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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,

MARRIAGE.

To the Memory of my Husband this tale is dedicated.

BY ANN E. PORTER. Author of "Dora Moore," "Country Neighbors," fc., fc. E' 9 9 . .

Brental a well . . CHAPTER X.

DEGI Sauta WY 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 flitted 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 ernaments 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 professionand 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 Heroules, but by the subtle chemistry of woman's tack 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 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 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 gonder.

3 As I said, there were no playgrounds about the house, only a vegetable garden, running up to the kitchen, on the backelde 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 cab bages, 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 tuble, and I'm not sartin as there'd be a turnip, eithersuch master hands as gals are 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' spry," 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

"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 leanng on his hoe.

"Now," said I, "I can hee 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 mooking, bitter laugh, as if he did not believe mo. "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 re mark hurt his feelings evidently, for he said, after scating 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 Ard an Adams man, and I could n't stomach adpotatoe 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.

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 mis

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 potafrom choice or necessity she remains unmarried; toe hills well plastered on by the moisture on the cheeks.

"Will you let me go into the kitchen and wash

"That is contrary to the rules, miss," and both perplexity, at which I began to weep. This touched

training of woman for that place in society, and for |ye some water, if ye'll wait a bit," and she ran into those duties which rightfully belong to her. We 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 how that almost touched her ohln. Her hair was black and straight, and rolled on lead in two puffs, on each side of her face. I had emple 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.

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

"This is no place to make your toilet, and Bridget has other business than waiting on the scholars-

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.

the stranger, which I did very reluctantly.

but, as he saw my unwillingness to go, he said,

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

little every day, if they will let me."

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

"Yes, only see there, I hoed all these!" pointing

I ever heed 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

work."

"Joe? Pray, who is Joe? A hired man, I sup-,.980d

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."

here than hoe potatoes. Mr. Mudgett can take care of the garden, and we will find more suitable em-

fore 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 hustily 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 eved weman, my guide, came in, and took a chair near

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

to me at first sight, that I ventured a glance now. but to my great disappointment, a change had come over it; she looked sterner, 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. ...

who 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 refused it, at which Miss Crooks gave a look of astonishment and pity. 🦈

"Bertha!" said my mother sternly; but my magnot raise my hand to take the tract, though he still hold it.

"Will you take it, Miss Crooks," said he, "and

With a very gracious look and smile, that ought to have made good to him my deficiency, she took jam Miss Crooks has given to Mr. Calvin, and he is the paper and promised that I should hear it. I fol- eating it as if it was nothing but apple sauce. He's lowed her up two flights of stairs to a narrow, ob- mighty fond of sweet things, and Miss Crooks thinks long room, ten by fifteen feet in size, with but one of course he'll swallow her; but don't you think small window. The furniture of the room consist that huge black bow will stick in his throat, to say ad 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 ed. I went to the window: it looked out upon a narrow lane, bordered on each side with poison hem-

"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

claimed, "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

She hesitated; she had gone a little too far. "Why, of course, she would tell Miss Garland all

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 holding.

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."

to see you in your seat before I go."

made sport of my sensitiveness. She was a large,

Joe. He can sew as well as I can, and we change 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 scated,

> 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 sent at Miss Garland's right hand. The girls touched ench 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 comingwish 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 mammie'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, grave 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 roguishly at her

friend, said to 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 was, "The Sinner Subdued." I shook my head and 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 car:

"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 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 not numberless. The bedguilt was of dark calico look; that oval face, with its fair brow, on which print, and the walls of the room were yellow wash- the smooth brown hair, plainly parted, lay in glossy waves, looked so nun-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 hadn'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 tomorrow."

> "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 quantity of water which the ewer was capable of 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

"Young ladies," said Mr. Calvin, "I am very It was not pleasant to go down stairs into a din- happy to meet you all again, and as my stay is ing room, where forty girls were assembled, all with short, I wish that all who desire to be directed into

There was a hush all through the room as the walked in under cover of her presence, as she sailed 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

She seemed in good humor with herself, and disnosed 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 nothing

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 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 L 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 searce:

ly 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 somebody."

"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 nover to tell as long as you

"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 sav-

. '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, alsoa 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 fool ish friendship. He may write to her; but if any letter should come directed to Bertha, in a gentle... man's handwriting, I wish you would open it. I

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

thress with that dirty face and hands!" I looked at my hands—they bore witness to my

myself?"

she and the old man laughed at my ignorance and the heart of the Irish girl. "Now be quiet, darlint, and it's meself will bring

She asked again :- "Are you the little girl that

came from Oldbury this morning?"

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

told you to remain." "I'll come as soon as I have washed my face and

hands. The girl will bring me some water." You may come with me."

There was no alternative now but for me to follow

The old man had, meantime, watched us in silence;

"You are welcome, sir; and I would help you a

to the basket. "Have you been in the habit of hoeing potatoes

"Oh, no! my father and mother do n't know that the Jews another—that makes four afternoons in a

week, and so I get a good deal of time to be with along in her heavy brocade silk and high turban-

" Who is Joe?" That was a puzzling question,

"Well, I think you will have something else to do ployment for a young lady."

We had walked on while we were talking, and be-

u Mid Jahan e

truth of my words." () From the contract of t The face of Miss Garland had seemed so winning

"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

netic repulsion for the licentiate, if I might so call it, was too strong, just then, to be overcome, and I did

read it to her?"

look and alder bushes.

took it up and tore it hastily into fifty pieces. Her black eyes shot angry darts at me, as she ex-

naughty girl?" I asked.

about you." My heart sunk within me. And so, I thought to

My basket of eranges was with my trunk, and I

"I do n't wish for any." "You must get up and dress, and go down with me. I shall leave immediately after tea, and wish little, plump, red cheeks.

eyes and cars open to criticise a new comer. My the straight path and narrow way would meet me mother was so differently constituted that she could this evening in Miss Garland's parlor-all who would not understand this shrinking from observation, and fice from the wrath to come." tall woman, quite imposing in her appearance, and I last sentence was spoken, and a shadow seemed to will write once a fortalght; her father will write with me; and, to save trouble for you, I will direct the letters. Here is a specimen of Airs. 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, fund 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 submission 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 heeing 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 Mis. Lee, she is always doing something that other girls would not dream of doing.

Mrs. Garland laughed her pleasent 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 stubborness 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 n't it?"

"I shall have nothing to do with her," said one, "if she has such a low taste as to enjoy heeing 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-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 toward 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 hopcless, 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 studyroom 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 tho 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 roguish Addie, my scatmate, 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 elept an hour or more, when I was I It was wrong, perhaps, but the idea of such seproused from my clumbers by the clock striking ten, aration carried some comfort with it. and saw a light on the table, and my room-mate, Miss Crooks, sitting near and carefully gathering the torn fragments of Mir. Calvin's tract, which she

wrapped in a paper and put in her trunk. I did not wish her to think I was asleep, as I would not like 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 nust be no talking after you have lain down." Of course I was left to my own thoughts.

CHAPTER XI.

GETTING ACQUAINTED.

I shrunk from making my appearance at the breakfast table next morning. Little favor was to be expected from Miss Garland, already prepossessed ngainst 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 secresy are like many promises to pay, at the present time-not very good negotiable paper.

The gong, that tremendous instrument of ear-torture, (invented by the Chinese, it is said-a nation that sometimes punishes its criminals by noise, and terrible sounds, till insanity is produced,) called us all to the study room, where Miss Garland read prayers, and from there we went to breakfast. As 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 the morning; we are allowed a half-hour to walk, of the house, and lighted by two windows. She gave and if you will take me for a companion I shall be me a little rocking-chair, and took off my shawl. happy to go with you."

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 says that Mr. Calvin is terribly in carnest in his reseat before he came near enough to speak.

she would think me rude; but I was more afraid that way. You must get acquainted with her, and she Mr. Calvin would ask me if I had listened to his will lead you to be good, in a gentle, loving way-not

treat, it would seem, from Addie's remark, "Oh dear, must n't tell any body—that Mr. Calvin would give girls, aint you sorry Mr. Calvin is going this morn- all he has in the world if she would only love him. ing? we must eat dry bread to morrow. See, see," He has written and written, and got down on his she said, nudging her nearest neighbor-"what a heap of sugar and butter on the dish nearest Miss tears about it, she'll never marry him in this world. Crooks-you know who'll have those. Would n't Mr. Calvin like to eat mammie'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 buge 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 perma

Miss Lincoln looked grieved and mortified; she was an "assistant pupil," in other words a teacher snapped angrily at Addie, and when she took her days before, and the school was not yet full; and as how much she was enjoying the cakes which had while she read them aloud to the school. her say, "I thank you for some more of those cakes," and Miss Crooks heard too, and looked unutterable felt my cheeks burn as I walked back, every eye things. At the close of the meal, Mr. Calvin made turned upon me, and these words ringing in my terrors of the law." His words had a strange power and torture, I trembled and could hardly refrain from groaning aloud.

frosty morning. My place was in the junior class, were in bed by ten o'clock last night, and had their the same to which Addie Harper, my newly found subject of their remarks, belonged. We were under the special charge of Miss Lincoln, and took our Again they were required to rise. "Those who were walks under her superintendence.

ing in the hall by the stove, for Miss Lincoln and planation was demanded. 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 ing may take their seats." A few stood-among conversing together.

"I send for you at Mr. Calvin's request, "Miss and not having secretiveness largely developed, Garland said; "he wishes to converse with you upon spoke in a whisper so loud that she was heard all 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

"I am going away," he said, "for some weeks: and I cannot leave one so obstinate in sin, so bound in others of which we are most guilty ourselves." in the chains of Satan, without an exhortation to repentance. I promised your mother (a most rare and godly woman, who seeks your good,) that I would be her seat. 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 of liquid, may take their seats." 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 fol-

"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 warn- which requires us to calculate and measure our ed you of coming wrath."

"Now kneel," he said, " and I will pray for you."

oves 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 repellant 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 offervescence, 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. teachers, you will have no one to walk with you in Anna's room was very pleasant, being on the corner

"You look warm and flushed," said she, "and if I was only too grateful to accept such an offer, Mr. Calvin has been talking to you, I can understand your feelings; here, let me bathe your head in cologue; 1 know it aches, it is so hot. Miss Lincoln ligion: he is a good man, she says, but I think she Anna looked a little surprised, and I was afraid is quite as carnest a Christian, only in a different drive you with good and spur, like Mr. Calvin. We had griddle cakes for breakfast, an unusual Everybody loves Miss Lincoln, and I guess-but you knees to her, but though she has shed gallons of 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 refuses 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 is 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 without pay, receiving simply her board for a great that I had a friend to go with me. The seminary deal of labor. Addie's bright eyes were full of building was situated a short distance from the roguery, as she rose to change her seat, and we knew boarding house; and, as we went out of the door, we Mr. Calvin's nice cakes would find more than one were joined by Addie, Miss Lane, and our teacher, customer. As for Miss Crooks, her black eyes Miss Lincoln. The term had commenced only a few t was like a cloud concealing a bright little new comers arrived daily, there were a few minutes star. We had a very silent meal, but I was much devoted each morning to recording their names. We amused as I glanced now and then at Addie, to see had to go to the teacher's desk, record our names,

been so nicely prepared for Mr. Calvin. Twice I heard | It was not very pleasant to do so, especially as my seat was at some distance from the desk : and I an exhortation upon these words—"Knowing the ears, "Miss Bertha Lee, Oldbury, Mass." But Anna took my hand as I scated myself beside her, and I over me, and when he drew his pictures of suffering soon recovered from the shock. Then, after prayers, followed an exercise which amused and puzzled me exceedingly. "You may all rise," said the teacher. I was glad to get out in the fresh, clear air of a bright In a second all were on their feet. "Those who light extinguished, may take their seats." Nearly all friend Anna, and the group which had made me the sented themselves, and the few that stood were called to the desk, where a private explanation took place. up and dressed by five o'clock this morning may I had put on my bonnet and shawl, and was wait- take their seats." Again a few stood, and an ex-

All rose again, as required. "Those who have not spoken evil of any person since yesterday mornthe rest our friend Addie, who went to the teacher,

over the room: "I said she was a greedy thing to cat so many sweetments 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

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

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

A few stood: and one, a fine-looking girl, some twenty years of ago, with a form round and full as a Hebe, and a fair, bright face, walked to the desk, and she, too, like Addie, seemed to dislike the secresy, 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

Brooks, and they waited almost breathlessly for the heaven bless my dear young master, and make him answer; but we were all unable to hear it, though like Abraham in the hely book, that served God I did not move from my position, nor raise my it lasted some five minutes.

There was a slight flush on the checks of Miss sands of the sea. my lot and to my banishment from home.

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 "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, other entirely to Miss Crooks, and the use of one of abused the little boy. 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 breakand yellow peeping out of Mr. Calvin's coat pocket, when he kneeled 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, the man for me! But how will you live without '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 doubliful herself as to the propriety of it; but she hoped that I, 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 dyspensia. 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 hovdenish. 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 her 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 hugo 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.

"' Mammie' is the only one on the plantation that I care very much to see. The poor soul misses my mother and myself sadly - you dear chile, she says when I came away, who will make honey cakes and rusk for you? You'll jes pine away in that ishing quantity of tobacco juice, gazed abstractedly ar cold country, and your poor old mammie will go to the grave mourning.'

I used to read the Bible to her every day, and Joseph to her. My father came in while I was reading, and I can see the dear, good, fat creature father, her hands clasped- Oh ! Massa 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. 'Mammie' had been his nurse in his infancy, and was very dear to him. 'Will you not miss me too, mammie?"

darkly, but you're not like the poor lamb that has deck of the Rodney, saw her captain, and, after a lost its mother, but God will bless you, honey,' she short talk, signed the articles. There was a strangesaid. 'for the sake of my dear young missus in ness in this man's appearance that I noticed when I heaven, and let Mammie June bless you too.' I first set eyes on him. He was a large man, and knelt down and she put her hand on my head, and had bright black eyes, which, during the time I was said. God bless you, honey, and keep the dear child in his presence, did not seem to rest on one object a in all his good ways."

I could see that astonishment was depicted on the er, and he knelt down at her side, while she laid her face of nearly every scholar at the audacity of files old withered hands on his head, and said, . God in with all his household, and had a posterity like the

Brooks as she returned to her seat, but a quiet dig. I never leved my father," said Addie, "so well nity in her manner, as of one who would yield her as when I saw him kneeling there. I wish you could opinion only for good and sufficient cause. There seehim, girls; he is the handsomest man in Sullivan was nothing more said, and we passed on to other county-here is his picture, but it isn't half as handrules. till one hour was consumed in taking the some as he is, and she drew a miniature from her borecord, and then division into classes followed, som and showed to us. It was a beautiful head, crowned Now, for the first time, I began to feel reconciled to with brown curly hair, and the face was handsome. though the lines around the mouth indicated the Miss Lincoln was to be my teacher in a number least bit of a tendency to indolent case. "Sad as of studies. Miss Crooks only in one-Arithmetic; pa felt," said she, there was a little quiver of his the dry technicalities of which were very pleasing to mouth, and a deeper dimple in his cheek when her, and I had no doubt she would be very thorough mammie wished his posterity might be like the in that, and in its sister study, Geometry, by the sands of the sea. Poor little I am his only child, but way she arranged matters in our room. Everything mammic has thirty or forty grandchildren, and she must be in straight lines. Hogarth's line of beauty is very proud of her posterity. Oh girls I how I wish we had mammie 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 about 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 weepand a large bag attached to it, so that I gave up the ing when I came to the part where Pine Higgins

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

"Don't forget to tell us about the widow's son," said Anna, "that you like so well, and that your fast, and I was confident that I saw something round 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 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 was trying an experiment, and that she was very 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 friendshipwhich 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 G. L. SURNSIDE.

On the still lake of Auverne sleep and dream. My dearest love—I come to thy embrace; The arching 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 Auverne 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 Auverno in her grace: And Caspar 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.

craft as ever danced over water, was the bark Arrow; and besides being of faultless proportions with regard to structure, she was a capital " sea boat." 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 acoustomed 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 forecastle should spin us a yarn. This proposition was carnestly seconded by us all: and those who had their watch on deck, onthered around the forecastle door, one keeping an eveon 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 exclaime :

"Well, shipmates, I don't mind if I do tell you a little story concerning a passage I once male 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 astonat 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 that morning she asked me to read the story of 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 now, sitting in her arm chair, and looking up to my 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 cating a little breakfast, I shaped 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 Oh. Massa James, you know you're the light of and, he had no doubt, would ship me. Accordingly. my eyes, and when you're gone poor mammie walks next day, at the appointed hour, I was again on the single second. I did n't more than half like his Will you bless me too, mammie?' said my fath- looks, any way; and if I had n't been anxious to get

a ship for the States, I think the Redney would have and consequently they all left the ship when she gone to sea without me and my traps. I could learn arrived at Calcutta. nothing about the ship, further than that she had been in port about a week, and that her crow and Mother Carey's chickens, which we see flying about second mate had left her.

wonder of all hands forward, and we came to the which we saw in the form of an albatross." conclusion that he was n't all right.' The secondmate was as much in the fog in regard to him as others related their experiences in haunted ships; any of us, and the mate seldom said anything about and all finally came to the conclusion that Tom's him, although he told Bill Jones, once, when he ideas of spirits returning after death were very asked him what made the old man act so queer, that he believed he had received bad news from home.

