OL. VI.

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THE SERMONS

Of Revs. HENRY WARD BEECHER and EDWIN H. CHAPIN are reported for us by the best Phonographers of New York, and published verbatim every week in this paper. THED PAGE—Rev. Dr. Chapin's Sermon. Eighth Page—Rev. H. W. Beecher's Sermon.

Written for the Banner of Light.

MARRIAGE.

To the Memory of my Husband this tale is dedicated

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

CHAPTER XXX .- CONTINUED.

It was a strange sight to see Mr. Gray, hitherto so solf-reliant, humbling himself thus, shrinking from the future with no strength to do right in the present. His former energy and decision had suddenly forsakon him, and I felt that I must turn comforter instead of accuser. His own stern orthodoxy, in which he was a stancer believer, for it was true as May come said that sincere believer, for it was true, as Mary once said, that he was "terribly in carnest in his religion;" but, as I was about to write, these very doctrines were like scor-

more mercy for me!'

I did not then understand that this state of mind was fone of the many phases, all bad enough, but this the most terrible, produced by the oftused stimulant.

For awhile his distress was very great, and hoping to divert his mind to another subject, I asked where we

divet his mind to another subject, I asked where we would go when we left the parsonage.

"Where, indeed I know of no place, but suppose I must seek another parish," and suddenly recollecting himself, "no; the doctor commands rest and quiet for three months, if I do not wish to lose my eyes."

"Well," said I, "you have saved a little something against a rainy day; let us hire some small house, and live retired and quiet for awhile. It will give you an opportunity to conquer this bad habit which is making you its slave."

"Something saved! No, Bertha; the money your

Something saved! No. Bertha; the money your father gave me on your marriage day, and the sums
which he has added since, were all invested in the railroad, and you may know how valuable they are, when I tell you that they were quoted yesterday at sixteen cents, so that the two thousand to which it amounted

in all, is now worth only one hundred and twenty-five.
We are rich, are we not?"
How old and worn he looked, as he said this, with his head thrown back against the high rocking chair, as if he were sinking into an uneasy sleep. I made no reply, for I wanted time to think, and he sat thus, now and

then muttering something incoherently, and starting as if disturbed by bad dreams.

I took my sowing, and set my poor little head, all unused to such work, to planning for the future. Nothing tangible presented itself, and feeling disinclined to sleep. I went down stairs for a book, and on my way, observing Auntic Paul's light glimmering through the crack of her door, I tapped gently. She opened at once. She was reading, her Bible of course. I sat down and told her all our troubles.

"This is sad, indeed," she said; "but there are

reater sorrows in the world. Let us think a moment. t is certain that Mr. Gray needs rest, and that he ought not to preach in his present state of mind. Still he needs employment, something active to keep mind and body interested. I have it! Yes, it is just the thing, if he is disposed to it. Your mother left a small farm; the large garden surrounding it she carried on herself. Why not move there for awhile. The house, though old, will be a comfortable shelter, and the garden may be made a source of pleasure and profit, and of health,

too, porhaps. At least the place will be a refuge for awhile until you can find a better," The plan suited me; at least it was better than any which I could propose. To be sure it was a lonely spot, remote from neighbors; the house was old and crumbling, but it was a shelter-we could try and make it a home. I returned to my chamber, relieved. Mr. Gray was dozing stupidly, but not so far gone in sleep that

he could not understand the plan.

'Yes, yes,' said he, "that will do till my eyes are better. I am glad you like it; we'll move at once." Another week found us in the little brown farm-house. It was not many miles from Vernon, and that pleased me. I was not far from the precious graves. Auntle Paul went with us, and remained till the house was in order; then she left for her own home with her chil-

dren.
Let me describe our "Refuge," as we called it. In Let me describe our "Refuge," as we called it. In going from Vernon to B—, there is a fine, much trayeled road, thickly scattered with pleasant farms and neat homesteads. About midway a road turns to the right up a steep, to the eye at first, almost perpendidular hill. This road leads to the small farming town of Becket, where a little white meeting house, a red school-house, and the sign "Post Office," over one of the doors of a brown cottage, indicated that though few inhabitants are to be seen, there are some scattered over the neighboring hills and valleys. The school-house is the neighboring hills and valleys. The school house is at the meeting of two roads—taking the left hand we ascend another hill, and when at the summit turn into a narrow road, evidently not much traveled, and for good reason, because its termination is the house we seek—our home. It is a one story, unpainted building, with neither blinds nor door yard. A giant butternut tree, now in its summer greenness, flings its branches far and wide, sheltering the southern side of the house while an old mossy apple tree stands sentinel by the old well, with its long, antiquated sweep, from which

is suspended the dripping oaken bucket.

I was happily disappointed when we came in sight of it. Nature is such a skillful painter, that when she sits at her easel, dipping her brush in sunlight, touching hill and meadow, tree and stream, with her rare tints, we cannot help admire and wonder. Strange, have the transfers the heaven greather work bruse. how she transforms the brown, weather worn house, by a beam of light here, a shadow there, a touch of green

a beam of light here, a shadow there, a touch of green moss on the roof, and a golden glint on the small windows, till we fancy that if the house were other than it was, the picture would be spoiled.

The poetry, however, was somewhat marred by the interior view—the low rooms, with an old damp smell about them, the pantry, with that peculiar cheesy seent that always hangs about a farmhouse "buttery," as the natives call it, and which is peculiarly annoying to my olfactories; the parlor, with its coarse, large figured paper; the small bedroom with but one window, and that admitting but a thimble full of air—were at and that admitting but a thimble full of air—were at first a little repulsive. But Auntie Paul made sundry improvements, not the least of which was a thorough

purification and whitewashing.

I hoped much for Mr. Gray in this retreat; but when the excitement of moving was over, I was sorry to see that he returned to his old stimulant, and when remon-

"Yes, yes, I mean to quit it. I will do so; it is a shooking habit—no Christian should indulge in it."

Then again he would weep like a child when he reforred to it, showing too clearly that his nerves were sadly shattered. More frequently the least allusion would irritate him, and bring out harsh words that fell

heavily on my heart.

I think the hardest trial of my life, the most difficult own soul was thrown. However I might not have had in it.
the feelings which every wowan should have toward It is

the man she marrier, I believed he would be a guide for me to a higher and a better life. I felt myself weak and ignorant. I thought him strong and learned. Like the poor, delnded Mormon wife, I fancied that I was scaled for heaven by my union with a man of God. Oh, how bitter was the reality, when the mask fell! I lost faith in man, faith in myself, faith in God. Yes. lost faith in man, faith in myself, faith in God. Yes. I write these three last words deliberately. I was wandering in darkness that might be felt. This state of mind commenced with Lily's death; it increased till during my residence in the farm-house it became a settled mood. I rend the Bible mechanically once a day; it was a habit with us, and I read loud to Mr. Gray, but I found no living waters there. Jordan was driven back; there was no dew on Hermon, nor rain in the mountains of Gibboa. I was in a land of drought and mountains of Gilboa. I was in a land of drought and barrenness, of darkness and despair. I had prayed and prayed, till I was weary, for one token from Illian or Lily—one whisper from the spirit world—but none came to me, and my heart fell sick in its despair.

Lily, my precious Lily, was then my only source of joy. Oh, human love! thou art precious. I could not see then that thou wert the shadow of God's love, but so it was; and I was kept alive by this one tie, as the poor prodigal was kept alive in his wanderings by husks, when in his father's house there was rich food awaiting

his hungry soul.

As if in judgment to me—but it was mercy behind a cloud—Mr. Gomez sent entreatingly for Lily to be brought to him. He had not many months to live, and one sight of her bonny face, would make death less grievous. If I would only come out with her and pass the winter it would be greated or great form. the winter, it would be esteemed a great favor. He sent means for this purpose; but I could not leave Mr. Gray, whose eyes were no better, and he was averse to a sea voyage. Mrs. Green, the housekeeper, therefore took my place, and was to return when the spring opened. Charles Herbert met them in Vernon, and to my joy-for my anxiety was exceedingly great—I learned of their safe arrival.

I do not like to look back upon the feelings with which I entered upon that winter; it makes me sludder, even now. But one incident soon occurred to break the sad monotony of our life. I have said that Mr. Gray was very neat and methodical in all his habits his books and papers were always arranged with great accuracy and precision. Since our removal they had lain unpacked, waiting for him to put them in the little lain unpacked, waiting for him to put them in the little room he called his study. But he had neglected it, waiting for his eyes to be stronger; but thinking he might feel more at home with a study. I proposed doing it for him. He assented, saying that when I had unpacked his books and papers, he would give me directions how to arrange them.

One stormy day I undertook the task. I opened first the boxes of books—his theological works—and he amused himself till he was weary, placing them upon the shelves which he had prepared. Then came a trunk of pamphiets, all numbered, dated, and stitched together in volumes, with indices. Then a box of ser-

of pamphiets, all numbered, dated, and stream so-gether in volumes, with indices. Then a box of ser-mons similarly prepared. By this time he was tired, and told me to open the remaining trunk, and lay the contents upon the table while he rested. In doing so, my eye fell on some largo books, bound like account books, but marked 'journals' these, without opening I laid on the table, but what lay beneath these attracted my curiosity too strongly to treat in the same way. An old worn paper, yellow with age, bore this inscrip-

tionPapers of Simon Mudgett; relating to Mary Lin-

I did not wait for a second thought, but opened the package, and read eagerly, seated upon the floor beside the opon trunk. It was as follows:

"I, Simon Mudgett, commit the following narrative to writing, thinking it may, at some time, he of use to the parties concerned.

In the month of September, 18—, I was living near

the beach at Rockford. I kept two or three fishing boats, and went out almost every day on the water. One day I returned earlier than usual, for there were signs of a storm, and my wife said to me—
The equinoctial is coming on.

Yes,' I replied, and there'll be the devil to pay

among those vessels near the shore.

The storm increased, and toward midnight blew a The storm increased, and toward midnight blew a gale. We thought we heard screams and groans; but whether it were dying men or the wail of the wind, I could not tell. I was on the beach a part of the night, but it was very dark; the waves rolled in shore tremendously, and I knew no vessel could live through the storm unless she put out far from land. Once I thought I saw a vessel trying to do so, but I could see nothing distinctly, and hearing no cries for help I roturned to the house. With the first break of day I was again on the shore. It was too true that a vessel had been near us all night; the wreck was now to be seen with men still olinging to her side. I got out my boat with men still olinging to her side. I got out my boat at once, and managed to put two or three in; one, a woman, with an infant lashed to her. My wife took the woman and baby into the house, while with the aid of two neighbors, I tried to bring to life the other two bodies which I found. I succeeded with one, the Captain by the wine deadfully brighed and managed and tain, but he was dreadfully bruised and mangled, and died the next day. One of his first questions, on coming to, was for the woman and child. My wife had succeeded in restoring them, but the poor woman had been so terrified all that dreadful night; that she was never quite herself again. The Captain told me that she was entrusted to his care—that she had come out to meet her husband, who had committed some orime, and could not remain in England for the present.

'His name,' he said, 'was Robert Knox; and maybe he will learn that his wife lives. She is of good family

in Lincoln, England, but her friends were so angry at her marriage with Knox, that they have discovned her; and her father, a stern old man, will never forgive her. She is an only child, and his property goes to distant relatives on his death."

This was what the man told me at first. Just before he

Tell Bobert Knox I lost my life in saving his wife.

Had it not been for them, I should have been ashore without these terrible bruises.

The woman never recovered her reason, but wandered about after her Robert. While she was with us the papers gave an account of a trial in England of some highway robbers; the gang were transported, but the leader—Robert Knox—was hung. My wife said we must not tell the woman, (and never reveal it to the child;) but we always thought she read it for herself, for she died soon after-wandered away, and was brought home

a corpse.

My wife said so much about writing to the woman's friends, that I did so at last; but her father was dead, and the man who had the property sent a hun-dred pounds, and added that he never wished to hear again from one who had so much disgraced their name. I took the money and bought this house and the land belonging to it, and this was what I wished to confess to the parson. Perhaps it was wrong; but as we always took care of the girl as if she were our own, and as I leave it to her in my will, perhaps it will not be brought up against me. Mary has been a good child, and we have never told her the dreadful end of her father, and my wife says we must never do so. I shall not do so, till I die, and then commit the history of her to some one who will not use it to her injury.

Simon Mudgerr."

At the bottom of this was a little note in the hand-writing of Mr. Gray, as follows:

. Received this from Mr. Mudgett, at midnight, Oct. 15, 18 ... How used-Journal No. 2, page 56.

Mr. Gray's papers were thus arranged so systematically that he could turn to whatever he wished at any moment; but hitherto he had kept everything under watch and ward. His desk was never left open, and most of the time his study was locked when he was not

It is astonishing how many thoughts can rush through

the mind in one moment of time. When steam is at the mind in one moment of time. When steam is at high pressure, the velocity of the engine is wonderfully increased. As I finished this, my mind involuntarily recurred to Mr. Harper. Can it be? Would my husband reveal this to Mr. Harper? If so, here then is the secret. I have the key to the mystery which has separated these two. Mr. Harper's pride will not permit him to unite his fate with the felon's child. Without stopping to consider right or wrong, I turned to the journal.

o'Washington, Wednesday, December 18. Oh, the vanity of earthly greatness! I have wandered to-day amid the splendors of our national capital, but I have learned to say, 'All is vanity and vexation of spirit.' I am much pleased with Mr. Harper; he is noble-hearted, generous, and, as the world goes, honorable; but then he has no true sense of his state as a sinner. I must warn him.

must warn him.

Evening. Have been considering what is my duty concerning the story of Mary Lincoln. Strange that I can't write that name now without my hand trembling. If I thought but no, she will never alter her mind—she is too firm for that. But if I thought I could win her for myself, I should not waver. There is something in this Harper that makes me think he would bestitate to marry ber; when he knows these facts. These Virginians have a terrible deal of family pride. As for me, I would do anything but sell my soul to Satan, for this girl. Oh, Mary Lincoln i if you knew the power you have over me! Ued knows that you could have molded me to your will; you could have exercised the demon that is gaining such power over me. I think you would have yielded, if your two friends, Bertha Lee and Addie Harper, had not influenced you. No man has a fraction of a chance when two young girls are

has a fraction of a chance when two young girls are making fun of him all the time.

Never mind, now; 1'll have my revenge on one.
And yet, what strange feelings I have toward her! She is so pliant, so self-sacrificing, that one cannot wish to harm her. She does not love me—one can see that very points. plainly. Her whole heart helongs to Charles Herbert, but that will be over soon, for she has sense and prin-ciple. But if she does not love me, she does what is next best to a man, obeys and reverences me. I shall have a subject—I will be her master. Our marriage! Ha! ha! a union of kindred hearts! What a mockery! You, Mary Lincoln, are responsible for this. But I will mould one woman to my will. Bertha Lee! you

i will mould one woman to my will. Bertha Lee I you will learn that my will is stronger than yours, and you will soon understand what the word husband means in its full import.

Thursday. I have decided that my duty leads me to show Mudgett's papers to Mr. Harper. We must do our duty at all hazards; he will suffer—well, more than I have I wonder? No he is the real served by come he can I have, I wonder? No, he is rich and famous, he can find another bride. But Mary;—aye! there is the rub, for I know how that girl will love the man to whom she gives her hand. Oh, my God! Could I have had that love, I should never have been the stern, cold man, that people call me. Why should I shrink from giving her pain! Have I not saffered through her, more than she can now do, even it her hopes are disappointed? Her heart will not break—no, it is too firmly anchored in heaven for that

in heaven for that.

Evening. I have done it! It was a terrible blow. I savening and a thing well when you are in for it. I added that from what 'Mudgett learned in his letter from Lincoln, that this Knox must have been a low, desperate villain. His family are living somewhere in Scotland now, probably bulgar and degraded. I hoped be would excuse me, but I would do by him as one gentleman would do by another. I added that Mary herself was aware of her birth, which was stretching the truth a little, but a little, however, for in my disappointment I had communicated them to my Aunt Garland, her teacher, with the liberty to tell Mary. Mr. Harper did n't say much—but when I added this last, he turned as pale as a corpse, and there was a livid paleness about the mouth. It struck home. Well, why should n't others suffer as well as myself? At any

rate. I have only done my duty."

I shut the book, and bowed my head for a moment. overcome by a strange tumult of feelings. "Bertha, Bertha," called Mr. Gray from another room, "it is tea time; I would like my supper." 10 mm 1 2 mm

CHAPTER XXXI. MARY LINCOLN.

"My joys have been by sorrow crushed; my joys have been by sorrow crushed;
My heart's sweet tones have long been hushed;
Its strings are strained; and thus the grave
Will welcome be, by land or wave;
But still my heart to carth will cling.
As long as trees and blessoms spring;
And rocks, and hills, and land, and sea,
Are tried and silent friends to me!"

It was a lonely life in the old farmhouse with Mr Gray, whose eyes became no better, though he was oth Gray, whose over became no better, though no was our-erwise well, save the shattered nerves and alternate depression and elation of b_F irits, occasioned by his fa-voite stimulant. There $\psi_{\mathcal{O}}$ these who know what his torture was, and can therefore understand why i, whose only duty it was to wait on him and be patient, could up, and feel that my task, however heavy, was

ight, compared to his suffering.

I had lived through the summer even happily, for Lily and I had air and sunshine, green grass and sing-ing birds, to her precious teachers, to me sweet com-forters. We lived with so much simplicity, that we had lessure to be out of doors, and while her little hands plucked the dandelions and violets, and her tiny feet plucked the dandellons and violets, and her tiny feet printed the garden paths, I sowed beet seed and lettuce, cabbages and cauliflowers. I did not raise garden flow-ers; why should I, when finture had scattered far more beautiful ones all around me? Beside, it was necessary that I should make my the profitable, pecuniarily. Mr. Gray had a patch of possess and an acre of corn.

Mr. Gray had a patch of poraboes and an acre of corn. We had apples and currants for dessert, and Lily and I had our brood of chickens. Surely God was good to us, and I was not left quite to despair, though there was a feeling in my heart akin to it.

But when "the baby," as I called her, was taken away, it seemed as if the sunshine went too—which indeed it did, for as the winter came on, it did not shine into the long; narrow, red painted kitchen, as it had done during the summer. But I found it came more breadly into the corner slitting-room, and I there. more broadly into the corner sitting-room, and I therefore made a kitchen and sitting-room of that, and tried to make it cheerful by books, and two or three plants,

to make it cheerful by books, and two or three plants, and my little rosewood secretary.

But it was hard being cheerful while Mr. Gray had such gloomy views of himself and the future. Sometimes he would be, as I have heretofore described him, very sociable, childish, puerile, and now I could not get away from it. We were blocked up with snow, and I could take no long walks. I could not even go to church, as I used to for weeks after the baby wentamay, the divest my mind from trouble. I walked two miles to divert my mind from trouble. I walked two miles, but I did not mind the distance in those bright September days, when a golden haze was on the landscape, and the old woods were bright with their autumn fo

Once my good old friend from Westford preached; once my good out trient from Westford preached; and his sermon, which was from these words, fell like oil on the troubled waters of my heart. "Faint not, neither be weary." He walked home with me, and on the way he gave me a history of his own life, chequered by many disappointments and trials, and closed with

You may think it strange, Mrs. Gray, but now, al most at the close of my eighly years' pilgrimage, I look back upon my trials with more satisfaction even than my bright days, for I see that they have Jed me by a learer path to God.

We found Mr. Gray that night in one of his depressed moods; he was a castaway—a lost soul—he had com-mitted an unpardonable sin. I thought it rather strange that the good man did not contradict these assertions, instead of letting Mr. Gray talk on, while he was a silent listener. But when he prayed, he was so earnest,

so humble, so importunate for the afflicted man, that I could not help weeping. He said to me on leaving—
I think it will be of no use to administer consola-'I think it will be of no use to administer consolation to Mr. Gray, while he is ruining mind and body by this stimulant. My dear madam, we must pray."

He thought the advice of a skillful physician, who should point out the physical effects of opium, and its results upon the brain, mignt be of use, for Mr. Gray was still accessible to reason.

I thought of Dr. Cameron, when I had once heard.

I thought of Dr. Cameron, whom I had once heard

I thought of Dr. Cameron, whom I had once heard speak of De Quincey's book, and relate, also, Coleridge's experience. I remember his saying, too—
"I have supped on horrors from this very cause myself, and could tell of visions and of dreams, that would frighten any same man from trying the effects of this drug upon himself."
I wished he were with us; and, as if my wish had been the prayer of faith, I had a letter that very day from Helen, in which she said—
"My husband's business increases here daily. His skill is appreciated, and you will understand it when I

I counted the days when the doctor would come, and even Mr. Gray, to whom little events became great in this, our exile from the world, was impatient for him, thinking that the might being alice. thinking that he might bring relief.

The snow lay thick on the hills, and deep drifts were

in the valleys; it was all around us, and only a narrow path to the road and the barn from our house. I do not love the silence and solitude of a country farmhouse in our northern winters, unless, perchance, it is filled with a group of boys and girls, and has at least one cow to be fed, and a horse who likes the jingle of sleigh bells. Such solitude as ours in a waste of snow was not agreeable, and when Mr. Gray sank down into his despondent moods, my scul often cried out, "My God, my God, why hast thou foreaken me!"

I had mourned over Mr. Gray's unfortunate appetite.

it. A terrible storm came on and continued three happiness." days, blocking up the roads, and effectually blockading almost every farmhouse situated off of the main road. almost every farmhouse situated off of the main road. The man who carried on the farm, and who lived in a small house some twenty rods distant from us, was sick.

Mr. Gray had no opium! Three days, yes, four passed, and not a grain could be procured. I think he lost his reason on the third, and on the touth I had strong fears lest he would take his life. I saw him once go into the bedroom, unsheathe his razor, and draw his finger across the blade. The expression of his countenance was that, of intense misery, and so worn and finger across the blade. The expression of his countenance was that of intense misery, and so worn and haggard! It was nearly dark. The snow had ceased to fall, but the wind had risen, and was whirling that which was already on the earth, making the air thick with its white flakes; the branches of the great butternat tree creaked and groaned, and the wind swept down in fitful gusts, from the deep gorge that led to a little hamlet north of us. For an instant a horror of great darkness was on my own soul, but it passed away, even while the glittering blade flashed before my eyes, and I spoke calmly, as if I were unconsclous of danger—

"Mr. Gray, wouldn't you like a cup of strong coffee?"
He started, dropped the razor on the floor, and ap-

He started, dropped the razor on the floor, and appeared like a child caught in some wrong act.

"Yes, I should," he replied.

I was not long, I assure the reader, in making a cup strong enough for any person, save an opium eater. I knew then that he must have the opium, if I risked

must have the optime, it I risked my life for it, and I lay awake a great part of the night, studying a way to procure some.

The next morning the sun shone bright, the sky was blue, and with the smile of heaven, light came to my heart. Our house stood so high that I could see a great distance, and about nine o'clock I told Mr. Gray that I was not a snow plouch. was sure I saw a man with oxen and a snow plough coming up the road. His eyes were in such a state that the snow was very trying; he could not look upon it without great pain.
"Bertha," said he, in a tone plaintive and petulant

as a sick child, "you will get some, will you not? You know what I mean. I shall die if I do n't have it."

"Yes, yes," I answered, for I had but one feeling for him—a great compassion. I watched those oxen ploughing their way along— meek, patient creatures—with more interest than any dweller in the city watches the railroad train, or the steamship. They came slowly up the hill, and soon I perceived that a man on horseback followed. He did

not look like one of the farmers of the neighborhood, for they all wore blue linsey-woolsey frocks. This per son was enveloped in furs, and rode a horse superior to most of the animals-of-all-work around us. I gazed earnestly. He was coming toward our house, and seemed to be pointing to it, and telling the man who managed the snow-plough where to drive the oxen. As he approached nearer, I recognized the familiar countenance of Dr. Cameron. Yes, he had not permitted the storm to keep him from us.

It seemed as if God had sent him to us at that time

How differently he looked from ever before. He had grown portly, and his face expressed peace and hope.

I do not know what he prescribed for Mr. Gray that produced so quiet and pleasant an evening, but he sat in his casy chair, sometimes dozing, and now and then brightening up, and listening cheerfully to our conver-sation. The next day he made a thorough examination of his eyes, but gave us little encouragement; the dis-

ease was deeply scated.

"Alas! Bertha," said he, "I know of no help for Mr. Gray, as he is now situated; he should be under the care of a man who has the firmness to deny him his stimulant, and strength and skill to manage him in the

crisis that must attend the denial of it. Even then, the result is doubtful."

The doctor would not leave us until a faithful farmer's boy was procured to stay with us the remainder of

the winter.
I cannot tell how pleasant it seemed to talk with one who could tell me much about the great world from which I had been so long excluded. I had, in return, little to tell him, but one evening when Mr. Gray had gone to rest early, as was often his custom when his eyes pained him, some little incident led me to speak of my Virginia friends, and of Mary Lincoln. "Mary Lincoln! repeated the doctor, quickly. "Have you a friend by that name?"

I told him her history. It was pleasant for me to dwell upon our school-days, and I added what I had lately learned about her, but not how I had learned

Dr. Cameron had risen while I was talking, and was walking rapidly back and forth, keeping his face turned from me, which I thought was very strange in a gentleman, and not at all in harmony with the doctor's usual deportment. When I told him that Simon Mudge. ett, on his death-bed, revealed the fact of hor father's death, and its mode, the doctor wheeled suddenly round, exclaiming-

"Robert Knox is not dead! though God knows that nedert knox is not dead a mough four nows that he deserved death as much as the poor fellow, who, finding he must die, took that name to prevent search being made for his captain, who only had a right to it!"

There was something in the doctor's manner, in his voice, and now, as I looked eagerly at him, in the expression of his face, that arrested my attention at once, and worried. He was a strong man, physically, with nerves that could bear intenso pain without a quiver; and, as he had often said, fear was a stranger to him; but he came now toward the mantel, leaned his elbow upon it, and rested his head upon his hand. He was pale, and trem-

bled like a sick girl.
"Doctor!" I exclaimed, "you and ill; what shail I get you?"

"Nothing-no, it is nothing; only the heat of the room, perhaps—go on."
"No, I have nothing more to say; nothing, at least, "No, I have nothing more to say; nothing, at least, that ought to be told. She is with Mrs. Green, as I told you, or rather awaiting her return from Europe, when she will come and visit me. Oh, how much good it would do me to see her again!"

"You have not told me how she looks," said the doctor; "the color of her hair, her eyes—everything—I should like to know everything."

I smiled at his interest, and drew a word picture for him, as minute as was in my nower.

him, as minute as was in my power.
"One thing more—do you know the date of the shipwreck? "Yes, I believe so; but stop—as I have told you so

much, there can be nothing wrong in your sceing the paper itself; I will fetch it." When I returned, the doctor was walking the room in great agitation.
"What can this mean?" I said to myself: "this is

"My husband's business increases here daily. His skill is appreciated, and you will understand it when I tell you that he says, the effort to redeem oneself carries happiness along with it." He leaves for the East to-day to attend a medical convention, and has promised that he will not return without seeing you. I wish it were possible for me to be with him."

I counted the days when the doctor would come, and even Mr. Gray, to whom little events became great in this, our exile from the world, was impatient for him.

"What can this mean?" I said to myself; "this is something strange."

The reader will not be as stupid as I was. Now, I studied his face for some solution of the mystery. What did I see there? Something which I wondered I had never seen before, it was so like—Mary Lincoln's eyes I hand, like one suddenly turned to stone—my gaze fixed.

But at the same instant I saw it all; it was revealed to me without one worl from the doctor, who was enterly

me without one word from the doctor, who was eagerly reaching out his hand to grasp the paper.

"And you, you," I stanmered, "are Mary's father!" "God grant it be so," came from the depth of his heart. "I dare not hope; it was published and believed that the vessel with every soul on board perished. I have never forgiven myself for trusting such precious freight, without my own protection, upon the sea: and I have observed the anniversary of that day in a darkened room, with a spirit bowed in humility and sorrow."

He read the paper deliberately, carefully, and on fold-

ing it, said—
"God's goodness is great toward me, Bertha, I be-I had mourned over Mr. Gray's unfortunate appetite for opium; but one week, during that winter, I would have given the watch (for it was mine now, and the most valuable thing I possessed.) for one half ounce of the many daughter. Surely, you have been a guardian angel to me. Good night. I must be alone with my great

CHAPTER XXXII.

BECONCILIATION. The reader may imagine that I waited with no little

interest for letters from my friends. I did not have to wait long. It was, as I have said, in mid-winter. Mr. Harper was in Washington, and Addie was spending a few weeks with him. Now it happened, or rather I should not work to the said of the winter and the said of the winter and the said of should say was kindly ordered, by a wise Providence that directs all our steps, that a western member, a friend of Dr. Cameron, was ill, and had requested the doctor, or rather entreated him most envnestly, to visit doctor, or rather entreated him most enruestly, to visit him before his return. This gentleman and Mr. Harper were intimate friends, and I hoped that the doctor and Mr. Harper might thus meet. I wrote letters to Addie, telling her that the husband of my sister Helen would be in the city, and would call with a package for her.'

"I have a long, strange story," I added, "to tell you about this man at some future time; in the meanwhile, observe him closely, and read him if you can."

I had purposely avoided all alusion to the former

I had purposely avoided all allusion to the former engagement between Mr. Harper and Mary. Both parties would be more free and unrestrained in their

intercourse.

Thus matters stood when the doctor left the farmhouse. I waited as patiently as I could for information, but I know John, our boy of all work, must have thought I set a high value upon the little white missive which he brought me one day from the village, for I could not wait for him to shake the snow from his clothes, or his feet, but ran out to seize it at once. I was a little disappointed, however, to observe that it was not the doctor's handwriting, nor Mary's, but that of my faithful little gossip, Addie. However, I was sure of information of some kind, and I tore it onen in easer haste. It read as follows: intercourse.

open in eager hasto. It read as follows:

STANLEY GROVE, JANUARY, 18

You see, dear Bertha, I am at home again, and here I will stay, for I do not like Washington. Yes, I love the dancing, and once in a while I like to go to the Senato, especially if Mr. Clay speaks. He is my favorite speaker, in and out of the house; I have seen him a great deal, and I like him because he forgets that he is a great statement and condessented to have with such a great deal, and I like him because no lorgets that he is a great statesman, and condescends to chat with such a little insignificant girl as I am. We have the nicest romps together, and then he dances with me, and you must know I would rather dance with him, than with all the little perfumed pupples that dance attendance in the capital, barking for the bones in Uncle Sam's camberd any them for the hones in the capital any them. cuploard, or rather for the bones that are not there, for there are so many barkers, that like Grannie Hubbard's, the cupboard is bare, and many a poor little dog has none. I like to look at Webster's great head, and has none. I like to look at weester's great nead, and his stern face, and I suppose he is a very powerful speaker, but I have almost as much fear of him; as the old Greeks of the god Jupiter. Then there is Calhoun—he has rather a dark, forbidding look, but you cannot see him often without having a strange interest in him. He is one of those men who would win a woman's heart by his strangers and close that is, but he appears heart by his sternness and gloom, that is, by the appearance of it. I have a faucy that way down beneath that dark face, and jutting brow, there beats a warm, noble heart; and I almost envy the woman who has the key to it. What was I saying? No, I don't envy any wife on this wide world, for don't you think, Ned was who on this wide world, for do n't you think, Ned was here and spent a week, and what do you think I heard Mr. Clay say of him? 'That's a young man of fine talents.' He didn't say it to me, but I overheard him saying it to Pa. Dear, good, Mr. Clay. I am going to give him a kiss for that.

taients. He did not say he are all the saying it to Pa. Dear, good, Mr. Clay. I am going to give him a kiss for that.

