

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. THIRD PAGE—Rev. Dr. Chapin's Sermon. EIGHTH PAGE—Rev. H. W. Beecher's Sermon.

Written for the Banner of Light.

"BERTHA LEE,"
OR,
MARRIAGE.

To the Memory of my Husband this tale is dedicated

BY ANN E. PORTER,

Author of "Dora Moore," "Country Neighbors," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXX.—Continued.

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

"Lost! lost!" he repeated; "I believe there is no more mercy for me!"

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

For awhile his distress was very great, and hoping to divert 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 father gave me on my 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 sewing, 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 Auntie 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 greater sorrows in the world. Let us think a moment. It 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; it is now let to a tenant, but the house is vacant, and 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, perhaps. 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; the little brown farmhouse. It was not many miles from Vernon, and that pleased me. I was not far from the precious graves. Auntie Paul went with us, and remained till the house was in order; then she left for her own home with her children.

Let me describe our "Refuge," as we called it. In going from Vernon to B—, there is a fine, much traveled 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 perpendicular hill. This road leads to the small farming town of Becket, where a little white meeting-house, a red schoolhouse, 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 schoolhouse 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, how she transforms the brown, weather-worn house, by 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 is, 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 scent that always hangs about a farmhouse "buttery," as the natives call it, and which is peculiarly annoying to my olfactory; 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 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 remonstrated with, he would say—

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

Then again he would weep like a child when he referred 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 for me to bear, was the semi-alienation into which my own soul was thrown. However I might not have had the feelings which every woman should have toward

the man she marries, 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, deluded Mormon wife, I fancied that I was sealed 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, I wrote 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 read 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 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 Heaven 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 hawks, when in his father's house there was rich food awaiting his hungry soul.

As I judged to me—but it was mercy behind a cloud—Mr. Gray sent me something of 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 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 shudder, 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 me 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 pamphlets, all numbered, dated, and stitched together in volumes, with indices. Then a box of sermons 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 large books, bound like account books, but marked "journals," these, without opening I laid on the table, but what lay beneath these attracted my curiosity so strongly to treat in the same way. An old worn paper, yellow with age, bore this inscription—

"Papers of Simon Mudgett, relating to Mary Lincoln."

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

"I, Simon Mudgett, commit the following narrative to writing, thinking it may, at some time, be 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 then "it'll be the devil to pay among those vessels near the shore."

The storm increased, and toward midnight blew a gale. We thought we heard screams and groans; but whether it were dying men or the wall 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 returned to the house. With the first break of day I was over to the beach. It was too true that a vessel had been near us all night; the wreck was now to be seen with men still clinging 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, but he was dreadfully bruised and mangled, and died the next day. One of his first questions, on coming to us, 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 crime, 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 disowned 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 died, he said—

"Tell Robert 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, and 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 hundred 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 MUGGETT.

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

"Received this from Mr. Mudgett, at midnight, Oct. 15, 18—. How used—Journal No. 2, page 66."

Mr. Gray's papers were then so 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 in it.

It is astonishing how many thoughts can rush through

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:

"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."

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 hesitate to marry her, 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 that. Oh, day I wish I if you knew the power that you have over me! God knows that you could have molded me to your will; you could have exorcised 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 making fun of him all the time.

Never mind, now! I'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—she can see that very plainly. Her whole heart belongs to Charles Herbert, but that will be over soon, for she has sense and principle. 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 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 rich and famous, he can find another bride. But Mary—aye! there's 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 entered through her, more than she can now do, even if her hopes are disappointed? Her heart will not break—no, it is too firmly anchored in heaven for that.

Evening. I have done it! It was a terrible blow. I spared nothing—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 vulgar and degraded. I hoped he 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.

But all my heart to her will cling. As long as trees and blossoms 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 otherwise well, save the shattered nerves, and alternate depression and elation of spirits, occasioned by his favorite stimulant. There were those 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 bear up, and feel that my task, however heavy, was light, compared to his suffering.

I had lived through the summer even happily, for Lily and I had air and sunshine, green grass and singing birds, to our precious teachers, to our sweet comforters. We lived with so much simplicity, that we had leisure to be out of doors, and while her little hands plucked the dandelions and violets, and her tiny feet printed the garden paths, I sowed beet seed and lettuce, cabbages and cauliflower. I did not raise garden flowers; why should I, when nature had scattered far more beautiful ones all around me? Besides, it was necessary that I should make my time profitable, peculiarly. Mr. Gray had a patch of peaches, and an acre of corn. We had apples and currents 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 broadly into the corner sitting-room, and I there made a kitchen and sitting-room of that, and tried to make it cheerful by books, and two or three plants, and my little rosewood scenery.

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 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 went away, 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 foliage.

Once my good old friend from Westford preached, and his sermon, which was from these words, fell like oil on the troubled waters of my heart. "Paint 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 this remark—

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

We found Mr. Gray that night in one of his depressed moods; he was a castaway—a lost soul—he had committed 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 consolation to Mr. Gray, while he is in this state of mind, and body. This state of mind, or dear madman, 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, might be of use, for Mr. Gray was still accessible to reason.

I thought of Dr. Cameron, whom I had once heard speak of Dr. Quincey's book, and relate, also, Coleridge's experience. I remember his saying, too—

"I have suffered on horrors from this very cause myself, and could tell of visions and of dreams, that would frighten any sane man from trying the effects of this drug upon his mind."

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 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 exile from the world, was impatient for him, 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 depressed moods, my exultation cried out, "My God, my God, we have lost their forsaken me!"

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 it. A terrible storm came on, and continued three days, blocking up the roads, and effectually blockading 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 fourth I had strong fears lest he would take his life. I saw him once go into the bedroom, unsheath his razor, and draw his 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 whistling that which was already on the earth, making the air thick with its white flakes; the branches of the great butternut 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 unconscious of danger—

"Mr. Gray, would you like a cup of strong coffee?"

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 my life for it, and I lay awake a great part of the night, studying a way to procure some more bright, the sky was blue, and with the smile of heaven, light came to my heart. Our household so high that I could see a great distance, and about nine o'clock I told Mr. Gray that I 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 not 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 person 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 easy chair, sometimes dozing, and now and then brightening up, and listening cheerfully to our conversation. The next day he made a thorough examination of his eyes, but gave us little encouragement; the disease was deeply seated.

"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 of mind 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 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! I repeated the doctor, quickly. 'Have you a friend by that name?'"

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

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 Mudgett, on his death-bed, revealed the fact of her father's death, and its mode, the doctor wheeled suddenly round, exclaiming—

"Robert Knox is not dead! though God knows 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. He was a strong man physically, with nerves that could bear intense 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 trembled like a sick girl.

