

South, "suppose it had pleased God to give you what would you have done?"

MAN AND HIS RELATIONS.

BY S. D. BRITTON.

SECOND SERIES.

CHAPTER III.

ANIMAL AND HUMAN MAGNETISM.

Among the pretensions to a knowledge of the Magnetic Mysteries of the living world, very few have pursued the investigation of the subject in a truly scientific spirit. Even those who set up the most imposing claims to public confidence, often expose themselves and the subject to derision, by their large faith in the infallibility of their own desultory speculations and impressions. With such pretended philosophers the observation of a new class of phenomena is at once presumed to confer something more than a hypothetical existence on a hitherto undiscovered imponderable. Some animal "magnetic fluid," "etherium," or "od force," is alleged to exist and to be the operative cause in the production of the newly classified phenomena. Vain and superficial investigators are quick to herald their discoveries and slow to learn that they were only imaginary. Such men are accustomed to treat the whole ideal family of auras as if they belonged to the category of demonstrated realities. If one cannot derive instruction from such weakness and credulity, he may at least be amused to see with what readiness certain grave and distinguished persons mistake a specious hypothesis for a scientific deduction, and promptly pay their respects to the whole retinue of imaginary agents, at the same time they endorse the paper of every last discoverer of a "new fluid" until it passes current with the people.

If in order to avoid a too frequent repetition of the same words in similar relations, different terms are employed in the same general sense—or to denote the same thing—it may be all very well, and the only question likely to arise would relate merely to the proprieties of speech; but if each separate term be understood to represent some new principle or force in Nature, distinguished, by essential qualities, from the one agent on which the phenomena of life, sensation and motion are known to depend, the error assumes a graver character, and should be exposed. Not only do the experiments of Galvani, Matteucci, Reymond, Humboldt, Duff, Smee, and others demonstrate that the vital, sensational, and voluntary functions of human and animal bodies are electrically produced; but other distinguished electricians, chemists and physiologists—without pursuing a similar course of experiment—have adopted their conclusions. To the list of scientific authorities—already referred to for confirmation of the writer's views—I will only add the name and testimony of the late Dr. Gregory, for many years Professor of Electricity and Chemistry in the University of Edinburgh. I extract the following passage from his chemical science:

"The existence in all parts of the body of an alkaline liquid, the blood, and an acid liquid, the juice of the flesh, separated by a very thin membrane, and in contact with muscle and nerve, seems to have some relation to the fact, now established, of the existence of electric currents in the body, and particularly to those which occur when the muscles contract. The animal body may therefore be regarded as a galvanic engine for the production of mechanical force. . . . A working man, it has been calculated, produces in twenty-four hours an amount of heating or thermal effect equal to the demand in raising nearly fourteen millions of pounds to the height of one foot. . . . But from causes connected with the range of temperature, he can only produce, in the form of actual work done, about as much mechanical effect as would raise three million, five hundred thousand pounds the height of one foot in twenty-four hours."

If vital and voluntary motion and sensation thus depend on the presence and motion of a subtle fluid known as animal electricity—the actual existence of which no scientific observer pretends to dispute—it must be obvious that the various chemical, physiological, and psychological changes which result from the magnetic manipulations directly depend on the influence exerted over this known and acknowledged agent of feeling, thought and action. If the excitation of the electric fluid that pervades the sensories occasions sensation, there is no valid reason for presuming that some other agent—not absolutely known to exist—is acted upon when the avenues of sensation are closed, as in the magnetic sleep, or opened to the phantom throng of psycho-sensational illusions. It must be obvious that whenever feeling is either increased, diminished or suspended, the effects must be produced through the unequal distribution or abnormal action of the very agent on which sensation, in all its phases, proximately depends. Moreover, the medium of vital motion must be the subtle principle through which we operate when the organic functions are accelerated, retarded, or otherwise influenced by the manipulations of the magnetizer or the will of the psychologist. The assumption that a fluid, distinct from vital electricity, is either imparted or withdrawn from the subject in the production of the effects, derives no confirmation from the record of scientific discovery. Nor is it logical to infer, from the facts themselves, the existence and action of some undiscovered imponderable, so long as an agent already known to exist will suffice to account for all the phenomena.

Certain undisciplined minds are extremely liable to mistake a peculiar looseness of statement for remarkable freedom of thought. Such men discover only useless landmarks and arbitrary restraints in the ordinary demonstrations of science, while the best evidence that they are independent thinkers is to be found in their mental recklessness and irresponsibility. We have teachers who insist that Magnetism is a subtle fluid; that it exists essentially as well as phenomenally; that Magnetism is warm whilst Electricity is cold; that the one is the agent of sensation in animal and human bodies, while muscular motion directly depends on the other; that Magnetism is the positive force in the vital constitution, and Electricity the negative force; that in producing the magnetic state we must withdraw the positive force from the subject by the still more positive power of the operator. In the name of Philosophy all this and much more is very freely offered and as promptly rejected.

The foregoing assumptions, taken together, do not constitute a comprehensible thesis, but an unintelligible jargon, with no better foundation than the erratic and lawless speculations of the uneducated mind. I may be pardoned if I do not understand true mental freedom to consist in a total indifference to natural law, in the absence of rational restraints, and in ignorance of scientific discoveries. It is quite natural for those who have been enfranchised to this unlimited extent, to feel that they are entitled to "the largest liberty." They may permit the imagination to "take a spree" in the new realms of thought; the nobler faculties—for want of more serious, orderly, and profitable employment—may each in turn play the harlequin; and even Reason—intoxicated with self-love—be allowed to appear in perpetual masquerade. But instead of a mere repetition of this species of "ground and lofty tumbling" (for the further entertainment of those who are, for the most part, convinced and interested by the mere prestige of certain proper names), an indelible basis—natural forces, accredited facts, and discovered laws—is here offered as the foundation of a rational philosophy. By logical deductions from such premises we shall proceed to the final conclusion, leaving such speculators in fancy stocks as are determined to build the whole temple of Science on visions and impressions, to

"Dive at stars and fasten in the mud."

While there may be no such "magnetic fluid, universally diffused" in Nature, as is presumed to exist in the thesis of Anthony Mesmer, and in the faith of his willing disciples, still the phenomena under discussion are neither unreal nor unimportant. In respect to animated nature, therefore, the term *Magnetism* may properly represent a variety of curious and instructive phenomena, all depending on certain electro-physiological conditions and changes in animal and human bodies.

The popular notion that the so-called magnetic phenomena depend on the agency of a fluid, distinct from the animal electricity evolved in the processes of vital chemistry, and disengaged in the organic functions of the system, rests on nothing better than a very common assumption. It is neither sustained by a single principle nor illustrated by a solitary fact in science. Moreover, it will be time to consider the temperature of Magnetism when it is fairly demonstrated that such a fluid has anything more substantial than an imaginary existence. The kindred assertion that "electricity is cold," is not illustrated in a very clear and convincing manner by the results of its action, as seen in the sudden combustion of buildings, in the fusion of metals and solid rocks, and in the evidences of intense heat found on the barren plains of Siberia and Persia, where the sands are often melted and formed into vitreous tubes of several yards in length, by the disruptive electrical discharges from atmospheric

batteries. But I have not done. That the nervous medium of sensation is essentially distinct from the agent of vital and voluntary motion, is not even supported by a remote probability. We are not authorized to infer that the nervous fluid is one thing, when it is excited at the papillary terminations—by outward elements and external objects—and something essentially different, when it is disturbed at the source of the motors, or at the nervous centers—by some involuntary emotion, or the action of the will. Nor is this all. The notion that, in order to produce a state of coma, the magnetic or positive force of the body is withdrawn by the still more positive power of the magnetizer, does not appear to be according to the natural law; for since positive and negative objects and forces, only, exhibit attraction, it would follow that if the positive force of the subject is extracted at all, it would seek and find its equilibrium alone in a union with what is negative in the operator.

The nervous system of man is a most delicate, complicated and beautiful electro-telegraphic machine. The intelligent operator—the Spirit—has his chief residence and principal station in the physical sensorium, from which the lines of communication diverge to all points. He has one large and many smaller batteries with corresponding reservoirs, together with suitable machinery, alkalies, acids, etc., for the generation of the electric force required on all the lines of communication, and for numerous other important purposes. The whole realm covered by the infinite ramifications of the neuro-telegraphic network, is one splendid workshop, and the property of the same individual. The proprietor employs electro-hydraulic and calorific engines of small dimensions but of great power. Beside a force—estimated at fifty tons—expended in blowing the vital fires, in driving the engines, working the forcing-pumps in the transportation of liquid and solid substances to every part of the industrial domain, and in frequently moving the whole concern from place to place, the owner—under favorable circumstances—is sure to have a surplus electro-thermal power—applicable to mechanical purposes—which, (according to the calculation of Dr. Gregory and other scientific authorities) is sufficient to annually carry seventeen hundred tons from the foundation to the top of St. Paul's in London! Such parts of the business as do not require a constant, intelligent supervision, proceed uninterruptedly through the night. The whole business of the establishment is prosecuted, on an average, some sixteen hours in twenty-four, during which time the superintendent keeps his office doors and all the windows open; but generally he drops his curtains at regular intervals, bars the doors, and retires to an inner chamber, rests for several hours without interruption.

When sleep is induced by magnetic manipulations, the avenues leading from the outer world to the soul are closed; the process of telegraphic communication is suspended, and the physical and mental functions—so far as they depend on voluntary effort—are temporarily arrested. These effects can only be produced by the direct influence exerted over the known and accredited agent of sensation and action. By the concentration of that agent at certain points, and by the wide diffusion of the subtle principle; by its equal and unequal distribution; by its sudden dissipation from particular organs and the centers of electro-nervous energy; by alternately interrupting and restoring the electrical equilibrium of the brain and other vital parts, and by changing the polarity of the organs—all of which effects the skillful operator may develop, agreeably to certain physical and psycho-electrical laws—we produce all the mysterious changes in the processes of animal chemistry; in the varying phenomena of sensation; and in the organic action of the whole body, which are known to occur under the hand, the eye, and the will of any one skilled in vital magnetism.

The condition of the magnetic sleeper is usually one of serene and profound repose. He gradually becomes unconscious of time and space, and, in a greater or less degree, regardless of his relations to external objects. When all the outward avenues, through which the soul is wont to receive its impressions, are thus closed, a temporary paralysis rests on the physical medium and instruments of sensation. A leaden slumber weighs down the eyelids; the ear is dull and insensible; and the delicate "nerve spirit," that like a fleet courier ran through and along each sensitive fiber, and every nerve of motion—keeping the soul in correspondence with the external world—like a weary traveler rests by the way. Thus the portals of our mortal tabernacle are closed for a season; the conscious and voluntary faculties of the mind are held in subjection by a spell that finds its most striking analogy in death; while the immortal dweller in the temple retires alone—to the inner sanctuary—for the sweet solace of calm repose and silent communion.

See Webster's Elements of Physics, London edition, page 470.
† The reader is referred to the Great Harmonia, vol. III, lecture XI.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE AGE OF VIRTUE.

BY GEORGE STEARNS.

Sixth Paper.

ITS CHARACTERISTICS—SOCIAL ORDER.

"The law is good, if one use it lawfully; knowing this, that the law is not made for a righteous man, but for the lawless and disobedient."—PAUL.

I pity the multitude that look on the face of government in every nation, and call it Social Order; when, in fact, nothing makes legislation needful, and adjudication possible, but social disorder. Rulers are mere political doctors; and the art of governing, as practiced the world over, is about as normal as the allopathic healing art. "Punitive justice" is as good against crime as calomel against disease. What we want in the one case is not medicine, but temperance; and what we want in the other case is not punishment, but benign restraint and guidance. But why want even these? Simply because individuals want character.

Law is doubtless the antecedent of Order, but only in the highest sense of these words. The above scripture is quoted as a good example of a plain difference in principle, without a literal distinction. I do not stop to inquire whether Paul's remark points to the Moslem or Roman law, or whether his thought was not more comprehensive than either. It is evident that he meant human rather than Divine law, which is made, not for a righteous man, but for the lawless or unrighteous, and which is good only when lawfully used, or rightfully applied. The strictly righteous man has the law of God in his own mind—that is, he has sufficient knowledge and love of truth to insure his rectitude. None of "the powers that be" in the political will of majorities can govern him better than he governs himself. Human statutes, therefore, do not apply to him, but only to such as do not know, or knowing do not love, the Right.

But even in this restricted application of law to the lawless, there is a deal of misapprehension as to its effective use. The highest hypothetical use of the State, is to secure to every member of society the free enjoyment of all natural rights. This no political power has yet attempted, nor ever will attempt, with success, in the capacity of governing men, but only in that of educating them. When "the master" turns teacher—drops his ferule, and takes up the slate and pencil—then the boys begin to learn arithmetic. So when the State turns all the court-houses into school-houses, and all the jails and penitentiaries into asylums of reformation, then the work of adult education will commence. This implies a complete revolution of all "the powers that be"—an entire disuse of arbitrary codes, and an honest endeavor to enact the laws of God. Then, when all men and women are fairly educated, all but the young will be constituted self-governors; and, parents being the natural governors of their own children, the State will have served its ultimate use, and become obsolete. Then will follow such a state of Social Order as will constitute the genuine "public good" at which rulers pretend to aim, but of which all attempts at governing hitherto have proved abortive.

Yet I do not deny political authority as a thing altogether useless; I only wish men to let it go for what it is worth. "The law is good if we use it lawfully." The only practical use of legislation seems to be that of restraining such as need restraint, though only with respect to social relations. The best statesmen have asserted that law-makers should seek only to prevent crime, and that no more ought to be expected of the best administrations of law. But, appealing to history, we find that no government has ever quite reached this end, and, if "history is philosophy teaching by example," probably none ever will. The fact, however, that all crime has not been prevented, is consistent with the admission that much crime has been prevented, by means of good laws wisely administered; and this manifest tendency of the civil power is the only test and measure of its utility.

Legislation, make the best of it, cannot be reckoned otherwise than a necessary evil. It is expensive; and, what is worse, in so far as it comes short of the highest conceptions of Natural Law, it disallows of Self-government, which is the sphere of Freedom. Social Order is not, and never can be, a result of human legislation. It can proceed only from individual rectitude, the cause of which is Character—a thing of natural birth and growth. Not therefore till civil government is entirely superseded by Self-government; in other words, nowhere this side of the prospective Age of Virtue, are the wise permitted to look for an orderly social state.

Thus I deduce again what I have formerly maintained upon other premises, that the application and use of political authority are temporary and dependent on the prime imperfections of human nature. If Man is really progressive and destined to outgrow these imperfections, it follows that an era of voluntary rectitude is approaching, wherein all the living are to be sufficiently discerning and benignant to embrace Truth and Right without compulsion; and penal statutes will then be useless. Even now, some of the special ends of legislation are better attained without laws than with. Formerly the Church deemed it expedient to maintain her doctrines by the arm of physical force; but the hunted heresies survived the most terrific agencies of fire and sword, and the event proves that codes and penalties are no effective weapons either for or against conviction, but that all arbitrary authorities are bound to succumb at last to the rising powers of Reason and Conscience. Our fathers had less confidence in the natural workings of religious principle than in motives arising from the animal and selfish propensities of men; and therefore they sought to insure the worship of God after their way, by a mutual imposition of fines and scourging. A man who wished not to hear "the gospel" of those days, was subjected to a most hateful tax in favor of such as appropriated all its benefits. To such a method of proselyting seems quite ridiculous, and nobody wonders now that the Puritans soon lost their reputation for genuine purity, and that their notions of a "standing order" developed into a general distraction of the popular mind.

A similar picture represents the doings of Church and State everywhere. Both have been always accused of a disposition to govern too much; and this fact is sufficiently explained by the doctrine of Progression; for the common repugnance to constraint increases with growth of character, and men repudiate authority in proportion as they are able to govern themselves. Moreover, "the powers that be" are progressive as well as individuals; and the principle just stated applies with double force in cases wherein authorities err. It is natural that such as excel in wisdom should refuse to be mis-governed by Church or State. When the State has so far improved as to become the proper exponent of Reason, and the Church has come into harmony with Conscience, mankind will have so far progressed as to absorb the use of each, and the two powers will be incorporated in every human form. Every man will then become "a law unto himself." In plainer terms, Nature will take the place of both the Bible and the Statute-book, and all human codes and creeds will be supplanted, as each reads alike the higher laws of God.

It is a puerile fancy that the present partial order in society is the effect of legislation. That is as much as to say that the sexes marry because the State approves the ceremony; that in New England many are content with one wife because they are not allowed to have more; that parents are made guardians of their children by arbitrary rather than natural law; in short, that society is a mere contrivance of thinking men. On the contrary, it is observable that legislators rarely meddle with the customs of a community, while they carefully conserve the most cherished habits of individuals; from which it ought to be inferred that society grows out of individual development, just as Virtue is the fruit of character; and that Church and State are the conventional head and heart of their respective constituents. But a day of human judgment is coming, when the touchstone of conceptive use will cause these proud structures to crumble and perish. Conscience will then become high priest and Reason the sole sovereign. Humanity will be "our church," and "our country" the Universe.

As to the traits of Social Order as it will then unfold, we can learn only as we consult the living charts of Human Nature. We may be well assured that every one will be and act on itself. Whatever is unnatural in the present social state, will be dissolved, and the divinely conceived head and heart of Humanity alone will dominate. Fashion, Custom, Law—the trinity of old idolatry, will each like Dagon fall prone and be cast out of the temple of human worship. The only literal laws will be the laws of God, the only customs those of rectitude, and the only fashions those of various choice. Further than this, we can divine nothing as to the order of Self-government and the special traits of society, but what we predicate upon the immutable Constitution of Man; for which I offer no living example, but appeal to the reader's phenological intelligence, merely adding that every cranial organ now in a germinal state is bound to mature, and the partial excellences of character at present designated by the term *Genius*, are so many distinctive prophecies of what a ripened brain will be. There can be no error in this ideal of a perfect head, as the endowment of every man and woman of some future generation; else the notion of an Age of Virtue is also fanciful.

It is pretty generally understood that like developments of brain constitute a likeness of character; and perhaps it is still more generally evident that like character, in like conditions, begets like conduct. If bad brains occasion disorderly conduct to-day, we can expect nothing better of like cranial imperfections in time to come; but, otherwise, if certain cerebral conformations have always manifested a virtuous tendency hitherto, we may rationally conclude that the perfect brain which the law of progress insures to some future age of mankind, will become the natural guaranty of an orderly Self-government.