Evening. I had written thus far, when the dinner bell—no. I do n't mean so—we have no bell, but a colored waiter comes up stafrs, in his light slippers, as iff he were practicing a dancing step, and goes to all the rooms, the most remote first, and says, 'Dinner is ready, ladies.' This is a great improvement on those terrible gongs which have been the nuisance of hotels. As I was saying, I went down to dinner with Ned. Pa was, late; he had been to see his sick friend, but he came in, soon, accompanied by a gentleman that attracted my attention so much, that I was ashamed of myself for looking at him so often. But there was something, about his eyes that were so familiar, and recalled pleasant thoughts; but why, I could not define. He, was, older than Pa by ten years, I thought, but he was still, a fine looking man, and Ned said he looked like 'some-body,' which is quite a compliment, in this city of notables. He and Pa seemed to enjoy themselves finely together; they dipped into European politics, and Neditol me afterwards that they had a warm discussion over their wine on Louis. Philippe's flight, and the Or leans troubles. Pa defending them, and the gentleman showing them up, as Ned said, in their true colors; for Ned and Pa differ on that subject. But the discussion ended in mutaal good humor, both gentlemen thinking the better of each other for their very difference. After dinner Pa brought him into our parlor, and who should it prove to be but your Helon's husband? I liked him very much, and was sorry that I could not see more of it prove to be but your Helen's husband? I liked him very much, and was sorry that I could not see more or him; but in the evening Pa and he were closeted together, and I wondered if they fancied that they could settle the rival claims of the Orleans and Bourbon dyn-

TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

An old maxim is, "always speak your mind." We can suggest quite as good a one—speak it only when it is worth speaking.

... Spinosa, in his pantheistic theology, made many rash conclusions, but Bacon has made many a rasher.

Written for the Lannar of Light.

STORIES FOR THE YOUNG.

by Mas. L. M. WILLIS.

A CLEAR CONSCIENCE;

OR, THE PAIRIES OF THE CLOVER BLOSSOMS.

You have all heard about the conscience, and have been told, perhaps, that you must keep a clear conscience; but I dare say some of you do not understand what a clear conscience is. Charlie Mason did not, and his uncle told him the following story:

There was once a boy whose name was like yours, Charlie. He was not worse than most boys, yet he could not be called a good boy. He had many faults, and as he had good, loving friends, they tried to make him better; and he really wished to be better; but it seemed to him easier to yield to his bad habits than to try to reform them, and to continue to do as he pleased, rather than to try to do right. But as Charlie had a real wish to be better, he was sure to commence, if not very bravely, the work of reform; for the wish to do right shows that one feels the right better than the wrong-and what we feel is best, we are almost sure to do.

Charlie had been thinking a good deal about his bad conduct, and he had been reading a pleasant book of fairy tales, as he sat under the large oak tree, back of his father's house. As he closed his book he thought to himself, "Oh, how I wish I had a fairy to bring me some talisman to keep me always good and happy." He looked out upon the field of blossoming clover, and upon the quivering birch, and wondered if the fairies would live in such common flowers as clover blossoms, and whether the soft sound of the whispering birch would not be sweet enough music for them to dance by. And so he listened till be thought the leaves were calling-

"Come, oh come,

Here's better fun
Than boys can find
In romp or run;
Shiver, quiver, so wo go,
First in a hurry, then—so—slow,"

And as Charlie kept on rhyming after the voice of the wind, he fell quietly asleep. He did not sleep without a dream, for his mind had been too full of bright pictures to sleep like his body. He thought he was sitting in the clover-field; but as he looked at the blossoms, each one began to nod to him, and so he spoke, "How do you do?" His voice sounded like a silver trumpet, and, as soon as it ceased, every blossom seemed to grow brighter and more beautiful, till every little tube in each flower looked like a horn of amethyst. He soon fixed his eyes on one flower close by him, and he thought he saw a great many deep cells, all of the beautiful amothyst, and he supposed them to lead from some chambers far down in the centre of the flowers. "Oh, that I could go in." he said: and as he spoke, the flower quivered on its stalk, and one of the horns opened more and more, until it seemed like a beautiful arching door-way, and, at the same time, he felt himself no larger than the entrance, and with a bold step he put his foot on the purple floor. The sound of it rang out like sweet music, and echoed from side to side of the corridor, and he heard sweet voices singing-

"Come, mortal, come, This is our home; Here the fairles dwell In the amethyst cell,"

He followed whither the voices seemed to call, and went down the wide, arched passage till nearly to the centre of the flower. Here all seemed to change from the soft purple to emerald green. The floor was of the finest velvet, and the ceiling was hung with curtains of delicate green. There was an emerald basin filled with pure water. in which seemed reflected every beautiful thing he had ever seen. But Charlie saw no one, and as yet stood alone, filled with wonder. At last he said-

"But where do you dwell— In what hidden cell?"

And as his voice echoed from the high ceiling, every curtain seemed to quiver, and out trooped a myriad of bright figures from the recesses behind the curtains. There were maidens dressed in every color of the rainbow, some with blue dresses and golden crowns, some with rose colored tunics and white mantles, and some with golden garments bordered with blue, and each had some emblem of power, or sign of its order. The blue fairies had cornucopias filled with bright gems, diamonds, pearls, rubles, and they scattered them with their hands, and every one, as it fell, sounded like the falling rain-drops, and softly repeated the word love, love, love. The golden fairies had wands, on which were strung countless bells; and when the fairles shook them, they rang out in soft tones, faith, faith, faith. The rose-colored fairies bore little baskets filled with wreaths; and as they scattered them, the maidens sang, hope, hope, hope, faith, and love. filled all the arches of the beautiful chamber, and the waters in the basin glanced and gleamed, as sometimes the maidens tossed their treasures into the pure depths, or shook their wands over its smooth surface. They all trooped around the new comer, and tried to toss to him some of their gifts; but the gems faded, and the flowers withered, and the golden bells rang out only dull sounds as they were swung over his head. Then they all sang:

"Toll us why
The flowers die?
Why must fade
The gems' bright shade?
Why sound dull
The fairy bell?"

Then Charlie began to weep, because he changed the flowers, and the gems, and the music, and the tears flowed down his cheeks, and the covered his eyes. When he opened them, the room was empty, and he saw only the green curtains, the emerald basin, and the soft velvet carpet, with no trace of the flowers or gems. Charlle thought he would step toward the basin, for the waters were as clear as the dew on the grass, and as smooth as the mirror in his mother's parlor. As he came near and looked down upon it. he thought no more of what he had seen, but only of the strange sights before him. He beheld every wrong action of his life pictured on the water. There he stood, angry and defiant, having struck a playmate who had offended him. Again he saw himself, like a thief, taking pears from his father's fine pear tree. A little further on he beheld himself playing truant from school. And in that dark corner was the picture of the very place he stood when he told his father a lie. He saw his selfish actions as if they had just been committed, and all his unkind deeds seemed glaring at him.

"Oh dear," said Charlie, "I can look no longer; I am ashamed to behold myself." And as he raised his eyes, he found he was not alone, but a beautiful maiden, clothed in pure white, was on the opposite side of the emerald basin. She looked so kindly on him, that he ventured to speak to her.

"Do tell me why I must see all this. I cannot help all that has

been-I would forget it." "But you can help what is to be. In this mirror you see all that made the flowers of hope fade, and the bells of faith sound dull, and the gifts of love grow pale. When you can look in this mirror, and chold it clear as a crystal, then will you scatter gifts of love, and ather flowers of hope, and sing songs of faith. Will you try?"

· I will try ... I will try." said Charlie. "But remember," said the maiden, "it will take much patience, , and many a hard fight with selfishness and sin."

"But I will try-I will try," said Charlie; and as he spoke the , maiden shook her hand over the basin, and it turned into a clear mirror, which she took up, and, fastening her girdle to it, she hung

it about his neck. "There," she said, "take it, and when you can look in it and i behold it clear as the waters of the spring, then you will know the . sweet peace and joy you seek."

As she finished she clapped her hands, and the green curtains , quivered, and all the troops of blue, and gold, and rose-colored , maidens stepped forth, and they sang-

"Try, try-mortal try;
Make thy mirror like the sky.
Then come to us and we shall be
Clover blooms and birchen tree."

Charlie woke from his dream, and looked upon the field of blossoming clover, and the birch-tree, and heard the soft rustling of its ! leaves, and felt as if he had come from fairy land on a sunbeam that quivered through the leaves of the oak. He felt for his fairy mirror. , and then he remembered all he had seen in it. And he still kept seeing all, until he began to monder if he had a mixor in his mind spoonful. What is eloquence but the language of feeling? What are all

that told him all be had done. He respired, at any rate, to keep it clear from any more such bad eights, and began in carnest to lead a true and good life.

"Oh." said Charlie Mason, who had listened to this story, "I understand now; that was his conscience, which is like a mirror, to show us all we do, and tell us if all is right, and good, and noble."

"Yes, that is it." said his uncles with conscience tells us of all that is wrong, and we see by it our faults and sins. Keep your conscience clear, and you have nothing to fear."

"I don't quite understand what Faith, Hope and Love meant," said Charlio.

"Well, if you have really a clear conscience, you will try to do all the good you can, and that will be giving gifts of love; and you will see nothing fearful in yourself, so you will have bright hopes; and you will have faith in God and in man, because all that you see in your mirror will be bright and beautiful, and so you will trust in bright and beautiful things, or have faith in them."

I will try—I will try
To make my mirror like the sky,"

said Charlie Mason. And who besides will say so?

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE FEELINGS AND EMOTIONS.---NO. 2.

BY PROP. PAYTON SPENCE, M. D.

Feeling, emotion, interest is the starting point—the germ of every production of the human mind-I care not what it may be-music, poetry, philosophy, ethics and even the apparently cold and lifeless truths of mathematics. And this is the test by which we may distinguish what truly belongs to a man, and is the outgrowth of himself, from that which he has stolen from another and called his own. If a man presents me with a thought which is not his, it is delivered cold and dead. He has got it probably from books, and it repells me. because it smells of the graveyard. I know that he has dug it up from some mouldering sepulcher where other men have buried their children. He tries in vain to electrify it into life. But if he presents me with a thought which is really his own, it is not still born, but it comes tingling with life; it laughs, or it weeps, or it shouts, and is all over in a glow of radiant vitality.

I have said that all thoughts, even the truths of mathematics, are the expansions of germs, which are the embodiments of latent possibilities. Thus the bee constructs the cells of the honey-comb upon strictly geometrical principles, making the partition walls between the upper and lower layers of cells of such a form, and placing them at such angles to each other that the greatest strength and the greatest capacity are obtained within the smallest compass, and with the least expenditure of wax. This very problem puzzled some of the greatest geometricians of Europe, and was finally solved, I believe, by Lord Brougham. Yet the bee solves it with the greatest possible accuracy, without study, without having to go through the intricacies of a mathematical calculation. How? By instinct. And what is instinct but undeveloped intelligence. It is the germ which has not yet taken to itself a form—a body. It is, in fact, but another name for feeling-sensation. Every surface which the bee lays out, every line which it draws, and every angle which it forms, it knows is right. Every bit of wax which it deposits, it knows is deposited in the right place. Did I say it knows all these? I mistake: it knows none of these; for to say that it knows, would be allowing it intelligence; but it feels all these. Every line, angle and surface is the product of sensation, feeling, instinct; and it is one of the characteristics of instinct to attain its end with unerring certainty; so that, if the bee could swear as glibly as man, he would swear that every bit of wax was put in the right place. Is there anything like this in man? Yes: every faculty of his nature has instinct, or feeling for its basis-even the mathematical, and the intellection of a faculty is but the instinct the germ, unfolded-embodied, so as to become visible and tangible to the mind. Look, for example, at those marvellous calculating boys of whom the newspapers have said so much. An arithmetical problem is presented to one of them, and instantly, almost, he gives the answer. What another person would solve with slate and pencil in an hour, he solves in his head in a minute. How does he do it? Ask him, and he is as dumb as the bee. The bee does not understand its mathematics, nor does he understand his. It is not the province of instinct to explain itself. Explanation is beyond its capacity. It has grown thus far and no further. Yet that calculating boy knows -no. he does not know, but he feels that his answers are correct. His own internal sensations or instincts tell him that they are correct, and sensation, instinct, never errs. This is one of those levelling facts which tell man that he is akin to the animal beneath him: that the animal is the undeveloped man, and man is the developed animal. The sublimest mathematics that ever were written are all the outgrowth of feeling, which is but another name for instinct. Will a man over unfold a new truth in mathematics by beginning with the fully formed, embodied truth itself? No, that would already presuppose its existence. But suppose a problem, a new and a difficult one, is presented to a mathematician for solution; if he does not become interested it it, in other words, if his feelings are not enlisted, he will never solve it; but, on the contrary, let them be awakened. and instantly his mind runs out in quest of the solution. Presently a shapeless, undefinable something rises up before him, and with unerring certainty his instincts, his feelings, tell him that the truth lies there; he has found the latent possibility, and gradually the formless thing—the chaos of thought assumes a definite outline—the light is separated from the darkness, and now he not only feels the truth, but knows the truth, and can make it visible and tangible to others.

The sublimity of thought is in proportion to the sublimity of feelng, the intensity of thought to the intensity of feeling, the continuity of thought to the continuity of feeling. Feeling is the secret alchemist of the mind, which turns everything into the purest gold. All the old rags, and scraps, and loose fragments, and disjointed atters of our past experience are gilded by the golden rays of this illuminating principle, and, instantly, they are converted into things of beauty and of life. The moment the feelings are aroused, everything glows and gleams within us, and the dim records of our past history, which lie buried, we know not where, and almost forgotten. come forth, as if at the command of a powerful magician, and what once seemed to us of but little moment, unfolds its infinite results upon our life and character. Under the influence of feeling, the stream of thought never runs dry, words never fail, and everything n nature then stands ready with its endless imagery to illustrate our thoughts, and thoughts, words and imagery all spontaneously group themselves into the most beautiful and appropriate order; so that, when the inspiration has ended, and we attempt to remodel, to reconstruct, we make a hideous patchwork of what came forth from the mind a perfect whole-a unit. This is one of the most marvelous things connected with the action of the human mind. Contemplate, for a moment, the sublime workings of the incomprehensible machinery of a great mind when under the influence of powerful and impetuous emotions. We have heard of the Maelstrom, which wheels in wild, tumultuous circles, and gathers into itself the elastic foambells and the huge leviathans, the floating straws and the gigantic ships-everything, from the least to the greatest. So it is with the revolving vortex of a great mind in motion; it reaches out after, and gathers to itself everything in nature-rocks and trees, flowers and stars, mountains, rivers and seas, are all swallowed up in that capacious vortex, and wrought up by the wonderful machinery into which they are taken, into the marvelous fabric of thought, and nothing is so small, and nothing is so large, but that the mind wields it as easily as the child does his toy, and weaves it into that beautiful product of its own workings, intelligence. To such a mind, thus inspired, arbitrary language, the invention of other men, seems tame and impotent, and even the rich and exhaustless imagery of nature seems poor and beggarly when compared with the vast pleni. tude of thought which wells up, he knows not whence, and demands an external embodiment—an adequate form, adequate to portray to others its true nature—is superlative spirituality.

Feeling is the great producer, the originator of thought; and not only does it originate, but it gives coloring to everything that it touches. The eloquence of a man who speaks from the deep emotions of his nature, is a perennial stream which flows on without stint or measure; it sparkles up as prodigally to-day as it did yesterday. The discourse of one who speaks merely from acquired lore, comes by the

the productions of genius but the inflorescence of these vital elements | second its natringency, and the third its narcotto principle, which is of the soul whose roots are buried in a soil which is inexhaustible? | very powerful in recently-propared tea. This oil is not a natural Yet go out into our institutions of learning and see how, in the neg- ingredient of the leaf, but is produced during the reasting process, lect of the true methods of cultivating the mind, the roots are cut off, by a chemical metamorphosis. The Chinese claim for tea that "it is and the branches thrust into water-pots to pass through a sickly of a cooling nature, and if taken in excess produces lassitude and existence, and then droop, and wither, and die. It has been well exhaustion." They do not use that which is less than a year old; said, that the chambers of every man's mind, even the rudest and most uncultivated, are written all over with characters which are full of meaning, and that some day or other he shall bring a lantern and read those hieroglyphics. Now, there is no other lantern to the benighted mind but feeling and emotion; and as they flash their sheets of lightning across the soul, we get glimpses of our own exhausticss wealth, or as they glow with steady, continuous blaze, we become prodigal of our own immeasurable riches, and we scatter enveloping incense of our own creating.

That which we do from the promptings of feeling is always pleasknowledge, or of judgment, without a spontaneous inclination in that direction, without the energizing influence of some one of the many loves and attractions which are the dynamic elements of the whole machinery of mind, is unpleasant, arbitrary, unnatural, difficult. That which is done from knowledge, or judgment merely, is mechanical. Turn the crank, or pull the wires of an automaton, and it will do as well. It is acting because we have been commanded to act; abstaining from the low and the vicious, not because we are really superior to them and cannot do otherwise and yet be true to our present aspirations and inclinations, but because we are struggling to come up to the expectations of others. It is extending the open hand, with gold and silver in it, to the needy, while the heart, the true fountain of all charity, is frozen-petrified with selfishness. If the receiver knew the motive of the gift, such gold and silver would become to him dust and ashes. Such actions constitute what is ordinarily termed performing one's duty. But the truly developed man has no duties to perform. I doubt very much whether that spontaneous and intuitive man, Jesus Christ, ever used the term duty in his elevated teachings. It is only the mechanical teachers that exhort men to the performance of duties. Christ's mission was a higher and a loftier one—it was one of inspiration. He kindled the fire in the breast of others, so that they walked by their own light, and followed their own internal promptings and inclinations. "He was to those among whom he lived, and through them to the world, a quickening spirit. From his fullness of life he animated and vitalized men's spiritual and moral natures. He was a centre of spiritual force, which flowed out under the law of influence, and saved, redeemed, gave eternal life to as many as drew near to him, seeking and willing. As the sun enters the oak leaf, the violet, and calls out their life forces, so the virtue that went out from him entered into their souls, and new forces surung into life within them. All that was highest, purest, truest, divinest in them, was called out; new and nobler aims sprung up; sins fell off, evil habits loosed their claims, evil tempers vere stilled, all holiness seemed possible, all sacrifices easy."

Emerson has said, "Beware when the great God lets loose a thinker on this planet; then all things are at a risk." But I say, Beware society; then, indeed, all things are in jeopardy. Woman is about to be turned loose upon this planet. Beware! Mere thinkers are never reformers; but feelers, or intuitive men, always are. That is their true mission. Thinkers work outside of humanity, feelers inside of the perhaps trying to patch up the cumbersome, rickety machinery of sonever reform either themselves or others. But the great feelers work minds. They use the same dynamic elements that are at work within hemselves. They reform by getting into the souls of men, sending a part of themselves deep down into the subsoil of humanity, that it nay take sure root and become a part of them. They take no interest men; but they pour their own deep feelings into their souls, which like so much leaven, speedily quicken them into new life.

Written for the Banner of Light.

OUR POPULAR BEVERAGES.

BY A NEW CORRESPONDENT.

Generations must pass before the appetite for stimulant beverages other than ardent spirits, for daily use, can be wholly overcome. It prevails throughout the world. Under the burning sun of Central America, the native Indian and the Creole alike sip their favorite chocolate. The untutored aborigines of South America indulge their Oswego and Labrador varieties of the same berb. Throughout the Southern States and the blooming West India Islands, the naturalhas its prevailing beverages. The dark-eyed Spaniard, who snaps contents himself with the refuse of French and Spanish chocolate mills, drinking his simple infusion of cocoa husks. Throughout all Wherever, in Asia or Africa, the delusive faith of the Prophet has waved, coffee has lent its narcotic aid to enhance the fervor of religious zeal. In the countries adjoining Arabia the coffee plant is native to the soil.

From China, its native country, tea has scattered itself, as if by magio, over Himalayan hills, Tartario table-lands, and Siberian plains. It has not paused, in its onward march, before Altaian taries as readily in Moscow and St. Petersburg as in Pekin or Chang-hai.

A popularity so universal have the infused beverages attained, and so great an influence do they exert upon the human race, that the question of their use, abuse, and disuse, occupies the attention alike of philosopher and philanthropist. Their use can be superseded, and their influence overcome, neither by the enthusiasm of the radical reformer, nor by statistical appeals to the pecuniary economy of the race. The fact that the annual expenditure for tea and coffee, in the United States alone, is upwards of twenty-five millions of dollars, does not prevent the poor widow from purchasing her ounce of tea. is useless to tell the gourmand that his luxuries cost more than his humanity, will men as willingly appropriate dollars to the stomach as cents to the conscience. Habits and appetites inculcated during a lifetime, whose predisposing causes may well dispute priority with the cradle itself, are not easily eradicated, even though conscience and self-interest be 'pitted against them; and until the desire for overcome, reformers may have science, experience and economy come in good time-will be effected through the rising and future generations. In view of them, and of those who have not yet wholly examine the question carefully, impartially, and in the light of victorious even over death itself.-Judge Storv. science and reason.

The infused beverages are divided into three classes: First, teas. third, cocoas, which are their soups, or gracks, rather than infusions.

thus giving time for a portion of the volatile oil to escape. Tea increases the flow of animal spirits and imparts a feeling of cheerfulness. It lessens the loss of the system by perspiration, arrests the metamorphic decomposition of the tissues, and thereby diminishes the quantity of nutriment necessary for the repair of the body,

The constituent principles of coffee are similar to those of tea, the main difference between the two arising from the different proportions in combination. Coffee raises the activity of the vascular and jewels and diamonds broadcast along our pathway, and walk in an nervous systems, protracts remarkably the decomposition of the tissues, rouses the spirits, allays hunger, keops awake and imparts a feeling of comfort and repose. Taken too freely it produces various ant, always easy; that which we do merely from the dictates of marked disturbances in the system, such as headache, palpitation of the heart, delirium, perspirations, incapacity to sleep, etc., etc.

Abd-al-Kadir Anasara Djezeri Hanabali, son of Mahomet, thus discourses: "O coffee! thou dispellest the cares of the great; thou bringest back those who wander from the paths of knowledge; thou art the beverage of the people of God, and the cordial of his servants who thirst for wisdom! When coffee is infused into the bowl. it exhales the odor of musk, and is of the color of ink. The truth is not known, except to the wise, who drink it from the foaming coffee cup. God has deprived fools of coffee, who, with invincible obstinacy, condemn it as injurious."

Chemists have assayed to determine to which of its proximate elements the various effects of this beverage are due; but, practically considered, such investigations are little better than scientific nonsense. When the devotee of the bowl rises the potion to his lips, he does not pause to ask what part of the chemical formula for alcohol (C4 H6 O2) it is that burns his palate, nor does the hungry man care whether it be empyreumatic oil or oil of vitriol that satisfies his craving, as he sips his smoking coffee.

In the same manner as tea, coffee lessens the excretions and arrests metamorphosis. Tea contains a much greater proportion of tannic acid than coffee, and hence is much more astringent; while the volatile, empyreumatic oil is most abundant in coffee. For this reason the latter possesses the greater narcotic power. Cocoa possesses no qualities superior to those of tea and coffee. Its composition is similar to that of the latter, a peculiar principle called theobromine, corresponding with theine or casseine, and an oil, called cocoa butter, with the empyreumatic oil of coffee. By reason of its oily principle cocoa taxes the digestive organs more than either of the other beverages under consideration. As an offset to the latter fact, it is also more nutritious.

Everything in the great realm of nature has been created and is sustained upon the principle of growth and decay. Annul this law, and the result is destruction and death; and just in proportion as this process is retarded does the animal or vegetable organism suffer deterioration. Without constant change, a process of inhalation and exhalation, of supply and waste—to use a more classical term—a when Nature, in her bounty, sends a great feeler into our stagnant perpetual metamorphosis, neither man, nor beast, nor tree could exist for a single day. Without this process, the human body would soon become a loathesome mass of putrefaction. The old and worn-out particles must be thrown off to give place for new material, which, after performing its office in the vital labratory, must, again, be dispeople. The great thinkers are working upon external nature, or placed by a fresh supply. As soon as the supply is withheld, the vital domain suffers. Emaciation and death result from its protracted ciety, governments and organizations of one kind or another. They refusal. It follows, that whatever serves to arrest the waste and renewal of the tissues, while it actually diminishes the quantity of upon the souls of men, upon the internal machinery of individual nutriment necessary for the support of the system, it vitiates the quality of the tissues, by causing them to retain some portion of the effete matter of the system. The rule will hold good in all cases and with every substance: just in proportion as we decrease the quantity of material necessary to supply the waste of the tissues, do we deprecither in consolidating the old walls that encompass society, or in ciate the quality of the tissues. The principal effect of tea, coffee and patching up the rents and threadbare places in the outer garments of cocoa is to tax the organs of excretion by furnishing new substances to be expelled, theine, tannic acid, etc., which, during their eliminatory passage, serve to constringe and clog the excretory ducts. Thus the latter are caused to retain other extraneous matter. It may be laid down as an axiomatic aphorism, in physiology, that whatever is gained in quantity is lost in quality, if the gain be through the agency of arresters of metamorphosis.

Again, we must beware of accepting the abnormal action of the system, consequent upon the use of stimulants, as the direct action of the agents themselves. Vital action and reaction must not be mistaken for specification.

Increase the ordinary load of your draught horse, slightly, and he will step a little more firmly; double it, and he will put forth uncommon effort, and move faster than with his usual load; apply the Paraguay tea; and the red men of the north have their Apalachian, whip, and he will strain his muscles to the utmost, and probably break his harness; but it would be extremely absurd to suppose that the increased demand for exertion, and the prompting of his ized European clings to his favorite coffee; while in the Northern driver, produce a corresponding increase in the strength of the ani-States and the British-American provinces the Young Hyson, or mal. The human organism acts upon a similar principle. It per-Souchong of China, is found in almost every hamlet. Europe, too, forms its ordinary labor quietly. Naturally, the vital machinery moves with very little friction, from the dawn of life until stopped from the strings of his bewitching guitar sweet screnades to his lady- by the chill of death. When any substance, deleterious to the delilove, and the passionate Italian, who sheathes a jeweled stiletto in cate tissues of the body, is introduced into the system, through the the heart of a victorious rival, both draw their inspiration from choc digestive organs, the vital forces are concentrated in that direction olate. The fascinating Frenchman, the case-loving German, the to defend the structures and dislodge the intruding agent. The chanhonest Swede, and the dreamy Turk, all have their coffee. The per- nel of ejection is determined by the nature and potency of the subsevering Russian, the staid Hollander, and the burly Englishman, stance introduced. Sometimes the repulsion is attended with very make tea their national drink; while the poor, oppressed Irishman little commotion—a slight perspiration or slight increase through some other of the excretory channels, as in the case of tonics and weak stimulants; sometimes with violent perturbations throughout Asia the same appetite has long been gratified in various ways. the whole system, as in cases of strong narcotics and small doses of poison; and sometimes the vital forces are completely overthrown in found adherents, and where his broad banner has triumphantly their effort at self-defence, as in case of fatal poisoning. In every case, though in a different degree, the action is forced and abnormal.

An old physician-and old physicians are too often deemed the best authority, simply on account of age-when asked if tea really was a slow poison, is said to have replied: "Certainly, very slow, indeed; I have been dying of it myself for the last seventy years;" which was true enough in a figurative sense, for it matters very little heights, nor wearied in crossing Russian wastes, and finds its vo with the result whether we vitiate or abbreviate life. To those having a high ideal of physical purity there is no avoiding the inference: and the moral is more nearly allied to the physical than most men

After all that can be said against the use of these beverages, the fact that nature will adapt herself to circumstances, continually contravenes the philosophy of the radicals. Almost unlimited provision has been made for the exigencies and vicissitudes of this physical life. The human constitution is well-nigh invincible. Abuse it as we may, still the machinery of life moves on; not generally without complaint, but always with fidelity. Adepts in the art of arseniceating perceive no inconvenience from quantities which would prove though she possess but a handful of chips with which to steep it. It fatal to half a dozen inexperienced tasters; and thus whatever habits we may indulge, or in whatever circumstances we may be placed, if necessaries, for men ever have expended most for the gratification of the former are regular and systematic, and the latter permanent, we their governing appetites; and as long as human nature retains its shall find our natures gradually accommodating themselves to their condition, even though that be not strictly physiological.

WOMAN .- To the eternal honor of the sex, be it said, that in the nath of duty no sacrifice is with them too high or too dear. Nothing stimulants, which is none the less strong because it is abnormal, be is with them impossible, but to shrink from what love, honor, innocence, religion requires. The voice of pleasure or of power may pass entirely in their favor, and yet labor in vain. The stimulant users by unheeded, but the voice of affliction never. The chamber of the of the present day-speaking in a general sense-were born, and sick, the pillow of the dying, the vigils of the dead, the altars of ninety-nine in a hundred of them will die, with their present appe- religion, never fail to excite the sympathies of woman. Timid tites and indulgences. The change—for change undoubtedly will though she be, and so delicate that the winds of heaven may not too roughly visit her, yet she fears no danger, and dreads no consequences. Then she displays that undaunted spirit which utters neither surrendered themselves at the shrine of habit, it will not be amiss to murmurs nor regrets, and that patience in suffering which seems

A few days ago, a bright-eyed little boy, about six years old, retired or infusions of leaves; second, coffees, or infusions of seeds; and, up stairs to bed, leaving his mother below without the customary good-night kiss. As he kissed his father, and bade him good-night. The three active ingredients of tea are, theine, taunic acid, and a he naively said: "Tell mamma good night for me; I forget to kiss volatile oil. The first contributes its enlivening properties, the her, but tell her that I kies her in my heart."

Written for the Banner of Light. TO AN INCONSTANT MAID. BY LITA H. BARNEY.

The words that meet my vision now are few, and cold, and caim.

No tokens of an inner self, with deep affection warm-No heartfelt greetings, as were wont in days agone to come, And fill my sleep with pleasant dreams of two and Edenhome.

A vain and fickle heart is thine, which each may win and

A heart that bondeth not to truth, but to the fairest fair, Unthinking that the gaudiest flower that o'er on earth hath

May reck with poleonous essence foul, and carry Death withle.

Imagination's vivid power sees smiles of mockery play Around the lips I love so well, as distant, far away Ye scan the lines my hand has traced, a tribute from the

Nor deem their worth outwelghing those writ by a lying art. Ah! Earth, though fair, hath darksome spots, and such de-

celt hath made, And heartlessness and coquetry have varied each the shade, But when we find a hearty friend, oh, sell him not for gold, In diamonds bright, or rubles fair, his worth can no'er be told.

Oh, foolish maid, unconsciously your express wrenth yo twine.

In deeming that this second love can o'er compare with mine

When, all too late, upon the shrine the sacrifice is laid, In usury of bitter tears shall be my heart-wreck paid. Yet I upbraid thee not, fond love, for dear thou art to me,

And happiness and length of days I ask from Heaven fo But if denied, and if thine airy castles be o'erthrown, Then fear thee not to come within the heart that's yet thy

own. In darkest clouds, where thunders roll, is born the rainbow

And from their breaking forms peops out the sweetest, clea est blue,

Bo from Adversity's dark day calm Resignation beams, While Hope, the Cynosure of earth, her smiling radiance streams.

Providence, R. I., Nov., 1859.

