

# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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THE SERMONS  
OF REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER AND EDWIN H.  
CAMPBELL 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.  
FOURTH PAGE—Rev. H. W. Beecher's Sermon.

## 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 XXXII.—CONTINUED.

"Addie," said he, "that gentleman is Mary Lincoln's father; there can be no doubt of it, I think."  
"Is sprung right out of my chair, and exclaimed—  
"There, now, I know why his countenance attracted me so. Mary's eyes are just like his."  
"Do not be so demonstrative, Addie," said Pa; and I thought he did not seem so pleased as he ought to be, that Mary had found a father. You may be sure that I was in haste to go home, for I was afraid that he would take Mary away at once—which, by the way, he is going to do.

I cannot tell you anything about their first interview. Mrs. Green was at home, and Pa had written her a note. You know she is just the woman for such an occasion, so calm and dignified, and withal, so sympathetic. I rode over in the evening, though the mud was so deep I was afraid Sunbeam would sink to rise no more. But Mary had sent for me, and I was glad that I came. I never saw a face so radiant with joy. No wonder, for poor Mary has hitherto been alone in the world—with a kindred, I mean. She never could be without warm friends.

"Wouldn't you like to know what my uncle, Mammie June, says about the matter? I had long ago told her the story of the shipwreck, and now when I told her that Mary's father had found his long-lost child, the good old soul lifted her hands and exclaimed—  
"Blessed Lord, oh my soul! I knowed somethin' would come to pass; and now, Miss Addie, it will all happen 'jes' as I said. You see now dis is de dust stop."

"Oh, but, Mammie June! Pa looked as solemn as the tall old clock in the dining-room that don't go, when he found out that Dr. Cameron was her father."  
"He did, honey! Ain't he 'spectable—good family?"  
"Yes, I reckon the Lincolns are; any way, you know Mary has always borne her mother's name."  
"That are n't 'spectable, no way, chile. I tell you, honey, Mammie June must see him with her own eyes."  
"That you shall; he will be here to dinner to-day, and I will give you a chance to study him, Mammie, for I was curious to know what she would say of him."

It happened that Mary herself asked if her father might see Mammie June. You know she is quite a curiosity, with her fluent tongue, and her courtly ways—grand as if she were an English queen.  
They had a long chat together, and I was amused when Mammie June, instead of saying Miss Mary, as she had always been in the habit of doing, said, Miss Lincoln.

"Not Miss Lincoln, now," said the doctor, and then he stopped, hesitated a moment, and continued, "she will bear my name now."  
Mammie June was satisfied with the doctor, though I was amused when he said—  
"He looks like he was strong for good or for evil."

Pa tells me that Dr. Cameron has told him the whole history of his life, and that his frugeness and true plainness of character have won him one warm friend. What this history is, I am not informed; but I shall learn it of you some day.

We are all in great sorrow here because Mary is going; but her father cannot leave without her, and no wonder. Pa came home yesterday, and had a long conversation with Mary at Mrs. Green's, but they both looked sadder than ever after it. Even Mammie June is puzzled; but she says—  
"I've faith yet, honey; that dream of a white dove meant something, and Mary was the name, as we'll see by-and-by."

I have finished my letter, and mean to send Jim at once to the office, hoping you will get the news from me first. Mary said she should write to you this evening.

The letter came duly, with one also from the doctor. The latter had learned what I thought best to conceal, and he added in his letter—  
"I am so sorry that Mr. Harper so severely as some might do. I think I should have had similar feelings in his place. Mary is silent upon the subject, and for the present it is well; we must have her with us. Can you imagine how happy this will make Helen? Mary is but a few years younger; they will be companions and friends."

I turned from these letters to my own sad duties—at first with a sigh, and then gradually came better feelings—sympathy in the happiness of others, and a thankfulness for friends to love. The winter passed away, as I said, but it had been dreary, and the effort to be cheerful, and bear my burden without showing how much it galled, was very hard. The extract from Mr. Gray's journal had the effect to make me feel less remorse for a lack of those feelings which a husband should expect from a wife, for if such were his motives in marrying, what ought he to expect from me? Poor man! he was fast becoming an object only of pity. About this time I learned that his father had been blind for some years before his death, and I felt that I must prepare his and my own mind for such a result.

My baby came back the first of June, smiling as ever, and evidently glad to be with "Mamma Bertha," again. Mr. Gomez was dead; glad, he said, to be called home to his loved ones. He had written me regularly since Lily's birth, and transmitted a liberal sum semi-yearly for her support. Now there came this short letter from Charles Herbert:

MR. GRAY, Dear Sir—Enclosed you will find \$100, for Lily's needs. I would, if I had words to do so, thank you for the care and attention which she has received. I feel that she could be in no better hands. Please acknowledge the receipt of this.  
C. HERBERT.

Of course the labor of answering fell upon me, and I wrote as follows:

MR. HERBERT, Sir—I write to acknowledge the receipt of yours of the fifteenth, containing \$100. Lily is well and happy.

Four such letters passed between us. For two years we three—Mr. Gray, Lily, and myself—lived in the old farm-house. I was never absent one night; I could not leave home, neither could I receive friends; and mercy, therefore they stayed away, the doctor and Helen only excepted. I know not what we should have done without the regular remittances for Lily—they afforded us our support.

I lived out doors as much as possible with Lily in summer, and in the warm days I would place Mr. Gray's arm-chair out on the pleasant grass plot, and he would enjoy the soft breeze and the birds, and the perfume of clover fields. About this time a change took place in him—an alteration so strange that I could hardly believe the evidence of my senses. As his blindness increased, he gradually lost that moroseness and

reserve which had made my task hard. I do not know the cause; whether the system was so worn out that there was less tension to the nerves, and less resistance to disease, or whether the physical darkness led to a clearer spiritual insight. I cannot tell. But day by day I could see this change. Now he would ask me to read to him pleasant books and papers, history, travels, and now and then poetry. His face expressed more repose and inward quiet, than it had done for years. He spoke kindly to me, and would even coax Lily to sit upon his knee, and once in a great while he sung to her. I thanked God and took courage.

One day, toward the last of summer, we were sitting out of doors after an early tea. The sun was still three hours high, but Lily was tired of play and had fallen asleep. I carried her in, and returned to my sewing and my work near Mr. Gray. He sat looking upward, as if he could discern the brightness there, when, suddenly, turning toward me, he laid his hand on my shoulder as if to assure himself I was really near him, and said—

"Bertha, I have something to say to you; it is a sad confession, but it must and shall be made. I have not been a faithful husband to you—there, now, don't speak. I know what you will say—that you have erred, too; well, perhaps you did—it is worse than an error, it is a crime for a woman to marry a man she cannot love; but there were circumstances in your case that palliated your course. You thought your were doing well, working out your own salvation, and I intended you should think so. I promised to lead you to heaven; through me you have periled your religious faith—for who could have faith in the religion I profess with my example before them?"

Since I have sat in darkness I have seen my whole life mapped out before me, and yours, my poor, injured, patient wife. Your life, that should have been strewn with roses, I have made hard with my thorny temper and my exacting will. (I was shedding tears—I think he knew it.) Don't weep—but yes, yes, you may; they are not tears wrong now by my better words. I wronged you when I married you, and I have wronged you daily since. I thought to make you completely subject to my will. God has made me a child, to be led and guided by you. I cannot tell all my faults toward you, but I wish you to read my journals; you will find it all there, and then turn them before I die, that they may not be perpetual records against me. When you have read them, tell me if you can forgive."

"No, no, Mr. Gray," I exclaimed; "not any more than I have read," and I then confessed to him the reading of Mudgett's papers, and one page of the journal.

"And could you read that, and then treat me as gently and care for me so patiently as you have done?"

"No, Mr. Gray, I have not been patient. I have struggled against my destiny, and for many months I have doubted the very existence of God, and have walked in great darkness."

"My poor wife, my poor wife, and all through me! I too have doubted whether I could receive pardon, but it is clear to me now; God's love is boundless. I see it, I feel it, and yet I, a poor, weak mortal, would have limited it. Say once more you can forgive."

"Let it be a mutual forgiveness," I said.

"Be it so, be it so, if you wish; but I see naught to forgive."

For a few minutes we were silent. I thought he seemed paler than usual, but less haggard and distressed.

I was rising to go into the house with him, for twilight was fast coming on, when a traveler was seen approaching the house. I thought it might be a pedlar, and was going to tell him he might go on his way when something about him seemed familiar, and I stopped to look at him more closely. He carried a bundle under his arm, and a staff in his hand. One look at his face, and I sprang forward with the joyful cry—

"Joe! Cousin Joe!" and I threw my arms round his neck and kissed him. He was easily travel-worn and weary, but he kept saying—

"Yes, yes, I'm here, I'm here; you wanted me, Sissy, you did!"

Yes, I had wanted him; but my mother had found him too useful to part with, and he had lived with her as a drudge, unconscious himself that he had any income of his own. I learned of it at last, though Joe told it of very reluctantly, that she had ill-treated him, and had even gone so far as to chastise him. This roused his spirit, and he ran away with the determination of coming to me. How he managed to get to us without money I could never learn; he always avoided the subject. I led him in to the house, and he went to see Lily. He never mistrusted that it was not his Lily, and I did not tell him. It was as well to save him that knowledge.

What pleasant days we had now! Joe and Lily in the garden, where the former made himself very useful, and Mr. Gray in his seat by the window, or in the doorway, listening to them.

As Mr. Gray grew more feeble, I know not how I should have lived without Joe. God sent him to me when I needed the blessing most. At last Mr. Gray took to his bed, and we thought he could not live many days; but he was so gentle and meek, that it was a privilege to wait upon him. Peace, peace, it was as peace, now in our little household, and I learned trust in God, and hope in a future.

One trial, however, came upon me, which was very perplexing at the time. Lily's semi-annual remittance did not arrive. I thought little of it at the time, supposing there was some slight delay; but month after month passed, and it did not come. The time for the second arrived, and none came. I was perplexed, truly. Mr. Gray was very ill. I wanted to send for Auntie Paul, but I had no means. It was the first time in my life that I had experienced the actual want of a dollar. It was a new trial surely, and one that I could not reveal. The sick man needed many comforts—they were obtained as far as possible at the village, upon credit. I think Joe had some property of his own, but I did not know. He gathered a lot of apples one day and sold them, bringing the money to me; he disposed of some of our numerous chickens in the same way. My whole time was now occupied with the sick man, while Joe took care of Lily, and managed the housekeeping. It was pleasant to see how tenderly he cared for the little one, putting aside the slice of wheat bread for her, for he knew the flour barrel was almost empty, and making an Indian cake for himself—then he assisted a neighbor for an hour every day, that Lily might have an abundance of new milk. The nicest and largest sweet apples were selected for her and carefully baked; the little lady certainly did not lack for a plentiful table, however others might fare. But the new laid eggs—and she was very fond of them—were now given her only occasionally, when the milk or apples were not on hand. Joe had found out that they would bring ready money at the village, and he secreted them as a miser his gold.

He was our provider and protector, and I never saw him so happy; he began to grow fleshy on his short commons, and close management.

"Oh, that Auntie Paul were here!" I often exclaimed, when some phase of Mr. Gray's disease began to develop itself—I felt so weak, and so much need of her strong arm to lean upon.

The good pastor of the church called on us, and his wife was a kind friend; but no one could supply Auntie Paul's place. Even this blessing was granted to me, for the day before Mr. Gray died—he was suffering very much, and I was rubbing his hands and feet, when Joe came into the room and whispered—

"She's come—Auntie Paul!"

What could he mean? I soon understood, for the next moment the minister stopped at the door, and I saw Auntie Paul's black bonnet through the window. Joe had been to the minister and made him understand that I wanted Auntie Paul. He knew Auntie Paul well, for she was known in all the neighboring churches, and he at once sent for her.

"My poor child!" she said, "why did n't you send before?"

It was a mercy that she came, for the poor sufferer had some terrible struggles before life was yielded. It required strength and nerve to be with him. He was unconscious for many hours, and once only before he died, reason fully returned; then he took my hand, saying—

"God bless you, my wife! forgive my faults, and remember me as one who would gladly live to atone for his errors."

Was it strange that my strength gave away when the demand for it had been so great? I know little what followed my husband's death for two weeks, but I remember one day that Joe brought me a cup of tea and a boiled egg, and asked for me.

"Eat, Sissy, eat—it will do you good."

I did eat, and was better; and they told me that two weeks had passed since the funeral. I had not known the lapse of time. I will rouse myself, I said; I have still burdens that must be borne.

Joe had made great effort to keep up appearances, and not betray our poverty to Auntie Paul; he had brought out the nicest china and table linen, had hunted up a pot of preserves, and made a large draft on the poultry yard, and had sold all the eggs he could collect, to buy loaf sugar for Auntie Paul's tea; but her eyes were too keen not to penetrate poor Joe's devices, and I believe her big, "Never mind," she said, "keep up a strong heart; there are greater trials than poverty."

"I count it the least of mine," I replied.

Time passed, and we were still in the old homestead, we three—Joe, Lily, and myself. No news came from Lily's friends, and I had my fears that her father had joined her mother in heaven. I was the more confirmed in this, from receiving a note from the housekeeper at Elmwood, asking if we had heard, as they too had received no communication from him since Lily's return.

She had heard that the West India plantation was sold, and that Mr. Herbert had said he should side with Lily to Elmwood and we would employ a person to ascertain about her inheritance, and into whose hands it had fallen. But I preferred to remain where I was; now, indeed, I clasped Lily to my bosom, and called her mine—my most precious treasure.

One day I begged the good minister to take me to B—, where he frequently went in his little wagon. The privilege was cheerfully accorded, and while there I sold the watch for a sum beyond what I had supposed its value, and came home, sad to part with it again, but thankful that I could purchase Lily warm flannels for our cold winter.

Joe, whose head was as full of plans as a prime minister, had visited the only shoe store in the village, and ingratiated himself into favor by the skillful manner in which he handled the tools. They found that he was a superior workman on the inner and more delicate part of their work. On condition that he would pay them in labor, they furnished him with tools and some stock, and before I was aware of it, he carried a bench into the little kitchen chamber, and had gone to work with great zeal.

His first effort of hand was a pair of shoes for Lily, soft and delicate enough for a born princess. Joe had made every part himself, even to the sewing, not forgetting to line them with flannel, and ornament them with dainty little bows. The little lady was exceedingly vain of them, and was hardly willing to have them taken off when she went to bed; then followed a pair for myself, made with equal taste.