"Doctor!" I exclaimed, "you and ill; what shall 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, 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 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 seeing the paper itself; I will fetch it." When I returned, the doctor was waiting the room in great agitation.

"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! They were that peculiar tint of deep blue, large, with long lashes. I stopped short, with the paper in my 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 word from the doctor, who was eagerly reaching out his hand for the paper.

"And you, you!" I stammered, "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 folding it, he said—

"God's goodness is great toward me, Bertha. I believe there can be no mistake. I go to-morrow to seek my daughter. Surely, you have been a guardian angel to me. Good night. I must be alone with my great happiness."

CHAPTER XXXII.
RECONCILIATION.

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 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 entrusted him most cordially, 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.

"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 allusion to the former engagement between Mr. Harper and Mary. Both parties would be more free and unrestrained in their intercourse.

This matters stood when the doctor left the farm-house. 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 open in eager haste. 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 Senate, 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 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 puppies that dance attendance in the capital, barking for the bones in Uncle Sam's cupboard, or rather for the bones that are not there, for there are so many barkers, that like Granville Hubbard's, the cupboard is bare, and many a poor little dog has none. I like to talk at Webster's great head, and his manly 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 sternness and gloom, that is, by the appearance of it. I have a fancy 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 here and spent a week, and what do you think I heard Mr. Clay say of him? That in a young man of his rank, he did not 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."

Evening. I had written thus far, when the dinner bell—no, I don't mean so—we have no bell, but a colored waiter comes up stairs, in his light slippers, as if 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 "somebody," 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 Ned told me afterwards that they had a warm discussion over their wine on Louis Philippe's flight, and the Orleans 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 mutual 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 Helen's husband? I liked him very much, and was sorry that I could not see more of 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 dynasties.

In the morning he left for Stanley Grove, and Pa came in to see me after he left, looking rather pale and worried.

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.

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

Written for the Banner of Light.

STORIES FOR THE YOUNG.

BY MRS. L. M. WILLIS.

A CLEAR CONSCIENCE;

OR, THE FAIRIES 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 talismans 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 he thought the leaves were calling—

"Come, oh come,
Here's a better fun
Than boys can find
In romp or run;
Shiver, quiver, so we go,
First in a hurry, then—slow—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 amethyst, and he supposed them to lead from some chambers far down in the centre of the flower. "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 doorway, 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 fairies 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, rubies, 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 fairies 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. 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 he 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. Charlie 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 behold it clear as a crystal, then will you scatter gifts of love, and other 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 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 blossoms 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 wonder if he had a mirror in his mind

that told him all he had done. He replied, at any rate, to keep it clear from any more such bad sights, and began in earnest 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 it is right, and good, and noble."

"Yes, that is it," said his uncle; "the 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 Charlie.

"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."

"Well,
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 PROF. 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 repels me, because it smells of the graveyard. I know that he has dug it up from some mouldering sepulchre 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 geometers 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 intellect 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 leveling 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 ever 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 in 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 feeling, 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 tatters 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 in 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 foam-bells 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 welds 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 plenitude 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 spoonful. What is eloquence but the language of feeling? What are all

the productions of genius but the inflorescence of these vital elements of the soul whose roots are buried in a soil which is inexhaustible? Yet go out into our institutions of learning and see how, in the neglect of the true methods of cultivating the mind, the roots are cut off, and the branches thrust into water-pots to pass through a sickly existence, and then droop, and wither, and die. It has been well 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 enlightened mind but feeling and emotion; and as they flash their sheets of lightning across the soul, we get glimpses of our own exhaustless wealth, or as they glow with steady, continuous blaze, we become prodigal of our own immeasurable riches, and we scatter jewels and diamonds broadcast along our pathway, and walk in an enveloping incense of our own creating.

That which we do from the promptings of feeling is always pleasant, always easy; that which we do merely from the dictates of knowledge, 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 sprung into life within them. All that was highest, purest, truest, divinest in them, was called out; new and nobler aims sprang up; sins fell off, evil habits loosed their claims, evil tempers were stilled, all hollow 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 when Nature, in her bounty, sends a great feeler into our stagnant 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 people. The great thinkers are working upon external nature, or perhaps trying to patch up the cumbersome, rickety machinery of society, governments and organizations of one kind or another. They never reform either themselves or others. But the great feelers work upon the souls of men, upon the internal machinery of individual minds. They use the same dynamic elements that are at work within themselves. They reform by getting into the souls of men, sending a part of themselves deep down into the subsoil of humanity, that it may take sure root and become a part of them. They take no interest either in consolidating the old walls that encompass society, or in patching up the rents and threadbare places in the outer garments of men; but they pour their own deep feelings into their souls, which, like so much heaven, 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 Paraguay tea; and the red men of the north have their Apalachian, Oswego and Labrador varieties of the same herb. Throughout the Southern States and the blooming West India Islands, the naturalized European clings to his favorite coffee; while in the Northern States and the British-American provinces the Young Hyson, or Souchong of China, is found in almost every hamlet. Europe, too, has its prevailing beverages. The dark-eyed Spaniard, who snaps from the strings of his bewitching guitar sweet serenades to his lady-love, and the passionate Italian, who sheathes a jeweled stiletto in the heart of a victorious rival, both draw their inspiration from chocolate. The fascinating Frenchman, the ease-loving German, the honest Swede, and the dreamy Turk, all have their coffee. The persevering Russian, the staid Hollander, and the burly Englishman, make tea their national drink; while the poor, oppressed Irishman contents himself with the refuse of French and Spanish chocolate mills, drinking his simple infusion of cocoa husks. Throughout all Asia the same appetite has long been gratified in various ways. Wherever, in Asia or Africa, the delusive faith of the Prophet has found adherents, and where his broad banner has triumphantly 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 magic, over Himalayan hills, Tartaric tablelands, and Siberian plains. It has not paused, in its onward march, before Altai heights, nor wearied in crossing Russian wastes, and finds its votaries as readily in Moscow and St. Petersburg as in Peking 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, though she possess but a handful of chips with which to steep it. It is useless to tell the gourmand that his luxuries cost more than his necessities, for men ever have expended most for the gratification of their governing appetites; and as long as human nature retains its 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 stimulants, which is none the less strong because it is abnormal, be overcome, reformers may have science, experience and economy entirely in their favor, and yet labor in vain. The stimulant users of the present day—speaking in a general sense—were born, and ninety-nine in a hundred of them will die, with their present appetites and indulgences. The change—for change undoubtedly will 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 surrendered themselves at the shrine of habit, it will not be amiss to examine the question carefully, impartially, and in the light of science and reason.