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

REPORTED FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT, BY BURE AND LORD. TEXT-"The woman saith unto him, Sir, give me this water, that I thirst not, neither come hither to draw."—

Jone iv, 15. In again calling your attention to this conversation

and feeling she makes the request which constitutes ality. It is not in itself any one thing; it is not any the text—"Sir, give me this water, that I thirst not, neither come hither to draw." You perceive her misconception of the Saviour's words, especially by that conception of the Saviour's words, especially by that last sentence. It was to her conceit something better called. than the water in that wayside well, which Jesus offered; and yet it was something which would supersed the need of that water, and save her the trouble out, our morality will not prove strong enough in future of coming after it. In my last discourse to temptation; it will not be consistent, steady, compreson, my friends, upon this passage, I called your attention to the distinction between the religion of forms and traditions, and the religion of the spirit. We may very properly draw from the verse before us now a

in this request of the woman of Samaria, do we not his love—this is what men need. And the very fact find a suggestion of the error of those who may be said that these two things are separated in religion; is simto have a talismanic view of religion; those who complete to be a sort of exclusive and sacred charm, religion of which I have been speaking, does prevail. Instead of being an inward life, with all the power and invested common work of life, no ordinary duty, will be instead of being an inward life? As the woman of blessedness of an inward life? As the woman of blessedness of an inward life? As the woman of looked upon as unworthy, as secondary or unimporsamaria seemed to think that there was something in the gift of Jesus that would keep her literally from thirsting, and supersede the necessity of physical necessity in the way of drawing water, so also with those even now who conceive that there is a sort of he will perform the daily round of duties as before; but those even now who conceive that there is a sort of he will come to the old well to draw in a new spirit; those even now who conceive that there is a sort of he will come to not well to disk in a new light; magical preservative and efficacy in the mere words of he will see the common realities of life in a new light; religion, in the mere performances of religion, even though they do not enter in the spirit of the words or performances, or even comprehend their meaning. For gard religion as a mere exclusive charm, that does its instance, what are merely religious coremonials, and work in the closet, or in the peculiar calls of devotion, forms automatically gone through with but witnesses but will regard it as a well of water in him, springing of the work in the closet, or in the peculiar calls of devotion, but will regard it as a well of water in him, springing forms automatically gone through with but witnesses of the conceit that religion in and of itself, is a mere symbol or utterance, without having any conscious assimilation in the soul, and that in that way it is efficacious against evil. What other idea is meant to be conveyed in the use of prayers in a tongue unknown may also refer to that misconception of religion which to the hearer? What is the use of a prayer in Latin to a may also refer to that misconception of religion which to the hearer? What is the use of a prayer in Latin to a may also refer to that misconception of religion which to the hearer? What is the use of a prayer in Latin to a may also refer to that misconception of religion which to the hearer? What is the use of a prayer in Latin to a may also refer to that misconception of religion which to the hearer? What is the use of a prayer in Latin to a may also refer to that misconception of religion which to the hearer? What is the use of a prayer in Latin to a may also refer to that misconception of religion which to the hearer? What is the use of a prayer in Latin to a may also refer to that misconception of religion which to the hearer? What is the use of a prayer in Latin to a may also refer to that misconception of religion which to the hearer? What is the use of a prayer in Latin to a may also refer to that misconception of religion which to the hearer? What is the use of a prayer in Latin to underestimates the inviolability and sacredness of physical laws. The woman of Samaria appears to have thought that there was something in Christ's gift that would suspend the operation of natural processes—a per-thought that there was something in Christ's gift that would be presented in the prayer. The processes is a prayer of the prayer? It is the prayer in Latin to the prayer? What is the use of a prayer in Latin to the may also refer to that misconception of religion which the underestimates the inviolability and sacredness of physical laws. The woman of Samaria appears to have underestimates the inviolability and sacredness of physical laws. the mere utterance of prayer, in the mere sound of the words, there is power against evil, there is religious efficacy? And is not the same thing evinced by those who look upon the use of the Lord's prayer as a charm, as though there were potency in the mere saying of the words, or the number of times that the formula may be repeated? Indeed take all sacramental religion, and is not this the idea that stands at the foundation of it—of something working not in accordance with natural or spiritual laws, but as a talisman, working magically? And what is this, but a repetition of the mission of the woman at the well of Jacob, who evidently thought that the gift of Christ was something that would supersede ordinary laws, would provent her thirsting, or the need of her coming hither to draw? Is it not precisely the same misconception as vent her thirsting, or the need of her coming hither to draw? Is it not precisely the same misconception as the supposing the mere act of partaking of the Lord's lesses are violated by it. Supper, or the mere external sign of baptism, to have a saving potency? How many people look behind the spirit of these things, to the assimilation which the truth they suggest must have in the soul? and how many there are who think that in the thing itself there is a saving potency, just as the woman thought that in this gift of Christ there was something to deliver from this gift of Christ there was something to deliver from natural processes, something magical and peculiar out

of the common course of things?
What I call the talismanic conception of religion, for want of a better term, seems to be be equally represented in the notion that the mere act of faith—the mere act of spiritual acquiescence—constitutes the sub-stance of religion. expressed in the saying that such a pne has got religion"—that in such a place, and at such an hour, "he got religion." Here, again, the idea of religion is as a foreign and exclusive element in the soil, rather than as the spring of all its noblest faculties, and consciousness of its deepest life. Now there is a great truth in that phrase—"a man has experienced religion"—because whatever dim notion of dence of religious truth he may have—whatever exhibition he may give of the religiousness of human nature—at all tion; the new and all times there are conditions when a real statements.

ment in the soul, that is precisely the error of which I am speaking; and it is just as much a sacramental notion of religiou, as the mero ceremonial about the mass of baptism as a sacramental notion of religion. To suppose that the mere act of faith in itself produces a saving officacy, that it constitutes the sole power and potency of religion, is a sacramental view that a great many people hold, who yet would be perfectly horrorstruck at the idea that they had anything like a sacramental notion of religion, who speak of their great devotion to spiritual views. Intense Protestants, who oppose everything like the Roman Catholic view of religion—the idea that the mere performance of any ceremony—a mere posture or belief produces the saving cellicacy of religion—have just as much of a sacramental view of it as do those upon the other side.

Now i do not dare to say how the profound mystic life of religion may open and develop in the human soul. What i have always set myself against is this: the idea of limiting the methods in which God deals with the souls of men—the idea of prescribing the exact forms or channels through which he must be supposed to come. I do not deny, as I have said before, that the reverse which have a realler way really mass or baptism as a sacramental notion of religion.

exact forms or channels through which he must be supposed to come. I do not deny, as I have said before, that in some sudden burst, in some peculiar way, man may come into this consciousness of this higher life, into this perception of religious realities. But, on the other hand, it cannot be denied that men grow up religious, from their youth comprehending these great realities, having no violent jar of transition, no peculiar shock of experience. All I contend for is, for the atmost humility and comprehensiveness of view in the utmost humility and comprehensiveness of view in this matter. All I contend for is, that we should say that we do not know how God deals with the human soul. But whenever religion comes into the soul, in its truth and power, remember, as I said just now, it

its truth and power, remember, as 1 said just now, it will not be a mere foreign element, lying peculiar and exclusiue in the soul. It will be what Christ describes it to be, in the verses preceding the text—it will be life. That is the most expressive word we can use—a power within, working upon all the faculties of a man's being, waking up all the harmonies of his nature, and springing up into everlasting life.

Now, it seems to me, that because there are misconceptions in this respect, you find people who call themselves, and who perhaps may be deemed, very religious; and yet they certainly cannot be called very moral. The world has come to make a very shrewd, and in some respects a just, distinction between religious men, men who have a great deal of faith and apparent devotion, and men who are true to the little common obligations of life. If a bank break, there is rather a feeling of discouragement selzes upon the rather a feeling of discouragement selzes upon the minds of men in the world, if the majority of bank officers happen to be church members; they are afraid it will go rather hard with them. Or if men in business, with large business operations, fail, it is found at least that their being members of churches and profesleast that their being members of churches and professors of religion does not always hold them to the strict and full obligations of honesty. People have come to draw a distinction butween a man being a professor of religion, a man of devotion and faith, and a man faithful in business obligations—plumb, square and true to the claims of rectitude and morality. And there appears, I repeat, to be some cause for this, a cause in the conception, perhaps, of these men themselves, that religion is something different from the ordinary work of life, something that almost excludes them from the ordinary obligations of life. They seem to say, "Let us have this water, and we need not come hither to draw; we need not pay attention to the ordinary claims Jone 14, 15.

In again calling your attention to this conversation by Jacob's well. I pass over the lesson to be drawn from the grand verse immediately preceding the text, because I spoke directly upon those words not long since; although I shall refer to them, and they will be implied in my remarks upon the present occasion. In reply to the question of the woman of Samaria
"From whence then hast thou that living water? art thon greater than our father Jacob, which gave us the well, and drank thereof himself, and his children, and his cattle?" In reply to this question, Jesus says—

"Whosever drinketh of this water shall thirst again; but whosever drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." To this declaration the woman responds—"Sir, give me this water, that I thirst not, neither come hither to draw."

Now there are some who detect in this answer of the woman a spirit of banter, and even of scofiling, as though she had said—"That is very likely: I should like to get sauch and interpretation receive the sanction of the past and more recent commentators. At least, if there is aught of this trilling nature in this reply, it is blended with a very deep and earnest tone. Thore seems to have been a gradual, a very gradual dawning of Christ's truth upon her mind. Some good, some gift greater than that which lay in Jacob's well, was apparently recognized, though confused and held with literal notions still. And in this state of thought that text—"Sir, give me this water, that I thirst not, in the continual special properties and frequency of the constitutes of the words of contempt for his properties. The content of the words of the past and more recent commentators. At least, if there is aught of this trilling nature in this reply, it is blended with a very deep and earnest tone. Thore seems to have been a gradual, a very gradual was apparently recognized, though confused and held with a very deep and earnest tone. There seems to have been a grad your own merits. And so there is a separation here, because there is a misconception. But in reality there can be no separation where there is a true conception of what is religion; for where there is true religion, there will be true morality; and where there is real morality, there will be true religion. Religion is morality. It is not in itself any one thing; it is not any mere posture, or belief, or experience, or manipulation in a certain direction; but it is the whole life of the man waking up to the wise ends to which he is

continually, by coming up to that spring to draw. Our morality will prove weak in temptation, or it will lesson respecting misconceptions of religion. And prove to be only a sharp, narrow morality, after all. this, therefore, will constitute my theme upon the present occasion.

Misconceptions of religion; misconceptions of the misconceptions of the purpose, the work, the character of true religion; sure-type and the consciousness of the purpose, the work, the character of true religion; sure-type and the consciousness of the purpose, the work of the consciousness of the purpose, the work of the consciousness of the purpose. irpose, the work, the character of true religion; sure-ty is religion, because it move from the unchanging power of there is matter fit for our reflection. For instance, of God's presence, and from the unchanging power of this request of the woman of Samaria, do we not his love—this is what men need. And the very fact

And, as directly pertaining to this train of remark, I may also refer to that misconception of religion which

cesses are violated by it.

I spoke on Thanksgiving Day, as some of you remember who were then present, of the atheistical doctrine of the providence of science, based upon the idea, help yourself, and that which we call God, or nature, and the science of the call the control of the call the call control of the call the call god, or nature, and the call god, or nerly yoursell, and that which we can tod, or nature, or whatever it is, will help you. Fall in, in accordance with its material laws, and they will carry you along; fall athwart them, and they will crush you. I said then, and I say now, there is a great truth in that. You must obey physical laws if you want to have physical blessings. If you wish to keep from being sick, it is not necessary werely to be depart or to have a war. it is not necessary merely to be devout, or to have a re-ligious faith, but you must obey the laws of health; and I yet went on to show that, after all, there is something more needed. We need something to help us when we cannot help ourselves; we want something to sympathize with us when everything around us is inevitable, and we are crushed with those inevitabilities. And so these atheistical notions of Providence do not answer the wants of the human soul.

Still, I repeat now, that there is, it is true, a providence of science, or rather that providence is in sci-ience. The physical world is the field of divine operareligious truth he may have—whatever exhibition he may give of the religiousness of human nature—at all places and all times there are conditions when a man comes into the atmosphere of religious faith, and into the conscious apprehension of religious realities, when he may be said to experience religion, and know what it is, and know how the spirit feels under the pressure and under the comprehension of the great truths of religion. But to make religion seem one thing, felt exclusively and wholly at some particular time and place, looking upon it as an exclusive and foreign eleplace, looking upon it as an exclusive and foreign ele religiousness of physical laws; and to remember that

there is no such mystery in this, that the rightcous does not work first upon the outward muchinery of

Now I am glad that in this age we are beginning to see the worth of the physical development of man, the claims of God through nature, the utterances of God through natural laws, and beginning more and more to fall into harmony with nature. Not by any means that all of God is in the physical; that when a man has got a good frame, and a good digestion is appended to all the laws of the circulation of the blood and the breathing of the atmosphere, therefore he has fulfilled all of religion; that religion is nothing but the doctrine of the dissecting knife and the ventilator—not by any means do I mean that. We sometimes fall into that error; people think if they adjust their physical frame aright, that that is righteousness and religion. This is the extreme on the other side. But, I repeat, I am glad that we are beginning to see that that is a part of righteousness, and that no amount of obedience in another direction will excuse us for unfaithfulness in this, or ward off retribution for disobedience. Religion can supercede no natural law; but all the more potently and diligently, when we are truly religious, shall we do our natural work. We shall then see the necessity and benefit of thirst, and why we should come hither the draw. and benefit of thirst, and why we should come hither to draw. We shall find that religion is something that demands the observance of all the laws of life, and does not consist exclusively in the cultivation of any

portion of our faculties.

I proceed, in the second place, to observe that it is a I proceed, in the second place, to observe that it is a misconception of religion to regard it merely as an element of comfort, of deliverance from troubles and trials. "Give me this water, that I thirst not, neither come bither to draw." The woman of Samaria, what caught the idea that this gift of which he spoke, would at least be very useful to her, would save her a great deal of labor, and make her life easy. And akin to this is the conception that religion is merely a comforter, that it is something which is calculated simply from this thing; not that men have no idea of religion at all, or no care for it, but that they misconceive it; it is not a reality to them; they do not understand exactly what it is; they have a vagueness in regard to religion. They do not dislike the personality of Jesus Christ, in his own pure character; there this feel better, happier and calmer. Now it is not this feeling in men in regard to the religion of Jesus Christ. But that which comes to them as the religion of Jesus Christ, that awakens their dislike and their repugtors. calculated to do this work, to comfort us, if we have true religion—religion in its true power—and if we apply it as we should apply it. But simply to soothe us, to heal our wounds by some miraculous and in-scrutable process, that is not what it does. But it does this by opening up new views of life, new springs of being. But religion helps us, and does its work sometimes by troubling us, fully as much as by comforting us, by making a man feel uncomfortable and unpleasant. I think that religion has done very little work, that has merely made a man feel easier, happier and better contented in life. It ought to arouse a man up. You know the anecdote of Louis and Massilon. After Massilon had preached rather an agitating sermon, I suppose, Louis sent for him. "Masillon." mon. I suppose, Louis sent for him. "Masillon," said he, "you have offended me." "That is what I wished to do, sire," said the preacher. And I would not give a cent for a minister who did not offend twothirds of his congregation at times, arouse them up, smash against the conscience of the bigot, and balk

party prejudices, and touch the secret sin which, if they do not confess, they still feel.

Religion is not merely a comfort for a man; it is to rouse him up and to convince him. But even in the way of comforting a man, it can comfort him, someway of comforting a man, it can comfort him, sometimes, only by opening up the deeper springs of life, not by simply repeating the trite rounds of consolation. "Oh," a great many people say, "it does not give me any comfort." No, it does not because your own soul is not in the attitude to receive comfort. You must come in that position where you will be, not on a level with your trouble, but above your trouble—where you can see it in all its broad and comprehensive relations to life—where you will be above it, not merely set level with it. The whole conception here is akin to the idea that life is meant merely to be a theatre of happiness, and whatever interferes with the construction proclaims life to be a failure. Now, my friends, it is a mistake, if you take without any sort of gratification the line—

sort of gratification the line-"Oh! happiness, our being's end and aim.". "Oh! happiness, our being's end and aim."

It is not our being's end and aim; it is the result of our being, no doubt. I believe all things lead to final joy; I believe that the brightest flowering of existence will be in joy—that the atmosphere of heaven will be in joy. But it is not true-that our being's end and aim, or rather that the object of this life is merely to be happy and comforted. And, therefore, people make a great mistake who complain of religion because it does not remove all evils. Here, you say, are your religious people in the world, and they still thirst, they still have to come hither and draw, they still suffer and in joy. But it is not true-that our being's end and aim, or rather that the object of this life is merely to be happy and comforted. And, therefore, people make a great mistake who complain of religion because it does not remove all evils. Here, you say, are your religions people in the world, and they still birst, they still have to come hither and draw, they still suffer and die. Now I say that the trials of this world are a part of the great plan of the world; and religion does not mean to remove all these evils, to dissolve all these great troubles, but to make us victorious over them—to make us victorious over evil, through evil, through its discipline, through its knotty trials, through its hard efforts—to make us stronger, braver and better, and give us a clearer vision. This northern atmosphere—this hail, and sleet, and wintry storm, like that which comes to-day and rattles upon the helmet of the icy world, is better for the world' than fair skies, and seasons calm, and tropical luxuriance, where all nature basks in the fervid sun. Oh, it is better for man to face the sleet and brave the wind; there is a not face the sleet and brave the wind; there is a not face the sleet and brave the wind; there is a not face the sleet and brave the wind; there is a not face the sleet and brave the wind; there is a not face the sleet and brave the wind; there is a not face the sleet and brave the wind; there is a not face the sleet and brave the wind; there is a not face the sleet and brave the wind; there is a not only had a desire for order, and the physical bravery of the man. It is so not only north, but South, and everywhere. When that man went out and paid for his work with his life, it was him to solve—because he will be made nobler by them than to have religion to comfort him merely-to —than to have religion to comfort him merely—to wrong, but with maininess, nower misguided, remove all evils, rather than to have it the power to lift us above evils. That gives us something better than mere confort—that which will enable us to endure and to conquer. The truth is, we shall never, is with the good, and the admirable, that the great endure and to conquer. in this world, be brought into a state where we shall not thirst, where we shall not have a feeling of the evils that exist about us. But we shall be brought out of the slavish bowing down to thirst, and the trials and troubles of this life. We shall always be men, be numan; we shall always have the faculties and sensi-

dure. Religion is not a mere comforter, but it is an inspirer, a litter up above the trials of the world, and

outside evils. You see how external and material at the best were the notions of the woman of Samaria. grinding burdens of poverty as conditions of religion.
And I hope that sometimes this winter I may be permitted in two or three discourses to urge this point. But, after all, religion has a deeper and fuller work than this, and is to produce these results in a very different way than by mere organizations and outward applications. It is not in this way alone that it is to applications. It is not in this way alone that it is to be estimated. And it would be nothing, after all. And you will find, therefore, to carry this up to a against the prime work of Christianity and its divine authenticity, even if a prophet could stand up and show us that the social relations of man could never be perfected upon this earth, that men would always the woman of Samaria did, that there is some great be poor, more or less, would always have to work, and always have to live, some of them, in limited quarters, and would always suffer and thirst to some extent. It would not prove that Christianity was not divine, if that should all be so, because its primary object is something far different from that. It is to work noon

there is no auch mystery in this, that the righteous does not work first upon the outward machinery of man suffers physical pains. If he has a physical pain, it may be ten to one that either hereditary, or in his own transaction, he is not a religious man in relation to the laws of nature; he has violated the physical law, and suffers the physical penalty. Physical laws are God's laws, are sacred laws, and they are inevitable in their operation. The fact is, that no amount of devout feeling, of religious faith, can save us when we go against the claims of the laws of the physical world. This wo must come more and more to conceive; if we do not, wo are in exactly the error that the woman of Samaria was in, who thought she might receive from Christ some gift by which God would suspend the ordinary animal process of thirst. And so men think that by a kind of charmed faith or belief they may do what they please, they are righteous people. Now, if they are please, they are righteous people. Now, if they are please, they are righteous people. Now, if they are please, they are righteous people. Now, if they are please, they are righteous people merely, without true regard for the operation of physical laws, they must inevitably suffer for the infraction of those laws, the same as the world's people, as they deem them. suffer for like infractions.

Now I am glad that in this age we are beginning to see the worth of the physical development of man, the same as the world as claims of God see the worth of the physical development of man, the redictory, the first upon the benefits which they does that, and so men the does that, all the adjustments will take place in the doublement she does that, all the adjustments will take place in the doublement she does that, all the adjustments will take place in the outward mechanism of Ecclety. But if nothing else, Christianity will teach most magically take place in the outward mechanism of Ecclety. But if nothing else, Christianity will teach some control that the outward mechanis

sufficient to show us that in a great many instances, though not exactly in the form, yet in the spirit and in the real essence of the thing, we are in the condition of the woman of Samaria.

But what I wish to say, before I close, is this, that there are misconceptions of religion, rather than no conceptions at all. And I think that a great deal of iredigion, a great deal of the lack of true religious life, comes simply from this thing; not that men have no idea of religion at all. or no care for it, but that is not this feeling in men in regard to the religion of Jesus Christ. But that which comes to them as the religion of Jesus Christ, that which is presented to them as Christ, that awakens their dislike and their repugnance, because it comes through false veils or mediums. But I sepeat, seeing Christ as he really is, comprehending this work he proposes to do, there is not this repugnance, and I believe the heart would be open to receive him and the seul he gold to fool him.

him, and the soul be glad to feel him.

We may lay it down as a valid proposition that men's sympathies, their spontaneous, unbiased sympathies, are with the best things; that what is good, and real, and admirable—not their actions by any means, not their motives by any means, but their sympathies; the deep tide of human sympathy, wherever it was you their motives by any means, but their sympathies; the deep tide of human sympathy, wherever it runs, you may be sure it runs to the best, and no sophistry can contradict it, and no sort of logic can challenge it. Individual men may not show it so much, perhaps; but take the sympathy of communities, take the sympathy of States and Nations, the great sympathy of humanity, and you may depend that it never is with what is radically bad, but always with what is good.

Now we have had one or two remarkable instances, I may say, by the way, of this sympathy of communities, of national sympathy, in the past week. It has been expressed in two very remarkable forms. In one case it is involved with a matter that has taken too deep a hold of the public mind, that has kindled too deep a spring of excitement for anybody to speak

deep a hold of the public mind, that has kindled too deep a spring of excitement for anybody to speak of it with hasty and unguarded speech. I remember that one of the wise words of the volume that lies before me, is to this effect: "There is a time to speak, and a time to keep silence." And I remember how the captain of the ship, in which I came over from Europe, acted in the gale that we experienced. He stood upon the deck, looking everywhere—at the sky, and sea, and rolling ship. Every faculty of attention in him was strained to the utmost; but he said very little. And I think there may be sometimes around the ship of State, gales, and dark clouds, and raging waves, of State, gales, and dark clouds, and raging waves, when men will feel that they can say very little. And yet, at the same time, the instincts of deep sympathy with them will all run in one direction. Now if there is anything that relieves the somewhat oppressive and terrible burden of present events, it is the real, lively indignation at the conduct of two classes of men. The one is that class that considers that everybody who does not sympathize with the utmost acts of him who has now gone to his account—for you all know to whom I allude—who does not sympathize with the idea of carman to face the sleet and brave the wind: there is a went out and paid for his work with his life, it was new life given him; the pulse is wakened within him by the very effort to contend against the elements. So the better for man to stumble over trials, to run butt up against calamities, and find dark problems before the contend against calamities, and find dark problems before the contends of the man. That is one form of sympathy; manliness of the man. That is one form of sympathy I repeat not sympathy with bloodshed, violence and wrong, but with the manliness, however misguided

flood tides of sympathy flow. Then, on the other hand, we have had a sympathy of another kind, for another sort of man, very different in many respects, and yet deep and justified, too. I looked out the other day, and saw the flags hanging at half-mast in the calm, beautiful day, for one who, bilities of human beings, and religion cannot deliver us from them. We shall weep when our dead die, and government and our traffic, in latter years had very our hearts shall continue to ache when troubles come. But by religion we shall be delivered from bondage to token of public respect floating in the air. It seemed to the public respect floating in the air. It seemed to the public respect floating in the air. But by religion we shall be delivered from bendage to token of public respect floating in the air. It seemed the material and sensual; so that we suffer and endure, as if the atmosphere of his own sweet and beautiful we shall rise above them.

This is the great thing that religion will do for us.

It will enable us, while we go to our task-work, while we meet our trials, while we go bither and thither to draw—it will enable us to know how to act and enders.

Spirit was hovering over us. And we might be asked, why should we sympathize with this quiet life, with this calm life, that has had so little to do with public actions? Here is nothing that stirs up sectional draw—it will enable us to know how to act and enders. ing to call for any peculiar sympathy for some peculiar work to rack the nation from one end to the And yet there was the same sympathy with men as in a strengthener against them.

And yet there was the same sympathy with men as in Still, again, I observe that it is a misconception of the other case, though it is a calmer, deeper, broader religion, to regard it merely and chiefly as a cure for and sweeter stream that plows through the hearts of outside evils. You see how external and material at men in this case. This is so, because, in the first outside evils. You see how external and material at the best were the notions of the woman of Samaria. She looked for deliverance from physical thirst; she looked for exemption from manual labor. That was hor idea of the gift of Jesus. And thus I think we look very much when we consider religion merely as an agent of material reforms, when about all the value and political squables, to lift it up above mere merely as an agent of material reforms, when about all the value and political squables, to lift it up above mere merely as an agent of material reforms, when about all the value and political squables, to lift it up above mere merely as an agent of material reforms, when about all the value and political squables, to lift it up above mere merely as an agent of material reforms, when about all the value and political squables, to lift it up above mere merely as an agent of material reforms, when about all the value and political squables, to lift it up above mere merely as an agent of material reforms, when about all the value and political squables, to lift it up above mere merely as an agent of material reforms, when about all the value and political squables, to lift it up above mere merely as an agent of material reforms, when about all the value and political squables, to lift it up above mere merely as an agent of material reforms, when about all the value and political squables, to lift it up above mere merely as a squable and the value and political squables. an agent of material reforms, when about all the value we place upon Christianity, is that it will make better adjustments for men here in their earthly condition, give them cleaner habitations, purer air, freedom from vexatious associations, and the like. Now let me not be understood for a moment as underrating these great has just gone to his rest. How many of us can ever and beneficent offices. On the contrary, I reckon the smarch of civilization by them. But yet I say that the of the wildow's son, and the quiet, domestic beauty prime work of Christianity is something deeper and richer far than this. I view these things of giving change? Yes, my friends, it is a great thing to do men better homes, more work, freedom from the more that to lift a nation up into intellectual life, to give the forget the patience of the wife, and the tender pathos change? Yes, my friends, it is a great thing to do that, to lift a nation up into intellectual life, to give the soul a purer air to breathe, to touch the tender sympathies of the heart, to write a line that he might never wish to blot out. It is a great thing for every heart, and every life, to make a "Sunnyside," as he has done. And that sympathy bears me out, also, in saying that the sympathies of men are always with that which is best, with that which is truest.

would not prove that Corresionity was not divine, it like not know but what set some conception of the that should all be so, because its primary object is atonement, that they must get some conception of the something far different from that. It is to work upon plan of Christ, by which he bore our sins, or that they comething far different from that. the springs within our hearts, to enable us not only to bear our lot, but to improve our lot for ourselves by living in obedience to every law of God's universe. It them away from the fountain of living waters—from

the spring of everlasting ills. Oh, let us know, then, that the religion of Christ is not a talisman, exclusive that the religion of Christ is not a talisman, exclusive and peculiar, a charm, mystical and in one part of our nature; but it is the life of the whole of our being. Let us remember that it is not a mere comfort, but an inspiration, which is calculated not only to console us in sorrow, but to make us atrong in sorrow, and to lift us above sorrow. Let us remember that it is not interest an outward cure, but an inward remedy, an inward regeneration; by the experience of their own souls bringing all men harmoniously together at last. Remember that, after all, it is not what Christ says so much, though that is wondrous; it is not what he has done, though we never can exhaust that theme; but it done, though we nover can exhaust that theme; but it is what Christ gives us. And what does Christ give us? He gives us himself, his own spirit, his loyo of God and his love of man, his pure, relf-sacrificing inner life; and as that comes in us, it becomes a well of water, springing up into overlasting life. Oh, may God give us a true appreciation of what Christ has done for us, and what he is ready to do, and then we shall truly put up the prayer— Give us evermore of this water, that from no mere earthly fountain, from no mis-

> Written for the Banner of Light. WINTER.

taken cistern, we come to draw."

BY BIRAN HUMPHREY. Old Winter's silent, rapid march, Upon our Autumn stealing,

Fills many a soul with sorrows dark, His fey heart revealing. Quickly comes from his ley throne. Triumphant smiles for wealth alone, In frosted car, he "rides sublime;" From arctic regions flying

O'er crystal seas, since ancient time,

To conquer has been trying. Anon upon the southern plain, He flees toward his throne again. But in thy march, oh, cruel king, Thy path of woe is seen; Millions of the sons of earth, All DREAD thy "crystal sheen." Oh! canst thou not, in mercy, spare

The poor of earth, in thy career? Deaf to the cries of weary souls, He marches on forever; The crushed of earth, the freezing poor, Ho smiles upon, ah, never! Let sons of wealth then freely give, And help the poor of earth to live.

Nov. 15th. 1859.

National Ideas of Paradise.

Almost all nations have united to make the future abode of good spirits a garden; a name among the As. syrians synonymous with Paradise. The Mahometans call the Paradise to which the faithful will be called. Jannat le Nain, the Garden of Pleasure; Jannat Aden, the Garden of Perpetual Abode; and not unfrequently by the simple name of Al Januar, the Garden, to distinguish it from all others. The Laplander believes Paradise to be situated in the centre of the snows of Sweden! The Muscogulgees imagine it among the islands of the Pacific. The Mexicans conceived, that those who died of wounds, or were drowned, went to a cool and delightful place, there to enjoy all manner of pleasures; those who died in battle, or in captivity, were wafted to the palace of the sun, and led a life of endless delight. After an abode of four years in this splendid habitation, they animated clouds, and birds of beautiful feather and of sweet song, having at the same time liberty to ascend to heaven or descend to earth, to suck sweet flowers and warble enchanting ongs.

The Tonquinese imagine the forests and mountains to be peopled with a peculiar kind of genii, who exercise an influence over the affairs of mankind; and in their ideas, relative to a state of future happiness, they regard a delightful climate, and an atmosphere, surcharged with odors, with a throne profusely covered with garlands of flowers, as the summit of celestial felicity. Among the Arabs, a fine country, with abundance of shade, form the principal object of their promised bliss. There is a tribe of America, who believe that the souls of good men are conveyed to a pleasant valley, abounding in gauvas and other delicious fruits. The heaven of the Celts was called Finth-innie, "the Island of the good and the brave;" their hell Isfurin, "the Island of Cold Climate." The Druids, as we are informed by Ammianus Marcellinus, believed that the souls of good men were in progressive course, from planet to planet, enjoying at every successive change a more sublime felicity than in the last.

The Minister's Apology.

In the "Recollections of a Life Time," by S. G. Goodrich, we find related a circumstance of a somewhat ludicrous nature, which he gives as follows:

"Once upon a time there was a clergyman, the Rev. Dr. T., a man of high character, and distinguished for his dignity of manner. But it was remarked that frequently, when ascending the pulpit stairs, he would smile, and sometimes almost titter, as if beset by an uncontrollable desire to laugh. This excited remark. and at last scandal. Finally, it was thought necessary for some of his clerical friends, at a meeting of the association, to bring up the matter for consideration.

The case was stated, the Rev. Dr. T. being present. Well, gentlemen,' srid he, 'the fact charged against me is true; but I beg you to permit me to offer an ex planation. A few months after I was licensed to preach. was in a country town, and on a Sabbath morning was about to enter upon the service of the Church. Back of the pulpit was a window which looked upon a field of clover, then in full bloom, for it was summer.

As I rose to commence the reading of the Scriptures. cast a glance into the field; and there I saw a man performing the most extraordinary evolutions-jumping, whirling, slapping in every direction, and with a ferocious agony of exertion. At first I thought he was mad, but suddenly the truth burst upon me; he had buttoned up a bumble-bee in his pantaloons! I am constitutionally nervous, gentlemen, and the shock of this scene upon my risible sensibilities was so great that I could hardly get through the service. Several times I was upon the point of bursting into a laugh. Even to this day, the remembrance of this scene-through the temptation of the devil-often comes upon me as I am: scending the pulpit. This, I admit, is a weakness, but I trust it will rather excite your sympathy and your prayers than your repreaches."

The idea of the situation of a man having a bumblebee in his pantaloons, although, doubtless, somewhat unpleasant to the unfortunate sufferer, is so intensely ludicrous to an unconcerned observer, that we do not wonder that the gravity of the good doctor was overcome by it .- N. Y. Chronicle.

THE RULING PASSION STRONG IN DEATH.-In a Paris hospital, a man, notorous as a miser, was announced by the nurse in attendance as dead. In the next cot lay a pickpocket, who had been quietly waiting for the moment when he could crawl up to his intended prey and empty his gorged pockets. It was midnight, and the ward was deserted of its attendants, when suddenly an unearthly shrick was heard. The nurses rushed to the spot, and found the dead man with his long nailed fingers fixed through the thief's neck. The miser, apparently insensible, had felt the thief approach. The ruling passion of avarice was still raging, with unabated fury, within his almost lifeless frame. Outside of that frame it was about to rage brough all eternity, torturing and tortured. But now, by one of those violent nervous efforts which prove so remarkably the ascendancy of mind over body, the descrited frame was once more convulsed by the return of this quenchless lust. Il was but for a moment, and then the miser and the thief fell lifeless to the ground.