Do you ask if the ordinance of private property is likely to survive national authorities? I answer, that men will hold property so long as the organ of Acquisitiveness lives and grows. The opinions of men, however, as to what constitutes property, are liable to perish. It would be ridiculous to say that in the Age of Virtue a man will not own the clothes he wears. So long as we are capable of using material things, we shall own, as the free gift of our Creator, all that on which physical life depends, in the same sense that we own life itself. But this property in material things is attainable only within natural limits. Appropriation can never rightfully exceed what is needful for happy subsistence. At present this moral principle is woefully ignored; but it is yet to be recognized as one of the rules of Self-government. Then the soil of Earth will be as free as air, and every man will have his homestead.

But men will have done with laying up treasures on Earth. We are spiritual beings; and when we come to realize a home above, and take this life for its transitory worth, the illusion of subluxary property will vanish. There can be no "real estate" in that which perishes with its using—in lands which we cultivate but for a season, and in houses wherein we only tabernacle. "The true riches" is that which the soul cherishes and may cherish forever. There is a sense in which all is the property of each; but enjoyment is the only mode of possession, and therefore he owns most who knows best how to use whatever God has made. There is a special sense in which souls may own each other, and some, even now, have a tact for acquiring this kind of property, which I dare say is the most real and valuable of all; unless I except that which every one has in God who has learned to call him FATHER.

I have introduced this question of property because of its social consequence; for Paul was not far from the truth in saying that in his time "the love of money was the root of all evil." I think it would not be difficult to show that in these later times it is "the bone of contention" among men, which furnishes the principal occasions of social disorder. When, therefore, money comes to be disused, as it surely will when people generally perceive that there is no such thing as covert or exclusive property, the present apparent selfishness of mankind will disappear, and with it the greatest hindrance to Social Order.

But will anybody work for a living in those days of auspicious ease, when each shall be allowed to take whatever of earthly good is wanted for gratification? No; but there will be much working for love's sake, when it is found that this is the only means by which the most coveted property is to be acquired. Now there is a great deal of useless labor, an enormous waste of material in some of the mechanical arts, and an endless drudging of such as work for wages with no love of their vocation. This men and women will never do when they learn to govern themselves. Then there will be no attempt to

do anything which is not useful, nor what one is incapable of doing well. Therefore each will work only in the sphere of attraction, and this will promote a perfect Order of Industry.

"But when none work for wages, what will become of monetary commerce?" It will be exploded; for such as business men decried "the credit system," it is not credit which they disparage, but the want of it. It is easy to see that "cash-dealings" are a mere substitute for mental confidence. With a just self-love, I should not sell at any price what were needful to my own welfare; and with an equal benevolence, I should not withhold anything which would enhance the enjoyment of another without diminishing my own. Nay, if it is indeed "more blessed to give than to receive," I conceive that a wise man, who had grown into a sensibility of this truth, would be as providential of the real wants of his associates as the unwise and selfish are of their supposed interests. If so, then in the Age of Virtue there will be no money-changers, and no barter of favors, but only the reciprocities of love without even the feeling of condescension; and this will constitute the natural Order of Commerce.

"But you do not say there will be any 'free-lovers' in the good time to come?" I do say that society will consist of nothing else; only the free-lovers of that day will not be the moral slipshods of this. Every man will have his own wife, and every woman will have her own husband, as the choicest species of "personal property," not only as the golden treasure of Acquisitiveness, and the dearly-kept sake of love, but as the most usable instrument of self-culture which Reason can devise, and of a conversation so intimate and natural, that without it every soul is lonely. It is only mis-marriage that anybody dislikes, the bitter fruits of which have sickened all who have tasted them; whereas NATURAL MARRIAGE—a mystery which few seem to have penetrated, and which I will not now attempt to explain—is a boon that all are seeking; and when found, so satisfies the heart as puts an end to all erratic loves. Do you seek a proof of this statement? Then recollect that every man wants a whole wife, and every woman wants a whole husband—nobody wants a fraction of either; and this natural want can be universally supplied in no other but the monogamic order.

From the universal fact of parental affection, it appears also that THE FAMILY is an institution of Nature, subject to improvement as man progresses; but never to be displaced by the phalansterian order, or any other artificial scheme of "socialism." Marriage is the mother of Home, and this determines the Order of Domestic Relations. So long as Inhabitiveness, Amativeness, Philoprogenitiveness, and kindred organs, continue to be elements of Human Nature, the external form of society, so far as unaffected by Church and State, will vary little from the present; but only be softened more and more, and enlivened with the soul of harmony, till Humanity is born.

West Acton, Mass.

Written for the Banner of Light.

ORGANIZATION AND ITS USES.

BY H. CLAY FREES.

It has been said with as much truth as poetry, that "God's thoughts blossom into flowers." The Divine Spirit is ever externalizing itself in material forms. Man, the image of the Divine, and the ultimate of the universe, manifests, in a marked degree, this tendency to externalization. While in the earth-form, the external is our normal plane of existence, and its language our vernacular. The external translates the internal, and through our external consciousness we awaken to our higher spiritual consciousness. The human soul—that child of light, born of the Central Sun; and 'imprisoned in these dark, cold elements of matter—a poor, exiled stranger, speaking the unknown language of the stars—goes mourning and sobbing through its earth-life, like a helpless, dumb creature, unable to articulate its great wants, and ever seeking to embody in outward types and symbols its sublime thoughts and aspirations. And it is this tendency in the soul to externalize—an inherited attribute of Deity, and its natural necessity—which forms the basic element of all external formulae, ceremonies, rituals and organizations. In an earlier and more imperfect period of human development, when man's interior consciousness was hardly yet awakened, this tendency to externalize manifested itself in an extreme degree; Unable to comprehend the more remote truths of the spirit-realm, man naturally resorted to outward symbols to familiarize those truths to his understanding, and as naturally mistook those symbols for their substance; and hence arose the old idolatries and Hierarchies which, substituting a dead formula for a living faith, and infallible authority for individual sovereignty, generated a thick crust of materialism around the religious element—crowding out the natural inspirations of the soul—until man became a mere automaton amid the ponderous machinery of church-organization.

The great reaction of individualism against organizationism began with the Protestant Reformation, and has progressed, more or less, to the present day; and, judging from the "signs of the times," the great danger to be apprehended now is, that the human soul, after having been cramped and crippled for ages by church-machinery, and now breathing the exhilarating atmosphere of spiritual freedom, is inclined to take too rapid a rebound to an opposite extreme, and entirely ignore the more external uses of organization in facilitating the development of interior principles. One of the most important problems to be solved by the best philosophy of our age is, how far man may avail himself of the uses of organization without compromising his primary individual rights.

Individualism, although one of the noblest attributes of true manhood, yet when developed to excess, degenerates into mere pride of opinion and intellectual egotism; if not egotism, which inclines us to ignore the accumulated wisdom of the past, of which all present and future reforms must be predicated. "It is not well for man to be alone" intellectually or religiously, as well as conjugally. Some of the finest elements of our nature are eliminated only by *attrition*. The reciprocal action of mind upon mind is the surest means of a healthy, harmonious development. When a mind isolates itself from surrounding humanity, its ideas become angular, and starve for sympathy. The extreme individualist, morbidly conscious of his own selfhood, translates the entire universe by a single letter of the alphabet—*I*—and the most transparent truths become discolored by the muddy hue of his jaundiced organism.

From the above views, if correct, it is evident that individualism has its attendant evils as well as organizationism; and true wisdom dictates that we should reject neither, but that we should extract the good elements of both, and combine them into a more perfect system, to meet the wants of the present age. In regard to religious worship, why may not a clear, dividing line be drawn between individualism and organizationism, by reserving the former original jurisdiction over the entire realm of conscience, faith and doctrine, and appropriating to the latter jurisdiction over more matters of external form and discipline? Why may we not combine in harmony the internal church of faith with the external church of form, and thus enrich our souls with the uses of both? There is too much of the external in our nature to permit us to live upon pure abstractions. We have a sensuous, aesthetic, as well as spiritual nature, whose religious wants are to be ministered to. God has evidently given us our senses as avenues to our souls: through these avenues inflow all the thrilling inspirations—all the gorgeous art-forms of music, painting and sculpture. Shall these refining influences be entirely excluded from the enlightened theology of this age, and continue to be monopolized by the old hierarchies—forming one of the grandest elements of their power over the human soul?

What have we to give in return to a young, generous mind, cherishing an intense love of the beautiful, who sees God reflected in Art, and whose soul has been steeped in all the rich poetry of the *Roman Catholic* worship? Unlike our own blank and cheerless lecture-rooms, the walls of his church become transfigured into living forms of artistic beauty—which tell a thrilling tale of the old saints and martyrs—while the rich, harmonic sounds that flood the atmosphere, bear to his inmost soul "sweet whispers of Heaven." Shall we accuse this young soul of hankering after the "flesh-pots of Egypt," when he feels within himself that this yearning for the beautiful is a God-ordained want of his higher nature? For the truth of these closing sentiments, I frankly appeal to the interior experience of any one of my spiritual readers who has been educated in the *Roman Catholic* Church.

Virtue and happiness are mother and daughter.

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Sep: 10. 8m

HENRY WARD BEECHER

PLYMOUTH CHURCH, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Sunday Evening, Nov. 20th, 1859.

REPORTED FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT, BY T. J. ELLINWOOD.

TEXT.—"There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death."—Prov. xvi, 25.

This exact declaration had already been inserted in the 14th chapter of Proverbs, and the 12th verse. It might, for that matter, have been put in three times, or once in every chapter, and not have been too often inserted.

If, in this world, men could go back upon their path, and begin again, when they find that they have made a mistake, as men can in a journey, if they could treat the example as a school-boy treats a slate, and when the example would not be full of errors, rub it all out, and begin again; then it would not be so important to make right beginnings in moral matters. But it is only to a limited extent that we change moral courses, when once we have advanced far upon them. It is possible to change them. There is a provision made for this change. There are in nature, in human society, and in human experience, foreshadowings of the very recuperative power of God, through Christ, in the atonement. Nevertheless, it is true, as a matter of fact, that as men begin in life, so they are very apt to continue. As in water cement, the form very soon hardens almost to a stone, so any moral habit very soon gives a set to conduct, and then it is almost like breaking flint to change that conduct. Men, too, are involved in outward connections that hamper and control them; and although reformation from wrong is always possible, yet it is always difficult; and often so difficult that men refuse to suffer all that they will be required to suffer in order to reform. It is, therefore, very important that men should not make a mistake in the beginning; and that they may not make a mistake in the beginning, it is very important that they should know how to discriminate between ways that are right, and ways that only seem right.

Experience shows us every day, that a man may throw away his whole chance in life, in a very few hours even. He may destroy his bodily health by a single act, and with that his whole prospect in this world. The problem of existence, so far as a single man is concerned, may be solved by the taking of a wrong step; that is, by inadvertence, as well as by a wrong act. A man may, by an act done through ignorance of affairs or through weakness, even with the best of motives, not only go wrong, but go wrong in such a degree that he will never get right again in all his life. And everybody has to take this risk. Your children must take it; my children must take it. You take it. I take it. If, by the grace of God, we have come through life to the present hour, with comparative safety, it makes no difference: our children have got to try the same terrible pass, and run the same gantlet, which we have so narrowly escaped. We can do something for them, but after the best has been done that can be done, life is an experiment still. However hopeful and courageous we may be about our children—and it is best that we should be hopeful and courageous about them, and expect that they will turn out well—nevertheless, there are none of us who do not feel better about them, when at last they have grown up, so that they can be their own pilot, and spread their own sails, and when they have the whole sea to steer in. It is a part of God's plan to have the young brooded as long as possible—to have them hang on the parental bough as long as the stem will hold them—to have them under the influence of home, till they gain some controlling force from the development of their moral nature; till some of the passionate elements of their nature are brought into subjection; till some experience is gathered, till they have formed connections which shall lead them along ascertained ways. It is also a part of this system of Divine wisdom, to bring around the young the warnings and the instructions of religion; and to-night I shall endeavor to discharge my duty toward this portion of my flock. I cannot be a father as your father was to you. I cannot act the part of parents to you, except in this way: I can remind you of things that you are in danger from, which, now that you are separated from your father's family, you are liable to forget. I can ratify, perhaps, the influence for good which is losing effect in your mind, and put upon you again, at least for the hour, the pressure of that wisdom which, for so long a time, has been removed from you. It is not, of course, my purpose to argue the question of secular enterprise and success—though that is a subject well worthy of an hour's consideration: I propose only to put the young upon their guard against the deceptions of courses that are morally wrong, to excite your vigilance, to rouse your moral feeling.

1. There are many things which conspire to make wrong courses in this life seem safe beforehand.

1. To the young, that seems safe which appears brilliant and prosperous. They have had no experience by which to judge of the remote workings of any course that seems to begin fairly and purely. They have put hope in the place of experience. It is a part of the wise ordinance of nature that the young shall be more endowed with hopefulness than the middle-aged, or old age, simply because they have more need of it than those who are advanced in life. They have their way to make. Their future is to be engineered, and they need to live in the things to come, in order that they may bring themselves up to a state in which they will have faith in what is before them. But that hopefulness which is so beneficial, has this disadvantage: it makes men presumptuous, and leads them to rely too much upon that vague expectation—that all-covering *something*—by which they set aside the threat of wrong courses, and make themselves feel that although a certain line of conduct has been pernicious to others, if they adopt it they will be better luck. It leads them to think that some wise and beneficent turn will give them the advantage of tampering with wrong, and yet reaping right as a result. So that hopefulness, which is set as a light—a benign light—to the path, oftentimes becomes so perverted as to make the young confident in wrong courses. They see not what the end will be, but they hope that it will be good.

2. Youth unites courage and self-confidence, often, in an unwise fellowship. Confidence and courage are very good things, but they may be so united as to amount to presumption. Men may be sure, sure, sure, of their own strength, and yet be inadequate to their circumstances. Men feel very strong till they have had some rough handling in life. It is very common for the young, when they begin life, to think that they can bear whatever may be put upon them; that they can do whatever it is necessary that they should do; and that if they are not as shrewd as the shrewdest, at least they are a great deal shrewder than the rest. There is a feeling among the young, oftentimes, that there cannot be much taught to them; that father does not know how smart his boy is; that the teacher has no idea of the resources in his pupil; and when they are told that the certain course is wrong, they set it up with a feeling that their ability is underrated, if not with a feeling that their dignity is insulted! They say to themselves—"Others may have stumbled; but it *was* others, not me. I have not stumbled, and I do not intend to stumble!" I do not suppose there is anybody that sets out to do it; but there are multitudes of confident young men that drink without intending to become drunkards, who do become drunkards; there are multitudes that play games of chance without intending to become gamblers, who do become gamblers; there are multitudes that tamper with wrong courses, without intending that their moral integrity shall become debauched, whose moral integrity *does* become debauched. The art of using a man's conscience for the working of iniquity without soiling it, has never been learned in this world, though the devil has made a great many men believe that he could teach the art.

3. The beginnings of evil are almost identical with good—almost, not quite. There is, frequently, in addition to this hopefulness, and this presumption, a difficulty in discerning the distinction between a right course and a wrong course, at the beginning. The beginnings are so near together—they are so nearly parallel—that you cannot easily discern the difference in them.

Two lines may seem to be parallel, and may be so nearly parallel that the eye cannot detect that they diverge in the slightest degree—the divergence may not exceed the ten thousandth part of an inch, at the starting point; and yet, at a distance of a thousand miles from this point, the divergence is very plain; and if they extend around the globe, the opposite ends are almost at right angles.

And there are moral courses that seem to be parallelisms. It takes time for their difference to develop itself. The space of a year, two years, five years, eight years, or ten years, oftentimes makes the result of courses very different, whose beginnings seemed almost identical. Therefore it is that oftentimes, in the beginning, a way seems right whose ends are death.

Two men go into business. One resolves that he will be immutably honest. He takes the law of God for his scale of honesty. What he would that others should do to him, that he is determined to do to them. This is his golden rule procedure. The other man is not so honest, too, but he takes the golden rule

as it is modified by the perceptions of business. Both pass for honest men, and it may seem, for a time, that the course of one is as well as that of the other; but after the lapse of ten or fifteen years, the difference in their moral integrity is very apparent. It is impossible that two men should start in life, one with a high and unadulterated scale of conduct, and the other with a low and permissive one, without becoming very different in respect to purity of life and character. Though they may not discriminate this difference between themselves, others will. We very seldom find out ourselves as fast as other people find us out. Men are not apt to be conscious of moral changes which take place in them. A man's character often deteriorates for years and years, without his knowing it; and when he finds that there is a rumor to that effect, he thinks it is an assault of his enemies. He does not believe that any change has taken place in him. There is not one man in ten thousand that knows how to gauge himself, or how to form a just estimate of his own standing. Our neighbors find us out long before we find ourselves out. Our condition in life is like that of persons who are in a house that is on fire: the smoke drifts down, and they must be awakened from their slumber, or else they will be burned up within.

4. There are always many things that work out their results quicker than others. Some poisons prove fatal at once, and others work disorganization in the system for weeks, and months, and even years, before they prove fatal. And so it is with moral courses. Many of them make haste and leap toward judgment; while many others hide themselves for a longer or shorter time, and then reappear in new forms, so that men do not trace the connection between the beginning and the end. There are a thousand things that change their form, and yet maintain their identity with their original effect more than in moral matters. Nowhere more than in those things which turn on integrity of character.

5. There are always many things which do not directly injure men, but which do prepare the way for other things to do it. They get the man ready for assault and defeat, rendering him accessible, putting him off his guard, weakening his moral stamina, and predisposing him to temptation. Ten thousand things there are, of which the young say, "Is there any harm in this, itself considered?" There may not be any harm in a certain thing, itself considered, and yet that thing, if not avoided, may bring a man within the artillery range of other things in which there is harm. There is no harm in the act itself, oftentimes, of removing a fence; and yet, if that fence happens to stand by the side of a precipice, the removing it leaves the way open for people to fall in, and be dashed to pieces. And there are thousands of courses that run along the edge of perilous things, to which it is best for men to give a broad margin. There are many pernicious things that the young see in high society—we have a trick of calling that high society which is nearest hell—which the young are ever seeking to imitate.