Well, finally we got off Cape Good Hope, and had everything snug for bad weather-and it came soon enough. I tell you. We were moving lazily through the water, one afternoon, with a light breeze off the starboard quarter. It was my afternoon watch on deck, and I had just taken the wheel, when Captain Brady came up from below. He glanced toward me. then up at the sails, and walked to the weather rail, and gazed long and attentively to windward, after which he called to the mate, 'Mr. Smith, at eight bells take in all the light sails, close-reef the fore and mizzen and double reef the main-topsail. In the meantime, see that everything is well secured about the decks.' He then gave another look to windward, and went below. I thought that he appeared un usually agitated, and his face was paler than I had ever seen it before.

In a short time, a dark bank was visible, rising off the weather bow, and the breeze gradually died away. When the other watch came on deck, the captain's orders were complied with. An occasional puff of air, accompanied by the low, dismal moan which always precedes a storm at sea, and which you have all heard, often, shipmates, would ripple the water, and fill, for a moment, the flapping sails. Although we worked with a will, we had hardly knotted the last reef-point, and reached the deck; before the gale was upon us. It continued to increase, and before eight o'clock that night, we were hove to under a goose-winged main-topsail, the sea

ed no unusual attention, as we all supposed it to be nothing more than a common albatross. It flew round the ship several times, and once rested for a moment, on the weather cat head. At seven bells, the captain came on deck again. He had hardly the greatest things in nature, being at the same time of course the most familiar, are to us the least vivid closed the door behind him, when a monstrous sea and startling; nevertheless, it is good for us to refer to atruck the ship just abaft the fore rigging, making those primary facts to break up our apathy by fresh a clean breach through the bulwarks, stanchions, contemplations of them, and of the consequences that a clean breach through the bulwarks, stanchions, rail and all, knocking the beds from under a number of water casks and spars, carrying them, with the pig pen and its two fat occupants-whose bones we had promised ourselves the pleasure of picking before we arrived at New York—out through the all habet, out of which all literature is composed. So, my friends, this doctrine of "one God, the Father of bulwarks to leaward. At the same time, the jib all." is the spring of all true religious thought and boom went by the board, and with it the fore top life; and if the familiarity of the truth, and the conclugation went by the board, and with it the fore top life; and if the familiarity of the truth, and the conclugation went by the board, and with it the fore top life; and if the familiarity of the truth, and the conclusions that are perpetually drawn from it, have actually gallantmast. We had all lashed ourselves to the good by the conclusions that are perpetually drawn from it, have actually any unconscious of its representation. gattantmast. We find air tashed ourselves to the rendered you unconscious of its grandeur and its power, pumps—as the ship had commenced leaking so badly this fact alone would render it worth while often to that we were obliged to keep them in almost con- recur to it. For my own part, I feel quite sure it that we were obliged to keep them in almost constant operation-and as I recovered my feet, (for the sea, when it boarded the ship, threw us all flat our world of toll and grief and sin, and pierce clear on our beam-ends,) a wild, unearthly scream, as if through the clouds of our speculation into eternal vertices; and I think what does me good may do you good, from a human being in the deepest agony, reached my ears. I rushed to the lee rail, expecting that some one had been washed overboard, when the ap pearance of the captain, aft, arrested my attention. His features were rigid as death, his limbs trembled, have taken for the text: "One God, the Father of all, and his eyes seemed as if they would burst from What an amount of truth is condensed in that! How their sockets. Around his head was flying the mysterious bird, white as the foaming crest of a wave, uttering the agonizing, human-like shricks which I had before heard. It did this several times, and the several times, my ears, it disappeared, as suddenly as it had come. to leeward. Captain Brady remained motionless, wildly gazing in the direction which the bird had taken, until the mate spoke to him and took hold of his arm, when, trembling like a struck dolphin, he went below; and, as he passed me, I caught the words from his lips; Oh, God! he cannot rest in his watery grave!'

The gale now began to abate, and all hands went ney and her captain. We all agreed on one pointthat Captain Brady had, during a previous voyage, perhaps, caused the death of some poor fellow, and that it was his spirit which we saw off the Cape in the form of an albatross, the recognization of which this infinite majesty is the majesty of a father—all this power, wisdom, beauty, stretching out into boundlessness, meeting us everywhere, manifest in the greatest With this opinion in our minds, we were not sorry and in the least, floating in the marching of worlds, and touching our lowest necessities. Surely this truth, familiar as it is, is always fresh in its inspiration for tled up at New York.

I accidentally heard, before I shipped again, that Captain Brady had been placed in a lunatio asylum. My next voyage was to Liverpool; and after I arrived there I came across a chap who was in the Rodney on her passage out to Calcutta. And he told me that among her crew was a boy, about ten and feeling, respecting this primary and fundamental truth of all, respecting God. It sets forth a comprehensive creed for the intellect, in which each phase of York; and that one night, during a heavy gale off Cape Good Hope, (the ship being in the same longiously balanced with every other phase, checking any tendency to extremes of thought; and then, in the second 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 consider for a few minutes the different propositions in the aposite's declaration. 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 au unnatural condition of the human mind. I believe it is a unnatural condition of the human mind, and when thin found the boy asleep on his lookout, when he

Shipmates, you know some sailors say that the before a storm, are old sallors' spirits; and then Well, shipmates, before another week had passed others think that when Jack shuffles off this mortal over my head, I was affect on old ocean. We had a coil,' he lives another and a happier life-with passable run through the Straits of Sunda, and after plenty of good grog and tobacco, and a fresh mess that, we had n't much else than successions of head every day-on 'Fiddler's Green,' or lays up in orwinds, calms and squalls, while we were in the In- dinary, at his case, in Davy Jones's locker. But be dian Ocean. The captain was seldom on deck, ex. this as it may, I have always believed that the cept when his duty called him there, giving the spirits of the dead return to the living, in some entire charge of the ship to the mate. The strange shape or other; and I have no doubt that Captain manner in which he conducted himself excited the Brady murdered the poor boy, and it was his spirit

> At the conclusion of Tom Brown's narrative, some plausible, and not to be succeed at in the manner in which many people were accustomed to greet such beliefs.

THOUGHTS ON THE GREAT CHANGE.

BY M. OBGOOD.

When the fixed eye grows dim: And to its trembling brim Is filled the our of life. Aid me 'ye spirits dear, Through the last mortal strife. When from its robes of clay The spirit breaks away, *Mid scenes all strange and new, Greet me, ye angel bands, That throng the spirit lands-Lost friends, I come to you.

When a'er the lifeless clod Is heaped at last the sod. If tears for me are shed, Let my immortal part Whisper each aching heart-The lost one is not dead.

EDWIN H. CHAPIN At Broadway Church, N. Y., Sunday Morning, September 4th, 1859.

REPORTED FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT, BY BURR AND LORD.

TEXT:-One God and Father of all, who is above all, and

TEXT:—One God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all.—Ern. iv, 6.

As we are permitted to-day to reassemble in this place of religious worship and teaching, I have thought it appropriate to select for our meditation at this time running mountains high, and the ship laboring heavily. Captain Brady came on deck at eleven of clock. He seemed greatly agitated, and was pale as death. He soon went below, but did not turn fin. The wind howled and shricked through the rigging, as if invisible legions of demons were holding revelries around us.

Just as day was dawning, a large bird suddenly appeared off the weather bow, which, at first, attracted no unusual attention, as we all supposed it to be it a truth which reveals the ground of all religious teaching. I am aware that the passage which I have selected for my text is intimately connected with the preceding verse or verses—"one body and one spirit," one Lord, one faith one baptism "—and were I going to treat of the constituent elements of the Christian church, I should dwell upon these also. But this, which the verse before us presents, appears to me as the primary truth of all; which is not only the basis of the church, but of all Christianity and of all religion, and in which the great object of the church and of Christianity is set forth. At least it is in itself a theme far more than sufficient for all our thought the passage which I have selected for my text is intimately connected with the preceding verse or verses—"one body and one spirit," one body and one spirit," one body and one spirit, one bo sufficient for all our thought at the present time.

There are truths in the intellectual and moral, as

there are facts in the physical world, which contain and account for all the rest; and the very greatness of these truths may render us indifferent to them, just as flow out of them. However our continuous may be stirred by the colors of the rainbow or the splenders of the sunset, these are intrinsically less glorious than the atmosphere by which alone they are possible, and which enwraps all things by its silent and ample beneficence. The most wonderful fact in literature is the alphabet, out of which all there there is compared. refreshes and helps me at times to get upon the heights of these great religious facts, that lift themselves above

The New Testament is one of the smallest of books; but what an immense freight it carries! Every sentence contains a volume. Every word is double-shotted. Pause now for a moment, and look at this sentence! exhaustiess it is, as you look into it! It is like the legendary tent—you can carry it in the palm of your hand, and yet it expands until it covers the universe. The idea of God itself-what a conception that is, in we cannot in any adequate sense conceive, which we can only name in words—the idea of an infinite intelligence, stretching far berond the possibilities of our thought, yet dimly illustrated by the sweep of illimitable space, by the glory of constellated worlds; press-ing upon the remotest springs of the universe, yet touching us more closely than the air, more searchingly than the light; how spontaneous that fact upon our than the light; how spontaneous that fact upon clips, yet how overwhelming it is in contemplation!

But when to this thought of God we add the concep-tion of Father, what new glory breaks out! This is The gale now began to abate, and all hands went to work repairing damages; and I can assure you, lads, we were too busy that day to talk much about the strange things we had witnessed. But we final the universe. Or this might be the expression of an artistic mind. The whole world might be merely a mand in a few days struck the trades; then we had abundant opportunity, in our night watches on deck, to express our opinions to each other about the Rodney and her captain. We all agreed on one point the machinery and lets it run. But, by reason of the revelation unfolded in the text, God actually is to thousands and millions of us, not only a conception of the intellect, but a personality, near to the tired and needy heart. Surely this has added a thought, that

ur reverence and for our love.

However, I will not anticipate the order of thought and emotion unfolded in the passage before us. What I wish particularly to say is this, that it appears to me that the statement set forth in the text not only proclaims one of the constituent elements, the primary elements, of the church universal, but it may be con-sidered in itself as the formula of true religious thought the apostle's declaration.
In the first place there is one God. Now here is set

tain found the boy asleep on his lookout, when he an unnatural condition of the human mind, and when went forward that night, and threw him overboard, it is to be cleared away, it is to be cleared away

as a film is from the physical eye, or as a morbid conception is from the intellect. This truth of a God, of one God, is a truth of natural religion. A great many people, not so many now as formerly, have tried to persuade us that religious belief, the belief in a Supreme Being, is artificial; that it is the device of priests; that it is the result of a cunning system of machinery, working upon the fears and hopes of men, without exactly explaining how those fears or hopes themselves came to exist; without exactly explaining the nature of the being in the first place, upon whose reverence such an artificial system dea, sectarian Judea, rocky-hearted Judea, sent out

ficial. Atheism is artificial. Man has to wriggle out of his nature really to get into the position of Atheism. if he can stand there really, firmly convinced of the truth of his blank denial. The point is to get a which shows God in no special relations to man. Man this conviction, in its moral and intellectual nature, as a primary conviction. Now there is no use in attempt. ing to reason a man out of Atheism, not by any means don; he is classified among the vertebrates. He is because his arguments are so strong, but because argument is not the appropriate vehicle of conviction with him. He must fail back upon the primary instincts of his own weak nature. He must feel and consider what he is; and if he cannot do this, you cannot aid him. In a man, but only as a natural he is; and if he cannot do this, you cannot aid him. Man is not propriet a property a primal. Man is not marely as a natural he is; and if he cannot do this, you cannot aid him. he is; and if he cannot do this, you cannot aid him. The very axle of his being, I may say, is broken, and had he has run into blind and reckless unbelief. We must go back to the consideration that there is in our nature this primary thought and feeling of God, as the Apostle says in the chapter I read this morning, [Acts, xvii.] of supreme control. It is a great thing to look upon a feeling after God, if haply they may find him. That is what all nations have been doing long before Christ, and what all nations in darkness and unbelief are forlook at this from the sarcastic side, or the satirical side, are forly great the great this grown days deliver new feeling after God. ever doing now, feeling after God. Every prayer put to say how little man knows, and how much the blind up, however blindly uttered, however superstitiously side of nature is turned toward him, how feeble and conceived, is a feeling after God; and every breath of altar-flame, and every scarifice, has been a feeling after God, and for him. Out of this primary conviction of God, and for him. Out of this primary conviction of God in our nature, all the religions of the world have started; and therefore we realise, even in Heathenism.

Atheism which is but too natural to man, and which is but too common in the life of man, that practical Atheism which has been well described in the New Testament as a being without God in the world." To get described in the New Testament as a being without God in the world." To get described in the New Testament as a being without God in the world." To get described in the conviction of a God is indeed very necessary you will perment, of affliction, and of death; and he wants therefore, something else than the truths he can gather at the search of the release of the re sary; and it is the prime step necessary you will per-ceive here; not in the mere order of thought, but no-cessary in the development of the religious life. The first thing a man has to do to become religious in any true sense at all, is to believe this with all his heart, not to mutter it with his lips, not to embalm it in his creed, but to make it a fresh and living fact in his soul, a belief in all the transactions of his busines, in all the schemes of his ambition, in all the temptations of his

of man even now, to have many Gods, though, as I have stated, the feeling after God is to be found in Heathenism, and the feeling after one God is to be we can, their complicated system of theology, we find at the basis of all one great principle of religion. Paul recognizes that, with that peculiarity of mind which induced him to take hold of a positive good rather than to stop and denounce a negative evil, with that peculiarity of manner which struck upon this fact in the Heathen mind as he stood upon Mars Hill and spoke of the unknown God whom he declared to them. Yet the tendency of men is to make many Gods, and not so much to Atheism; as I conceive that Atheism is unnatural. Atheism comes with culture, and abnormal culture at that. But the primary error which springs out from the idea of God in the human mind, is the error tending toward many Gods, toward idel.

New Testament is a supply for this craving want of man, I recognize the truth of God as Father, and recognize the truth of revelation.

Then there is another thing to be considered. When the truth of God the Father, may be permitted, so to speak, to come to the mind of man, supposing man to be constructed with an apparatus by which he is made ready to receive it, how would it be made known to him? Why, only by some method that should reveal the very disposition of God. Nature could not other. The reason of man could not construct it. the error tending toward many Gods, toward idol-

The truth of one God, in opposition to this tendency, is, after all, a truth of natural religion, because the more nature is studied, the more we examine its phenomena, the more we ascend as far as we may be permitted, to the sources of these phenomena, the more we come to the central fact of unity. It is the grand sweep of science in this day, that it is all pressing toward that conviction, that there is one central plan at the heart and core of the universe; and it is beautiful. pian, so that you find in the paddles of the whale, the long fingers of the bat, and the hoof of the horse, exactly the same bones and outlines that you find in the arm of a developed man, showing that God has worked upon a great plan, and a beautiful proof not only of the unity but of the existence of God; because man,

dency to put many beings between the human soul and the Infinite Father. Men rush to ceremonies, to the invocation of the saints, to the worship of the virgin, to the institution of the church, as the vehicles which are to stand between the naked soul and its God. Now, my friends, the statement of Christianity is, that there is one God, and one mediator between God and man. One mediator, because that is necessary; for you see that it is utterly impossible for an Infinite Being to reveal itself to a finite being, except through some finite vehicle. We could not see the Infinite; and, therefore, vehicle. We could not see the infinite; and, therefore, God, revealing his personal character, necessarily comes to us through Jesus Christ, precisely as it is necessary to concentrate the diffuse light of the universe, and kindle it into one sun for our planet; so it is necessary to gather, so to speak, this infinitely diffused glory of God, and concentrate it through the mediator Christ Jesus. One mediator is necessary. There one mediator between God and man-not many meliators. And, therefore, whether mere natural reli-gion would check the tendency to results virtually making many Gods, may be doubted.

Still more may it be doubted whether something

else than nature is not necessary to check a result that is even more common than this, the result of practical idolatry; setting up something else than the living God for our God; making a god of gold, as the Athenians did, a god of silver or stone, making a god of parchment constitutions, making a god of cotton-bags, making a god of anything that sways all our interests, decides our principles, shapes our plans, so that God's supreme law stands secondary to that. Whatever that is, it is idolatry; not so gross in its form as the symbols in the streets of Athens; but, perhaps, worse, because more subtile, 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 be-

lieve 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 then there is the other step to believe that there is one God who is supreme. Let us pass on to the next proposition, "One God, the Father of all." I have already dwelt a little upon this. I have shown you the importance and glory of In truth, as added to the original conception of a God. Yet 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 virtually in the same of that he had not before Christ; he has means of locomo-tion, and thousands of utensils in civilization that he had not then. But I do not suppose that he has any 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; I do not think he does it more successfully. I think if we go back to the simple ground of natural religion, we again fall back upon the old Heathen thinkers, and find all the truths con-

place, upon whose reverence such an artificial system of machinery could be brought to bear.

I say that the belief in a Supreme Being is not artificial system into the world. Therefore, as it did not come in the order of natural development, we conclude that it came from a higher order, and is a divine revelation.

Moreover, talk as we will, nature does not reveal

this primary conviction of the reality of the truth of one God, and thus get rid of an Atheism which is not natural to man.

But after all, while intellectual Atheism, rational actual unbelief, is not natural to man, there is a sort of the seems sublime.

But though man is a philosopher, and glories in being the primary of the primary of the seems sublime.