The infused beverages are divided into three classes: First, teas, or infusions of leaves; second, coffees, or infusions of seeds; and third, cocoas, which are their soups, or gruels, rather than infusions. The three active ingredients of tea are, theine, tannic acid, and a volatile oil. The first contributes its enlivening properties, the

second its antrinegency, and the third its narcotic principle, which is very powerful in recently-prepared tea. This oil is not a natural ingredient of the leaf, but is produced during the roasting process, by a chemical metamorphosis. The Chinese claim for tea that "it is of a cooling nature, and if taken in excess produces lassitude and exhaustion." They do not use that which is less than a year old; 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 nervous systems, protracts remarkably the decomposition of the tissues, rouses the spirits, allays hunger, keeps awake and imparts a feeling of comfort and repose. Taken too freely it produces various marked disturbances in the system, such as headache, palpitation of the heart, delirium, perspirations, incapacity to sleep, etc., etc.

Abd-ul-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 caffeine, 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. Annual 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 perpetual metamorphosis, neither man, nor beast, nor tree could exist for a single day. Without this process, the human body would soon become a loathsome 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 laboratory, must, again, be displaced by a fresh supply. As soon as the supply is withheld, the vital domain suffers. Emaciation and death result from its protracted refusal. It follows, that whatever serves to arrest the waste and renewal of the tissues, while it actually diminishes the quantity of 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 depreciate the quality of the tissues. The principal effect of tea, coffee and 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 constrict 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 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 driver, produce a corresponding increase in the strength of the animal. The human organism acts upon a similar principle. It performs its ordinary labor quietly. Naturally, the vital machinery moves with very little friction, from the dawn of life until stopped by the chill of death. When any substance, deleterious to the delicate tissues of the body, is introduced into the system, through the digestive organs, the vital forces are concentrated in that direction to defend the structures and dislodge the intruding agent. The channel of ejection is determined by the nature and potency of the substance introduced. Sometimes the repulsion is attended with very 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 the whole system, as in cases of strong narcotics and small doses of poison; and sometimes the vital forces are completely overthrown in their effort at self-defence, as in cases 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 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 care to admit.

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 arsenicating perceive no inconvenience from quantities which would prove fatal to half a dozen inexperienced tasters; and thus whatever habits we may indulge, or in whatever circumstances we may be placed, if the former are regular and systematic, and the latter permanent, we 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 path of duty no sacrifice is with them too high or too dear. Nothing is with them impossible, but to shrink from what love, honor, innocence, religion requires. The voice of pleasure or of power may pass by unheeded, but the voice of affliction never. The chamber of the sick, the pillow of the dying, the vigils of the dead, the altars of religion, never fail to excite the sympathies of woman. Timid 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 murmurs nor regrets, and that patience in suffering which seems victorious even over death itself.—*Judge Story.*

A few days ago, a bright-eyed little boy, about six years old, retired up stairs to bed, leaving his mother below without the customary good-night kiss. As he kissed his father, and bade him good-night, he naively said: "Tell mamma good-night for me; I forgot to kiss her, but tell her that I kiss her in my heart."

Written for the Banner of Light.

TO AN INCONSTANT MAID.

BY LITA H. BARNES.

The words that meet my vision now are few, and cold, and calm,
No tokens of an inner self, with deep affection warm—
No heart's greetings, as were wont in days gone to come,
And fill my sleep with pleasant dreams of love and Eden-home.

A vain and fickle heart is thine, which each may win and wear,
A heart that bendeth not to truth, but to the fairest fair,
Unhating that the gayest flower that e'er on earth hath been,
May reek with poisonous essence foul, and carry death within.

Imagination's vivid power sees smiles of mockery play
Around the lips I love so well, as distant, far away
To scan the lines my hand has traced, a tribute from the heart,
Nor deem their worth outweighing those writ by a lying art.

Oh! Earth, though fair, hath darksome spots, and such dole-
colt 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 rubies fair, his worth can ne'er be told.

Oh, foolish maid, unconsciously your egress wreath you
twine,
In deeming that this second love can e'er compare with mine,
When, all too late, upon the shrine the sacrifice is laid,
In surly of bitter tears shall be my heart-wreck paid.

Yet I upbraid thee not, fond love, for dark thou art to me,
And happiness and length of days I ask from Heaven for thee;
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's
hue,
And from their breaking forms peeps out the sweetest, clear-
est blue,
So 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 BUREAU AND LOMB.

TAXI.—"The woman said unto him, Sir, give me this water, that I thirst not, neither come hither to draw."—John 4, 15.

In calling your attention to this conversation between the woman and Jesus, I have to draw 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 thou 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—"Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again; but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst; but 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 scoffing, as though her request were merely ironical, as though she had said—"That is very likely; I should like to get such water as that, so that I may never thirst again, neither come hither any more to draw." But I confess I do not find anything of that kind in the words before us, nor does such an interpretation receive the sanction of the past and more recent commentators. And, as it is the subject of this trifling notice, I will reply, it is blended with a very deep and earnest tone. There seems to have been a gradual, a very gradual drawing 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 and feeling she makes the request which constitutes 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 last sentence. It was to her conceit something better than the water in that well, which Jesus owned, and, as yet, it was something which would not answer the need of that water, and have her the trouble in future of coming after it. In my last discourse to you, 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 lesson respecting misconceptions of religion. And this, therefore, will constitute my theme upon the present occasion.

Misconceptions of religion; misconceptions of the purpose, the work, the character of true religion; surely it is matter fit for our reflection. For instance, this request of the woman of Samaria, do we not find a suggestion of the error of those who may be said to have a talismanic view of religion; those who conceive it to be a sort of exclusive and sacred charm, instead of being an inward life, with all the power and blessedness of an inward life? As the woman of Samaria 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 magical preservative and efficacy in the mere words of 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 instance, what are merely religious ceremonials, and forms automatically gone through with by 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 to the hearer? What is the use of a prayer in Latin to a man who understands English only, except to act as a sort of a charm through the mere utterance or performance of the prayer? Is it not precluding that in the gift of Christ there was something to deliver from 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 misconception of the woman at the well of Jacob, who thought that the gift of Christ was something that would supersede ordinary laws, would prevent 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 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 natural processes, something magical and peculiar out of the common course of things?