6. There is much to be learned from a morbid physical appetite, and yet that thing, if not avoided, may bring a man within the artillery range of other things in which there is harm. There is no harm in the act itself, oftentimes, of removing a fence; and yet, if that fence happens to stand by the side of a precipice, the removing it leaves the way open for people to fall in, and be dashed to pieces. And there are thousands of courses that run along the edge of perilous things, to which it is best for men to give a broad margin. There are many pernicious things that the young see in high society—we have a trick of calling that high society which is nearest hell—which the young are ever seeking to imitate. There is much to be learned from a morbid physical appetite, and yet that thing, if not avoided, may bring a man within the artillery range of other things in which there is harm. There is no harm in the act itself, oftentimes, of removing a fence; and yet, if that fence happens to stand by the side of a precipice, the removing it leaves the way open for people to fall in, and be dashed to pieces. And there are thousands of courses that run along the edge of perilous things, to which it is best for men to give a broad margin. There are many pernicious things that the young see in high society—we have a trick of calling that high society which is nearest hell—which the young are ever seeking to imitate.

7. There are great many men in a great many kinds of business, to whose interests it is that the young should not be over-scrupulous. There are men in every profession, that hold up the dignity, and nobleness, and moral excellence of the profession. Then there are men in every profession that tend to lower its tone. In all the professions may be found worldly men, without any moral feeling, apparently, who tend to work down the conscience of those who come under their influence. They tell the young aspirants in those professions that they must not bar up their own way by too many scruples, and that manhood is an obstacle to success.

There are worse men than these—men that seem to take delight in dissolving the pearl of purity in the young. I should scarcely believe such a thing was possible, if I did not see the workings of it. Yes, there are men of great wit, great reasoning power, and peculiar fascination, that seem to take an infernal pleasure in charming the young away from their moral teachers, demoralizing them by their high impulses and feelings, and preparing them for all manner of mischief. They would compass the sea and land to make one proselyte, that they might make him twofold more a child of hell than themselves, if possible.

But besides, there are those who, though they do not desire to destroy men, yet desire to draw them down so far that their appetites shall come into market. They depend for their livelihood upon the vices of men. They like to have men buy largely, but not so largely as to destroy themselves. They would like to make all men customers, and then hold them as long as possible. Therefore you hear them say, "Mongers to indulge in these things in moderation." What the men by *moderation* is, is that they want a man to pay a good while! What they mean by *moderation*, is that they would like a man to drink six times a day for sixty years! The man that drinks six times a day the first year, and sixteen times a day the second year, and dies the third year, does not pay half so well as if he drank more moderately. Then they want to secure a certain amount of respectability in their customers, because respectable customers draw others, while beastly customers drive others away. Therefore you see them leaning across the counter, and talking about morals, and saying such things as that a man ought to have self-respect enough to keep himself up in society. Ah, when men begin to tamper with appetites, the less they say about self-respect the better!

Now when in professions men confuse the moral eye, and when out of professions men seek their own selfish profits by tampering with young appetites and consciences, it is strange that the ways of wickedness are made gulfed. It is strange that the gates of that garden in which there is deadly fruit are covered with flowers? Is it strange that the sweet sounds of music are employed in a thousand ways to win men to destruction? Is it strange that wicked men are heeded him, the ginnings of the way that leads to death, that they may more effectually hide the ends thereof?

7. There are great many things in man's own heart that favor these unwonted circumstances, and give power to these temptations, and help these bad men to confuse the appearances of things, and to destroy the apparent distinctions between right and wrong. Almost every one of the passions, when inflamed, and seeking its appropriate gratification, becomes a false prophet.

One of the most remarkable historical instances of that recorded in Matthew and the Acts respectively. In Matthew, when our Saviour was arraigned and brought to trial, and the more humane governor sought to set him free, the chief priests, the elders, and the people, cried out, "On us and on our children be his blood. Crucify him—crucify him! Only kill him, and we will take all risks!" That was when they had blood in their eye and murder in their heart. The deed was done; and when, months afterward, it was set home to their consciences, they were ready to set them to keep themselves up in society. Ah, when men begin to tamper with appetites, the less they say about self-respect the better!

Now when in professions men confuse the moral eye, and when out of professions men seek their own selfish profits by tampering with young appetites and consciences, it is strange that the ways of wickedness are made gulfed. It is strange that the gates of that garden in which there is deadly fruit are covered with flowers? Is it strange that the sweet sounds of music are employed in a thousand ways to win men to destruction? Is it strange that wicked men are heeded him, the ginnings of the way that leads to death, that they may more effectually hide the ends thereof?

8. There comes another mood—the mighty reactionary mood. He now feels entirely different from what he did before. A man that wants to steal, and a man that has stolen, are very different kinds of men. And in respect to every part of a man's nature, in the mood of temptation, it misleads his judgment, it blinds his eye, it drugs him, so that his conscience does not report with the same integrity as before. Where pride is the passion to be gratified, pride takes away a man's moral sense, and tells him lies. It is vanity that seeks gratification—it is in thousands of cases—vanity lies to a man, and makes him lie about his own affairs. If it be avarice and greediness—that live in the same house—how do they mislead men, and pervert their judgment respecting things that are right, and all things that are wrong! Hatred, and revenge, and all the lusts—how do they mislead and pervert men.

If, with these remarks, I drop the first part of this discourse, and proceed, more briefly, to make some specifications; for although all specifications ought to be based on principles, all principles, on the other hand, ought to end in specifications, or else they will be profitless, practically.

1. I will say to the young then, that I desire to confirm, to ratify, to bring back to your minds, the instructions of your parents on the subject of profanity. But think there may be worse things than profanity; but that has nothing to do with the sinfulness of it, with the disgracefulness of it, or with the dangers of it. Every man on earth is bound to have a reverent spirit, both toward God and toward sacred things. If there were no other reason, this is enough—that it is becoming in manhood. It is a degradation for a man to be irreverent toward things sacred; but it is simply brutal for us to be irreverent toward things that are sacred in the sight of those whom we love. If I walked in a heathen temple, where heathens were worshipping, I would do nothing to wound their feelings. If I did not believe in their mode of worship, I would reason with them; but I never would treat them with disdain. Now there is no man that indulges in habits of profanity in the community, who does not injure the feelings of every person of God with whom he comes in contact—and the more humble such persons are, the more susceptible they are of having their feelings injured by the irreverence of profane men. Therefore, so man can be profane without the violation of the first principles of gentlemanly conduct. Frequently profanity is indulged in on purpose to annoy those to whom it is painful. I have had men swear in my presence—though not often—simply because I was a minister, and they thought that would be a sure way to hit me, and show how bold and independent they were. If being wicked is the way to show one's boldness and independence, it is an easy way. I have yet to learn, however, that any man makes himself nobler or more admired, by wounding the feelings of others for the sake of augmenting his own apparent importance. It is mean—simply mean.

2. But no man has a right to complain of this, who indulges in the use of expletives which trench on the ground of profanity. I know innocent men who do not hesitate to take the name of God in vain. They never would say, "Damn it!" but they do not hesitate to say, "Oh Lord!" which is no better. They will not say, "I swear," but they will say, "By the right of it." They would be shocked to have their children swear; and yet they teach them to swear by their own example.

And worse than that, I know women who indulge in this kind of profanity—women, too, who are in many respects refined, and in all respects educated, and ought to know better. I have nothing to say on this point. A swearing woman is quite beyond the reach of any remarks of mine!

3. But this is a habit which, once begun, ends we know not where. I think a man that swears with a man in a street, is in a street without seeing where the charge is going to strike. When a person uses profane language, he does not know what or whom it is going to injure. It is a habit which steals upon a man gradually, but grows rapidly. It demoralizes a man's conscience, wounds his honor, injures his own soul, and hurts the feelings of others. It is profitable in nothing, and mischievous in almost everything. I scarcely know of anything for which there is so little excuse. If you say that you indulge in it only when you are angry, I reply that it is worse then than at any other time.

4. I apply all the remarks of this discourse to the subject of drinking. I think that temporarily there is a reactionary state in the public mind with respect to temperance. I think that to a certain extent there is a going back in this case. I do not think the great cause itself, with the last thirty years of discussion, has lost ground, but I think that as in filling any great tank, the waters rush in in such a way that, as they rise up, on parts of the surface there are oscillations, so in the progress of any great cause there are reactionary influences which produce oscillations, as it were, in certain departments of that cause. And it seems to me that we are at a time in which the young are drinking again, if not as much as before the temperance movement was so general, at least they are drinking more than they were ten or fifteen years ago. That is, at least, the result of my own observation. And on this whole subject, I have this to say—that of all the evils among us, drinking is the most dangerous; and if any man thinks it is not, it is probably more dangerous in his case than in that of other persons. The men that are timid, and cautious, and stingy, and cold withal, are usually the men who do not like to drink, and who are least in danger of becoming drunkards; but the men that are genial, and generous, and confident, and hopeful, and that love to see things glitter by the head of the wine cup, are the men who are in danger of drinking, and who are in danger of becoming drunkards.

And this is pre-eminently a sin; for it is a sin which seems, in its beginnings, to be far enough; and one which pleads long precedent, pleads secret example and permission, pleads custom in the highest and most respectable circles—pleads everything except fact and expediency. The beginnings of it are festive, convivial, beautiful even; but if there be one thing of which it may be said, "The ends thereof are the ways of death," this is it.

I speak as a pastor—I speak as a citizen—I speak simply as a man. I have heard much of this evil. I do not so much of it, I see that it is so easy to let it alone before meddling with it, and so hard afterward that I feel bound to warn you against it, again and again. And I am speaking what I do thoroughly believe, when I say that unless a man has occasion to use the various alcoholic stimulants for real bona fide medical purposes, he had better let them entirely alone; because the beginnings of this habit seem right, and the ends thereof are death.

One thing is certain—you do not need to drink. It does not do you any good. It is expensive and dangerous. The more you do it, the more you want to do it. And therefore the more dangerous it becomes in your case.

I am not wholly faithless with regard to the reformation of men who are addicted to drinking; but I think that except by means of institutions, it is almost impossible to reform them. Instituted help, long confinement, and regiment, may eradicate the talent from them.

One word more under this head. There is a habit of recommending the substitution of milder beverages in the place of the stronger ones. Now men may talk as much as they please about lager beer, and native American wine, and about those who drink being satisfied with those; but with all that, it makes no difference in this country? Do they drink because they love the taste of liquor? Do they do it, as a general rule, for any other reason than this—that they have two weeks' work to do in one, and they want double strength? You drink because you have got to do ten hours' work in a day, and you have strength to do only eight; you drink because you have got to do fifteen hours' work in a day, and you have strength to do only twelve; you drink because you have got to do eighteen hours' work in a day, and you have strength to do only sixteen! I do not think that men, therefore, who drink that which will make steam! The Frenchman and the Italian may drink for the tongue, but you drink for the nerve!

Talk about people in foreign countries where the habit of drinking is universal being peaceful! They are a thousand times more quarrelsome than we are. The people in those countries where there is beer-drinking in families, are the most quarrelsome people in the world. They may not get drunk, but you will find in them the preliminary tendencies to drunkenness. They drink enough to make them irritable, perpetually. We drink not to gratify the appetite, but for a business purpose. That being the case, we may begin with the milder beverages, just as we begin our fires with pine shavings, not only because we can light them so easily, but also because we want them to set on fire something solid. And wine is stepstone to brandy. Beer is stepstone the other way. It does not lead up to brandy, but it leads down to *drunk*—and *drunk* is death.

I would not speak with indiscriminate. I would not make what I say void of influence by any seeming extravagance. I would leave a margin of toleration, where, under the appropriate directions of physicians who are themselves temperate, and who are not occasional states of aberration in the physical system, use ardent spirits. But in regard to using milder beverages for the sake of doing two men's work, I say, you can begin with these, but you will not stop with

them. When they have lost their power to stimulate you, you will want something stronger, and you will go to brandy and from brandy—if such a thing remains except in legends—you will go to drugged brandy and apices. You will be a drunkard then, and there is no use of tracing you further. A man that drinks for the sake of the drink, is a drunkard, whether he feels it or not. Thus the beginnings of the ways of inebriation may seem right, but the ends thereof are the ways of death.

I will here repeat what I believe I have said to you before. There is an asylum being built in Binghamton, under the auspices of Dr. Turner, for inebriates. There ought to have been one long ago. I thank God for the springing up of this one. It will be the pioneer of others. We need many such institutions. I am informed that although the building is not yet completed, and although it is gaged to accommodate only three hundred patients, more than twenty-eight hundred applications for admissions have already been made; and that four hundred of them were made in behalf of women.

Now such facts as these ought to make men pause. If any of you are gradually going back to the old customs, if you are beginning to put wine on your dinner table again, and are beginning to offer wine to your friends again, as they step in day by day, and are beginning to drink brandy again, I most earnestly, I most solemnly, warn you of the mischief you are doing to others and yourselves; and I beseech you, by every motive that is sacred in the eye of a man and a Christian, to stop, and take the safer ground.

3. There are no amusements that seem more harmless to the young than games of chance. There are no amusements that lead a man to bewitch and beguile the young than these very games. And in the proportion that the element of chance or skill exists in a game, it is dangerous. Almost any game can be used for gambling. Cards, backgammon, chess, and checkers can all be used for this purpose. Anything can. Betting can be applied to anything in the world. But there are some games that are provocative of gambling; and it is peculiarly the nature of these games which partake largely of the element of chance or skill, to promote it. Such games tend to bring persons who indulge in them in contact with those who gamble, so that they are almost perpetually tempted to gamble themselves.

I will not go at large into the subject of games. I do not think that, under ordinary circumstances, there is harm in playing checkers, or backgammon, or chess—that noble game—unless it is allowed to consume too much time. There is danger in regard to all these games, that they will take too much time—time that ought to be devoted to sleep, exercise, study, and labor. This is to be guarded against. And if your teachers or guardians find fault with you for spending too much time with games, do not be impatient. Indulge in them with great moderation. They are not wrong, so respect to the playing of cards. I do not think it is in all cases harmful. I can conceive of persons being in circumstances where it would not harm them. As for myself, I have not learned to tell one card from another, although I have seen a great deal of gambling on the Western rivers. I would not be willing that my children should learn to play cards; and for this reason: it is a game that brings those who play it into circumstances where they will be tempted to gamble—and if there is anything that grows on a man like the secret rotting of timber, it is this lust of gambling; and there is anything on which gamblers themselves are unamused, and that no man gambles who does not cheat. *Cheating and gambling* are synonymous terms; and I never would trust a man that would gamble. Avoid, therefore, all games that tend to gambling. If you do this, you are certainly safe, and if you do not do it, you are not safe. The beginnings of this practice may seem perfectly safe, but the ends thereof are the ways of death.

4. All forms of commercial dishonesty, little pilfering, larger peculation, scheming, financiering, and all those elements that end in sudden outbreak and disaster—these things begin in ways that seem snug and safe, and sometimes in ways that seem right. I shall not dwell on this part of my subject, because it is a matter of more frequent preaching with me. 5. All resorts to places of night amusement, and especially to places of night social pleasure, is to be looked upon with great jealousy, and to be indulged in with great care. I believe in pleasure, and in those kinds of pleasure that are pursued in the day-time. Sunlight is healthy. I would dissuade you from engaging in none of those many recreations that develop bone and muscle, and that take men out into the open air in broad daylight. I would urge you to engage in them. If I think you are in our time, in danger of becoming enervated, I think a man with a healthy body has better chance of being a good man, than one with a broken-down body. There is vice engendered by morbid conditions of the body. I would therefore encourage a manly, open enjoyment of things that are lawful and right. And I would say to every young man who would like me to be his friend, be cautious and abstinent in pleasures that take you away from home and friends at night. Above all things, do not go near those places that are called *houses of pleasure*. They are the houses of pleasure on the outside, and the houses of despair on the inside. No man who goes to visit them with any sort of presumption that he will do other than end in rottenness and perdition! When a man is sequestered, night after night, away from ordinary influences and restraints, and where there is glitter, and stimulant, and novelty, and temptation, he cannot but be contaminated. Though he may maintain a sort of staggering integrity for a time, it can scarcely be hoped that he will end otherwise than in disaster. Do not, then, sneak through the ways of life in the night. And parents that let their children go out at night may expect them to be brought home on a litter, or not at all! Such parents need not be surprised to see their children go down through the ways of loathsomeness into a dishonored grave! Blessed be God, for the harbor of home! It is the gate of heaven.

6. I must say, before I close, that the thing which is doing more mischief than any other, and which breeds death in ten thousand ways, is one which is almost utterly ignored, and of which men are the least taught. The father and the mother, from a false delicacy, will not teach the child respecting his illicit appetites and delinquencies. The pulpit, from false refinement and delicacy, will not speak of things that are shaking human life to its base. And men are being led to ruin, not so much by the direct influences of the things that are affecting them, and almost disorganizing them, as by alluding to this subject now, but I purpose, one day, to discuss it more thoroughly. Let me say this, however—that as God has made man, the way of purity and chastity is a safe way, and every deviation from it, by thought, by imagination, and still more by the slightest practice, is a way of peril, and one than which there is nothing of which it can be more solemnly said, "The beginnings of it may be beautiful, and seem safe, but its ends are the ways of death."

It is a good thing for a young man to ask himself, in every step of indulgence in life, "What would my mother say if she should see where I am? What would my brothers and sisters say if they knew what I am doing?" Bring around about you all these higher and nobler thoughts, and listen to the voice of your conscience when it is awakened and instructed by them, and you can scarcely fail to go right.

My dear young friends, pardon me for speaking to you so plainly. Who will instruct you in these things, if your pastor does not? The newspapers will not. Those that tempt you will not. You are strangers in a strange city. There are thousands that will do you good, if I have spoken but little, but that little act as leaders in your thoughts, and produce its legitimate results in your lives. And, above all, believe me, when I refer you to the solemn Word of God. Allow me to read in your presence a portion of the 119th Psalm:

"Who will keep thy statutes: Oh forsake me not utterly. Wherein shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to thy word."