Joe's skill soon became known in the neighborhood, and orders came in faster than he could supply them. The weather was too cold for the open chamber, and I insisted upon his bringing his bench into our winter room; and now behold us for the winter—Joe's bench and tools in one corner, and a range of rowed piano on the other; which Mr. Gomez had ordered sent from Elmwood, as it belonged to Lily, and he thought might be a source of amusement to us; a stove in the center for warmth and cooking, and on the other side, opposite the piano, a bookcase of choice reading, the remnant of better days.

I had two pupils in music—the minister's and the trader's daughters, and I learned to bind Joe's shoes; thus, by industry and strict economy, we managed to be very comfortable. Better than all, was the peace of mind which I possessed. I now looked back upon my trials as blessings in disguise—they had led me to a firm faith in God and immortality; but, oh! through what deep waters, how dark a night of grief, had been the way!

I thanked God for the change that had taken place in Mr. Gray before his death. I could think of him now with such softened feelings, and such hopeful trust, that when the body with its infirmities was dropped, the spirit would ascend, purified and glorious. For myself, I felt that heaven had more attractions than earth, and I often repeated these lines—

Only waiting till the shadows  
Are a little longer grown;  
Only waiting till the glimmer  
Of the day's last beam is down;  
Till the heart once full of day  
From the heart once full of day;  
Till the stars of heaven are breaking,  
Through the twilight soft and gray.

Only waiting till the respite  
Have the last shen gathered home!  
For the summer time is faded,  
And the autumn winds have come.  
Quickly, respite gather quickly,  
The lusty vigor of my heart;  
For the bloom of life is withered,  
And I hasten to depart.

Only waiting till the angels,  
Astonish wide the mystic gate,  
At whose feet I long have lingered,  
Weary, poor, and desolate;  
Even now I hear the footsteps,  
And their voices far away;  
If they call me, I am waiting,  
Only waiting to obey.

Only waiting till the shadows  
Are a little longer grown;  
Only waiting till the glimmer  
Of the day's last beam is down;  
Then from forth the gathering darkness,  
Holy, deathless, stars shall rise,  
By whose light I am walking,  
Trend its pathway to the skies.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

CLOSING SCENES.

"You go 'long, that, you, Cynthia, and Chlo! you think, 'cause Mammie June's most ninety years old, she's done knowing how to cook. Ther, I've gwine to make ye 'done yourself better, or I'll give ye no 'commendation to the new Missus. Pump, you little nigger, don't you go for to leave so many pla feathers in that 'ar chicken; ye think, maybe, Mammie June's blind, 'cause most old women are; but I ain't as old now, as Cynthia, ther, with her rheumatics. Clar do track, Jim, and let Cesar come in with them 'ar pheasants—niece they'll be for Massas Jates, when I've potted 'em. Now, gals, look in dat 'ar oven; do ye think Mammie June's gwine to move for ye? Dar, dese leaves done—jes a gold brown; now yer take 'em out, and don't go spilling 'em, by yer careless ways! Now I'm gwine to pick over these yer rasins and Chlo, you baste dat turkey. You jes stan' ther, and keep turning it—you're feared yer 'flexion, are ye? I ain't gwine to have dinner spoiled, 'cause yer deicate! When I was young, I wasn't 'fraid of nothing, only spilling my cooking; but, la, gals, yer do n't know nothing 'bout cooking; 'pears to me, nothing takes like it did then."

"Oh, Mammie June! they've come, they've come!"

"We'll have dinner in one hour," said Addie, as she danced in the sample kitchen, when Mammie June sat in her great arm chair like a queen on a throne, giving her orders very peremptorily to all the other servants.

"La, honey, you do n't say! I was n't spectin' 'em dis hour. I'm feared de roast won't be done."

"Oh, yes, no danger, Mammie June; Pa likes it raw."

"La, sakes, chile, do ye think Mammie June don't know how he likes it? Let me alone for dat!"

"Well, come now, Mammie, I want you to make a grand toilet. I'll help you—you must have on your new turban, and your flowered dress."

"Can't hear of it, honey, till dinner is over; ye see dese gals are a lazy set. I can't trust 'em, and I ain't gwine to have dinner spoiled to-day, no how."

"Do truth is, Miss Addie," said Cynthia, a bright, pretty, mulatto girl, "her room is better nor her company. I see not a bit afraid to do widout her."

"Dar, now, honey, did ye ever hear de like?" said Mammie June, holding up her hands in surprise.

"Dat's 'les' de way dem ungrateful niggers talk, when dey know nothing only what I telled dem!"

"Let them alone, Mammie June, and you play lady to-day."

"Can't, no ways, honey; can't leave till de dessert goes in; dare's de Pomp—he'll need a scolding between de courses, or he'll not go straight at all; and den, if my eyes go away, de stealing pack will eat half de nice things before Miss Mary see 'em. Miss Mary! bless her soul! how does she look, honey?"

"Oh, beautifully, Mammie! and Pa—oh, you must see Pa before dinner; he looks so happy, and so handsome."

"Now, chile, what do you say? Mammie June was right; de white dove is here—did n't I tell you she would come?"

"Yes, yes, Mammie; Mary says your faith helped bring it about."

"You go 'long, chile; she jes' say dat 'ar to please me—she knows it was her love. I see love in her eyes, and I know Massas James's heart was full of love, too, and you know what de good book says—'Many waters cannot quench love.' Ther, run away now, honey, I must keep order in dese yer kitchen. Cynthia, dat 'ar gray will be spilled, if you do n't stir it all de time. Pump, you run and get some peaches off de best rare ripe tree, and mind that you do n't eat more dan half of 'em."

While Mammie June was presiding in the kitchen, our friend Mary had retired to her room to lay aside her traveling dress. Dismissing her attendant, and fastening the door, her first act was to kneel down and thank the Giver of all gifts, for his goodness to her. Mammie June was right. Love had conquered. There was a struggle in Mary's heart, a long struggle, but when she learned in what manner Mr. Gray had represented her father, and with what motives, her heart learned to forgive, aided, perhaps, a little by her father's suspicions, and his accusation of deception. It was hard to forgive himself.

I had received a most urgent invitation to be at the wedding, and also to spend some time in Virginia with the bride. I read the letter, and then turned to my purse, where a carefully hoarded ten dollar bill lay. If the money I had in the world, and part of that must go for flour the next day. Then to my wardrobe, where a well preserved black dress would be all of outward adorning wherewith to grace the wedding festivities. I mused awhile, and then smiled at the appearance I should make in the old fashioned waist, with the leg of mutton sleeves, and one of my broad, ample collars, which reposed on my shoulders like a small snow bank.

I closed the letter, and as I did so, Joe said—

"Please, Sissy, bind these," holding up a pair of shoe tops. "Miss Carver give two dollars to-night for 'em."

"Yes, yes, Joe; I forgot. I will sew fast and make up for lost time, and my fingers moved rapidly, while I sang, to amuse Lily—

"Oh, hush thee my baby, thy sire was a knight,  
Thy mother a lady both lovely and bright;  
The woods and the glens from the towers which we see,  
Oh, ho, ho, I, I, I, ricadill go lo.  
Oh, ho, ho, I, I, I, ricadill go lo."

I bound the shoes and Joe soled them, and before we went to bed he had deposited the money in the purse. Surely, we were prospering. Lily was growing in beauty every day, and was as plump and healthy a child as one would wish to see. Joe was never so happy before. God was smoothing my pathway to the grave!

SEPTEMBER 20TH. I am twenty-six years old to-day. I found two gray hairs this morning, and pulled them out; then I saw a third and let it remain. Why should I care? I am looking forward with cheerful anticipations to death; why should I care for the first sign of the decay of the body? Rather let me welcome it as an indication of that change called death, but which is to make us all glorious as the king's daughter.

I have just received a letter which shocks and grieves me exceedingly. My brother Edward has finished his professional studies, and he has struggled through them, coming out a self-denial, with great honor, but a fatal disease which has lurked about his system, has now made its appearance, and he is doomed. Alas! he must die; close his eyes upon a world which looks so bright to him. I am going to him. I must work the harder when I return, for the privilege of doing so. Lily will remain at Elmwood with the housekeeper. Joe will find a pleasant home for a few days with the minister, who has become much interested in him.

OCT. 1—AT OLDURY. Edward fails fast—how beautiful he is, even with disease upon him! No wonder his mother was proud of him. She appears strangely. I think her mind must wander, for she will not come near Edward sometimes for half the day.

"I cannot see him! I cannot see him!" she says. "He must not die! God will not be so cruel as to take him from me!" And she utters other similar expressions, which show that her heart clings to her idol.

Auntie Towle was here to-day, old, and worn, and white-haired, but happy and submissive as ever. God had taken her husband and three of her children since I had seen her. "But I don't repine," she said, "for I know he is good, and will keep my treasures for me!"

OCT. 5. Edward died to-day—dropped away quietly, or rather fell asleep, and awoke in another world. My poor mother! She sits motionless and despairing. Whenever she moves, she seems like one in a dream. I find I was needed here; I believe my own troubles have made me stronger in spirit.

OCT. 8. My mother is calmer since the funeral. I regret to leave her now, but Mrs. Green writes me that Lily has the whooping cough, that distressing disease for little ones, and I must hasten to her.

As I was coming away, my mother handed me a package, saying—

"Bertha, I fear you may blame me for concealing this from you, but at the time I thought it was best. My conscience has often troubled me about it, and the only reparation I can make is to give it to you at this late day."

I put the package in my pocket, and so anxious was I for Lily, that I did not think of it again for many days. I found her better than I had hoped; the cough was hard, and at times she would be thrown almost in convulsions; but otherwise her health was good, and the physician assured me there was no danger.

It was a bright, warm, sunny day, when we arrived at the little farmhouse. Joe was there before us, and he came out all smiles and gestures to receive us. He had procured the rarity of a beef steak, and had it all ready to lay upon the gridiron when we should arrive. The table was set, and there was a plate of nice biscuit on it. Joe was certainly a friend in need! The biscuit, steak, and baked potatoes, with a cup of coffee, made the old kitchen seem very pleasant.

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

## THE FIGHTERS.

BY PROF. SPENCE.

A fighter is a fighter, no matter what kind of weapons he uses. It is not a man's fists that strike the blow; it is not the bullet that kills; it is not the intellectual powers that contend and destroy. A man may fight with his fists, or a Sharpe's rifle, or his mind; but, after all, it is neither the fist, nor the rifle, nor the mind, that does the fighting; the spirit that breeds the warfare and continues the warfare is deeper than all these; it is a part of the love and the life of the man to which fists and rifles and mind are merely the weapons—the external armor. In all fighting, mind and muscle are on a par, so far as the real tone and character of the fight is concerned. What is the difference, so far as my feelings are concerned, whether my combative spirit mates in a contest of blows, or a contest of words, or of thoughts? The cause does not ennoble the spirit, neither do the weapons or the armor; it is still fighting—no more, no less. That which is most central gives tone to that which is superficial and outside of it. It is the life and love of a man which give character to his mind and muscles, not his mind and muscles which give character to his life and love. The world's superlative men do not fight, either with mind or muscle. Why not? Because they cannot; it is not in their nature. Then, you say, the world has no use of such men. Yes! but they are born a little too early in the world's history, and they seem out of place. Humanity is in that condition wherein strife and contention are the great levers which uplift individuals and upheave nations. Fighting must be done—it cannot be otherwise; and hence those who can fight the hardest, with a vim and a gusto, with either mind or muscle, are in the midst of their proper elements. There is plenty of work for them—work which they relish. They are having fine times. But alas for the men who cannot fight—the Christs of the age—those who deal in neither slashing intellectual contests, nor Sharpe's rifles, nor the scound of fists. We cannot conceive of Christ's participating in a knock-down in any cause, let the world call it ever so good and noble a cause. In him there were no fighting elements. He could not shed blood; still less could he waste in blood for the attainment of an end. He had too much of the good and true gushing forth from every pore, to leave a single avenue open for the transmission of a contentious spirit, or a disposition to tear down and destroy. He had too much to give—to give without fighting; and he gave it without fighting. Yet there are ends to be attained, which can only be attained by fighting; only do not press the Christs into the ranks and equip them in regimentals. Is it possible, must Christ shoot a man? Oh, world! I tell you, he cannot fight. And the world asks: "Then what is he fit for? If he cannot enter the ranks, at least he shall exhort. We will put him in the pulpit and the rostrum, and he shall pour forth his wrath and his vengeance upon all error and wrong, and with the eloquence of an exalted intellect, inspired by the lowest feelings of a combative spirit, he shall kindle a blaze that shall consume and destroy his fellow man, and he shall exalt in the prospect of the coming carnage." Oh, world! let him alone. I tell you again he cannot fight—not even for a principle.

## JOLLY AND FAT.

A man with blue eyes and a double chin,  
With a face conical in a broad grin,  
Was seated, one day, 'neath a chestnut tree,  
Singing a song with considerable glee.  
I shall never forget him—there he sat,  
And his principal words were, "Jolly and Fat."

A bright little girl, with bounding grace,  
Inquired, as she looked in his laughing face,  
"What makes you so merry—so full of mirth?  
I declare you're the jolliest man on earth.  
But he only looked up, then took off his hat,  
Whistled, and said to her, "Jolly and Fat."

Again she asked, in so sweet a way,  
The man thought it best just a word to say;  
So he sprang to his feet, and stood on the sod,  
Opened his mouth and whispered—"Podd!"  
Then, laughing tremendously, down he sat,  
Chuckled, and said to her—"Jolly and Fat."

"Oh, what do you mean," said the little girl,  
As she twined round her finger a dark brown curl.  
"Oh, what do I mean?" said the man, and he jumped,  
Till his head on a branch of the tree he thumped.  
"I'll tell you my maiden, both plain and fat,  
And you, too, perhaps, may say—"Jolly and Fat."

"You see, I was thin as a pane of glass,  
As gloomy as fog, and as green as grass,  
When I met a man who said, with a nod,  
"You must take the Adventures of Jonathan Podd."  
"What's that?" said I, said he, "it's pat,  
Use it, and you will be jolly and fat."

"It's a Game," he said, "for the sport of all,  
For the young and old, for the short and tall,  
It tells how a man to Paris went,  
Through thick and thin, full lickety bent,  
They have made up the Game of this and that,  
Got one and you will be jolly and fat."