For what I call the talismanic conception of religion, for want of a better term, seems to be equally represented in the notion that the mere act of faith—the mere act of spiritual acquiescence—constitutes the substance of religion, expressed in the saying that such a one "has got religion"—that in such a place, and at such an hour, "he got religion." Here, again, the idea of religion as a foreign and exclusive element in the soul, rather than the spring of all its noblest faculties, and consciousness of its deepest life. Now there is a great truth in this phrase—"a man has got religion"—because whatever idea notion of religious 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 come one thing, exclusively, and why at some particular time and place, looking upon it as an exclusive and foreign ele-

ment in the soul, that is precisely the error of which I am speaking; and it is just as much a sacramental notion of religion, as the mere ceremonial about the most of talismans, as a sacramental notion of religion. To suppose that the mere act of faith in itself produces a saving efficacy, that it constitutes the substance and potency of religion, is a sacramental view that a great many people hold, who yet would be perfectly horrified 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 efficacy 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 up a level 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 form 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 fit of transition, no peculiar shock of experience. All I contend for is, for 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 will not be a mere foreign element, lying peculiar and exclusive 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, and 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 seizes 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 feared that their benevolent 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 between 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 of life, for they are now become very secondary; it is comparatively of little importance what we do now as to them, if we only have religion in our souls." I do not say that they say this out straight and clear, or that they put this consciously before them as a statement. But it is a sort of feeling naturally springing up from this misconception of religion, as a foreign and exclusive idea in the soul, rather than as a spring of living water. So you find, on the other hand, that men in the ordinary business of life, who are faithful in their obligations of honesty, and in the ordinary duties and claims, think of that as the whole of religion. Morality is the whole of religion, they say; do your duty to your neighbor, be honest, be industrious, be faithful, that is all you need do. They stand right exactly upon the other side; they think that religion, or what is peculiarly called religion, is of little worth, because it does not seem to produce any particular honesty and true acting than they themselves possess without it; and they come to the conclusion that this mere doing of ordinary morality is religion. And this, on the other hand, produces a sort of contempt for that ordinary morality in the minds of those who are religious. They think of that as a mere morality, the mere working out of your own righteousness, that is merely 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 morally. 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 wide ends to which he is called.

But, on the other hand, while we may have the morality that leads us to be honest, faithful and industrious, our morality will not prove strong enough in temptation; it will not be consistent, steady, comprehensive, without the life of religion back of it, without that faith that relies upon God, and refreshing ourselves continually, by coming up to that spring to draw. Our morality will prove weak in temptation, or it will prove to be only a sharp, narrow morality, after all. But a union of the two things, morality and religion, or rather a clear perception that they are but one, that religion is, in its broadest sense, morality, morality is, in its truest sense, religion. The morality of God's presence, and from the unchanging power of his love—this is what men need. And the very fact that these two things are separated in religion, is simply a testimony to the fact that this misconception of religion of which I have been speaking, does prevail. No real common work of life, no ordinary duty, will be looked upon as unworthy, as secondary or unimportant, to him who has Christ's spirit in his own heart, to him who truly knows what the religion of Jesus Christ is. He will still come to the old well to draw; he will perform the daily round of duties as before; but he will come to the well to draw in a new spirit; he will behold his daily duties glowing with a brightness above the brightness of the sun; he will not regard religion as a mere exclusive charm, that does its work in the closet, or in the peculiar calls of devotion, but will regard it as a well of water in him, springing up into everlasting life. This every man must have, or he will have a misconception of religion similar to that which the woman had at the well of Jacob.

And, as directly pertaining to this train of remark, I may also refer to this misconception of religion which underestimates the involubility and sacredness of physical laws. With the woman of Samaria appears to have been that there was something in Christ's gift that would supersede the operation of natural processes—a perpetual miracle, by which literal truth would be forever extinguished. And so we have the extreme, on the other hand, the counter error of no Providence, those who act as though there was no sympathetic and personal God in the world, who cares for man peculiarly—who say Providence cannot be; it is unscientific to believe in Providence. I say we have the counter error here of this misconception of those who think that religious faith and exercises—speak of religion as a mere belief, a mere sentiment—those who think that religious faith and belief will carry them through all things; who seem to say, "Believe in God, trust in God, and then no matter whether you keep your powder dry or not." They conceive it to be like the woman conceived the water—that they would take the draught as the woman of Samaria would, and never thirst again, no matter what natural processes 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, or whatever it is, will help you. Fall in accordance with its material laws, and they will carry you along all that way, 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 merely to be devout, or to have a religious 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 we are crushed with inevitables, and we are crushed with those inevitables. 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 science. The physical world is the field of divine operation; the scientific man is reading off the laws of God, printed in starry letters athwart the firmament, graven in old hieroglyphics on the geological rocks, stamped on the wondrous arteries and sinews of this living frame; he is reading off the laws of God printed as surely there as they were on the tables of Moses, or as they glow now on the pages of the New Testament. And the language is this: that the laws of God, the laws of science, the laws of physical laws, the religiousness of physical laws; and to remember that

there is no such mystery in this, that the righteous man suffers physical pains. If he has a physical pain, it may be to use that either hereditary, or in known 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 we must come more and more to conceive; if we do not, we 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 religious people merely, without regard for the operation of physical laws, they will never be saved from 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 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 the physical laws, and why we need not be afraid of the dissecting knife and the ventilator—not by any means do I mean that. We sometimes fall into that error; people think that 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 supersede no natural law; but all the more potent and diligently, when we are truly religious, shall we do our natural work. We shall then see the necessity and benefit of this, we should come more and more 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 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 hither to draw." The woman of Samaria, whatever degree of faith she had in the assertion of Jesus, caught the idea that this gift of which he spoke, would save her from all her troubles, and 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 to make us feel better, happier and calmer. Now it is 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 inscrutable process, that is not what it does. But it does this by opening up new views of life, new springs of being. 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Literary Notices.

THE SECRET OF THE ONE THOUSAND TRICKS WITH CARDS! AND OTHER ILLUSORICONS: Illustrated with over three hundred engravings, and containing clear and comprehensive explanations how to perform with ease all the curious card deceptions and sleight of hand tricks extant; with an endless variety of entertaining experiments in drawing-room or white magic, including the celebrated science of Second-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 be; 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 their children to stay at home, and, by the aid of this book, make their own theatrical 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! Oh, slumbering eyes!
Oh, drooping souls, whose destinies
Are fraught with fear and pain,
You shall be loved again!
No one is so accused by fate,
No one so utterly desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto its own!"

Right 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-houses. It is a simple, truthful story, illustrating—without any attempt at artistic 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 beneficial results. Art is often employed to polish villainy, to gild the popular vices, and to render falsehood more specious, 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 unostentatious 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 controversial spirit; but a strong love of humanity and a sincere feeling of devotion are far more forcibly 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.

"MEMORISM IN INDIA, AND ITS PRACTICAL APPLICATION IN SURGERY AND MEDICINE;" by James Esdall, M.D., civil assistant surgeon, H. O. S. Bengal.

