tears of the grown-up world.

JOSEPH A. DUGDALE.

SELF-CULTURE.

We make the following extract upon this important subject from an oration delivered before the Association of the Alumni of Hamilton College, by Anson S. Miller:

"The vital element of the highest self-culture is freedom, the individual freedom of thought, speech and conscience: a perfect recognition of the great principles of equal rights, and the sacredness of private judgment. The high mission of Christianity is freedom, 'the opening of the prison to them that are bound,' socially, politically, intellectually, morally: the inauguration of 'the perfect law of liberty,' that high spiritual freedom which is also the highest spiritual obligation, to obey the dictates of conscience, the lights of reason and the voice of God. Without this progress, man is in chains; he can make no advance; he is like Galileo, he is under the ban of authority, and dare not follow where truth leads. The pride and power of combinations are too often arrayed against the reason and liberty of individuals. Institutions are for the use and benefit of individuals, and belong to them, not individuals to institutions; and the great end of all organizations, civil and religious, should be the highest welfare and elevation of persons, and the protection of their sacred rights of freedom. Whenever and wherever this freedom is threatened, whether by the authority of great names or great numbers—whether under the plea of reverence for the past, devotion to the present, or well-being of the future, the scholar is in duty bound, in gratitude to the heroes and martyrs of other ages, to draw his sword and interpose his shield. To encourage and sustain manly boldness in the investigation and utterance of truth, there should be less of exclusiveness and intolerance, and more of that heavenly charity which bears, without censure, an honest difference of opinion. The liberty secured by our free institutions should be enjoyed in the moral, as in the political sphere. Scientific and religious inquiries and discussions should exhibit a higher tone

of freedom, a purer devotion to principles, and a stronger confidence in their triumph, less of subjective and subjective in preconceived opinions, and more of the just independence in becoming the majesty of truth. Oh! for more of the fearless spirit of Milton, the lofty courage of Luther, the moral heroism of Paul, and more of that sublime faith which moved the Prophet on Carmel, when his prayer was answered by flame.

In a fair conflict between truth and error we have nothing to fear. Amid the darkness descending on a great battle, at the siege of Troy, a famous Grecian hero cried:

"Give but the light, and Ajax asks no more."

An illustrious poet of Germany, in his soliloquy for human progress, exclaimed, "Light! more light!" In the advancement of truth, in its encounters with error, and in all our own self-culture for humanizing, liberalizing and ennobling the mind, we need

"More of truth, and more of might,
More of love, and more of light,
More of reason and of right."

SPIRITUAL CONVENTION IN ILLINOIS.

EDITORS OF THE BANNER—The friends of Spiritualism in this place and vicinity have resolved to hold a Spiritual Convention this fall, commencing October 7th, 1859, and to continue three days—namely, 8th, 9th and 10th. All the friends of the cause are cordially invited to attend, and we hope there will be a general gathering; also, that many of our most favored speakers will put themselves out of their way and feel to sacrifice for the good cause, which professes to be the most liberal of all. As to the location, we would simply say, we have several Orthodox churches, more or less, in our feelings and quite exclusive; but, after all, we are confident that many of their people will favor us with their presence and their hospitality. The location is situated in McHenry County, Illinois, fifty miles north of Chicago, on the Fox River Valley Railroad, twenty-five miles west of Waukegan; from there a stage route to this place.

Come one—come all! We will do the best we can for you. As for money we have none, but what we have we freely give. We do anticipate a most glorious time, confident that holy angels will come with you.

McHenry, Ill., Sept. 8, 1859.

MEETING OF FRIENDS OF HUMAN PROGRESS.

The Ohio Yearly Meeting of Friends of Human Progress, will hold its next meeting at Fairmount, four miles South of Alliance, Ohio, commencing October 1st, 1859, and to continue probably three days. Without regard to Creeds, Confessions of Faith, Sects, Orthodoxy or Infidelity, Caste, Sex, Color or Condition, Enemies as well as Friends of Religious, Moral and Intellectual Progress, are invited to meet and cooperate together for the welfare and development of man.

For particulars, and to secure a route to this place, apply to the following:

RACHEL WHITNEY, } Clerks.
ISAAC TRESCOTT, }

SPIRITUALISTS' GRAND MASS PICNIC FOR 1859.