"So I bought the Game, it was in a box—  
Paid fifty cents in genuine rocks—  
And took it home, called the neighbors in,  
And in half an hour we were all in a grin;  
In twice that time did my waistbands flout,  
Buttons break off and bolts with a nod,  
We found the man was true in that,  
He said 't would make me jolly and fat."

"I've laughed from that time until this,  
Why, 'tis the merriest Game in the Misses,  
It can be so for a mortal to see;  
So get one and carry it home, and be



ANCIENT GLIMPSES OF THE SPIRIT-LAND.

NUMBER ONE.

The realms of mystery appear over to have been in that olden or spiritual aura which skirts the horizon of the senses, and marks the boundaries of the mundane and transmundane worlds. We propose to sketch in outline its mode of being as manifest among the ancient of days. There was a basis of truth within the veil of those old mysteries, though overlaid in outgrowth with weeds of rank luxuriance, where craft and ignorance took refuge, and wrought their grosser superstitions.

The ancients had their double-faced religions—Esoteric, or inner, for the initiated—Exoteric, or outer, for the people. The inner culminated in one undivided Supreme Spiritual Principle, or God, in whom we live, move, and have our being—the outer, in all that cross of surface-worship which marks the status of the shrouded mind. We shall deal only with that ancient phase that finds its counterpart in the present day. We shall sketch those symptoms of the magnetic or spiritual aura whose current is fast flowing into the domain of science and theology, despite all their efforts to avoid its course. To know the law and condition of these things, it were well to be acquainted with the earlier and later days of animal magnetism. The researches of the late Dr. Gregory, of Edinburgh, in this direction, are probably as good as any, where direct facilities for examination cannot be had. Sooner or later we arrive, through the search of these secret phenomena, to the spirit-world, which has dominated the religions of all time—whether manifest in the Ark of the Covenant, the Mysteries of Eleusis, or in modern revivals.

In modern spiritual philosophy, we also have the clue to the sacrificial offerings of the ancients. Blood, freshly shed, is in that adyite state that brings it in rapport with the substrata spirit-world. Hence, too, the clue to so much of successful augury by fresh entrails. Here is the origin of all the "blood theologies" which wrought with libations of wine, the blood of bulls, and the fat of rams—nor in the earlier ages were human victims spared from immolation in these horrid rites.

The Phenicians who flanked the Jews in contiguity of neighborhood, were homicide sacrificers to Moloch; and a spirit, in the name of the Lord, aid tempt Abraham to cut his son Isaac's throat, but relented, and took a ram instead; but no vicarious ram was present to save Jephthah's daughter from her father's vow.

This belief in the efficacy of bloody sacrifices was common to Jew and Gentile of cotemporary times, and there is analogy in much that Homer sings with the earlier Bible record:

"Up rose Achilles ardent, and began:  
But hark, consult me quick, some prophet here,  
Or priest, or even interpreter of dreams,  
(For dreams are also of Jove) that we may learn  
By what crime we have thus incensed Apollo,  
What broken vow, what hecatomb we need,  
He charges on us, and if soothed with steam  
Of lamb or goat unblessed, he may yet  
Be won to spare us, and avert the plague."

"Then to Apollo, on the shore, they flew  
Whole hecatombs of bulls and goats, whose steam  
Slowly in smoky volumes climbed the skies."

"The priest burned incense, and libations poured  
Large on the blazing brands."

And much more so nearly like the sacrifices offered to the tutelary God of Israel.

Homer also renders the ancient faith of the Greeks in a vision of Achilles, who sees the spirit of his friend Patroclus in view, according to the modern light:

"The soul came to him of his hapless friend,  
In bulk resembling, in expressive eyes  
And voice Patroclus, and so clad as he."

"Achilles stood  
With large libations soaking deep the soil,  
And calling on the spirit of his friend."

Jove is also made to say of Hector:

"Mine altar never missed from him  
Libation, or the steam of sacrifice,  
The mead allotted to us from of old."

"In no city," says Grote, "of historical Greece did there prevail either human sacrifices, or deliberate mutilation—such as cutting off the nose, ears, hands, feet, etc.—or castration, or selling of children into slavery, or polygamy, or the feeling of unlimited obedience toward one man; all customs which might be pointed out as existing among the contemporary Carthaginians, Egyptians, Persians, Thracians, etc."

The dreams and visions of the Gentile world were no less divine than those recorded in our Bible. We shall see that the mesmeric trance and ecstasy were not shut from the heathen, and given as an exclusive heritage to a chosen people; yet our various ecclesiasticalisms have so narrowed the general mind as to make it readily receive that the Supreme God of the Universe was manifest to the Hebrews in a way not permitted to the Gentiles. It is time this ridiculous falsity and narrowness were set aside and truth be received.

"Wherever found—  
On Heathen as on Christian ground,"

"The Progress of Religious Ideas," a work in three volumes, by Mrs. Lydia Maria Child, is a beautiful exemplification of this larger charity for the equal claims of the ancient religions—all measured by what they were, and not by the assumption of a "Thus saith the Lord."

We propose to travel another road, whose guide-posts can be read in the light of modern spiritual discoveries. We shall endeavor to measure Hebrew and Gentile phenomena by a common rule, impartial in its bearing, where only the besotted mind will be able to see divine revelation in the one phase, and legends and stories in the other. Each one, with a Bible at hand, may trace the parallel of Hebrew and Gentile traditions; and when we see how dreams and visions make a part of the word of Israel's tutelary God, let us also see if, in this respect as in others, the nations outside the Hebrew pale, were also visited by these glimpses of a spirit-world.

Herodotus relates that Cressus "saw in his sleep a vision, menacing the calamity which afterwards deprived him of his son." Why is not this as credible as if related of Abram, Abimelech, or Pharaoh?

Cressus also sent messengers to consult the medium-priestesses at Delphi, and got a test, impossible upon the narrow basis of received formulas, but easily acceptable upon the clairvoyant or spiritual plane—nor does it differ from the word of God which has a Hebrew sanction, where it is declared that to inquire of God was to consult the seer. In the case of Cressus and the Delphian oracle, Rawlinson, in foot-note to his Herodotus, is in a strait whether to set it down as belonging to the category of money-getting or evil spirits, such as St. Paul cast out of the pythones, or to place it among the phenomena of mesmerism; but the law and condition of these manifestations are alike with Jew and Gentile race. Both Josephus and Philo-Judaeus regard the mode of being as the same, and speak of the possessions as of divine inspiration, and as of their tutelary God, in the same way as the Gentiles spoke of their gods. The names of lords and gods were not the exclusive names of invisible beings, but were applied to incarnate human beings, and to inanimate personifications. It is wholly unworthy of scientific research to ascribe similar phenomena to diverse causation. Evil spirits and mesmerism are as applicable to Jewish as to Gentile manifestations. In the great spiritual ocean, animal magnetism and spiritualism are parallel currents, whose mediocristic boundaries between are fluxed from either side in action correspondent to endomose; and the manifestations in physical, moral and intellectual scope, will be of the measure of mediocristic capabilities, and the status of the ages in which they are made, and modified by all the various educational trainings. It was reserved for this day to take these things from the domain of mystery, and reduce them to the law and order of the universe. These are the fruits of animal magnetism and Spiritualism. Here, after the priest can only traffic in the mysteries of ignorant and imbecile minds; and, though he cries Lord, Lord! he must show fruits of well-doing as the only genuine passport to salvation. The mysteries of all ages are fathomed in the researches of the imponderable world, and a "Thus saith the Lord" is worth nothing as authority; and when not in harmony with the spirit of universal love, is simply the arbitrary dictum of the spirit-giving utterance. Swedenborg, while yet in the flesh, had a considerable range of the spirit-world,

and in some of his intrusions he claims to have met the spirits who declared to him that they had engineered or inspired Moses and the prophets in the name of Jehovah, God and Lord. So, also, were the Gentile oracles in the names of their tutelary gods. Thus Hesiod:

The golden race of spirits—  
Chaste, holy and heavenward they become,  
Expelling evil, guardians of mankind."

Though this was written about a thousand years before Jesus of Nazareth, it is equivalent to St. Paul's "innumerable company of angels of the heavenly Jerusalem," and is quite a pretty counterpart of our Orthodox nursery rhymes, wherein "holy angels" are invoked to guard our beds. As early as Hesiod, Homer had written:

"In similitude of strangers, oft,  
The gods, who can with ease all shapes assume,  
Repair to populous cities."

In likewise we read how Jesus, worshipped as a God, appeared and vanished to the view of his disciples; while some, less opened in their spiritual sight, failed in the recognition and doubted of his presence.

The two worlds so infold each other, that frequently the bounds of each are passed without consciousness of change. The poet, prophet, seer, so kindred to both modes of being, find more of fancy in the things of heaven and earth not dreamt of in the formulas. In the ocean of all being—magnetic, spiritual—heaven and earth flow to each other and embrace; and the seer has visions of the Elysian Fields, the New Jerusalem, and their substrata realms. St. Paul knew not whether he was in the body or out, when he saw things transcending the power of utterance; and Epimenides, contemporary with Solon, and reckoned one of the seven wise men, was worshipped not only as a sage and spiritual purifier, but also as a poet and as a God. "Both Plato and Cicero," says Grote, "considered Epimenides in the same light in which he was regarded by his contemporaries—as a prophet divinely inspired, and foretelling the future under fits of temporary ecstasy."

"The Heathens," said Spence, "in general believed that there was but one God; but they believed in a multitude of ministers, deputies, or inferior gods, as acting under this supreme." This is the general testimony, and is equivalent to St. Paul's "ministering spirits," or angels.

That Gods, Angels, Spirits—by whatsoever names transmundane souls may be called—did often appear in human shape to the open vision of old time, was freely admitted by the ancient creeds, that all along the ages denied by some of the philosophers. The skeptical Thucydides, almost as early as Herodotus, is incredulous of the spirit history of his own and preceding time. Still, the broader current of the human mind ran to the belief, and not to the denial, of these things—doubtless powerfully aided by ignorance, priestcraft and superstition. We only claim that the Gentile Spiritual phenomena were under the same law and conditions as those which had their growth in Palestine. When Jacob sees a ghost, he claims to have seen God face to face. When Gideon sees a spirit, he exclaims to him, "Alas, oh Lord God." And when Manoah and his wife see an apparition, they too exclaim, "We shall surely die, because we have seen God;" though other parts of the same Bible declare that no man ever has, or can, see his face and live.

We shall not cite the numberless cases of prophecy and fulfillment so abundant in the Gentile records. We give but the simplest outline, that the growing mind may seize its bearings for the structure of a broader church than that which confines itself to a "Thus saith the Lord" of a single people—a people says Grote, in his History of Greece, "of that strenuous ferocity of character which marks so many people of the Semitic race—Jews, Phenicians and Carthaginians, enslaved by childish caprices and antipathies, and endless frivolities of ceremonial detail, they stand distinguished as well from the Egyptian life as from the flexible, many-sided, and self-organizing Greek; not only capable of opening both for himself and for the human race the highest walks of intellect, and the free, creative agency of art; but also gentler by far in his private sympathies and dealings than his contemporaries on the Euphrates, the Jordan, or the Nile."

The earliest Grecian colony in Italy, some 700 years B. C. was that of the Campanian Cumae, contiguous to the Bay of Naples. "In the hollow rock," (says Grote,) "under the very walls of the town, was situated the cavern of the prophetic Sibyl—a parallel and reproduction of the Gergithian Sibyl, near Kyme in Æolis; in the immediate neighborhood, too, stood the wild woods and dark lake of Averna, consecrated to the subterranean gods, and offering an establishment of priests with ceremonies evoking the dead, for purposes of prophecy, or for solving doubts and mysteries."

In the seventh century B. C., says the same author, the rich and holy temple of Apollo was purely oracular, established for the purpose of communicating to pious inquirers "the counsels of the tumultuous." He relates, too, how Polyarchus lost his life in not heeding "the warnings of his prophets and the agony of his terrified daughter, to whom his approaching fate had been revealed in a dream."

Herodotus informs us that "the Greeks," besides other ways, "learnt divination by means of victims from the Egyptians." Again, "The art of divination, as now practiced in our temples; is derived from Egypt; at least, the Egyptians were the first who introduced the sacred festivals, processions and supplications, and from them the Greeks were instructed."

When Moses went out of Egypt, he was learned in all this wisdom of the Egyptians, and according to Josephus, he had a table made after the pattern of that in the Delphic temple—if so, he may have practiced this mystery of divination, and may have received raps, and tips, or writings by "the finger of God." But Moses forbade all such practices to his people. This was in accordance with the esoteric or secret mode of withholding all such mysteries from the people. By thus keeping them in ignorance, they would be easily molded by the priesthood to external devotion, in rites and symbols. It was death to divulge the Mysteries of Eleusis, and Moses was equally severe as regards the mysteries that he learnt of the Egyptian priesthood. Nor were the Jewish priesthood less tolerant of those who would too curiously know of the Ark and its appurtenances. Even Plato would not have the inner phenomena made common to the people, denouncing as worthy of death those who should practice the "bindings"—which would seem to correspond with the modern Mesmeric manipulations. Thus the initiated and the priesthood have ever been the dark lanterns of civilization, letting only so much light be seen as could be easily submerged in superstitious rites—hence the abnormal flow of those magnetic or spiritual currents which have dominated all miracles and oracular responses—currents which sweep the religious organs in the "divine fury" of the ancient Seers, Prophets, Corybantes, and in the "outpouring of the spirit" through modern "Mediums" and religious assemblies—all from the same great spiritual ocean whose tidal laws and inhabitable modes of being embrace in order the incarnate spheres. C. B. P.

Written for the Banner of Light.

CHRIST AND THE CHILDREN.

The soul that has not deeply loved a child, has never known the highest and purest love known to man.

Christ's blessing on the children is the severest comment ever passed on poor humanity. "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." The hearts of the inhabitants of heaven are like the hearts of little children—loving, trusting, pure. The Protestant world has often wondered that the Catholic artists have so often painted Mary and her divine child. All that was human in Christ was from Mary—was feminine. Raphael, the divine painter, gave the world his noblest effort in Mary and her child. The Madonna of the great artist was simply a beautiful Italian mother, holding in her arms a golden-haired boy. The mother leans her head downward and forward, and is too much absorbed in her divine contemplation to look at the child. She gazes modestly upward, toward the eternal. The divine child droops his head on the cheek of his mother, and clasps his hand over the bosom of Mary. This picture is loved and admired by all great souls, because this grouping is the most perfect to express love—the love of a mother for her child—the purest, holiest love known to mortals.