But though man is a philosopher, and glories in being the primary of the primary

fore, something else than the truths he can gather at the end of the tube of the telescope or the microscope. And then the great mass of the people are never phil-And then the great mass of the people are never philosophers. There are in the fog and tumult and whirl of life, specific results they cannot grasp, and they would be nothing to them if they could grasp them; and if you could give them nothing but nature, about which a great many talk so cloquently, you would give them a cold source of consolation. It would appal them to turn away from she consciousness of guilt, to turn away from shattered hours in the places of the a belief in all the transactions of all schemes of his schemes of his ambition, in all the temptations of his pleasure, in all the pressure of this material world, to believe it in his heart, and to awake fresh to the sense of that belief that there is a God. Until that belief shall burn away all this film of practical Atheism that has controlled him, that has hemmed him in and bound him to this world alone, that has made him the slave of passion, the slave of appetite, the slave of false standards of action, until a man believes this he has not fully awakened to the great truth set forth in that proposition, there is "one God."

which a great many tain so consolation. It would appal them to turn away from the consciousness of guilt, to them to turn away from the consciousness of guilt, to dead, to gaze into nothing but the cold, glittering immensity for consolation, and they so little and so remote. Oh, my friends, they want something more than selves. They want something that comes near to them selves. They want a religion that is concrete, that is practical, that is personal. The laborer, with his children crying for daily bread, while he sweats in the furnow or at the loom, the bereaved kissing the lips of the and balances the other extreme, the extreme that is departed, the guilty turning their shamed heads in opposite to Atheism. There is "one God." It has search somewhere in the universe for patience and mercy been the tendency of man, and it is the tendency which will not utterly cast them off, want something more than natural revelation, something more tender and more merciful in the midst of all these powers and Heathenism, and the feeling after one God is to be found there. For when we come to analyse, as far as we can, their complicated system of theology, we find New Testament is a supply for this craving want of

> You could not, if you should endeavor, from the universe, comprehend the truth of God's fatherhood. Though it should shine in the heavens more glorious than that splendid dawn of the Aurora which hung there the other night, you would not be able to comprehend it. We must have the truth shown to us; and therefore the personal Christy who does show no the therefore the personal Christ who does show us the

Then, again, consider the importance of this truth, God the Father. That is the central truth of the gospel. I care not what schemes of salvation theologians may construct: I care not what doctrines they out of these diverse operations in the various fields of the cach; I care not what cortines they may consider human thought, to see the unity toward which men are tending. Take that one idea of typical forms, that as this doctrine of God the Father is the central doctrine whole class of animals is constructed upon a single plan, so that you find in the paddles of the whale, the gospel. Take away the truth that comes in the ac-count of the prodigal son, and in other instances of that kind, of God's fatherhood, and you may have a Chris-tianity to preach, but it would not be Christ's Chris-tianity. It would lose the saving power of Christ's

upon a great paint, and the existence of God; because man, even in his highest achievements, in the way of machinery—what complicated means he has to use to attain his ends, while God takes one simple plan, and behold the complicated plans that come out of that all behold the complicated plans that come out of the complete plans that come out of the tendency to mought, even in the state of nature, is contrary to idolatry in many things, and toward it is contrary to idolatry in many things, and toward it respects, by mere natural demonstration, this tendency to idolatry would be removed, may be doubted; for I see that the tendency exists even now. There is a tenter, to all men. Now all that I know, in the first place, is, that this is what Paul says: "One God, the Father of all," not of all Christians. The Christian has this advantage; he realizes the doctrine of God's paternity. He comes intelligently and says, "Our Father in heaven." But, after all, all that the Christian does is to realize and declare an eternal fact, that is a fact without his realization and declaration. He does not make God his Father by the act of realizing God as hot make God his Father by the act of realizing God as his Father. Here is the part we have, that is acted by the one Lord, one faith, one baptism.? The one Lord declares the Father, and brings us into communion with him. The one faith makes us conscious of the Father. The one baptism makes the Father real to us. But they do not create the Father. These verses do not create the fatherhood of God; they only declare the extral trut that God has always been only declare the eternal truth that God has always been the Father of men, and always will be. The sad thing is, that men do not realize it. The sad thing is that he is a poor outcast sinner and does not know it. The thing he needs is to know it; that even in his scarred, shamed, trammelled, poor miserable condition, he is a wandering child, with a home and love far, far off; but he does not know it. This is the evangelical truth which should be preached to the world, that man is the child of God. that God is his Father, and in proportion to the sevenfold corruption which interposes, in proportion as he is deep among the husks and swine, is there all the more need that it should be preached. It is an eternal truth. Oh that men might realize it; that they might believe in "one Lord," have "one faith," and show their sense of it through "one baptism." "One God, the Father of all." There is greatness and power in that single truth, when you cannot wedge anything else into the mind of man.

Oh, how thankful I am that the great truth of the gospel is not a hard thing, at least, to conceive of I 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 Calvanism. Before you can comprehend the scheme of salvation of that Church, you must become a man of considerable intellect. But the central truth of God the Father, a child can take it in. Sometimes

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 terrors of convulsions, like those which are passing over Ireland now, and have been in this country. They 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 containing the same 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 of all, before Christ, I have no reason for cri" and before this fact all outward distinctions shrived

away, and all sophistries yield to it. Your pompous attaclogists, who decide from the hus of the skin or the shape of the skull, do not go deep enough to mark out the limits between us. The dimmestasteroid of a soul, that here, in its far-away world, revolving in the narrows that here, in its far-away world, revolving in the nar-rowest orbit of human experience, receives some light from the fountain of light, and feels the throb of the same infinite sun. However rudely spoken, by the child at his mother's side, by the savage, by the poor, despised, and desolate, it is the same. How great that spirit must be, and how surely immortal, that can say to God, "Our Father." The nabob can say this, and he can say no more. The beggar in the street can say as much. It rises from the same plane of humanity. It has no further to travel, whether breathed in the luxurious chamber, or ascending from the lips of the luxurious chamber, or ascending from the lips of the outcast, up to the starry spaces of the sky. What a bond of unity, which takes the round earth, with all its seasons and climes, and condenses it into one family when from the territories even of contending nationalities, slaves and freemen, rich and poor, all come togother in this. It is the key-note of the prelude to universal harmony.

There are one or two other positions in the text to

touch upon, before I close, though I must do it briefly, i perceive. "One God and Father of all, who is above all." Here is another step in the direction of religious. l perceive. "One God and Father of all, who is above all." Here is another step in the direction of religious thought and feeling. In the first place, men believing in one God, and Father of all, may become confused in their conceptions, may be driven to assimilate all to themselves utterly and entirely, may think that they are part of God; they may think not only that God is in the tree, but that the tree is God—not only that God is in the universe, but that the universe is God. But God is "above all." There is a sense in which he is not confused with his creatures. There is a sense in which Pantheism is false, and we may be extricated which Pantheism is false, and we may be extricated from that error. But we may get a weak conception of the Fatherhood of God. We may make him a being of weak indulgence, soft sentiment. We may drive out of view the attributes of justice, will, and strength. But we must remember that God is "above all," not exactly as we are. And yet when, as the sharp meta-physician has very often endeavored to do, we shut out God entirely from us, then we come back again to the other truth that God is "above all." There is a sense in which we may know God. We may be told that we cannot know him at all. We cannot know God in his infinity; but all can know him in his character and essence, which is far more important. Paul says in that wonderful chapter I read to you this morning. "Inasmuch, then, as we are the offspring of God, we ought not to think that the Godhead is like unto gold or silver or stone." We have a mirror within us, however dim, that represents God, and, although above all, we can in some sense grasp and comprehend him. Here we have the philosophic view of God, balanced

by the religious view of God.

"And through all." Here is another fact that checks the philosophical conception. We may get God "above all." and say that then he has nothing to do with the world. What does He care for our little whirling planet more than for the falling leaf? What does He care for the life of man, more than for the life of the beasts that perish? What does He care how the world goes on, when He is infinite, and supreme. and away beyond all? Then comes the thought, God is "through all." He interferes, if you will use that word, with man, with the destiny of man, through revelation, and is continually working, through all means, and all ends. He is "through all," not in one means, and all ends. He is "through all," not in one thing exclusively, but in all things God is working. That is the grand conclusion—the thought and essence of Christianity—the idea of a Providential God. Thus far, then, you see how the steps of religious thought and truth come together. First we got the idea of One God, then of God the Father, then of God

the Father of all, then of God above all, and then of God through all. And yet there is one other very important fact which the apostle adds: "and in you all." "One God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all." There, my friends, is the ground of personal religion. We have had natural and revealed religion. We have had a philosophical and providential religion justified. Now we get the grounds of personal religion. God is 'in you all.' I do not know how God is in the tree, and yet he is there. I do not know how God is in the breath of air, and yet he is there. Yet that belief is that God is in us all, in us, and not merely in the old saints and the writers of the Old and New Testaments. He was in them, no doubt; but he is in all men. Rest assured of them, no doubt; but he is in all men. Rest assured of this, that every true word and good influence in your soul works with God's spirit in you. Every utterance of the secret conscience, which should be more sacred than all the clamors of the world, is God within you. When you would surrender your conviction from the doubts of the public, when you would give it up from fear or anything else, remember that God is in you, and be true to that highest and holiest in you. He is in the good, in good tendencies and good lives; and He is in the bad; not in their evil, not in the utterance the is in the bac; not in their evil, not in the utterance of their dark thought; but is there a man, if he will pause, who does not feel the good struggling with the evil in his soul? Is there a man to day that does not feel Ged striving within him? Is there an old wornout and burned out libertine that does not feel the remonstrances within him? Is there a drunkard who does not hear the voice within, Turn back? Is there a man, in any course of evil, who does not know that God is striving with him? It is the grand truth of all, God in you ali. To this end all converges, that we may be brought to the consciousness of God in us. That is the good of the church. Make a church that is to have God in that, so that we are to go to the church to get God—away with it. Make it a vehicle through which God comes to the soul—welcome to it. And all influences come to this that wan is to be brought into influences come to this, that man is to be brought into communion with God, and feel God in him.

This, my friends, is indeed but a crude unfolding of the text brought before you to-day, under whose light you come again to this place of familiar worship. What a creed it is for the intellect! What a scale or 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 utter-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

THE WEARY HEART WITH ANGUISH RIVEN.

MESSAS. EDITORS-The following lines were written through ny instrumentality, for Mrs. Susan Walker, of Portland, Me., by the spirit of James Whitman. If you will insert it, you will confer a favor on the spirit friends of Mrs. Walker. I wish it understood that I do not give communications to any one-this one excepted-neither written nor cral,

> The weary heart with anguish riven. Turns its languid eye to God, From whom it seeks the balm of heaven, And strength to bear its heavy load.

W. H. NUTTER.

Respectfully yours,

Weary pilgrim, shelter seeking From the scorching, withering blast, That pursues thee through life's journey, Heaven shall end thy tolls at last.

Here shalt find that peace and comfort Thou hust sought so long on earth: Here shalt join in songs of transport, Peans of the second birth.

Weary pligrim, doubt no longer; Spirits visit thee each day-And with love will make thee stronger To pursue thy onward way.

Doubt no more the hand that guides thee Through the varied scenes of life; Doubt no more the power that shields thee 'Mid the hours of gloomy strife.

Angel bands surround thee ever, Sweetly whispering in thy ear Dulcet strains of music-ever Bidding thee be of good cheer.

Loving ones, whom thou hast cherished Fondly in thy heart for years, As the lost-perhaps the perished-Come to banish all thy fears.

Lo! we come with love to greet thee, As, in brighter days of vore. We with joy were wont to meet thee, Breathing forth love's richest lore.

Then doubt no more our presence, pilgrin Doubt no more our constant aid: We will, with love's radiance, pilgrim, Banish every gloomy shade. 105 Pleasant street, Boston, Aug. 27th, 1859.

Written for the Banner of Light. MAN AND HIS RELATIONS.

DY S. D. DRITTAN. CHAPTER XII.

RELATIONS OF MIND TO THE CHARACTER OF OVESPRING. Life is the spiritual and natural revelation of the Divine procedure. Not in outward seeming, or the changing phenomenality 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 new 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

"In the young morning of Creation."

the slumber of unconscious and shapeless being.

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 favorableto 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 canacity, and moral chargeter are alike determined. These considerations war rant the inference that there is much in the cornorcal. 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 scure 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 lottlest 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 real ized 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, consciou ly, 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 be 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 misspent 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 carnestly, 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 subtile destroyer will sooner or later manifest his presence—if not otherwise -in the pale countenance, the frail, attenuated frame, the bloated limbs, or the demoniac 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 predisnovirtue. 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 foreible manifestation of such mental and moral infimities as lead to a still more fearful ruin of earthly interests and human hopes. If one person is rendered sickly by here—

as if they were the more superficial evils which chiefly effect the body. Yet, strange to say, so far as congential evils merely influence the vital functions, or the operations of the intellect, they are regarded as blame operations. The call such it is the ladder on which they ascend to heaven. Obey that law, and it shall be a lever to raise operation of the intellect, they are regarded as blame operations.

There is not so much as the poorest semblance of reawhilst 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 is the family face. If it be objected that some individuals, whipping-post and the gallows, or to loathsome dunin respect to character, are altogether different from 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 psychical 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 noral 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 nonest and a 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 withal 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. Chave 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 soldom' 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 nteresting youth; but, alas, he is the moving, lifelong, and appalling record of the great error of his ire. 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 course of reasoning affect he 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 inexcusable. 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 flercely censured and rudely condemned for yielding to an irresistible impulsion. 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 alds 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 iberty. 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 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 constitution belong to the moral economy of his being, as if they were the more superficial evils which chiefly

ditary infirmities, which he could neither remove nor they are viewed as criminal offences. It will be perauccessfully resist, it is quite as obvious that another coived that the ordinary treatment in cases of moral may be depraved and vicious from a similar cause, disease or derangement, derives no sanction or support from our course of analogical reasoning. Moreover, son in the assumption—whether expressed or implied the common disposition of offenders against the laws is that one part of man's nature is thus subject to the at war with the essential principles and the benign law of hereditary transmission of forms and qualities, 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 laware 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 fuetice is but a softer name for cruelty and revenge, and we are obliged to go, for the world's definition, to the geons-fit sepulchres for dead men's bones-where liztheir progenitors, my reply is-the child does not, in ands conslate 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) (1) they yet disfigure 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 discrimination 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, is 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 thy fellow e willing to exchange an Eden of light and lov for 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 falschood. Such an individual'sovereignty does not exist, and this insidious and corrupting phi losophy 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 opcrations 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, much sympathy and compassion, if the defects of his from age to age, would exhibit little or no improvement in the Race. The same law that involves the rerogression and ruin of transgressors, is the law of

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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 verybody 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 Alleghanies. In fact, it just as much deserves a patient and poetic historian and chronicier, as Old England ever deserved 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 dally with this 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 fensor hears the exulting carol of the robin redbreast, pour ing 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 ecstacies 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 farmor—the man who thinks it all of life to haw and gee as his square-tood 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 secu rities falls between the two sools, 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 must needs be married with the poetic; while rhapso dies to the new moon are just as much out of place as the manners of the stable are at the hearth in the eve ning. 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 steeps 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 "meetinclothes" 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-twanging 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, flirting ribbons and leaves of hymn-books alike in its passage? and the fifthly, sixth-

hears bymns sung elsowhere, let him go all the way from New England to Rome? Whose memory refuses to give up the tranactions of the old farmers at the noon intermission on Bundays, 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, fettered 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 seasonable going Blingle copies per year,

" " six months,

" " three months,

All subscriptions must be paid in advance, and the paper will be discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for, of

Sabbaths 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 narticular, 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 is represent the real character of country life—discloses o any attentive observer the astonishing, or the ridiculous, fact that the inhabitanta 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 tarn 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 n't 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 vays 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 Postoffice; the way the Farmers eat, drink and sleep at home, at their own hearths and table; 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 farmife 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 past 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 own in Connecticut celebrated the 200th 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 Anson 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 those 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 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 restored 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 girls were working together in a single room, for ten

Is it 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 Postmasters 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, ly, seventhly, lastly and finally, of the preacher, who and the calculation of Lieutenant Ives is, that if but any generally succeeded in putting both the deacons and the average of two dollars a year can be collected from each. children to sleep under his droning ministrations? and office, the whole sum needed to complete the monument will the last sweet hymn of the choir, sung as one never be forthcoming as rapidly as it is wanted.

In a great city there are many causes of popular excitements beside those ardent spirits that rise in undefined and vapory forms from the vasty deep of the distillery, or that escape from Custom House bonds. The last new fushion; news by the latest arrival; the cats in the adjoining yard; the want of Meyer's Chemical Exterminator in the bedstead; the mosquitoes in the room; or "that blessed baby," may disturb the peace and keep half the town awake.

Hitherto l'ire 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 want ed 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, only succeeded in cooking his greens and a few "small fry" (animalculæ). But one of our friend Shiarbaurn's microstopes revealed the whole secret in less time than Chilton and forrey were employed in filling "the demijohns" and bolltheir fish. The microscopic analysis showed that, with a aith e glass of the Croton, we swillow several large farms, bearly immense crops of vegetables, (the crops are large this sea on.) together with vast flocks and herds that graze in the weat patered pastures, or ruminate in the cool shades of the interninable forests of Desmida.

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 comething 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 Shlarhavrn 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 fro at 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 it 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 ecclesiasticism 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 Poore's Rifle Battalion, however, declined to obey the order, alleging that it was not laid down anywhere as a military manœuvre in "Scott's Tactles." 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

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thus announced his political position:

Maintain the doctrino 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. Guba, 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 1853. I want no new planks, and no new pillars to strengthen or uphold it. I stand upon the platform and carry the democratic banner. Let the nominee 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 demothus announced his political position :--

glorious memories clustering around it, and the demo-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 secta rian 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 ten years 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 all is not gold that glitters it is not every so-called millionaire that owns a million of

Moetings 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 and spiritualize mankind. per annum. The Working Farmen is strictly an Agricultural paper, edited by Prof. Jas. J. Mapes and assistants. Its ement 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. tf

Mrs. Hatch.