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HUMAN NATURE.

If we should give more, and more thorough, attention to ourselves, and less to our creeds and professions, there is little question that it would be better for us all. Where people are taught from their youth up that virtue consists mainly in abstaining from that which will give offence to some other eye than their own, it may naturally be counted on that all moral systems must be at best but superficial and inconsequential. This eve-service is a wretched piece of business, damaging those for whom it is performed as well as those who perform it; and when the principle is, wittingly or unwittingly, incorporated into the formulas and the creeds, the genuine life is sapped forthwith, and corruption and decay are inevitable. But all experience teaches that it is about useless to preach and didacticise on these matters; when the truth of them is visibly felt, it is because of some bitter experience that has forced its unwelcome way into the life of organizations that rely upon them.

A good deal of talk and fuss is made in the secular papers of the locality of Boston, because it has recently come to light that a clergyman of somewhat advanced years, and one of the honored secretaries of the Board of Foreign Missions, has at length, by a mere accident, betrayed to his brethren-and through them to the community—the innate weakness of his character. As his church had hitherto taught itself to regard him with a sort of reverence, as if forsooth there was some essential element of divinity in him (from the force of his position) which is not to be found in other and common men-so, now that the church has been wofully disappointed and deceived, it well nigh abandons its faith in the great and abiding principles which the unhappy delinquent professed, and falls to wondering if all created things are not indeed shams. We lament most sincerely, with those who lament the loudest, an occurrence that, like the present one, tends to shake the faith of man in any high and pure example; but we would do what we conceive to be better still-take so fit an occasion to insist that the vitality of principles is not, of necessity, contained in personal examples. and that, whether men stand or fall, things remain steadfast forever. It is always to be lamented, of course, when a man of prominence and worth makes a misster before the public; but religion has abandoned itself to sorry reliances indeed when such a fall is pointed to as in any degree compromising its principles and truths. They fall because they are human, and their hearts are not thoroughly regenerate; not because religion had any hand in it, or was in any way connected with their deeds.

The remarks of the narrow-minded press of Boston on Dr. Pomroy's betrayal of his native frailty, are but fair comments on the character of the press itself. It shows just what that press assumes to be-namely, an apologist for the church styling itself "orthodox," a defender through thick and thin of all the positions, doctrines, and dogmas of that church, and a general barking-dog on the front steps of that organization in its behalf, because such an occupation is to day presumed to be popular, and therefore to produce the most patronage for the press thus employing itself. The Courier rushes forth into the street, with eyes glaring and hair standing a thousand ways in terror, and demands in most solemn tones to know "if we have a chief of police among us!"-because, forsooth, Dr. Pomroy has proved that he was only a frail and not always religious man! Were the subject less serious, the Courier's question would make the town go off in a horse-laugh of derision. And the Journal, too, in commenting on the matter, seems to be chiefly in alarm lest the church arrangement shall be hurt by so grievous a dereliction, protesting with all its energy against so damaging an use of the fact. "Whatever"-says that paper-"Dr. Pomroy may be guilty of," (as if the Journal did not just understand what he is guilty of, rafter his own confession !) "no substantial discredit atenches to his religious denomination, nor to the cause of Missions with which he was officially connected. His associates have acted with becoming promptitude, and he rnow stands before the public like any other private man." Yes, and so he stood before. He is no more .wicked to-day, because he was found out, than he was -all the while his vicious course was proceeding. We do not doubt that he performed his official duties quite as efficiently previous to his discovery as he would have done afterwards, if his brethren had not seen fit still further to expose him to the public. In fact, what good will such an exposure work, any way? Christ knew how to forgive a woman "taken in the act of adultery;" but our orthodox friends at the Mission House, who sometimes insist that they alone are possessed of the genuine spirit of Christ, must perforce act-as the Journal says- with becoming promptitude," and cast him out of their grim orthodox sympathy into the street! The public shall at least know that the rest of the brethren have clean hands, whether poor Dr. Pomroy is finally saved or not. Their skirts shall remain unsoiled, even if his never get a washing.

At shall become a matter of public record that judgment

has been rendered in his case, swift and revengeful, breaking the window, but striking no one. Her friends ness or not.

taught and illustrated by Jesus. To forgive a man, or up at the falling glass. woman, is not to utterly cut them off. To rescue a person is not to desert him at his highest need. If one wants sympathy and loving-kindness, it is at just such a time as he becomes conscious of his own guilt and unworthiness. But it is not for us to condemn the Mission Board for pursuing the line of conduct they saw fit in such circumstances. It would rather have surprised us, had they done differently, considering the practices to which their hard and strictly human creed compels them. They must needs look out for number one, even if number two falls overboard and passes

astern forever. It is by no means because of any pleasure we take in it, that we allude to a subject of this character, for there are hundreds of more genial ones from which to select without any embarrassment. But the occurrence is, at this present time, so fair an illustration of the great unreliance to be placed on human professions, no matter how rigidly set about alike with organized guards and warnings, that-in spite of the gratuitous and unchristian flings of sectarian papers that this case will doubtless draw down derision from unbelievers on the cause of religion—we deem it properly our office to comment upon it in such spirit and language as, in our honest judgment, it deserves. While we express the pity we feel for the chief actor in it, and offer him our sympathy in the terrible struggle of mind in which his unexpected exposure precipitated him, we say that he should receive from his denominational brethren a full measure of that generous charity and loving-kindness which they openly profess. Is his previous life and character to go for nothing at all now? Are his efficient services to the denomination of which he has been an ornament for so long a course of years, to be blotted out as you sponge out figures on a slate, leaving him by the summary process next to inconsolable? Is there no jot of sweet charity still left in the corners of those hearts that have already visited him with their stern and revengeful condemnation—hearts, beyond the shadow of a doubt, no more exalted or enlarged spiritnally than the bleeding and erring heart of this aged offender? Is denominational pride, then, so all-important a thing, that everything and everybody-no matter how full of years and respect, no matter with what a web of tender and sacred associations they may be surrounded and intertwined-must be sacrificed at the first pinch, eternal torment itself weighing not so much as a feather in the scale against the worldly good standing of the organization?

Just see to what issues such a rule must inevitably lead. See how it must grind down the truth and manhood of every man who has once allied himself with it, keeping him in continual fear of its tyrannical displeasure, imposing the spies of fear upon his conduct rather than stimulating the healthy action of conscience, and driving him to the practice of the very hypocrisy which, at the last, the rulers and managers are so quick to punish. Better a thousand times than this, is the charity that is large enough to cover a multitude of sins. Better by far err on the Christian than on the Satanic side. Better save a man, if it can be done by reasonable exertions, than cut him off altogether from our fickle sympathy, and mock at him for his crimes.

Human nature is uppermost still. And nothing can approve itself as genuinely religious that does not refer directly, and all the time, to its operations both to the individual and the mass. No got-up theological systems, dimly comprehended by the men of intellect and learning, and confusedly accepted by a fraction of the whole population because such systems happen to be the current style and custom,-no such systems, we say, have scope enough to embrace all the wants, desires, temptations, frailties, aspirations, and activities of men; and therefore it is we find even those who profess to believe in them, falling at times into gulfs from which they are never known to emerge again. Even such as they, so accustomed to denounce others who fall, are as prone to stumble as the rest; for these passions of ours, that are the possessions, under God, of all men and women alike, are not to-be trampled down by the power of any Westminster Catechism, nor are even honored clergymen to be made interiorly religious, chastening and controlling those same passions of theirs, by the power that resides in any of the theologies. No; the human heart must take all in hand for itself; it cannot afford to leave out anything for another to come in and settle or adjust for us. We must be "pure in heart," or neither in this world nor the next, shall we be likely to "see God." And this profound problem of self-purification every man must needs work out for himself, humbly and prayerfully, not with violence, but with reason and gentle per suasion, not after any hard theologic methods, but with the aid of the spirit that is ever ready to descend into hearts open for its reception. The passions are not to be trampled out, and so the whole force and energy of the nature withered: but they are to be schooled and disciplined, taught to know and keep their places, allowed freely to work their own proper and natural offices-and no other, and thus made subservient in the spiritual economy to the loftiest and purest purposes God ever places before man.

If church pride happens to be sorely wounded by this fall of one of its pillars, it cannot be of any great consequence, any way; for such lessons teach humility, and ought to teach charity. We believe that if there was more of this latter spirit in the world, there would be less sin, because much less inducement to sin; there is nothing human nature loves so well as its own freedom, and education is far more efficient to teach it how to employ that freedom nobly, than formal and soulless restraints can be to keep it unsullied and pure. New and larger ideas must be engrafted upon the creeds in relation to this vital matter, or the creeds themselves must perish. We want the soul of life brought out more than it is, and are content for a time now to crowd back the hard and insufficient formalities. By all means, let us have good men, and let good creeds, churches, and other institutions follow as fast and plenty as they can.

Miss Emma Hardinge.

This excellent lady has recently delivered a course of eloquent lectures in Memphis, Tenn., which have created in that place an unusual degree of excitement. She has awakened many dormant ones to behold the peauties of Spiritualism; she has filled the souls of its lovers with admiration, and called forth the element of hatred of the few who still hate, and must hate, little longer.

She has lectured to excellent houses, and the people have listened to her with breathless attention. Outside they have been divided, one party clamoring round the town abusing her in unmeasured terms, but also sane on the particular subject under consideration. never once attempting to refute one of her statements; asking questions, and calling her infidel, and daring, but never disputing, a single position taken. Two or three of the papers have declared her lectures wonderful in point of language, eloquence, and learning, even though they disagreed with her.

Some circumstances concerning her recent course of lectures in Memphis are fully explained by her letter. published on our seventh page. We may add that the last Sunday morning of her lecturing there, the spirits warned her that she might be slightly disturbed in her lecture, but she must not mind; nothing should hurt her. On this hint she entreated the lady, with whom she visited, to stay at home, as she is in very delicate health, and liable to suffer from excitement. The disturbance consisted of a stone thrown at the window edge of their existence. Moreover, if the editor of the

whether by the means his soul is cast into outer dark. told her neither eye, voice, color, nor the least movement in her, faltered or changed, although they said We venture to assert that this is not the religion (though her speech never paused) she looked curiously

LEARNED IGNORANCE.

Among the learned men of the age who are eminently qualified to give instruction—so long as they confine themselves to familiar subjects and the natural orbit of the individual mind-there are several who are prone to meddle-in a superficial way-with matters wholly foreign to their appropriate sphere and peculiar habits of thought. An accurate estimate of one's own powers, and a precise knowledge of his capacity for successful effort in particular directions, is a kind of information that many are slow to acquire, and which learned men do not always possess. The man who knows nothing of his forte—has not yet ascertained in what particular department of thought or action he is by nature and education qualified to excel-is liable to sacrifice himself by getting out of his natural element. This disposition to wander from the field wherein alone one may reasonably hope to win an honorable distinction, has caused many otherwise superior persons to belittle themselves in public estimation.

When, for example, a great chemist who knows nothing of theology undertakes to teach dogmatics; or attempts to write poetry for the public, without the first spark of Promethean fire-with no clear perception of the laws of metrical harmony, or even a knowledge of the ordinary rules of versification—he stoops from his proud eminence to a very subordinate rank; his appropriate place is left vacant, and the world is deprived of his valuable services. When statesmen become biblical expositors, and politicians venture into the realm of metaphysics, they generally lose their prestige and gain nothing in return but the gratification of their own caprice. When a mere pretender to knowledge, who could never so much as spell the monosyllables of his veracular, leaves his trade and assumes the office of public teacher, and even holds his literary labors at a premium; when he stumbles in among the flowers of rhetoric and the graces of polite literature, like a hippopotamus among the water lilies and the pansy beds, he may amuse the boys who have more respect for the menagerie than for literary merit. When, in his capacity of critic, he proceeds to dissect his subject with a dull jack-knife, or boldly enters the arena, armed with a green cornstalk or a piece of dry Inth, and with such implements attempts to shiver the Damascus blade of some controversal knight, he may expect to be laughed at for his pains. Moreover, it eems unwise to censure people for laughing when they cannot help it; nor is it a less thankless task to find fault with such public amusements, so long as they are furnished at the cost of the managers, and " the

stars' make a gratuity of their professional services. We most religiously believe in the largest possible freedom for the individual, so long as proper order is preserved, and the prerogatives of others are duly respected. We would impose no restraints on the faculties or aspirations of any man, nor place obstacles in the way that leads to the goal of his ambition. But while so much may be achieved in a brief life-time by persevering effort in the right direction, and within the limits prescribed by Nature and our own faculties, it is a pity to waste time and to spend our strength in vain. as we inevitably do when we overlook the mark and aim at impossibilities.

But such mistakes often occur among learned individuals and societies, though it must be conceded that they are not frequent in the experience of wise men. When material philosophers attempt to talk or write about Spiritualism, of which, perhaps, they know little or nothing, they are sure to make a sorry exhibition of their own weakness and blindness. Dr. Taylor was certain that the rappings were electrical explosions from the vital batteries; the Buffalo Doctors discovered that the mysterious sounds resulted from the dislocation of the knees; Rev. Charles Chauncey Burr descended to a lower point, and found that the same sounds emanated from the toes; when certain medical gentlemen in Brooklyn found a patient in a spiritual trance, they prescribed for hysteria; and there were many others who could no more distinguish an angel's visit from genuine fits, than the sensuous skeptics on the day of Pentecost could discriminate between the effects of "new wine" and the influence of "the Holy Ghost." The erudite Professors at Harvard could see nothingnot so much as the smallest ghost of anything substantial. Nevertheless a long time ago they resolved to give Spiritualism something like "a broadside." Many couriers were sent out in all directions, with messages of warning to the people and several elderly ladies of the spiritual household may have been slightly alarmed. A terrific explosion was fiercely promised and mildly anticipated. Everybody looked and listened, but we believe there was no Report."

It has been the fashion for scientific gentlemen to presume-without much regard to facts or evidencethat all Spiritualists are unsound in mind. But this assumption is much less frequently made than forme:ly. Indeed, we were beginning to think that such proofs of ignorance and prejudice among learned people were becoming very rare, when our attention was called to an editorial article in the American Journal of Photography. The editor is criticising Mr. Sutton, who sustains the same relation to the "Photographic Notes." Mr. S. is represented as a successful investigator and "a lively and prolific writer." The critic himself has felt it to be his "duty to quote more from Mr. Sutton than from any other writer," in this department of literature. But that gentleman is supposed to be entangled in a crotchet, respecting the Solar Camera, and in his tilt at the Editor of "Photographic Notes," Mr. Seely of the Journal, regardless of the legitimate scope of his subject, steps out of his way to hit the Spiritualists with an edgeless weapon, long since rejected by the better informed opposers of their views. We extract a brief passage:-

It is well understood that people who use a great many words often so arrange them that they only express follies or nonsense; some of our ancient philosophers made silence ever a godlike virtue. Many illustrious men have ridden ri diculous hobbles—some have so entaugled themselves in a crotestet that it showed itself in every action; how many men are "spiritualists" who otherwise are sound? I believe Mr. Button's perversences may be referred to some such explanation; it is quite as dangerous and blamable as if it arose in another way.

We know nothing of Mr. Sutton's perverseness, and, of course, cannot be expected to perceive the "dangerous" heresy of his views respecting the Solar Camera. We leave the disputants to settle that point in their own way. Regarding the fling at Spiritualism, we have a word to offer. If Spiritualists are sound men and sensible on other subjects, as is more than intimated, that fact is presumptive evidence that they are Now the essential claims of Spiritualism are supported by proofs as clear as sunlight, and phenomena as tangible as the facts in Photography. The Spiritual facts address the understanding through the corporeal instruments of sensation, like all the facts on which the superstructure of science is reared. And hence the interrogative exclamation of Mr. Seely is quite as preposterous as it would be to say, How many are believers in the photographic art, who are otherwise men of sound minda l

But the editor of the American Journal of Photography may insist that he does not know that Spiritualism is sustained by any such facts. That we can very well believe; but the facts-in this, as in every other case-in no way depend on Mr. Scely's knowlduring her lecture, exactly opposite the lecture-stand, Journal has no knowledge of the facts, he should stand

aside and make room for some one who does know something. He certainly cannot be admitted as a witness in the case; and if he were, his testimony would be worthless. The "ancient philosophers" were quite will entirely supersede the old, clumsy, and dangerous right in regarding "silence" as "a godlike virtue"— rocking horse. The seat and back of the rocking horse. their example.

Miracles of Activity and Power.

The present age is distinguished for great mental and physical activity. The human mind triumphs over the greatest obstacles, and with amazing ease accomized man finds his way, he rears the monumental witto "remove mountains," he has the industry to per- to Arad Woodworth 8d, patentee. form the work. We have all read the story of the old Prophet who smote and divided the waters with his mantle, and of Moses who is said to have drawn the liquid element from the rocks in the wilderness; and the description, we need not marvel at the record of their deeds, as if the age of wonders had terminated long ago.

What cannot Man do even now? There is no earthhis way, only serve to facilitate his progress. He launches ten thousand floating palaces on the broad highway of the nations; his commerce whitens every sea; and the distant Isles of the ocean are familiar to his eye as the scenes of his childhood. He smites and penetrates the rocky base of the mountains, and his Artesian wells are fed by crystal springs which the rod of Moses could not reach. He stretches forth his right arm over hill and valley; the rivers are dried up and the channels are dusty; the waters sink into the earth and disappear; and anon, they issue in a thousand limpid streams from the streets of the great city. He can converse with his friend from one extreme of the continent to the other. He has only to resolve, and obedient to his volition, an invisible power that rides the interest in the things that pertain to the future seems to on the lightning's flery wing utter his thoughts a thousand miles away. Indeed, were the elements which compose the earth deprived of their cohesive power, Man might almost bind this vast globe together with iron bands.

Who is Infidel ?

In the sectarian vocabulary the term Infidel is employed to represent one who is not wedded to the beautiful truths, eloquently presented through the lips of N. popular dogmas of faith and philosophy. The true Frank White. He has given us, in that time, seven lectures; reformer—the mind that has ventured to throw off the and, though we have had the most noted speakers in the creed, and enter a wider sphere of thought and action field, it has been the unaulmous expression that he stands -the soul inspired with a reverence too high and holy to bow down before the image-is anathematized and cast out of the synagogue. Thus men whose all of force in his arguments, and wonder at the brilliance of religion is virtually made to consist in a name and an opinion, condemn the man whose reason and conscience will not acknowledge the infallibility of their standard. Thus, men labor to restrict freedom of soul at times with sublime measures, worthy of a Milton; he thought, to limit the exercise of reason, and to crush the moral sense, in a vain attempt to force the acceptance of their opinions where they can never be other platform, with such gifts at his command, he would not received. Such a course seems to involve a virtual remain long unknown; nor can he as it is; for the intellect renunciation of every principle that characterized the of to-day, skeptical in regard to modern inspiration or not, christianity of Christ. We have no space to occupy with hard names and approbrious epithets. Those who have, would do well to remember that it requires neither genius, erudition nor good manners to stigmatize a man as Infidel.

The Light of Spiritulism.

The Sunteam says:-

"Spiritualism is as a lamp in the world; its gentle rays of light spread their unfolding to lighten the path of you poor mortals in the darkness by which you are surrounded. He that follows its light will soon arrive at its source where all is pure and good, where sin and darkness could not for a moment abide in the presence of so piercing a ray. Spiritualism extends its is also remarkable for his clairvoyant powers. He sees and unwithering hand to aid you in ascending the steps to describes suirits with great clearness. ward that place where peace forever reigns."

We have an abiding faith in the truth of this senence. We know that it is true. The dark clouds are held in that place every Sunday, and are largely attended. that often dim the pure light of Spiritualism, cannot The writer speaks in the highest terms of Miss Magoun as a turn back those who have, in reality, seen its beauties. Fairfield, who have recently spoken there. Those who love darkness, turn away from it to darkness still—while those who love its light, and have seen it, can never turn away. We know that Spiritualism has in it many shadows, but let us fear them not, for they are I never before met with reformers so radical, and men and only the shadows of ourselves. Spiritualism is a bright women so trustworthy; with religious views so broad, and star in the constellation of God's love, shining on the hearts so generous. Mr. C. C. Williams is an instance of a night of our earthly existence. Let us gaze well and long upon it; it will guide us and lead us to heaven.

Amanda M. Spanca.

Mrs. Spence lectured at Ordway Hall, last Sabbath afternoon and evening, to small audiences, it being very stormy. Her efforts, however, were of such a character, that, had it been known, we think no storm would have kept our readers away. Those who had the temerity to attend, felt amply repaid.

Mrs. Spence should be well known to the readers of the BANNER, several of her lectures having been reported in its columns. Lest they may have escaped the memory, however, we will say that she is fully up with Mrs. Hatch, or Miss Hardinge, in her powers, which, of course, places her at once in the front rank of lecturers.

We hope Spiritualists will not allow any prejudices against the hall in which she speaks, nor any dalliance with free meetings, to deter them from listening to

Both these feelings have prevented a remunerative attendance at Ordway Hall since Dr. Gardner has held meetings there. For the credit of Spiritualism, we hope to see larger audiences there until free meetings can be started; at any rate during Mrs. Spence's visit

Paul Creyton's Works.

The admirers and lovers of Mr. Trowbridge's worksthose who have followed the fortunes of Martin Merrivale, in pursuit of honor's bubbles, till he found a deeper and truer heaven in a woman's heart; who have laughed at the oddity of Cheesy and of Bim; who have loved little blind Alice, and sweet, suffering Camille, and good old Father Brighthopes - will be glad to know that a new book from his pen will be published in a few days by Messrs. Sheldon & Co., entitled "The Old Battle Ground." Messrs. S. & Co. will shortly publish uniform editions of all Mr. Trowbridge's works. They may be found at Messrs. Brown, Taggard & Chase's, Cornhill, Boston.

The Transcript.

Our neighbor, in the issue of Dcc. 9th, says that the Traveller "has initiated the custom of publishing one of Mr. Beecher's sermons every Saturday," and thinks t "must operate to the advantage of the paper adopt-

Very cool, even for winter! Pity the Transcript did not inform its readers that the "BANNER OF LIGHT" and the "Independent" pay for these reports, and that the Traveller only copies them, and is not entitled to credit for adopting a feature we inaugurated a year

The Boston Recorder is very severely "down" on Mr. Emerson, because "he has done a frightful wrong to the Saviour of the world" in a single sentence pronounced in his lecture before the "Boston Fraternity." When the Saviour of the world is wronged, who shall make restitution?

A New Invention for the Children We have lately examined with pleasure a new inven-

tion, which combities a rocking-horse and cradic. It rocking horse. The seat and back of the rocking horse capecially when they had nothing to easy and to this ex-tent our modern philosophers may very properly follow oradio, which it can be converted into by simply take ing out the seat and back at pleasure, and with the addition of a pillow, the darling of the household has all the ease, comfort, and luxury, so desirable and necessarv at such a tender age.

Still another advantage it has is its cheapness. cost. ing much less than the old fashioned rocking-horse. It plishes the most stupendous results. Wherever civil- would make a beautiful present to children in the holidays, when the cold or damp weather will not permit. nesses of his genius and his power. He goes forth them to exercise much in the open air. It is for sale, with a resolute purpose and a strong arm to perform wholesale and retail, at the depot, 284 1-2 Washington his part in the busy world. If his faith be insufficient street, (up stairs.) Boston, by Isaac B. Rich, successor

Miracles.

A friend of ours was excessively shocked when she heard a medium say that "God could not work a miraif we make due allowance for the figurative style of cle." She thought it was profanity. We would ask our friend if nature works miracles? And we doubt not that she would answer, no. Do we know aught of God save his manifestations in all nature? Reason and intuition answer, no. In nature no promise is unly power that can successfully oppose him. Even the fulfilled, and no promise is more than fulfilled. Everygreat barriers of Nature, so far from being obstacles in thing in nature is sure, exact and certain; her laws are unchangeble and abiding. In all nature is the work of God made manifest to humanity.

Miss R. T. Amedey

Will lecture in Lowell, in the Spiritualists' Hall, on Thursday evening, Dec. 15th.

CORRESPONDENCE,

G. W. WALKER, LOWELL, MASS .-- We are weekly made familiar with your welcome sheet, which is sold from two news offices here, and is, I am told, at one office, in the greatest demand of any paper on their counter. We are not dead here, nor sleeping. Our commodious hall is well filled twice or three times every Sunday, with an intelligent audience, and be steadily increasing, though one of our daily papers is still so draned in the folds of intolerance, that it throws us outside the pale of religion, by refusing to insert ours with other

Our business arrangements are so completed now, that we expect to have our deak continually supplied with good speakers. So far we have been very successful, and we have not been at all ashamed of the food we have been able to give the world. The few weeks past we have listened to a flood of unsurpassed. It has been, indeed, to us, a "feast of fat things." Even the most skeptical allow there is beauty and thoughts that flow through his lips. Inspiration is evident in every utterance, and the pearls of progressive thought that fall so freely from his lips, have the unmistakable freshness of the celestial world from which they come. He stirs the never, for a moment, loses the thread of his legic, until the fabric of his argument is all complete. Were he upon any must acknowledge the worth of such discourses as it has been our good fortune to receive from him. He will ever be warmly welcomed here.

WILLIAM H. WILLIAMS, N. Y., writes that he has, with others, many times heard distinctly in his own parlor the most sweet and soothing strains of music from spirits. These beautiful manifestations have taken place when the pianoforte has been played, and the spirit voices have kept time and tune with it.

DAVID FISHER, DREWSVILLE, N. H., writes that Spiritualism is springing up and growing there. A number of mediums are in this vicinity. Miss Ellon Temple, of Bennington, Vt., Mrs. Wiley, of Rockingham, Vt., and Mr. Daniel M. Brown of this place—these are good trance-lecturers. Mr. Brown describes spirits with great clearness.

W. B., QUINCY, MASS., writes that Spiritualists' meetings lecturer, and also Mrs. Townsend, Miss Sprague, and Mr.

BEHIS, BOSTON.—I had business recently at Norwich, Conn., which caused me to tarry there a day or two. I must confess oble man in this place. He has for many years been a radical reformer, and has consequently been pointed at ignominlously by the self-righteous finger of contempt and scorn; but his deeds of kindness and forbearance are beginning now to bud and bloom in the hearts of his neighbors. He is a good man; they cannot but love and respect his goodness, notwithstanding his religion in profession has been at war with their own. He is generous; his hands have scattered the seeds of flowers and fruit in all the neighboring gardens. Without profession and protonce, the germs of deeds he has done in the past, begin to send forth the flowers of beauty and the fruit of usefulness. Many noble souls like him live here. Norwich is a beautiful town. It indicates wealth and industry. Two churches have ceased to be churches any longer; one is converted into a livery-stable, and one into factory; and we cannot but conclude that the people who worshiped there are now doing the work of life in a truer way, and find a more satisfying religion in deeds of love and

N. FRANK WHITH Writes-"Since the first of September I have been speaking in New Eugland, and everywhere is a cheering interest manifested in to-day's glorious revelations In Willimantic, Conn., I found a pleasant, commodious church, well filled with true, carnest thinkers, and made melodious by a choir of sweet singers, whose voices well might tempt one to linger in their midst forever.

At Taunton, Plymouth and Marblehead, a host of yearning souls, bold and fearless, rejoice in to-day's manifested truths In the latter place a beautiful hall, the free-will offering of Mr. J. R. Bassett, a man whose soul is big enough to take in universal humanity, is weekly filled to overflowing, and old Conservatism feels her rocky foundations shaken under her by the earthquake of progressive thought.

In Lowell there is no lack of life and interest, as is attested by the throngs that pass in and out of Wells's Hall, two or three times every Sunday. Old Theology now and then enters her protest, but her anathenias sound fainter every day -men, true men, no longer fear them. I formed there, with pleasure, the acquaintance of N. S. Greenleaf, at present a resident of Lowell, who is announced. I see, for the lecturing field. Though modest and retiring, he possesses gifts of a high order, and will be a valuable acquisition to the ranks that are battling against the deep-rooted errors of the past. Such as he we need, for "the field is white for the harvest, and the laborers are few;" once known, his aid will be sought, and I hope soon to hear more of him.

The "Portland Spiritual Association," before whom I have ectured recently, occupy a beautiful hall, in a central location, which is always well filled by an intelligent and attentive audience. I anticipated, from what I had heard of Portland, a pleasant visit; nor have I been disappointed. That the cold north winds have not chilled their souls, I can testify, for I found upon these winter-clad bills hearts as warm as those that beat upon the brown prairies of the far-off

West. The soul-warming inspirations of to-day, like invisible, magnetic fingers, are making heart-chords that have long been dormant; the soul-wires that, unstruck, have rusted beneath the cold fors of material formalities, are vibrating harmoniously beneath those fingers, and we meet,

not as strangers, but as members of one family. To each now place I go heaitating, trembling; but ever, when I leave, I linger-my heart takes with it remembrances of chooring sympathy, that make it stronger day by day; often does it turn languishingly to the hours of reunion that hope fingers point to in the future.

I find, everywhere, the BANKER flashing out fold upon fold, a welcome light-a light that I trust will soon penetrate every city and village of the land."

Literary Hotices.

The Shore Out; on One Thousand Thouse with Carne; And other Receiving, and containing clear and comprehensive explanations how to perform with ease all the curious card deceptions and sleight of hand tricks extant; with an endiese variety of entertaining experiments in drawing-room or white magic, including the colobrated science of Becond-Sight; together with a choice collection of intricate and puzzling questions, amusements in chance, natural magic, etc., etc., New York; Dick & Fitzgerald, publishers, 18 Ann street.

This book is what it purports to bo; it is full of ingenuity and fun; it will be a source of infinite amusement, these long winter evenings, for boys and girls at home. Every boy in the land would be delighted with this book for a Christmas present. I would be far better for our children to stay at home, and, by the aid of this book, make their own theatrical mind has been my study for some years. Before my death h and sleight of hand performances, and amusing tricks, instead of going away to public places of amusement, to keep late hours and bad company. The price of the book is one dollar, sent to any part of the United States, free of postage. HARRY LEE; OR, HOPE FOR THE POOR.

Oh, weary hearts I oh, slumbering eyes I
Oh, drooping souls, whose destinies
Are fraught with fear and pain,
Ye shall be leved again I No one is so accursed by fate, No one so utterly desolate, But some heart, though unknown, Responds unto its own!

Hight illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers, publishers."

We learn from the author's preface that this 12mo volume, of nearly four hundred pages, was originally composed for the special benefit of the New York news-boys, and read to them by the Superintendent of their lodging-honse. It is a simple, truthful story, illustrating-without any attempt at extistic effect—the hopes that linger about the haunts and hearts of the neglected poor—the incentives to goodness, and the possibility of rising from the lowest walks and the most abject dependence of city life, to a noble self-reliance, respectability, usefulness and happiness in the world.

The manifest purpose, and the unobjectionable spirit of the writer, and, withal, the obvious tendency of the book itself, alike entitle the author to respectful consideration, and his work to a candid perusal. It is not always-if, indeed, it is generally the case-that the most ambitious effort of the experienced author is most productive of lasting and bene floent results. Art is often employed to polish villany, to gild the popular vices, and to render falsehood more speclous, seductive and dangerous; while, to the uncorrupted mind and heart, innocence and virtue are never more divinely beautiful than when they appear in the spontaneous feeling, thought and action of the young, and the unes tentations life of the poor and lowly.

The writer of the story has his theological bias, which will

be readily perceived by the intelligent reader. So long as most people imagine that a theological formula is absolutely essential to a true religious life, we can scarcely expect any man who talks or writes to keep his creed out of sight. However, the author of "Hope for the Poor" does not inculcate his dogmas in either an offensive or controversal spirit; but a strong love of humanity and a sincere feeling of devotion are far more fercibly displayed. If the author, with a modest complacency, assumes certain views and opinions to be true -a logical defence of which would not be attempted by the most acute and profound student of Natural and Biblical Theology-his mistake is only one of education and habit, and, in this connection, not of the most vital importance On the whole, the work may be safely commended. Its errors, as therein presented, are comparatively harmless, and we feel assured that their influence on the youthful reader will be greatly overbalanced by the healthy moral tone, the Christian spirit, and the practical influence of the book.