If the divine can only reach earth, through materiality, then woman—the mother—is the highest, holiest type of the celestial. Did you ever see a young mother at the grave, burying the body of her first-born from her sight? Then, reader, you have witnessed the

sublimest, purest exhibition of all sorrow. Can a mother forget her sucking child? then will I forget thee, says the great Teacher.

In this delightful figure Christ embodies his love for his friends. I love you as a mother loves her child! How deep and gushing is that expression! But, unless you become as little children, you cannot enter the kingdom of heaven. Then how can man ever reach the "regions of the blest?" Bold, hateful, murderous, full of lies and deceit; and this poor mortal must travel back to childhood, innocence, before he can reach the outer portal of the heavenly home. This world is to be reduced to the innocence of the child, or Christ cannot save it.

Reader, did you ever study the character of a little child? How pure is its love, and how sublime is its trust. Tell a little child that you love him, or her, and the eye grows brighter, and the smile on their faces becomes richer and deeper—their souls glow with celestial fires.

I love all children—love the strange child as I love my own, and I know that mothers will laugh at me and deny that such a love can exist. I stop often by the way side, by the school-house, by the brook, by the flower-bed, by the play-house built of broken china, to converse with the child, and warm my own chilled and sorrowing spirit by the celestial fires on their sunny faces. Give a little child a roll of sugar, say not a word, and he knows you love him; he knows you are his friend. And when you have thus blessed him, with something sweet, how perfectly his pure little heart trusts you; he knows you are his friend—you need not reason or persuade him. Children are the gems set in the crown of life to teach us the good and the beautiful. When will this defiled world become like little children—innocent, pure, loving, trusting, like Christ's Kingdom? It cannot enter the Kingdom of Heaven unless it becomes as a little child.

The mother's love for her young child flashes a deeper light into her heart than the rays of a diamond rare give to the crown of a queen.

I have seen children playing by the grave of the dead, the loved, whose tombs were gemmed with flowers, and fully did I feel that our love for the dead was very holy. The child and the flowers by the grave of the loved ones! Who will paint that assemblage that we may see it, that we may love them? The eloquent preacher said: "When a child, I painted heaven as a great city filled with palaces, glittering with domes and spires, and my little brother was there." His first love in heaven was for a child, a little brother. And now he is gray; he remembers the lambs of his flock; and counts up their names, and the memory stirs a deep tone among his heart-strings, and he says, my love for you flashes bright rays in my heart, and the diamond's rays are not so brilliant. I love you all, I shall never forget you. I remember when we worshipped in the old meeting-house, and I kindled the fires, and the bell made no music, for we had none. The sweet Sabbath bell! how it rings on the night air, sweet as the voice of a laughing child—sweet as the smile of the first born to the eye of its mother. George Sand's divinest picture in her Consuelo is a fatherless child, lovely as the opening flower. Goethe's Mignon is the central figure in his greatest book—a lost, stolen, unknown child, longing for Italy, for the citron and orange groves, and the flowers and birds in that elysium. Hawthorne paints a beautiful child in his Scarlet Letter, and little Eva and Topsy are the divinest images of light that shine in Uncle Tom's clouded sky. These are pure touches of art—Mary, by Raphael, with the smiling Jesus clasped to her heaving bosom. The Kingdom of Heaven is like the smiling infant. B.

MAN AND HIS RELATIONS.

BY E. B. BRITTON.

SECOND SERIES.

CHAPTER V.

MAGNETISM AS A THERAPEUTIC AGENT.—(CONTINUED.)

As the writer does not belong to any school in medicine, and is not otherwise employed in the practice of the healing art, he may reasonably expect the suspicion of writing to advertise his claims as a practitioner. Other motives and objects demand a further reference to my own experiments. I am reminded that when one undertakes the advocacy of new views, calculated to unsettle the general confidence in existing systems, the public has a right to demand the best evidence the case will admit of, and may justly withhold so much as even an implied indorsement in the absence of all tangible proofs. Mere theorists and philosophical speculators, who support their improbable and fanciful notions by no substantial evidence, cannot reasonably expect to inspire confidence, either in the value or the correctness of their peculiar ideas. Moreover, no intelligent, fair-minded man will be disposed to cling to his preconceived opinions when once they are plainly disproved by the discovered laws of Nature and the results of scientific experiment.

It was only after suffering for years the painful consequence of my error—the very common and often fatal mistake of supposing that health is to be sought in nostrums and purchased of apothecaries, rather than found in an intelligent perception of, and a strict obedience to, the laws of vital harmony—that the fallacies of the profession were fairly uncovered and comprehended, and the use of medicine—as ordinarily administered—was perceived to be the trial of doubtful expedients, rather than a truly scientific adaptation of means to ends. I cannot be unjust toward others without impoverishing myself; and I have certainly nothing to gain by undervaluing the learned professions. I am well aware that the medical profession has already furnished a long list of illustrious names of men, whose discoveries occupy a large space in the scientific records of our country and the world. Perhaps no profession is now dignified by a greater number of free, enlightened and noble minds; and it is precisely for this reason that I shall not be accused of treating the subject unfairly. It will doubtless be conceded that science properly comprehends not merely a classification of particular facts, but likewise an explanation of the essential laws on which such facts depend. Wherever this definition is accepted, it will be perceived that Medicine does not answer the description. It is readily granted that we are supplied with the necessary classification of the phenomenal effects of medicine and the superficial aspects of disease; and we wait for the discovery of the essential laws under which all physiological, pathological, and therapeutic effects occur, and until those laws are clearly recognized and duly respected, the practice of medicine at best is but a cause of doubtful experiment which may destroy the constitution with the disease.

The remedial agents employed with success in one case may totally fail in another—and even prove to be injurious—owing to the endless diversity among men, in respect to physical organization, combination of temperaments, states of the mind, and varying degrees of susceptibility to physical, mental and moral influences. Hence the same medical treatment in all cases—for the same general type of disease—without such modifications as the individual constitution may require, can never be uniformly successful. Much less can a routine practice, founded on ancient medical authorities, be pursued at this day with any reasonable hope of beneficial results. The constitutions of men; our manner of life; our pursuits and habits of thought; and even the earth and atmosphere, have all changed. We are becoming sublimated by the progress of civilization, the influence of Literature, Art, Science and Commerce, and the development of the mental and spiritual faculties and forces of human nature.

Moreover, the same kinds of food that once were readily digested and assimilated—thus freely contributing to augment the vital energies—are now burdensome to the stomach, and wholly unsuited to promote either physical health or mental activity. Similar changes have occurred in the specific forms of disease. All these should be carefully observed, and their relations to the fundamental laws of being comprehended. The wisest physicians already perceive the necessity for corresponding changes and modifications in the professional modes of practice; and hence they administer medicine with caution, in alternative doses and sublimated forms. Some centuries ago, when men were less human, and far more gross and animal than now, they survived the action of powerful drugs and a thorough course of depletion, such as would now be followed by a complete and hopeless prostration of the system. It is barely possible that the inhabitants of Central Africa and the South Sea Islands might still be benefited by such treatment, but it is absolutely certain that the more refined nations of Europe and America require it no longer.

Before entering on a course of practical experiment, I was led, by reading, observation and reflection, to the conclusion that all forms of disease commence in the nervous system, by a disturbance or unequal distribution of vital electricity; and that the organic, functional and symptomatic effects all resulted from this derangement of the electro-motive power of the organization. Having satisfied myself on this point, it was but natural to conjecture that the specific effects of all remedial agents occur under the action of the electro-nervous forces, and agreeably to the laws of vital electricity. I had observed the surprising results produced by magnetic manipulations—had often produced those effects. Acute pains were readily removed; extreme nervous irritability was rapidly subdued; sarcomatous and encysted tumors, rheumatic and other swellings, had mysteriously disappeared under the hands of the operator. I had also marked the salutary results of the Hydropathic treatment in fevers, and the beneficial effects of poultices and other moist applications in subduing local inflammations. I had no doubt that these and all similar effects occurred agreeably to an electro-vital principle. Regarding inflammation as proceeding from a highly electrical state of the parts affected, it could only be necessary—provided I had really discovered the fundamental electrical law—to adapt the treatment to that law in its relations to the human system, and the conditions would be rapidly changed; so that in every case where no destruction of the organs or tissues had occurred, a normal state would necessarily and almost instantly supervene. I will here introduce one example from among a number of similar cases designed to subject my theory to the ordeal of a practical experiment. The surprising results that followed the application of the principle, in the treatment of external inflammations, more than realized my previous expectations.

Some years since a gentleman who lived in Newark, N. J., and had there listened to several lectures on the electrical theory of the vital functions, called on the writer and described the case of a young woman, eighteen years old, who belonged to his circle of acquaintances. The patient was vitally strong and ordinarily enjoyed the most vigorous health; but at the time she was represented as suffering intensely from acute inflammation in one leg. Her friend was extremely anxious that I should personally attend to her case; but as my sphere of action was the platform rather than the sick room, and especially as my time was much occupied, I perseveringly declined the responsibility. Several times in the course of one week the gentleman came to me and urged the peculiar claims of the case, until at last I reluctantly yielded to his repeated solicitations, and called on the patient. I found her suffering from a rheumatic fever and intense inflammation of one lower limb, extending from the extremity to the hip, and affecting the joints, tendons, and all the fibrous textures. The limb was stretched at full length and in a horizontal position. It rested on a pillow placed in one chair while the patient was seated in another, which she had constantly occupied during the preceding seven days and nights, without one hour's sleep or a single moment's freedom from pain. The leg was swelled to an amazing size, and about the joints the venous congestion gave the entire surface a dark purple appearance.

On inquiry I learned that the physician—in his attempt to reduce the inflammation—had depended chiefly on the application of a liniment, that appeared to be composed of origanum and other vegetable oils. Feeling assured that the application of such an oleaginous compound must of necessity check the insensible perspiration—which always facilitates the escape of vital electricity from the body—render the cuticle a non-conductor, and thus increase the inflammation—I did not hesitate to express this conviction—without the slightest intimation respecting the actual facts in the case—that the inflammation had greatly increased since the first application of the liniment. My observation was instantly confirmed by the concurrent testimony of the whole family, though all had attributed the aggravated symptoms to other causes than the doctor's prescription. The case afforded an excellent opportunity to test the reality of the supposed discovery, to which reference has already been made. If a cure could be effected agreeably to the electrical law involved in the theory, developed in this treatise, I had no doubt of its speedy as well as its certain accomplishment. It was only necessary to render the cuticle a good conductor of vital electricity, and then—by the proper application of an electrically negative body—the rapid diffusion of the concentrated agent would at once occur on the inductive principle.

I will here give the simple treatment and the surprising result. Adding an ounce of Spirits of Ammonia to a pint of cold water, I sponged the limb thoroughly, and until the oily substance was entirely removed from the surface. Then relaxing the muscles of my own arms and hands, by withdrawing the nervous forces as much as possible—thus rendering the extremities electrically negative—I commenced manipulating lightly—making the negative passes from the highest point to which the inflammation extended, to the ends of the toes. As often as the surface of the patient's limb became dry by the rapid process of evaporation, occasioned by the unusual heat, the wet sponge was again passed lightly over the surface, thus restoring and increasing the conducting capacity of the cuticle—which is always suspended in proportion as the skin is deprived of its natural humidity. Thus the manipulations over the moist surface were continued without interruption for forty minutes. The inflammation was greatly reduced, and after the first operation the patient could move her limb and had the partial use of all the joints, not one of which had been moved in the least during the seven or eight days next preceding the application of this treatment. At the expiration of twelve hours I repeated the operation, occupying some forty minutes, when the patient was relieved of all pain, and could support the weight of her body on that limb. Once more, after an interval of twelve hours, the same treatment was applied for half an hour, whereupon the patient ran up and down stairs without the least pain or inconvenience. On the evening of the next day she walked to Library Hall, a distance of half a mile, to attend a lecture delivered by the writer—walked home again—and from that time had not the slightest symptom of inflammation.

The reader's attention is now invited to a case of a wholly different nature. Miss SARAH ELIZABETH LOCKWOOD, of Stamford, Conn., a young lady some twenty years of age, had suffered long and fearfully (according to the physicians who had treated her case for several years) from a spinal disease, which had resulted in a suspension of the peristaltic motion of the intestines; suppression of the catamenia; a total paralysis of the lower limbs, and complete loss of the voice. The treatment had been tropical bleeding, blisters, setons in the back, etc.; and every inch of the cuticle, from the medulla oblongata to the lower extremity of the spinal column, gave evidence of the faithful application of the professional treatment which of course had subserved no good purpose. Indeed, the poor girl—like the woman whose case is reported in the practice of Jesus—had suffered many things of many physicians, . . . and was nothing bettered, but rather grew worse."—Mark v, 26.

When the writer first called to see Miss Lockwood, she was in many respects more helpless than an infant. She had no power to move her lower limbs at all, or to hold up her head, and she had not spoken above a whisper in eight months.

I have not space to detail the precise process adopted in this particular case. Suffice it to say, the application of the treatment was in strict accordance with the principles involved in the writer's theory. Concerning the result, the patient may very properly be permitted to speak for herself. The following introduction to the statement of Miss L., is from the pen of Mr. Hoyt, the intelligent and gentlemanly editor of the Advocate, in whose paper the letter was originally published, in July, 1850:—

[From the Stamford Advocate.]

"Mr. Britton has not only been successful in explaining the philosophy of his subject, but eminently so in the practical application of the principles to the treatment and cure of some of the most aggravated forms of disease. By permission of the parties, we publish the following communication from Miss Lockwood. It is a strong case; the facts are generally known in this community; and may be said to have occurred within the sphere of our own observation:—

"It is well known that when the insensible perspiration is arrested by cold, or from any other cause, leaving the surface dry, it occasions fever; the electro-thermal, chemical, and organic action, are all rapidly increased; and this derangement of the vital forces may result in an acute inflammation of some internal organ or membrane. When the natural process, whereby animal electricity is generated or set free, is thus suddenly suspended, the vital motive power inevitably accumulates, and it is but natural that the molecular and organic motion should be correspondingly accelerated.











manifestation in nature; a necessity in our earthly life. One thing I am certain of; preaching will never cure evil. That there is evil in the world no one can deny; no one can look around and see the wrongs of society that exist between man and man; no crime and suffering spread all over the land, and say there is no evil. And yet there are forces that press us on, and we are obliged to do pretty much as we do.