Cora 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 conven-

TION. The Bixth Annual Convention of the Spiritualists of the State of Vermont met, pursuant to the call, at South Royalton, Friday, September 2d, 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 experionces by the members of the Convention. In the evening, a discourse was given through Mrs. M. A. Townsend, of Bridge-

water, Vt. SATURDAY, SEPT. SD.

Convention mot, and formally organized by electing— President—John Landon, Rutland, Vt.

Vice Presidents-William Noble, Bennington; Charles Walker, Bridgewater; J. Rogers, Betliel; Mrs. Mary Lamb, Bridgewater; D. P. Wilder, Plymouth; Mies Lucia Raymond, Woodstock; A. T. Foss, Manchester, N. H.; Mrs. Jane Hunter. South Royalton, Vt.

Secretaries-B. B. Nichols, Burlington; Nowman 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 philosophi-

cal discourse was listened to with much attention by the large assemblage. John Landon read a letter from Bro. 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. Townsendand J. Rogers, who made the following report :--Resolved, That we carnestly ask our Senators and Repre

Resolves, That we carlesty ask our sentatives 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 peaceably enjoy life, liberty and happiness, and that the government cease all military operations against them.

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

States.

Resolved, That we heartly sympathize with our brother, John Besson, 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 Massachusotts, 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 claim 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:

Finer. 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 these 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 re-

stricted sense, Spiritualism may mean nothing more than the mero 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 dofine the term as follows: It embraces all truth relating to man's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare and deatiny; 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 Harmonial 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 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 avil 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 on 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 fall to take well-directed efforts for such objects as the follow-

lng:-1st. Physiological reform in general-including temperance, dictetics, and tobacco, and dress reform-to the end that our bodies may be made the fit and useful habitations of the

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 meth-

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.

5th. 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-whother chattel, civil, mental or spiritual-because freedom is the birth-right of man, and the indispensable condition of his best develop-

6th. The establishment of universal peace—because con-tention, 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 averse to man's highest welfare, and full to meet the wants of his unfolding spiritual nature.

Oth. In every other effort, general and specific, which commends itself to our individual judgment as tending to elevate

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 Bentlments, 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 adfourned until 6 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-tredden and oppressed.

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

SUNDAY, SEPTEMPER 4TH. 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 In the afternoon, Mrs. Townsend spoke again on " Woman

-her mission and duties-after which Mrs. F. O. Hyzor spoke upon "Freedom of Love, and Love of Freedom," which disourse was able, argumentative and philosophical, and cannot fail to do much good. The Convention voted to meet at its next annual Conven-

ion, 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 Annua Convention:—Newman Weeks, Rutland; Austin E. Simmons Woodstock; S. B. Nichols, Burlington; D. P. Wilder, Ply mouth ; 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:—

Oxwego, N. Y., Aug. 24, 1850.

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 volces 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 strongth 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, roturn!" 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 age 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. Noxt Sunday I go to Ogdensburgh, 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 sagain clothed in its robe of green. Till then may 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, shal rest of the invisible spirits who meet you there?
With much love, A. W. 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 Yours, B. B. Nichols. and happier.

Emma Hardinge in New Brighton, Pa.

Editors of the Banner of Light: GENTLEREN-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 moteor 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 cental rays of the sun, that not only glids the face of nature with resplendent beauty, but leaves a fructifying influence, both substantial and use ſul.

From the high position this celebrated medium occupies as an able and eloquent advocate of the spiritual philosophybefore us. literally everwhelming us with angelic inspiration, we could but exclaim, with the Queen of Sheba, that "the The ex-official, with his peculiar gravity, quietly requested to

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 thome was discussed Never have we seen subjects so radically 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 demon stration.

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 longestablished opinions would take the place of reason, and the good feelings educed 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 ombined to disarm prejudice of her poison, and intolerance of her fangs. The forcible manner in which sho enjoined the duty of serving God best in performing good offices to his children, ruther 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 haroinger of a new era. Her lectures have inspired us with new lope, 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 calized when she appears before him.

May her brow be fanned by a scraph's wing, and her thoughts inspired with the wisdom of an archangel, is the arnest prayer of A. JAQUAY. New Brighton, Pa., Sept. 5, 1859.

Social Picnic.

The Spiritualists of Salem and adjoining towns will have Social Picnic at Pine Grove, Marblehead, on Friday, Sept 16th, weather permitting-if not the first pleasant day. All interested in Spiritualism are invited to attend. It is expocted 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 Greve for Salem at 5.13 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.

ed to say that there will be no train at 12 1in the '...

Adrian Convention.

DEAR BARNER-I attended the Adrian Convention, held on the 2d, 3d and 4th of the present month, and a fine time we had. Several speakers who had been expected from Ohlo, 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-estcomed Sister Thomson, who, in a trance state, improvised beautiful poetry; and also, in a number of instances, described the departed loves ones of certain individuals to their ontire satisfaction. J. C. HALL.

Jackson, Mich., Sept. 8, 1850.

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 Sabbaths 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 Broaday Church, N. Y., Sept. 4th; Poetry.

Fourth and Fifth Pages .- " Man and His Relations." (a owerful essay,) by Professor Brittan; 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 Progression," by Dr. A. B. Child; "Children's Convention at Longwood, Pa.;" "Judgo Edmonds on Spiritualism—No. 9," &c.

We would say to our numerous readers who may vish to supply themselves with the current literature of Spiritualism, that Mr. Munson, formerly of 5 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

in 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 efer 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. Brittan'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 Nutional 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

precting 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 de-

talls remain to be undertaken. A "CAPITOL" JOER .- "Take me to the capitol, sir," said one of our ex-governors to a hack-driver, yesterday. the what?" said coachee, somewhat mystified. "To the the flattering encomiums of the secular press, partially pre-pared a lew of us to anticipate a rich feast; but when the little hesitancy the driver closed the coach door, but his lood-gates of more than mortal eloquence were opened up mind seemed to be still in a fog. At length he exclaimed— "I'm stuck, sir, this time; don't know any sich place."

> be taken to the State House I 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 and."

When you meet with one pursuing
Ways the lost have entered in,
Working out his own undeling,
With his recklessuess 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?

COMANT AND ADAMS'S QUADRILLE BAND .- This Band. (formerly Hall's) is prepared at all times to furnish good muic at reasonable rates of compensation. Those who may re quire the services of this excellent Band, will be promptly served on application to either of the following, named gendemen :- 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 sat blissfully listening to the voice of his adorable Arabella, as it reverberated the plaintive ditty in the caverns of Luzerno. "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 daguerreotype 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 princi-

plos. 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 uit. The young ladies were dressed in white, with green garlands about the walst, 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 n't live with a Bullett in his heart. The Milky Way forms the grandest feature of the firma-

ment. 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.

He whose soul does not sing, need not try to 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 We call attention to the advertisement of the Picnic at Abour streets on the way to the State Muster at Concord, Prof. ington Grove next Thursday the 15th inst. We are request. Shall remarked to the state of the s Tours be extremely warm for the poor soldiers up there when they were all mustered. The Professor intended no

loke, neither did Mr. links when he replied that it was a

very seasonable reflection.

"I am certain, wife, that I am right, and that you are wrong; I'll bet my ears on it." "Indeed, husband, you

shouldn't carry betting to extreme lengths." There is a pear tree in the State of Indiana said to be fifty years old; the diameter of its top is over one hundred feet; its height is over sixty feet; the circumference is ever cleven feet, and it has borne, in one year, 125 bushels of pears. At four dollars a bushel, which is the price of good pears here it would yield five hundred dollars a year.

Mightlest of the mighty means. Mightlest of the mighty means, On which the arm of Progress leans; Man's noblest mission to advance, His woos assuage, his weel enhance, His rights enforce, his wrongs redress—Mightlest of the mighty is the Press!—Bowains.

EDITORIAL LIFE .- But few readers ever think of the labor and care devolving upon an editor—one who really feels his responsibility. Capt. Marryatt says: "I know how a periodical will wear down one's existence. In itself it appears nothing; the labor is not manifest; nor is it in the labor; it s the continual attention it requires. Your life becomes, as it were, the publication. One day's paper is no sooner corrested and printed than on comes another. It is the stone of Sisyphus, an endless repetition of toll and constant weight upon the intellect and spirits, and demanding all the exertions of your faculties, at the same time you are compelled to the severest drudgery. To write for a paper is very well, but to edit one is to condemn yourself to slavery."

The Rev. T. W. Higginson, of Worcester, was victorious in wherry match at Pigeon Cove, Rockport, Mass., recently, says the Anti-Slavery Standard. The distance rowed was one mile; best two in three.

MARRIAGE OF A RAJAH TO A CHRISTIAN.—The Rajah Hunder-sing has just been married at Lahore to an English lady, Miss Hodge. It is the first marriage of the kind which has taken place. The Prince is a pagan, and immensely rich.

CURE FOR NEURALGIA.-The following recipe is said to be a sure cure for neuralgia:-Half a drachm of sal ammonia n an ounce of camphor water, to be taken, a teaspoonful at a dose repeated several times, at intervals of five minutes, if the pain be not relieved at once.

The rare apporal illumination of Sunday night week appeared all over New England, in New York and in Canada, and is characterized by all chroniclers as one of the most extensive and beautiful over witnessed.

THE WEDSTER STATUE.—The Inauguration of the Webster Statue, says the Courier, will take place on the afternoon of the 17th inst. The Rev. Dr. Lothrop will offer the prayer, Prof. Felton will deliver the statue into the hands of Mayor Lincoln, representing the city, who will immediately place it in the custody of the State, Gov. Banks receiving it. Brief addresses will be delivered, and Mr. Everett will then pronounce his oration on Webster.

Before Jehovah's spotless Son Before Jehovah's spotless Son
The Scribes once brought an erring one,
Demanding that her blood be split
In explation of her guilt!
Defenceless, fallen, and forlorn,
She looked for shame, and death, and scorn;
But Jesns said, "Let him begin
Her punishment, who hath no sin!"

"I do n't think, husband, that you are very smart." "No. indeed, wife; but everybody knows that I am awfully: "Gripps, I understand you have a superior way of curing

hams. I should like to learn it." "Well, yes; I know very well how to cure them, but the trouble with me just now is lo PBO-cure them." "Strike while the fron is hot" is an excellent motto; but

still more striking one for a man is this: "Make the iron not by striking it." Inability to comprehend the great principle of progressive development in Nature, is the source of untold miseries. Walt, Whitman, in his "Leaves of Grass," says :- "Every

part and tag of a man is a miracle. A mouse is miracle enough to stagger sextillions of infidels l' Jo Cose wishes to know when a hen goes to roost, if she is ot a rooster?

To Correspondents. G. L. B., LEROY, OHIO. -Such favors from our friends are

of course always acceptable. Buit your own convenience n this respect. E. JEWELL, CHICAGO .- Yes. Bend the names. BUSINESS NOTICES.

Business notices, set in leaded nonpariel type, will be in-erted under this head at twenty-five cents per line.] GOOD'S IMPROVED, PORTABLE, DURABLE AND POPULAR COPY-

No Press, for copying all descriptions of writing.

We are pleased to recommend to all who wish to keep copies of letters, manuscripts, etc., etc., the above press for hose reasons :--First. It costs only fifty cents for the press and a book

36 pages of paper, which will copy as many pages of writing, Second. There is no machinery about it, therefore it will not get out of order, and will last a lifetime, and, if lost, can be made with a jack-knife and a piece of wood.

Third. The process of copying is very simple, requiring no more care than a child of three years of age is capable of bestowing. It is compact, being a simple roller, about a foot in length;

and two inches in diameter. The books on which copies are taken are supplied at the rate of \$1 per dozen, after the book, which is sold with the

We are highly pleased with the press we have bought, and

They will be supplied on application at our office, or sent by mall on receipt of 50 cents, and two three-cent postage stamps. istf Sept. 8.

have no hesitation in guaranteeing it to our readers.

SUNDAY MEETINGS IN NEW YORK. Dodworth's Hall.—T. W. Higginson, of Worcester, Mass., ill speak on the two next Sabbaths. Meetings are held at Lamartine Hall, on the corner of 29th treet and 8th Avenue, every Sunday morning. Presching y Rev. Mr. Jones. Afternoon: Conference or Lecture.

Evening: Circles for trance-speakers. There are at all times'

everal present.

Lecturers.

Miss Saram A. Macoun will speak at Fitchburg, Mass., Sept. 18th; at Quincy, Sept. 24th.

WARREN CHASE lectures in Lowell each Sunday of Sept. each Tuesday evening in Nashua, N. H.; each Wednesday evening in Millord, N. H.

Miss A. W. Spracoun will speak at Owego, N. Y., the two
last Sundays in Sept.; the two first Sundays in Oct. at Binghampton, N. Y.; the two last, at Chicago, Ill.; the two first
Sundays in Nov. at Fond du Lac, Wis.; the two last, at Milwaukeo, Wis.; the month of Dec. at St. Louis, Mo.; and the
two last Sundays in Jan. at Terro Haute, Ind.

LORING MOODY speaks as follows: East Popperell, Sunday. Sept. 18th; West Townsend, Thursday and Friday, 22d and 23d; Fitchburg, Sunday, 25th; Worcester, Sunday, Oct. 2d; Natick, Sunday, 9th, and on intermediate week-day evenings, n neighboring towns and villages.

MRS. H. M. MILLER is to speak at Ashtabula, Ohio, Sept.

Miss M. Munson requests us to say that letters may be addressed to her at Philadelphia, Pa., care of Dr. H. T. Child, 510 Arch street, for the present. H. L. Bowker will lecture at Cochesett village, Bridgewater, Mass., Sunday, Sept. 18th, and the following week at Moosup, Ct.

F. L. WADSWORTH'S address until Sept. 25th, is Oswego, N. Y., care of J. L. Pool. He speaks there every Sunday in Sept. MRS. FRANCES O. HYZER may be addressed at Montpeller, VL. until further notice.

TOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT, RUBBED BRISKLY INTO the muscles and glands of the throat and cheek, has an astonishing effect in bronchilts, asthma, and all diseases that affect respiration. Hoarseness may thus be cured in a few hours. To dergymon, public spoakers, and vocalists, it is, on this account, invaluable. Sold at the manufactory, No. 80 Maiden Lane, New York, and by all druggists, at 25c., 63c., and \$1 per pot. 1p. Sept. 17.

POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE for pupils of both sexes.
30 West 19th street, New York, re-opened Monday, Sept.
5th. Two boarders can be accommodated in the family of the Principal.

A. T. DEANE. 2p

" Freely give and freely receive."

AS THE ABOVE HAS BEEN 80 STRONGLY ADvocated by Spiritualists, as the only basis for mediumistic compensation. I have resolved to test its practicability. The readers of the Bannen may send me such compensation as they choose, and shall receive in return a corresponding amount of my time and effort in writing such psychometric and intuitive impressions as may be had from their handwriting, relating to their looks parents.

Ollico No. 7 Davis street, Boston, on Saturdays.
Address H. L. BOWKER, Natick, Mars
Aug. 18

The Messenger.

Each article in this department of the Bannen we claim

Each article in this department of the Barnen we claim was given by the spirit whose name it bears, through Miss. J. II. Conary, Trance Medium. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tests of spirit communion to those friends to whom they are addressed.

We hope to show that spirits earry the characteristics of their earth life to that beyond, and do away with the erronsous idea that they are more than rainrs beings. We believe the public should know of the spirit world as it is—should learn that there is evil as well as good in it, and not expect that purity alone shall flow from spirits to mortals. We ask thereader to receive no decirine put forth by spirits, at these columns, that does not comport with his reason. Each ear speak of his own condition with truth, while he gives opinions merely, relative to things not experienced.

Visitors Admitted.—Our sittings are free to any ene with may desire to attend. They are held at our office, No. 812 Brattle street, Boston, every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday afternoon, commencing at HALF-FAST TWO o'clock; after which time there will be no admittance. They are closed usually at half-past four, and visitors are expected to remain until dismissed.

Mrs. Conant Sick.

We have not been able to hold our sessions since August 12th, in consequence of Mrs. Conant's illness. When we resume, notice will be given on the 4th page.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

The communications given by the following spirits, will be published in regular course. Will those who read one from a spirit they recognize, write us whether true or false?

a spirit they recognize, write us whether true or false?
August 2—Lemuel Ryeburg; Nathaniel Morton, Taunton;
Sarah L. Hale, Boston; W. F. Johnson, (actor).
August 3—A. Rose, Block Island; Mary Williams; Pat
Murphy, Dover; Laws in Spirit-Life.
August 4—Mary Weeks, Boston; George Palmer, Bangor;
William Clarkson; Alice Mason, Cincinnatt.
August 5—Stephen Willmot, Cherry Valley; Samuel Wilson, Mobile; Charles Hallock, Springfield, N. Y.; Mary
Thayer; Joseph Gray, Boston; Don Jose Betancoate.
Aug. 6—Jenny Harris, New Orleans; William Buck, Buck
ville, Ala.; Wm. Harris, Saco, Me.; Mary Ann Loster, Nashua, N. H.; Edgar Halliburton, Philadelphia; Charles Brown,
Providence, R. I.; John King.
Aug. 9—Samuel Ricker, Rochestor, Ill.; "Why are all men
born in sin ?" Margaret Jane Moore, London, Eng.; James
Walker, Boston.