"MESMERISM IN INDIA, and its Practical Application in Surgery and Medicine; by James Esdallo, M. D., civil assistant surgeon, H. C. S., Bengal."

The importance of what the author and many others have (inappropriately) denominated Mesmerism, as a therapeutic (inappropriately) denominated Alesmorism, as a thorapout of a physician in spirit life, whom I took there some hours ago agent, and especially in its application to the practice of that his case is inflammation of the lunge; and unless he is surgery, has, perhaps, nowhere been so clearly demonstrated as in the practice of Dr. Esdalle, while he was employed in the service of the British East India Company. Some years since the results of that practice were presented to the public in a volume of some 260 pages, 12mo. As a collection of facts and experiments, observed and conducted by an educated man, and illustrative of the power of Animal Magnetism sation, and of the beneficent uses to which the same may be applied, we have met with no contribution to this department of literature that we have read with more interest and

Messrs. Fowler & Wells have recently published a cheap edition of this valuable work (bound in paper) at the low price of 85 cents. Address, Fowler & Wells, New York.

"THE SABBATH-School Bell: a new collection of choice Hymns and Tunes, original and standard; carefully and simply arranged as Solos, Duetts, Trios, Semi-choruses and Choruses, and for Organ, Molodeon, or Plano; complied and published by Horace Waters, 883 Broadway, New York."

The nature and object of this little work are concisely but fully set forth in the contents of the title page. We learn that nearly 100,000 copies have been required in one year to satisfy the public demand. Mr. Waters also devotes much of his time on Sundays and evenings to the musical training of children, with whom he is an especial favorite. In this useful capacity his services are beginning to be demanded in all directions. His familiar intercourse with the young folks furnishes them with an agreeable and profitable entertainment. His freedom and earnestness, tempered by his kind spirit and persussive manner, at once inspire the little people with confidence in themselves and the teacher, and they are sure to engage in the exercises with great interest and en-

We have also received from Mr. Waters several pieces of shoet music, the titles of which are as follows: "THE THOMAS BAKER SCHOTTISON, Composed by Augus

"Home or our Birth, (quartette,) as sung at the con of the Tremaine Family. Composed by Charles M. Tre-

maine." THE SWIMMING SCHOTTISCH. Composed by Augustus

Cull." THE "OH! GIVE ME DACK MY MOUNTAIN HOME, (quartotte.) Words and music by the Tremaine Family."

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DEVOTION. BY MISS A. W. SPRAGUE.

I worship at great Nature's shrine, Devout as any saint That bows before the "Great White Throne" The past has loved to paint: My Temple is the universe,

Its dome the arching sky, Its lamps the glorious, burning stars, The clouds its imagery. The Ocean my Baptismal Fount.

The "Holy Water" there; The fruits of earth, God's "Bacrament." And all may in it share; The earth my "Virgin Mother" pure, To whom I kneel and pray: "Ava Maria" says my soul-She answers me alway.

The Crucifix to which I boud Is God's own Bow of Light; I count the Stars, like Catholics That tell their beads at night; The morning mist that graceful floats And lingers on the hill. Makes e'en the mountain seem to me A nun, white-velled and still.

And oh, that mighty Organ grand, Whose countless thousand keys Are scattered through the universe, And swept by every breeze, How does my inmost spirit thrill-Spell-bound with magic wand-Beneath those grand and solemn strains,

I join this hymn of Nature's choir That binds me as a spell-With "Nature's Beautiful" in prayer I whisper "all is well;" 'Tis always Babbath unto me, And hallowed in the sod-One Priest is at my Altar there-That Priest, the living God.

Waked by the Master Hand.

Death and Resurrection of Dr. E. C. Cutter.

At our circle held on Thursday afternoon, December 8th, the following manifestation was given through Mrs. Conant.

Among the persons present only one had heard of the death of Dr. C., and he did not know whether the rumor was truth. The spirit was known to the public as an experimenter and lecturer on Mesmerism, and its kindred sciences, but not as a Spiritualist. We give the manifestation in this number, because it furnishes evidence of the ability of spirits to control mortal forms at a very early time after death. The spirit BOYB:--"Perhaps I begin too soon. My curiosity to know more of

this spiritual control was so strong that I fear it has made me a little indiscreet. The principle of mind controlling could not believe that a disembedied spirit could return and control a mortal form. I thought it might be possible, but I could not believe it could be done. But I see it is quite as easy to control after you change spheres as before the change. To be sure, I feel very weak to-day, and in what, if I were on earth, I should call a poor condition to control a

Previous to my death I had some conversation with different individuals regarding this phenomens, and I said, If It be my lot to pass to that unknown sphere before you, I will certainly return and give you some intelligence from that sphere; and I will do so as soon after death as it is pos-

sible for mo. What time is it, sir? Seven minutes past three? I thought there was some strong attraction elsowhere. My body is to be buried at this time this afternoon, and I must be there to attend to it. Good day, sir. DR. CUTTER."

[Here the control suddenly relaxed. But the medium entered into a clairvoyant state, and gave the following description]:-

"I see a coffin, and persons, as at a funeral. I see a bouquet of flowers, but cannot see the name upon the coffin. The corpse is some one about forty-three or forty-five years of age, I think. The room is not very large, and there are so many people here I cannot tell much about the things in it. There are pictures on the wall. It is in a wooden house-all around it is country; it is not in the city. The people are all strangers to me. I see the man whose body is to be buried. He is medium height, straight, dark blue eyes, hair brushed up; he looks very gentlemanly, stands very straight. I think I have seen him before. I can read the plate—"Died December 5th, 1859." Wait till the crowd separates, and I will try to read the name. "E. G. Cutter."

Who is that lady crying so? She is all in black. He wants me to tell you that he threw on abundance of magnetism to control me, and did not take it all away, and I followed him when he left. He did not intend it, but did it.

Why do they cry so? I do wish they would not. The name of the town is Neponset. He once kept in Tremont Temple. He died of fever. You can tell that by the lips. Can't you see? Everything is confusion here, and I wish I could go away. They make me so nervous, I shake all

[The inscription on the plate was read with some difficulty. and there is one error in the reading, if the report of his death given in the Journal of that day is correct. By that, Dr. C. dled on the 6th, and not on the 5th. It is not surprising that a medium, accidently in a clairvoyant state, as the spirit avers she was, should mistake the figure. She did not give the age, which was probably on the plate.]

Message to William Armstrong.

I come to ask you a favor. I understand you publish messages from spirits to their friends on earth. May I ask you a few questions? The first is-Can you publish one for me, before that long list I see you have? I have a brother about twenty-five miles from this place;

he is sick; he will die unless he is very careful. He does not wish to die-indeed, he fears death, though there is no need of that. He has a difficulty of the lungs. I am told by very careful, it will terminate fatally; so the immortals say. The physician says, tell him to wear what he calls a bag of fine flannel, filled with salt, across the upper portion of the lungs; make it about twelve inches long, and six wide, putting it on longthwise across the chest. That he shall wot it in brandy at night, and shall keep it on constantly. He is to use his own good judgment with reference to the stomach and bowels; he must be sure they are kept in an active and natural condition. He must use no tobacco. nor any spirituous liquors whatever. The doctor says, by following these simple directions, he will have a fair chan of doing well. He wishes me to say, that the sait and brandy,

applied externally, prevent hemorrhage. My brother's name is William Armstrong; my name was William Armstrong, also.

I have been dead-as the people of earth say-between wenty and thirty years; I was between eighteen and nine teen when I died.

You will say what you have received was given by William Armstrong to his brother William, of Lawrence, Mass. Can I depend upon an early publication?

L. L. Farnsworth, M. D.

The gentleman whose name stands above, has come to Boston to abide, and I will give the result of a careful consideration of his pretensions, having thoroughly tested him. He is an educated, medical gentleman, possessing pre-eminently clairvoyant and psychometrical powers. I gave the name of Mrs. Robbins, as written by herself, and he, while out of town, wrote a delineation that I could not surpass. Her acquaintances as readily recognized the picture as they would a daguerreotype. He mentioned her temperament, and a number of other things not noticed by other psychometrists but by Mrs. Mettler, described by Prof. Brittan, a fow weeks since. His powers more resemble hers than any other

He answers sealed letters differently from others. He cares not about the contents, but calls the spirit addressed to answer, and proceeds at once to write. He can read the letter, if necessary; but only does it to see that there is no deception by the spirit. This letter-answering I have seen. He also told me of some spirits that came to me, intercated in my friend, and said they passed away nearly fifty years since, which fact of the time of their passing away I have ascertained. A higher class of minds, capable of judging of evidence and what is truly a test will. I trust come to him, and they can learn if this is all fanaticism, fraud and

Dr. F. is very modest, genial and unpretending in his manner. I rejoice in such an accession to the cause of Spiritualism in Boston. CHAS. ROBBINS, M. D.

Charlestown, Dec. 8, 1859.

Notices to Correspondents.

J. G. W., NEW LONDON.-We have a large number of stories on hand for publication, but perhaps you can send us something better than we have got, S. S. W., MILTON, WIS .- Yes.

T. N. W., HANGOYE, N. Y.-It would be impossible to trace Wilder, without more information, if you wish material proof R. M., CRETE, ILL .-- You have been deceived in that mat ter. The communication could not have come from our minds. Your name has been sent to the Farmer office.

P. S., NEW YORK .- The "Movements of Lecturers" are printed on the seventh page, which goes to press Thursday night. Hence alterations cannot be made after that time, which accounts for the seeming negligence on our part to attend to your request.

K., McHERRY, ILL.-We send to clubs of four and upwards at \$1.50 per year-75 cents six months. You sent us no name, or we should have replied to you by letter. GEO. V. CONERY .- Where is your post office address? Your

letter did not state. H. F. M. B., CLEVELAND, Onto.—Those proof-sheets are out of our hands at present; when they are returned, we will remember your request.

Untruthful Spirits.

The Spiritual Age says that "the fact of spirit-manifestations, through almost every medium, proves the existence of untruthful spirits as clearly as that of truthful ones." Every well-informed Spiritualist, who has listened to communications through various mediums, and is not turned away from common sense by some favorite fanatical idea, can and will testify to the truth of the above.

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.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAMIS.

Contents or this Week's Bannes .- First Ruge-" Bertha

Log;" last week but one of this great story.

Second Page-"A Clear Conscience," by Mrs. L. M. Willis; The Feelings and Emotions," by Prof. Spence; "Our Popuar Bovarages," Third Rige-Poetry, "To an Inconstant Maid," by Lita

Barney; Mr. Chaplu's sermon, etc. Sixth Ruge-Two and a half columns of spirit-messages;

"Lillan," a poem by Mrs. Hudson Tuttle, dedicated to Mrs. Ann E. Porter; "Prison Papers—No. 3." Seventh Page-Poetry, "Twilight;" "Life-skotch of Hudson Tuttle," by Datus Kelly; "Mrs. Hardinge at Memphis,

Tenn.;" "Movements of Mediums," etc. Eighth Page-Mr. Boocher's sermon.

Bophia Howard, of Winchester, says John H. Kondall of that place is developed a good trance-speaking medium. Some men endeavor to have their own way in everything. When they are crossed in this particular, they are sure to bark. But a barking dog seldom harms any one. Clarendon

"Anger is the most impotent passion that accompanies the mind of man; it effects nothing it goes about, and hurts the man who is possessed by it more than any other against whom it is directed."

GRM. Scorr's MOVEMENTS .- The statement that Gen. Scott has returned to San Francisco, there to await further despatches from Washington, is pronounced to be incorrect. No further instructions are to be forwarded, and he has no reason to anticipate any. The real purpose of his visit to California is to examine the site of a proposed fortification at Lake Point in the State, and to pronounce on the necessity of such works there. Gen. Totten is his associate in the ommission.

FUNERAL OF JOHN BROWN .-- The funeral of John Brown took place at North Elba on Thursday. The body was borno from his house by six of his neighbors to a rock near by, under the shadow of which he had directed it to be laid. Religious exercises were previously held at the house, in which Rev. Mr. Young, of Burlington, Vt., officiated. Remarks were also made by J. M. McKim, of Philadelphia, and Vendell Phillips.

A Joint Committee of the Mississippi Legislature have reported a resolution to the effect that if a Republican Presiient of the United States be elected, the Governor be rejuested to convene the Legislature, provided other Southern tates adopt similiar measures with a view to self-protection.

This is the last week of the Rayels at the Boston

Sunnendering to Public Opinion .- The great painting of Venus leading the Trojans to the Latin Shore," by William age, is to be placed in the Boston Athenaum this week. They refused to receive it some months ago, from some prudsh modesty, and so the public have flocked to see it at Williams & Everett's store, on Washington street, and, those not ashamed of criticising "the human form divine," have, in the main, voted it a great work of art. Hence the action of the Athenaum directors.

In England, our common mullein is cultivated in pots, and called the "American velvet plant."

A GOOD ANSWER.-A young lady in a Sabbath School asked her class—"How soon should a child give its heart to God?" One little girl said, "When thirteen years old." Anether, "Ten," and another, "Bix." At length the last child in the class spoke: "Just as soon as we know who God is." Could there be a better reply?

LITTLE GRAVES. We find the following beautiful little gem floating about uncredited, in our exchanges:

There 's many an empty cradle, There's many a vacant bed, There 'a many a lonely bosom. Whose joy and light has fled; For thick in every graveyard.
The little hillocks lie— And every hillock represents An angel in the sky.

THE WELCOME GUEST, published at Gold Water, Michigan comes to us every week, laden with good things. Louden & Hackstaff extend a friendly hand for us to shake. We love to

CURE FOR TOOTHACHE-Alum and common salt pulverized, ubbed over a piece of wet list; and introduced into the cavity of the aching tooth. The best mode of chewing tobacco is to eschew it.

The Sunbeam says that "Prof. Folton occupies more space n his own estimation than any man we know."

"Wonderful things are done now-a-days," said Mrs. Sim mons. "The doctor has given Flick's boy a new lip from his check! Ah!" said the old lady, "many's the time I've known a pair taken from mine-and no very painful opera-

Betting is immoral; but how can the man who bets be worse than he who is no better.

NOBLE CONDUCT .- The Salem Register reports that Mr. Woodbury N. Mace, of Rye, N. H., made the most heroic exertions to save the lives of the persons on board of the schooner Clio, recently wrecked at Rye Beach: "The wreck lay about 900 feet from the shore, with a heavy undertow rolling in. The three survivors were seen clinging to the trunk cabin, where they remained for several hours, in danger every moment of being washed off, and they could they were went to pieces shortly after they were taken off. Mr. Mace and others drove a mile and a half in a sleigh, and, having procured a very light skiff such as gunners use, Mr. M., against the remonstrances of those who saw the danger. put off alone, made two trips, and brought the three surviors safely to shore. They were taken much exhausted to the house of Mr. Gilman C. Berry, who supplied them with clothing and food, and paid them every attention necessary until they could take the care for home. We trust that Mr. Mace's noble conduct will receive the notice of the Massachusetts Humane Society, as a case well deserving of their

Why is Page's Venus like a recently-composed song? ecause it is a nudity, (new ditty.)-Post

Thou mayest be sure that he that will in private tell thee of thy faults, is thy friend, for he adventures thy dislike, and oth hazard thy hatred; for there are few men that can endure it-every man, for the most part, delighting in selfpraise, which is one of the most universal follies that beitcheth mankind.—Sir Walter Raleigh.

AN ORATOR "STAGGERED."-Mr. Disraeli recently made n address at a conservative banquet in England, in which he made use of the following expression-"Gentlemen, I am not one of those who scatter ambiguous voices in the market place." There were some reporters eagerly catching up the pearls of eloquence which fell from parliamentary lips, and in one paper the passage was rendered thus-"Gentlemon, I am not one of those who stagger and use big voices in the market place."

Jo Ker advises those who are in the habit of putting their family coats-of-arms upon their envelops, carriage panels, etc., to read the first verse of the sixth chapter of Matthew Take heed that ye do not your alms before men, to be seen PAREWELL, BUT NOT FOREYER.

Forever means time out of date, Of which fools make but laughter. For if we part forever here, We'll surely meet hereafter. Then dry those tears, my lovely maid, In life we only sever-For though we now must say farewell,

'T is not farewell forever.

Man's Sins.—There are two great sins of men—druakenness in the lower classes; a still worse form of vice in the higher, which, I believe women might help to stop, if they tried. Would to God I could cry to every young working woman, "Never encourage a drunken sweetheart!" and to every young lady thinking of marriage, "Beware! better die, than live to give children to a loose-principled, unchaste father."—A Live for a Live.

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT TO WASHINGTON IRVING .- The Nov York Typographical Society, at a recent meeting, resolved to wear the usual badge of mourning on the left arm, and caused he rooms of the Printer's Library to be draped in mourn ing, as a tribute of respect to Washington Irving. Mr. Irving nanifested his interest in this society, of which he was nember, by contributing copies of his works to its library, and by otherwise assisting in its maintenance and promoting its prosperity.

A Union meeting was held in Fancuil Hall on Thursday, speeches were made by Edward Everett, Caleb Cushing, ex lovernor Lincoln, and others. The Hall was crowded.

THE HORSE VERSUS THE HOUND .- The comparative speed of he horse and foxhound is again to be tested in 1860, a match for 1000 guineas (half forfeit) having been made between the

Duke of Boaufort and the Earl of Winchlisea, to come off over the Beacon Course, at Newmarket, in the Houghton meeting next year.

Funny.-The editor of the Arcostock Pioneer has been prosented with a cabbage! which he duly acknowledges.

Talk about "mysterious knockings!" What is mere mysterious than the knocking of two huntan hearts, set in operation by the magnetism of youthful love?

John McDougal, who recently cloped from Urbana, Ohlo, with a Miss Jacobs, and soon after descried her, was met by

the brother of the girl, a few days since, and shot, fatally. A shrewd old gentleman once said to his daughter, "Be sure, my dear, you never marry a poor man; but remember, the poorest man in the world is one that has money, and nothing clse."

"Can you tell me, Bill, how it is that a rooster always keeps his feathers sleek and smooth?" "No," said Bill. "Well, he always carries his comb with him."

Amendments to the Constitution of the Harmonial Colony Association.

No. I. Lands.—Whenever any members of this Association who are entitled to any of its lands, shall potition the Trustees for a portion of its unappropriated domain for the purpose of joint-stock or common-stock proprietorship and mangement, the said Trustees shall set off to the said petitioners so much land, all in one compact body, and at cost, as the said petitioners are outlifed to. And all the provisions contained in Sect. 3, Art. 10, of the existing Constitution, which are inconsistent with the provisions herein contained, are hereby modified.

which are inconsistent with the provisions detected an archeropty modified.

No. 2. Commence.—Sect. 1. The Association shall provide an Entrepot, which shall be located in the centre of its domain, and be under the superintendence of a Commercial

an Entrepot, which shall be located in the centre of its domain, and be under the superintendence of a Commercial Council.

Sect. 2. The members of the Commercial Council shall be elected annually by the members of the Association, and shall give security for the faithful discharge of their duties.

Sect. 3. All useful commodities produced and deposited in the Entrepot by members of the Association, shall, upon such delivery, be apprized and paid for at their wholesale cash value by the Commercial Council. And the Commercial Council shall, if practicable, effect such exchanges, purchases, and sales as may be necessary to supply the Association with all the necessaries and comforts of life. And all commodities sold out of the Entrepot to members of the Association, shall be sold at cost.

Sect. 4. All payments made between this Association and its members shall be effected by means of Commodity Notes, unless the Association shall by vote declare the use of such notes to be unnecessary, and shall provide a sufficiency of some other circulating medium.

Sect. 5. The Commodity Notes shall be adapted to take the place of the current money now in use; and each Note shall be numbered, dated and signed by the Commercial Council, and the form thereof shall be as follows, viz.:

"No.—

Due to the bearer on demand at the Entrepot of the Council of the Council

"No. — (Date)
Due to the bearer on demand at the Entrepot of the Harmonial Colony Association, the sum of —— in merchandize. Sect. 6. At the end of each year, all current money realized on the sales of commodities sold out of the Entrepot during that year, shall be so used in the redemption of the Commodity Notes that it shall be divided among the bearers of the Commodity Notes in proportion to the amounts which their Commodity Notes represent.

Dr. Main's Eclectic Healing Institute.

Dr. Main's Eclectic Healing Institute.

Mzssas. Editoria—I am no friend to charlatanism or empiricisms; neithor can I give the slightest countonance to those presumptuous individuals who declare publicly that these presumptuous individuals who declare publicly that the grant of the same that through the powers of Sympathetic Clairvoyance, and the intinence of "laying on of hands," by one who really possosses the power of imparting the invigorating and revivifying influences to the human system, and by one who can also bring to his aid a scientific knowledge of all that pertains to physiology and the Materia Matica, much more may be done toward the alleviation of human suffering than has yet been dreamed of in the philosophy of the many theorists in certain schools of medicine. Without doubt there is good in all the theories in practice, and mischief in all. To make a strict scientific analysis of all, and to reject that which is ovil, and hold fast only to that which is good, has been the constant study of the subject of this letter through a long series of years, interrupted only by the practical application of the results of that study.

It has been my misfortune to meet with quacks of different degrees, and who, as a class, I heelfate not to say, deserve no other title, except that of impostore; and why? Because nine out of every ten cling to a particular theory, so narrow, so limited in itself, that the same treatment almost must serve the patient in all cases. Like Dr. Sangrado, in Gli Blas, who poopled the churchyards with his hot water and blood-letting remedies exclusively—the same treatment answering to heal al, and to cure all. Those who place their reliance solely upon the Clairvoyant gift, without possessing those valuation and indispensable auxiliary aids, knowledge, experie

One of this latter class, if both knowledge and observation

Soon world.

One of this latter class, if both knowledge and observation do not deceive me, is Dn. Charles Main, who possesses, in a degree more remarkable than we have ever witnessed in any other person, not only the measurel and clairvoyant power, and the power of minutely detecting symptoms of discase, internal or external majformations, or defects, but he brings as auxiliaries to this power, a scientific knowledge of the human anatomy, and that department of medicine which regards the discovery and application of the proper remedies for all discasses.

Through the solicitation of a friend, I was recently induced to visit Dr. Main's Ecicetic Healing Institute, at No. 7 Davis street, an establishment, however, which had many times previously been brought to my notice. My first impressions were of the happiest nature. His mansion is large and elegant, situated in a delightful street, with no objectionable surroundings. The rooms are large, well ventilated, and of most commendable cleanliness; and so arranged as not to bring the patients together, excepting patients from alroad, who desire to board for a brief or a long season, and wish to sit at Dr. Main's family table. City patients have equal accommendations, and their cases are attended to without delay.

It may be asked, "How is it possible for the Doctor to attend to so many nations." It may be asked, "How is it possible for the Dector to attend to so many patients?" We answer, he has trustworthy
and competent assistants in every department, but all cases,
however, pass under his immediate supervision and direction. The general arrangement of the household, and the
neatness and comfort which pervade it, we may be permitted to say, is due in a great degree to Mrs. Main, the inestimable lady of the doctor, who, like the famed Miss Nightingale, of Crimean neteriety, has also the faculty of administering solace to the afflicted, and assuaging the pains of the
wounded. my be asked, "How is it possible for the Doctor to at

ing source to the anneced, and assuiging the pains of the wounded.

During our visit we took pains to inquire into the many remarkable enres which have been effected during the past twelve menths at this institute; and we must confess our surprise at the unparalleled result. Scores of cases of malformation, scrofula dropsy, rheumatism, crysipelas, gout, cancers, tumors, spine and hip complaints, cancerous and other humors, and unsightly protuberances and excresseences are among the past year's results of the Doctor's skillful labors; and some of these cases, it is our duty to add, in spite of our prodilections for the aliopathic theory, have been cases actually given up as incurable by distinguished medical practitioners of this autiquated system. In addition to these, the Doctor has met with wonderful success in the cure of that class of diseases, incident to both exces, which in many cases lead to that fell-destroyer, consumption, if not properly treated.

many cases lead to that fell-destroyer, consumption, if not properly treated.

But we have not time, in this letter, to give you but a faint idea of Dr. Main's Eclectic Healing Institute; yet I shall deem it a duty, which every man owes to suffering humanity, to bring this establishment still further to the knowledge of all who require medical or surgical aid; and I know you, Messrs. Editors, will aid in promulgating any truths which may tend toward this great end.

Yours, fraternally, Simeon N. Janes.

December 5th. 1859.

"Dog Eat Dog."

NEW YORK, DEC. 4, 1850. DEAR SIRS—I have received your print, "The Dog Eat Dog State of Society," and have examined it with much attention. It is well done as a work of art, and is exceedingly ingeni-ous and forcible in its illustration of the ideas intended to be

Conveyed.

I am much obliged to you for it, and will hang it in my library, where many will see it, who will appreciate its merit as I do.

Yours, &c.,

Messes. Redding & Co.

ASTHMA .- From Rev. D. Letts, Frankfort, Ill .- "An old ASTHMA.—From Rev. D. Letts, Frankfort, Ill.—"An old lady of our acquaintance has been greatly afflicted with Asthma for many years, and has tried a multiplicity of prescriptions, with little or no effect. My wife sent her a part of a lox of the "Bronchial Troches"—after a few days we heard that she found great relief from their use, and to-day she sent a messenger some five miles to procure more: we had only one box left, but could not refuse it, "Brown's Bronchial Troches," or Cough Lozenges, are sold throughout the United States.

1p Dec. 17.

MISS ROSA T. AMEDEY Will lecture in Oswego during the nouth of January, 1860. Friends in the South and West desiring hor services, for Sabbaths, and week evenings, in the wo or three months following, will please address her at 32 Allen street, prior to Dec. 28th, and during the month of January care of J. L. Pool, Oswego, N. Y.

NAVIGATION, BOOK-KEEPING, WRITING, AND all the branches of a complete commercial education, practically taught at French's Mergantile Institute, 98 Tremont street, where Catalogues of references, terms, &c., may be obtained. Open day and evening to students of both sexes, Stationery free. Remember the No., 90 Tremont street, and that this institute has no connection with any other of a similar name in Boston.

M. P. SPEAR, A. M., GEO, A. SAWYER,

The 17

W. H. NUTTER, HEALING MEDIUM. THE BICK ARE HEALED BY THE LAYING ON OF Andreas 105 Pleasant street, Boston, Terms moderate.

Dec. 17.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Tanus.-A limited number of advertisements will be interted in this paper at fifteen cents per line for each inserion. Liberal discount made on standing advertisements.

MEDICAL TREATMENT—NUTRITIVE PRINCIPLE.

D. ALFRED G. HALL, M. D., PROPESSOR OF PRINCIPLE.

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The Messenger.

Each message in this department of the Harnes we claim was spoken by the spirit whose name it bears, through Mrs. J. H. Conart, while in a state called the Trance State. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tests of spirit communion to those friends to whom they are ad-

of sprit contained to the sprits carry the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond, and do away with the erronous idea that they are more than rining beings. We believe the public should know of the spirit world as it is—
should learn that there is evil as well as good in it, and not
expect that purity alone shall flow from spirits to morials.

Yo ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by
spirits, in these columns, that does not comport with his
reason. 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 froe to any one who may desire to attend. They are held at our office, No. 8 12 Brattle street. Boston, every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday afternoon, commoncing at malf-fast two octock; 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. 1746 to No. 1803.

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; Simeon Adams.
Saturday, Nov. 5.—"What do Spirits think of Honry Ward
Beecher?" "How shall man discern good from evil?" William Sebley.
Tuciday, Nov. 8.—"Is there any good in man?" James
Fairbanks, Philadelphia; Louisa Davis, Cambridge; John T.
Gliman, New Hampshire.
Wednesday, Nov. 9.—"How shall we know we commune
with Spirits?" Eliza Chase, Buffulo; Thomas Campbell; Peter Schroudher, Washington; John T. Gliman, Excer, N. H.
Friday, Nov. 11.—"When may we look for Christ's coming?" David Pease, New Hampshire; John Elton, Philadelphila: Abby Ann Tubbs, New Hampshire; Noah Blanchard, a; Abby Ann Tubbs, New Hampshire; Noah Blanchard,

phia; Abby Ann Tubbs, New Hampshire; Noah Bianchard, Boston.

Saturday, Nov. 12.—"Fatalism;" Rufus Long, Portsmouth,
England; Mary White, Concord, N. H.; Olive Hedge; Joseph Winship; Thomas Wainwright.

Tuesday, Nov. 15.—"Thou shalt not kill;" George Talbot;
Cornellus Coolidge, Boston; Juliet Hersey, Boston; William

Good.
Wednesday, Nov. 16.—"What is perfection?" George
Washington Bowman, Portsmouth, Va.; Nathaniel Hill, Thetford, Vt.; Charles M. Thorndike.
Theraday, Nov. 20.—"Was the natural body of Christ Resperfected?" Andrew J. Gavitt, Boston; Irene; Jeremiah

Mason.
Wednesday, Nov. 30.—"Shall the Jews return to Jeruss-lem?" Hannah Moore, Roxbury; Francis Stearns; Charley Robertson, New York:
Thursday, Dec. 1.—"Are there animals in Spirit-Life?"

Thursday, Dec. 1.—"Are there animals in Spirit-Life?"
Simeon Kilson, Galveston; Alfred Allen, Albany.
Saturday, Dec. 3.—" Whon and how shall there be a new
Heaven and a new Earth?" William Osgood, Boston; Sarah
Elizabeth Tilden, Boston; Patrick O'Brien, Boston; A Prayer.
Tuesday, Dec. 6.—" Is it right for men to buy and seil and
hold in bundage their fellow-men?" Daniel M. Wilson, Sacramento, Cal.; Mary Ann Tilden, Boston.

Hosea Ballou.

I was present last evening with one who was formerly a member of the church I used to preside over when I was in mortal. This friend and fellow churchman was holding a conversation with a Spiritualist, and he asked the following

"Why is it that the class calling themselves Spiritualists do so often forget themselves and run into all manner of sylle? If any spirit, or spirits, will satisfy me upon this point, I will become a Spiritualist. But I do not see how it is possible for them to sin, believing they are surrounded by their spirit friends, who are cognizant of all they do."

If the Bible be true, and my Christian brother believes it to be so, he will admit that all mon are born in sin, and we will not forget to rank Spiritualists among the number spoken of in the Bible. "Ali men are born in sin," says the Bible Now the Spiritualist is born in sin, and it will work itself out free from that individual at some time; and I see not why it may not as well do so while the believer in spirit communion is in full faith, as not

My brother fails to know that sin must be cast off by acts. If Evil is a principle of Nature, it must be cast off by deeds during the life, natural or spiritual, of the being. The Spiritualist may not forget his holy belief, and yet he may stretch out his hands and grasp at sin in a variety of forms. He may drink intoxicating drinks to excess, may cheat his neighbor, and curse, not bless, his enemy. Now when these manifestations are seen, we may be sure Nature is at work with a twoodged sword, cutting off the evil to get at the good.

If you see an individual committing any manner of sin, you must not wonder at it, for you may know that the party casts off a part of his inherent sin, by every act of Evil he commits. I contend it is just as necessary for the man who seems to be wrapped up in Evil to commit certain acts of sin, as it is necessary for him to live and move in your external life. He hath been created under certain auspices, or laws, and if he hath been given a little more of Evil than his neighbor, Nature must work the harder to throw it off. Now the Spiritualist may believe in spirit communion, and not be better at heart than the Methodist, the Baptist, the Orthodox,

or the Universalist. they should be better in heart that ther think The belief will not change the individual; the change will come by means of the out-working of a divine law; and as Nature hath provided a means whereby every child of God may become pure, he will become so. If one is to learn a lesson of wisdom by being led to commit a sin, the brother who stands beside should not censure, for Nature is working hard to give him wisdom by sin, and if one lesson is not enough another must be given. All men must be washed by a river of montal affliction, and that is sin. By sin men are redeemed, because sin brings punishment, and that punishment points the man to heaven. You may study in this school of experience this year, and the next, and third, but if you learn not wisdom, a fourth will be sent

upon you. The Spiritualist who is committing sin, is but learning his lesson from the great master, Experience; and if he does not learn his lesson well in the morning, he will be obliged to

study hard in the evening. My brother must not suppose that these manifestations of ain are devoid of God, for there is a light beneath, which is the reward. When men have learned the lesson of purity by sin and its punishment, then this God will be plainly

All bodies of men are moving to heaven in the right way. The Orthodox, the Methodist, the Unitarian, the Universalist all are right; and how? my brother will ask. Recause they are all walking in their several departments of life, and all working their way to eternal happiness, each in his own way. It will not do for the Methodist to say to the Universalist. You are wrong, and are destined to eternal damnation; it is a manifestation of ignorance. But we say again that

both are right.