**DR. GARDNER.**—On both sides of this question there is a chance for a strong argument. When we look from a higher to a lower plane of human progress we see evil, while that evil is good on the plane that produces it. I believe that the time will come, in our onward and upward course of progression, when what to us seems the highest good now, will be seen as a low and evil condition. [Question:—When the soul becomes bright and beautiful, will not a retrospective view of the lower conditions of life, instead of appearing evil, but and bloom in the fragrance and beauty of truth?] It would require time to answer this question, I believe that evil is comparative, belonging to a lower condition than that which is obtained by development. I believe in progress in all nature, from the granite rock up to the highest intelligences. I believe that every step, every operation in nature which has been going on for myriads of years, has been necessary; and that God has been just as much expressed in the operations of all gradations below man, as in man; in low degrees of life as in high; in childhood as in manhood. All life is adapted to the plane on which it exists. Man steps from a lower to a higher plane of life, as the vegetable kingdom steps out of the mineral on a higher plane of existence. Man has a variety of developments; each one is in harmony with the plane of its existence. I believe that it is necessary for the culprit to pass through precisely what he does—his deeds of evil and the ordeal of their consequences. But by saying this I do not believe that it is necessary for every one to pass the same. The condition of the culprit produced his deeds and the consequent sufferings.

**MR. HARVEY.**—I do not consider evil and sin the same thing. Evil is a part of our nature, and sin is a transgression of the law. I believe that two natures belong to us—one is good and one is evil. I believe that God is the author of evil, but not the author of sin. [Question:—Did God make man right in the beginning?] Yes. [Question:—Did God create and put in man his evil nature that made him sin?] Yes.

**MR. CHAMBER.**—We have been taught that if God were to withdraw his support from us one moment we should fall. If we admit this as a fact, we must admit the truth of Dr. Child's views.

**LIZZIE DORR.**—entranced—A spirit took possession, who was, when in his earthly form, something of a gardener. He said that he had a gooseberry bush in his garden, and the gooseberries that grew on it were very sour; this was early in the season; and himself and two daughters tried various experiments upon the gooseberry bush, both upon its roots and branches, to make the gooseberries grow sweeter, but all experiments were in vain. We talked and reasoned together about the sour gooseberries; we looked into nature, and through nature we came to God; and we concluded that there must be something in God that was sour. Why did he not make those gooseberries sweet, instead of sour? One of my daughters also some berries and said she liked them, and that she was glad God made them sour; my other daughter liked candy and disliked sour gooseberries.

We finally concluded that the gooseberry bush came up in nature, and that we would leave it to nature, and seek that which in its time and season was agreeable to our tastes. Autumn came; and the sunny days of summer had made the gooseberries ripe and sweet.

The sour was evil; the ripened fruit was good. Nature does her work in her own good time. God has purposes, and nature works them out. That is evil to us which we do not love; that is good to us which we love.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

**N. OSGOOD, EAST PITTSFIELD.**—I noticed, in a late number of your paper, the report of a discussion upon "Good and Evil"—a subject which appears to be attracting more than usual attention of late.

The subject was held up in so many different lights, that I do not expect to present anything new, and perhaps may not be able to strengthen any position assumed; but, nevertheless, I take the liberty to send you a few thoughts, drawn out by some of the remarks contained in the report. Mr. Newton compares intellect to the sense of sight, and consciousness to feeling; and adds, that seeing is believing; but feeling is the naked truth; and that, as the sight needs to be corrected by the sense of feeling, so the intellect needs to be corrected by the consciousness.

Now I cannot, consistently with my own appreciation of their respective offices and powers, admit that consciousness, or intuition, is more reliable than intellect; but, on the contrary, I should reverse the statement.

I am conscious that this earth is fixed and immovable, but intellect demonstrates that it is in constant and rapid motion, and I am forced to admit that my consciousness is in fault. I am conscious that the sun revolves around the earth, and that its size is small; but reason, after patient investigation, convinces me to the contrary. Perplexed at this, I am ready to admit that the moon is as fixed as the sun; but intellect, through the medium of science, proves that it revolves around the earth.

Consciousness, being based upon the evidence of perception, is liable to be overturned by the discoveries of the intellect, which, by comparing and analyzing, discovers discrepancies and contradictions, perceives and accepts what is most worthy of belief, and rejects, oftentimes, that which to the consciousness appears true and reliable.

Consciousness teaches freedom of choice, will, and thought; but intellect rejects this conclusion as overhasty and irreconcilable with the existence of an Infinite God. Consciousness teaches that man originates thoughts and actions; but intellect teaches that all causes that we perceive, are the effects of a pre-existent cause. Consciousness is very limited in its powers of receptivity, while intellect soars on tireless pinions toward the remote and undiscovered, assigning a position to stars yet unseen, and tracing out unknown causes through their known effects. Compared with intellect, consciousness is as the child to the man; and its impressions need, most emphatically, to be corrected by the demonstration of intellect. Consciousness teaches that evil is a positive injury; intellect teaches that it is embraced in the purposes of the Creator. Consciousness perceives the present; intellect prophesies of the future. Consciousness, with its limited perceptions, perceives evil only as an injury; intellect, with its more comprehensive vision, perceives it as a means to an end, and reconciles it with good.

**M. L. VARNY, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.**—I write to express the great pleasure we derive from reading your paper. It has become a necessity with us, and I believe this feeling is general with those who have read it. It creates its own demand. There is much wisdom shown in its variety. The sermons please extensively, and benefit all who read—a capital idea. The ultra writers are sure to have some good fresh thoughts to inspire the world forward, for they are the priests who serve at Nature's altars, having no barrier between them and the pure fountains of thought. The trance lectures and poetry are always good; the essays and stories, by such authors as B. B. Brittan and Ann E. Porter, are highly valuable; the leaders are superb. The messenger department is fraught with deep interest—taken as a whole, it constitutes the most convincing of tests; it is a bright light. The relation of facts of spiritual occurrences are read with convincing interest. The whole sheet is an epitome of society in its highest plane of thought, with all its diversity. For instance, Beecher represents the highest form of Orthodoxy, Chapin the highest in his department, and the ultra writers and speakers the highest in theirs. It gives the topmost round of the ladder, where earth borders on the beyond, and reaching across the horizon, commingles with the spirit-world.

I have a wish that you may know that your Banner of Light is reflected by very many in this city and State. There seems to be a growing interest on the subject of Spiritualism, or a tangible immortality. We want lecturers and test mediums. The other absorbing interests here allow no time for their development. We read of so many at the East, it seems a wonder that none of them take a fancy to come here, where there is so much demand. I believe a first class lecturer and test-medium would hazard nothing peculiarly in coming here. Mr. Farnham lately gave a lecture on this subject in the largest hall in the city, which was filled to overflowing with an interested audience. Our time will surely come, here on the western shore of the earth. God's last planted colony holds empire of the world.

**C. NEW ORLEANS.**—"We have many good and true Spiritualists here, who have adopted Spiritualism because of its beautiful and Christian teachings, and not because it displays some wonderful unseen power, that only for a time excites. No; its effects are lasting; the seed is sown on good soil, and is bringing forth fruit. The Spiritualists here have no organization, beyond a con-

ference meeting; in fact, there seems to have been a decided opposition thus far to any organization; for every attempt to organize has thus far fallen through. But that power seems to be quietly waking, both in public and in private. The cause here is advancing in the right way. In family circles the subject is investigated; and these unseen intelligences (call them spirits, or what you will), come with their messages of love and truth, preaching peace and good will to man. In this silent and modest way, Spiritualism has already gained a firm hold on the affections of a large number of the people; and so strong is this affection, that the devil and all his angels cannot destroy it, though they may try hard to do it.

Little do the opposers of this beautiful belief know to what an extent our prominent lawyers, judges and M. D.'s are secretly believers in the spiritual philosophy. And many of the clergy would like to investigate it, and some would preach the doctrine, if they did not know that by so doing they would lose their power over that part of their congregation who oppose it.

One of our Methodist ministers preaches to his people the regular Spiritualistic doctrine, and always has a large congregation listening to his greatly inspired eloquence, for he always speaks extempore, as the spirit moves.

**K. McHENRY, ILL.**, speaks in the highest terms of two new trance mediums, Miss Bell and Mrs. Green, who have recently spoken in that place.

**Mrs. M. M. THOMPSON, TOLEDO**, writes that she has given eight lectures in Herkimer, and expects to engage there for January and February.

**Signs of the Times.**—The Calvinistic Baptist Church at East Sumner lately excommunicated twelve or fourteen members of their church, for disbelieving in the doctrine of endless misery—they having substituted the doctrine of annihilation instead. I think they are progressing toward the truth, but are still in a lamentable error.

A SUBSCRIBER.

## An Angel Born.

**LOUISE FISHER**, youngest daughter of Stephen T. and Lavinia A. Munson, departed this life on Thursday, 15th instant, aged 6 years, 6 months, and 23 days.

This is the second time within one year that our friends have tasted the same cup, and the fourth time in the course of their married life. It is the prayer of our spirit that the only remaining child may be spared to them. Louise was a very beautiful and loving little girl, with a radiant face, and a disposition genial and sunny as the fair climate to which she goes. May she be an angel of light and a minister of un-failing hope to all who come in contact with her. To lay hold—by a realizing sense—on our great immortality.

## ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

**CONTENTS OF THE BANNER THIS WEEK.**—First Page—"Birth Lee;" "The Fighters;" "Jolly and Fat." Second Page—"Ancient Glimpses of the Spirit-World;" No. 1; "Christ and the Children;" Man and his Relations;" No. 5.

Third Page—Mr. Chapin's Discourse; "Retrospection," a Poem.

Sixth Page—Three Columns of Spirit-Messages; Poetry; "Spiritualism among the Early Methodists;" "Is a Soldier a Christian?"

Seventh Page—"Tolerance;" Letter from New Brighton, Penn.; "Becarism;" "Have You Faith in God?" Poetry; "Is it a Hump?" "A Tinge of Purty;" "Movements of Lecturers," etc.

Eighth Page—Henry Ward Beecher's Sermon.

Ninth Page—A letter from Bro. Warren Chase, dated Providence, R. I., is in type, and will appear in our next issue.

The approaching Congress of the Great Powers at Paris, together with the probable Electorates to represent those powers there, attracted the other attention of the press and public at the time of the sailing of the last steamer.

The Great Eastern has been pronounced a failure. But we do not think so. She is fit for one thing, and that is, to lay down the next Atlantic cable which is to unite us with Europe. She is big enough to carry it all, and all she will have to do, is to drop it down gradually as she steadily steams along. There will be no danger of the cable breaking from too much strain, as the ship could never go fast enough for that.

**Ball Hughes** offers to execute marble busts of the late Washington Irving, for public libraries and private individuals, from a model taken by him from life, and approved by Mr. Irving and his friends. Mr. Hughes is a sculptor well known in Europe and this country. His monument of Oliver Twist, owned by the Duke of Devonshire, his statue of Uncle Toby and the Widow Wadman, and Little Nell, in the Boston Athenaeum, and his statue of Dr. Bowditch, in Mount Auburn Cemetery, all give evidence of artistic genius of the highest order. Mr. Hughes has for some time past been industriously and steadily pursuing his profession at his residence in Dorchester, and his latest works have been among his best.

**SUNSHINE.**—A letter writer at Tarrytown presumes that Sunshine will be kept in the Irving family, and that its often hospitality will be maintained. Ebenezer is the only one of the Irving brothers who now remains. He is the last of the large household of William Irving, senior, and his age like a lustrous winter, is "frosty but kindly." He has been for a long time a resident at Sunnyside, where his children will no doubt long preserve the memory of their illustrious kinsman.

An offer has been made of a donation of a three-story house, and land, suitable for a Home for Aged Indigent Females, in Salem, as soon as funds are subscribed and arrangements made to put such an institution in operation.

If you are disquieted at anything, you should consider with yourself, is the thing of that worth that I should so disturb myself, and lose my peace and tranquility?

**CARE OF THE INFINITE ONE.** Will then the merciful One, who stamped our race With his own image, and who gave them away O'er earth, and the glad dwellers on her face, Now that our flourishing nations far away Are spread, where'er the moist earth drinks the day, Forget the ancient care that taught and nursed His latest offspring? Will he quench the ray Infused by his own forming emble at first, And leave a work so fair all blighted and accursed?

Oh, no! a thousand cheerful omens give Hope of yet happier days whose dawn is high. He who has tamed the elements, shall not lose The slave of his own passions; he whose eye Unwinds the eternal dances of the sky, And in the abyss of brightness dares to span The sun's broad circle, rising yet more high, In God's magnificent works his will shall cease— And love and peace shall make their Paradise with man!

W. C. Bryant.

**An Old Clock.**—The Hartford Times says that a watch-maker in that city has repaired and set in running order a German clock more than two centuries old. It was built by Huguens, somewhere about the year 1640, and though it has not run for more than half a century, is now keeping good time, and may last another two centuries. It was found by the artist, Church, in the possession of a Dutch family in Nova Scotia, while he was off on his iceberg sketching expedition.

Thunder makes the noise, but lightning does the work. William Jaycock has recently written a work on horses, entitled "The Gentleman's Stable Manual," wherein he treats largely on hay and horses.

A Frenchman thinks the English language is very tough. "Dere is look out," says he, "which is to put out your head and see; and look out, which is to haul in your head and not to see—just contrarie!"

Troubles are like dogs—the smaller they are, the more they annoy you.

A resolution has been adopted by the Legislature of Texas to print five hundred copies of the Governor's message in Spanish, five hundred in German, and two hundred in the Norwegian language.

The Governor of Kentucky, in his annual message, disposes at some length the lamentable effect of the intermarriage of cousins, and recommends an act of the Legislature rendering these unions illegal. The Governor is right.

**EX-PRESIDENT VAN BUREN.**—No Ex-President has ever lived in more studied retirement than Martin Van Buren. He is seldom away from his home, and never seems to covet attentions of any kind. On the 5th inst. he passed his 77th year. He is said to be writing a memoir of his times. Mr.

Van Buren is a famous trout-fisherman, and will follow the brooks with as much steadfastness as a young man of five-and-twenty.

A locomotive on one of the principal railroads has been adorned with the title, "I still live." That is more than many of the passengers can say at the end of the journey.

A Chinaman went into a fancy goods store and wanted some consistency. He had heard consistency was a jewel, and he wanted a specimen.