Talker, Boston.

Aug. 10—Peter Valkendahll, New York; William Pelby,
Boston; Michael Clary, Boston; Virginia Stewart, New York; Lyman S. Pense, Ogdensburg. Aug. 11-Thomas Clark, Halifax, N. S.; Simon Gales, New

York; Jacob Parkhurst, Plymouth; Mary McDonald, Edinburg; Charles M. Dresser, Albany; Lydla Fisher.
Aug. 12—Joseph White, Coucord, N. H.; "Why do men die?"

Thomas Latta.

The following letters were received by us, in relation to a message from Thomas Latta, published in our paper, bearing date April 2. At the time it was received, and for several weeks after, we held no circles, so that we could not investigate the matter to ascertain what reason the spirit could give as an offset to his orrors. The spirit appears to be in a confused state of mind, as is often the case with those who die auddenly, by violence, in insanity, or in excitement. It may well be supposed that a man killed in a fight, while in an insane, passionate state of mind, or in that produced by drink, would have a rather dim idea of the real causes of his doubt We have seen cases of this character before, where we had no doubt of the intention of the spirit to give truth, but no less doubt of his error. An instance of this kind will be seen in the communications of J. H. and Albert Wilson, July 19th, We believe it was right for Latta to communicate as he did, for he it he may be enabled to throw off the confusion in which his mind appears to be enveloped.

San Francisco, May 4, 1859.

San Francisco, May 4, 1859.

Masses. Editors—I have been a constant reader of your paper, and have now a full file from No. 1, Vol. 1, to the present time. As you request your numerous readers to verify any communications they are able, in the Mossenger Department, I take the present liberty. I refer now to the communication of Thomas Latta, in the Banner of April 2d. I know him well, and his statements are in part correct, and in part erroneous. He was murdered in the spring of '57—not by his partner, but by a man named Ezekiel Bulleck, who had been in his employ as a turner, and who, by his dissipated habits, was unft for work, and was discharged. The dispute which resulted in the death of Latta was not about a debt, but a pleoe of machinery, or a tool, which Bulleck claimed as his, and was determined to take away by force; and on being resteted by Latta, drow a butcher-knife and stabbed him in the breast, when he immediately expired.

Instead of being acquitted, liulicek was convicted of murder in the second degree, and was sentenced to the State Prison for fourteen years, where he now is. I became acquainted with Latta in '55, and with Bulleck in '52. Instead of having a wife in Frederickstown, Pa., he was about being married to a young lady of Sacramento, and contemplated a visit to his parents in Sectiond. His age was about twenty-eight, instead of forty-five. Mr. Latta was a Freenmson and Knight Templar, and was buried with the honors of the fraterity.

My native place is Acworth, Now Hampshire.

mity. Truly yours, My native place is Acworth, New Hampshire. S. Ronn.

San Francisco, Cal., July 5. A communication from the spirit of Thomas Latta, who was murdered in Sacramento two years since, was remarkably truthful, as far as I can ascertain by inquiry, as it appeared in the Bannara abw weeks since.

Respectfully yours,

Milo Calkin.

I want to know what you want of me? It is strange, after ming to you once, that you should want me to come again. I have been in darkness ever since I have been here; but

I have been in darkness ever since I have been here; but I have not lost my memory entirely. Don't suppose I am crazy, or confused—they say I am, here; but I am not. I know I have been in the dark over since I came here, but I am right now—all right now.

My father and his people belong across the water. I have been there—in Scotland.

I tell you I was not murdered by Bullock. Maybe the world is square, instead of round, and I am mistaken. I was not murdered in the dayting.

murdered in the daytime.

Your physician here, who controls your circles, says, "Be aure and give nothing but what is correct: " but I am fight-

ing against all here, for all think me mistaken.
What sent me here? Why the formation ainst all here, for all think me mistaken. it sent me here? Why did I come at all? To lie to What good would it do me? I want to make myself

known.

Oh, confound it, I should not be dead!—ought to be somewhere else. If I had not get excited, mad, I should not have It seems as though I had been here one thousand years.

So you don't believe me? Mistaken! Yes, perhaps it was a mistake that I was born—a confounded mistake that I am here, that 's certain.'

here, that's certain."

No. I didn't know Bullock was imprisoned; if he is, ho ought not to be. The murder was committed, not for a tool or a piece of machinery, but for a debt. Who knows about it? No one but the two who were where it was done. Shouldn't I be a fool to excite a man to murder for a tool!

You will call for me again, I suppose—or your doctor will—and say, "Here! this is truth, and that is falsehood—take your own march between the two roads, but be sure of the

As had luck will have it, there's a long distance between us.

I. Thomas Latta, will ever the second I. Thomas Lutta, will ever try to take care of myself, and when I go up from this present state, I shall see as 1 do now, and know as I do now. I shall leave now and travel southwest from here, in quest of adventure.

Mary Eaton.

I have friends and relatives in Boston, and I wish to speak to them. My name is Mary Eaton, and my body reposes on Boston Common. I died in the year 1842, of consumption. I have sought through various means to commune with some of my friends, but have invariably falled; and as I was told of this place, I thought I would come here.

It will do no one any harm to receive intelligence from the place where all must come.

I know my friends cannot see me—that my body is entended from their sight; but I know I am of the and well.

tombed from their sight; but I know I am alive and well, and capable of giving some information of the place I now reside in. I am sure I should have been glad to have had such information. I had the lamp of Christianity, but I was told when I came here, there was no oil therein; and now I

told when I came here, there was no oil therein; and now I come here to give my friends a true light.

I do not desire to commune here in public, but I do wish to speak to my friends—all of them, in private; not that I have anything to say which I could not say to them publicly, but because I can converse more easily with them in private. My father, whose body reposes beside my own, would like to speak also; but he does not care to introduce himself to strangers, that he may be introduced to his family and friends. But I have been very anxious to speak with my clumed.

But I have been very anxious to speak with my friends, and therefore I overcame this feeling of repugnance to coming here, that I may come nearer to them.

here, that I may come nearer to them.

What would be truth to me, I may tell my dear friends may not be to them. I may believe that it is my duty to come to them to-day; they may not think so, and may refuse to hear me, and still be doing their doty, as they see it. I shall not be offended with them, but I do carnestly plead with them to give me a hearing, that I may prove myself to their satisfaction.

July 29

Daniel Hobbs.

Daniel Hobbs.

The great wheel of progress keeps constantly revolving, and one after another of God's children are being thrown out upon the shore they started from. But the most of those who ale thus thrown out are like wanderers in a strange country. The places that once knew them now fail to recognize them. Kind spirits who once welcomed them, now arm coldly away, saying, I never knew you; and yet this is nature, and we her children should not complain. The inhabitants of the material world are not satisfied unless they can grasp at the object they search for. They are not willing to believe in that which is behind the scene of mortality. But there is a cortain class who are willing to believe the stories of past ages. However abourd these stories may appear to be, and may in reality be, there are a class, I say, who are disposed to believe

them, and upon their truth have laid all their hopes of future happiness. They have gathered it to themselver as an anchor, and they are not willing to float on with the current of God's love and mercy. But that class of individuals will find to their regret that they have cast anchor in the wrong place, and have chosen that which will not serve them well. Instead of casting anchor above they have cast it below. Instead of casting anchor above they have cast it below. Instead of casting anchor above they have cast it below. Instead of casting anchor above they have cast it below. Instead of casting anchor above they have cast it below. Instead of casting anchor above they have cast it below. Instead of casting anchor above they have cast it below. Instead of casting anchor above they have cast it below. Instead of casting anchor above they have cast it below. Instead of casting anchor above they have cast it below. Instead of casting anchor above they have cast it below. Instead of casting anchor above they have cast it below. Instead of casting anchor above they have cast it below. Instead of casting anchor above they have cast it below. Instead of casting anchor above they have cast it below. In the provided of the past, but the light of to-day seems to be some such as a concept of the cast as gent of light; a beacon shall each one set up, which though it may not exactly serve you of to-day, shall serve them below the come of risp from the seems to have concept and the same that they prove and the seems to be cast them offer they make heavy my spirit, and it cannot rise, cannot son boyond the wild conflicts of carth. And though it may not exactly serve you of them; but I desire to do my duty to those who once know me in mortal who will ask if I have no restricted to do my duty to those who once know me in mortal would wander from that mental trouble that clings so close type of the life of the past was a second to the past with a second of my duty to those who once know me in mortal would wander from that men

preading over humanity.
In the year 1837 I was called home—home to that higher tate of life and enjoyment. I took my departure from the own of Kensington, N. H. I have taught school in that vi-

state of life and onjoyment. I took my departure from the town of Kensington, N. H. I have taught school in that vicinity for nigh unto thirty-five years, and by coming here today I desire to call the attention of those who once knew me, that those who are nearer and dearer to them than their old master, may reach them, and may not be kept away because of their unbellef, but may be drawn by bellef.

I do not desire to point out any particular way for those who once knew me to open a way of communication with me, but I will say that I shall be pleased to converse with any who knew me. Although not drawn by the ties of consanguinity, I am drawn by the law of love—a law more potent than any law. The law of duty calls me—the law of God. I but bow in submission to his commands to give light to those who are on the other shore. I tried to give them light when here; it was my business and my duty; it is my business and my duty now, from the new position the Creator has been pleased to place me in.

Yes, by coming here to day I throw out a desire, a call to those who once knew me. I desire them to ask me to come to them personally, and if I do not give them that which is necessary to their fouure happiness, then they may regret

We cannot say that we have the name right. We spell it as nearly like the pronunciation of it as we could get it.

Michael Leary.

I hear a talk about sometimes that you'd like to get a talk with every one that comes to you. My name is Michael Loary—that's one of the things you like to know. I came from New York last. I've been dead two years; and I heard them all talking about coming back and talking, and I

heard them all talking about coming back and talking, and I like to come—so I came here. I was die with semething in my head and stomach; I do n't know what, at all.

I leave two boys and one girl in New York. When I hear about their coming and saying the Catholic religion is good for nothing, be gad I do n't believe 'em at all; the Catholic religion is good as it ever was. I never hear the praste say we could not come back at all—I never hear the praste say we could not come back at all—I never heard him say it. I do n't want my boy to believe that I do n't believe the Catholic religion. Somebody tells Michael that he has a letter from his father, and he tells him not to believe in the Catholic religion; and I came here to tell him to be a good Catholic. I can come back and speak, because I was prayed out of purgatory. Michael prayed me out; and, thank God, I have not lost my religion!

out lost my religion i
Purgatory? It 's like what you see about you. I see Protestants and Catholics there. It's like New York—all sorts

Purgatory? It's like what you see about you. I see Protestants and Catholics there. It's like New York—all sorts of people there.

I want to tell Michael that I do not like him marrying the Protestant woman. I like it, if he turn the head of the woman; but I no like it, if she turns Michael's head from the Catholic religion. She tells Michael that her father fame back, and say that the Catholic religion is false. My boy was a fool intirely. He's a fine-looking boy—can earn funch money for the woman; but he has not been to church since he has been married, at all, and I no like that. Be ggd, they go larking round, here and there, mixing with this crowd and that crowd; and God and all the saints are forgot all the time. If he believes me at all, he will turn round, and go to the church. I likes a chance to speak to him, and to the woman, too. I learn her better than to turn my boy's head. Faith, it's well I'm not there! Faith, I don't think she is his wife, at all, and has no right to speak to him at all. Now say I want to spake to my boy like as I spake to you. Faith, I would shake the sense into him, if I got near him. I sent him word by the old man—the Protestant man, her father—that I would spake through the Banner. They think I tell them that the Catholic religion is not true; but faith, I tell them it is true. I want to spake to my boy.

tell them it is true. I want to spake to my boy.

Her father was a Protestant here: he was no Catholic, and Hor father was a Protestant here; he was no cathone, and how shall he know whether it was true or not? Good-by,

July 59.

Emeline L. Swazey.

My name is Emelline L. Swazey. I died in Prescott street. New York, July 28th, 1859, of bleeding at the lungs. I had been married. William left me two years ago. He went to California and nover came back to me. He is not dead. I came here to tell him I am dead, and I want him to come and take care of little William. Mary Ann, his sister, has got him, and she can't afford to keep him. He is four years old. I was a medium; they used to speak, write and rap through me. I was twenty-eight years old. My name, before marriage, was Davis. I wish Wm. T. Swazey to see to little William. I did not think I should die. My God, I cannot rest or be happy till he is taken care of. July 30. rest or be happy till he is taken care of. July 30.

Preston S. Brooks.

When a man's days on earth are numbered, and he is fully conscious he must soon enter another state of life, what would he not give to understand something of that state of life? Truly he would give all the wealth of earth, were it at his disposal. The Christian religion has not furnished any knowledge of the hereafter. It has failed to give us facts relative to the hereafter; and, as man is a matter of fac

peing, he requires fact to lean upon in all matters of life.

I would have given the wealth of earth, if I could have I would have given ton weath of earth, it I could have had a truthful foreshadowing of the future before I left my mortal form. True, I was a believer in the Christian religion, and, until within a few hours of my departure, I thought I had full faith in it. But, alas! so many inconsistences flashed upon my mind at that time, all my belief seemed to fade before that ocean of doubt that overwhelmed

seemed to fade before that ocean of gount that overwhelmed mo.

I cried to God for mercy, but I hardly expected to receive it—for oh, I said, I have come very far from doing the will of my Heavenly Father. If he be such a being as I have been taught to believe, I fear he will cast me aside as one unworthy of his love. So I passed from one condition of life to another with a mantle of darkness about my spirit.

I needed something to lean upon that was material as well as spiritual. I wanted a guide across the waters of death—not one who stood upon the other side and beckned me across, but one who could go over with me.

I care not how firmly opinions are fixed—man wants knowledge.

nowledge.

I do not believe there is one dwelling in mortal who place: firm reliance in that there has been taught him of the after

who believes in a city whose streets are paved with Who believes in these? No one—these creations of will crumble to nothing when the messenger of death

gold. Who believes in these? No one-mess creations of fancy will crumble to nothing when the messenger of death shall call for man.

If the soul would have an easy and fearless passage through the chamber of death, it must seek to become acquainted with the realities of the other life, not with the fanciful views of that life which have been held out to man. How shall the soul become acquainted with these realities? In no other way but by holding converse with those who have crossed the bridge and are able to return again, giving tidings of the future life. Faith is nothing unless it is linked with reality; 'tis a bubble floating on the ocean of thought, and may be cast into nonentity in a moment of time, when that which is real shall be brought against it.

The Christiau tells us to have faith in the Lord Jesus Christ and we shall be saved. And how can the soul that is grasping at reality, have faith in something unseen? It cannot, for the law of its nature forbids it.

Man, by virtue of his idols, hath reared to his fancy a heaven; and behold that heaven! It is composed of what?

heaven; and behold that heaven! it is composed of what? The idol of men and women; streets of gold, walls of pre-cious stones. Oh, man should know that this is but a fable

clous stones. Oh, man should know that this is but a fable. He should know there is no reality in this story of man, and while he feels that it is all fancy, without reality, he should seek to become acquainted with the reality of the things of the higher life.

The Christian religion has taught its followers to believe that men are either devils or angels after death; that they are either ushered into the presence of God at death, or sent to dwell with devils forever and ever. Oh, monstrous thought! what darkness! But when we see it is the child of darkness and superstition, shall we wonder that it is the image of its parent?

I have a reason, and do indeed thank the Great Author of

I have a reason, and do indeed thank the Great Author of

There may be some in mortal who will ask if I have no regrets here in my new state of life. Surely I have, and I would cast them off, for they make heavy my spirit, and it cannot rise, cannot soar beyond the wild conflicts of earth. And though I would not go far from the scenes I love so well, yet I would wander from that mental trouble that clings so closed is one way, and only one, that can be opened for me to progress through—by the kind words of my friends. I care not if the door be unlocked by the key of curlosity, so it be unlocked that I may make myself known to those I wish to speak to. I can point out no particular way, for the flood of light and truth that is floating o'er the earth, will give a way for my friend to reach me. And when the way is open I will cause I have been so wonderfully blessed.

Preston B. Brooks claimeth the ski of his friends in mortal, that he may speedily solve the enigma of life and rise in spirit.

Timothy Guild.

who once hence me to open a way of communication with me, but I will say that I shall be pleased to converse with any who knew me. Although not drawn by the ties of consangulative, I am drawn by the law of love—a law more potent than any law. The law of duty calls me—the law of God. I but bow in submission to his commands to give light to those who are on the other shore. I tried to give them light when here; it was my business and my duty; it is my business and my duty now, from the new position the Greator has been pleased to place me in.

Yes, by coming here to day I throw out a desire, a call to those who once know me. I desire them to ask me to come to them personally; and if I do not give them that which is necessary to their future happiness, then they may regremaking me to visit them; but not until then.

Daniel Hobbs, of Kensington, N. II.

Griselda, an Alabama Slave.

How d'ye, massa? Missy think she like to speak to Massa Sheldon, but think she no like to speak to so many white folks. I 'so Massa Sheldon's Griselda, We live in Alabama Slave.

How d'ye, massa? Missy think she like to speak to so many white folks. I 'so Massa Sheldon's Griselda, We live in Alabama slave, and the she may the she may be a she went out same time I did it a too the remaining the she may be a she when the same time I did not give a she was a folial way to the she may be a she when the same time I did not know but that was on my white house and the she may be a she was shelled to she will be she was shelled to she will be she was she will be she was she was she she

Mary Vesheldt.