The importance of what the author and many others have (inappropriately) denominated *Memorism*, as a therapeutic agent, and especially in its application to the practice of surgery, has, perhaps, nowhere been so clearly demonstrated as in the practice of Dr. Esdall, 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 over the individual consciousness, voluntary motion and sensation, and of the beneficial 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 profit.

Messrs. Fowler & Wells have recently published a cheap edition of this valuable work (bound in paper) at the low price of 35 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, Duets, Trios, Semi-choruses and Choruses, and for Organ, Melodeon, or Piano; compiled and published by Horace Waters, 333 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 persuasive 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 enthusiasm.

We have also received from Mr. Waters several pieces of sheet music, the titles of which are as follows:

"THE THOMAS BAKER SONNETS;" Composed by Augustus Cull.

"HOME OF OUR BIRTH," (quartet), as sung at the concert of the Tremaine Family. Composed by Charles M. Tremaine.

"THE SWIMMING SONNETS;" Composed by Augustus Cull.

"OUI GIVE ME BACK MY MOUNTAIN HOME," (quartet), Words and music by the Tremaine Family.

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 Font,
The "Holy Water" there;
The fruits of earth, God's "Sacrament,"
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 bend
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 o'en the mountain seem to mo
A nun, white-robed 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,
Waked by the Master Hand.

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 Sabbath unto me,
And hallowed is the rod—
One Priest is at my Altar there—
That Priest, the living God.

Death and Resurrection of Dr. E. G. 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 says:—

"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 mind has been my study for some years. Before my death I could not believe that a disembodied 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 subject."

Previous to my death I had some conversation with different individuals regarding this phenomena, 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 possible for me.

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

How 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 6th, 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 over."

[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. died on the 6th, and not on the 5th. It is not surprising that a medium, accidentally 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 a physician in spirit life, whom I took there some hours ago, that his case is inflammation of the lungs; and unless he is 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 lengthwise across the chest. That he shall not lie in bed 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 chance of doing well. He wishes me to say, that the salt 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 twenty and thirty years; I was between eighteen and nineteen 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 daguerotype. He mentioned her temperament, and a number of other things not noticed by other psychometrists but by Mrs. Mettler, described by Prof. Brittan, a few weeks since. His powers more resemble hers than any other person.

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 so to see that there is no deception by the spirit. This letter-an answering I have seen. He also told me of some spirits that came to me, interested 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 fact, will, I trust, come to him, and they can learn if this is all *Janatism, fraud and moonshine*.

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

CHARLES 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. E. W. MILTON, Wis.—Yes.

T. N. W. HAWORTH, N. Y.—It would be impossible to trace Wilder, without more information, if you wish material proof. The communication could not have come from that matter.

P. B. 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. McHENRY, Ill.—We send to clubs of four and upwards at \$1.00 per year—75 cents six months. You sent us no name, or we should have replied to you by letter.

GEO. V. CONKEY.—Where is your post office address? Your letter did not state.

H. F. M. R. CLEVELAND, Ohio.—These 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 PANAGHAGAS.

Contents of this week's *Banner*.—First Page.—Barth Loo; last week but one of this great story.

Second Page.—"A Clear Conscience," by Mrs. L. M. Willis; "The Feelings and Emotions," by Prof. Spencer; "Our Popular Beverages."

Third Page.—Poetry, "To an Incontinent Maid," by Ella Barney; Mr. Chapin's sermon, etc.

Sixth Page.—Two and a half columns of spirit-messages; "Lillian," a poem by Mrs. Hudson Tuttle, dedicated to Mrs. Ann E. Porter; "Prison Papers—No. 5."

Seventh Page.—Poetry, "Twilight," "Life-sketch of Hudson Tuttle," by Datus Kelly; "Mrs. Harding at Memphis, Tenn.," "Movements of Mediums," etc.

Eighth Page.—Mr. Beecher's sermon.

Dr. Sophia Howard, of Winchester, says John H. Kendall of that place 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 says—

"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."

DR. SCOTT'S MOVEMENTS.—The statement that Gen. Scott has returned to San Francisco, there to await further dispatches 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 commission.

FUNERAL OF JOHN BROWN.—The funeral of John Brown took place at North Elba on Thursday. The body was borne 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 Wendell Phillips.

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

THIS is the last week of the *Banner* at the Boston Theatre.

SURRENDERING TO PUBLIC OPINION.—The great painting of "Venus leading the Trojans to the Latin Shore," by William Page, is to be placed in the Boston Athenaeum this week. They refused to receive it some months ago, from some prudish modesty, and so the public have looked 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 Athenaeum 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." Another, "Ten," and another, "Six." 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 GRAYES.

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's 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 WELSHMAN'S GURSE, published at Cold Water, Michigan, comes to us every week, laden with good things. London & Hackstaff extend a friendly hand for us to shake. We love to shake such hands.

CURE FOR TOOTHACHE.—Alum and common salt pulverized, rubbed over a piece of wet lint, and introduced into the cavity of the aching tooth.

The best mode of chewing tobacco is to chew it.

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

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

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

NON-RESISTANCE.—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 *Olio*, recently wrecked at the 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 not have survived a half hour longer, as the part on which they were wont to place shortly after they were taken off."

Mr. Mace and others drove a mile and a half in a sloop, 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 survivors 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 cars 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 action."

Why is Page's Venus like a recently-composed song? Because it is a melody, (new ditty).—*Yves*.

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

AN ORATOR "STAGGERED."—Mr. Thurler recently made an address at a conservative banquet in England, in which he used a few 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—"Gentlemen, I am not one of those who stagger and use big voices in the market place."

"Dog Eat Dog." New York, Dec. 4, 1859.

DEAR SIR:—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 ingenious 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.

Mrs. Redding & Co. J. W. EMMONS.

ARMY.—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 box of the 'Bronchial Troches'—after a few days we heard that she found great relief from their use, and to-day she can breathe some five miles to the city, and has only one cough left, but could not refuse it. 'Brown's Bronchial Troches,' or Cough Lozenges, are sold throughout the United States."

Mrs. Rosa T. Amesby will lecture in Oswego during the month of January, 1860. Friends in the South and West desiring her services, for Sabbaths, and week evenings, in the two or three months following, will please address her at 33 Allen street, prior to Dec. 26th, 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 FARRER'S MANAGERY INSTITUTE, 90 Tremont street, where, by analogy of references, students are enabled to obtain a full and complete knowledge of both sexes, Stationery, &c. Remember the No. 90 Tremont street, and that this Institute has no connection with any other of a similar name in Boston.

M. P. REAR, A. M., } Principals.
GEO. A. SAWYER, }

W. H. NUTTER, HEALING MEDIUM.

THE SKELETON HEALED BY THE LAYING ON OF HANDS, at 103 Pleasant street, Boston. Terms moderate. Dec. 17.

