

BANNER OF THE LIGHT.



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VOL. VI. {BERRY, COLBY & COMPANY,} NEW YORK AND BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1859. {TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR,} NO. 14.
Publishers. Payable in Advance.

THE SERMONS

OF REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER AND EDWIN H. CHAPIN, are reported for us by the best Photographers of New York, and published verbatim every week in this paper.
THIRD PAGE—Rev. Dr. Chapin's Sermon.
EIGHTH PAGE—Rev. H. W. Beecher's Sermon.

Written for the Banner of Light.

"BERTHA LEE," OR, MARRIAGE.

To the Memory of my Husband this tale is dedicated

BY ANN E. PORTER,

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

CHAPTER XXXIII.—CONCLUDED.

One day I was putting in order the articles of clothing which I had packed in my trunk for my journey, when I recollected the package which my mother had handed me. Lily was asleep. I sat down and read, in the old, familiar handwriting of Charles Herbert, the following:

"MY DEAR BERTHA.—I have a strange task to perform; so strange that I hardly know how to choose my words. Bertha, I have never asked you in so many words if you would be my wife, but your own heart tells you that I could have chosen no one else. Our friendship has not been a child passion, but a deeply rooted love, which has grown with our growth, and strengthened with our strength. I feel its power now, when I am about to read so rudely the ties which have bound us. But to my story at once. You know and will pardon my digression.

Years ago, when my father died, my mother found a firm and faithful friend in Mr. Gomez—Uncle Peter, as we called him. Through him we saved the little property which was our due, and which, but for him, would have gone to those always ready to devour widows' houses." When my mother was ill she was nursed to health in the mild climate of Cuba, and in the hospitable mansion of Uncle Peter. When I was old enough to enter a store, his influence procured me a situation, and his money a partnership. His wife died some years since, leaving a delicate child, a girl of rare beauty. This child was with us on our first voyage to the islands. As was natural, we were much together, and once during the time when in her childish heedlessness she had fallen into the water, I saved her life. She called me "brother Charlie," and I was pleased to be so considered. But another eye was watching this intimacy with growing interest, and encouraged it. It seems now that from the first it had been Uncle Peter's pet project to marry us when we should be old enough; but I was aware of this I should have avoided the danger. As it was, I loved "sister Lily" as I should have loved a sister, had God given me one. She is a willful, capricious beauty, but neither so loving and warm-hearted, so impulsive and generous, that one loves to do her bidding. She is a tropical plant, fit only for a bower of beauty, or to wear as one would wear a rare and costly gem, only on occasions; not the wife for the stern, hard-working Charles Herbert, who must make his way through life and conquer a fortune for himself. Had I supposed that my friendship could be construed into anything tenderer than a brother's interest, I would have thrown up my position at the islands, lucrative as it was, and have gone away—anywhere, to California or the wilds of Africa.

My mother's health continued to fail; consumption was slowly wasting her precious form. In the meantime Lily fell ill. I was with her often, for my mother sat by her side, or when weary reclined on a couch. Lily was now fifteen years old, and, as I said before, very beautiful; almost too lovely for the vulgar world. Her illness became alarming; she sunk into a kind of stupor, or rather indifference, to everything around her. Her physician said there was no help unless a change could be produced—some excitement, or another residence. My mother, who knew every thought of Lily—for they were as mother and child—once heard her say, when she was asleep, or wandering: "No, no, Charles; you do not belong to her—that Bertha, that writes to you—you are mine, Charles—mine while I live; that will not be long. Oh, Charles! you'll not forsake your Lily—you saved her life, once; you'll stay by her now, will you not? I am better when you are here; I will be well if you'll stay all the time."

Mr. Gomez heard something of the kind, and he said to my mother: "Charles is now twenty-one; as soon as Lily is better, let us have a wedding."