I vas vaiting for you. I vants to speak to my fader. I has got two name. My fader's name Vosheldt. I lives in New York. I vants to tell him I been dend, and he must know I comes bick again. My name vas Mary Vesheldt. I has got my mother here, and I vants to tell him I have got mother here. I vas go long ways ven I first come. I vants him stop golng round to play along the streets. He lans money to keep 'im. 'Bora I'se took sick I vent with him. My mother die before I come to New York. My fader takes me and go all round, and I took sick and die. I vas nine years—my mother say I vas nine years. I vas stay in Center street. My fader have nobody now to keep, and my mother vants him to stop golng round. I vas very tire, sometimes; my feets was very sore, sometimes. I vas very sick—all sick—and mother takes me off long vay and tells mp to come back to mine fader. I vas cry many time to sick—all sick—and mother takes me off long vay and tons mp to come back to mine fader. I vas cry many time to atny home and not go out. My mother say I vas die last month. I have no brother and sister. That's all.

My fader can read write—my mother say he vill see vat you be write, and vill be mad, and vill say somebody put 'en there. It's no matter; it come right, sometime. I must go now.

July 80.

CORA L. V. HATCH At the Music Hall, Boston, September 4th, 1859.

Morning Discourse. The Second of a Series of Four Discourses on "RELIGION,

TS FACTS AND FANCIES."] REPORTED FOR THE BANKER OF LIGHT, BY J. M. POMEROY.

Our theme to-day is not a new one, not one which we have taken from original thought, nor yet which we have gathered from any new sphere of inspiration. It is as old as humanity and history itself, as old as the oldest thought which angel or archangel has ever conceived; and yet we think it always new, always divine, always capable of newer and higher thoughts than have ever been given before;-Religion, as a

matter of intelligence, and not of inspiration. One week ago this morning, we called your attention to cur idea of the existence of God, as proven from natural light, being the result of necessity, and not being proven in consequence of any outside or supernatural inspiration more than is constant and unceasing. To-day, our theme will be a continuation of the same subject. We then proved, or attempted to prove, that God, as a necessity, must exist in the universe, and that to establish any religion, or any theory of vorship, it must first be shown that there is an object of adoration. All religion is presumptive in its nature assumes the existence of a Divino Being, assumes the existence of a soul in man, assumes the existence of a life beyond the grave, assumes the divine character of Jesus of Nazareth, assumes everything in the long catalogue of heological requirements. And this is the result not of the intelligence of religion, but of the superstitions and creeds of past ages. Religion, therefore, is our theme as a necessity of the human mind, as the absolute, positive result of the necessity of the existence of the Deity. God, exists, as we assumed on last Sabbath morning, as the necessity of the universe, and His inspiration, and power, and presence, is as constant and unceasing as the sunlight itself. No more could the world or the universe move on without his constant inspiration, than daylight exist without the sunshine. Not one star nor one world, nor one galaxy of worlds could exist through all the broad universe, through simple, dead, mathematical law, unless the life-spirit was everywhere present at all times and under all circumstances. And if there is a human soul in man, that is made in the image of the Deity, and has powers and faculties and affections corresponding with those that exist in the great God-head, that soul cannot live one moment without the absolute inspiration of God's presence, any more than can the physical form live and preathe and move without the life giving elements that pervade it. This we think is a self-evident proposition, one

that requires no proof and no theorizing to make you understand its palpability. The first thing, then, to be shown, is, is there a soul in man superior to that combination of matter which is seen in huan intelligence? We answer, there is. Not by theology is it shown not through revelation, not through the inspirations of the past, but through the absolute proofs of the present time. How? Every form which is created must have a source and a creator. Every form that is symmetrical, tangible, must have an intelligent cause of life. Every cause of life must be positively intelligent, identified, individual. Every individual intelligence must have a power or quality, in itself, of preserving life; and wherever there is a principle of life, there cannot be any death. And if man is made in the image of God, the likeness is in that individual principle of self-creating, self-preserving life, the human soul. You could not breathe, or think, or act, or feel, to-day, but for the constant power and presence of that soul which made you-We do not say that it is embodied in form or shape, we do not say that the chemist can analyze, we do not say that the geologist can trace it in the elements of the earth, we do not say that the astronomer can find it anywhere in the vast realms of nature, but we do say that the human mind can prove to itself, by self-evident propositions, that it has a real existence, and that that soul, whatever form it may assume, is like its Creator, omnipresent, ubiquitous, capable of being like its Father, the creator of its own form. As the spirit of God pervades the universe, outworks all life, beauty and animation, so the spirit of man pervades his form, and draws to itself all possible elements for preservation.

Religion, in the human soul, is simply an acknowledgment of a higher Power than is concentrated in the human form Remember this,-religion is the acknowledgment, by the soul or mind of man, of a higher Power than is existent in his one human form. Religion as a theory, religion as a theology, religion as a form of worship, has its origin in the conscious I have a reason, and do indeed thank the Great Author of my being for that he hath bestowed upon me. That he hath so speedily surrounded me with kind friends in my new life, who have given me a knowledge of my condition; who have given who have given me a knowledge of my condition; who have given me a knowledge of my condition; who have given who have had a like first origin. The have given who have given

shiped not a God of intelligence and power and greatness, body dies, and returns back to dust." Very well: what is trod upon the earth,-all of the birds and fishes which they could not explain, all insects which ever infested them and destroyed their crops, all seasons of the year, oither favorable or unfavorable, all powers of the winds and waves, all ele ments of the earth and air and sky, were alike delited. Why i They could not control them; they could not comprehend them; and they therefore considered them as superior beings Of these they were fearful When pestilence and famine came, the gods were dis-

pleased; and how to appease their wrath was the object of

helr solicitude. Then came the form of worship known as offerings, or sacrifices. This was instituted through, and only through, that one passion of fear, the first forms of religous worship. The waves of the sea were supposed to be inhabited by gods, or spirits, who pervaded and controlled heir action; and whenever they were angry, the waves vere caused to sweep mountain-high. The river Nile which was the special object of worship and adoration among the ancient Egyptians, everflows, to form all the beauty and perfectness of their country, and was the source of all the success of their agricultural pursuits. Whenever the Nile as it sometimes did in early ages, overflowed to an unusua neight-when the inundation was uncommonly great, so Olden Testament, of the Flood, had its rise simply in the overlow of the Nile. However true this may be, that river was the special object of worship. The insects which, in great abundance, had destroyed their crops, were supposed to be ovil spirits, sent from the dark regions in consequence of the anger of the pervading and controlling Demon. To appeare the wrath of these unknown gods was the next question The thought arose, in the minds of these people, that they must worship whatever was conceived to be superior to themselves. Winds or waves, animals or insects, earth, or ir, or sky, all, all alike, must receive adoration at their hands. Then, in other nations, we have a history of those who worshiped the sun and moon and stars-a little in ndvance of the first worshipers, because the sun and moon and stars, and all the heavenly bodies, were supposed to be mysterious beings that inhabited space—the sun being the especial object of adoration. Thus we trace, in all the earlier histories of religion, that one principle, or passion, the fear of some superior power, of something at once capable of bless ing or harming humanity-fear of anything which they could not control, or whose movements they could not understand. When the sun shone, the gods smiled upon them; when it was clouded, then the gods were angry; and each movement of every especial star was watched, with the most intense interest, by the ancient astrologors, that they might know whether the gods were favorable or not. Here, then, we have the exclusive origin of the principle or form of worship. Religion has nothing to do with this. Religion is not dead; religion is not that passion which causes men to worship simply because they are afraid. That is not religionand we will prove it. There must be a religious principle or power in the human mind, aside from this one passion of fear, that causes men to believe in the existence of a Deity. But that passion of fear exists in all countries, heathen or civilized, Christian, or Mahometan, or Persian; and you will find that the fundamental principle of every form of worship has its foundation in the same passion of human pature. Intelligence has modified science, has overruled the superstition of the suciont Egyptians, but it has not destroyed or lessened the passion of fear. We will take, for instance your own religion, that of Christ; and, aside from the intelligence which forbids the idea of an awful, avengeful Deity, aside from the revelations of science, which forbid men to believe anything contrary to the laws of nature, aside from the innate humanity which cultivation and civilization will always call forth; the forms of religious worship, when they are sincere, still have their origin in the passion of fear,

We will see that Christian orthodoxy teaches that God is an all-wise, omnipotent, infinite, all-powerful, and a revengeful God,—that you have one opportunity of saving your souls from eternal damnation, and that that one is given through the life and death, especially the death, of Jesus of Nazareth, Now we will make it clear to your understanding, that, aside from that fear or terror, the forms of religious worship which now exist would not and could not exist. Why do these men profess to love God?—why do they form churches, and sects, and creeds?-why do they bow in adoration, and follow the dictates of the creed to which they subscribe? Why do they call upon the name of our Father, and ask Him to forgive their trespasses? Why do they profess to believe in Jesus of Nazarath, and in him crucified.—In his power to save them through the atonement, the washing away of their sins in his blood? Why do they—in all sincerity, it is true, but still in the passion of fear-bow down and ask God to save them from torment? Because they fear. They are like a child whom its parent tries to correct, that is good from the threats which the mother makes, and good only because it is afraid of being punished; not good for goodness' own sake, not good because it loves its mother, but good for fear of being punished. So it is with Christian professors, who believe in God, believe in religion, from the fear of being eternally punished, not from the love of being good. Mahometans, wh are as sincere in their forms of worship as are the Christians, and believe Mahomet to be the only prophet of God, or Allah, worship under a code of morals as high, in their estimation, as that which the Christians hold. And though devastation and ruin have spread over all the countries that have embraced the Mahometan religion, we find thom still sincere, find them still devoted, still adhering to the great principles of their inspiration; we still find them having as much confidence and faith in their Prophet as the Christians have in their Jesus. Theirs is a religious form of worship and to appease the wrath of their God, and to gain his favor they are capable of as great sacrifices as are the Christians The Hindoos, the Persians, the Chinese,-all these have forms of worship. Zoroaster, great in the power of his insul ration, believed that from the Great Father came the source of knowledge. And in the Zendayesta of the Medes and Per slans we have as great moral teachings, as high inspiration as sometimes comes from the lips of Christ. What does al this prove? That to every ago and every nation God the Father has as much spoken as to the Christians in their Bible and their inspiration,—that to Moses came the inspira tion which he was canable of receiving and which he re quired, to control and carry on successfully his achievement in the history of the Children of Israel,-that to the early prophets and seers came an inspiration as high and as holy as they could receive, that was capable of controlling, guiding, and directing them in their earthly life, -that to Jesus the Christ there came an inspiration which embodied all that had ever been given before higher than any that has ave been given since, the true, practical, Christian life,-and that to each and every one of the seers and prophets of ancient days, alike of the acathen who were inspired with Christian principles and lives, and of the Christians who have been inspired with Christian principles and lives, there has come an inspiration exactly in proportion to the expectation, the desire, the requirement of the times in which they lived. And if there is a Spirit, or Father, or God. or Deity, he, from his infinite and all-wise nature, knows what every man an every nation and every class of nations has required. Bo much for religious worship. Now for the principle of religion, its origin, its results, its destiny. Aside from the

forms of religious worship, which have their origin in the passion of fear, there is a superior intelligence in man, especially in the present age, which has origin in the actual observation of the senses and the comprehension of the divine, superior Being, but also the existence of the religious element in man. The atheist says he does not believe in a word of God, is full of errors; because Christians, and all classes of religious sects, practice what they do not profess, and profess what they do not practice; because many of the assumptions of religion, in the forms of worship, and creeds, are proved to be false. "But," says the questioner to the athelst, "what do you believe, then?"-"The laws of nature."-" Whence originated those laws?"-" In nature itself?"-"Is matter self-existent?"-" Yes."-" What power keeps matter in motion?"-" The spirit of life that is inherent in and coeval with matter."-" What is that spirit of life?" -"I do not know. But I don't believe in a God,-that is, I possesses all human passions and principles, and whom mer worship."--"But you believe in an intelligence that controls and guides and directs all the universe?"-" Yes."-" Where is that intelligence?"—"In matter."—"It must be omnipresent, self-existent, self-creative?"-" Yes."-" Then that is Gop."

The infidel says, "I do not believe in immortal life: there

not an invisible, all-wise, omnipresent lielng, not a Creator of that soul, that mind, of which you speak? "Oh, it is simply life and light and majesty, and love, but every element or the result of the combination of the physical senses; for." form in nature which was considered superior to the physical says the materialistic atheist, or infidel, "we do not believe forces which humanity then possessed. All the animals of that there is any power or principle in the human mind, that the deep alligators, whales, the vast mastedon which then is not the result of matter." Very well; that intelligence is superior to matter, you will admit? "Yes,"-Controls mattor ?-" Yes."-Then it can never die with matter : for whatever causes matter to exist must be self-existent; whatever controls and guides and directs matter, must be superior, and, therefore, can never die with matter .- "But we do not believe it."-Why?-"Because we have no proof of it."-A very good reason; still, there is a proof, which neither atheist nor infidel nor most materialistic philosopher can deny : there is a proof of the existence of the soul, superior to and outside of matter, and therefore beyond matter. This proof it is which makes man, at all times and under all circumstances, acknowledge the superiority of a higher power. Though the principle of the form of worship has its origin in the passion of fear, the cause of that principle lies still further back, as we will illustrate. The intelligent atheist or infidel, to whom, when he is out of danger, upon land, well nequalited with the road which he travels, nothing can possibly occur that mars his confidence in himself and the immutable laws of nature, is cast upon the wide ocean, with naught but a frail plank between him and the yawning tomb of waters. He believes in no God, in no immortality. Death is before him, and the waters open their mouths to receive him, and the waves dash mountain-high. He is afraid, he is that the water covered nearly all that portion of the country a coward; the laws of nature will surely perform their misthrough which it flows-the people fled to the mountains, to sion; he will die! Where will he go? Who is the controller save themselves from the approaching inundation; and it is of those laws? Who pervades the ocean wind and the stormy supposed, by many historians, that the story, recorded in the sky? Who speaks in the voice of thunder, and is seen in the lightning's flash? Involuntarily, without thought, without consulting his intellect, without consulting the laws of nature, that proud, materialistic man bows down in prayer. uplifies his voice and hands toward heaven, and calls upon God to save, and, if He cannot save him from a watery grave, to let him live beyond the tomb. Is there no proof that the soul inherently and necessarily aspires to and acknowledges immortality? Is there no proof that the soul of man, in its own conception, with the assistance of intelligence, and civilization, and religion itself, can and must prove the existence of the soul beyond the grave? It is true. You who are man of science, you who are a materialist you who are an atheist, you who are infidel, all, when the hour of trial comes, acknowledge Him who made you; all, when you follow materialism till matter forgets itself, when you follow your athelsm until you are lost in the darkness, when you follow your infidelity to the denial of all that is great and divine, until life itself seems nothing then, in your own socret thought, by the very reason of your intellect you must and will acknowledge a something beyond your comprehension, a something beyond your soul, a something beyond matter. That is all we require. Intellect can positively demonstrate that matter in itself, unpervaded by the spirit of life, is not capable of motion. In-

tellect can positively demonstrate that for man to exist there must be a power of motion, that for a power of motion there must be an intelligence, that for an intelligence there must be a source and cause of intelligence, and that source and cause of intelligence must be not only superior to all of its laws and manifestations, but superior to all matter; therefore there must be a God. On the same principle, there must be a human soul; for the intelligence which exists in man not only manifests all the qualities of the intelligence which exists beneath man, but a higher and superier quality, that renders itself existent, and makes man superior to all matter beneath it, makes one thought, enlarged upon, beautified, and exemplified, by intelligence, greater than the whole universe of matter, makes one aspiration of the human soul more di vine, more perfect, more beautiful, than the brightest corusca-tion of light or the grandest system of all the broad universe of solar systems. What is this? It is the gradual acknowledgement by the human mind, of its own alliance with Deity; it is the gradual acknowledgment of this by the intelligence which in itself is perfect and divine, and which, the more it knows God, the more it worships Him, the more it knows of the human soul, the diviner does it become. Nor matter, nor sense, nor man, nor stars, nor mountain-waves, nor thun der-clouds, can call men to worship; but the thought that beyond the stars, or within and around them, beyond the peal of the loud thunder, beyond the ocean wave, beyond the lightning's flash, beyond the material strife and contention and material beauty and perfectness, there is a Mind, a Power, a Thought, that lives, and moves, and speaks in all unture. And this is true of humanity. You converse with each other, you are charmed with intellect, with thought, with affection, with feeling, and a great man makes all men feel his greatness, and a little man feels his own insignificance in the presence of those who are greater. The mind conquors matter. Though men, may be remarkable in physical presence, in mental power and greatness, there is a something which goes boyond this. What is that? The power of mind over matter-the true religion of the soul. For there is no other religion than that which comprehends the nature of the human soul, and, through the soul, the nature of God. There is no other religion than that which in doing good to man offers praises unto Deity. There is no higher religion than that by which, in doing good to his neighbor, a man is offering sacrifices unto God. There is no greater or diviner creed than that which Jesus of Nazareth taught and practiced,-constant, undying, ever-suffering love. And this intelligence the human mind, human science, the Luman heart. have absolutely demonstrated. Science has not upset re ligion, has not disproven the existence of God and the human soul: it has only shown that though the universe may to higher and broader and greater than all that men can conceive, there is still a higher, and greater, and diviner source beyond that; it only proves that though man in the physical form is capable of doing great and wondrous things, outside of that and in the world of mind he does greater and more wondrous things. Science, though it may dissect the physical form, call all the muscles and sinews and bones and arteries by their names, tell you of the circulation of the blood, tell you the very organ of the mind, yet can never tell you of what mind is made. The soul is like the rays of light, whose effects you know and understand, but whose cause cannot be etected, even by science.