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

FUNNY.—The editor of the *Aroostook Pioneer* has been presented with a cabbage which he duly acknowledges.

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

John McDougal, who recently eloped from Urbana, Ohio, with a Miss Jacobs, and soon after deserted 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 else."

"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 Harmonical Colony Association.

No. 1. LANDS.—Whenever any members of this Association who are entitled to any of its lands, shall petition the Trustees for a portion of its unappropriated domain for the purpose of joint-stock or common-stock proprietorship and management, the said Trustees shall set off to the said petitioners so much land as all one compact body, and at the cost of the said petitioners are entitled to. And the provisions contained in Sect. 3, Art. 10, of the existing Constitution, which are inconsistent with the provisions herein contained, are hereby modified.

No. 2. GOVERNANCE.—Sect. 1. The Association shall provide an *Entrepot*, which shall be located in the center of its main, 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 appraised and paid for at their wholesale cash value by the Commercial Council. And the Commercial Council shall, at its pleasure, effect sales of such commodities, and sales as may be necessary to supply the Association with all the necessities 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. All payments made by the Association shall be made in 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. _____ (Date) _____
Due to the bearer on demand at the *Entrepot* of the Harmonical Colony Association, the sum of _____ in merchandise."
(Signed) _____

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 Electroic Healing Institute.

Messrs. Emersons—I am no friend to charlatanry or empiricism; neither can I give the slightest countenance to those presumptuous impostors who declare publicly that they can cure diseases, or prescribe for the thousand and one "diseases that flesh is heir to," through spiritual mediation alone. Yet I do believe that through the powers of Sympathy, clairvoyance, and the influence of "laying on of hands," by one who really possesses the power of transmitting 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 Medica, much may be done toward the alleviation of human suffering that has been deemed of the domain 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 evil, 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 hesitate not to say, deserve no other title, except that of impostors; and why? Because nine out of every ten cling to a particular theory, or system, so limited in itself, that the same treatment almost must serve the patient in all cases. Like Dr. Sangrado, in *Gill Blas*, who emptied the churchyards with his hot water and calomel remedies exclusively—the same treatment answering to all, and to cure all places. Those who place their reliance solely upon the *Clairvoyant gift*, without possessing those valuable and indispensable auxiliary aids, knowledge, experience, and common sense have only met with unsuccess in their practice; and in the few cases we have witnessed, where the highest results have been attained, the spiritual media was also possessed of those high qualities which harmonize with real manifestations from the unseen world.

One of this latter class, if both knowledge and observation do not deceive me, Dr. Main, of New York, who resides in a degree more remarkable than we have ever witnessed in any other person, not only the mesmerist and clairvoyant power, and the power of minutely detecting symptoms of disease, internal or external, malformations, or defects, but he brings as scientific 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 diseases.

Through the solicitation of a friend, I was recently induced to visit Dr. Main's Electroic Healing Institute, 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 airy character. The treatment is so arranged as to be most comfortable to the patient, and so arranged as to bring the patients together, excepting patients from abroad, 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 accommodations, and their cases are attended to without delay. It is not possible for a patient to be in the Institute, and 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 management of the business, is so arranged, that the patient is not disturbed in his rest, and he is permitted to sit, is due in a great degree to Mrs. Main, the estimable lady of the doctor, who, like the famed Miss Nightingale, of Crimean notoriety, has also the faculty of administering solace to the afflicted, and assuaging the pains of the wounded.

During our visit we took pains to inquire into the many remarkable cures which have been effected during the past twelve months at this Institute; and we must confess our surprise at the unparalleled result. Scores of cases of malformations, scrofula, dropsy, rheumatism, erysipelas, gout, cancer, tumors, and hip complaints, and many other other humors, and unsightly protuberances and excrescences 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 predilections for the allopathic theory, have been cured by the use of the *Clairvoyant gift*, and the application of medical practitioners of this antiquated system. In addition to this, the Doctor has met with wonderful success in the cure of that class of diseases, incident to both sexes, which in many cases lead to that fell destroyer, consumption, if not promptly treated.

But we have not time, in this letter, to give you but a faint idea of Dr. Main's Electroic Healing Institute; yet I must deem it a duty, which every man owes to suffering humanity, to bring this establishment still further to the knowledge of those 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, SIMMON N. JAMES.

The Messenger.

Each message in this department of the BANNER was claimed by the spirit whose name it bears, through Mrs. J. H. Downer, while in a state called the Trance State. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as testimonials of spiritual communion to those friends to whom they are addressed.

We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond, and do away with the idea that they are more than mere beings. We believe the public should know of the spirit world as it is, and not expect that purely alone shall flow from spirits to mortals.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits, in these columns, that does not comport with his 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 free to any one who may desire to attend. They are held at our office, No. 812 Brattle street, Boston, every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday afternoon, commencing at half-past two o'clock; after which time there will be no admittance. They are closed usually at half-past four, and visitors are expected to remain until dismissed.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

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

Nov. 1740 to No. 1803.
Thursday, Nov. 8.—And there shall be no more Death; J. G. Wyatt, Boston; Martha Dabney, Boston; Nathan Brown, Toledo.
Friday, Nov. 9.—James D. Farnsworth; Simeon Adams, Fairbanks, Philadelphia; Louisa Davis, Cambridge; John T. Gilman, New Hampshire.
Tuesday, Nov. 10.—Is there any good in man? James Fairbanks, Philadelphia; Louisa Davis, Cambridge; John T. Gilman, New Hampshire.
Wednesday, Nov. 11.—How shall we know we commune with spirits? Eliza Chase, Buffalo; Thomas Campbell; Peter Schrodner, Washington; John T. Gilman, Exeter, N. H.
Friday, Nov. 12.—When may we look for Christ's coming? David Pease, New Hampshire; John Elton, Philadelphia; Abby Ann Tubbs, New Hampshire; Noah Blanchard, Boston.
Saturday, Nov. 13.—"Patience" Rufus Long, Portsmouth, England; Mary White, Concord, N. H.; Olive Hedger; Joseph Winslow; Thomas Walworth; John Elton, Philadelphia.
Sunday, Nov. 15.—"Thou shalt not kill." George Talbot; Cornelius Oodigoo, Boston; Juliet Hersey, Boston; William Good.
Wednesday, Nov. 16.—"What is perfection?" George Washington Bowman, Portsmouth, Va.; Nathaniel Hill, Bedford, Vt.; Charles M. Thorne.
Thursday, Nov. 20.—Was the natural body of Christ resurrected? Andrew J. Gavitt, Boston; Irene; Jeremiah Mason.
Wednesday, Nov. 30.—"Shall the Jews return to Jerusalem?" Hannah McKim, Roxbury; Francis Stearns; Charles Robertson, New York.
Thursday, Dec. 1.—"Are there animals in Spirit-World?" Simeon Kileon, Galveston; Alfred Allen, Albany.
Saturday, Dec. 3.—"When and how shall there be a new Heaven and a new Earth?" William Osgood, Boston; Sarah Elizabeth Tibbitt, Boston; Patrick O'Brien, Boston; A. Prayer.
Tuesday, Dec. 6.—"Is it right for men to buy and sell and hold in bondage their fellow-men?" Daniel M. Wilson, Sacramento, Cal.; Mary Ann Tilden, Boston.