My mother, supposing that our friendship was like that of most other boys and girls, entered into the plan with interest. I could hardly listen respectfully at first to her views upon the matter, and for awhile the subject was dropped. Gradually she, too, failed, and we knew must soon die, but we had no idea it was to be so soon. She called me to her bedside one night, and, as she took my hand, said:

"Charles, you have been a good boy to your mother. God will reward you for it; one more request, and I shall make no more of you. *Marry Lily.* I can die easier if I may leave the child under your protection as her husband. Her father may die at any moment. I feel that he will do so suddenly, and then what will become of my poor Lily. I know you will never regret it; promise me this, at least, that if I do not live to take her with me to New England, you will do so?"

I looked at my mother, pale and worn, but I had often seen her before. I could not believe she would die before summer. I thought it safe to promise. I did so. My mother died that night! Before she died, she said to Mr. Gomez—

"Do not let my death prevent the union of the child and son." And at his request we are to be married just before leaving the island for the summer. I have now to write you a letter from you would be a great comfort; just to say that I am not wrong in fulfilling my promise to my dying mother. But I ought not to expect it—perhaps you will say, I do not deserve it. I cannot blame my mother; her love to Lily was very great, and she knew that no one could live with her without loving her. God help me to guard her tenderly, and watch over her as I would that mother, were she living. She seems to me like a legacy left by my dying parent. You will love her, Bertha, sometime, I hope. Once more, farewell. God bless you now and ever. Your true friend, CHARLES HERBERT."

It seemed, as I folded this letter, as if the long closed fountain of tears was unsealed now, and I wept long and fully. Oh, how cruel to have kept this letter from me. But then it was all for the best. God had ordered my lot, and I will not repine.

The first burst of feeling over the bright sunshine seemed to stream from the clouded sky upon my heart. Now, surely, I could depart in peace. The hand that penned this was cold in death, but the words had swept away the lingering mistrust, the only shadow that had darkened our friendship. All was now explained, and the only tie that bound me to earth was his child.

That evening, just before dark, Joe came into the house, and pointing to the village, said: "See there! what is there for supper?"

I looked in the direction in which he was pointing, his eyes dilated with surprise, and anxiety was depicted on his countenance, as he thought of supper for strangers. A handsome carriage drawn by two horses was ascending the hill.

"I'll make some blécut, Joe, and you can get some

large sweet apples to bake. Now run out, and be ready to hold the horses when the gentleman comes."

I thought I recognized my portly friend, Colonel James—and I was not mistaken.

"Heigh, ho! my little woman! how in the world did you come up like Balaam's ass, when I urged them up the steep. Well, it is a glorious prospect!" turning round and looking off upon the hills and valleys. "I always knew you were aiming for heaven, but I didn't know you'd got quite so near; hard work, coming after you, though. Hello, there!" he continued, as he caught sight of Lily's face peeping out of the door. "So you have angels up here! Is it she a beauty? Has her mother's eyes and curls. Thank God, the little one has found another mother! and she needs it, if what I hear in Vernon is correct."

"Have you any definite news about her father?" I inquired, in as firm a voice as I could command.

"Nothing but what I hear at Elmwood; but then Herbert is n't the man to forsake home and child in that way while he is living. But if he's gone, I'm sure he died like a man and a Christian, somewhere. I view these matters differently from most people, and I say about my friends, as I wish them to say about me when I put off this mortal coil. Well, the old fellow's gone—sorry to hear it—he was a jolly old boy, God bless him! This endless whining and cant and dolorous sighing which some people make because the great change which comes to all, has come to some of their friends, is, in my eyes, nothing but rank impiety. If, as we Christians believe, death is a glorious change, why should we repine if our time approaches, or if our friends are called by the Master to 'come up higher'?"

But how do you suppose I found you out? Why, by this watch; and again Charles's watch was placed in my hands. "Do n't blush so, my little woman; we all know ministers haven't great riches in this world. God keeps them on small allowance here, I suppose, to discipline them for the great treasures laid up above. You parted with this trifle like a true woman, to find bread for your family. I know all about it. I've been to the minister's down yonder, and now I'll come on purpose to see what had best be done. This little lady here is heiress to a vast deal of wealth. If it can only be found, and I intend to constitute myself an attorney in her behalf. I have been away all summer among buffaloes and bears on the western prairies and wild lands, or I should have seen to this business before."