Thus do we reason from the known to the unknown: thus from the world of facts do we demonstrate the world which has been called the world of fancy, but which is more real more unchangeable, more positive, than all of matter together. For matter is constantly changing. Death is writien upon every leaf and tree and flower-change, which is known as death-decomposition-decay. Even stars and worlds are subject to this change. But mind is constant and real as the source of mind: and when one mental fact is positively demonstrated, there can be no change in it: when one religious truth is known, no time or place or circumstance can change that knowledge; everybody knows, everybody acknowledges it. Through the unending ages of the future all will acknowledge that the highest religion which man can know is love to his brother-man. It is a selfevident proposition, one that no place or circumstance can change. Everybody knows that if it is wrong to kill a man it is wrong at all times, and under all circumstances. Every. body knows that if it is wrong to violate any one of the commandments, it is wrong at all times. The golden rule never can be changed. It is the highest, and the heliest, and the best. Science cannot overthrow it: art cannot embellish it: religious forms cannot make it more wonderful; worship in temples, or in high places, cannot make it more beautiful; the daily, constant life of true, devoted men and women, can alone teach its truth; intellect acknowledges it; science proves it; the history of the world shows it. That is re-

ligion. Inspiration is not the cause of religion; it is its result, as is the perfume the result of the flower. No one ever thinks of attributing the flower to its perfume, but we say the permind, that proves, conclusively, not only the existence of a fume is the inspiration of the flower. If there were not a soul in man, through which inspiration is received, there could be no inspiration. Inspiration implies, first, a source God. Why? Because the Bible, which is said to be the or cause of inspiration; secondly, something to be inspired; and thirdly, a subject of inspiration. If Moses and the prophets had not possessed inherently, a religious nature. no inspiration would ever have existed for them. If all heathen philosophers who have given to their country and age proofs of religious inspiration, had not possessed, inherently, religious power, inspiration could never have been bestowed on them. The forms of inspiration, known as words and characters and letters, make up religious worshin. But inspiration itself is the result of religion. If you are inspired, rest assured that your religion is not the result of that inspiration, but the cause. If you believe in the indon't believe in a personal, identified, absolute Delty, who spiration of the Bible, rest assured that your religion must not be based exclusively upon that belief; for it never can. You must have inspiration as the result of your own religion; you must have religion first—then comes insuiration. You believe in a God. Your belief is not the result of what any man has told you, is not the result of what you have read that any man has written, not the result of any one's creed, not the result of any form of worship, but its cause.

is no life beyond the grave; the soul of man dies when the | Have rollgion first, and the forms will diffuse themselves

ligion first, as an element of your mind, and the beautiful willing hands to industry and beneficence; not till all the architectural structure of the temple in which you are to kings of Europe have turned Republicans, and every Ameriworship and commune with God, will be builded and fash- can slaveholder, foreseeing the evil of his way, has hid himgrow out from your daily life and practice, and each thought ism has made a freeman in every head, a worshiper of Truth and feeling will be a grand pillar to support the mighty structure of immortality. Religion—confine it if you can to any till Conscience has become the Supreme Head of the Church, book or creed, or name; confine it to any inspiration of the and Reason is made President of the Human Day of Judgpast; 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 shall any longer disturb the repose of Man in Earth's comdoes 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 iit walks along the aisles and corridors of your souls, like beautiful angel of light, strewing flowers all around your path; it is the crowning virtue of manhood, crowning intellect with a brighter radiance, making all science a more glo rious 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 per vading 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? In 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 fruition the bright and glorious result of inspiration.

Written for the Banner of Light. THE AGE OF VIRTUE.

BT 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 voters, or as their Grecian exemplars once attempted to create generals by vote, and were archly advised to make horses of all their asses. To find a comparison nearer home, character is not so facile a thing 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 WOHAN 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 anticinated, 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 Human ity 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 UNIVERBAL PEACE.

The time when "swords 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-till the spirit of oppression has died out of the heart of Man-till every man has learned to love his neighbor as himself. So physical life, earthly experience are its schools. We believe the long as the flend of domination stalks 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 an ambitious arrogance; so long as any covet self-aggrandizement, opulence and vain renown; so long as fools and demons seem to wed in human shape; so long as any are ready to trample lawlessly on the preciou 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 wrong. War is a flame of indiscriminate destruction-a two edged sword brandished with equal peril to the assailing and the assailed. How expensivel 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 smoth ers enmity and begets a helper in every seeming foe. Love Blessed Babe be born.

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 of rest for a soul, and in Paris, for a series of months, no respite from alarm; when tranidation shock 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 clusive 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 frustra ted by a general caricature of Government, while havec and bloody murder became at once the employment and amusement of devils incarnate, clothed in a brief authority of po litical usurpation. Think of all this, and then inney yourself a very small one. What surprised me was, to see bad men one of the victims awaiting a doom of violence in the dungeon of that infernal power, even to the precious moment when Robespierro 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!" when the auspicious fact is fairly confirmed, and the dear Right is vindicated, tell me, in such a crisis. What is Peace!

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 plaints of human misery—the cries of The man took up his pen to write. I observed, above, that hunger, the curses of extortion, the moans of disease, the altercations of error, the anathemas of blame, the slanders of prejudice, the threats of anger, the shricks of murder, the multitude of flimy rays of light streamed forth in all direcclangor and lamentations of war, the lone prayers of incarcerated innocence, the muttered grievances of European vas sals, together with the grouned agonies and stifled longings and whispered imprecations and despairful cjaculations of American slaves, were daily gathered in the convex sky and echoed in your ears: how long would you sit and listen thus to

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 earthly woe, 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 too soon 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 Renevolence, if left to nonder wretchedness as essential to human nature!-to think the present ago 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 dry on the paper, and yet the aura naturally pertaining to it view of an endless Hell. Surely as God himself is blest, Bliss is not merely the end of every soul, but all evil is transient. Philanthropy would be a virtual curse without the sage's THOUGHTS WERE LIVING THINGS; and this aura was a part of ken of the coming Age of Virtue, when the Art of Living the man himself, for I saw a line of fire pass from the globe will be generally understood, Education will have turned the to his brain, thence to the arm, the pen, and finally attach vice and crime. Charity will rival love of self, Temper- itself to the paper. And I felt assured that, even should that ance will have rooted out all disease, and Philosophy have paper be burnt up, yet that the thought itself would never

into all your life, and beautify and perfect and re-arrange tamed the monster Death, That blessed day will surely your whole mental conformation. Acknowledge religion first, come, but not till Russia's haughty Car shall abilicate his and all that is made up of forms and worships and creeds, will throug, repenting the name of Autocrat; not till the blood of come in proportion to your requirements. Acknowledge re- Napoleon Small shall flow into generous veins, prompting loned from the qualities of your mind, and the temple will self; not till Priesteral has died of ridicule, and Protestantin every heart, and a temple of God in every form of life; not till Conscience has become the Supreme Head of the Church, ment. Then shall tears be wiped from every eye, no sound of woe shall be heard in any land, and no suffering or alarm pleted Paradise: for.

Darkness at length dispersed by light, Error no more preventing Right, Evil evanished 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, but not to me-for I was totally unaffected-seemed to be oppressively warm; and it appeared exceedingly difficult for him to evercome 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 areanum 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 vasu at a series of smaller and multi-colored vases enclosed within it-the eye resting on the suface of each, yet penetrating the whole. I sawand 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 particled. Spirit—that which is the sublimation of the last—that which is the condensed effluvium, or aura, of the most refined matter-which is the human body. Spirit is the emanation of all human particles, is itself unparticled—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 wrapt observer, not of the man as a person, but of the man as a rare mechanism The clothes emitted a dull, faint, leaden-hued effluvium, 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 behold 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 examplar, a large scap-bubble, was particled-heterogeneous. Within the body, itself a second body, I saw a beautiful pearly substance, whose moss was in perfect coalesence, indivisible, atomless unparticled. 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 sui generis-and unique. Sight, taste, &c., are some of its properties; reflection, reason, fancy, &c., are its qualities; judgment is its prerogative, and second sphere to be-at least I do-its university, 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 moved by unprincipled solfishness or insano malignity. It is side thereof. This wall is the conscious point from which we meet to resist, though resistance is a terrible remedy for 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 baffle the tendency to somnolence. And this is what I saw; the brain was is the god of Peace that is to humble Mars. It is the little one live mass of phospher, like luminiscence, totally distinct child Isalah saw adown the course of time leading the wolf from the aura mentioned above. There was a large and brilliant globe of white fine mist encompassing the head is its coming Christhood. When Man's head and heart have extended a prodigious distance above and horizontally, and grown to the wedding of Love and Wisdom, then will the that of which it was constituted proceeded from an oblately spheroidal body situated so that its centre rested exactly in PEAGE! What a heavenly chime of thrilling interests does and upon what the anatomists call the corpus collossum, or this short word impart! What a smothering of carthly callous body, which I affirm to be the seat of consciousnessthe 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 (comparonly theme of meditation, and the torture of innocents the ex- atively,) 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 ton 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

have such large psychal centres. In the man before me I beheld the operations of this soul. Whenever the drowsiness came over him, one side of this globe would collapse, and straitway 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 mus-Now, imagine this World to be one vast whispering-gallery, cles, 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. when he strove to keep awake, that this globe indented itself from the outside, which was smooth, albeit a countless tions, 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 THOUGHT! Auxious 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 cras. 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-is 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 Etriven heretofore, and brought forth abortions-perfect to those contemporaneous with them, but in view of her yet untried energies, abortions still." Now the ink was scarcely was almost entirely obscured by another aum proceeding from the forms of the words, by which I discovered that

couscious realm around us.

Much more the man wrote. I watched him long. But at him; and rising from his desk, he throw himself upon a sofa, and in a short time fell saleep. 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 lime. He conversed with me by a method I am totally unablo to explain, and informed me that he was commissioned to instruct mo in cortain essentials, with reference to future sefulness 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 medulia oblongata. It outered this body, and passed through the spinal marrow, till it reached the joint of the vertebræ, just in proximity to the stomach. Here it left, and instantly enunciated itself into the solar plexus. The man was in a death-like sleen. "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" . . • • I awoke not, nor did the man. I left him, and, guided by the rare being at my side, began an ascent toward tho sky. LE ROSCICEUCIAN.

> Written for the Banner of Light, ALONE.

Alone I sit by the fire, The embers dying and grey; Faith beginning to tire-Hope fast obbing 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.

Can I be the same indeed? My youth was then in its prime, My future had but one creed. Love encircled me round; Now I am standing alone, Hushed are the words of sweet sound. Gone is the love all my own.

One year ago at this time!

Guarded was then his heart's choice From sorrow, and care, and pain; Oh! but to hear that voice Evon in dreams 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.

P. E. T.

Correspondence.

To what is our Civilization Due?

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

The elements that have been at work to produce our prosent state of civilization are, first, God—then His qualities in our race, which qualities, it is true, have existed in more han 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, acting out our inherent qualities, assisted here and there by a light a little brighter than the rest, like Christ, Beecher, or a Britneeded, rather than forward to where all is light.

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 orced 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 out let 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 leconcy, of squezing 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 calamities" 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 revengeful being which those at the dam had said he was, and therefore they cared little whether they went or not.

But clorious to relate, it is now seen that God has been libelied—the stream of spirituality is rising rapidly—is breakng over and through the dam, which, not being built by God, cannot stand, and is rushing resistlessly and joyously on 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 th broader, surer, and more natural channel, of love to God the Father, and to humanity, His children. ENOS BOUGHTON.

Yours truly, Battle Creek, Mich., August 29, 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 he so, then the inference is plain that right conditions are essential for good and truthful ommunicating. In the New York Tribune of last week, we

have the following:—
"Montreal, Monday, August 29, 1859. The Superintendent of the Canadian Telegraph Company' 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 Autora 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 moraling, to get over, in even a telerably intelligible form, about four hundred words of the steamer indian's report for the Associated Press; and at the latter hour, so completely the Associated Press; and, at the latter hour, so completely were the wires under the influence of the Aurora Burealis, that it was found utterly impossible to communicate be-tween the telegraph stations, and the line was closed for the night."

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

perish, but would float in the human world until it should be monstrations to perfection in spite of conditions; therefore inhaled into some soul, and thence be bern again into the 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," length his weary task and the sultry weather overpowered 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 not have ceased to make another effort to communicate after the line was closed for the night? We think so. A. C.

"God's Body and Mind."

Elbridge, N. Y., Sept. 4, 1859.

Mesons, Editors-In the Banner for Aug. 21st, I notice in article, under the above caption, from our friend Ewing, in which he puzzles himself to find out what God is, and how he exists. Did the thought ever occur 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

bove 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 Delty? "The heavens declare his glory, and the firmament showeth forth his handlwork."

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

"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 clement 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 etherial mode of existence? All our knowledge of matter is gained through our corporeal senses; how many forms of matter there may be that entirely clude 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 analagous to electricity. Being the most sublimated and impressible 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 Br. 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 com-

mandment 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 com-mandment. 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, Suppose ye 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 these

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 righteous ness. For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy by his pure life the works of evil men, and tain: and better than all, the beautiful fact is beginning to thereby establish truth and righteousness in the world. It be appreciated, that the kingdom of heaven is close at hand, is a holy privilege to stand in the great temple of God, and that the door is not closed; and that those lights will not be worship him who created all things; to stand in the integ-dimmed by death, but will reflect back to where light is rity of our hearts, as did the holy men of old, before men and rity of our hearts, as did the hely angels, and give thanks to the Father for the blessings of The human mind runs toward God, by nature, just as life, and be assured that our thank-offerings are acceptable. inevitably as the stream flows onward toward the Father of 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. Whatsoever is written of the pure, the holy, and the just one, is for our edification and example, if so be we have an honest heart, fulth, 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 beget ten 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 Bon 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 T. J. H. Nashville, Aug. 24, 1850.

E. V. Wilson at South Milford, Mass.

The above mentioned gentleman lectured in our 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 delineations 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 con dition. When their titelar saint, the hely 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 Now, had the Superintendent, and those who worked the good government. But he was told, "No, holy man, that wires, only been as wise as the "Savans of Harvard," they 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 spite of conditions. Our Spiritual friends cannot give de- human being to live a truly happy life.

LIGHT.

BY WILLIAM PITT PALMES. Prom the quickened womb of the primal gloom,
The sun relied black and bare.
Till I wore him a vest for his Ethiop breast
Of the threads of my golden hair;
And when the bread tent of the firmament
Arese on its airy spars,
I penched the hue of its matchless blue
And spangled 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 siniess 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 world accursed 'Their work of wrath had sped, And the Ark's lone few, the tried 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 Like a pall at rest on a senseless breast,
Night's funeral shadow slept—
When shepherd swalns, on Bethichem'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; E'en the blind, whose vain spheres roll in darkness and

tears,

Feel my smile, the blest smile of a friend.

Nay, the flower of the waste by my love is embraced,

As the rose in the garden of kings,

At the chrysalis bler of the worm I appear, And lo! the gay butterfly wings.

The desolate Morn, 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 balmy repose,
I wrapt the soft reat by the zephyr-fanned west
In curtains of amber and 1086 I

From my sentinel sleep by the night-brooded deep From my sentinet steep by the night-broaded of I gaze with unslumbering eyes.
When the cynosure star 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 compassless, dark, lone, weltering 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 plain glow with beauty again,
As they bask in the matinal sheen.
Oh, if such the glad worth of my presence on earth,
Though fretful and fleeting the while,
What glories must rest on the home of the blest,
Ever bright with the Delty's smile!

OBITUARY.

OBITUARY.

Died in Cambridgo, Vt., Aug. 20th, Brother Jonas Safford, in his sixty-second year. He has long been a consistent believer in Spiritualism, having investigated ever since the Rochester rapplings became known. He has not spared time nor expense to get light, and has ever strove to impart it to others. He has endeared 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 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 31st the friends met to pay their last respects to his remains. A large and attentive audience was present, and were addressed by the writer, from the text: "He ye, therefore, also ready;" (with appropriate singing.) After which a few thoughts given on death, as generally understood, showing the difference between theology and spirituality. When his body was being lowered into the grave, the friends sang, "Thou art gone to the grave," which left a deep impression on those present.

"Thou are gone to the solution of those present.

In the evening he made himself known at the circle held at his house, to the satisfaction of those present.

A. P. Thompson.

LECTURERS.

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

WARREN CHASE'S address for September will be Lowell,

Mass.
Mass. A. P. Thompson, South Troy, Vt.
Mass. Fannie Burbank Felton. Address, until October
1st. Willard Barnos Felton, Portland, Mo.
J. H. Currer, (care of H. A. Meucham.) Orange, Mas.
H. P. Fairpield. Address Greenwich Village, Mass.
F. L. Wadsworth. Address at Utlea, N. Y.
Mass. J. W. Currier. Address at Lowell, box 815,
Miss M. Munson. Letters may be addressed to her at this

MISS ROSA T. AMEDEY. Address at No. 82 Allen street

oston, Mass.

ANNA M. MIDDLEBROOK, (formerly Mrs. Henderson.) Adress, during September, Box 422, Bridgeport, Ct.