Instead of retreating upon the man who calls you a villain, a liar, or a thief, coolly inform him that you have not sufficient confidence in his veracity to believe him.

The small pox, it is said, is prevalent in Boston. Those in charge of persons with this disease should keep onions in their sleeping apartments. They will thus escape the contagion.

The Boston Recorder is "down on" "pious raffles," I. e., raffles at religious fairs.

"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them."—Ecclesiastes.

Harvard College, at Cambridge, has, all told, 834 students; Yale, at New Haven, Conn., 814; Brown University, at Providence, R. I., 212. But Oberlin College, in Ohio, is ahead of them all in point of numbers. It has 1243, including ladies and gentlemen.

Dogs are sagacious, and understand Dutch as well as their master. Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, tells in his intimate style, how his dog Hector got even to look so much like his master, that he would go and take his place in church, and the congregation never knew the difference. One Sunday after service, the clergyman was complimenting him upon his attention to the sermon, amidst such a sleepy congregation, when "Hector and I gave each other such a look, that I was afraid the clergyman would have observed it; but then he was a good, unsuspecting man, a very Nathaniel in whom there was no guile—when Hector, unable to hold in any longer, leaped over the hedge, pretending to have scented partridges, so as to laugh outright."

Joe Koss goes to suppose that he knows his brother Moza froze his toes and his nose in the snows. He knows his brother Moza knows that he knows he froze his nose—and when he knows he knows, he knows, I spose.

"Jim, how does the thermometer stand to-day?" "Our stands on the mantel-piece, right agin the plastering."

If you would enjoy your cigar, and at the same time the society of the ladies, you should invite none but widows, for they will bring their own weeds.

In a fair and beautiful land I dwell, Ever the sunshine lingers there; The clouds are of purple, and crimson, and gold, And music floats in the azure air; I shrink from the rude and jarring crowd, I coast far from me the mantle of care, Freely I rove in my castles and groves, And revel in pictures bright and fair.

Though power and wealth may pass me by, Gayly I turn from their heartless din; Though Fame may scorn, and Fashion may sneer, Yet mine are the treasures they may not win. Their souls cling fast to their worldly gains; They hug their fetters of gilded sin; They grasp the shadows of outward pomp—I fly to my glorious world within!

The gentleman whose lips pressed a lady's "snowy brow," did not catch cold.

**AN IRISH REPARAH.** Here lies the body of John Mound, Lost at sea and never found.

**SHOENING HENS.**—A writer in the New England Farmer recommends the enclosing of the feet of fowls in wooden bags or socks, for the purpose of preventing them from scratching in the garden. Would it not be well to do the same thing in winter to keep their feet warm? It is well known how frequently they get their feet badly frozen.

Wallor Savage Lander has said: "There are women from whom incessant tears of anger swell forth at imaginary wrongs; but of contrition for their own delinquencies not one."

If twelve inches make a foot, how many will make a leg? Why would printers make good post-office clerks? Because they understand distributing letters correctly. Digby added: "I hope some of 'em will be employed in the post-office, then." Perhaps Digby wants a "sit."

"My dear," said a lady who wanted a new dress, but was somewhat embarrassed in asking for it, "will you go to-day and look at that dress pattern we saw the other night, and see if it is as pretty at night as it was in the day time?"

The Devil seems to take his walk through the world every little while, and he switches his tail in everybody's face. There are thousands of disputes in the world that will be settled just about as soon as the old one between the Katydids and the Katy-did's.

## New Publications.

**THE WHITE HILLS;** their Legends, Landscapes, and Poetry. By Thomas Starr King. With sixty illustrations, engraved by Andrew from drawings by Wheeler. Boston: Crosey, Nichols & Co., 117 Washington street. 1860.

The author says: "It is the object of this volume to direct attention to the noble landscapes that lie along the routes by which the White Mountains are now approached by tourists, and to construct a guide to particular landscapes, and a stimulant to the enjoyment of them."

This book is magnificently got up. It is printed on fine, heavy paper. Its typographical execution is neat, clear and beautiful. Its illustrations, on wood, are fine and artistic. The cover is beveled edge, embossed, and tastefully sprinkled with gold, and gilt-edged leaves. The contents of the book are of a high order, as are all the productions from the pen of its well-known author. The book fully pictures and illustrates what its title-page presents. It is full of the poetry of nature. It is full of true religion, without using the word religion, or setting up religious pretence. It recognizes poetry in nature, religion in nature, and God in nature. Every one who has ever been to the White Mountains, or ever intends to go there, will find in this book a valuable fund of pleasing interesting knowledge, presented in a very handsome style. For a Christmas or New Year's gift, no book is more suitable.

**FRANK WILDMAN'S ADVENTURES ON LAND AND WATER.** By Frederick Gerstaecker. Translated and revised by L. A. Collier. With eight illustrations, printed in oil colors. Boston: Crosey, Nichols & Co., 117 Washington street. 1860.

The name of the author, and the reputation of the publisher who present this book to the public, are guarantees of its merits. The book also speaks for itself. It is a volume of thrilling interest. It is beautifully executed and elegantly illustrated; and yet this beauty and elegance grow dim, and are forgotten, as the reader is led to behold the adventurous scenes and the pictures of real life written upon its pages in words. The life of Frank Wildman was filled up with wild and desperate adventures. There is an element in our nature that makes us love to read such a book as this; and it is right to gratify this innocent love, for thereby we are made better.

**Notices to Correspondents.** PSALMS OF LIFE.—In answer to inquiry from a correspondent, we will state the price of this beautiful compilation of sacred music to be 75 cents, retail. Discount on that price for larger orders.

**J. SMITH, OXFORD.**—A friend writes that he can furnish you with complete lists (except one number), of the BANNER. We can furnish vols. 3 and 4 bound, but not vols. 1 and 2. When vol. 6 is completed, we can furnish vols. 5 and 6, bound.

**E. A. R., MILFORD, MASS.**—We must decline your proposition.

## Lecturers.

Miss R. T. AMEY will lecture in Plymouth, Mass., on Tuesday evening, Dec. 20th, and in Newton on Thursday evening, Dec. 22d.

A. B. WHITNEY may be addressed at Brooklyn, Michigan till further notice.

Information is wanted of Daniel Qto, who left Camarock, Ill., some nine years ago. He formerly resided in Wheatland, Ill., and went to California some four or five years since. Any one giving the desired information through these columns—whether spirit or mortal—will receive the grateful thanks of his anxious family.

## NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

**MEETINGS IN BOSTON.**—Mrs. Annand M. Spence, of New York, will lecture in Oldway Hall next Sunday afternoon at 2 1/2 o'clock, and in the evening at 7 1/2 o'clock.

A Circle for trance-speaking, &c., is held every Sunday morning, at 10 1/2 o'clock, at No. 14 Bromfield street. Admission 6 cents.

**Cambridgeport.**—Meetings in Cambridgeport are held every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 5 and 7 1/2 o'clock, P. M., at Washington Hall, Main street. Seats free.

**Lawrence.**—The Spiritualists of Lawrence hold regular meetings on the Sabbath, forenoon and afternoon, at Lawrence Hall.

**Boston.**—The Spiritualists of Boston hold free meetings on the Sabbath, forenoon and afternoon, at half-past one, and half-past six o'clock, P. M.

**Plymouth.**—Miss Lizzie Doten, will lecture Dec. 25th; Miss Fannie Davis, Jan. 1st and 8th.

**Lowell.**—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings on Sundays, forenoon and afternoon, in Wells's Hall, Broadway, by Mrs. Annand M. Spence and others.

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

**Worcester.**—The Spiritualists of Worcester hold regular Sunday meetings in Washington Hall.

**Dorchester Hall.**—Meetings are held at this Hall regularly every Sabbath.

## Social Levees.

A levee will be held at Amory Hall, corner of Washington and West streets, on Wednesday evening, January 4th, under the superintendence of Mr. John H. Conant and other well-known Spiritualists. The music will be furnished by White's Full Quadrille Band. Tickets one dollar each, admitting a gentleman and ladies, can be obtained at the Winthrop, Adams, Quincy and Marlboro' Hotels; at Bela Marsh's, 14 Bromfield street; at White Brothers' music store in Tremont Temple, and at this office. As this is to be a first-class assembly, no tickets will be sold at the door. From the well-known ability of the managers, and the talent of the musicians, we can prophesy a renewal of the popular assemblies of last season.

**Bronchitis.**—From Rev. S. Sigfried, Morristown, Ohio.—"Having received the most salutary relief in Bronchitis, by the use of your excellent 'Troches,' I write for another supply. I had tried several Cough and Bronchitis remedies, but none with a relief at all comparing with that experienced from the Troches." Brown's Bronchial Troches are sold by all Druggists.

**Miss ROSA T. AMEY** 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 32 Allen street, prior to Dec. 28th, and during the month of January care of J. L. Pool, Oswego, N. Y. 10—Janl.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

**TRACES.**—A limited number of advertisements will be in sorted in this paper at fifteen cents per line for each insertion. Liberal discount made on standing advertisements.

**MEDICAL TREATMENT—NUTRITIVE PRINCIPLE.** DR. ALFRED G. HALL, M. D., PROFESSOR OF PHYSIOLOGY, author of the New Theory of Medical Practice on the Nutritive Principle, may be consulted on the treatment of every form of humor, weakness and disease, in person or by letter, from any part of the country. It is a restorative in effect, reliable in the most prostrate cases, and justly worthy of the confidence of the afflicted. All the Medicines used are purely vegetable. No. 18 Temple Place, Boston, Mass. Oct. 1. 15ss

**HEALING MEDIUM.** late of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., has opened rooms for professional consultation and treatment at 107 Grand street, New York, where he will be happy to receive patients and treat diseases, especially consumption and all kindred complaints, with certain cure and speedy relief. Thousands throughout the country are afflicted with disease, and would give half their fortunes to get well. To such we say, come and get healed. 40 Dec. 24.

**MRS. B. K. LITTLE** HAS POSTPONED GOING SOUTH THIS WINTER, owing to the earnest solicitations of her numerous friends and patrons. Mrs. L. will continue to occupy the same rooms—35 Broad street, from 9 to 12 A. M., 2 to 6, and 8 to 10 P. M. Terms, per hour, for one or two persons, \$1.00; extraordinary examinations, \$1.00; examinations by hair, \$1.00. U Dec. 24.

**DR. A. G. WOLF.** HEALING MEDIUM and Magnetic Physician, has taken rooms at No. 2 Bond street, New York, where he may be consulted, daily, from 8 A. M. till 4 P. M. References.—Dr. Jno. Scott, 30 Bond street; Dr. W. C. Huxley, 135 Green street. 1p Dec. 24.

**MRS. H. ALLEOU.** (FORMERLY OF ROXBURY.) TEST, CLAIRVOYANT and TRANCE MEDIUM, will be at Mrs. Smith's, corner of Dudley and Warren streets, Roxbury, on Wednesday, (day and evening) of each week, for the purpose, where she may be consulted by those wishing her services. 4p Dec. 24.

**A RARE CHANCE—\$4,000.** FOR SALE.—The entire interest, material and good-will of one of the most flourishing Weekly REPUBLICAN PAPERS in the Northwest, possessing a large State and County patronage, with commercial advertising amounting to over \$4,000 per annum. The material is nearly new, and complete for the publisher, for an extensive job business. The establishment can be carried on for less than \$1,000 a year. To a young man of literary tastes this is a chance rarely to be met with. Satisfactory reasons given for sale. Address W. T. Lodi, Bergen Co., New Jersey. 6p Dec. 24.

**THE BOOK FOR THE TIMES.** IN PRESS. THE LIFE OF CAPTAIN JOHN BROWN, THE Liberator of Kansas, AND THE HERO OF HARPER'S FERRY. BY JAMES REDPATH. One elegant 12mo. volume of 400 pages, illustrated, and embellished with a superb Steel Portrait of the glorious old man. 25c Price \$1.00. 6ss

This book will be issued before the first of January, 1860, and will be a work of thrilling and fascinating interest. Its sale will be immense. A liberal per centage of the PROFITS resulting from its publication WILL BE GIVEN TO THE FAMILY OF BROWN. Thousands of Agents Will be wanted to supply the demand in every town, village, and hamlet throughout the country. Address THAYER & ELDRIDGE, Publishers, No. 114 and 116 Washington street, Boston, Massachusetts. Dec. 24. 1p

**GREAT CURIOSITY.**—Particulars sent free. Agents wanted. SHAW & CLARK, Biddford, Me. Tp Dec. 10.

**J. T. GILMAN PIKE,** ELECTRIC PHYSICIAN AND MEDICAL ELECTRICIAN No. 17 Tremont street, (opposite Museum) Boston. 23p He will give special attention to the cure of all forms of Acute and Chronic Diseases.

**NAVIGATION, BOOK-KEEPING, WRITING,** AND all the branches of a complete commercial education, practically taught at FRENCH'S MERCANTILE INSTITUTE, 90 Tremont street, where Catalogues of references, terms, &c., may be obtained. Open day and evening to students of both sexes. Stationery free. Remember the No. 90 Tremont street, and that this Institute has no connection with any other of a similar name in Boston. M. P. SPEAR, A. M., GEO. A. SAWYER, Principals. Dec. 17. 5m

**THE THINKER.** BEING THE FIFTH VOLUME OF THE "GREAT HARVEST" by J. A. DAVIS, is just published and ready for delivery. Price One Dollar. Single copies sent by mail, postage free, on receipt of the price. The usual discount on wholesale orders. Address BELLA MARSH, Dec. 10. 6p No. 14 Bromfield street, Boston.

**MARBLE AND GRANITE MONUMENTS,** Composite Monuments, Plain and Ornamental Shafts, Tablets, &c. H. D. SANFORD & CO. MANUFACTURE superior Marble and Granite Monuments, Plain and Ornamental Tomb-Stones, and every kind of Monumental Work, to order, and in the best manner, at reasonable prices. Address WESTER, MAES., and DANIELSONVILLE, CONN. Orders are respectfully solicited from all parts of the country. All work will be executed in the best manner, carefully packed, and promptly forwarded. H. D. SANFORD, Webster, Mass. M. L. SANFORD, Danielsonville, Conn. We are permitted to refer to the New York Editor of the BANNER. 3m Dec. 10.

## H. C. CLAYTON,

DEALER IN BOYS', YOUTH'S AND CHILDREN'S CLOTHING, FURNISHING GOODS, &c., No. 45 Washington Street, BOSTON.