Whether the Bible be a book that teaches this, or that, or the other theological truth, one thing is certain—that the code of morals in the Word of God is such as will make every young man who follows it virtuous and honorable. "With my whole heart have I sought thee: Oh let me not wander from thy commandments. Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee." Take the Word of God, and hide it in your heart, and let it be the man of your counsel and your guide; and in heaven, when we meet, you shall bless me for these instructions and this fidelity.

"Exposures" Warning. The Louisville Daily Democrat, in speaking of a course of lectures against Spiritualism in that place by "Professor" Frazer, says that the exposure "has proved to be a gigantic fizzle on a small and bigoted foundation, and one of the most complete shams ever given support to by a class of men claiming to be intelligent lovers of truth." Mr. E. V. Wright, in an article more than a column long, handsomely and ably defends the beautiful philosophy of Spiritualism, before which the pretence of "professors" and "reverends" appear to be of little moment.

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YOU.

Did you ever stop to ask yourself, reader, who you are?

It is a question, which, if fairly put, would prove a poser to many a man that now thinks he is thoroughly acquainted with himself. On the sole strength of this empty assumption it is that a man displays his vanity, egotism, pride, and selfishness; as if, confident of his superiority over all others, he took the readiest means of so expressing it to them!

And there follows another question close upon this: Do you know where you are? That is, have you any distinct idea of life for yourself? of how much it is worth to you, and in what particular mode and direction? of what you are pushing at? of what stuff your purpose is made of? and of whether, above all, it is worthy of your immortal capacities?

In the first place, Who are you? Perhaps it is of no consequence to anybody but yourself what your name is, for that will sooner or later be rubbed out altogether; but what is your nature? of what sort are those secret but all-powerful instincts that give an impulse to your conduct, and a regularity to your life? In the atmosphere of what kind of thoughts do you prefer to live? Are you generally looking forward, with a sort of animal lickerishness to the gratification of your personal passions? or do you feel that you chiefly live, when sensual suggestions rise in your mind? or do you confess to yourself that such thoughts do not continually swim to the surface, but that a deeper, tenderer, more powerful spiritual yearning possesses your soul, continually inciting you to the discovery of pure spiritual enjoyment in your labors and relaxations, or at least to the determination that the spiritual and ennobling element shall predominate at all times, and that even lust itself shall never make its appearance, except it be regenerated into love?

Do you, in truth, feel very sure of an acquaintance with yourself? Can you introvert your mind's eye, and, looking steadily at the motives of your actions, answer to your own close questionings, that you generally hold on your own way, rather than be led by the blind impulses of passion and prejudice? Or answer, either, that when a good and a bad course present themselves, you possess the power to choose and follow only the former? Or, that you are on such familiar terms with your own noble instincts and generous aspirations, that you could not in any sense outrage and disgrace them if you would, and would not if you could? Or, that you incorporate all experience—fair and foul, high and low

ent matter to say we know, and really to know. No knowledge is assumption, nor yet definition. And the moment one begins to cry out with overflowing joy—"Eureka! Eureka!"—he is checked by the low voice of the very wisdom into whose silent court he has just arrived. We are such profound mysteries, even to ourselves. We are past even our own finding out. There is always a deep that we shall find we have not yet sounded. There always will be a recondite, past all analysis. And still the secret motive eludes the grasp of definition, may, even of apprehension. After we have done studying nature's secrets, there are volumes untold of our own, that will occupy us through the endless cycles of eternity.

But when you think soberly of your organization, dear reader,—that divine compound of spiritual and sensual, that combination of elements and qualities such as enter into no other created being in our own sphere, has it occurred to you that there must ever be a special providence within and around you, to preserve that happy accord and balance of all the faculties which alone allows harmony of action and consistency of character?—which, in fact, remains the first condition of a symmetrical development of the nature, and its final apprehension of happiness? Do you know that by no possible practice of your own skill can you readjust a single faculty, if perchance it should jar with the rest? and that all you can do, and the best you can do, is to employ what you have after the highest methods, trusting only to right action for the preservation of the balance and the harmony? Well may we say, when reflecting upon ourselves and our destiny—"What a sublime creation is man! He can indeed be not less divine than Divinity itself, for he is the most profound and gracious work of Divinity!"

But after coming to attain some knowledge of ourselves, though dimly and speculatively at most, how little still know we of the thousand relations, subtle and momentarily undergoing modifications, which we sustain to others. Here is as great a mystery as ever, stretching away in directions which, for extent and minuteness, we need not try to follow. How we act on others, no one can exactly tell. When we make the exertion, we often fail than succeed; but when we suffer nature alone to play through us, rendering ourselves as transparent as possible to her light, the personal victories we achieve are as many and various as they are wonderful. And the extent and character of our influence upon others are so modified by shifting circumstances, over which we never could hope to have any control, that, like the play of clouds in passing over the landscape, variegating it after laws that appear to be the merest combinations of chance, our lives perform, daily, parts we do not know or dream of, and our true natures give forth the expression that is genuinely theirs.

The relation of a man to his fellow-men is quite as vast and yet curious a study, as that of a man's relation to himself. There are so many combinations and modifications about it. There is such an infinitude of exceptions to any rule that may be regularly laid down. We are so often there when we suppose ourselves to be here. We think we must have vanished, when we only excited to opposition but the more. We take credit to ourselves for having put forth power, when we have never shown ourselves to be weaker; and, on the other hand, we have accomplished the most where we had taken no pains at all, and where, indeed, we expected and thought to accomplish nothing. So perfect a puzzle is every man's relation to every other man. So new is an act every moment, such fresh force has a word with its continued reverberations. Life makes an indescribable network; and each one's subtle, yet potent, connection with every other one forms a subject on which speculation may busy itself without limit.

Oh, reader, can you, indeed, tell us who you are? Is it so easy a question to answer? Have you ever entered into the arena of that indescribable nature of yours, and brought away mysteries and sacred secrets, whose very handling would seem to be profanation? Do you know so much and so accurately of yourself, that even you may not expect to know more? Turning a searching vision within, has it never occurred to you that there are abysses into which your most daring thought has not yet plunged, fair meadows of living green over which it has not lovingly roved, deeply shaded woods, with labyrinthine windings, where it never found its way, and perennial fountains, with shifting sands below, at whose brink it has not learned to sit? Do you imagine that you begin to have a knowledge of yourself, either aggregate and comprehensive, or minute and elementary? Do you suppose that at the end of this life all possibility of a larger and profounder experience for you is exhausted, and that this world would have nothing newer or better to offer you if it were permitted you to stay a good while longer?

And if all this is now accurately known to you, and you can say that you are well enough satisfied of what you are, would it remain as easy a matter for you to sit down, and, looking thoughtfully forward and backward, and then all around you, tell us where you are?

Foreign and Imported Evidence.

The following paragraph is from the editorial columns of the London Weekly Times:

NEBUCHADREZZAR'S HUNTING DIARY.—A correspondent of the Northern Ensign says a book is shortly to be published by Colonel Bawley, of the 10th Hussars, which contains a record of Nebuchadnezzar's hunting diary, with notes, and here and there a portrait of his dogs, sketched by himself with his name under it. He mentions in it having been ill, and whilst he was delirious he thought he had been out to graze like the beasts of the field. Is not this a wonderful corroboration of Scripture? How could he have made such a record, in an excellent state, and gave some to the Queen to taste. How little Nebuchadnezzar's mad dream, when making them, that twenty-five centuries after, the Queen of England would eat some of the identical preserves that figured at her master's table!

The "golden image-maker" of Babylon—who committed sacrilege and a grand larceny at Jerusalem by taking the consecrated vessels of gold and silver from the Temple—is represented as having been actually "turned out to grass" as a punishment for his offences. According to the accepted version of the original text, his Majesty was engaged in recounting his own great achievements, in a manner which would have been regarded as especially unbecoming a personage of less distinction. While he was yet engaged in "airing" his opinion of Mr. Nebuchadnezzar, "there fell a voice from heaven," and a spiritual communication was given, which did not at all corroborate his own high estimate of that gentleman. It announced the fall of his kingdom, and his own speedy removal from the corrupting influences of a great city into the rural districts, where he would be put on a purely vegetable diet. He was to board in the country during the somewhat uncertain period of "seven times." All this literally came to pass, if we accept the record from which the following is extracted—

"The same hour was the thing fulfilled upon Nebuchadnezzar; and he was driven from men, and did eat grass as oxen, and his body was wet with the dew of heaven, till his hairs were grown like eagles' feathers, and his nails like birds' claws."—DAN. ix. 23.

But according to the diary, his Imperial Majesty did not graze at all, or herd with horned cattle. He appears to have spent his time in the gentlemanly pursuits of gunning, drawing, and painting portraits—as an amateur—and in keeping a diary. Instead of eating grass, he gratified his palate with excellent "preserves," and was kind enough to leave a few for Mr. Rawlinson and the Queen. If the "hunting diary" is worth anything as evidence, it certainly goes to prove that the Biblical story of his living on herbage has no better foundation than an insane fancy of his own—the offspring of extreme illness and consequent delirium. And this our transatlantic cotemporary regards as a "wonderful corroboration of Scripture!" Those who have not been

favoured with a perusal of the diary, and a taste of the preserves, may suspect that this remarkable corroboration needs to be corroborated. Of this fact, however, we are fully assured—the unusual sagacity manifested by the writer in the English Journal—in finding evidence where others do not suspect its existence—is only equalled by a case said to have recently occurred in Vermont. Some one found a dog's collar, inscribed with the name of the victorious Roman, JULIUS CÆSAR. Many of the simple-minded people really believe that the collar belonged to some republican animal of the canine species that lived long since the modern settlement of this country. Those who dissent from this judgment—who, like the correspondent of the Ensign, can always find strong corroborative proofs of their own independent opinion—maintain, in view of this discovery, that the hills which upheld "the Eternal City" were the Green Mountains; that the canine cravat is a genuine classic relic; and that the identical dog that wore that collar was the property of the illustrious Roman whose proper name it bears. We may as well stop here, for logic is too scarce to be wasted on incorrigible skeptics.

Reverends—Thanksgiving Day.

Rev. Nehemiah Adams talked eloquently about the beauties of our country and the material world.

Rev. A. L. Stone preached about slavery and John Brown. He thought that if John Brown was mad, his madness was at least very instructive.

Rev. James Freeman Clarke thought that in the present day we sought society too much and home too little. We should not live by bread alone but by the word of God also; three things for which we should be thankful—viz., knowledge, work and love.

Rev. A. A. Miner began about the oppression of the poor, and preached about the curses of slavery.

Prof. F. D. Huntington was on the subject of religion. Notwithstanding the mutability of outward things, our faith may be fixed and abiding. Christ is the head of the church, and the chambers of his tabernacle are sure and steadfast. God has given a pledge and surety that he will abide with his people, and let our thanksgiving be offered up for that assurance of peace and good will to men.

Rev. Dr. Bartol said, though there were existing among us a little variance, all could say, "God bless our Commonwealth of Massachusetts!" But temporal things are not enough for us; sweet as society is, it does not satisfy the desires of the human soul. Spiritualism, whatever may be said of it, is nothing but the earnest, natural, unappeasable curiosity of man about the other world. The heart aches for something more than it has here, and the question of the dead and the future thrills every cord of the human heart. He that guides us over the sea of life will show us beyond the tomb.

Rev. Dr. Kirk breathed forth a solemn dirge on the sins of humanity; said that God could love and hate in the same breath.

Rev. Dr. Belcher preached from the beautiful text—"Oh, sing unto the Lord a new song, for he hath done marvelous things."

J. H. W. Toohy and Dr. A. Morron.

The Yates (Pen Yann, N. Y.) Chronicle says that Mr. J. H. W. Toohy addressed the Spiritualists there, recently, with much satisfaction to his hearers. We are gratified that the secular press is beginning to appreciate our lecturers. We give the concluding sentence of the editor's remarks:—

"Mr. Toohy is a man of comprehensive acquirements, and great ability as a lecturer. Whatever opinion may be entertained of his ideas, all must concede to him great mental culture, profound power of analysis, and uncommon cogency in the use of language."

In a subsequent number (Nov. 17.) we find the following:—

"Dr. A. Morron occupies the Court House during the evening of this week with a series of lectures designed to refute Spiritualism. His first discourse was given at the Presbyterian Church on Sunday afternoon, wherein he essayed to elucidate the case of the Witch of Endor. He may have succeeded, but we did not see the point. This Dr. (or Morron) has been a ravine lecturer for many years, devoting his energies to battling unpopular doctrines, and courting favor with those who hold orthodox and established opinions. He is a pretty fair eclectician, and has a wonderful memory. He therefore recites other people's fine sentences with good effect, and generally makes a favorable impression, although without any logical capability of his own. We once heard him deliver a lecture on Astronomy, wherein Prof. Mitchell's splendid rhetoric was very conspicuous."

Paying for Health instead of Sickness.

Dr. Löwendahl and his associate in professional practice, Dr. Wiesekow, Homeopathic and Magneto-electric Physicians, have opened a Healing Institute at 398 Broome street, New York. (see advertisement in another column) on a plan which perhaps realizes—for the first time in this country, so far as we know—an idea long since entertained and reduced to practice in some parts of Europe. The individual who desires to avail himself of the advantages of the Institute subscribes a sum mutually agreed upon—for professional counsel and treatment for himself (and family, if he has one,) through the year. It is, therefore, for the interest of the practitioner to keep his patients well, as their illness only increases his labor without adding to the compensation.

We learn, moreover, that the Physicians of the Institute furnish gratuitous advice and medicines to every servant and every indigent connection of the subscribers.

Atlantic Monthly for December.

The Atlantic has lost none of its old *win* in the transfer from the hands of Phillips & Sampson to those of Ticknor & Fields. In fact, the present number is, to us, more than usually interesting. In it the "Minister's Wooing" is brought to a close. The "Experience of Samuel Abasalom, Billibuster," is an interesting sketch of adventures with William Walker in Nicaragua. "The Northern Lights and the Stars," is a poem, we judge from the pen of John G. Whittier. The article on "Thomas Paine in England and France," is in much the style of the former papers treating of this distinguished moral pioneer, and is candid and fair in the handling of the subject. "Elkanah Brewster's Temptation" is a humorous sketch of great merit; ditto "Beauty at Billiards," "Magdalena" is a poem after our own heart, though we have no idea who wrote it. "Strange Countries for to See," seems well worth reading, though we have not read it yet. "Italy—1859," is a poem which smells strongly of the rhyme of Dr. W. Emerson. "The Aurora Borealis" is a scientific paper, treating of the phenomenon of the northern lights. "The Professor at the Breakfast Table" is lively as ever. He has feasted with us for a year, and now bids us good-by. We feel that we have profited by his long companionship, and hope that he who comes to take his vacant chair will be as sociable and as kind.

Social Levee.

Our readers will bear in mind the assembly at Union Hall, on Wednesday evening, Nov. 30th, complimentary to Mrs. B. K. Little, the well-known medium. Tickets, admitting a gentleman with ladies, one dollar, to be had at the BANNER OF LIGHT office, at Betz & Marsh's, 14 Bromfield street, and at her Rooms, 35 Beach street.

Mansfield in Baltimore.

We have received from F. H. Smith, a long article relating interesting experiences with Mr. M. during his present sojourn in Baltimore. It shall be printed next week.

A Word to the Gifted.

D. White, M. D., of Springfield, Mass., is in want of a good clairvoyant and test medium.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON AT THE MUSIC HALL.

Sunday, November 13, 1859.

Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson delivered the lecture before the congregation at the Music Hall, on Sunday, Nov. 13th. His topic was "Domestic Life."

In proportion to the intelligence of the inquirer, the objects of inquiry are near and familiar. Usual things are strange to all to the wise man. Can any topic take precedence, in a reasonable mind, of domestic life? Man is born into a home. The same care which covers the seed of the tree with husks and stones, provides the mother's breast and the father's arms. The child has persuasion such as Pericles nor Chatham had in their manhood. His body is all animated by soul. From morning to night he is all alive. When he fasts, the little Pharisee fails not to sound his trumpet before him. As he grows older, his activity only takes on more intelligent and more charming forms. He builds houses out of blocks; but, with the genius of his countrymen, he chiefly studies means of conveyance. He must seek to ride on the shoulders of all his acquaintances. He is supreme. He pulls the hair of laureled heads. The child enables us to live over again, consciously, the unconscious life of childhood. Fast—almost too fast for his parents' wish—he grows up to a boy. He walks daily among wonders. The blowing rose is new; the garden full of flowers is Eden over again, to the young Adam. The first frost, the first grass, the first snow, make holidays in life. What art can paint or gold any object in after-life with the glow which Nature gives to the baubles of childhood? Saint Peter's cannot have the magic power over us that the red and gold covers of our first picture-books possess.

But the lecturer would not follow the picture further. He designed to suggest, only, the matrix of the gem, the soil where virtue grows; he would not insist that the child is alone wise, and all our after-life mis-learning. The household is the life of the man as well as of the child. The things that take place there affect us more than those which take place in Senates and Academies. If a man wishes to acquaint himself with the history of the world, the spirit of the age, he must not go first to the State House or the court room. It is what is seen in the house, in the constitution, in the temperment, in the personal history, that has the profoundest interest for us. Fact is better than fiction, if we could only get pure fact. Could any romance get your ear from the wise Gipsy who could tell straight home the real fortunes of man, who could explain your misfortunes, your habits? It is, indeed, easier to count the census or to compute the square extent of a territory, to criticize its books and arts, than to go to persons and dwellings and read men's characters. Yet we are always hovering around this better knowledge. The interest felt in Phenology, in Physiognomy, betrays our instinctive conviction of the deep significance of the form of man. These systems of day are rash and mechanical systems enough; but they rest upon everlasting foundations. We are sure that the real character of man is not hid in these miserable masks that we meet in the thoroughfares. We live ruins amidst ruins. The form of the body has its origin in the mind. The history of your fortunes is written first in your life.

Let us, then, come out of the public square and enter the domestic precinct. Does the household obey an idea? In economy there should be the genius of the living man so conspicuously seen in all his estate that a man who knew him should see his character in his every expense. A man's money should represent the things he would willingly do with it. We ask the price of many things, but some things each man buys without hesitation; as letters at the post-office, means of conveyance, &c. Let him never buy anything else than what he wants. Never give unwillingly. Do not ask the scholar to help, with his savings, young grocers to set up their shops, or eager agents to lobby in the Legislature. These are also things to be done, but not by such as he. How could such a book as Plato's Dialogues have come down to us, but for the savings of scholars, and their fantastic—if you please—appropriation of them? Another has another foundation—and another, another; and the same rule holds alike for all.