Hoshea 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 question—

"Why is it that the class calling themselves Spiritualists do so often forget themselves and run into all manner of evils? 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 do so, when 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 men are born in sin, and we will not forget to rank Spiritualists among the number spoken of in the Bible. "All 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, and not bless his enemy. Now when these manifestations are seen, we may be sure Nature is at work with a two-edged 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 he will be better at heart than the Methodist, the Baptist, the Orthodox, or the Universalist.

My brother thinks they should be better in heart than others. 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 mental 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 a 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 sin 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 seen.

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? by my brother will ask. Because 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. Behold, God hath given many stars in the firmament to guide each class of men in the way their nature demands. Just work out the nature within; rather than 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 what is around him, go not there, for the light is antagonistic to that you have within. So, 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 mine—that will do. Mine was Hoshea 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 quivering 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 should escape affliction. And that door hath been opened through me. Nature is our mother and our father, and I

would have my sister to know she is not forgotten by her mother and father. I will tell her that ere the present year shall pass out, and a new one be welcomed, she shall be restored to health; and when that blessed gift shall be hers, may she not forget the source whence it comes. Too long my sister hath said, "I am forgotten by my God. He hath forgotten me—I am no child of God." Had she seen the angels who stand around her bed, she would not have thought God had forgotten her.

Tell my sister that our brother, whom we thought dead in childhood, still lives in mortal, and soon after this message reaches her, will be with her; for I, through his medium 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 unfold the bud of mediocrity I see within her—and she shall live, and live to bless humanity.

This is truth, not fiction; but my sister may believe when she tastes the fruit of proof. I do not ask her to believe until I give her to taste of the fruits of Heaven.

Eighteen years ago I left my sister 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 ever watched over her.

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

Oh, Father of spirit and mortal I do thou in mercy so watch 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 and love shall call me, thy child, to brighter scenes and more heavenly mansions, I will rejoice with thy children of love, because thou hast so blessed me to-day.

"What is Charity?"

This is the question given for our consideration this afternoon.

Shall we call her the guardian angel of the philanthropist? the angel of God, who is ever reaching out his hand to uplift the fallen—who is ever laboring to unbind the shackles that enslave mankind—who is ever dispensing temporal and spiritual gifts to the needy—who cometh to the humane at morning, noon and evening, whispering, "Go ye to the fallen of mankind, and give to them of Love, Mercy, and a hope of Salvation?"

Yes, such is Charity. And, behold, she taketh not up her abode with the lofty of your time; with the self-righteous, who dispense their gifts, that the world's trumpet may sound its far and wide; that the world may hand down their names from generation to generation. No; for self-righteousness 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 heard of men. For lo! they gather themselves together, not that they may dispense God's gifts to the hungry, but that they may be upraised on the wings of popularity. No silent whisperings of love are heard in their midst. The angel hath long since taken up his flight from thence; and we behold the eagle-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-tones, "She giveth more than all, because she giveth in true charity." She cometh with the angel of Love, and hath invoked his blessing upon it, saying, "I have given willingly all I 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 true charity.

As we wander through the wealth-crowded 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 praise—that bubble that lives for a time upon human lips, and then dies and vanishes to nothing—that spark that glitters 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 loveth 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 footsteps are found in the chamber of the sick one. She goes at times when the would-be charitable have folded their arms in slumber, thinking little of the angel Charity. Behold, she goes then among the lowly, dispensing Heaven's best gifts.

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

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

Charity may be called one of the buds of eternal life; and he who carrieth it not in their bosom will fall of happiness, either here or in the world to come. He or she who loveth 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 not so. A bright star often shines across the path of humanity in the form of some one who loves to seek out the lowly of earth—he or she upon whom the hand of disease hath fallen. We find such seeking out and administering, not only to their temporal wants, but the spiritual.

This is Charity! and oh, if our questioner will understand her as she is, and be governed by her holy law, more light, more peace shall dawn upon him than he knoweth of. But while he steth in his temple of self-righteousness, dispensing his estate, that he may be seen of men, his name will not be found in heaven—we find it not written there now.

Love, the twin-sister of the angel Charity, ever watcheth 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 God.

John Moore, London.

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

I have a daughter here in Boston, and I wish to speak with her. I was formerly employed at Crosswell's manufactory, who manufactured saucers of various kinds. I was sick four months, 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 Soho Square, London. I bottled at the manufactory.

I would like to know, sir, if I can speak to my daughter? I have much to give, but I can't talk to strangers.

Philip Curry.

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

My name was Philip Curry. I was eleven 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 cut my foot, and then I caught 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 want 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 isn't it; I had two bodies—one was dead, and the other was 'n. I couldn'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. My 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 died, and she died before I ever saw her. I never know her but my mother know her. She was never married. My mother is crazy a little, sometimes, since I died, and my aunt says, if I go to her, and she knows I can, she won't be crazy any more. My mother drinks beer sometimes, and my aunt says she will be as bad as she was once, if she goes on. She leave it off, and didn't take any for a long time, since I was

little boy; and since I die, she feel as bad that she drink, and that makes her crazy; and if she knows I can come to her, she won't do any more.

Oh, you're writing a letter? Oh, yes, that will do; will you send it to my father? His name's just like mine. They lived in Williamsburg. He drove for a man by name of Spence. It's most a year I've been dead. I died after New Year's, in 1857. It do'n't seem like so long, sir, as three years most; but I'm sure I died in 1857.

My Aunt Louisa says, if my mother will sit down to a table, and expect us, she will let her know we are there. She expects to do a lot of good.

The glass went into my foot at a fire, and then I was hurt, too; I was squeezed up. I didn't die then, but I had a fever, and my head swelled up—and that's when I died.

Tell my mother I do'n't swear now; she didn't like to have me. Nobody swears around me; and when you don't hear other folks swear, you don't want to, 'cause it looks 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 me. Can't you stay till you get tired? Must I go back to what I was? That's a pretty way to go; 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 I like to stay.