**THE MISTAKE OF CHURCHFORD; OR, JESUS AND HIS GOSPEL,**



## The Messenger.

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

We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earthly life to that beyond, and do away with the erroneous idea that they are more than wandering beings. We believe the public should know of the spirit world, and that it should learn that there is evil as well as good in it, 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 expression so much of truth as he perceives, he may 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. 513 Broadway, New York, every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday afternoon, commencing at 2 o'clock, and ending at 4 o'clock. After 4 o'clock, visitors are expected to remain until dismissed.

## MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

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

From No. 1733 to No. 1816.

Saturday, Nov. 8.—How shall we know the good of Henry Ward Beecher? "How shall man discern good from evil?" William B. Eddy.

Tuesday, Nov. 8.—"Is there any good in man?" James Fairbanks, Philadelphia; Louisa Davis, Cambridge; John T. Gilman, New Hampshire.

Wednesday, Nov. 9.—How shall we know we commune with spirits? Eliza Chase, Buffalo; Thomas Campbell, Peter Schrock, Washington; John T. Gilman, Exeter, N. H.

Friday, Nov. 11.—When may we look for Christ's coming? David Poole, New Hampshire; John Elton, Philadelphia; Abby Ann, New Hampshire.

Saturday, Nov. 12.—"Familiar." Rufus Long, Portsmouth, England; Mary White, Concord, N. H.; Olive Hedger, Joseph Winship, Thomas Walnwright.

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

Wednesday, Nov. 16.—"What is perfection?" George Washington Bowman, Portsmouth, Va.; Nathaniel Hill, Thetford, Vt.; Charles M. Thordike.

Tuesday, Nov. 20.—"Was the natural body of Christ resurrected?" Andrew J. Gavitt, Boston; Irene; Jeremiah Mason.

Wednesday, Nov. 20.—"Shall the Jews return to Jerusalem?" Hannah Moore, Roxbury; Francis Stearns; Charles Robertson, New York.

Thursday, Dec. 1.—"Are there animals in Spirit-Life?" Simon Elton, Boston; Alfred Allen, Albany.

Saturday, Dec. 3.—"When and how shall there be a new Heaven and a new Earth?" William Osgood, Boston; Sarah Elizabeth Tilden, Boston; Patrick O'Brien, Boston; A. Prager.

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.

Thursday, Dec. 8.—"What is sin, and how are we in mortal to avoid it?" Samuel H. Spencer, Thomaston, Me.; Joseph Gardner; Lucy Smith; Francis H. Smith.

Friday, Dec. 9.—"Are there spirits in spirit-life localities?" Stephen Carroll, Iowa; Lizzie Corbin, Richmond; A. Prager.

Saturday, Dec. 10.—"Joy H. Fairchild; Clark Mason, Rochester."

## Death.

"And there shall be no more Death, for death shall be swallowed up in eternal life." This passage, as found in the record of the Revelator, is given for our consideration this afternoon.

He who seeks, desires to know if John, the Revelator, had special reference to a natural or spiritual death. According to our knowledge of the laws of nature, we find the Revelator had reference to a death of the body—the separation between the natural and spiritual, which men and women call death.

"And there shall be no more death." Oh, what a glorious epoch in life—when all darkness shall be swallowed up in light, and the glory of God's power shall shine resplendently! As the old passes from your natural vision, behold something new and more spiritual is presented to you. Everything in nature is tending to purity; and thus it is fast out-running death—fast emerging into a state of life—the eternal. In the days of the Revelator, natural bodies were wont to number many years. We behold them come in stature, strong in the physical, mighty in the natural, but puny, weak, undeveloped, in the spiritual. In those days, that spirit germ that now gives forth so much light, we could scarce discern; and could the inhabitants of the earth, at this time, be permitted to gaze upon man of olden time, they would hardly believe such an one were mortal—possessed of a spirit of Divine Intelligence. But the germ was no less a spirit; the power no less a power, and the law no less a law, in those days than in the present.

The external condition of men at that time was so gross, so crude, so undeveloped, that the spirit was confined in a living tomb—a dungeon, giving forth no sound, giving out no light, that held within its depths no living waters. But as we follow the march of nature from ancient to modern times, how grand the change, how mighty the work, how Godlike the law of progress. Everything in the vast realms of nature hath become more refined, more spiritual, nearer to God. Everything in its nature is going from death's domain—fast leaving the old, and clinging to the new. And as the spiritual is superior to the natural, it will continue to rise above it, until the natural is seen no more on this planet. We are speaking of this planet earth; for behold, we find the people of earth more nearly allied to the Godhead than the inhabitants of any planet in the known world. And as years shall pass on, we find the earth passing out of its present orbit, entering a spiritual state. Then they shall know no more death; they shall have emerged from the natural, and death shall have fulfilled his mission here. He shall say no more, "Come, put on higher robes, to appear in the city of our God. Leave this crude state, and come forth into the spirit-life."

John was possessed of a superior spiritual state, and he spoke not as man speaks, but as the Almighty God speaks; not of the present time, but of far-future time, casting death into potency, as far as this planet is concerned. Our question may call for proof of our assertions. He can find it in all nature; in every department of life he can find proof of what we are saying this afternoon. Progression, spiritual life, speaks in thunder tones in the atom at your feet—it raises its voice, in mighty power, in the elements around you; it whispers in the tree, the flower, the mighty ocean. Everything bears record of coming forth, coming spiritually—of the desolation of the King of Terrors, Death. But we find the proof nowhere so brilliantly illuminated as in the human form, the organic intelligence of life.

Behold what mighty changes are taking place in these human temples! Behold those in olden time, and look at those of to-day, and you will hardly recognize they are of the same family. Here, then, is a volume well filled with proof mighty in itself, speaking for all the departments of earth. Carrying, as it does, particles of every state of life, it represents all; and as the body shall change in immortality, so then every atom in this life shall be changed—life shall reign supreme. Behold, the sons and daughters of our God have been taught to fear death. This should not be so. They must remember that if they would become one with God the Creator, they must of necessity put off the natural and put on the spiritual; and while the elements of the external world are prone to death, they, too, must taste of death, to pass on to higher enjoyment.

When men and women put off the mortal, they cast off ten thousand cares and ills that the natural alone is heir to. There is no more pain, no disease, to pull the spirit down to earth. True, the spirit is sometimes drawn to earth by the tender magnetic cord that binds friends and relations. Spirit may drink of the joys and sorrows of earth, but the effect is different—the sting of sorrow is gone, and they who have conquered death have conquered not an enemy, but one who was at seeming enmity with them—one whose exterior was blackness, but who carried beneath a gem of great price; for death is but a messenger that comes as a guide to conduct the spirit to its better state, where tears are not known, where life is everywhere a mixture of life—no death.

The inhabitants who are in a low spiritual state at this time, are but occupying the state that the natural inhabitants of the earth shall enjoy at a future time. Many spirits contend there are many changes in the spirit-life; but according to my experience, I find no such great change as death. True, the spirit passes from one degree of life to another, until we find him lost in Godhead—merged in Deity—lifted to the highest state of wisdom; yet so gradual is the change that there is no clashing, no war between two elements—like that between life and death; for, behold, the elements are not at war in the better life.

So, then, there shall be a time when there shall be no more death on earth; when the inhabitants shall be so far purified that death shall not be necessary. They shall be so far merged in the Godhead that they shall pass to the spirit-life without his aid, for they shall stand in the doorway of spirit life, and shall need no guide thither.

True, our doctrine is mysterious and strange; but when man and woman shall stand upon the plane we now occupy, they shall fully understand us, and cry "Amen" to what we have given to-day.

Nov. 8.

## J. G. Wyatt.

Don't you know me, Bory? I am Joseph Wyatt. You know I committed suicide, don't you, and that I told you I was wronged? So I was, and I can't get over it. I have been trying all this time to get rid of that feeling of revenge, and I cannot do it.

I felt the evidence would be too strong against me, and I said I would rather die than live as my enemies would have me, and so I did.

Yes, I had a middle name—J. G. Wyatt you may call me. Can't you contrive any way for me to go to my family? Will you lend me this medium? My God! I can't see why not—for my life I cannot. I'd find them very quick, if they would let me out. I'd walk right straight along the streets, until I found my family. Have I not as good a right to walk the streets as ever I had? I want to speak through this medium. I can't do it anywhere else so well.

Well, no matter. I no business to have walked out so quick, and then I should not have been in so great a hurry to get back. I'm not so unhappy, in reality, because I know pretty well where I'm coming to. As soon as I get some pains wiped out, I shall stand on different ground. I may plead in public till doomsday, and I can't get ahead.

Well, I don't see but all my visit this afternoon is coming to nothing. I'm honest—for ever committing the deed they charged upon me, I never did. True, I drank too much rum, but that was the worst thing I did. My God! I have cursed Bullfinch street, and all its inhabitants, a thousand times over, since I have been here. But that's wrong, I suppose. Well, good-by.

Nov. 8.

## Martha Dwight.

Has this body the consumption? I died of it, but I know this is not my body, and I don't see why I should feel just the same as I did before death. I thought we should be forever free from anything of this kind, but I am not. I shall not stop long. I was sick eleven months. I left a husband and one child in Boston. I died in August, 1858. I was twenty-one years old. My name was Martha Dwight. I hear you receive messages from any one who wishes to come. I wish to say that I am happy, and should be more so if I could speak to my husband, my mother and my sister. I have a child, but she is not old enough to understand anything about my coming. She was only one year and one month old when I died.

I hope some one of my friends will see fit to furnish me with the privilege of speaking with them, and I hope also I shall not feel so badly as I feel now, for it makes it very bad for me to speak.

I find everything here very much like earth, but more beautiful. I should be very happy here if I could commune with my friends and could always see them happy. When I first waked up here in spirit-life, I thought I had a sweet sleep. I was so refreshed! And then I saw my father, and my sister I had lost, and then I knew I was dead; and oh, I was so rejoiced, so happy I was free, I tried to sing praises, for I know I should suffer no more. I felt, too, that God would take care of me, and that I should go to heaven sometime. I know nothing of Spiritualism, although I heard of it. I was a believer in the Christian religion, and I think I was ready to die and happy to go. I would like to have my friends know more of this world than I know, it will be so much easier for them when they come here.

Nov. 8.

## Nathan Brown.

You write, do you? Well, I'm Nathan Brown, of Toledo. I've a family there. I died of some disease of the stomach. Say I wish to speak with my friends. I was fifty-four years old, and I died in 1857, in January. I have nothing more to say.

## James D. Farnsworth.

Oh, thou Almighty and Divine Guide of Souls, we offer thanks unto thee for the privilege we enjoy at this time.

Thou has given us the assurance that we are thy children, and that thou art ever mindful of us; and, in return for thy kind care we would praise thee, oh God, and praise thee in behalf of the dear ones we now draw nigh. They, oh God, are clad in mortal, while we are devoid of the garments whereby we may be visible to them. We know that thou art the God of nature—that thy power is unlimited, thy mercy enduring; and that in thy own time and thy own way thou wilt bring all to a knowledge of thy truth, their condition in life and their relation unto thee. And thus we would wait patiently for the manifestation of thy power; for the glorious time to arrive when those whom we so dearly love may grasp at truth and bask in the sunshine of thy love.

We wait for thy presence with them in thy might and glory while we draw nigh unto thee to-day. We ask thee to send a messenger of power and peace to go before and to prepare the way for the seed we shall sow to-day, that it may spring up and yield fruit to thy glory.

Oh God, when the light of thy servant went out in death, he saw thee in thy wisdom and thy glory. Notwithstanding the theological darkness that surrounded him, the light which shone within was brilliant, and he saw thee by that light, as never before he looked upon thee.

We will not ask thee, oh God, to bless our dear ones on earth, for we know thou wilt keep them and protect them, and give us power to make ourselves understood by them. So we will praise thee and ask for nothing; for we know thou wilt clothe us, and feed us, and give us of thy divine light; and not only us, but those who are dear to us.

When I existed as a mortal I was happy; my surroundings were pleasant. Peace seemed to linger at my side, and I often found myself querying as to whether there was any better place than earth—than I in my spiritual condition could indeed be more happy than I. Kind friends clustered around me, and as the light of Divine Revelation shone upon me, I am confident in saying I was made happy by it. Instead of fruits that are not often known on earth by reason of this light, and I believed in it. It was my safeguard, my shield, my raiment. I believed in a heaven, a hell, a God, and an opposing intelligence. But I cannot say I ever had any definite views respecting this opposing intelligence. I could not bring myself to believe there was such a personality as the Devil—that he existed in form; but I did believe in a personal God. And I now find that my personality is but a principle—out of great power and glory. I have a family on earth, to whom I am much attached. Death has failed to sever this attachment. I could not find happiness in heaven, unless my abode here were lighted up with affection. I could not rest in quiet, if I supposed I should be at some time separated from those I love in mortal. Thanks be to God, I expect to be reunited with my family; that God in his own time will bring us all together; that we shall enjoy more holy communion than we did on earth—if it be possible.

What intelligence enjoys so much as that who knows its own condition and its connection with God? One says knowledge is heaven; another says it is death. I think it is heaven—for the soul that knows not of its own condition and power is unhappy; it is in an unequal state, which is only to be relieved by knowledge. The Christian who believes in God, but has no knowledge of him, cannot be happy. "I believe in God" is not satisfactory to the soul. That spirit, that portion of God, demands knowledge, and it must have it in order to be satisfied.

I have a strong desire to see the friends who were bound to me by ties of affection standing upon a foundation of knowledge. True, they believe in God, and are partially happy. But I would have them know their God and be entirely happy.

As God is a principle constantly moving on, progressive in his own nature, so they who would understand their God must progress also. They must not stand still theologically or naturally. They must walk in the paths nature marks out, and if they have any belief it must ultimately in knowledge, if they will be happy.

Christ, our divine brother, tells us that all may know God as he know him, that every creature may become closely allied to God as he was, that all who die might do, that all who were one with God, they might become one also. He doubtless spoke with reference to the natural life. As this same Jesus was a progressive spirit, would it not be well for his followers to progress also? Instead of standing in the shadows of the past, they should stand out in the sunlight of the present. If they are presented with a truth said to be from God, they should see whether it is or not. Seek to be acquainted with it, and see if it be what it purports to be, and, if so, they should move after it.