During man's incipient course of life, all must pass through one of these departments. The Baptist says he would not be a Methodist, and the Methodist says he would not be a Universalist. Why? Because each, guided by the light within, cannot take in the belief of another. Buhold, God hath civen many stars in the firmament to guide each class of men in the way their nature demands. Just work out the nature within; gather not to yourself the bitter that belongs to your brother, nor the sweet that belongs to him. If you find in the circle of your brother something which is adapted to you, take it to yourself; but if you are repelled by that which is around him, go not there, for the light is antagonistie to that you have within. Bo, let Charity, that ever faithful angel, be always welcome with the Christian, the Infidel, with the Spiritualist, and with the evil-minded, for

Charity worketh no ill, but purifieth all things. I do not deem it well to give you the name of the friend I desire to come in rapport with, but I will give you minothat will do. Mine was Hosea Ballou.

Caroline Winters, to Amelia.

From the gloomy night of affliction, I hear a voice calling me. The voice is my sister's. My sister! she who was once, and is still, so dear to me. I find her now bereft of earthly friends, of health; that cup of clear water that she used to drink from has been taken away, and disease and death are now before her, and ever and anon I see her quaffing from the cup. And she calls upon me and says, "Come and tell me when I shall be released from this body of death, this mental hell." I would tell my sister she has many years to pass on earth; and, though she would fain welcome the angel of death, he hath not come for her. The master hath much for her to do, and he hath opened a door whereby she shall escape affliction. And that door hath been opened through me. Nature is our mother and our father, and I

mother and father. I will tell her that ere the present year that makes her crazy; and if she knows I can come to her, shall pass out, and a new one be welcomed, she shall be she wont dose any more. restored to health; and when that blessed gift shall be hore.

Oh, you're writing a letter! Oh, yes, that will do; will may she not forget the source whence it comes. Too long my slater linth said, "I am forgotten by my God. He hath forgotten me—I am no child of God." Had she seen the angels

Bjonce. It's most a year I've been dead. I died after Now had forgotten her.

Tell my slater that our brother, whom we thought dead in childhood, still lives in mortal, and soon after this message and expect us, she will let her know we are there. She reaches her, will be with her; for I, through his medium expects to do a lot of good. powers, have caused a light to dance about him; and through them I will not only give her the gifts she needs, but I will too; I was squeezed up, I,did n't die then, but I had a fever unfold the bud of mediumship I see within her-and she and my head swelled up-and that's when I died. shall live, and live to bless humanity.

This is truth, not fiction; but my sister may believe when have me. Nebedy swears around me; and when you don't she tastes the fruit of proof. I do not ask her to believe hear other fellows swear, you don't want to, 'cause it looks until I give her to taste of the fruits of Heaven.

Eighteen years ago I left my elster for the spirit-world. We were twins in form; and I would have her to know our spirits are united; that I have never wandered far from her. but have over watched over her.

Names you ask for? From Caroline, to Amolia L. Winters of New York City.

Oh, Pather of spirit and mortal 1 do thou in mercy so watch I like to stay. over, by thy guardian angels, the message I now desire to send to the loved one in form, that it shall reach her. And do thou so inspire her with faith that she shall speedily acknowledge thy power and glory. And when thy mercy heavenly mansions, I will rejoice with thy children of love, is Rebecca Fratt; I lived in Boston in 1859, in October, because thou hast so blessed me to-day.

"What is Charity?"

This is the question given for our consideration this after-Shall we call her the guardian angel of the philanthropist? he angel of God, who is ever reaching out his hand to upraise the fallen-who is ever laboring to unbind the shackles that enslave mankind-who is ever dispensing temporal these things. and spiritual gifts to the needy-who cometh to the humane at morning, noon and eventide, whispering, "Go ye to the fallen of mankind, and give to them of Love, Mercy, and a hope of Salvation?"

Yos, such is Charity. And, behold, she taketh not up her abode with the lefty of your time; with the self-righteous, who dispense their gifts, that the world's trumpet may sound It far and wide; that the world may hand down their names from generation to generation. No; for self-rightcousness hath ever barred the door against the angel Charity.

Nor do we find Charity existing with the humane institutions which flood your land; for lo ! they give to be seen and leard of men. For lo! they gather themselves together, not that they may dispense God's gifts to the hungry, but that hey may be upraised on the wings of popularity. No silent whisperings of love are heard in their midst. The angel ath long since taken up his flight from thence; and we behold the saule-winged raven brooding over them. Turn back to the record of olden time, when one of lowly (

estate came casting her mite into the treasury of the Lord, and the voice of the Most High saith, in thunder-toucs, She giveth more than all, because she giveth in true chari-She cometh with the angel of Love, and hath invoked his blossing upon it, saying, "I have given willingly all I my brother is not aware of the existence of such a person have. I give not that I may be seen of men and women, nor that my name may be seen far above others." Here abideth

As we wander through the wealth-crowned palaces of your land, we search in vain for Charity. True, we find the beggar is often fed, often clothed; but Charity clothes him not, Charity feeds him not, for she dwells not there. The gift is but the offspring of a love of popularity, a desire for praisethat bubble that lives for a time upon human lips, and then dies and vanishes to nothing—that spark that glistens for a time in the atmosphere of the individual; but when the angel of Love passes by, it is gone, for God hath nothing to do with it. Charity clothes the poor and feeds the hungry, because she lover to do so. She seeks the poor in their lowly condition, because she finds peace in so doing. And she goes at midnight, when the bustle of life is hushed, and her footatens are found in the chamber of the sick one. She goes at times when the would-be charitable have folded their arms n slumber, thinking little of the angel Charity. Behold, she goes then among the lowly, dispensing Heaven's best

If you would be truly charitable, if you would court the angel of Peace, you must obey the promptings of her lawyou must cultivate Love, for she dwelleth not where love is never found. She is not attracted to those who have no cor responding points in their own nature; who give not because heir spirits are elevated in life by the thankful spirit of the

Oh, Charity! thou mighty angel, how few there be that inderstand thee! No wonder they ask us to come and introduce them to thee. Charity, then, dwelleth not with th haughty of earth. We find her not with any class of Chris tians. Behold I all religious dogmas are without this ange -for solf-love, bigotry and pride are repulsive to her; she is not attracted to these, nor could she be, for the law of he divino nature forbids it.

Charity may be called one of the buds of eternal life; and he or she who carrieth it not in their bosom will full of har piness, either here or in the world to come. He or she who eveth to do good, will hardly walk in thorny places; for, behold, the roses will be without thorns, and the divine light will shine upon them, and their way shall be pleasant indeed

We would not say we find no charity on earth, for it is no so. A bright star often shoots across the path of humanity in the form of some one who loves to seek out the lowly o parth-he or she upon whom the hand of disease bath fellor We find such seeking out and administering, not only to their omporal wants, but the spiritual.

This is Charity I and oh, if our questioner will understand her as she is, and be governed by her hely law, more light more peace shall dawn upon him than he knoweth of. Bu while he sitteth in his temple of self-righteousness, dispens ing his estate, that he may be seen of men, his name will no oe found in heaven-we find it not written there now.

Love, the twin-sistor of the angel Charity, ever watched with her, and we find this inscription upon her brow: "Do unto others as you would they should do to you." Walk in this path, and you shall all find joy in the Jerusalem of our Nov. 2.

John Moore, London,

My name was John Moore. I was born in the city of Lon don: I died in London last July, and I was sixty-eight years f age.

I have a daughter here in Boston, and I wish to speak with per. I was formerly employed at Crosswell's manufactory who manufactured sauces of various kinds. I was sick fou nonths, troubled with my head, stomach and bowels.

I would like my daughter Elizabeth to go home, for her mother's sake. She is alone. You will say I was employed at Crosswell's, to distinguish

me from others of my name. His place of delivery was Scho Square, London. I bottled at the manufactory.

I would like to know, sir, if I can speak to my daughter

Philip Curry.

Hallo, Mister! is it me that'll speak all the time? You rants to know lots of things, and I'll forget what you want if somebody does n't talk to me.

My name was Philip Curry. I was cloven years old; and my father's alive, and my mother's alive, and I'm dead. Shall I tell you how I died? First place, I guts my foot, and then I catched a cold, and I had a fever, and my head swelled all up, and I didn't see at all; but I remember how I took the medicine.

I wants to tell my father and mother that I can come back and do a good many things, and that I wasn't gone away when the funeral was. I was dead, in the coffin, and I was up too. I was there twice. No, that is n't it; I had two bodies-one was dead, and the other was n't. I could'n't speak with it, nor make anybody see it. Yes, sir, I made dead folks see it; but I tried to make my father see it, and they was looking at the body in the coffin all the time. Me father was a drayman. I never lived in Boston; I lived in New York. Don't you live there? Aint this New York? Who brought me to Boston! I didn't look round, sir: I

came right here. My mother's sister, Louisa Percy, is here with me; Charlotte is her first name. She was eighteen years old when she | blinded eyes of the ancient, and our adopted goddess, and let died, and she died before I over see her. I never know her her see the wrongs that lead to error and to crime. Then but my mother knew her. She was never married. My mother is crazy a little, sometimes, since I died, and my aunt partial justice, and in mercy hold the balance; for justice says, if I go to her, and she knows I can, she wont be crazy should combine the power to perceive and the wisdom to exany more. My mother drinks beer sometimes, and my aunt ecute in harmony and in right, without which Justice indeed

would have my sistor to know she is not forgotten by her little boy; and since I die, she feel so had that the drink, and

who stand around her bed, she would not have thought God Yvar's, in 1867. It do n's seem like so long, sir, as three years most; but I'm suro I died in 1857.

My Aunt Louisa says, if my muther will sit down to a table,

The glass went into my foot at a fire, and then I was hurt, Tell my mother I don't swear now; she didn't like to

mean to swear all alone. Will I go away from this medium? I don't want to.

cause I like to stay. I would go, if I could ride, and take this body with mo. Can't you stay till you get tired? Must I go back to what I was? That's a protty way to do; get a fellow here, and just as he likes to stay, tell him he must go. Good-by. I do n't know how to go. Yes, she shows me, but Nov. 2.

Rebecca Pratt.

I think I'd give all the world if I could speak to some one of my family. It does n't satisfy a spirit at all to come here and love shall call me, thy child, to brighter scenes and more | and speak; but perhaps I came here too soon. My name

Oh, dear, it's so strange! I can't understand it. I was pretty old-most seventy-and died of no particular disease. Oh, tell them I'd give the world to speak. My husband is ere with me, and helps me. I have children with you, and I want to speak with any of them.

What is the matter? This do n't feel like me-my clothes are too tight—I can't breathe. Shall I die over again? Oh, take these clothes off and lay me down, for I can't die in

Samuel Willis.

The old lady did n't leave coals enough, nor wood enough o make a fire, hardly. But then it wa'n't her fault; she did n't know how to manage the ship.

I believe you have a fashion of sending letters for anybody that's a mind to come to you. I have a brother in New Orleans. Louisiana. His name is

Francis II. Willis-mine is Samuel. He is forty-one years of age, and I am thirty-eight.

I died in New Orleans three years ago of fever, and I have never had an opportunity of coming before. I have a little ousiness I wish to square up with him. It will not do any harm to give him a little account of what the business is, will it? It is a little affair about the bark Maria, Say that If I can speak with him, I can square all up.

I think it's an easy one to go, and a hard one to come back. I had to fight harder to get into this body than to get out of mine.

I was mate of the bark Maris. My brother was part owner, and so was I.

I have something else I wish to speak about-my child, for I have one. Perhaps it will be well for me here to say that But if my brother will give me an opportunity of speaking with him, I will put him in possession of facts and a good understanding of the case.

I supposed I should have been done with all such business affairs when I had done with earth; but the same affairs trouble me. I am not easy, and wish to throw them off. It is a hard way of doing it, this coming back; but it is the only way.

I don't suppose it is necessary for me to talk any further with you. I think I have given enough to identify mycelf. Are people in going out of this port apt to have head winds? Nor need a pilot? Have to be pilot master and crow? Well, sir, a fine day, and a fair wind, whichever way Nov. 2. you go.

Written for the Banner of Light. LILIAN.

BY EMMA D. R. TUTTLE. Dedicated to Mrs. Porter.

Thy Lily, the pet child of Beauty, is dead i Greep softly, ye myrtle vines, over her bed, Droop your blue blossoms low o'er her young head, Thy flowers cannot number the charms of the dead.

Sing low songs, ye blue-birds, o'er Lilian's grave: Do n't rustle the leaflets that over her wave; Don't splash in the brooklet your pure breasts to lave ; Keep mystical quiet 'round Lillan's grave. A gay bird of Paradise, earthward she came:

Love framed her a cage, but he was not to blame: Love worships the beautiful-all do the same. She flew back to Eden, the land of her birth.

Earth gave her a welcome, a home and a name :

With a name on her wing which was written on Earth; "Charles Herbert"—'t will linger through decades of years. Sweep o'er her pure spirit, with smile-light and tears.

Her image shall have the best niche in my heart. Till it and its worship for beauty shall part-Till I meet her in Eden, by Doath's mystic art. Walnut Grove Farm, Nov., 1859.

PRISON PAPERS.

BY A PRISONER.

"Make yourself brother to every man. Recompense no man ovil for evil. Be not overcome of ovil, but overcome evil with good."—Binls.

Number Three.

IMPRISONMENT FOR CRIME.

In the commencement of this article, I desire to say, that, n speaking of the sufferings of the prisoner, and the evils of the system of man's punishment for crime, I wish not to be understood as attaching personal blame to any-cither to the judge who administers the law, or the officers who execute it; but to the system—the wrongs of the system—I desire all I may say to be accredited.

The judge, in the stern dignity of his official character, may appear cold and unfeeling; but as a man, when he retires at night, from the duties of the day to his unbroken and happy family circle, and, as the cold, bleak wind of winter blows flercely without-while he realizes the comfort of his own domestic tranquility and happiness-may he not think kindly of the widowed wife, the orphaned children, the home he has made desolate by the storn, cold sentence of the law he has that day pronounced upon the husband and the father? Who but God and angels can analyze the deep, interior feelings of his soul, even when pronouncing the sentence of the law upon the prisoner before him?

It is the system that pronounced the maxim, "Judex damnatus cum nocens absobritur"-the acquittal of the criminal is the condemnation of the judge. It is the system that ecognizes the right to punish, that causes the judge to "lean to the presecution," as he is so generally understood to do.

But do not, kind reader, understand me to refer individual y to any, as I would not add one feather to the vast weight of that responsibility that conscientious judges and prosecuting attorneys must ever feel resting upon them. Neither do I desire unkindly to refer, individually or collectively, to the executors of the law; but it is the law, and the system under which the law is made, that I condemn. It is the universal administration of justice, as justice is understood and administered in the criminal law, that I hold to blame.

A blind goddess was the ancients' conception of justice; and this figure has been continued, until the human mind has almost lost the true idea of the eternal and Godike at-

True justice is not blind, but far seeing and far searching it penetrates the secret avenues of the soul, and with divine power and wisdom descends to the minutim of human life. It sees the causes, the minute particles that go to make up the sum of human existence, of human right and wrong, and in its balance weighs the certain and just result. It is true, with God's Eternal Justice, the past, the present, and the futare, is one ETERNAL Now. But is it not well to unfold the may she be less strict in the performance of superficial and says she will be as bad as she was once, if she goes on. She is blind, and may well be chained to the errors of the past. leave it off, and did n't take any for a long time, since I was " It is the system—rns laight to runish—that freezes up

turns the notic, kind and humane man into the cold, store, and unfeeling disciplinaries.

The officers are not sligwed to converse with the prisoners or the prisoners with each other; and how society and the off as he is from all social life and enjoyment, and debarred by the law and prison discipline from the practice of those virtues, requirements and nocessities of his nature that suciaty regard as evidences of referenation, and the practice of which alone can fit him for the duties of social life

The principle is, that the prisoner obtains the best character, who strictly obeys, and lives within, the rules and discipline of the prison. And yet this discipling is only suited to THE CONDITION IN LIVE IN WHICH THE CRIMINAL IS PLACED FOR THE TIME BEING. AND IN PUNISHMENT FOR HIS CRIME.

Now what reformation can be expected, without any practicable or performed advantages, on the part of the prisoner during his confinement. I am at a loss to determine. Society assumes that one object of the restraint of his liberty is re formation. Now in order to reform any intelligent human being, of vicious, bad, and misdirected habits, you must no only show him in what manner his reformation is to be efprinciples you inculente. It is not enough to confine him from his vicious habits, and prevent him from their practice, but you must cause him to feel the virtues and good you teach, and give him an opportunity and induce him to practice the principles of the reformation imparted, and that socloty assumes to demand to form his mind and fit his characvain and sickly idea of reformation, under the present system adopt a spirit toward the criminal that will change the entire form and character of prison discipline.

Under the present system, the prisoner attends church on Sabbath morning, but under such stern and iron rule of discipling as freeze up his soul to the current of noble thoughts that sometimes flow, in bright streams of living truth and beauty, from the lips of the speaker; hence, no real good is ffected, even by this spark of humanity.

ffe eats his daily bread in shame of countenance and bitternoss of heart; and oh! how often is be attended to the prison-house by doubtful honesty, unnatural law and mockery of Justice, which, when stripped of their assumed forms, re undisguised hatred, retaliation, malice and revenge.

No approbation stimulates him to exertion; no reward awaits his success, but to his daily toll and constant labor is he marched in silonce, in bitterness and woo, while he is robbed of his daily labor, and his earnings, which belong to his wife and children, are swallowed up in the maw of the

Let his enemies, his keepers and the world think of him reply; do what they will, he cannot resist; even the law of offence, he seeks to acquire that which he thinks necessary self-preservation is abrogated in his person. A slave—a tool to his individual prosperity and happiness; thus he acts upon used, managed, directed, controlled-insulted, enslayed, punished, and made the ignoble and immobile recipient of the most stern and unfeeling passions of the human mind. Such IS the PRISONER-A MAN-A BROTHER-AR IMMORTAL BRING. He has no practical importance, and, I might almost add, no useful existence—unless it is as the unfortunate scapegoa open whom the misdirected passions of man can expend their force and fury without dishonor or repreach. It almost come that no coertion imposed—no punishment inflicted no sentence pronounced upon him, are, in the eyes of the law and honest men, disreputable, dishonorable or unjust. Is he a criminal? Away with him-crucify him, crucify him -is the language to-day, as it was eighteen hundred years ago. Hence the prisoner's welfare depends entirely upon he goodness, kindness and humanity of his Judge, his Jailors, and his keepers; and this goodness, this kindness, and this humanity depend not upon the demands of justice and the aw, under the present system of treatment, but the mercy, nd, not unfrequently, the caprice of its officers.

LOVE must cast out PEAR, and human kindness and brotherly sympathy replace tyranny and oppression. The two principles cannot exist together in the government of prisons and the treatment of the criminal: either the one or the other must yield the conquest; either we must advance into Love, or recede into the dark ages of absolute and solitary Fear. May God and angels protect the poor, specchiess and unrepresented prisoner from the latter fate. Remember, my kind reader, that he has no one to speak for him; no kind word is uttered in his behalf. He is not represented in the great heart of humanity. His interests alone are unrepresented in this great and glorious country, and yet, his forefathers may have purchased our national liberty with their lood. Or, has he no interest, no rights? Is he indeed the oulless being I have described? Is he indeed an outcast, an utterly worthless thing, in this world of beauty? As such he is treated; as such he is condemned and punished, without care, without a thought of his humanity, and with the most perfect indifference, scorn, newlect, or shame. And yet my kind reader, he is a man and thy brother. Think of him for a moment, penned-up in his dreary, lonely cell, rudely senarated from all that is near and dear to him-his home his suffering family and sympathizing friends, and those that know and love his inner and better life, as he now addresses you, and ask your own heart what good can balance this terrible wrong?

vent him from injuring others; but do not in turn retaliate by injuring him. This you have no right to do. But how shall this be done? Is it possible, that with the light o ninoteon hundred years-nay, years innumerable and cen turies unnumbered-with the noble, pure and sublime theory of the Good Master, the divine mission, the hely benevelence, and sacred charity of the Great Messiah, that the human mind, with all its wondrous and Godlike wisdom of the present age-with burning science continually opening up new avenues of nower and thought, is, alas! too feeble t grasp the remedy for this heavy and mighty wrong? I will not, I cannot believe it! Some glorious John Howard wil yet appear-some noble deliverer will yet come to gladden and redeem the suffering thousands—to raise the cloud from riminal humanity, and illuminate the world with the bright

iess of a new discovery. It is said there is no wrong without an adequate remedy and this remedy I propose to prayerfully seek, for one of the nost unmitigated wrongs that ever inflicted humanity. It seems to me that the dawning light of a great remedy, like some continent of future prosperity and happiness, is already dawning upon the world, in the opening spirit of agitation, that has, like the tocsin that calls the world to arms against tyranny, oppression and wrong, sounded its appeal to Reason Justice and Humanity. The genius of agitation, and the nower of thought, cannot long fail to accomplish this glorious end; and the triumphant shout of Euneka, and the burning cymbal of Excelsion, will brighten the heart of man in the estoration of the fallen to the dignity of his race.

This idea of force, coertion and punishment toward the criminal, is very much like the policy of the government in exterminating the Indians, and for which the just and hu none should have just as little sympathy. The one is a other is an arbitrary and heartless exercise of tyrant power The amount of treasure expended in either of these mistaken noble object of reformation, redemption and restoration to society of the one, and to the elevation, civilization and cultivation of the other, would add bright jewels to the glorious rights of man.

The hatred of tyranny is innate in the human mind: and very existence of which depends upon it; as it is impossible to done that the absolute and arbitrary authority, exercised in the government of the prison, in its stern and iron discipline, and the constant and terrible fear it imposes upon its victims, is of the most oppressive and tyrannical character. It is true there are many prisons, and to the honor of Humanity be it said, the administration of which endeavor to make this nower as little objectionable as possible; but then there are others whose officers seem to delight in the arbitrary exercise of its injustice and cruelty. As there are some who seem born with natural or innate proclivities to lic and steal, so again are there others who seem to inherit a natural disposition to wrong and injure-oppress and tyrannize those whom accident misfortunes or crimes, if you will the natural bent of their own characters, become the unfit instruments of punishment to others. Sometimes, however, unjust and inhuman policy, in which case, his own high and conscious fuclings have to be sperificed to the stern demands of the law and prison discipline, with but little power to soften the rigor of the system.

wholesome and necessary to human happiness but no exer- the general mass. Thus the congregation of many where no

the warm blood of humanity in the voins of its officers, and clee of that power should be based upon any other hypotheels. No punishment should be felt to be inflicted; for at the moment that punishment is forced upon the mind, the right to restrain becomes unjust and the power tyrannical. In the course of these "papers," I shall attempt to show that the world can expect a practical reformation of the criminal, cut false exorcise of power, used in the punishment of the criminal, is absolutely unnecessary and is not even expedient. Oh I how false and pernicious has been the system of reasoning upon this subject. Society scome to have thought, that to pen up the vice was to destroy the evil; but the victim comes forth from his prison-flouse, tenfold more the child of Hell than he was before. One dangerous faculty-DECEITbecomes a necessity of his existence, and, like the fabled box, it must produce its attending train of evils. Oh! when will society and the world learn that they are festering in their midst sinks of poliution and nursuries of crime, in the rapidly accumulating jails and prisons of the land?

tered, that have as a basis of thought, love to God and our brother man-and how beautifully are they applied to all other subjects, but how sternly are they denied to this? Freedom possesses a charm for the human mind, the absence of which no other advantage can compensate. In the fected, but you must require him to practice the virtues and life of the prisoner is not only this charm removed, and no advantages bestowed to supply its place, but its absence is attended with all the wrongs that human ingenuity can in-

How many maxims, sentiments, truths, have been ut-

vent. Not a green spot is left in the pent-up garden of his heart; but his whole nature is darkened by the iron heel of tyranny and power, and he becomes the victim of the passions they create. Instead of love to expand, benevolence ter for future usefulness and honesty. But the sooner the to enlarge, Justice to strengthen, truth to purify, and a soul to save, all the lower faculties of his perverted and misof punishment, is abandoned, the better for the prisoner and directed nature are brought into daily and constant action to the world; for then the world will the sooner fearn that re- expand and enlarge and form his future character. Thus formation is an essential element of human restraint, and disgrace to contract, shame to shrink up, contempt to lessen, crime to dishonor, injustice to weaken, punishment to corrupt, and a soul to be morally damned within him. I grant, however, that the system accomplishes just what is Intended-retaliation, punishment and cruelty; but it neither prevents crime, nor reforms the criminal. It does, however, educate him for a continued life of crime, and place him again in society to perpetrate and perpetuate the wrongs that the system has retaliated upon him. It may be safely estimated that ten thousand criminal human beings are thus yearly made the ignoble recipients of this dark and fatal policy, and annually turned upon society with the awful-

incubus of this terrible wrong upon them. It is generally the case, that the man whose condition. misfortunes, or defective organization, causes him to yield to the commission of crime, is possessed of an open, kind, generous and sympathetic nature. His hand is always open to the poor, and his car is never deaf to the cry of want, suffering and distress. He cultivates, too, the germ of kindness and sympathy in his soul, for the suffering and unfortunate. and seeks to relieve many, as a kind of atonement for the as they will, he cannot defend; say what they will, he cannot wrongs he has done. Perhaps, in the commission of his first an idiot—a nondescript—a thing disgraced, degraded and the world's system of moral ethics, and does evil that good ondemned—a body without a soul—an automaton, to be may come. But this, his first crime, to his unhappiness and misory, he finds, steeps his soul in suffering, pollution and woo-a sure prophecy of the dread punishment that attends the wrong-and in misery and agony he exclaims, "Would to God that I had died!" Well and truly has it been said that "suffering and unhappiness loosen and weaken the ties that bind us to earth."

It is true, there are men who live a whole life of criminal insanity-for I can call it nothing else-and these unfortunates must be so restrained as to prevent the perpetration of great wrongs, if they cannot be cured, and restored to harmony and the world. But reformation, or cure, should be the sole and entire object of the restraint. The victim should feel this, and be taught to look upon his retreat from the world as a blessing, and not a curse. Then will be strive to cast out the ovil within him, and seek happiness and peace. in harmony and love. Thus may he be restored to his family, his friends, society and the world. Thus will an immortal soul be saved, and another spirit added to the redeemed and blest. With this beautiful and hely thought in view, who is not willing to extend the hand of love and kindness to the poor prisoner, and help to make his spirit free? No act of kindness is ever lost upon him, but becomes incorporated with his being, and lives in his soul, a holy picture of the memory. Oh, how deeply does he dwell, in his narrow and lonely cell, upon each act of kindness, upon every word of sympathy he receives, and treasure the remembrance as pictures in his daily life! They are beacon lights to guard his weary soul from the false quicksands of his wandering life—nay, they are stars of hope to guide his rudely-tessed and stormwrocked bark into a harbor of placid waters-into a haven of future security. Oh, add and multiply these acts of beneyolence, and gently pass the mantle of charity over the wrongs, the follies and crimes of the past, and where is the prisoner, thus treated as A MAN, A DROTHER, so base, who would stand unredeemed among us?

It was thought, to abolish the cruelty of corporeal punish ment, in some of the prisons, and even in the gallant navy would at once open the door to insubordination and disobedia ence, and result in open rebellion and mutiny. Such has not been the case, but, instead, when the law of kindness and humanity has been instituted in place of tyranny and oppression, that good results have followed. Now let the prin. ciple be extended, until you do away with all idea of punishment; and let reformation, and reformation alone, be the object and principle of individual restraint, and respect, conence and human sympathy replace four, degradation, con tempt and shame, in the treatment of the criminal, and the government of the restrained and the work of reformation will be blest with permanence and success. Change the name and character of the places used for this purpose; instead of Jails, Prisons and Ponitentiaries, call them Sources OF PROGRESS, RETREATS OF LEARNING, AND ASSLUMS OF Reronm. Build them with more care to the welfare of the mind and the spiritual and moral elevation of their inmates. Don't let stone and iron, with all its weight and oppression of unnumbered tons, weigh down the victim, and crush his soul to earth. There is no necessity for the vast piles of rock and the accumulated tons of iron now in constant use in the erection of prisons, unless it is that they are intended -as they must perhaps, unwittingly become, monuments of oppression and wrong to after ages—to hand down to future generations as dark yet living representatives of a past and intellectually barbarous ago-i. e., with great wisdom in the force principle, but with a desert barrenness, where no flowers of beauty bloom, in the principle of love. Oh, do away with them altogether, and let them no longer darken our fair cities—our otherwise free and glorious country—with their moral desecration-usurping the place of bright gardens and cheerful grounds—homming up the soul in sinks of moral pollution, and chaining the free, searing and immertal spiris

in hecatombs of living death. All innovations upon the erroneous systems of our ancestors have been attended with reformation, and followed by improvement, and why not this of meting out right for wrong-mercy for error-humanity for crime? The spirit that resists force by force is barbarous and wrong, and in direct violation of the Christian's plighted faith. Let me here say to the Christian reader, that the life, character, teachings and sufferings of Jesus are set at naught while the Christian world tolerates this dark system of retaliation-of violation of the most sacred rights of humanity, while the evil for evil-wrong for wrong-and suffers with its tacit, nay, open and acknowledged sanction and consent, this dark incubus, like a dense black and storm-gathering cloud, to policies, is almost incalculable, and which, if employed in the exist in the moral world. Let the spirit and the hely teachings of the gentle Nazarine, after eighteen hundred years, be put into practical operation and use, and no longer exist, exclusively in theory. Let the Christian religion be clevated to a practical truth, or, rather, let the frue principles of the Great Master be made the rule and practice of the Christian's this fact is a striking proof of the injustice of a system, the life, and prison walls will crumble to the dust. Let the Christian church withdraw its moral power from its support, and this dark wrong will no longer desecrate the earth.

Is nothing due from the present age to posterity? If notand who shall dare say it?—then I grant that reformation in the treatment of the poor, misdirected prisoner exists alone, in a natural sympathy for the individual sufferer; but even this should demand our carnest attention.

Could you see the spiritual atmosphere that rises from the two hundred unfortunates in this prison, with the thousands thus confined elsowhere, you would shudder at the dark and sombro hue—a constant cloud of blasted hopes and crushed affections, continually ascending from the throbbing brain, through which no sunshine of love and hope over scintilate, you would begin to realize the dark and baneful influence have placed under them; and this class too frequently, by that constantly attends this class of suffering humanity, and feel its power upon the world for its own reproduction. The very fact of so many being confined in dreary walls together, a just and humane man becomes the administrator of this produces a sympathy that augments the cylis of crime, and enlarges the circle of its power by forming these nuclea as discs of darkness from which to radiate-I should say darkon, the world. Each brain has accumulated to its fullest extent the dark particles of the ascending cloud, and, in I do not propose to deny that there are restraints that are turn, gives and reciprocates its own, while contributing to

and enlarge and blacken the atmosphere of crime. When freedom dawns upon a single victim, and he is bleat with restoration to liberty, he goes forth with the weight and in-cubus of this cloud upon him, and he, and his innocent and unoffending posterity, must ever live beneath its shade. being acted on unconsciously. Soon, however, his mind be-How fow there are whose ancestors have not been tainted came impressed with the subject, and a sentence given, and with crime, in some one or kind of its many and multifarious when finished, another sentence, and so on to the close. At visitations in the world, in the history of the past? And, as the present time he writes more by impression, and cometimes the past struggled manfully to redeem the errors of the age, wholly so. On a new subject with which he is unacquainted so should ALL now strive to brighten and clovate the present, he writes unconsciously, not knowing the contents until he and gladden the future with its coming joy. Our posterity reads it; this, however, is not often the case. He occasional are as dear to us as we were to our ancestry; and as they ly, but rarely, speaks in a perfectly unconscious trance con reformed and bettered the ages before them, so should we progress and reform those they have left. Thus, should the grand work of progression and its attending reformation, go on increasing in virtue and goodness, until discord and human misdirection are banished from the world, and the nations sit down in peace, harmony and wisdom together.