I should have told the reader that all this was not said on the hill-top, but we had gone into the house, where, with Joe's help, I prepared supper, which the colonel seemed to enjoy. It was pleasant to know that we had some efficient friend who would see to Lily's interest; I could trust it all to him. When he left, the next morning, he told me that I should hear from him soon; if I did not in three weeks, to write to him in the care of friends whom he named. In New York the three weeks had nearly passed, and no tidings came from him, though Joe had traveled daily to miles for a week past, to the village post-office. Lily's cough was still very troublesome, my own time had been taken up with her, and Joe's business had not been very lucrative. My journey had drawn heavily on my slender funds. I had expected to procure some money for Joe at Oldbury, as he had not received his allowance for some years; but on inquiring of my mother, I learned that she had taken all Joe's little inheritance to aid Edward in getting his profession. Edward did not know this, or he never would have taken it. "I know he would repay it with the first money he earned," my mother said; "but he's gone and there's no help for it. Do n't make much difference, however; Joe can be placed in the poor-house here. Folks like him never mind such changes; they are not as sensitive as others."

I was too indignant to reply calmly, and therefore kept still. But I was never more thankful for the little weather-beaten farm-house than at that moment. It was a shelter, and Joe and I would share our crust.

As I said, the three weeks were almost expired in which we were to hear from Colonel James. I was weary from night-watching, and had drawn Lily's crib into the warm sick-room, hoping that, as she had fallen asleep, she would rest quietly for a few hours. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon—I remember distinctly, for Joe said, just as the old kitchen clock struck:

"Joe'll go down to Brown's"—the man who hired our little farm—"and get some hominy. Yes, yes, Joe will."

Brown was in the habit of carrying our own and his corn to the mill, and Joe would get our share from him. We had nothing but potatoes in the house to eat, save a few apples, and Joe had been busy at his bench all day, but saying, as he picked his awl morrily:

"Yes, yes—no, no, hominy for supper."

And Lily had hung herself to sleep with, "Joe, get hominy and milk, yes, yes—no, no."

As soon as she was sound asleep I rose, smoothed my hair, moistening and rolling afresh the curls which I still wore as in younger days. The setting sun flung a few parting rays into the little west window, and one stray beam fell on Lily's crib, and across the silken counterpane—a relic of Elmwood days. My faith had become weak, and my heart had died within me that day, as I looked forward to the long, cold winter; but this sunbeam suggested these words, "At the eventide it shall be light," and I knew not why, but they brought peace.

The old iron tea-kettle which Joe had filled and put on before he went out, was singing its well-known tune. I stood looking at Lily as she slept; now that her eyes were closed I could see a strong resemblance to her father, and as I looked at the full lips with those peculiar lines around them, which I remembered in the boy, my thoughts went back to my childhood and the happy days when Charles Herbert was my guardian angel, making all my troubles light. But would I go back? I asked myself. No, no; I am happier now than then. In the words of another, "Believing in God's goodness and his infinite and everlasting love, I believe in evil as a part of the divinely appointed means by which my soul is to be educated and ordained for its highest possible destiny. So I take my life as I find it, believing that Infinite Love ordained it, and that if I bow willingly, tractably and gladly to its discipline, my Father will take care of it—and of the future, too, that I trust with him."

As I thus mused, the door opened. I thought it was Joe with the hominy, and turned to speak to him, when Charles Herbert stood before me!

"Bertha! my long lost, my beloved Bertha!" and he opened his arms, while in the impulse of the moment, and with the old childish feeling strong within me, I spoke no word, but I pillowed my head on his breast and wept.

Just these, henceforth and forever, my poor stricken one," were the words that fell like dew on my withered heart.