So considered, our domestic life would not bear looking into. Our ways of living are not homogeneous. What character predominates in our houses? Thrift first, then convenience and pleasure. The progress of domestic life has been in cleanliness and convenience. Our homes are arranged for low benefits. Those of the rich are confectioners' shops; those of the poor, imitations of these. With these ends, housekeeping is not beautiful. It cheers and raises neither husband, wife, nor child. A house kept for prudence is without joy; a house kept to the end of display is impossible but to a few women, and their success is dearly bought. Either something in our houses is neglected, or the master and mistress must be careful of particulars at the expense of better things. This difficulty can be overcome only by the arrangement of the household to a higher end than those to which our houses are usually built and furnished. What shall we then do to go from chamber to chamber and find no beauty, to find no invitation to what is good in us, and no reception for what is wise? This is a great price to pay for sweet bread and warm lodging—to be deprived of affinity, of culture, and of the inmost presence of Beauty. Our idea of domestic welfare, now, needs wealth to execute it. The love of wealth, indeed, seems to grow chiefly out of the root of the love of the beautiful. The desire of gold is not for gold. It is the means of freedom and benefit. We scorn shifts; we desire the elegance of magnificence. But this is a very inglorious solution of the problem, and therefore not a solution. Few have wealth, but all must have a home. Men are not born rich, and in getting wealth the man is generally sacrificed. Generosity does not consist in giving money. These so-called goods are only shadowy goods. The man should be visited in his prison with love; what he asks of you is good sense, heroism, purity, and faith. To offer a man money in lieu of these, is to do him the same wrong as when the bridegroom offers his betrothed a sum of money to release him from his engagement. The best natures are like gold and gems, plain-set. The greatest man in history was the poorest. How was it with Socrates, Epaminondas, and Aristides—how with Cato? What kind of house was kept by Paul, and John, by Milton, and Marvel, by Johnson, and Richter? I see not, said Mr. Emerson, how labor is to be avoided; but many things of opinion and practice in regard to manual toil, may go far to furnish the answer to our problem. Another age may divide labor more equally, and so make the labor of a few hours minister to the wants and add to the vigor of the race.

But the reform of the household must not be partial. It must come with plain living and high thinking. We must put our domestic lives on another foundation. It must come with the hearty acceptance on the part of each man of his avocation, not chosen by his parents or friends, but by his genius. Nor is this redress so hopeless as it seems. If we begin with reforming particulars, we shall soon give up in despair. But the way to set the axe at the root of the tree, is to raise our aim. Let us understand that human culture is the end to which the house is built and garnished. It stands there, under the sun and moon, to ends analogous and not less noble than theirs. It is not for festivity, it is not for sleep; but the pine and the oak shall gladly descend from the mountain to uphold the roof of men as strong as themselves, to be a shelter to the true, and good, and brave, with faces which shine with sincerity, with brow ever tranquil, and a demeanor impossible to disconcert. Its tenants have their own aim. Character, life and action yield so much enjoyment, that the rectory is an inferior consideration.

With the change of aim has come a change of the whole scale by which things are measured. It begins to be seen that the poor are only those who feel poor—in which poverty consists. The great make us feel the indifference of circumstances. Let a man, then, say, "My house is here for the culture of the neighborhood. It shall be an eating and sleeping-house for travelers, but much more." There was never a country in which this plan was so easy as it may be in ours. The poor are educated. The lecturer described the intellectual life of the boys of a poor family. What is the hoop that holds them staunch? It is the iron hand of poverty—the necessity which excludes them from the sensual enjoyments that make other boys too early old—and has attracted their activity into other channels, and made them, spite of themselves, lovers of what is grand, and beautiful, and true. The common law says, "Every man's house is his castle." The progress of Truth will make every man's house a shrine. Let the man stand on his feet. The pulses of thought, that go to the borders of the universe, let them proceed from the household. These better ends are the ends to which the household is created, and the roof-tree stands. If these are sought in any good degree, the labor of many for one will cease. Let these be our aims, and Society is weak, and the State is an intrusion. Friendship is secret; she hides in the crowd, and under the half-brute forms of institutions.

But this is no theme for description, but for action. The heroism which at this day would make upon us the impression of an Epaminondas, or of a Confucius, must be that of a domestic hero who will show us how to live a clean, handsome, and heroic life. He who does this will restore the life of man to splendor, and make his own name dear to the world.

Randolph's Lectures.

Mr. R. seems to be doing a good work since his arrival in the East, having already delivered some sixteen lectures in Waltham, Randolph, Quincy, Cohasset, Stoughton, Boston, Cambridgeport, Charlestown, and Chelsea; and in every place has not only given satisfaction, but has astonished his hearers by the scope and character of the thoughts uttered through his lips, and the marvelous eloquence and pathos of expression.

We wish him all possible success, and feel that our friends, wherever he may go, will do the same, and assist him in his chosen work of well-doing. Those desiring to hear this remarkable medium, would do well to make arrangements for week day evenings and invite him to speak during his sojourn amongst us. Friends can make arrangements and take a small fee at the door, to remunerate the speaker, who needs not merely all human sympathy, but material aid also. Address him care of this office.

"God in His Providences."

W. N. Fernald, a minister of the Swedenborgian Church, and a man respected for his ability and his character, has written and published a book with the above title, which demands a reading of all thinkers. We intend to give the work an extended notice. Meanwhile we will inform our readers that it can be purchased of Otis Clapp, and Crosby & Nichols, in Boston, and of S. T. Munson, at our office, 143 Fulton street, New York, and at the office of the Herald of Light, No. 42 Bleeker street, in the latter city. Price \$1.00. We will also send it by mail on receipt of the above sum and ten cents postage.

"Thou Shalt not Kill."

A friend in Warren, Mass., in renewing his subscription for the BANNER, declares:—

"We have sworn vengeance on the woodcock destroyer and his dog, if not on the woodcock eater. We think it high time the woodcock eater had a change of diet, to say the least of him, and woodcock destroyer a change of occupation. We can give the woodcock eater a diet of worms or animalcules, and the woodcock hunter may gather it for him; but his dog he will not need, which we purpose to banish from the land."

"Comfort the Sick."

Mr. M. E. Dunn, of Battle Creek, Mich., writes us that he intends to spend the months of December and January in Oswego, N. Y., for the purpose of healing the sick in that region. He is said to possess great healing powers.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

CONTENTS OF THE BANNER OF LIGHT.—First page—A continuation of Mrs. Porter's thrilling story, "Bertha Lee."

Second page—Third chapter of "Man and his Relations," by Mr. Brittan; "Age of Virtue," sixth paper, by George Stearns, a valuable chapter; "Organization and its Uses," by Henry Clay Preuss, Esq., of Washington, D. C.

Third page—Reminiscence of Elder Leland—a record of mysterious manifestations in the house of a well known Baptist clergyman; Poetry, "God Within;" miscellaneous items, &c.

Fourth page—Mr. Beecher's Sermon.

Sixth page—Four columns of Spirit Messages; "Devotion," by Warren Chase; "The Embarcation of the Pilgrims," poetry, by Lizzie Doten; A Spiritual Communication.

Seventh page—A letter from Providence, R. I., by Lita H. Barney; "Medicative Power," by Dr. O. Robbins; "The Feelings and Emotions," by Prof. Spencer; "True and False Spiritualism;" "Strange Automatic Action;" Poetry; Movements of Mediums, &c.

Eighth page—Mr. Chapin's Sermon.

Our advertisers will find their favors upon our third and seventh pages. We were obliged to adopt this course on account of the non-arrival of Dr. Chapin's sermon in season for our first form.

We call the attention of our readers to a well written article, from the pen of Professor Spence, of New York, entitled, "THE FEELINGS AND EMOTIONS," which may be found on our seventh page.

An apprentice boy, who had not pleased his employer, one day came in for a chastisement, during which his master exclaimed, "How long will you serve the devil?" The boy replied, "You know best, sir; I believe my indenture will be out in three months."

An architect proposes to build a "Bachelor Hall," which will differ from most houses in having no *vees*.

A FOUNDLING.—We (the editor) take this method of advertising a stray baby, which was left on our hands at our office yesterday by the careless or designing young mother, during business hours, and was not discovered till after the pressman's "quitting" was out of sight and hearing. Having full complement of table of our own, we have no desire to adopt it, and must either turn it over to the town fathers or board it out, or we will give it to any humane couple unburdened with offspring, who will take good care of it. It is a handsome, healthy looking female child, very quiet and good natured, has a white satin bonnet trimmed with lace and flowers, a red blouse, trimmed with black, a gingham dress, white gloves, blue morocco shoes, white stockings—and so forth. It is impossible to tell its age, as it has no teeth, and has not so much as squeaked for twenty-four hours. The little dear makes no trouble, having stayed in our office all night, and was not in the least afraid. This beautiful infant may be seen—

P. S.—The child has just been reclaimed by its mamma, a young miss of ten summers, who declares it is her "dolly," and nobody else shall have it for love or money.—National Eagle.

J. L. D. Otis is doing a very large and successful business as a clairvoyant physician in Norwalk, Ct.

THE IRON RULE.—Several young men of Maryland have been expelled from the religious societies to which they belonged, for "playing cricket, against the remonstrance of the pastor and elders." Other young men have received warning, and their hands are now forbidden to touch the once familiar ball.

Counterfeit notes on the Merchants' Bank of Albany, and also on the Safety Fund Bank of Boston, are in circulation in New York.

Thanksgiving morning, a widow lady was summoned to her door to receive a splendid turkey. "Who sent it?" asked the lady. "It was too good to lose," said the itinerant. "Ah, I can guess," responded the lady. "Indeed, that's just what I could reason Grant."

The Times Washington correspondent says Major Smith of Virginia, had passed through Washington, en route for Charleston, where he will relieve Col. Davis, and take en-

ure charge of the military arrangements for the execution of John Brown. Secretary Floyd tendered Major S. any amount of arms and ammunition he may deem necessary.

Gov. Wise has ordered 600 additional troops to be present at the execution of Brown on Friday next.

Rumors are current that the California steamship interests are about to be consolidated, making common stock of the several steamers, and running a weekly line to and from San Francisco.

LATE AND IMPORTANT FROM SONORA.—The Arizona correspondence of the St. Louis Republican gives the following information from Sonora. Capt. Porter, with the U. S. sloop-of-war St. Mary, had entered Guaymas Harbor. On finding that Col. Alden, the acting U. S. Consul, in the absence of Judge Rose, was not recognized and not permitted to hoist the American colors over the consulate, Capt. Porter insisted on the prefect respecting his authority. Meeting with opposition, he ordered a flag-staff to be erected over the consular office, and ran up the stars and stripes. He then informed the prefect that it should not be taken down without a fight, and it was left undisturbed. Gov. Pasquara arrived a few days after, when Capt. Porter waited upon him, but not understanding Spanish and Pasquara not speaking English, the interview was very unsatisfactory. Porter entered a protest against the treatment received by Capt. Stone's party, and would probably be present to aid Capt. Ellwell in adjusting the difficulties with Pasquara. Despatches containing the above information arrived at Fort DuCham, 10th inst., en route to Washington.

Well done, Mr. BUNDEAM. You are bound to win in the race, sure. The article we copied from the Welcome Guest was "leaded," and placed under its editorial hand—and not having seen the Bunbeam containing the aforesaid article we of course gave credit to the Guest. Many of our own articles are "appropriated" in the same way by our cotemporaries—even the daily press throughout the country steal from our columns without the least compunctions of conscience. Never mind, brother Bunbeam; the devil will catch the sinners in the end.

We received an exchange the other day printed only on one side, which Jo Coe pronounced a "one-sided affair."

We are pleased to know that our cotemporary, the Waverley (Iowa) Republican, appreciates our humble efforts to make a good paper; i. e., we judge he considers it *readable*, otherwise he would not have expressed himself as he has in the following, which we clip from his issue of Nov. 8th:—

"Some recently Postmaster stole our Banner of Light, last week. We cannot see how such a sinner can read even one number of the Banner, and not do as Judas did, 'go away and hang himself, being convinced of his unfitness to live.'"

Prof. Felt's lectures on Greece, before the Lowell Institute, draw very lean audiences.

A country exchange says:—"Senator Douglas has been seriously ill in Washington by an attack of *goat* in the stomach." Probably the compositor was the "goat" in this case; it should have been printed *gout*.

Lord Brougham's mind and body seem to bid equal defiance to the torpid advances of great age. He is verging on eighty, and yet his physical and mental vigor show no symptoms of decay.

Why would a printer make a good lawyer? Because he would always be sure to understand the "case."

Man is like a snow-ball. Leave him lying in idleness against the sunny face of prosperity, and all that's good in him melts like butter; but kick him around, and he gathers strength with every revolution, until he grows into an avalanche. To succeed, you must keep moving.

The Provincetown Banner says sermons, so it says. If they prove as good as other matters its editor says before his readers, he's bound to *hatch* with profit. Don't brood over this.

There were lots of turkeys round town on Thanksgiving night. Several were "extended" upon the sidewalks; but were finally stored in the lookups for safe-keeping.

"Wife," said a man, looking for a boot-jack, "I have places where I keep my things, and you ought to know it." "Yes," said she, "I ought to know where you keep your late hours—but I don't."

Notices to Correspondents.

H. HUMPHREY, PORTLAND, ME.—Cannot give you the information you desire.

L. K. COONLEY, MEMPHIS, TENN.—Send in what you please, and whenever you please. Do you understand?

N. P. B. SEASBONT, MR.—Hudson Tuttle's "Aroma of Nature" will be published in two weeks, when your order shall be attended to.

Lecturers.

Mrs. FANNIE BURDEAK FULTON will lecture in Putnam, Ct., the first two Sundays of December; in New York the third; and in Philadelphia the fourth Sunday of December and first two of January. Address, until Dec. 10th, Putnam, Ct.; until Dec. 10th, No. 12 Laramie street, 2d story, New York; and until January 10th, No. 610 Arch street, Philadelphia.

F. T. LANE lectures at Norton, Mass., on Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 11th and 12th. Mr. L. is a normal speaker, and is highly appreciated by those who have listened to him.

L. K. COONLEY's address during December will be Memphis, Tenn., care of J. E. Chadwick.

A Noble Purpose, AND THE GLORIOUS RESULT.

There are as many roads to fame and fortune as there were gateways to ancient Thebes. Your ambitious warrior is for carving his way with the sword—Your aspiring politician for manoeuvring his way by guile and cunning; and your statesman for his wide and noble career, and your noblest citizen, but there is one broad grand path to the goal, along which nothing base can travel. It is the path set apart for the march of talent, energy, and noble purpose, and though full of obstacles, it contains none which a great man cannot surmount. This fact has been exemplified in innumerable instances, but in few more forcibly than in the career of Dr. H. H. Love, of London. For twenty-five years he may be said to have been climbing

"The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar," scattering blessings at every step. He appears to have

The Messenger.

Each message in this department of the *Banner* we claim was spoken by the spirit whose name it bears, through his, her, or its voice, while in a state called the Trance State. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tokens of spirit communion to those friends to whom they are addressed.

We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earthly life, and do away with the erroneous idea that they are more than vintners' boys. 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 the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits. In these columns, that does not comport with his faith. Each expresses so much of truth as he perceives—no more. Each can 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 one who may desire to attend. They are held at our office, No. 2, 3, Brattle Street, Boston, every Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday afternoon, commencing at half-past 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.

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?

From No. 1734 to No. 1783.
Saturday, Oct. 29.—"How is Man allied to God?" Charles Carter, Sarah Franklin, Bucks.
Tuesday, Nov. 1.—"How are God's elect known in Heaven?" David Hamilton, Belfast; Caroline, to Amelia L. Winters, New York; Hosca Dallas.
Wednesday, Nov. 2.—"What is Charity?" John Moore, London, Eng.; Philip Curry, Williamsburg; Rebecca Pratt, Boston; Samuel White, New Orleans.
Thursday, Nov. 3.—"And there shall be no more Death?" J. G. Wyatt, Boston; Martha Dwight, Boston; Nathan Brown, Toledo.
Friday, Nov. 4.—"James D. Farnsworth; Simon Adams. Saturday, Nov. 5."—"Do I think of Henry Ward Beecher?" "How shall man discern good from evil?" William Sobley.
Tuesday, Nov. 8.—"Is there any good in man?" James Fairbanks, Philadelphia; Louisa Davis, Cambridge; John T. Gilman, New Hampshire.
Wednesday, Nov. 9.—"How shall we know we commune with Spirits?" Eliza Chase, Buffalo; Thomas Campbell; Peter Schreudacher, Washington; John T. Gilman, Exeter, N. H.
Friday, Nov. 11.—"When may we look for Christ's coming?" David Pease, New Hampshire; John Elton, Philadelphia; Abby Ann Tabbs, New Hampshire; Noah Blanchard, Boston.
Saturday, Nov. 12.—"Fetters!" Rufus Long, Portsmouth, England; Mary White, Concord, N. H.; Olive Hedge; Joseph Willis; Thomas Walworth.
Monday, Nov. 14.—"Do I think I shall kill?" George Talbot; Cornelius Coolidge, Boston; Juliet Hersey, Boston; William Good.
Wednesday, Nov. 16.—"What is perfection?" George Washington Bowman, Portsmouth, Va.; Nathaniel Hill, Bedford, Va.; Charles M. Thorndike.

Who and What was Jesus?

This question has been given for our consideration this afternoon.

It would seem that our questioner is not satisfied with what he finds in the old record concerning the man Jesus; or, if he is satisfied, he has called upon us because he is curious to become acquainted with our views upon the subject. The record tells us that Jesus was the son of Mary, and the special son of the Holy Ghost. But this is not so; Jesus Christ was the legitimate son of Calphas, the high priest. Mary was his wife; yes, his wife, she being privately married to him; for as death was the penalty of such disobedience to law, thus the high priest could not marry, or, if he did, was obliged to keep it private, fearing higher forces than his own—still higher powers. Now Mary was a medium; Calphas was a medium, and from the two came Jesus, a perfect form, an organism well fitted to receive and to give intelligence, with might and glory from God—yes, from God, that Spirit of Wisdom that existeth in Heaven, Earth and Hell.