I do not know that I shall be able to continue these "papers" beyond the first of January, as the administration of the Prison changes at that time; but I hope I may, as I now feel that volumes of truth and progressive thought may be written upon this subject. Oh, that I could speak to the world upon it. I cannot chain my thoughts to paper, as I seems inspired with a burning elequence, radiant with gran-deur and beauty, yet mingled with a simplicity and carnestness that flows in streams of gratitude and joy o'er the troubled waters of my inner life.

I received a cheering letter to-day from my respected and esteemed friend, Rev. Jesse B. Ferguson, one of the true and noble reformers of the age, and again the bright sunshine of hope broke in beams of brotherly love and human sympathy into my dreary prison-house. May God and angels reward

his noble and pure philanthropy.

The Banner, too, comes with its welcome gems of intelliheavenly light, to cheer my lonely solitude.

State Prison, Waupun, Oct. 23d, 1859.

Written for the Banner of Light. TWILIGHT.

Sombre twilight, how I love thee, In thy hours of sweet repose; While the stars are bright above thee, As the daylight seeks repose. In thy shadows, on thy mountains, By thy brooks and flowing fountains, There in Summer hours I wander, There in sweetest dreams I ponder. Touched as by a magic spell-

Sweet is thy soft fascination, Sweeter still thy inspiration-How I love thee none may tell. Thy bright hues for aye remind me

Of the days of youth and flowers; Joys and sorrows now behind me. With their sweet and golden hours. Many a beaming eye that brightened, With its sparkling rays of love, As with life no longer lighted, But is beaming.now above. Many a heart responsive beating, Long ago, the pulse of love, Love's sweet song is still repeating In the angel-world above. Many a sweet hope here unspoken, Dwelling in the silent heart, Ero life's golden bowl was broken. Now is of the soul a part, In that happier home of heaven, Where the weary are at rost. By the Throne of Love-forgiven-Dwelling with the loved and blest,

Thus sweet twilight, thou remindest Of the loved and lest of yore. Whose undying love still bindest Heart to heart forevermore. Ah, how many years have vanished Since I watched thy dying hues, As each night thy beauty banished Mid her starlight and her dows, And whone'er I gaze upon thee, All my heart with youth still glows; Though the dust of age is on me, Btill the blood with rapture flows. Taunton, Mass., 1850.

C. R. A.

Written for the Banner of Light. LIFE-SKETCH OF HUDSON TUTTLE.

BY DATUS KELLEY.

Hudson Tuttle was born and has always resided in Berlin Eric County, Ohio. His parents were highly respectable people in the common walks of life, and bestowed upon their son a truthful, moral character, as well as an organization atting him for acquiring practical philosophy. Each of his parents having been ploneers in a wilderness where few school-houses could be seen, and where the woodman's axe was heard much oftener than the school-house bell-they country sch tion, which, in this age of books and newspapers, is almost universally prevalent. But they were not of that class who think children must necessarily walk in their parents' footsteps, but were willing, as far as circumstances would allow to give their son whatever common advantages he might desire. His eagerness for knowledge was intense; but he disliked the restraint of the school-room, and the dreary aspect of the locality. How bare the poor log school-house looked, crowded close into a corner where two roads met. There were no shade trees about it, to moderate the scorching heat of summer, nor a well or stream of water where they could drink, or scrub their faces after playing in the hot sun; there was nothing pleasant, nothing inviting, especially to him.

His mother had taught him a little at home until he could read in the third reader and spell tolerably well. When he was about nine years of age, his parents thought best to send him to school at the above described place, and at the beginning of a term he was fixed off with books and dinner-baske for the long walk. He did not complain any the first day but was not very enthusiastic to attend school. At the end of ten days, however, he came to the conclusion that he could stand it no longer. The benches were hard, (they were plank slabs with logs put in); the teacher did not please him. He was compelled to get his lessons by rote, without the privilege of asking questions as to their meaning. Thus ended his first term, which is a fair specimen of the subsequent sessions. At the age of fourteen he commenced at tending an academy, and was put to learning Latin and Greek; and, after attending two terms, gave up his studies in disgust. The whole amount of his school education does not exceed twenty-two months, and the little knowledge he obtained was very superficial and incomplete.

At the age of sixteen, Spiritualism first attracted his attention; it was then in its infancy, but little understood even by its friends, and was treated with scorn and ridicule by its enemies. The believers in spiritual communications were harshly censured; they were by some accused of deception by others of holding communications with evil spirits, and that the whole subject tended to insanity. To declare oneself a medium was to become exceedingly unpopular. He knew this, for he received the evidence of this feeling from every quarter. But the truths he received from this source were, to him, of far more importance than the frowns and sneers of a misjudging, and, on this subject, an ignorant and uncharitable world. This biography of a few years, is that of nearly every medium who has taken a decided stand in favor of Spiritualism.

During this period.Mr. Tuttle spent most of his time at home, striving with great energy to cultivate his mind in accordance with the dictation of his spirit friends. They used him as a medium to convey instruction to the world but more particularly to elevate and instruct his own mind

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saving influences are found, tends to darken the life of each, soon as the contents were thoroughly understood; others

are preserved, and may, at some future time, see the light. He first became a rapping medium, but in a few months was developed as a writing medium, losing most of his formor gift. At first his writing was purely mechanical, his hand dition.

His first publication was a small pamphlet which presented an outline of the present work, now in the hands of the publishers, entitled "The Arcana of Nature." The pamphlet was well received; it contained much instruction, and had a large sale at the West. In 1854 he wrote "Life in the Spheres," which was soon after published. The descriptions are related in the form of a popular tale, told in a brief and entertaining manner, and has also a large sale.

About the same time, he was influenced to paint on canvas a panoramic delineation of the history of the globe. This fine painting is five feet wide and one hundred and twenty-five could speak them untrammeled and free. At times my soul feet in length. It is perhaps the most successful attempt that has yet been made, to represent the revelations of geology. Soon after this, he commenced the volume new being published, entitled "An Attempt to explain the Arcana of Nature."

His eagerness in the acquisition of knowledge may be known by his indefatigable exertions. Having the care of a farm on which he is obliged to labor for the support of his family, he yet finds time to write and study, and uncom. plainingly taxes both body and mind to their utmost. Sometimes, however, he grows tired and discouraged with hard labor and intense study. It was at such a time, after tolling gence and beauty, like the morning sun in rays of pure and over his manuscripts until the lamp grow dim and the clock tolled midnight, that he wrote the following poetical effusion, in reply to his companion's question, "Why not let the Cause go for to-night?" He wrote and handed her, with an abstracted air peculiar to himself, the following lines:-

"Gods I must I be ever longing
For great thoughts no'er kenned before?
Can I never feed my thronging
Thoughts, the food of mystic lore?
Ask me not why I am striving,
Why I seek the realms of Cause,
Why I into mystery diving,
Beek to extricate its laws.

But oh, for a single moment, Still the courses of my mind, Rest it from its ceaseless torment, And its tircless fancles bind. I would rest as in my boy-life,
Free from thought of why I am;
Pure, and tainted not by world-strife— Peaceful-joyous-sweetly calm.

But my mind heeds not my meaning. But my mind heeds not my meaning,
Free it roams Creation's rounds;
Oft, when I suppose it dreaming,
On from star to start it bounds.
Gods I and must I long forever
For the food which feeds the mind?
Till I cross the shadow-river,
And my eyes no more are blind?"

Mr. Tuttle now writes much by impression, and clairvoy; antly refers to works and authors he may desire to use. I the spirit authors who use him as a medium desire him to read passages confirming their opinions, he is referred to the work; and the page, with an accuracy which saves much time and research, although he may never have seen the work. His style of writing is varied, and in keeping with his subject. This is the necessary consequence of his being a medium for different spirit authors. Philosophy, poetry and romance all receive his love and attention, and it is difficult to tell upon which he excels. His poetry is often full of beauty and imagination, combined with good sense Most of his poetle productions have never been published—the longest of which is entitled "America," the pet child of his fancles from youth. Here is a short extract. It is the speech of one of the Indian braves, met in council on Cayuga's shore, to discuss the question, whether it was best to have peace. and suffer great wrongs, or war and the blessings of liberty. He takes the latter side of the question:-

"Braves, warriors, chieftains, shall we idly sit, And let th' intruder wrest from us our homes? You think the pale man weak—a trembling squaw. So thought we, when he came, poor and oppressed,
A weary, half-dead bird. We gave him rest;
He built his nest within our friendly breasts,
To vulture turned, he proys upon our life!
See! see! he comes—he asks our leave no more! Ship after ship disgorges on our shore; He fells the forests, and his cities rice. Ho fells the foreste, and his cities rice.

See I yonder, where he has a mart of trade,
Where yesterday I grappled with a bear!
See I he has pushed us from our fatherland,
And still he urges on! He'll push us off
The further shore—and laugh above our graves:
Where are the graves of our forefathers now?
See I yonder waves a field of golden corn!
They 've turned our fathers' ashes into food!
They feed upon their flesh, devour their very bones!
Hush! hark! is that the walling of the winds?
No, no! 'T was our forefathers' glosts! They come—
Their sleep is broken—and they ory revenge!
Pour out their blood upon their graves like rain!
Fire all their homes, and drown their fires with blood!"

"Lifo's Passion Story," and numerous miscellaneous pleces, from his pen, it is hoped will see the light at no distant day, although he seems to write more for the real enjoyment, than from any reference to their publication.

Mr. Tuttle is now about twenty-four years of age. His person is tall and somewhat slender, complexion light and fair, hair light-brown, eyes blue. His address is pleasing, and his bearing that of an earnest reformer, seeking for truth and the clevation of the race. He was married about two years since to a lady every way calculated to make his life happy and useful. It may truly be said, in this instance that they double the joys, and divide the cares and troubles of life. His very excellent wife and companion is a great assistance to him in his productions, and is also a writer-Many of her productions, both in prose and poetry have appeared in various periodicals, and are received with favor nd interest.

They depend for support on their own physical exertions, which are done cheerfully, without grumbling or finding fault with the situation Providence has seen fit to place them in. Their house is nevertheless open to those who may see fit to call on them, and their friends are sure of receiving a cordial welcome, and of being treated with a generous hespitality.

EMMA HARDINGE IN MEMPHIS, TENN. From the Memphis Dally Enquirer, of Nov. 20th, we clip the following :-

BENEFIT OF LEATH ORPHAN ASTLUM.-Miss Hardinge, a BENEFIT OF LEATH ORPHAN ASTLUM.—Miss Hardinge, a very talented and eloquent speaker, will deliver a locture, by request of the committee, this evening, at Odd Kellows' Hall, for the benefit of the funds and support of Leath Orphan Asylum. The subject of the lecture will be selected by a committee of the audience. It is to be hoped that the friends of the friends swill attend on this occasion, and manifest their liberality in a cause having such claims upon them. This is a home mission work, and denors will have the satisfaction of knowing that what they give will be appropriated to the object for which it is given. Let philanthropists and the friends of humanity turn out in full force on this occasion.

of humanity turn out in full force on this occasion.

Editors of the Morning Enquirer:

As a constant reader and an old subscriber of your paper, I was no little surprised to read the above notice in your paper of this date. I know that no request was ever made by "the Committee," or even a majority of the Committee of the Asylum to this northern fanatic, to deliver any such a lecture for the benefit of the "Leath Orphan Asylum," and I sincerely hope, for the honor of our city, that no such lecture will be attended by our community. If we cannot support the institution without importing Infiel lecturers from the North, then let it silde. It is bad enough to hear infidelity preached by mon, but how humiliating to hear it from the lips of woman.

woman.

Let this woman go home and attend to the duties assigned her by the laws of God and man; and let us have no more such importations to corrupt the merals of our youth. The next importation, I suppose, will be from the Society of Free-

We wrote the above article on information and belief that Miss Hardinge had been invited by the "Committee," as we penned it from a printed programme which we found lying on our table, stating what we gave above. We subjoin Miss Hardinge's reply to the above, which ap-

peared in the Enquirer of the 23d ult:

but more particularly to elevate and instruct his own mind, thereby fitting him for greater usefulness hereafter. For the past eight years they have pursued that object, and now their pupil enjoys the pleasures of a scientific education, not based on the peculiar constructions given by academic teachers, which is often wrong—but of a more general and practical character—more truthful, and, at the same time, more applicable to the requirements of the nineteenth century. His general information is very extensive, and far surpasses most others of his age.

Although he has published in periodicals over one thousand pages of his productions, these bear but a small propertion to what is unpublished. Most of these consist of anisometric inquiries, essays on various subjects, writting for his especial benefit; many of them were destroyed as the control of the definition of the definition of the definition is to appropriate no more of the world's silver

and gold in exchange for truth than will suffice for my bare necessitien, I have but little money to distures on the moody, but that which I do have, (tine and ability.) I am accustomed to place freely at the disposal of those who actually require help; and, in this split, I have been so cordially met in rany of the towns of America, that I have been permitted to wrap up my many short-comings in a very fair sixed manits of the sin covering quality.

Being strictly required, however, by my religion to tender help for need's sake only, and in my limited sphere of Menphs observation, believing that the port in this city were unusually well cared for, and amply provided without my sid, I should nover have thought of obtruding my services had I not, on Friday morning last, at the breakfast-tablo of a friend who was entertaining me, heard the assembled company expressing deep regret at the fact that a Fair, which had been held for the benefit of the Asylum in question, had failed to realize the benevolent intenions of its promoters. Then it was that I deemed even my humble aid might be available, and though I felt some reluctance to obtrude my-self in this way in the only town of the Union where I had been met with such bitter antagonism, I thought only of the helpiess little once, and the kind efforts that had proved fruitless to add them, and did tender then and there the service 1 had found so useful on many other similar occasions. To avoid as much as possible all shadow of offence, on an expression of the service of the foundation of the my case of the community. I had already refused the Spiritualists of this city to cleure on a Saurday version and in the service of the cubildren of a common gate of the spiritualists of this city to lecture on Saurday ovening, alloging with which my former efforts have been many the analysis of the city to lecture on Saurday versions of the single with which my former efforts have been my fath of the single which help my former forts have been my former of the shade were been b

men. I was not permitted, then, to stretch forth my hand to help the desolate orphan, because I dared to repeat in Memphis, details of well attested historical facts, which have been submitted to the scrutinizing minds of thousands of the best classical and historical scholars of this continent—to draw parallels of ancient traditions, which cannot be choked off with scorn, or put out of existence by reviling, and which obstinately defy all of mere belief, bigotry, or unsupported assertion, to contradict. Infidelity is a mere word, and though it has been hurled against me for the last two weeks much in the same spirit as the stone which was almed at the window facing the stand where I lectured last Sunday morning, it is equally inefficacious in demonstrating truth. The one, dow facing the stand where I lectured last Sunday morning, it is equally incilicacious in demonstrating truth. The one, with little botter aim, might-have shattered my mortal form, but could not oven bruise my immortal spirit, except in pity for the shallow intellect that could resort to such bad legic, while the other proves nothing, except that I am infidel to "an old subscriber" "religion, and he is infidel to mine. So be it, I do n't believe that for or six well attested histories are all lies, and I presume he does not believe that my simple worship of God, manifested in spirit and truth, and my duty to my neighbor, manifested in doing to every one all the good I can, are all the law and all the commandments. Hence we are both infidels, each to the other's religion.

I close this subject by the simple inquiry if the "old subscriber" had stood by when the infidel Samaritan (the most despised of all the antagonistic sects of the Jewish religion-

a close chis suggest by the simple inquiry it its "old subscriber" had stood by when the infidel Samaritan (the most despised of all the antagonistic sects of the Jewish religionists) was about to help the sufferer who lay unheeded by the way-side, whether he would have felt justified in withholding his hand and "letting him slide," because he was not a Levite? If not, by all the laws of God, as propounded by Jeaus, and, enshrined in the pitying heart of humanity, what right has he to withhold even my hated Samaritan hand simply because I believe facts are facts, and he dees not? Dare he have withheld the woman "who was as sinner" from pouring oil on the head of our good Master, or washing his feet with her tears and wiping them with her hair? And if not, what right has he to withhold me, who honestly endeavered in every walk of life to do my duty, and dare not be hypocrite enough to call myself a "miserable sinner," from putting bread into the mouths of those very helpless little ones whom Jesus expressly commanded all to feed, as the only possible way of manifesting their love to him?

feed, as the only possible way or amount of the limits of the Enquiror correspondent has not only exceeded the limits of Christlike judgment, but manly truth, to say nothing of courtesy. I am not a "Northern fanatic," but an English woman; and in four years' residence in America have not yet learned to discriminate the subtle differences between Northern and Southern and Southerns. I have hitherto, been treated everywhere with orn opinions. I have, hitherto, been treated everywhere with such noble hospitality and affectionate appreciation by Americans, that I thought the very fact of their nationality would insure me honorable and courteous treatment on every section of American ground. My mission as a public speaker is to appeal to the reason and the heart. The former by a truthful treatment of error, the latter by a simple presentation of right. In this work I appeal to the master-keys of the miled, and treat of no side issues, minor springs, or party opinions; convinced that nothing but clear reason and a loving heart can avail to make the world better where it needs Ing heart can avail to make the world better where it needs reform, or happier where it is sorrowful. I deal with these mighty weapons only—and neither recognize party, politics, section or country, save the party who loves God the Father, and the politics which battle eyil with the sword of peace and love.

and love.

That I ever have, or can, "corrupt the Morals of youth,"
is simply false; whilst in the parallel drawn between Spiritualism and "Free Love," I find equally-simple ignorance.
Were the "old subscriber" to invite a "member of the Soclety of Free Lovers" to lecture after the Spiritualism I teach,
he would indeed find that he had placed before the people of
Morallet the parth and south poles of moralty. Those whe Momphis the north and south poles of morality. Those who know the Spiritualism I teach, know also that it is the death know the Spiritualism I teach, know also that it is the death of Free Love; and those who are ignorant on this point, should at least, in common courtesy, follow their own teachings, and go home and study the laws of what they write about. Firm in the honest resolve to tell the erring when I think them wrong, and seek to put them right by clear reason and loving deeds, rather than stones from hand or tongue, I propose, with God's help, to heed neither so long as I deserve neither; and so long as I am not infidel to the laws of God, I can bear the charge with patience from man; and, cheered by the memory of the many thousand "God bless you's" that have kept track of my footsteps during two years' pligrimage in my present mission, I have yet hope to be permitted to make for myself a kingdom of heaven out of the smiles of many a poor orphan whom Christian men would "lot slide," for the noble purpose of spiting one who differs from themselves concerning, the right person to whom we shall cry, "Lord, Lord!" from themselves concorning and shall cry, "Lord, Lord !"

I am, sir, yours for the truth,
EMMA HARI

Memphis, November 22, 1859.

Earth gots its price for what earth gives us; Earth gots its price for what earth gives us;

The beggar is taxed for a corner to die in,

The priest hath his fee who comes and shrives us,

We bargain for the graves wello in.

At the Devil's booth are all things sold—'

Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold;

For a cup and bells our lives we pay,

Bubbles we earn with a whole soul's tasking:

'T is heaven alone that is given away,

'T is only God may be had for the asking.

—Sir Launfal.

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 center per line for each insertion wanted. Lecturers will please remit, after the first insertion, at the

above rate. The increasing demand upon us in this depart ment renders this step necessary. Changes in appoint ments will be made free of charge, at any time.

Mins. Amanda, M. Spence will lecture in
Boston, 4 Sundays of Dec.—Norwich, 4 Sundays of March.
Taunton, 2 Sundays of Jan.—Willimantic, 2 Sundays of April.
Foxboro', 3 Sundays of Jan.—Philadelphia, 4 Sundays of May.
Providence, 4 Sundays of Fob.
Address, the above places, or Station A, New York City.

Address, the above places, or Station A, New York City,
Mibs EMMA Hardingon will lecture in December, in New
Orleans; part of January in Georgia, returning to the East
via Cincinnati in March, 1860. Applications for lectures in
the South to be sent in as speedily as possible to the above
address, or 8. Fourth Ayonuo, Nov York City.

John Mayrisw, M. D., will visit Grand Haven, Grand Rapdid, Lyons, Ionia, and other places in Northern Michigan,
where his services may be desired. Friends on this route
will address him before the end of this month at Grand
Haven. This will probably be his last journey in Michigan,
From the middle of January to March 1st, he will labor in
Indiana, and from thence, to April 30th, in Illinols, and the

eastern part of lows. Letters from the three last named States may be directed, if before the cud of the year, to the care of B. Brotherton, Pontiac, Mich.

JOHN II. RANDALL will answer calls to lecture on subjects connected with the Harmonial Philosophy. His address will be, until further notice, Northfield, Mass.

F. L. Wadawonn speaks Dec. 18th, in Terro Haute; 25th, in Attica; Jan. 1st, in Delphi; 8th, in Eikhart; 16th, in Sturgle, Mich; 22d, in Adrian. He can be addressed as above. ANNA M. MIDDLEBROOK will lecture in Providence, Dec. 18th and 25th, Jan. 1st and 8th. Applications for week evenings will be attended to. Address, Box 422, Bridgeport, Conn.

Dn. P. B. RANDOLPH's address, till further notice, will be Boston, care of Banner of Light. Enclose stamp for return lettor.

WARREN ORASE loctures Dec. 18th, in Taunton, Mass.; Dec. 26th, in Waltham; Dec. 27th, 28th and 20th, in Windsor, Ct.; Jan. 18t, in Hartford, Ct.; Jan. 2d, 4th and 6th, in Winstead, Ct. Address as above, or at 14 Bromfield street, Bos-MRS. CHARLOTTE M. TUTTLE'S address will be at West Win-

sted, Ct., during the winter, and the time of her present sick-ness, which is very delicate, and any messages from filends to aid to cheer her, will be thankfully received. MISS ELIZABETH Low, trance speaker, of Leon, Cattaraugus

Co., New York, lectures at Ellington and Rugg's Corners, (Cattaraugus Co., N. Y.,) every fourth Sabbath. She will answer calls to lecture in Chautauque and Cattaraugus Coun-MISS A. W. SPRAGUE Will speak in St. Louis, Missouri, through the month of Dec. Her address while there will be care of James H. Blood, Box 3391, where those who wish her to call, as she returns castward, can address her accordingly.

Mas. M. S. Townsend will speak in Marlboro', December 25th. LINDLEY M. Andrews, superior lecturer, will visit the South and West this fall and winter. Address him, either at Yellow Springs, Ohio, or at Mendota, Ill.

H. P. FAINFIELD will speak in Stafford, Ct., Sunday, Dec. 18th; in New Bedford, Mass., Sunday, Dec. 25th. Tuese who may wish to ongage his services on week evenings will address him at the above named places.

Mrs. Mary Macoumer, Carpenter street, Grant Mill, care of Z. R. Macomber, Providence, R. I. She will speak at Willmantle, Conn., Dec. 25th. Mrs. Macomber contemplates visiting California in the Spring.

Leo Miller will answer calls to lecture in any part of New England, on "The Facts and Philosophy of Spiritualism." Address, Hartford, Conn. 10—10t.

ism." Address, Hartford, Conn.

MRS. FANNIE BURBANK FELTON will lecture in New York the third and in Philadelphia the fourth Sunday of December and first two of January. Address, until Dec. 20th, No. 12 Lamartine Place, 20th street, New York; and until January 12th Arts Austral Philadelphia. 10th, No. 510 Arch street, Philadelphia.

J. H. RANDALL intends to travel through the central and western part of New York, during the months of January and February, 1860, and will answer calls to lecture, to the friends of truth, during those months, through that section, Address Northfield, Mass.

11—6p°

Address Northfield, Mass.

Mrs. J. W. Curnien will lecture in Lawrence, Dec. 25th and Jan. 1st; in Huntington, 8th; in Modus, Ct., evenings of the 10th and 12th; in Chicopec, 15th, 22d and 20th; in Putam. Ct., Feb. 5th; in Foxboro', 12th and 10th; in Marblehead, 26th. Applications for the Spring should be sent in as early as possible. Address Box 815, Lowell, Mass.

MISS SUSAN M. JOHNSON, trance speaker, may be addressed at Clinton street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

MRS. SARAH M. THOMPSON, TOLCO, Ohlo.
A. B. Frenon, Clyde, Sandusky Co., Ohlo.
F. T. Lane, Lawrence, Mass.
L. K. Coonney's address during December will be Memhis, Tenn., care of J. E. Chadwick.
MRS. J. W. Currier, Lowell, Mass., box 815.
CHARLES H. CROWELL, Watertown, Mass. Address, Bancer of Joint office.

CHABLES II. ON THE COURT Office.
WILLIAM E. RICE, 142 Harrison Avenue, Boston.
MIBS A. F. PLASE'S address will be New York City, till fur-

her notice.

MIDS ELLA E. GIBSON, BATTO, Mass.
MRS. H. F. M. BROWN, "Agitator" office, Cleveland, Ohio.
J. H. CURRIER, Lawrence, Mass.
DR. JAMES Cooper, Bellefontaine, Ohio.
CHARLES W. BURGESS, Inspirational Speaker. Box 22, West
Killingly, Comn.
REV. JOHN PIERFONT, West Medford, Mass.
MISS BARAHA. MAGGUN, No. 33 Winter street, East Campridge, Mass.

MISS SARAH A. MAGOUN, No. 33 Winter street, East Cambridge, Mass.

MISS LIZZIE DOTEN, Plymouth, Mass.

H. L. BOWKER, Natick, Mass., or 7 Davis street, Boston.

BENJ. DANFORTH, Boston, Mass.

ELIJAH WOODWORTH, Lesile, Mich.

O. T. IRISH, Taunton, Mass., care of John Eddy, Esq.

A. B. WHITINO, Providence, R. I.

MRS. BERTHA B. CHASE, West Harwich, Mass.

E. R. YOUNG, box 85, Quincy, Mass.

LOVELL BEERS, NOTH Ridgeville, Ohio.

MRS. B. MARIA BLISS, Springfield, Mass.

PROP. J. E. CHURCHILL, No. 202 Franklin street, near Race, Philadelphia

PROP. J. E. GIUDGHILL, NO. 202 Franklin street, near Race, Philadelphia
MRS. J. B. SMITH, Manchester, N. H.
DERC. O. York, Boston, Mass.
J. O. HALL Buffillo, N. Y.
CHARLES F. RICKER, Lowell, Mass.
A. O. ROSINSON, Fall River, Mass.
LORING MOODY, Malden, Mass.
MRS. J. R. STREETER, Crown Point, Ind.
N. S. GREENLEAF, Lowell, Mass.
MISS SUSAN M. JOHNSON, North Abington, Mass.
MISS SUSAN M. JOHNSON, North Abington, Mass.
MRS. A. P. THOMFSON, Raleigh, N. O.
W. K. RIFLEY, 10 Green street, Boston, care of B. Danforth,
MRS. FRANCES O. HYZER, Montpeller, Vt.
MRS. M. H. Coles, care of Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield street,
Boston.

II. A. Tucker, Foxboro', Mass. H. A. Tucker, Foxdoro, Mass. George Atkins, Boston, Mass. Dr. H. F. Gardner, 46 Essex street, Boston, Mass. Lewis B. Monroe, No. 14 Bromfield street, Boston, Daniel W. Snell, No. 6 Prince st., Providence, R. I. Christian Lindy, care of Benj. Teasdale, box 221, Alton

llinois.

DEXTER DANA, East Boston, Mass.

JOHN C. CLUER. Residence, No. 5 Bay street, Boston,

J. J. LOCKE, Greenwood, Mass.

TROY LUNG AND HYGIENIC INSTITUTE.

Established by Special Endowment.
COMBINING THE MOST ABLE OF THE ECLECTIC FAC-ULTY AND MODERN SCHOOLS OF MEDICINE. This superior model health Institution possesses, it is consci-

This superior model health Institution possesses, it is conteinatiously believed, superior claims to public confidence to any other in the United States.

In this important particular, viz:—It has been the carnest endeavor of the faculty to investigate, and thoroughly understand the numerous modern Maladies, which have become so very prevalent and fittal, especially to the young known as nervous debility. The external manifestations of this class of diseases are Relaxation and Exhaustion; Marasmus or a wasting and consumption of the vital fluids and the nuscular and nerve tissues; sallow countenance; pule liga; dizziness of the head; Impaired memory; dimness of oyedizziness of the head; impaired memory; dimness of eye-sight; loss of balance in the brain; nervous deafness; pal-

dizziness of the head; Impaired memory; dimness of oyesight; loss of balance in the brain; nervous deafness; palpitation of the heart; great restlessness; despondency of spirits; dreamy and rostless sleep; fætid or bad breath; vitlated or morbid appotite; indigestion; liver complaint; diseases of the kidneys; suppressed function of the skin; spinal irritation; cold extremeties; muscular debility or lassitude; rheumatic and neuralgic pains; hurried breathing; cough; bronchitis; soreness of the threat, eatarrh and dyspeptic tubercular consumption.

Also, Inritative Dyspersia, known by capricious appotite; sense of weight and fullness at the plit of the stomach; irregular bowels; tongue white; severe lancinating pains darting between the shoulder-blades from the stomach; pulse quick and irritable; dull, heavy aching pain across the loins; excessive depression of spirits, despondency so intense as often to excite the most painful ideas; hence this class of disorders invariably indicate impaired nutrition, enervation in the organs of digestion and assimilation, so that had and unsasimilated chyle gets into the blood. It should nover be forgotten, therefore, that some of the worst and most fatal diseases to which flesh is heir, cummence with indigestion. Among others, it develops consumption in those predisposed to tuberoular depositions in the lungs.

The Directors and Faculty of this Institution purpose to cure all of the foregoing diseases, by the judicious combination of natural and seientific remedies, selected with great

cure all of the foregoing diseases, by the judicious combina-tion of natural and scientific remedies, selected with great tion of natural and seigning remedies, selected with great discrimination and judgment that directly ald nature in her recuperative energies to build up, throw off and resist morbid action. They discard all drugs and poisonous remedies—mercury, calomel, and all the old school remedies are most scrupulously discarded, both from convictions of judgment and conscientious motives. Patients shall not be drugged at this Institution.

A Word of Solemn, Conscientious Advice to those who will reflect!

Who will reneet:

Statistics now show the solemn truth, that over 100,000 die in the United States annually, with some one of the foregoing diseases, developing consumption, prostration of the vital forces and premature decay.

There cannot be an effect without its adequate cause.

There cannot be an effect without its adequate cause. Thousands of the young, of both sexes, go down to an early grave from causes little suspected by parents or guardians, and often little suspected by the victims themselves.

In view of the awful destruction of human life, caused by such debilitating diseases, such as Spermaterrhez, Seminal weakness, the vice of self abuse, Spinal Consumption, Epilopsy, nervous spasms and diseases of the heart—and in view of the gross decention tracticed upon the community by base of the gross deception practiced upon the community by base pretenders—the Directors and Faculty of this Institution, con-

scientiously assure the invalid and the Community that their resources and facilities for successfully treating this class of maludies cannot be surpassed.

Patients, for the most park, can be treated at home: On application by letter they will be furnished with printed in-terrogatories, which will enable us to send them treatment by Mall or Express.

application by letter they will be furnished with printed interrogatories, which will enable us to send them treatment by Mail or Express.

All communications are regarded with sacred and conscientious fidelity.

The Institution gives the most unexceptionable reference to men of standing in all parts of the country, who have been successfully capted.

to men of standing in all parts of the country, who have been successfully cured.

A Treatise on the causes of the early decay of American Youth, just published by the Institution, will be sent in a sealed envelop, to all parts of the Union, on receipt of six cents for postage. It is a thrilling work, and should be read by every person, both male and female.

Fall not to send and obtain this book.

AB The attending Physician will be found at the Institution for consultation, from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M., of each day, Sundays, in the forenoon.

Address.

Dr. ANDREW STONE,
Physician to the Troy Lung and Hygenic Institute, and Physician for Diseases of the Heart, Throat and Lungs,
Doc. 17.