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 speak; but perhaps I can come here too soon. My name is Rebecca Pratt; I lived in Boston in 1850, in October.

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 here with me, and helps me. I have children with you, and I want to speak with any of them.

What is the matter? This don'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 these things.

Samuel Willis.

The old lady didn't leave coals enough, nor wood enough to make a fire, hardly. But then it wasn't her fault; she didn'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 H. 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 business 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 Maria. 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 my brother is not aware of the existence of such a person. 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 myself.

Are people in going out of this port apt to have head winds? Nor need a pilot? Have to be pilot, master and crew? Well, sir, a fine day, and a fair wind, whichever way you go.

Written for the Banner of Light.

LILLIAN.

BY EMMA D. H. TUTTLE.

Dedicated to Mrs. Frier.

Thy Lily, the pet child of Beauty, is dead,
 Creep 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 Lillian's grave;
 Do not rustle the tulle that over her wave;
 Don't splash in the brooklet, your pure breasts to lave;
 Keep mystical quiet 'round Lillian's grave.

A gay bird of Paradise, earthward she came;
 Earth gave her a welcome, a home and a name;
 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,
 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 Forgetfulness brushes it o'er with his dart—
 Till it and its worship for beauty shall part—
 Till I meet her in Eden, by Death's mystic art.

Walnut Grove Farm, Nov., 1859.

PRISON PAPERS.

BY A PRISONER.

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

Number Three.

IMPRISONMENT FOR CRIME.

In the commencement of this article, I desire to say, that, in 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—either 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 fiercely 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 stern, cold sentence of the law he has 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, "Judeo damnum cum nocere aboleretur"—the acquittal of the criminal is the condemnation of the judge. It is the system that recognizes the right to punish, that causes the judge to "lean to the prosecution," as he is so generally understood to do.

But do not, kind reader, understand me to refer individually 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 Godlike attribute.

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 minutia 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 future, is one ETERNAL NOW. But it is not well to unfold the blinded eyes of the ancient, and our adopted goddess, and let her see the wrongs that lead to error and to crime. Then may she be less strict in the performance of superficial and partial justice, and in mercy hold the balance; for justice should combine the power to perceive and the wisdom to execute in harmony and in right, without which justice indeed is blind, and may well be chained to the errors of the past.

It is the system—the prison for crime—that freezes up

the warm blood of humanity in the veins of its officers, and turns the noble, kind and humane man into the cold, stern, and unfeeling disciplinarian.

The officers are not allowed to converse with the prisoners, or the prisoners with each other; and how society and the world can expect a practical reformation of the criminal, cut off as he is from all social life and enjoyment, and debarr'd by the law and prison discipline from the practice of those virtues, requirements and necessities of his nature that society regard as evidences of reformation, 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 discipline is only suited to the condition in life in which this criminal is placed for the time being, and in punishment for his crime.

Now what reformation can be expected, without any practical 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 reformation. Now in order to reform any intelligent human being, of vicious, bad, and misdirected habits, you must not only show him in what manner his reformation is to be effected, but you must require him to practice the virtues and principles you inculcate. 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 society assumes to demand to form his mind and fit his character for future usefulness and honesty. But the sooner the vain and sickly idea of reformation, under the present system of punishment, is abandoned, the better for the prisoner and the world; for then the world will the sooner learn that reformation is an essential element of human restraint, and 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 discipline as freeze up his soul to the current of noble thoughts that sometimes flows, in bright streams of living truth and beauty, from the lips of the speaker; hence, no real good is effected, even by this spark of humanity.

He casts his daily bread in shame of countenance and bitterness of heart; and oh! how often he is attended to the prison-house by doubtful honesty, unnatural law and mockery of justice, which, when stripped of their assumed forms, are 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 he is marched in silence, in bitterness and woe, 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 State.

Let his enemies, his keepers and the world think of him as they will, he cannot defend; say what they will, he cannot reply; do what they will, he cannot resist; even the law of self-preservation is abrogated in his person. A slave—a tool—an idiot—a nondescript—a thing disgraced, degraded and condemned—a body without a soul—an automaton, to be used, managed, directed, controlled—insulted, enslaved, 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—AN IMMORTAL BEING. He has no practical influence, and I might almost add, no useful existence—unless it is as the unfortunate scapegoat, upon whom the misdirected passions of man can expend their force and fury without dishonor or reproach. It almost seems that no coercion imposed—no punishment inflicted—no sentence pronounced upon him, are, in the eyes of the law and honest man, dishonorable, 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 the 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 law, under the present system of treatment, but the mercy, and, not unfrequently, the caprice of its officers.

Love must cast out fear, 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, speechless 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 blood. Or, has he no interest, no rights? Is he indeed the soulless 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, neglect, or shame. And yet, my kind reader, he is a man and yet brother. Think of him for a moment; pined-up in his dreary, lonely cell, rudely separated 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?

But what shall be done with the evil-doer? I answer, Prevent 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 of nineteen hundred years—nay, years innumerable and centuries unnumbered—with the noble, pure and sublime theory of the Good Master, the divine mission, the holy benevolence 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 power and thought, is, alas! too feeble to grasp the remedy for this heinous and mighty wrong? I will not, I cannot believe it! Some glorious John Howard will yet appear—some noble deliverer will yet come to gladden and redeem the suffering thousands—to raise the cloud from criminal humanity, and illuminate the world with the brightness 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 most 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 ocean 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 power of thought, cannot long fail to accomplish this glorious end; and the triumphant shout of EVANGELISM, and the burning cymbal of EXERCISE, will brighten the heart of man in the restoration of the fallen to the dignity of his race.

This idea of force, coercion and punishment toward the criminal, is very much like the policy of the government in exterminating the Indians, and for which the just and humane should have just as little sympathy. The one is a violation of the most sacred rights of humanity, while the other is an arbitrary and heartless exercise of tyrant power. The amount of treasure expended in either of these mistaken policies, is almost incalculable, and which, if employed in the 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 this fact is a striking proof of the injustice of a system, the very existence of which depends upon it; as it is impossible to deny 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 power 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 propensities to lie and steal, so again are there others who seem to inherit a natural disposition to wrong and injure—oppress and tyrannize those whom accident, misfortune or crime, if you will, have placed under them; and this class too frequently, by the natural bent of their own characters, become the instruments of punishment to others. Sometimes, however, a just and humane man becomes the administrator of this unjust and inhuman policy, in which case, his own high and conscious feelings have to be sacrificed to the stern demands of the law and prison discipline, with but little power to soften the rigor of the system.

I do not propose to deny that there are restraints that are wholesome and necessary to human happiness but no exer-

Lagrange Place, Bolton, Mass. Hours from 9 A. M. till 7 P.
Dec. 10. 8m