The old and popular theology hath taught its believers that Jesus was the special son of the Father; that he was divinely clothed with mortal form. True, thus far; the divine light shone through him in his materialism, that it might be understood and comprehended by the people of his time.

But popular theology teaches that he yielded up his natural life, that he might secure thereby the salvation of the human race. This is not so. He yielded it up in obedience to the dense darkness of the times. Behold, the light shone in darkness, and it comprehended it not, and crucified it. By virtue of its power, it came in contact with that mortal form and crucified it, because it had power over it. But not so the divine principles which Jesus promulgated—they will live forever.

But man has never yet understood Christ or his mission. He came, like a bright star shining amid the darkness of his time. Behold, the common people heard him gladly, and gazed with joy on the light reflected through him. But the high priests and scribes would not hear his teachings, because they feared he would rise above them in mortal power. They were jealous of that power, and thus they tried oftentimes to come in rapport with him, that they might avail of his power, knowing, as they did, that there was a certain something which governed him beyond their power, which would rise above them in mortal. But the spirit of God through Jesus, told them to go hence—his mission was among the lowly, his work to do his Father's will, and he was not to be bribed by the high priests.

Now Jesus was both natural and divine. Behold the divine spirit clad in mortal organism, for Nature must ever be true to her law. The Maker of all, and Framer of Wisdom, could not, if he would, step aside from the law he had formed—no, not even to serve the creature. Our questioner stands in a peculiar position. For many years he had wielded the sword of popular theology, and now the foundation of that theological light seems to be crumbling beneath his feet; he begins to see defects therein, and he looks about him for something to lean upon. And we believe he calls upon us half in curiosity, half in honesty. It would be well if he would stand aside, for a time, from that which has enslaved him, and thousands like him—come down from the foundation, or it crumbles beneath him, and as he asks for aid to build a new one, it shall surely come. This same Jesus of Nazareth shall by him, shall shed a new light around him, and by it he shall know who and what this Jesus is.

Look well at the simple teachings as given through Jesus—the bright guide to wisdom; those gems of promise which extend not only to the present, but through all time, and see if you can find aught but a natural law governing all. He was an offspring of nature—a perfect man, a perfect medium—a son of the living God, as are the sons who inhabit the earth at the present time—no more so, no less so. We behold divinely beaming from every face before us—we recognize the divine in every human; and if our questioner could do this, he would be less mystified in thinking of Christ. Instead of being lost in a wilderness of doubt, he would be upon the mount, able to see all beneath and around him, and to understand it also.

When any bright, intellectual star rests over a temple of darkness, the inhabitants of that temple, the dwellers therein, are oftentimes lost in wonder; they contemplate the star, but fail to understand it, because they do not look by wisdom—because they do not look through Nature's telescope. They who seek to understand the works of Nature, other than by her own laws, shall be mystified; darkness shall be about them. But when they look at her work through her own laws, then, she shall aid them, and they shall live, and not die; for knowledge is life—ignorance is death. Oct. 27.

Augustus R. Pope.

Why am I here to-day? To whom shall I speak? 'Tis but a short, a very short time since I was here, controlling a form of my own; but there is a change—yes, a mighty change has been wrought in me. I have lost the old, I have exposed the new; and I find myself fast growing out of darkness into light; fast overcoming all those temptations that belong, perhaps, particularly to the natural, but which, I think, have close alliance with the spiritual.

Men cannot forget themselves. No; each one carries a mirror with him into the spiritual world, in which he sees reflected all his past life. He sees himself as he is—not as others have seen him. He becomes thoroughly acquainted with himself; and if he is dissatisfied, he sets himself at work to make all wrong right, and then he commences to make his journey toward heaven—toward peace.

I would not come informing my friends that I am in an unhappy condition here—no, nor would I come speaking of great joy; for although I have, by virtue of confession and repentance, cast off a great portion of the load I brought with me, yet I must so far outgrow the past as to go without the utmost limits of materiality, beyond the clouds of temptation, which are fair, beautiful to gaze upon, but by which he who follows is sure to be led to sorrow, by their magnetic force.

The tempter always holds forth something beautiful, that will attract the spirit, and comfort it, for the time being, beneath the folds of temptation and of sin. Oh, could men and women only see the angel that ever stands by the Tempter's side, whispering, "Come, come away, and be not tempted to sin; rise above that which seems to thee beautiful, but carries with it Death and Hell!" Oh, that man and woman could only see the angel that they were so far developed as to behold him while in the natural! But while the Principle of Evil is floating in the atmosphere of humanity, poor human nature will often be led astray—will oftentimes suffer in consequence, unless they are folded around by that garment of righteousness—the mantle of the pure in heart.

The good book tells us, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." When the Tempter comes, holding out inducements for them to stay, behold, only the pure in heart can see the angel who seeks to lead the mortal from the Tempter's chains. Oh, the pure in heart! they have an armor that cannot be penetrated. The pure in heart they only are in rapport with the intelligences which are beyond the earth; while they who suffer evil thoughts to take root in their hearts, see only the Tempter, while the Angel of God is nowhere to be seen. Oh, then, I would urge poor mortal men to be pure in heart, that every thought may be acceptable to the Creator. Instead of sending forth thoughts that will draw to them the evils of the immortal life, may they send forth such thoughts as will draw to them the angels of God's throne.

The pure in heart always draw to them the bright angels of God, while the evil thoughts of the soul draw to man the demons of the spirit sphere. Oh, then, if you would not have the company of demons, always be pure in heart.

All may wear the robes of righteousness, and the garments of peace, if they will—none need suffer by the Tempter; but in order to become pure in heart and truly righteous, men must lay down all sectarianism, all bigotry, all pride, all which is not acceptable to a God of justice, and then seek for the gem of purity, that will be a non-conductor of evil. Oh, I would to God I had wrapped the armor about me; but I did not do it, and in consequence of this I have suffered. My suffering has been keen, but, thanks be to God, I am emerging from the past, and rising in the glorious light of the Redeemer's love. I see my God in all his purity. Oh, that mortals could stand nearer to him! They would have less to suffer, more to enjoy.

I have been requested to come here, and although no particular time was given, I thought I might as well come to-day as at any other time. I have but given a few rambling thoughts to-day; they are of the same color and bearing of my spirit. I stand at present upon a plane nearly allied to earth, but I am fast unwinding the chain with which sin bound me, and then I shall be free—free indeed; for the freedom that comes from God is freedom in every sense. The spirit that finds itself floating in an atmosphere of purity, free from the mortal body, is wholly free. But while evil clings to the spirit, or that dissatisfaction which says, "I have not done my whole duty," he is not free. When he casts this off, and can say "Behold, I have done my duty," he resides in an atmosphere of purity.

Are you in the habit of receiving names here? Well, the name of my old form was Augustus R. Pope. I have not taken a new name here. Good day. Oct. 27.

Silas Dudley, Georgia.

Do you allow any questions asked? Then allow me to ask if you are an Abolitionist? Then you and I have no chance to disagree on that point. I was for sixteen—most seventeen years, an old Georgia slaveholder. I was born in Massachusetts, but I did not get so many of the old Massachusetts ideas instilled into my brain, that I could not get them out quite as quick. The people of the North are as rigid as the climate is. They get one idea instilled into their heads, and never get it out. That cold-hearted class of Northern men, styling themselves Abolitionists, have only one idea—there is only one outlet, either, and that is only big enough for one idea. "The slave is abused, and the master is a tyrant." They don't suffer themselves to go South to find out the truth; they don't get so far as to find out the true condition of the master and slave. I contend the master has a worse time, often, than the slave. I was often tortured to death, almost, to know what I should do with my slaves. What would you Abolitionists do with the colored population of the South? Clothe them, feed them, bury them when they die, take care of them when they are sick? I see them doing it!

Certain reasons have induced me to come here. I don't think I should ever have troubled myself to visit these cold, northern shores again if I had not been called upon to do so. I have two northern friends living in Massachusetts, styling themselves Abolitionists, and they think I have gone to hell. I want to let them know I am not in hell, and that brings me here to-day. I am very glad to be freed from the care of so many children—slaves.

When I knew I could not live long, I said, "Well, I suppose I am going to a free country, and shall not be troubled with the care of slaves. I shant have Dick, Jim, Dolly and Nelly coming to me and saying, 'Massa, I want this thing and that thing; such a picaninny is sick, and such a one is born'd massa.'"

I always made it a point to care for my slaves. I never knew of a want I did not supply. They could not get along without me, and I could not get along without them. One of them came back to me, after a year's trial of freedom in the North, the poorest-looking nigger I ever saw.

"Oh, Massa Dudley," said he, "take me back—I never will run away again."

"Well," said I, "if you have got enough of it, go to work; and when you want to run away again, don't come back." Talk about educating niggers—it can't be done; generations ago it might have been done, but they have been too long in darkness. The nigger that is a nigger, and not half white, is no more capable of caring for himself than a child. Send them to the North, and they'd work all day for a picaninny, and spend it at night for a loaf. Nigger is a nigger, and always will be; he might have been made a white man, but he wasn't; and so it is.

I used to pinch myself to take care of my slaves, and not one of them but would have me for a master. I never whipped one, and never had one whipped, and I contend there is no necessity for it. Talk about your Southern slaves—better look to your Northern slaves. I had rather take a dozen lashes than go about as some of your Northern slaves are obliged to do—go out in the snow barefoot, and beg for money to buy bread with.

Do Southern slaves have to do this? No. You have got more slaves here than are in the South; and I advise my Northern friends, who are so Christlike, to go to work liberating the Northern slaves. I'll work for them, and won't lay down my sword till every one is free. While we are freeing them, the Southern slave will have plenty to eat, and if you ask him to take the place of the Northern slave, he will refuse quick.

We have no slaves here. No; that is a fortunate thing for us, who had to take care of slaves on earth. "Freedom is sweet!" Yes, it is mighty sweet for those who have to work twelve hours a day to keep soul and body together. "Separate families!" What is the difference? Northern slavery separates families, and so does Southern slavery—the slave to poverty has to give away his children oftentimes; husbands have to go thousands of miles away from wives.

You say they have the liberty to come back. Now I say they are no more free than the Southern slave. Suppose they are miles away—money will bring the family together; but he has no money, and he is a slave. Railroad Companies want their money, and will have it.

Slavery is not right in any sense—every Southern slave should be freed. I own it is wrong in the abstract; but as long as there is no way to right this moral wrong, is it not better to get along with it as best you can. If I have five hundred slaves, and I know they are not capable of taking care of themselves, is it my duty to send them off upon the world? or shall I keep them, and care for them? If you have a good, smart nigger, that has an intellect enough to take care of himself, is it your duty to free him—his intellect demands it.

Oh, it is well enough for you Northerners to take a peep through your glasses at slavery; but go out there, and see for yourselves.

I am not arguing in favor of man's law, but I am arguing in favor of a moral law. I say it is right for me to hold slaves, and I say the South should protect their slaves, in spite of all opposition. I hold to every man and woman doing just what they consider right. It is a pity these Northern philanthropists do not care for some of your poor slaves. I think it is right for every slaveholder to free every slave that he knows has intellect to provide for himself or family.

So, then, tell my Southern friends that I did not place a mill-stone about my neck by being a slaveholder. I am not in hell in consequence of this; but, on the contrary, I think it has been a stepping-stone to a great deal of happiness here.

My name was Silas Dudley. I shall be here again; maybe

I shall give you something more; I only want to let my true condition be known—that's all. These friends of mine have lately been in Baltimore, and are a little excited in regard to slavery and liberty; and that is one reason, I suppose, they take such an interest in my case. If they want to discuss this matter with me, I shall be happy to give in, if I am convinced I am wrong. I wish them to do the same, if they are convinced they are on the wrong side.

Have you got any more to say to me? Then I'll travel. Oct. 27.

Mary Greenan.

Do I speak to you? I'd like to speak to my mother—she's in Boston. My name is Mary Greenan. I die in the hospital, three years ago—down on the Island I die, of small pox. I was twenty-one years old. I have one brother. My mother's name is Mary. I'd like to tell her I have come back—that's all. When I spoke to her, I'll tell her much about the church, and about the folks at home. Faith, I do like the Catholic Church, sir; it's the mother's prayer that brings me here. Faith, she intercedes with all the saints that I would come and speak to her. Every Catholic prays for what he likes. "I was myself me mother saw a little time after I die, when she pray I would come speaking to her. She does not expect me to come this way, but likes as I did before. I try, but could not speak, and I come here and find plenty to help me speak. My brother reads often some letters you put in—somebody comes speaking, and you writes for him, and he reads along to see what he would say, and he sees a letter from me.

My brother come over two years forment he send for me, and me mother to come. It makes no odds how you write it, so you write as my brother will read and let me come home. I would like to go speaking like as I speak here; but it is little use for me to go, if I can't speak.

My mother lived on Lewis street once; now she is with my brother. She likes to go home to Ireland, and my brother will not let her go. She's all the time talking about it since I have been here. She have a brother there who will take care of her, if she likes to go. It wa'n't him would give her a pound to come here.

Are you not a Catholic, sir? Do you not believe in it, sir? Faith, sir, you should believe it all. Will I go, sir? Oct. 27.

Daniel Blaisdell.

As I find myself again possessing mortality, again controlling a human organism, I can but thank Jehovah for the blessing. It is sweet, oh, it is sweet, to be permitted to visit the home of our childhood, after passing so many years in a foreign sphere. My earthly home was a pleasant one, and I look back upon its scenes with much pleasure; and although I find the change is great, yet I recognize much that I was wont to gaze upon when I dwelt in mortality. The faces that I loved to look at that were so dear to me, are familiar still, though I see time has changed them. The form is passing to decay, and the spirit is nearing its higher home. I fancy that all spirits who are permitted to return to earth's inhabitants, and great joy in so doing; I fancy they press the throats to their bosoms, thanking Jehovah for it. But with every blessing we find a shadow—every rose has its thorn. And so I find in the pathway, as I return to earth, that the thorns are there. Shall I meet with a welcome? Shall I be recognized? What those friends who once held me in sacred remembrance, stretch forth the hand of welcome and love to me as I return from the foreign shore of life? or will they turn their backs upon me, and say, "You are no relatives of mine? My brother, my husband, my father has gone to dwell with the Lord God of Israel; he comes not to earth, but rejoices in the far-off heaven prepared by God for his chosen ones."

When the spirit considers all the difficulties he is obliged to surmount in coming to earth, he then finds the thorn, he then sees the cloud; and yet, with an eye of faith, and his hand upon hope, he steadily pursues his course, hoping, yes, believing, that he shall in time enter the souls of those he comes to in mortality; that they shall recognize him, and welcome him—not as one afar off, but as one ever nigh unto them.

Religion, notwithstanding it is a brilliant star of intelligence, has done much toward placing thorns in the pathway of the returning spirit; yes, it has unwittingly caused many a spirit to mourn his advent to earth.

But we are told the time is not far distant when Religion shall be what it purports to be, not what it is—a religion that will see God in all things, will gather all that is in the Past, will collect all in the Present, and stretch forth its hand to welcome the Future. Oh, then I shall see the spirit treading a pathway to his friends where no thorns are seen, and no shadow goes before.

Near twenty-one years ago I parted with my body; I saw it deposited in its resting-place, the earth; I listened to the sighs and regrets of friends; I saw their tears, for I was there, even then, able to penetrate—yes, I saw beyond the cloud. And though it rose in might, I looked beyond it, and saw my friends. Yet they saw me not, because of their materialism. But to-day I come, asking a welcome; I bring no news from the land I dwell in. No; I have come to glean something from earth, and when I shall receive my gift, I will give tenfold in return.

I have a son, I have two daughters on earth, a wife, brother, and many other relatives. They tell me I may hope to be recognized by them, and that, by sending thoughts from this place, I shall be called upon to come nearer home. Speak, friend, tell me, am I right in coming here? They say you ask for certain facts—may I ask what they may be? I died of no disease, but by accident. I was coming from Liverpool to New York, whither I had been on business. I was subject to fainting fits, and previous to being attacked with one, I foolishly went aloft, not because I was obliged to, but because I desired so to do. While aloft, I was seized with an ill turn; I fell, striking the side of the vessel, and from thence I suppose I fell into the water.

I suppose you mean to ask me if my body was brought home by the vessel. It was not. My body was washed ashore, I suppose. From thence it was taken to Chesapeake City, and there my friends met it, and saw it decently buried. But that was three months after my death; or near that time. I was fifty-four years of age. My name was Daniel Blaisdell. I was born in Boston; I lived in New York. I have one son, whom I suppose to be near me, in Boston, but I do not know. I was told if I came here I should, be likely to meet him in some other way.

I earnestly hope I shall meet with something more than curiosity when I meet my dear friends as near as I meet you. I hope they will not talk with me because they are curious, but because they are glad to meet me.

Perhaps a little fact I am able to give you, will be very satisfactory proof to my son. He now carries a watch that I carried quite a number of years, and that was taken from my person after my body was recovered. A very singular circumstance, but a very true one. Perhaps that will serve better than anything else to identify me. May it not be so?

In early life I learned a tailor's trade. Not liking it, I gave up the thought of following it for a livelihood, and turned my attention to trading. I was a professing Christian, but I think I might have done better if I had professed less and possessed more. Well, I tried to do right here, but it is very hard to know what right is—exceedingly hard. Do you send your letters, or in what way do my friends get my letters?

I would like to speak with some one near to me, or who knew me. I have been told this was the only safe means where one was not able directly to communicate with his friends, which could be employed by the spirit.

By what means do I leave the medium? Oct. 28.

George Henry Grogan.

Why don't you speak, or talk, or something? Is it me that's to talk to you? I don't know you, and I don't want to talk to you. You folks don't know how to read writing. What will I tell you? Don't tell me so much at a time—I'll forget. My name was George Grogan. Yes, sir, I had a middle name—it was Henry; but that don't make any difference, for folks always called me George. I was nine months, I lived in Boston; I didn't die of nothing—I fell overboard. No, I don't mean that—I fell under the ice. My father worked for the city. We lived a little off B street.

My sister makes me come here to-day. Her name was Eliza; but she don't stay long with me. She's been dead a long time. My father wants to talk to him. Why, yes, sir, you must publish this, else how can I tell him of it? You must let me go to him. My father and mother do not stop, but she knows more about it, 'cause she's bigger nor me.