At Island Grove, Arlington, on Thursday, Sept. 15th.

A special train of cars will leave the depot of the Old Colony Railroad at 8.45 o'clock A. M. Returning, will leave the Grove at 5.15 P. M., arriving in Boston at 6.30 P. M. By this arrangement all the friends living on the lines of the railroad, out of Boston, will be enabled to return to their homes on the same day. Friends of Spiritualism, both in city and country, are cordially invited to attend this Grand Social Festival, and participate in the exercises of the day. Several eminent speakers are expected to be present and take part in the exercises.

Tickets 50 cents each for adults, and for children 25 cents. No ticket to be obtained at the depot on the morning of the picnic; also at the way stations between Boston and South Braintree, at half the regular fare, by the regular train which will leave Boston at 8.30 A. M. Good music has been provided.

The friends in Plymouth, Kingston and Hanson, can obtain tickets at their several depots at half the regular fare to Abington, and return by regular trains. Those living near the line of the Eastern Railroad can take the 7 A. M. train from Salem, and return the same evening. Those on the line of the Woburn Branch Railroad can take the cars from Woburn at 7 o'clock A. M., and return the same day. Also those near the line of the Reading Junction Railroad take the train which leaves Reading for Boston at 6.10 A. M., and return at night. Those living on the line of the South Shore Railroad can take the special train to the Grove, at Braintree, and return to their homes the same evening. Those living on the line of the Worcester Railroad between Boston and Newton Lower Falls, can return the same night. The friends in New Bedford, or near Myrick's, Taunton, Middleboro', Bridgewater, and adjoining towns, can make arrangements for a special train to and from the Grove, at reduced rates of fare, thus obviating the inconvenience which was experienced on a former occasion.

The special train from Boston will not stop at any way stations for passengers, except at the junction of the South Shore Railroad at Braintree.

Should the weather be unfavorable, the excursion will be on Friday, the 16th, at the same hour.

H. F. GARDNER, Manager.

HARMONIAL COLONY ASSOCIATION.

The annual meeting of the Harmonical Colony Association will be held at Worcester, Mass., on the 15th and 16th of the present month, for the purpose of choosing officers, and amending the Constitution, so as to make all friends of our movement active members from all parts of our country. It is expected that a full attendance will be secured, and a sentiment expressed in regard to this humanitarian movement.

For further particulars inquire at Day State Market, Worcester, Mass., Sept. 1st, 1859.

PHILANTHROPIC CONVENTION.

This Convention, for the purpose of considering the cause and cure of evil, which held its first meeting in Utica in 1847, and its second annual meeting at the residence of St. James's Hall, Buffalo, on the 10th, 17th, and 18th of Sept. The following persons, residents of Buffalo, constitute the Committee of Arrangements: John N. Gardner, Cyrus O. Pool, George Whitcomb, Louisa Whitcomb, Alanson Webster, Thomas Rathbun, Frederick B. Smith, E. A. Maynard, Mary E. D. Maynard, L. L. Gates, Lester Brooks, W. G. Oliver, E. G. Scott, Benoni S. Brown. Any member of this Committee can be addressed by those wishing to secure accommodations in advance at hotels and private boarding-houses.

LIBERAL CONVENTION.

A Liberal Convention will be held at Little Mountain, Lake Co., Ohio, on Saturday and Sunday, the 17th and 18th of September next, for the purpose of sifting in bringing into more general and active operation the great principles of "Practical Liberty" and "Consistent Charity," by extending a free platform to all the earnest and active friends of Humanity, wherever they may meet together, as men and women, without reference to sects or creeds, to consult and adopt the best methods of supplying the necessities and elevating the condition of the human race.

A fine hall has been secured for the occasion, and the place is one of the most beautiful and attractive to be found; abounding in a great variety of grand, natural scenery, well calculated to inspire the beholder with noble sentiments and elevated thoughts.

Entirely new friends have been invited, and a cordial welcome will be given to all true friends of Reform who will aid us with their presence or their words. "Come, let us reason together."

By request of the Committee of Arrangements, G. N. TUTTLE.

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