H. A. Tucker. Address at Foxboro', Mass,
Geonge Arkins. Address Boton, Mass,
Rev. John Pierpont. Address Boton, Co. Williams,
Rev. John Pierpont. Miss Sarah A. Macoun. Address No. 33 Winter street, ast Cambridge, Mass.

Mass. Cambridge, Mass.
Mass. Mary Macomber, Carpenter street, Grant Mill, caroof Z. R. Macomber, Providence, R. I.
Miss Lizzie Doten may be addressed at Plymouth, Mass.
Miss Ruma Harbinos. Address No. 8 Fourth Avenue.

New York. , II. L. Bowken. Address at Natick, Mass., or 7 Davis street, DENJ. DANFORTH. Address Boston, Mass.
ELIJAH WOODWORTH. Address at Leslie, Mich., till further

C. T. Inish. Address at Taunton, Mass., care of John Ed-

y, Esq.
A. B. Whitting. Address at Brooklyn, Mich.
CHARLES W. Bungess. Address at West Killingly, Conn.
Mas. Bertha B. Chage. Address at West Harwich, Mass.
E. R. Young, Address box 83, Quincy, Mass.
George M. Jackson. Address at Prattsburg, N. Y., until

L. K. COONLEY. Address at La Prairie Centre, III.
LOVELL BREBS, Address North Ridgeville, Ohio.
Mas. S. Manta Bliss. Address at Springfield, Mass,
E. V. Wilson. Address Bridgowater, Mass.
Prop. J. E. Churchill. Address & No. 202 Franklin street, par Raco, Philadelphia.
Mns. J. B. Smith. Address at Concord, N. H.
Dn. C. C. Yonk. Address at Boston, Mass
Mns. F. O. Hyzzn. Address, in care of J. H. Blood, Box 548

, O., St. Louis, Mo. Miss Susan M. Johnson. Address at North Abington, MRS. AMANDA M. SPENCE. Address at No. 534 Broadway,

Miss. Amanda M. Spence. Address at No. 534 Broadway, New York City.
Proy. J. L. D. Otis will spend the month of September in Connecticut and Rhodo Island. Address at Norwich, Ct. Ifa H. Cuntis. Address at Hartford, Ct. J. C. Hall, Buffalo, N. Y.
WILLIAM E. Rice. Address at 7 Davis street, Boston.
Miss E. E. Gisson. Address at North Hanson, Mass.
Charles P. Ricker will lecture on the Sabbath. Address at Lowell, Mass.
A. C. Rominson. Address Fall River, Mass.
Miss A. F. Pease. Address West Whateley, Mass.
DE, Mayhew, (care of R. Post.) St. Paul, Min.
Lonno Moody. Address Malden, Mass.
Miss Emma Houston. Address No. 6 Edgeley place, out

MISS EMMA HOUSTON. Address No. 6 Edgeley place, out

Miss Emma Houston. Address No. 6 Edgeloy place, out of South Cedar street, Boston.

Propesson Brittan is now engaged in lecturing in the New England States.

Those who require his services during the autumn, may address him at this office, or at New ark, N. J., where he still resides.

Miss. M. H. Coles. Address, care of Bela Marsh, 14 Brom-

field street, Boston. W. K. Riplex. Address at 19 Green street, care of B. Dan-

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALISTS hold religious worship in Opera Hall, No. 13 School street, Boston, every Sunday, comme at half-past 10 A. M., and 3 P. M.

at half-past 10 A. M., and 3 P. M.
A Checke for trance-speaking, &c., is held every Sunday morning, at 10 1-2 o'clock, at No. 14 Bromfield street. Admission 5 cents.

MERTINGS IN CHELSEA, on Sundays, morning and evening at Guld Hall, Winnisimmet street. D. F. Goddard, regular speaker. Seats free.

LAWRENCE.—The Spiritualists of Lawrence held regular meetings on the Sabbath, forenoon and afternoon, at Lawrence.

rence Hall FOXBORO'.—The Spiritualists of Foxboro' hold free meetngs in the town hall every Sunday, at half-past one, and five

k. P. M.

o'clock, P. M.
PLYMOUTH.—The Spiritualists of this town hold regular meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening at Leyden Hall, commencing at 2 and 7 o'clock.
Lowell.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings on Sundays, forenoon and afternoon, in Well's Hall Speaking, by mediume and others.

BALEM.—Meetings have commenced at the Spiritualists' Church, Sowall street. Circles in the morning; speaking, afternoon and evening.

Macroon and evening.

Woncester.—The Spiritualists of Worcester will resume their regular Sunday neetings in Washburn Hall next Sunday, Sopt. 4. R. P. Ambler, of New York, occupies the deak every Sunday during the month of September.

"It is a great blessing to possess what one wishes," said some one to an ancient philosopher, who replied. "It is a greater blessing still, not to desire what one does not pos"Press close, baro-besomed night! Press close, magnetic, nourishing night!"

Buffering is progression. The truth of this sentence is a key to the explanation of that most unacceptable 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 ultimating 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 mainspring 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. Is suffering a means of progress? Then how rapid must have been the flight of that soul upward, who has drank 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 pro-

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 surfeited with, and purged of, the loathsome curse; it has gained ascendency 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 affinitize 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 bim, and reform of evil propelled him."

What suffering is here! The Lord leveth 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 npon 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 divine inside and out."

The murderer is no less divine, no less immortal or progressive, than the man is 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. Ignominy 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; inharmony, 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 toilsome 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.

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 and only on the place of t when it brings suffering, which kuffering must be identifled with my progression?

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.

I deem the latter the most perfected species of mediumship—for the supremacy of one's own individual-

plane of human progress; and while these elements are suspended, his own thoughts and will will color, hold a place in humanity, their manifestations in the tion. And I have observed that mediums, originally 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 drunk enness, 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 OHILDREN'S CONVENTION AT LONGlife are the effect of means working to this end.

From the New York Tribune. JUDGE EDMONDS ON SPIRITUALISM

NUMBER NINE.

BPEAKING AND WRITING MEDIUMS. To the Editor of the N. Y. Tribune:

. Sin: All the kinds of mediumship, except speaking and writing, are necessarily slow in the process of com-municating 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 cultivations. tion. 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

3. The medium frequently refers to events and relates

5. The medium requently receive 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 allke to him and to those present, but which are afterward ascertained to be facts.

5. He prophecies 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

7. He utters thoughts in conflict with his own senti-nents, which he does not receive and which he repu-

8. He writes and utters things of which he is ignos. He writes and utters things of which he is ignorant at the time of their utterance. Such is the ease 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 fremently wrote matters of which I know he is, even to his 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 loes 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 the calculation of advanced the content of the con her 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 of the doctors, both properties of the conformal temple. t his understanding and answers."

11. And to add to it all, the medium is unable to do

this at his pleasure, but only when 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.

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 subtions or the thought-movements in the cerebral sub-stances, 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

tence that he forms. Sometimes he is conscious of the sentence, but is not aware of its connection with what

And thus it is with all the sufferings of human souls. | communing spirit, which distinguished him in life, is

tween these two extremes there is every conceivable shade of condition.

I have known the mediums when speaking to have

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-god on, and yet without the power of exercising any that flows over humanity; it is God-given and God-god on, and yet without the power of exercising any control over their own organized and I have seen when control over their own organs; and I have seen the medium was in the full possession of conscious-ness and volition, and yet was uttering the thoughts

The elements of drunkenness, of prostitution, of mur-der, and of crime, are in the world on the existing undisciplined that unless his consciousness and voltion tion. And I have observed that meaning, or and only in a state of trance, have gradually, as they have permitted themselves to be improved, been more and more in their normal condition when used.

This, however, is comparatively rare, and requires an uncommon degree of mental culture and self-disci-pline. I do not know that I have ever yet seen a medium improved to the condition of which it seems

to me they are yet capable.
Under this 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 discour-

agements—at times it does come pure and undefiled—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. Ермонря.

Lake George, Aug. 15, 1859.

WOOD, PA.

EDITORS OF THE BANNER-I do not send you the enclosed letterr 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 oh 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 pitfulls," 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 PIFTH ANNUAL LETTER TO THE CHILDREN.

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 utters proper sentences, which are understood by those who are acquainted with the language.

2. Another is, that sometimes the medium knows and sometimes he 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.

NOLE JOSEPH'S FIFTH ANNUAL LETTER TO THE CHILDREN.

DEAR LITTLE GIRLS AND BOYA—The other day, I was in West Chester, and before I was conscious of it, Eva and Jennic, two little pets of mine, had their arm a conscious of it, Eva and Jennic, two little pets of mine, had there is and the one that lisps said, "Oh, Uncle Joseph, whou 'ith the going to have the Children's Meeting?" The same day, West Chester, and before I was conscious of it, Eva and Jennic, had then one that lisps said, "Oh, Uncle Joseph, whou 'ith the one that lisps said, "Oh, Uncle Joseph, whou 'ith the one that lisps said, "Oh, Uncle Joseph, whou 'ith the one that lisps said, "Oh, Uncle Joseph, whou 'ith the one that lisps said, "Oh, Uncle Joseph, whou 'ith the one that lisps said, "Oh, Uncle Joseph, whou 'ith the one that lisps said, "Oh, Uncle Joseph, whou 'ith the one that lisps said, "Oh, Uncle Joseph, whou 'ith was the welling?" The same day, Welliam Everhat said we might have sedesting?" The same

ling that if it had been water, I am quite sure it would have sprinkled me all over.

Such singing as we shall have when the jublice comes, and the cry of no slave child shall be heard in our dear cherished land! Some teeple 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, no!" Now, just between ourselves, I thought the horses at the Yearly Meeting had, for want of outs, chowed the rails so badly that perhaps George would feel a little cool about our Convention; but I tell you he nover looked pleasanter when he was a boy. I hardly had told him what I wanted, before he said, "Yes—oh, yes, certainly!" Then my mind was made up instanter, that whatever we 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 ignoduse.

| The previous of the pr

would hold our next Convention at Longwood, on Soventh day, the 1st of Tenth month, 1859, commencing precisely at 10 o'clock A. M.

Rise 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 all 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 if one little barefooted urchin should go empty away. 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 Longwood, and the Park extends over the acres. After the meeting is over, and we have had our memories jogged about The Little Pingrim, Punctuality, Persoverance, Quarreling, Quids, and other P's and Q's, and some good songs about Temperance and Freedom, we will leave the horses at the meeting-house, (for that is our bargain,) and hie off to the Park and spread our lunch under the boughs of the grand old Norways. The old folks will all feel young again! You remember how we magnetized the ministers hat year and made them talk like sensitule boys. It strikes me we ought this year to invite the Editors.

But I must hurry; we are packing up for a trip to New Jersey. Did you hear the little folks were going to have a great Convention there to eclebrate 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 my little plain coat a name which legitimately belongs to one of the firest fish that swims in the Delaware. I wish you could all read the sweet little book called, "A Kiss for a Blow," and practice forgiveness of

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 free-The vital element of the lighest self-outture 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 objection to obey the dictates of conscience the 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 the organism externally; in the other 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 writing, but is unconscious of what letters or words he is forming, and sometimes he is confort the medium are the treason and liberty of individuals. Institutions are term of the use and benefit of individuals, and belong to is merely mechanical, the arm of the medium being duty: like Galileo, he is under the ban of authority, moved by some other aid than his; sometimes he is unconscious even that he is writing; sometimes he is power of combinations are too often arrayed against ters 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 being his own. Sometimes he is aware of each word protection of their sacred rights of freedom. Whenas he writes it, but is unconscious of what is the sentence that he forms. Sometimes he is conscious of the live that he forms. Sometimes he is conscious of the live that he forms. Sometimes he is conscious of the live that he forms. Sometimes he is conscious of the live that he forms. Sometimes he is conscious of the live that he forms sometimes he is conscious of the live that he is the sentence that he forms. Sometimes he is conscious of the live that he is that the like Gallieo, he is under the band of an idea of the leads. The pride and dare not follow where truth leads. The pride and dare not follow where truth leads. Institutions are too offen arrayed against the reason and liberty of individuals. Institutions are too offen arrayed against the reason and liberty of individuals. Institutions are too offen arrayed against the reason and liberty of individuals. Institutions are too offen arrayed against the reason and liberty of individuals. Institutions are too offen arrayed against the reason and liberty of individuals. Institutions are too offen arrayed against the reason and liberty of individuals. Institutions are too offen arrayed against the reason and liberty of individuals. Institutions are too offen arrayed against the reason and liberty of individuals. Institutions are too offen arrayed against the reason and liberty of individuals. ever 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, devosentence, 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 "pot-hooks-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 difference thandwriting is carefully preserved for each spirit communing; and sometimes the handwriting of the industriance of the plea of reverence for the past, devolution to the present, or well-being in the future—the scholar is 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, ferent handwriting is carefully preserved for each spirit.

of freedom, a purer devotion to principles, and a of freedom, a purer devotion to principes, and a stronger confidence in their triumph; less of subjection and subservience to preconcuired opinions, and more of the just independence becoming the majesty of truth. Ohl for more of the fearless spirit of Milton, the lofty courage of Luther, the moral heroism of Paul, por line. No d and more of that sublime faith which moved the Prophet further notice.

on Carnel, 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 slege of Troy, a famous Grecian hero cried;

"Give but the light, and Ajax asks no more." An illustrious poet of Germany, in his solicitude 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—the 7th, 8th and 9th. All the friends of the good 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 McHenry, we would simply say: we have several Orthodox churches, most sectarian in their feelings and quite exclusive; but, after all, we are confident that many of their people will favor us with their presence and their hospitality. McHenry is situated in McHenry County, Illinois, fifty miles north of Chicago, on the Fox River Valley Railroad, twenty-fives miles west of Wnukegan; from there is 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 hely angels will come with you.

H. K. SPIRITUAL CONVENTION IN ILLINOIS.

that holy angels will come with you.

McHenry, Ill., Sept. 5, 1859.

MEETING OF FRIENDS OF HUMAN PROGRESS The Ohio Yearly Meeting of Friends of Human Progress, will hold its next meeting at Faramount, 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, Enemics as well as Friends of Religious, Moral and Intellectual Progress, are invited to meet and concents together for the welfare and development of manoperate together for the welfare and development of man kind. Several speakers have already expressed their intention to be present.

Racher Whiners.

RACHER STRESCOTT.,

Clerks.

SPIRITUALISTS' GRAND MASS PICNIC FOR 1859

At Island Grove, Abington, 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 oil the friends living on the lines of the sulroad out of Boston will be enabled to return a their this arrangement fill the friends living on the lines of the railroad, out of Boston, will be enabled to return to their homes the same evening. All friends of Spiritualiam, both in city and country, are cordially invited to attend this Grand Social Eestival, and participate in the exercises of the day. Several eminent speakers are expected to be present and take part in the exercises.

Tickets 60 cents each for adults, and for children 25 cents. May be obtained at the depot on the morning of the excursion; also at the way stations between Boston and South Braintree, at haif 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 The friends in Plymouth, Kingston and Hanson, can obtain tickets at their several depots at half the regular fare to Ablington, and return by regular trains. Those living near the Jine 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 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 Falis, can return the same night. The friends living in New Bedford, or near Myrick's, Taunton, Middloboro', 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 an a former occasion. return at night. Those living on the line of the Bouth Shore

fare, thus obviating the mean solution in 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.

HARMONIAL COLONY ASSOCIATION.

The annual meeting of the Harmonial Colony Association will be held at Worcester, Mass., on the 16th 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—and it is hoped there will be a full attendance, and a liberal sentiment expressed in regard to this humanitary movement.

Per order of the Directory.

D. C. Gates, Recorder.

For further particulars inquire at Bay State Market.

PHILANTHROPIC CONVENTION.

This Convention, for the purpose of considering the cause and cure of evil, which held its first meeting in Utlea in September last, will hold its second annual assemblage in St. James's Itali, Bufialo, on the 16th, 17th, and 18th of Sept. The following persons, residents of Buffialo, constitute the Committee of Arrangements: John N. Gardner, Cyrus. O. Pool, George Whitcomb, Louise Whitcomb, Alanson Webster, Thomas Rathbun, Sarah Rathbun, E. A. Maynard, Mary F. Davis, J. II. Lusk, Giles Husted, Lester Brooks, W. G. Oliver, E. G. Seatt, Bauoul S. Frown. Any member of this Commit. Bavis, J. H. Lusz, Glies Husted, Lester Brooks, W. G. Oliver E. G. Scott, Benoul S. Brown. Any member of this Commit tee can be addressed by those wishing to secure accommoda-tions in advance at hotels and private boarding-houses.

LIBERAL CONVENTION.

A Liberal Convention will be holden at Little Mountain, Lake Co., Ohlo, on Saturday and Sunday, the 17th and 18th September next, for the purpose of adding in bringing into more general and active operation the great principles of "Practical Liberality" and "Consistent Charity," by extending a free platform to all the carnest and active friends of Humanity, whereon 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 standard of seelety.

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.

Eminent speakers have been invited, and a cordial welcome

Eminent speakers 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 ogether."

ogether."
By request of the Committee of Arrangements,
August 26, 1850.
G. N. TUTTLE.

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Tanna.-A limited number of inferrisements will be inserted in this paper at the following rates: Wirts insertion, fifteen cents per line; second, and all subsequent, ten cents por line. No departure will be made from this rule until-

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A CARD.

A CARD.

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Ing on of hands, that we have had considerable experience in that way with (to the ignorant) almost marvelous results. For particulars, address R. HOLLAND, M. D., Aug. 13 & 3t New Gracienberg, N. F.

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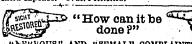
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