Wont you tell him he better stop, and go live with my mother, and take care of her? I have got one sister and three brothers where you live—on earth. I've got one brother who goes to sea; he's bigger than I. He went long of Capt. Howard, the last time I was here. My sister says I've been here two years. What will you do to make the folks see the letter? He can't read writing. What will you

print it in? A newspaper? What is the price of it? He won't buy it—won't you give it to him?

My sister can't speak, but she knows more than I do. She says I haint said half enough about his drinking. I don't know what to say. Oh, wouldn't I catch a thrashing if he could catch me!

Who pays for me coming, sir? Nothing to pay? Then I'll come three or four times. They would n't let you into the circus for nothing. I had nine cents once, and they would n't let me in; and me and some other boys stood outside and fired picked rocks at the canvas. Was that wicked, sir?

I'm going now. I do n't know how to go, sir. I don't go to school, sir; I go round to see the sights. My sister will help me go, sir. What do you say when you go, sir? I likes farwell, and I'll say that. Hail this aint much to come—I could do that any time. Oct. 28.

William Laws.

Do you remember of a person coming to you by the name of William Laws? There's a good many curious people on earth, aint there? Do you remember how long ago it was I came to you? Do you remember where it was? You never published anything for me. I came to you one night at your own home, before you ever made use of what you received from spirits. You know I told you I died in California—I was shot. I was in a saloon—got up a little quarrel.

I have got some friends who would like to have me come back here and tell how I am situated. What do they care how I am situated? They don't care a straw; but I thought I would see what I could do. I knew I could speak, because I did that before. I don't care to enter a long string of events.

I suppose I lived to suit myself, and I did to suit somebody else. Tell my friends I have, as much business here as I can attend to, and I don't care to come back at all.

This is plenty good enough. I came to you a short time after I died, in 1854. That's as good a way as any, to die—might as well go out in a hurry as to go slow. I think you gain something by going in a hurry—sometimes, at any rate.

I haven't got anything more to say. I suppose it is all that is necessary, for me to come here and give my name, and that you have.

You kept no books when I came before, I believe. If you had, you might have looked over them and compared my stories. But I suppose it is all the same to you. Oct. 28.

Dr. John Mason.

My name was John Mason, and I've come here for the purpose of answering a question. Is there any objection raised?

I don't know as I have been called upon to answer the question, but perhaps I may as well answer it as any.

The question is: "Is it right for the medical faculty to make use of mineral or vegetable poison in the cure of diseases?"

If it is not wrong, it is right. The question is, is it right? Some would suppose it wrong, and to those it would be; but to me it is right. Sometimes it is necessary to use violent remedies to get rid of violent diseases. Sometimes it is necessary for us to use one poison to rid the system of another violent poison. The time will come when there will be no necessity of using those poisons; but until that time comes, I do not consider it wrong. The friend who asks this question, thinks it decidedly wrong—all evil. That is his view of the subject, and if he is as rigid in his way as I am mine, we shall not be likely to agree.

I have sometimes proved the most violent of all poisons to be the very best remedial agents in some cases, and what has proved good and true to me, may prove itself so to others. If I made a man or woman whole, by giving a certain kind of poison to counteract a poison in the form, I was a benefactor, not a murderer. He says all physicians who use poisons are murderers, and should bear the signature on their forehead through eternity. Well, well, that is his opinion. I am very much inclined to think my questioner does not understand the theory or practice of medicine; if he did, he would be more mellow. It seems to me he has proved himself incapable of using any kind of remedial agent, whether poisonous or otherwise.

If I were back in my old form again, practicing medicine, while humanity is at its present state of progress in life, I should use mineral and vegetable poisons as much as I ever did, and should consider them great blessings to humanity. I have known people to carry in their forms a certain kind of poison all the days of their life, because they were so opposed to using any other kind of poison to remove it. Now any kind of poison given will not remain in the system; it will follow its antagonist out. The very object of giving it is to make such a commotion in the system as to draw other poisons to itself, and pass out with them, leaving the system in a better condition.

If our questioner wishes to discuss the matter, let him give me an opportunity to speak with him, and if he can convince me I have murdered anybody by giving minerals, I will acknowledge it; and if I convince him I have used poisons, mineral and vegetable, with beneficial effects, I want him to acknowledge me correct. I have nothing more to say. Oct. 28.

Written for the Banner of Light.

DEVOTION.

BY WARREN CHASE.

"Spirit only is eternal;—
 Forms have autumn days and vernal—
 Have their beauty and decay;
 But the true ones lack the newness,
 With the leaves of life's form;
 Blossoms grow to seeds-buds rougher,
 That the life-life shall not suffer."

This may seem a strange application of Bro. Burleigh's beautiful sentiments, quoted above, but I often discover a fitness and adaptation in things for which they were not designed. There is a spirit in devotion that has run like a thread through the past and present forms of worship, stringing them like pearls for the neck of the human race. These forms, by turns, rising, decaying and disappearing, and new ones take their places, leaving the thread of devotion ever intact.

The forms are only for outward show and display. The spirit alone is of value and needs no forms. In the soul of man devotion burns as a living incense, ever giving its odor to the Supreme Power, and it must ever be individual and spontaneous, to be pure or useful; hence forms and ceremonies, organizations and societies of men and women, are temporary, non-essential, and constantly subject to change and decay. Many persons love their forms and ceremonies of worship more than the spirit of devotion, and feel little or no devotion in the religion of their churches; but out of them, and independent of them, have a thread of pure devotion running round the neck of their lives, that goes out to God spontaneously in the busy affairs of life. The devotion of some hearts is given in mirth and glee, in music and dancing—of others in kind words and gentle caresses; of some in sports and labors among the beasts, birds and flowers; of others among the cotton bolls and bank notes; and of a few only among the paraphernalia of church exercises—these too often sadden and dampen the heart, and suppress for the time its expression of true devotion.

As well might we expect music from an instrument out of tune, or unstrung, as devotion from an unstrung heart. 'Tis when it is in tune that it gives out its devotion in most perfect tones. Devotion is natural to man, not supernatural—is required by our nature, not by any foreign power. God could never exact of us that which was above our nature; hence the absurdity of teaching total depravity, and requiring goodness as a duty. Nor could God exact of us for himself (or herself) that which could not increase his happiness, and punish us for not yielding it, especially if it were above our nature. 'Tis our own good that calls out or requires devotion, not God. Churches can never make devotion, nor can they give any to God; and if they could, He does not require nor need it—and why should we send it where it is not wanted?

It is written in our nature, Do happy—"To enjoy is to obey," and we could add, to obey is to enjoy, nature's laws. Devotion is in us and of us and for us, and is ever an individual action and expression. Churches are certainly without less to God; and I think we have abundant evidence that they are worse to man, taxing him greatly without a corresponding benefit. When we learn that religion is in life-actions, and consists in doing good to mankind, and that devotion is the spontaneous breathing of the soul, and goes out when we are happy and busy all the time, and not in strings of prayer-words, or psalm-singing and prosy preaching—we shall let the churches go to their graveyards, and build social, charitable and educational institutions instead. True devotion would be greatly increased if the churches were suspended and people lived truer and more natural lives, and gave their devotion for their own glory, and not for God's. What can be more silly or simple than to hear a learned man talk about glorifying God and praising him, as if He were a being fond of flattery and loving loud sounds and words strung on a prayer-string, or sermon-stand!

THE EMBARKATION OF THE PILGRIMS.

BY ELIZABETH BOWEN.

"So they left that goodly and pleasant city, which had been their resting-place near twelve years. They they knew they were pilgrims, and looked not much on these things; but lifted their eyes to heaven, their dearest country, and quitted their spirits."—J. M. Winslow.

The band of pilgrim exiles in tearful silence stood, While thus outspoke in parting, John Robinson the good: "Fare-the

be met with kindness and answered in love, and one tribute to those to lay on our altar of sacrifice, is joy eternal for a spirit brother.

Our cause we leave with you. For you we plead, for you we labor; and when the Master gathers his sheaves, we shall be adjudged of sincerity and faithfulness. "It is not the number that have heard and received us, but our purity of motive, which will pronounce the sentence of 'Well done, good and faithful!'" and the happiness and progression of our spirits seal our ministry in love.

God's blessing be upon you and us. May prayer and praise ascend that the gates of an eternal home are opened for all, while angels bid us enter and be blessed. God our Father and Christ our brother are there to welcome and love us; and may our love flow forth to mingle with this great ocean of purity, that all sin be washed from our garments, and our spirits rejoice in the perfected holiness of immutable law and and love.

Letter from Providence.

Editors BANNER—As I did not, in my former communication, devote any space to the spirit-exposers that have been so fashionable with you for a few weeks, I again address you. The veritable J. Stanley Grimes has been here for five or six weeks, at Franklin Hall, the place of worship of the Free Evangelical Congregational Church of this city. I went to hear him the second week of his lectures, thinking to be willing to weigh both sides and choose the better. Many Spiritualists paid him a visit, but being disgusted with his low buffoonery, blackguardism, and total lack of any argument but ridicule, as well as the entire absence of gentlemanly actions, went no more again. His experiments in Magnetism and Psychology are very good, though not equal to lectures upon those themes; but if he would call things by their proper names, they would be much better understood, as he secures the idea of Psychology. His audiences for the past four weeks have been composed almost entirely of church people, and young persons, who enjoy the experiments. But a lady told me last week, that she heard two church-members, in speaking of it, say that "Grimes was deceiving them;" that "he did not do as he had promised, to prove how mediums were made." I have the authority of a leading Spiritualist, that Grimes told him, before he commenced, that he "just as lief lectured for as against Spiritualism, if it would pay as well;" so that those who know this, would not go near him. It is reported that the ministers of the city have made up a purse of five hundred dollars to keep him here; but if they knew the good they are doing to the new Truth, they would soon bid Grimes go on his way. They are filling the whole city with this debate on Spiritualism; every barber's shop, saloon and hotel is alive with it, and the high priests of the city are paying for it, if report be true. We have never seen a time when Spiritualism held so bright and commanding a place as it does now; and this commotion will only throw more into our ranks. I will give you an exact recitation—almost verbatim—of his method of making mediums.

Asking for three or four of the audience to come up on the platform, as subjects, he causes them to put their hands together in a suppliant position, and to close their eyes. His theory is, that all religious revivals are caused by an undue excitement of Veneration (or Sublimity, as he terms it) and Fear; (I would like to ask Mr. Grimes how he would unduly excite a Veneration marked three, as is A. B. Whiting's), and that mediums are made in the same way. He pays close attention to his subjects for a short time, and listens often to note changes in breathing, or in the pulsations of the heart, then selects those who have become influenced, and presenting them to the audience, enters into conversation with them.

Grimes, moving subject's arm, says, "I wish you to write the name of some friend of yours that is dead. Write it plain, if you please."

(Boy writes in air.)
"Now, sir, have you written a name?"
Boy—"Yes, sir."
Grimes—"Well, what was the name?"
"James Jones, sir."
"Was he a friend of yours?"
"Yes, sir."
"Is he dead?"
"Yes, sir."
"How long ago did he die?"
"One year, sir."
"How old was he?"
"Twenty-one, sir."
"Was the name in your mind before I asked you to write?"
"No, sir."
"Do you know what made you write it?"
"No, sir."

(Nothing like Psychology there, of course.)
Grimes—turning to audience—"You see here a specimen of the way of making mediums. No one writes, or ever can write, the names of those whom they have never heard." Here a gentleman arose at the right of the speaker, and said, "You are mistaken, Mr. Grimes, for I know to the contrary, as I have had names written through my hand that I never before heard of, and have had them afterward prove bona fide, and have seen, not only this, but hundreds and thousands of the same."

Grimes—"If the gentleman had said he knew of one case, we might possibly believe him; but he speaks of hundreds and thousands" (courtesy and grimacing to the audience, to excite their laughter and ridicule.) But the gentleman told him that neither threats nor ridicule were weapons to be dreaded by him.

Grimes then proceeded to make a speaking medium, by saying to one who had been previously influenced several times, "Now, sir, you are Mr. Grimes. Do as Mr. Grimes does. You will presently give us a speech." (No psychology there, either, for Mr. G. says his mind has nothing to do with the medium, but this is only a state into which any one may pass at will.)

Soon we had a short lecture upon Temperance—which Grimes brought to an end by telling him he had said enough—and then an examination of diagrams.

Grimes—with a graceful spread of both hands, palms toward the audience, and the ten digits expanded—"This is the way to make speaking mediums. He will soon be as good as any of them. I will make them so plenty that they won't be good for anything." (Very likely—such as he makes.)

Same gent, as before—"You will speak the business of the ministers, if you do." To which a dignified Rev. replied, to the effect that money was not the object with ministers of the Gospel.

Grimes began his discourse by telling all before him that they were fools, or worse to the same effect; and I began to think that any one must be pretty near that, to follow him up, night after night.

Prof. Spencer was here a few nights, but did not meet with success to warrant anything further. His object was to prove that Grimes performed his operations by Psychology—for Grimes admits the immutability of the soul—and if he owned that mind could control mind while in the body, he could not deny the probability of the same after the change called death. Prof. Spencer evidently desires and longs for a proof of spirit communication. He is favorable to the theory, but lacks tests.

One of our particular favorites—Mrs. Fannie Follen—is with us this month. I shall speak of her hereafter.

Yours in truth,

LITA H. BARNET.

Providence, Nov. 13th, 1880.

Mediumistic Powers.

No spirit can perfectly communicate with us of earth, on account of the difference of organisms. We are surrounded by spirits cultivated and refined, or gross and ignorant; they are like ourselves. If a lofty mind comes to advise or direct an ignorant man or woman, it would do no good; it would blind them, as light blinds bats, by their and its brightness; they would have scales on them that, like Saul, which would need praying off. We have seen a man who has certificates of having performed great cures in the Tumor line. No person was ever seen around him but a man with a green jacket and a short pipe. Such a person was better fitted to instruct this "doctor" than one exalted. This man, no doubt, honestly thought it was Jesus Christ, as he told us so. Yet not believing that Christ smoked a little short pipe, and paraded in a green jacket, I have no confidence in the name given. Names give no certain clue to the spirits that surround us, apart from other considerations. All communications are more or less diluted, or colored, when coming direct from the fountain, or spirit, as it must partake of the case.

We know little of the laws that regulate spiritual communications. I have seen the spirit form of my father as often as once in two weeks, for twenty-four years; have conversed with him for five years; have seen the spirit forms of living individuals; have conversed for more than an hour with them; have taken messages from them, and can send them back—I have done this. I converse with my own spirit friends, and can call around me any writer from my own sphere. There is scarce a day but that I hold converse with immaterial beings; have the panorama of their life spread

before me, and have read sealed letters sympathetically, or by nervous sympathy. Thus hearing, seeing, and talking with forms at a distance, of the dead and of the living, and this for more than three thousand times, gratuitously, for others. I remark that, although ever conscious, I am a stranger to the laws that regulate such communications. I have some general notions as to some of the conditions.

A. J. Davis, years since, claimed to know all about the future, the laws that regulate communications, the distance of Heaven by measurement. Since that period, he has become satisfied that he knew but little about it, and in this result he is every day getting additional numbers. So of our flippant speakers and writers on inspiration; they are mere farthing tapers, which reflection blows out.

We are in the infancy of Spiritualism, although it has been advancing for five thousand years. While I speak of the little we know about spiritual communications, there is no occasion for being led into error. Those mediums only get lost, that love and practice lying. The pure and intelligent no doubt make blunders not fully understanding the subject. Again, their standpoint may be low, hence have no intercourse with superior intelligences. Hence a wise man would not sooner go to an ignorant person for instruction and advice, than to a blacksmith to repair a chronometer, or hammer out the eclipses or the motion of the heavenly bodies.

CHAS. ROBINSON, M. D.

Charlestown, November, 1880.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE FEELINGS AND EMOTIONS—NO. 1.

BY PROF. PAYTON SPENCE, M. D.

Everything in nature grows, and that growth is from the general to the special. The general contains the special, but it is not yet specialized. Everything that grows begins as a germ, and the development of that germ is but the gradual unfolding of all its latent possibilities. The whole animal kingdom is a unit, and has exemplified this truth in its development from the monad up to man; and every individual is a unit, made up of many parts; and both the individual and the parts are visible exponents of the same law.

The animal kingdom, we say, is a unit; and its first beginnings were simply as manifestations of sensation or feeling. That is the germ in which all forms of intelligence began that are now to be found in the entire animal kingdom. The earliest and the simplest forms of animal life which appeared upon the earth were but sensation, or feeling, incarnate; and from that general expression of life have been evolved all the various types of emotion, instinct, moral sentiment, and intelligence, that are anywhere to be found in man, beast, fish, or fowl.

Man, also, we say, is a unit, and begins as a germinating principle; and the material germ of his body is the solid language in which the spiritual principle asserts its own nature, telling us, not in words, but in fact, that it also is a germ containing possibilities, some of which may become actualities in a year, or in a century—others of which are the possibilities by which the soul constantly asserts its own immortality; for they will still be possibilities toward which the soul shall tend and aspire, when the condition of cherubim and seraphim shall call, in their turn, to be put on as a glorious thing, and then again put off as an antiquated, cumbersome garment. As sensation is the germ of the spiritual principle of the animal kingdom, considered as a unit, so also sensation, feeling, emotion, which precede all morals and all intelligences in the child, is the germ of man's moral and intellectual nature; and the morals and intelligence of man are but the varied processes of that germ. It is the primary, containing all the subsequent ultimates. It is, as it were, the foundation, the base of the man.

We have said that everything in nature grows from the general to the special—from the primary to the ultimate. In the vegetable kingdom we have first the seed, then the roots, the trunk, the branches, the bud, the flower, the fruit; and this order we cannot change. So in the procession of mind there is but one order of development, and no arbitrary or mechanical systems can make the last precede what is really the first. They may retard the first, and thereby retard all the subsequent stages which must grow out of it; but the mind, to be natural and spontaneous—to be a beautiful, glorious and luxurious thing—must begin at the beginning, and pass through the primary stages, before it can enter upon the second.