The Christian hath made himself many gods; he boweth to one to-day and to another to-morrow. If the Christian would be truly Christianlike, he should worship one God, and one only; and instead of worshipping Him one day in seven, he should worship Him all days through time and eternity; and while he believes in a God of Justice, he should yield practical proof of that belief.

While Christians tell you they expect to enjoy his presence,

when they cast off the mortal, they should see to it that man shall see a great light, instead of being shadows to the multitude.

Then, again, they should go forth and bring into the temple of their hearts all the good that God has cast upon the world, that their temples may be pleasant abodes both for men and angels. Now we find want of confidence in each other—disaffection becomes depicted among them, and one after another cuts himself free, wandering upon the highway, because he sees more light before him. Now then, the theological leaders should go before this army, and if one comes upon the highway before them, saying, "I am Christ," they should go and hear him, and see if he be true or false. They should not shut him out from their temples, for, by so doing, they may shut out God from their hearts, and the mighty hosts of the Lord who are sent to give them wisdom.

I, as an individual spirit, will not return denouncing all classes of Christians. No, I believe it is necessary for men and women to organize themselves into different societies. I believe it is well for one class of individuals to serve God in one way, and for another to serve him in a different way, apparently; for as all cannot see him in the same glass, but each needs a glass for himself or herself, so God in his mercy has provided a countless number of glasses, that each may see for himself, and come to him in his own way.

True, this was not my belief when I dwelt in mortal, for I said, "this is the way, walk ye in it." At my present standpoint, I will point out no way, but let each one follow the guide God has placed in his heart. But I do say that the theological teachers should seek and find the way, and be not merely guide-books, but guides. When the cry is in their midst, "There be wolves among us," they come not down from their high places to protect the flock, to see whether there be a wolf there or not. We do not find them leading their army onward; and if they do not lead, the multitude without the gates of the city think they know not the way; that they are unacquainted with the Christ they speak of, with the God they beg to come and save.

Spiritualism is as a wolf to the theological world. It is running wild in the midst of the flock, taking lamb after lamb; drawing those even from the foot of the cross, who have long sat there in sackcloth. Now, would it not be well for the rabbis of this time to come down, and go forth and make themselves acquainted with this wolf, and if indeed they have power over him, let them drive him from their midst—let them cry, as did their divine brother, "Go hence!" If they be indeed the servants of Christ, and Spiritualism be indeed evil, it will go forth from the power of their might. As they profess to be disciples of the Most High they should give their hearers positive proof of their profession; they should fear no evil, but should go forth and wrestle with all, conquering at all times—never yielding to it—for in this way shall the wheat be separated from the chaff, and the wheat be gathered into the garner of the Lord. But while they walk not in the way, the multitude will not walk after them. Oh, could I have realized these truths as I now feel them, I should have gone forth conquering and to conquer. I should have made myself acquainted with every new thought sent down to earth, for it is man's duty. If man do not his duty here, he must do it in the next life; for God calls for all that is due him. He says through our nature, "Oh, man! thou art capable of everything; thou canst comprehend me in all my might and glory." And if he speaks thus in every atom of nature, will he not call for his own? Verily he will; and man should work all the day long, that when the night of rest shall come, he can say, "I have finished my work, and am about to enter a state of everlasting rest."

James D. Farnsworth. I came by request.

Nov. 4.

It will not be amiss for parties who request spirits to visit us, and whose request is complied with, to inform us of it, if they can do so, without injury to self. We are aware that many questions are sent to our circle for answer, and many spirits requested to manifest here, by parties who do not feel it judicious to openly declare it. We trust such will think well of their course, and see if it be not their duty to respond in a public manner to the answers they receive.

## Simeon Adams.

You publish spirit letters, do you not? I heard of you by some of my family before I died, but I never saw you. I had seen your paper, however; but I am free to confess I never expected to communicate in this way, for I did not believe in spirit communion, though some of my friends did. But I said I would come back, if it were possible for me to; yet I had no hope of doing so. Contrary to my expectation, I am here. I am much gratified to come, and a little mortified—gratified, because I feel it to be a great privilege that all spirits can enjoy if they will—mortified at my disappointment. I died of consumption. I had ample time, and many opportunities, to investigate Spiritualism, if I had desired; but I'll here freely confess that I considered it a delusion, and I used to wonder how it was that some of my friends could believe in it as they seemed to, and find as much happiness in it as I had reason to believe they did find. But now I see as I did not see then, and I only wonder that they are not more happy in their belief, and that they do not live more in accordance with the beautiful light God has sent fit to give them.

When I first opened my eyes in spirit land, I could hardly be persuaded into the belief that I had changed worlds; but I was soon compelled to make up my mind that was the case, for I saw friends around me whom I knew had gone from earth, and I must either believe that I was permitted to see those friends while in mortal, and thus find Spiritualism was true, or that I was a spirit. And I was more inclined to believe the latter.

Considering all things, I find myself quite happy here, reconciled to my condition, and happily and pleasantly disappointed in a great many things. I find that here, instead of being compelled to do what you do not wish to do, you have the privilege and power of doing just what you wish to do. There is no law of force here, but the law of Love and light governs everything. Every spirit who will, may come to earth and commune with their friends, for there are ways and means provided for all; and if they see fit to persevere, they may make their friends happy—and, as there is but one way to make ourselves happy, of course they have an excellent chance of becoming happy.

I want to tell my friends that upon some things they are mistaken. This belief that there are just as many spheres in spirit-land is erroneous, entirely so. The sphere varies in accordance with each man's condition, and if, as our friend who preceded me says, man may be one with God, there certainly must be more than seven spheres.

I have seen and conversed with spirits from the seventh degree of progression, and they seem to be gods in wisdom and truth; yet I should hardly desire to say that God is not higher in wisdom than they are. I do not think that spirits above the seven first degrees of happiness ever come to earth, and that is why you think there are but seven spheres. I find they have laws whereby every spirit may be educated by every system seems to be perfectly natural. Instead of forcing one to make himself acquainted with that which does not interest him at all, he is only instructed in that which pleases him best. When one has learned that branch which pleases him, and takes to another branch, he studies that. I think this is far better than the rules you have on earth; and if it could be introduced into some of the institutions on earth, it would be far better for some of the people of earth, certainly.

Before I leave, I wish to tell the friends I promised to communicate with, that I shall always find pleasure in beholding them seeking for true light, true wisdom. I shall always be glad to return, giving all my good Master sees fit to give me. I shall try to give this; and if I fail after trying, I am not at fault. But I would also tell them to be sure that they do not mix up any fanaticism with Spiritualism, for that is a bad article; and when it becomes mixed with the good, it tends to shed darkness rather than light, and if it does this, they should be careful to be without it. It is one of the bubbles floating upon the surface of every new doctrine, and some are apt to catch at those bubbles, and think them better than they really are. I want all my friends to be careful, and not grasp any of these bubbles; then the light about them will not lead them astray.

I do not understand why it is that I feel so very weak—so much as I did before death; but I suppose as I progress, I shall understand it as one of the features of the great law I do not understand at this time. You can say I will visit my friends again at my leisure.

I was Simeon Adams, of Franklin, Mass.

Nov. 4.

Said one to an aged friend, "I had a letter from a distant correspondent the other day, who inquired if you were in the land of the living." "No," replied the saint-like, venerable man, "but I am going there. This world is alone the world of shadows; and the eternal is the only one of living realities."

If you love others they will love you. If you speak kindly, to them they will speak kindly to you. Love is repaid with love, and hatred with hatred. Would you hear a sweet and pleasing echo, speak sweetly and pleasantly yourself.

## Written for the Banner of Light.

## LINES.

Affectionately inscribed to the memory of my dear and recently deceased Father.

BY ELIZABETH C. CLOAK.

Thou to the grave hast gone, my father,  
Yet I wish thee not again,  
In this world of sin and sorrow,  
Care and carping, toil and pain;  
Thou, while here, didst bear with meekness,  
Trials, truly, not a few;  
Now in mansions bright and beautiful,  
Thou thy Saviour's face dost view.

Thou to the grave hast gone, my father,  
Yet they tell me thou art near;  
That thy spirit still is hovering  
'Round the stricken children here.  
Oh, wilt thou not, O'er my head—  
O, dear father, do I pray!  
Let me know and feel thy presence,  
Cheering still my life-long way.

Thou to the grave hast gone, my father—  
Cold is now thy manly brow,  
Yet thy eye, so dark and radiant,  
Seems e'en gazing on me now;  
While thy voice, so soft and gentle,  
Of its own accord I hear,  
And thy last "good-by" at parting,  
Lingers still in memory's ear.

Thou to the grave hast gone, my father,  
Yet I know thou art not dead;  
For I dreamed but now I saw thee,  
Gently leaning o'er my bed;  
Pondy I essayed to clasp thee,  
But the vision quickly passed;  
Truly know I that thou livest,  
Though thou with the dead be classed.

Thou to the grave hast gone, my father,  
Where ere long I must be laid;  
Oh, may I, like thee, be ready,  
For the summons when 'tis made,  
Then, oh, when I hope to meet thee,  
Where no tear-drop ever abides—  
Where the soul is ever joyous—  
Where no ill nor care resides.

Alexandria, Va., Nov. 20th, 1859.

## Spiritualism among the Early Methodists.

It is both interesting and instructive to observe the frequent manifestations which abound in the history of every religious sect on the face of the earth, and which the developments of our own time furnish the most satisfactory explanation, if not the only consistent interpretation.

It is very generally acknowledged that the Methodists, from their earliest date under Wesley and Fletcher to within a late period, have been, to an unusual degree, a spiritually-minded organization. Remembering the dearth in spiritual matters which preceded their formation, we see their very origin was a legitimate outgrowth, a vital necessity, of those times. Their chief characteristic has been in believing, with Paul, "It is good to be zealously affected always in a good thing." But Paul says, elsewhere, of a certain class, which possibly applies to them, "They have a zeal for God, but not according to knowledge." However this may be, in view of our present light, whether true or not, the Methodists of to-day, in their vitalizing power of religious influence, are but a shadow of what they once were. Having well served their purpose in their day and generation, till, having lost the essential in the ceremonial, their system must yield to the immutable law of progress—must give place to a healthier, higher, a truer and more universal faith and practice. Already many of this well known sect have embraced the philosophy, and are now living the life of true Spiritualists.

This is genuine consistency. But my present object in writing is more particularly to call attention to a note-worthy instance of belief in the cardinal doctrine of Spiritualism, together with the reasons for this belief, as found in the "Life of Mrs. Mary Fletcher," wife of Rev. John Fletcher, the friend and compeer of Rev. John Wesley.

Under date of Dec. 15, 1785, speaking of her deceased husband, she says:—

"Perhaps he is nearer to me than ever! Perhaps he sees me continually, and under God, guards and keeps me. Perhaps he knows my very thoughts. These reflections, though under a perhaps, give me some help; but could they be confirmed by reason, and, above all, by Scripture, they would yield me much consolation. I will try if I can find this solid ground for them. It appears to me no way contrary to reason to believe that the happy departed spirits see and know all they would wish, and are divinely permitted to know. In this, Mr. Wesley is of the same mind—and that they are concerned for the dear fellow-pilgrims whom they have left behind. I cannot but believe they are; and, though death is the boundary we cannot see through, they who have passed the gulf may probably see us. And may we not suppose, if the use of sight and hearing, as well as the powers of understanding, are so improved by our birth into this lower state, that some powers analogous to the above are, at least, equally opened on the entrance of a spirit into a heavenly state—though perhaps small in the beginning—like an infant, compared with the measure that is to follow?"

Nor doth it seem contrary to reason to suppose a spirit in any body can turn its eye with as much ease, and look on an object below, as a mother can look through a window and see the actions of her children in the court underneath it. If bodies have a language by which they can convey their thoughts to each other, though sometimes at a distance, have spirits no language, think you, by which they can converse with our spirits, and by impressions on the mind speak to us as easily as before they did by the tongue? And what can interrupt either the presence, communication, or sight of a spirit?

"Walls within walls no more its passage bar  
Than unopposing space of liquid air."

But may not our reasonable ideas be much strengthened by Scripture? Some encouragement on this head I have lately drawn from the account of Elijah and Elisha—though I do not offer this as a proof, but rather as an illustration.

Here follows a long, deeply interesting and elaborate spiritual analysis of this scriptural occurrence. She concludes in these words:—

"Nay, but God, who delights to confer his greatest favors on the weakest objects, can confer on us all that which he bestowed on Elijah and Elisha. And, if under that dark dispensation, why not in this gospel day, concerning which it is foretold, 'Your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams.'"

The apostle tells us, 'We are not come to Mount Sinai,' where Israel both saw the power and heard the voice of God; but to Mount Zion, where we have communion 'with the general assembly of angels, the Church of the first born, the spirits of just men made perfect with Jesus, the mediator of the new covenant; yea, and have access to God, the Judge of all.' And were we better acquainted with the privileges of our dispensation, we should become in a more full manner inheritors with 'the saints in light.' But, though it is allowed we may have communion with angels, various are the objections raised against the belief of our communion with that other part of the heavenly family—the disembodied spirits of the just.

I shall consider these objections one by one. Lord, help me in so doing! Let me at least strive to comprehend something of 'the length, and breadth, and depth, and height, of the great victory obtained for us over death;' give me to see a little into that truth, 'we are brought from Mount Sinai to Mount Zion.'"

In objection the first, she controverts the notion that, because disembodied spirits may be conscious of our mortal sins, they are necessarily rendered unhappy. We are not to believe the immutable happiness of God is interrupted by all the congregated sins of mortal existence. She says:

"Now, as the saints yet on earth are made partakers of the Divine nature, and much more 'the spirits of just men made perfect,' so I should imagine their happiness would, in that respect, remain as immutable as that of the holy angels, when so many of their once dear companions fell from their first estate."

I cannot let it enter into my thoughts that ignorance makes up any part of celestial glory, or that forgetfulness can be entered into by the nearer approach to him, 'before whom all things are open and manifest; in whom is no darkness at all.'"

If there is joy throughout all the realms above, yea, 'more joy over one sinner that repenteth, than over the ninety and nine which went not astray,' how evident it is to an impartial eye, that the state both of the one and the other must be known there, together with the progress of each individual. Objection the second: Is not a spirit 'divested of the body become of a quite different nature from what it was before,

so as to be incapable of the same feelings? I answer, certainly not; the spirit is the man. The spirit of my dear husband loved and cared for me, and longed, above every other desire, for my spiritual advancement. Now, if it were