19 96 Fifther, Troy, N. F.

THE ONLY PREPARATION

Wonthly of Universal Confidence and Patronage.

For Statesmen, Judges, Clorgymen,

ADIES and CENTLEMEN, in all parts of the world testive, and gentlemen of the Press are unanimous in its praise.

A for testimonists only can be here given; see circular for more, and it will be impossible for you to doubt.

47 Wall street, New York, Dec. 20th, 1856.

Gentlemen:—Your note of the 16th inst., has been received, saying that you had heard that I lind been benefited by the use of Wood's Hair Restorative, and requesting my certificate of the fact if I had no edjection to give it.

I award it to you cheerfully, because I think it due. My age is about 50 years; the color of my hair suburn, and inclined to ourl. Some five or six years since it began to turn gray, and the scalp on the crown of my head to less its sensibility and dandruff to form upon it. Each of these disagrees billites increased with time, and about four 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 over be restored to its eriginal 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 try it.

For this, among the many obligations I owe to her sex, I

uced to try it. 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 baid.

To O. J. Wood & Co., 444 Broadway, New York.

My family are absent from the city, and I am no longer at No. 11 Carrol Place.

Slamastop, Ala., July 20th, 1850.

Siamaston, Ala., July 20th, 1859.

To Prop. O. J. Wood: Dear Sir—Your "Hair Restorative"
has done my hair so much good since I commenced the use
of it, that I wish to make known to the PUBLIC of its effects

of it, that I wish to make known to the PUBLIC of 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 I Yours truly, WM. H. KENEDY. P. S.—You can publish the above if you like. By publishing in our Southern papers, you will get more patronage South. I see several of your certificates in the Mobile Mercury, a strong Southern paper. W. H. K. WOOD'B HAIR RESTORATIVE, PROFESSON O. J. WOOD: DOAR SIT—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 no words can express my obligations to you in giving to the affilicted such a treasure. FINLEY JOHNSON.

afflicted such a treasure. FINLEY JOHNSON.

The Restorative is put up in bottles of three sizes, viz; arge, medium, and small; the small holds 1-2 a pint, and retails for one deliar per bottle; the medium holds at least twenty per cent, more in proportion than the small, and retails for two deliars per bottle; the large holds a quart, 40 per cent, more in proportion, and retails for \$3.

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Nov. 28.

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when present, \$1,00; by a lock of hair, when absent, \$9,00.

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fee for examination.

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Consultation at all hours. Terms 50 cents each lecture.

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CLAIRVOYANT EXAMINATIONS, with all the diagnostic and therapeutic suggestions required by the patient, specially settled out.

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character by having a locker from the person whose quantons she is required to disclose.

It is much preferred that the person to be examined for discase 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 samulating. symptoms. Текмв—For examinations, including prescriptions, \$5, if

the patient be present; and \$10 when absent. All subsequent examinations \$2. Delineations of character, \$2. Terms strictly in advance.
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"Seek and ye shall find."

PERSONS who believe that spirit communion and its mental developments can ald them in the difficulties of life, can have my services in their behalf. For my time and effort in writing out a full examination of a person from their hair, or handwriting, I am compelled to charge \$3,00; for attention to a single subject, or question, \$1,00.

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Nov. 19.

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RAPPING AND WRITING TEST MEDIUM, is giving sitlings daily, for the investigation of Spiritualism, at 45
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SEALED LETTERS ANSWERED.

SEALED LETTERS ANSWERED.

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MRS. A. W. DELAFOLIE. TRANCE AND TEST MEDIUM, describes and gives the names of spirits and their characteristics when in the form: Also, examines and prescribes for diseases. No. 11 Lagrange Frace, Boston, Mars. Hours from 9 A. M. till 7 r. M. Dec. 10. Dec. 10.

Pearls.

And quoted odes, and Jawels five words long, That on the stretched fore-finger of all time, Sparkle forever,"

Thou who hearest plaintive music, Or sweet songs of other days: lieavon-revealing organs pealing. Or clear voices hymning praise, And wouldst weep, thou know'st not wherefore, Though thy soul is stooped in Joy. And the world looks kindly on thee, And thy bliss hath no alloy-Weep, nor seek for consolation, Let the heaven-sent droplets flow, They are bints of mighty secrets; We are wiser than we know.

Beauty is a great thing, but learning is better. In the estimation of the ancients, even, the Muses counted for three times as much as the Graces.

Lay thy hand on this heart of mine, little dear-How it knocks in the little chamber. Hearl A carpenter dwells there, and wicked is he, He's busily making a coffin for me. He hammers and knocks by day and by night, And long has he put my slumbers to flight, Oh! master carpenter, hasten and coase, That I may be quiet and sleep in peace.

Little drops of rain brighten the meadow, and little acts of kindness brighten the world.

> Oh, Love divine, that stooped to share Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear, On thee we cast each earthborn care-We smile at pain while thou art near I Though long the weary way we tread, And sorrows crown each lingering year, No path we shun, no darkness dread, Our hearts still whispering, thou art near I

Humble merit too often experiences the neglect of the world, and is compelled to wither in the shade and die in obscurity, while ostentations ignorance and impudence inhabit golden mansions, and receive the smiles of the world.

Divine authority, within man's breast, Brings every thought, word, action, to the test; Warns him or prompts, approves him or restrains, As reason, or as passion takes thereins. Heaven from above, and conscience from within, Cries in his startied car—abstain from sin.—[Cowper

They that deny God, destroy man's nobility; for certainly man is of kin to the beasts by his body; and if he be not of kin to God by his spirit, he is an ignoble creature.

HENRY WARD BEECHER

PLYMOUTH CHURCH, BROOKLYN, N. Y. Sunday Evening, Dec. 4th, 1859.

REPORTED FOR THE BANKER OF LIGHT, BY T. J. BLLINWOOD.

TEXT.—"By reason of whom the way of truth shall be evil spoken of."—3 Pates, ii, 2.

The whole passage is this:

The whole passage is this:

"But there were false prophets also among the people, even as there shall be false teachers among you, who privily shall bring in damnable hereales, even denying the Lord that bought them, and bring upon themselves swift destruction. And many shall follow their pernicious ways; by reason of whom the way of truth shall be cill spoken of."

The truth shall be disbelieved and reviled, on account of the misconduct of these who profess to be its adherents and its teachers. This has been so since there have been ministers to teach it. And among the most significant teachings of our Saviour was this:

most significant teachings of our Saviour was this: that his truth did not stand in the invariable purity and goodness of those who were, or who professed to be, his disciples. He made a large provision for the downfall of mon. He declared as explicitly as it could be declared, that this was to be expected, and that men were not to be started from their confidence and faith when it occurred.

When men that have had, standing in the church, affigures, and a reputation for goodness, fall, and are

When men that have had, standing in the church, influence, and a reputation for goodness, fall, and are found out in gross evil, their fall does not affect themselves alone. It shakes the faith of many in all goodness and virtue. It brings suspicion upon those associated with them in former work. It weakens the confidence of men in the cause which they served, and the institutions which they conducted. And this takes place in proportion to the degree in which they have been representative in their office and deeds, and have stood before the public as the embodiment or advocate of truths or a cause.

of traths or a cause.

This is but the inflection, however, of that universal social principle which enables a man to give power to truth by his goodness and justice, by which children inherit the benefit of their father's good name, and by which men's virtues are embalmed in the institutions. which they nobly serve. Like all moral elements, it has a direct action for good, and a reflex action for evil. The children are associated with parents for good or fer evil. They rise by their virtues; they aink, too, by their wickednesses. They are not bound.
They can overcome this social connection, and assert their individual character against any imputed evil, or against any imputed good; but the first effect of right-doing or wrong-doing is distributive. The first effect of right-doing is to benefit, not alone the doer, but those associated with him; and the first effect of wrongdoing is to injure, not alone the doer, but those associated with him.

And this is not confined to moral and religious men.

And this is not confined to moral and religious men. It holds good throughout society, the world over. If a man turns coward, who commands men, it tends to weaken the confidence of the whole army. If a Director of trusts in Bank or Board is found grossly delinquent; if an officer of any fiscal institution proves dishonest, it affects, in some degree, every like officer in the whole community. Every public actuary has a personal interest in the integrity of every other one; for the misconduct of any one, throws its shadow on every other one. If a public magistrate is found betraying his trust; if a judge is discovered with a bribe in his hand, the whole magistracy, and the whole beach, suffer in some degree. An honest man will not be dragged down, to be sure, by the imputed wickedness of another, but for a time he wiil suffer, and a mist will rise up to obscure his good name. If a representative is proved to be corrupt, and public officers in piaces of government are detected in malfeasance and shameful corruption, it shocks the faith of the whole community in public men.

anametri corruption, it shocks the tatch of the whole community in public men.

And it is only the same law that works when good men fall into public sins, and are discovered and disclosed. Besides the damage which they do to them selves, they give a shock to the whole community, and

closed. Besides the damage which they do to themselves, they give a shock to the whole community, and
the way of truth is evil spoken of on their account.

1. There are thousands of persons whose moral convictions are but little more than personal sympathies.
There are thousands of persons who believe in religion
because they believe in religious men. They have little power to grasp a truth or principle, and to see that
it has a life independent of men and human institutions. They need to have goodness and truth in the
concrete. They trust in the religion of their mother.
They believe in the God of some venerable good man
whose life has adorned the Gospel of Christ. It is from
these exponents of a principle that they derive their
faith. Now when men in place and eminence fall into
open sins, there are thousands that had been resting
upon them, who fall with them to the ground. Their
own strength to stand up, was their faith in such an
one's goodness. They are like ivy. When the wall
on which it grows falls, it falls with it. Its roots may
grow again, and will; but at first, and for a time, it is
prostrate, disheveled, and stonned. And so there are
thousands of persons of every community whose standing or falling depends upon the integrity of some one
to whom they look for an example.

2. There are others that are of a wavering and doubting nature, who, at the very best—not from a disposition to be sinful, but on account of the neculiarity of

ing nature, who, at the very best—not from a disposi-tion to be sinful, but on account of the peculiarity of their constitution—find it not easy to maintain faith in their constitution—find it not easy to maintain faith in men, or goodness either. They look upon life as a strange mystery—a great, bewildering dream—in which nothing is what it seems to be. They are apt to suspect, to pause and hesitate, in confidence. And when before such men any one reputed good suddenly slides and goes down, they shudder and shrink as if this were a confirmation of all their dreads and dreams. Whom dare they trust now? The most trustworthy, they think, may be just as hollow as those who have they think, may be just as hollow as those who have fallen. And their soul reels, and is dizzy and sick, with fear and distrust. They are like timid skaters, who, if the ice has given way on any part of the stream or pond, feel that it may give way where they stand, and fly to the shore. And as the whole of this state of

mind is a mere feeling, so no mere reasoning that does not touch that feeling can cure such persons.

3. Besides these, there is a class of cold, reflective natures, that stand out from the mass of society, and watch men, as one would watch the instincts and habits of animals. They are at the very opposite pole from those mentioned first as being controlled by sympathy. They have no sympathy. The whole problem of life is a thing outside of themselves, and they stand in doubt of men of feeling—and such are all religious men, of course. Themselves cold, cautious, penetrating, watchful, observing, with that kind of doubting which precedes finding out, ascertainment of truth, they look upon warm, mercurial dispositions as on dreams and fantasles. When, therefore, those reputed to be good, stumble, or those who have seemed to be good, as proved to have been evil all their life, they employ each case as a specimen of all the rest. And so they go on to question and disbelieve the truth, by reason of the misconduct of those who have betruged it.

4. Then there are men who belong to a side in the community, or partial men. Full men are like full Dorte columns, that stand bearing their responsibility with open sides all around. But most men are like full Dorte solumns, that stand bearing their responsibility with open sides all around. But most men are like a pliasters, one half of which is set within the wall, only As, when one is walking down a slippery hill, after

go on to question and disbelieve the truth, by reason of the missconduct of those who have betrayed it.

4. Then there are men who belong to a side in the community, or partial men. Full men are like full Doric columns, that stand bearing their responsibility with open sides all around. But most men are like pilasters, one half of which is set within the wall, only the other half standing out. They are men who like all men of their party; who excuse all men on their side in their malfensances; who limit their sympathy and good will to those of their own sect; who feel it to be a part of their right to dismiss conscience and kindness in regard to those who do not belong to them; who feel it to be a part of their right to treat with contumely, and contempt, and suspicion, all who are arrayed against them, or stand in antagonism to them. The pests and insects of warring sects grow nimble, and fly and buzz with venomous hum through the air, whenever an adversary falls. Whenever any one of the bodies that are opposite to them has come to harm, it is to them a cause of genuine gratulation and infernal chuckling.

And so they speak against the way of truth.

5. Moneyver there are men who blog in the full cannot be in a hurry, when a man falls, to say, "That man was a corrupt old hypocrite." There is something else in men that sin besides hypocriey.

Consider thyself, lest thou also be tempted. Remember that the same passions which led him to take a step are in you.

As, when one is walking down a slippery hill, after the takes one step, he is obliged to run to keep from falling, and when he is half way down, he slides and falls; so multitudes of men take the first step in wrong-doing, as they suppose from necessity; and that step obliges them to take a second, and that obliges them

And so they speak against the way of truth.

5. Moreover, there are men who will ill brook the superiority asserted for Christians and the church; and who seem to resent the existence of the religious class, as if it were an order of nobility, a privileged class. peculiarly odious; because proud men, of a jealous nature, cannot endure to have any over-arching influence of this kind towering above them, and putting them under perpetual rebuke, by word and contrast of life. And when, as is oftentimes the case, the pulpit is foolish, and the newspaper is more so, and there is a kind of empty boasting about the church and Christians, and about the power of this and that and the other influence, these men are so vexed and maddened by this ill assertion of a kind of superiority, that when a man who makes it trips and falls, it does them good to the inmost core of their dark hearts. They rejoice besuch a man, and hold him out, and say to Christians, "There is your man, and he is a specimen of the whole of you?" And so, when one man falls, the way of trath itself is evil spoken of by reason of him.

truth itself is evil spoken of by reason of him.

6. There are also men who endeavor to override their own consciences which condemn their worldly life. They seize upon every dereliction on the part of others as evidence that they are no worse than those who pretend to be a great deal better than they are. There are thousands of men that are not quiet in their own.

that do you?

7. Then there are those that have interests that are chafed and vexed by religious men in the community. There are many callings that are under the perpetual rebuke of religion. There are many things in which men gain their livelihood, that are condemned both by conscience and the teachings of the church; and it is not strange that in ten thousand haunts of vice, in ten thousand dens of iniquity, in ten thousand drinking places, where Mammon holds high authority, and Christ none, there should be glee and gladness when rebuking men are put to shame by the fall of some one prominent among them. Those who rejoice at such prominent among them. Those who rejoice at such mistake, and come to harm. And the light of the prominent among them. Those who rejoice at such times, do so, not because they are in themselves cruel men, but because their interests are at antagonism times, do so, not because they are in themselves cruel mistake, and come to harm. And the light of the men, but because their interests are at antagonism with the Gospel: because whatever strengthens the power of the moral element weakens them, and whatever weakens the power of the moral element atrongth. all that navigate that sea, may make bad voyages, and supported that sea, may make bad voyages, and

and insured for heaven. It affords them great relief; it takes a heavy pressure off from their twelve be a Judas, the victories of the cross shall not conscience; and they say, "Let us eat, drink, and be bestopped.

IV. God employs these things for our profit; that is,

the light from their face is like that which issues from the doors of hell itself; and the lurid joy which they manifest when an evil deed is committed by men in high places, is so terrific as to reveal the power of malign passions in the world to come, in a way to make men tremble. We are not surprised that such men are infernally glad at the fall of good men.

10. Finally, there are multitudes of men that absolutely love evil. I do not mean that they love it in the commission of it—though they do: I mean that they have an insane relish for it. The same terrible instinct that is in many birds of prey, by which they have a palate for kind, and scent it afar off, seems to be in the bosoms of a great many men in the world. The first hint of scandal is like wine of intoxication to them. Their eyes begin to turn, and they exhibit the intensest Their eyes begin to turn, and they exhibit the intensest curiosity. "How shall the thing be found out?" they say to themselves. "How shall it be opened up? How shall parties involved be identified and convicted?" And so they chase after it, and watch it, and lurk to And so they chase after it, and watch it, and lurk to find it out. And if, when they have found it out, it t proves to be as bad as they thought it was, it is a real I iuxury to them. It does them good to their very bones. So They are heartily glad. They do rejoice in evil. Nothing gives them half so much pleasure. They mourn to over virtue as a cold thing. They slide down the sides of it as men slide down the sides of frozen mountains. To roll over and over upon the dung hill of vice is their schief delight. Nothing makes them so happy as to find out, or have brought to them, tidings of wickedness. That is enough to them for one day's joy. They lwill sleep sweetly over it, and dream about it with intense satisfaction, and wake up happier than they seemed to be in their dreams. It is not surprising that in this crow there should be delirious joy when the lecturch mourns; when men whom she has trusted are overtaken and overthrown; when her standard-bearers

I. I proceed to remark that the fall of a man is evidence simply of his own state and weakness. Sometimes a man's fall indicates long concealed evil. Those who have traversed the West know what gigantic sycamores grow in the low valleys of Illinois, where the soil is very rich; and that oftentimes after a tremendous storm the way is blocked up by the recumbent trunk of one of these sycamores, which, upon examination, proves to be sound only in the external part of a single limb, all the rest having gradually decayed, so that the tree had become too weak to resist the fury of the storm, and had consequently fallen. And sometimes when men fall, it is found that they have long been hollow, so that only a blast of temptahave long been hollow, so that only a blast of tempta-tion was required to bring them down.

But sometimes the bolts in thunder storms are so

was corrupt before he fell.

This is proved by the history of the fluancial failures that have taken place in New York since my residence

mercy, seeking to know if there is not some palliation and help for them. Neither does it by any means follow because a man Neither does it by any means follow because a man who has stood as an advocate of religious truth has fallen, that he did not believe in that truth. A man may betray the truth when he believes in it, just as certainly as Judas betrayed his Master when he believed in him. There is no question whatever that there was not one of the disciples who more thoroughly believed in the purity and integrity and nobility of Christ, than he that betrayed him; and his remorse in consequence of the deed brought him to his death. And men may be ministers of truth, and may be known throughout the community as teachers of it, and may by their fall bring disgrace upon it; and yet, it is not fair to say that they never believed it. We have but a very narrow view of human nature if we so reason.

have but a very narrow view of names and reason.

In order that we may have a large charity, it is indispensably necessary that we should believe in the doctrine of man's depravity, and begin with low expectations of human excellence. If you believe that men are naturally pure, and judge them accordingly, you will be severe in the judgment you form respecting

thom.

II. Truth may be illustrated by men's lives, but it others as evidence that they are no worse than those who pretend to be a great deal better than they are. There are thousands of men that are not quiet in their own consciences; that do not approve their own thoughts, or feelings, or lives; that are not easy morning, nor noon, nor night, on account of these things, who, when they meet a man of undoubted goodness, admire and pine for his goodness, if he is very gentle and sweetminded, but fall into a self-defensory state of mind, if to his goodness there is joined some asperity, or if he stands up with some degree of authority. If a man who has been a standard-bearer—a minister, or a distinguished officer—in the church, and who has exhibited traits distasteful to these men, falls into sin, and is humbled, they spread the instance as a balm and plaster on their own consciences, and feel, "We are not so much worse than men in the church, after all. If such men have a chance for heaven," Suppose such bad men have a chance for heaven, and, you are only no worse than those who will go to hell, what good will that do you?

7. Then there are thousands of men that are not quiet in their own chaster that in the church after and they are not so much worse than they are only no worse than those who will go to hell, what good will that do you?

1. Then there are thousands of men that are not dealed in their own consciences. There is such a thing as beauty, though every painter were a dauber. There is such a thing as beauty, though every bant a rude stone mason. All that long decadence of Greek art during man, and is humbled, they spread the instance as a balm and plaster on their own consciences; and feel, "We are no aduber. There is such a thing as beauty, though every sculptor were but a rude stone mason. All that long decadence of Greek art during burial, as in the palmiest days of Pericles, in Athens. Every line of art was as fair, and clear, and beautiful, and every truth of art was as true, during that long as honor? Because some men are cowards, are shall have a chan fessed philanthropists are bound up in selfishness, are there no Howards that make the circumnavigation of

ever weakens the power of the moral element strengthens them. It is a part of their business to be glad when the market goes down in the church, that it may go up among them and in their places.

8. Furthermore, there is a large class of worldly men who have no aim in life but self-aggrandizement, who are glad to have any excuse for taking away the dividing line between the world and the church. They are good natured, they swing gally through life; they do not do much harm; but their supreme principle of action is self-indulgence and enjoyment. They delight in the fall of good men, because it makes them feel that one man is about as good as another, that all are sinful, and that there are none worse than those who think they are ticketed and insured for heaven. It affords them nor let it come to harm. ough every

9. Again, there are men who feel that a ray of light he falls upon them when those who have long condemned them fall to their level. I allude to men that are essending men. It is not safe to do so. It certainly is right tially wicked; men that do wrong on purpose; men that deliberately refuse to do right; men that perhaps are not corrupted in morals, but that are thoroughly are not corrupted in moral sense. Such men so love sin that the light from their face is like that which issues from

of the Christian church, come to harm. But it is never with any feeling of lothing that I look upon them. I always feel that I would to God I could go to them and do something for them. You may be sure of this one thing—that when a man who has known what goodness is, is, by the stress of temptation, overtaken by wickedness, so that he denies his Lord and Master, no other person in the community suffers as he suffers. His hamp goes out in his dwelling and his heart; and his darkness and despair are beyond the measure of anything we can conceive. And in respect to all such, we have the most explicit directions that they are to be objects of our care. We are to restore them in the spirit of meckness, considering our own selves, lest we also be tempted.

store them in the spirit of meekness, considering our own selves, lest we also be tempted.

I need not say that the reason of this discourse is the lamentable disclosure which has taken place in reference to a Christian gentleman who had held a high trust in, and who was widely known as an officer of, the American Board of Missions. His recent disaster has filled the hearts of his friends—who are many—with the most exquisite suffering.

As I returned from Boston, there fell in my way, very strangely, report that seemed to me to have been issued.

overtaken and overthrown; when her standard-bearers fall headlong, and carry down her banner with them.

I. I proceed to remark that the fall of a man is evifrom hell! I should never have dreamed that there was from hell I should never have dreamed that there was such literature in existence. I read with a revelation of human nature the exultation manifested on account of this great grief and trouble which has befallen us; and it has wrought in my mind ever since. And knowing that a great many of you both knew this Christian brother, and were deeply interested in the great cause he had served—and served faithfully until his fall—il I could not do otherwise than to make these remarks to night. to-night.

My Christian brethren, do not let us carry these tidings one to another, as being a thing for pleasure or severe censure: let us rather carry it before our God; who is his God—before our Christ, who is his pardontion was required to bring them down.

But sometimes the bolts in thunder storms are so powerful that sound trees being struck by them, are split, and wrenched, and overthrown, because they are not able to wrestle with the gigantic forces that are if there be ever a time when a man has a burden, it is not able to wrestle with the gigantic forces that are brought to bear upon them. And a man who is not when his life is a burden to him—when shame has corrupt, may be overtaken by temptation so strong that, striking him like a tornado, it will earry him down, in spite of all his power of resistance.

Every case, therefore, is to stand on its own merits. The fact that a man has fallen is no evidence that he would to God that it were morning;" so that when lying down, he says, "I would to God that it were morning;" so that when lying down, he says, "I would to God that it were morning;" so that both morning and evening he says, "I would to God that my day had come, and that I might the same has fallen is no evidence that he would to God that my day had come, and that I might

ODr. Pomroy.

Hemember to restore such an one in the spirit of meekness. Remember that thou thyself art a man of like passions. Remember that to forgive and to help is divine, and that to sting, and despise, and neglect.

is infernal.

May God keep every one of you. May God keep me.

May God keep every one of his ministers and every one
of his children. May he remember his church, and
establish it on foundations that cannot be shaken.

And when, by and by, this scene of life is ever, may,
those that have sinned most, and been forgiven most,
be heard, advanced full high above all others, giving such praise to God as only those can give that have been raised out of the very depths of death and perdition.

Letter from Newburyport.

MESSES, EDITORS-The glorious truths of Spiritualism do not make such progress in this theological community as its friends desire, nor as its merits demand. We have had a few ectures this season, but the interest exhibited does not warant a continuance; the expense is too great for the few who are willing to aid in disseminating the true gospel. We have a number of professed Spiritualists, who are, if not rich, at east in good circumstances, but do not aid either by contributions, counsel or attendance, in sustaining meetings, but leave it to a few who show more interest. Not only this, but they attend the old churches, and give liberally toward susaining them. They probably are afraid of public opinion; but they should be more afraid of "hiding their light under bushel," instead of placing it out prominently where it nay guide and direct others not so fortunate as they in discovering the haven of rest. Verily, will they have their

I have been struck, in my conversations on Spiritualism to find how extensive atheism is in the church. I mean by the church, among those who attend service. There are great many who attend regularly from force of habit and custom, not from any belief. Spiritualism is developing this apidly. They take it for granted that what their minister reaches may be true, but they do not investigate for them cives; the religion they profess does not allow them to do this; but, like their mother-church, (of Rome) they take it from their priests, consequently, when we talk with them or he liberty of religion, and reason upon it, we find how superficial their belief is. At least one-half of this class, with whom I have talked, frankly acknowledge that they believe hat death is the end; that no spirit or anything else exists after death; and my experience is but that of others. No wonder it is hard to get audiences from such material. They are satisfied with going the old read, and willing to trust to hat. Spiritualism is too hard a life for them to live; it calls or too great a sacrifice.

Warren Chase lectured here recently. The day was Warren Chase lectured here recently. The day was God alone is Good. 11. The Sacrificial Rite. 12. The Love stormy, and few heard the living, great and noble truths he of the Beautiful. 13. The Gyroscope. 14. The Moral and gave us. He is too well known to all Spiritualists to need any panagyric from my feeble pen. We have engaged his services for one month, when he comes cast next year. His many friends look anxiously shead to the time when we shall have the opportunity of subsoiling the theological ground of this city with his plough, and put in the seeds of Spiritualism, springing up and bearing an hundred fold.

Dexter Dana has also lectured here. His lectures are ver nteresting, abounding in spirit tests and manifestations which have occurred to Mr. Dana. They are of a nature nuch needed. I hope he will continue, being satisfied that

such lectures will do much good.
Uriah Clark, of Auburn, N. Y., gave us a lecture and test xamination, which were very satisfactory. He is one of the ablest lecturers who have visited us.

Rev. Dr. Dimmick recently preached a sermon, which aused considerable comment among his people. Quite a number on the succeeding Monday said to me, "You ought to have heard Mr. Dimmick, yesterday; he gave a sermon on Spiritualism." I asked if it favored, or opposed; and was told that it was strongly in favor. I thought I would call on Mr. Dimmick, and request the privilege of reading it. Judge of my astonishment, when Mr. D. said he had not prepared any such discourse; but that the sermon was an old one, which he had once before preached to his people, seven years ago! Mr. D. was always spiritually-minded; but this cirumstance goes to show that our efforts are not in vain, for t has wakened his people to the spiritual beauties of his old sermons, which could not have been observed but for the interest felt in everything appertaining to Spiritualism. A resident of West Newbury recently had an arm injured

n some machinery so badly as, to require amputation. in some machinery so badly as, to require amputation. The arm was buried in the cellar of the house where he lay. While in the act of placing it in the carth, the man was lar agony; he was far from the place, but the patient could get no relief until the arm was placed in a certain position, when it was found to be the position it would naturally have been in had it not been dismembered. The explanation of this is, undoubtedly, that the nerve aura was not dissevered, and consequently was subject to the same sensations as if the arm had not been amputated. How will Brother Seavor, of the Investigator, explain this on his material theory? He will not think the arm to be alive, for it had been amputated some hours when the sensations were experienced. ome hours when the sensations were experienced.

I intended to have stated above that Warren Chase lectured

I intended to have stated above that warren Chase jectured on Monday evening in the Orthodox vestry, in West Newbury. Last year Rev. Mr. Pleriont was refused the liberty. This shows a growing liberality among our Orthodox brethron, worthy of emulation by others of their faith. Dec. 12, 1859.

A Prospectus of a new Monthly Paper, to be called "The Calumet."

"Peace on earth—good will to men!"

The necessity for such a paper exists in the fact, that while Indians, although exposed to lawless outrage, have no mouth-piece by which to utter their grievances before the world, and the newspapers of the country are too much absorbed with their respective interests to do justice to the Tellers.

world, and the newspapers of the country are too much absorbed with their respective interests to do justice to the Indians.

Honce, Senator Houston truly said, that "the history of the Indians has never been written—the story of their wrongs has never been written—the story of their wrongs has never been told." For the want of which, millions of dollars and thousands of lives have been wasted in cruci wars, or in fruitless effort to instruct them in religion.

The Oalumer will aim to supply this want by the presentation of facts from the Indian's standpoint, as well as from others. It will indicate measures for their preservation, particularly the holding of a National Convention, to consider the best mode for a final settlement of all the tribes, and the adjustment of existing difficulties upon a basis of mutual good will.

The Calumer will be issued simultaneously at New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, on the first of January, 1860, at One Dollar per annum. Each number will be embollished with a portrait and biographical sketch of distinguished Indians. It is not intended as a private speculation, for neither the Editor, nor any concerned in its management, will receive more than an equivalent for services rendered. The names of donors, and a general statement of the enterprise, will be published monthly, and all moneys which accrue will be faithfully appropriated to circulate the best thoughts of the best minds, and to induce the best conditions for a true civilization.

The subscriber is sanguine in the belief that, with the cooperation of the thousands of his fellow citizons who long to see justice reign, he will be able to scatter the Calumer broad-cast over the land; and by the facts thus brought to public view, such a genial change will take place, that by the Kourth of July, 1860, the red man and white may rejoice together in the certainty of a common horitage in peace and freedom. He therefore asks for means to circulate freely at least one hundred thousand copies. **O** O Donations and letters on bu

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

MEETINGS IN BOSTON,—Mrs. Amanda M. Spence, of New fork, will lecture in Ordway Hall next Sunday afternoon at 1-2 o'clock, and in the evening at 71-4 o'clock. A Chacle for trance-speaking, &c. is held every Sunday aorning, at 101-2 o'clock, at No. 14 Bromfield street. Ad-

morning at 101-2 o'clock, at No. 14 Bromfield street. Admission 5 cents.

MEETINGS IN CHELSEA, on Bundays, morning and evening at Guild Hall, Winnisimmet street. D. F. Goddard, regular speaker. Beats free.

CAMBRIDGEPORT. — Meetings in Cambridgeport are held every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 3 and 71-2 o'clock, r. M., at Washington Hall, Main street. Beats free. The following Trance Speakers are engaged: Dec. 18th, Miss

R. T. Amedey.

LAWRENCE.—The Spiritualists of Lawrence hold regular meetings on the Sabbath, foreneen and afterneon, at Lawrence Hall.

meetings on the Saddath, forenoon and afternoon, at Lawrence Hall.

Foxnonc'.—The Spiritualists of Foxnoro' hold free meetings in the town hall every Sunday, at half-past one, and
half-past six o'clock, P. M.

PLYMOUTH.— Miss Lizzle Doten, will lecture Dec. 18th and
25th; Miss Fannie Davis, Jan, 1st and 8th.

Lowell.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetlugs on Sundays, foreneon and afternoon, in Wells's Hall.
Speaking, by mediums and others.

Salem.—Meetings have commenced at the Spiritualists'
Church, Sewall street. Circles in the morning; speaking,
afternoon and ovening.

Woncester.—The Spiritualists of Worcester hold regular
Sunday meetings in Washburn Hall.

SUNDAY MEETINGS IN NEW YORK. Meetings are held at Lamartine Hall, on the corner of 20th street and 8th Avenue, every Sunday morning. Preaching by Rev. Mr. Jones. Afternoon: Conference or Lecture. Evening: Circles for trance-speakers. There are at all times several present.

Dodworth's Hall.—Meetings are held at this Hall regularly every Babbath.

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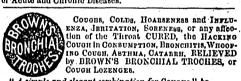
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