Now, childhood is the period for unfolding the feelings and emotions—for developing the roots, as it were, of the mind; and children are to be measured, not by their size, nor by their age, but simply by the question as to whether they have passed through the first metamorphosis of mind. There are few children now-a-days. They are, most of them, miserable failures. Parents try to make them intellectual men and women prematurely, and hence they are neither children nor adults—they are blighted abortions. They are taught to repress all these feelings and emotions which are proper to that period of life. They must not cry, nor get angry, nor laugh, nor be exceedingly joyous, or boisterously happy. They must not be spontaneous, and give themselves up to themselves, and roll, and riot, and tumble, in the exuberant outpourings of the deep fountains of their nature. No, no! The child must stand, like a venerable, dignified sage, while an ambitious parent, or a mechanical teacher, binds upon his tender brow an iron crown that shall weigh him down to the earth; or, perhaps, he must be sent to college—a prison often worse than a penitentiary—where his wings are clipped, and where, like the criminal with ball and chain upon his feet, his free movements are trammelled, and into his hands are bound bundles of dry branches, with withered leaves, which once grew and flourished with bright flowers and green foliage in the domain of other minds. Thus equipped and encumbered, he emerges from his prison into the world, never again to be free until all those encumbrances shall crumble and fall from him. The shackles which bind the body can be put on, and again put off in a moment. No so with the shackles of the mind; when once they are fairly on, no power on earth can take them off. They must wear off. The man must move among his fellows, dragging his ponderous weights and clanking chains after him; and only here and there will a fragment be knocked off, or a link lost, by the friction of opposing bodies, and by hard blows, laid on sometimes by friends, and sometimes by enemies.

How often does the silent prayer go up: "Oh, that I were a child for once, to sport and frolic, and gambol among my fellows, in the full abandonment of childhood's emotional nature!" It is a sad sound to hear the full-grown man pray to be a child; and still more sad is it, for him who has reached the years of maturity, to feel that he has never been a child, and that he must of necessity go back and begin at the beginning, and be a child in all the feelings and emotions of childhood, before he can attain the full stature of his spiritual manhood. Yet it must be so. The roots must precede the flower. The feelings and emotions must be developed before the intellect—the mind must be a child before it can be a man.

The mind of man, though a unit, is yet made up of many parts. Using the current language of the day, it has many faculties. Now each faculty has its beginning, its unfoldings and its possibilities. Each faculty has its germ, and that germ is the same—it is still feeling, emotion. But this germ—this concentration of possibilities, like the seed of a plant, may lie torpid for many years—perhaps for ages, and yet not perish, still remaining a possibility, awaiting the action of proper elements and influences to set it in motion—to make it grow, and out of the possible to bring the actual.

There is some hope of any faculty of a child's, or of a man's mind, just so soon as it becomes a thing of sensation—just so soon as the feelings and emotions that are proper to that faculty are awakened, and the child or the man is interested in those things which appeal to that part of his nature—just so soon as the faculty begins to put forth its radicle, and greedily drink up whatever properly pertains to it, and can contribute to its growth. Until this process of germination does begin, there is no hope in that direction—the seed is buried too deep, or the soil is unsuitable, or it is beclouded. But its latent possibilities may not perish, and some day or other the full-grown man will feel the stirring of the germ within him—the struggling of the child—and he will realize, in new emotions, new feelings, new attractions, new loves, if there is one thing in the progress of mind which is more glorious than another, it is when the full-grown man in body begins to know that he has not yet attained his full stature in mind—that he has taken a new start in an unexpected direction—that there are new emotions welling up from another exhaustless fountain—that there are new joys shooting their electric flashes across his soul—that ecstasies hitherto untold are shaking him from centre to circumference. I care not whence such emotions, such joys, such ecstasies may hail. Who is it that does not feel enabled by every trembling susceptibility of soul, every thrilling, quivering emotion, and every vague, undefined and indefinable agitation that shakes his frame, and wakes up mind and body to new life and new energies? Who is it that does not feel the sublimity of the soul when its deep forces commence their volcanic movements and shake him as with an earthquake?

These fits that fill the man with a life and a power, and rob him in a majestic majesty and brings under its sway—under its irresistible, positive magnetism, other men, multitudes and nations. These it is that take us deep into the unformed chaos of ourselves, and there tell us something about a great mystery, which the everlasting ages shall not solve—how, within the small compass of a man, is packed up a magazine of life and of power which is inexhaustible, and which meets every draft that is made upon it, from the faintest hope of a new-born love, to the wild, tumultuous phrensy of jealousy or revenge.

Written for the Banner of Light.

A PRAYER.

BY W. A. IRELAND.

Thou who in charity,
Readest our heart,
Let not thy children
From Virtue depart;
Strengthen our good resolves,
Increase our good deeds,
Make us subservient
To poorer friends' needs.
Teach us humility
Charity, Love
Let thy arm strengthen us,
Lift us above;
So when we pass away,
And our work's done,
Of all our earthly deeds
We'll not regret one.
As our hearts raise us up
To each bright sphere,
To stand with holy ones,
We shall not fear;
Mingling with dear friends
Suff'ring on earth,
Lightening their spirits and
Giving new birth,
To hopes and desires
To know more of God;
And humbly receiving
The stripes of the rod,
Of those who would persecute,
And the soul chain,
And make of thy holy love
Fear and a ban.
To watch o'er these loved ones,
And lead them up higher,
And thy Will do on earth,
As our only desire.

New York, Nov. 8th, 1880.

True versus False Spiritualism.

DEAR BANNER—On Nov. 16th, I heard the Rev. Dr. Robinson, Methodist divine of this city, preach a sermon on the above subject. I will give you some of the doctor's fundamental principles on this subject. He said—

1st, Spiritualists present no original ideas; 2d, that their doctrine is stolen from the Bible; 3d, that the teaching of one contradicts another; 4th, that the manifestations can be produced by physical causes. Allow me to make a few comments.

First—I was greatly surprised to find that one of the Orthodox school possessed brains enough to comprehend what Spiritualists have been endeavoring to impress on their minds for the last eleven years; namely, that the doctrine, or, at least, the philosophy, has existed since the creation of man; and that the best parts of the Bible are scarcely anything else.

Second—That if he wishes to retain his place, I would advise him to make no more concessions to Spiritualism; for, whereas he teaches it came from the Bible, other divines of the Evangelical school declare it came from the devil. Perhaps the doctor means it came from that part of the Bible which dwells with such a pious zest on that gentleman in black. But see with what logical reasoning he arrives at this conclusion. First, he says: "If they did not get it from the Bible, where did they get it from?" Then he tells us the heathen, even, has an idea of immortality, though it is evident that he didn't get it from the Bible; if he did, why send him so many?

Third—He said that what was taught by one was contradicted by another. "Now, for instance," said he, "they used to believe in a hell—were, in fact, almost Orthodox Universalists. Now," said he, "they don't preach that; it's out of fashion." Who does not feel pleased at this assertion from that source—that hell is out of fashion; but what joy we may experience is not embittered by grief to know that a man in the nineteenth century could be so ignorant, bigoted and prejudiced, as not to know that any doctrines ennobling in their nature cannot contradict others of a like spirit? Christians profess to give the hand of love to all who worship Jesus, whatever may be their name, or form of doing it; but it is plain from this that all who preach differently from their preach, (that they) doctrines contrary to the spirit of the Bible. But why linger on that? 'Tis absurd.

And fourth—He said that Mr. Coyle, (correct me if I am wrong) promised that if a hall would be furnished, he would prove that all physical manifestations could be made without the aid of a spirit. "And," said the doctor, "he believed once himself." I would like to make a remark, or at least ask a question. Why did not the pious part of New York hold him to his word?

And how does it happen that he believed before he investigated? No doubt if he had investigated, he would have arrived at the same conclusion prior to believing it. It requires no faith. The assertion gives me to understand that this gentleman (Mr. Coyle) went (as it is very vulgarly but expressively called) it blind.

After this, the doctor gave us a portion of True Spiritualism; but many things he said made me believe that he had been robbing from a source he would not like to acknowledge. For instance, he believes that man's heaven begins here—also his hell. To be sure, he introduced the devil, but that only seemed to be the effect of education. Doubtless he could have got along without him.

Yours for Truth,

J. B.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Strange "Automatic Action."

We copy the following narrations from a long letter from E. V. Wilson, dated at Hallowell, Maine:—

Capt. B., an old and worthy citizen, one who has passed much of his life on the deep, said:—"One night I left the deck of my ship in charge of my first mate, and as I was about to turn in, I heard distinctly an order given—thus—'Helm a-lee.' I could not comprehend why my mate should give this order, as I had left the deck but a few moments before. There was a fair breeze; every sail was set, and we were bowling on our course at the rate of seven or eight miles an hour. We were in a clear sea."

I sprang to the deck, and asked why this order? "I repeated 'a-lee' said my astonished mate."

I noticed that we were on our course—all sail set—and a fair wind. I took two or three steps back and forth on the deck, and again essayed to turn in. Just as I was on the point of lying down, I heard again, in a clear, distinct voice—'Helm a-lee—hard a-lee!' Clew up and clew down! In top-sail, top-gallant and royal. Live! my lads—in with everything!"

I sprang to the deck and involuntarily reiterated the order. It was instantly obeyed. About came our good ship, like a child obeying our orders. Well for us was it that she did so else we should have all been in Davy Jones's locker. And as she filled away, we saw the waves madly dashing against the rocks. We were saved. Who gave the warning? No mortal on board that ship."

Second.—Says Capt. B.:—"I was in Liverpool, Eng., in the year 18—, I had about finished my day's work. I was in my cabin, lounging on a locker. I was not asleep, yet I was in a dreamy, meditative condition. All at once I thought that I was in Hallowell, Maine, standing yonder on — street, and saw a funeral procession coming. One whom I knew came along. I asked who was dead. His reply was, 'Your brother.' I joined the procession—went to the grave—saw my brother buried—heard the prayer and singing—saw the friends and relatives leave for their respective homes, and I found myself in the cabin of my ship in the port of Liverpool. I at once made a memorandum of the vision—took the time—and on my return home I found that my brother's body was being carried to the grave in Hallowell, at the precise time I saw it."

Mr. A. Merrill, of Hallowell, tells me that some three years ago he was on the point of leaving for Boston—had made up his mind to go in the steamer Eastern Express. But on the evening previous to her sailing, he, Mr. M., dreamed that he went and was on the steamer, and that they had a terrible storm, and came very near being lost. In the morning he took the cars instead of the boat, and through this dream

escaped one of the most fearful storms that that good boat ever outlived. For many hours the boat lay at the mercy of the sea, and not one soul expected to see home again, and by those on shore was considered lost.

Organizations.

All organizations are conservative; the interests of progress are not promoted thereby. Man, as a being allied to the Godhead, should be free in thought and deed; he should feel no trammels, no more than the bird that flies in the air, or the fish that glides in the sea. When society progresses, and unfolds the inherent elements of life, man will roam on his native soil unrestrained by aught but the fear of the Most High; he will bare his soul to the sunlight of truth, as the ocean waves to the eye of God. He will listen to the still small voice within, as the only divine oracle, and obey its dictates as unhesitatingly as the gentle dove listens to the voice of its mate. Philosophers may plod, and scientific men may delve for knowledge and its facts, but the grand Elxir of all true life is yet undiscovered by them—as in days of old—it is yet born in man, and the self-styled lights of the world see it not.

"CHRISTUS."

Miss Laura De Force.

J. JUDSON, CORNELLUS, PA.—Let me tell you in sincerity that we are proud of the BANNER OF LIGHT; and it is a pity that Uncle Sam's leather bags should occasionally be remiss, and cause its irregular coming. Spiritualism is growing in strength and power in this region—in fact it is becoming quite "respectable." Miss Laura De Force has been lecturing here to large audiences. She makes friends wherever she goes.

Card—Spiritual Register.

On or before the first of January, I shall publish the Fourth Annual Spiritual Register, with County, House and Spoken Almanac for 1881. Friends throughout the country will please report in full, all statistics, number of Spiritualists, names and addresses of lecturers and mediums, schools, homes, places of meetings, catalogues of Spiritual books, etc., and send before December 20th, 1880. The Register will be a neat pocket-sized of thirty-six pages, with the Facts, Philosophy, Statistics, Progress, Practical Teachings, etc., of Spiritualism, indispensable as a guide to believers, inquirers and skeptics. As the work will not be sent out on sale, and only a limited number will be printed to fill out orders, those who desire it must send in their orders, with cash in advance, before the first of January. Mailed free of postage—one hundred for five dollars; fifty for three dollars; fourteen for one dollar; ten cents a single copy.

Address, URBAN CLARK,

Auburn, New York.

THE ONLY PREPARATION

WORTHY OF
Universal Confidence and Patronage.

For Statesmen, Judges, Clergymen, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, in all parts of the world testify to the efficacy of Prof. O. J. Wood's Hair Restorative, and gentlemen of the Press are unanimous in its praise. A few testimonials only can be here given; see circular for more, and it will be impossible for you to doubt.

47 West Street, New York, Dec. 20th, 1880.
GENTLEMEN—Your vote of the 16th inst., has been received, saying that you had heard that I had been benefited by the use of Wood's Hair Restorative, and requesting my certificate of the fact if I had no objection to give it.

I award it to you, and I think I think I do. My age is about 50 years; the color of my hair, brown, and inclined to curl. Some five or six years since it began to turn gray, and the scalp on the crown of my head to lose its sensibility and dandruff to form upon it. Each of these disagreeable conditions increased with time, and about three months since a fourth was added to them, by hair falling off the top of my head and threatening to make me bald.

In this unpleasant predicament, I was induced to try Wood's Hair Restorative, mainly to arrest the falling off of my hair, for I had really no expectation that gray hair could ever be restored to its original color except from dyes. I was, however, greatly surprised to find, after the use of two bottles only, that not only was the falling off arrested, but the color was restored to the gray hairs and sensibility to the scalp, and dandruff ceased to form on my head, very much to the gratification of my wife, at whose solicitation I was induced to give it my experience. Believe it all.

For this, among the many obligations I owe to her sex, I strongly recommend all husbands who value the admiration of their wives, to profit by my example, and use it, if growing gray or getting bald. Very respectfully,

O. J. WOOD & CO., 444 Broadway, New York.

To O. J. Wood & Co., 444 Broadway, New York.
My family are absent from the city, and I am no longer at No. 11 Carroll Place.

To PROF. O. J. WOOD: Dear Sir—Your "Hair Restorative" has done me my hair so much good since I commenced the use of it, that I wish to make known to the PUBLIC its effects on the hair, which are great. A man or woman may be nearly deprived of hair, and by a resort to your "Hair Restorative," the hair will return more beautiful than ever; at least this is my experience. Believe it all.

Yours truly, WM. H. KENEY.

P. S.—You can publish the above if you like. By publishing in your Southern papers, you will get more patronage South. I see several of your certificates in the Mobile Mercury, a strong recommendation. Believe it all.

W. H. K.

PROFESSOR O. J. WOOD: Dear Sir—Having had the misfortune to lose the best portion of my hair, from the effects of the yellow fever, in New Orleans in 1851, I was induced to make a trial of your preparation, and found it to answer as the very thing needed. My hair is now thick and glossy, and I am enabled to perform my obligations to you in giving to the afflicted such a treasure.

The Restorative is put up in bottles of three sizes, viz: large, medium, and small; the small holds 1-2 a pint, and retails for one dollar per bottle; the medium holds at least twenty per cent more in proportion than the small, and retails for two dollars per bottle; the large holds a quart, 40 per cent more in proportion, and retails for \$5.

O. J. WOOD & CO., Proprietors, 444 Broadway, New York, and 114 Market Street, St. Louis, Mo.

And sold by all good Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers, Dec. 3.

MRS. GRACE L. BEAN, WRITING, TRANCE AND TEST MEDIUM, No. 80 Eliot Street, Boston.

Also, Clairvoyant Examinations for diseases. Dec. 3.

CLAIRVOYANCE AND MEDICINE. MRS. E. C. DORMAN, MAGNETO-BOTANIC PHYSICIAN.

By long practice and eminent success—in the application of her magnetic force to the discovery and cure of disease, has become so widely and favorably known, that it may suffice to notify the public that she may be consulted daily—on very reasonable terms—at her residence, No. 12 Orchard Street, Newark, N. J. Nov. 26.

J. PORTER HOGDON, M. D., ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, 658 WASHINGTON STREET, (in Pine Street Church, up one flight of stairs, Room No. 2.) Boston.

Psychometrical delineations of character, and Clairvoyant examinations of disease, daily, from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M. Terms, when present, \$1.00; by a lock of hair, when absent, \$3.00. No notice taken of letters unless they contain the fee for examination. 3m Nov. 26.

MISS E. H. BARRETT, CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN, No. 83 Beach Street, Boston. 3m

MRS. NEWTON, HEALING MEDIUM, No. 30 WEST DEHAM STREET, four doors from Washington Street. Terms, 50 cents for each sitting. Oct. 8.

NATURAL ASTROLOGY. PROFESSOR HUSE may be found at his residence, No. 12 Osborn Place, leading from Pleasant street, a few blocks from Washington street, Boston.

Letters on business questions answered for \$1. Real Nativty written. Consultation at all hours. Terms 50 cents each lecture. Oct. 1.

MR. & MRS. J. R. METTLER, Psycho-Magnetic Physicians, CLAIRVOYANT EXAMINATIONS, with all the diagnostic and therapeutic suggestions required by the patient, carefully written out.

Mrs. Mettler also gives Psychometrical delineations of character by having a letter from the person whose qualities she is required to disclose.

It is much preferred that the person to be examined for disease should be present, but when this is impossible, or inconvenient, the patient may be examined at any distance by forwarding a lock of his or her hair, together with leading symptoms.

Terms—For examinations, including prescriptions, \$5. If the patient be present, \$10 when absent. All subsequent examinations \$2. Delineations of character, \$2. Terms strictly in advance.

Address, DR. J. R. METTLER, Hartford, Conn. Oct. 1.

ADA L. HOYT, RAPIDLY WRITING TEST MEDIUM, is giving sittings daily, for the investigation of Spiritualism, at 45 Carver street. 3m Oct. 29.

SEALED LETTERS ANSWERED. NOTICE—The undersigned will attend to the answering of Sealed Letters, whether describing diseases, or any other business which may be required, and then placed in an extra envelope, and the sum of one dollar and one postage stamp accompany each letter. The sealed note must have the wants of the writer plainly stated; also their name and place of residence.

MOVEMENTS OF LECTURERS.

Two lines, under this head, will be inserted free of charge. All over two lines must be paid for at the rate of six cents per line for each insertion wanted.

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