We had few words then, but we stood together over Lily's crib, the father drinking in with all a father's love the infantile beauty and sweetness of the sleeping child. Joe found us thus when he came in with his hominy and a pail of milk. His eyes opened wide, and his face was strangely contorted—but the very grimace expressed heartfelt joy.

"Joe, my good friend," said Charles Herbert, as he shook him warmly by the hand; "I can now repay you for the care you have taken of my precious ones. I have heard all about it. Joe, the good minister down in the village told my friend Colonel James, and the colonel was full of it himself. I said, Joe, quite disconcerted, and as if to turn the subject. 'Ha, ha! Charlie, the old chimney! bread and cheese!'"

This was a fortunate speech, for it set us all to laughing, and the next question was, "Shall we have sup-

"Indeed, I would like some after my long ride."

Joe looked troubled. "I was not in the least so; but said frankly—'We have hominy and milk for supper, Charles.'"

"Ah! my favorite dish when I was a child: nothing would suit me better."

Joe was not more than half pleased, however, for he had a hospitable heart; but he forgot his trouble when Lily awoke, and, refusing to go to her father, or even look at him, she clung to Joe for protection.

Charles Herbert had been traveling for three years—had visited Egypt, Arabia and Turkey—realizing, as he said, the dreams of his youth. He had left ample funds, in the hands of an agent in New York, for Elmwood and Lily; but he had proved dishonest, and left for parts unknown. Colonel James was on his track when Charles arrived from his long tour; and the latter, after one interview with his friend, lost no time in hastening to the old farmhouse; and the colonel said that he fulfilled his promise, though he wrote no letter."

We were married (Charles Herbert and Bertha Lee), one winter's morning, in the little sitting-room, with no pomp or display. The minister and his wife, Auntie Paul, Joe, and Lily—save Colonel James, to give the bride away—were all the guests. Our wedding trip was merely a visit to Stanley Grove, to be present at the nuptials of Ned Green and our friend Addie. Ned had received an appointment as attaché to some foreign minister, and was going abroad. "Lily, how?" said Madame June, "begin to think I'm getting old. I was a woman grown when her grandmother was married; but I'm going a long journey soon, to the New Jerusalem, when I'll be young again."

I am writing now in the library at Elmwood. The place has been improved and altered somewhat, and Charles's taste has made it a little earthly paradise. But we do not cling too closely to it; for we have learned the instability of all human things. But this one thing we know: that our love will survive all change, for it has withstood all trial.

Auntie Paul has a life-size of the old farm. She took a great fancy to the place, and lives there with her son. We have enlarged and repaired the house, and every summer we spend a few days there.

Joe lives at Elmwood, as fond of Lily Herbert as he used to be of Bertha Lee!

At your request, my friend Ann, I have written these pages. I found my journal, where I left it a few days before my first Lily was born, under the eaves in the garret of the parsonage; and have copied it for you. If it has afforded you amusement, or will teach the lesson of patience to one suffering heart, my labor will not have been in vain. BERTHA LEE HERBERT.

ADOLOPH: OR, THE POWER OF CONSCIENCE.

Translated from the German of Franz Hoffman,
BY CORA WILBURN.

CHAPTER I. GOOD RESOLVES.

Would you look upon a cheerful, quiet, comfortable and thoroughly habitable home?—one of those places that make your soul call out, "Here would I live for ever—hither would I flee from the turmoils and discords of the world." Would you behold it? Then take a walk from Hamburg to Blankensee, on the right bank of the Elbe, and you will find this home amid the villas and palaces that arise so proudly from the green hillsides by the river. "This is the place!" you exclaim, as your eye rests upon a neat, one story building, its windows surrounded by a framework of richest ivy and grape vines, a shady verandah, adorning its portal, the slender pillars covered with twining plants. Before the house is spread a vividly green grass-plot, and blooming flowers artistically arranged in ornamented urns and sculptured baskets, delight the eye. To the right, and to the left, and in the background, are inviting woods, with shady and winding walks, filled with a variety of birds, whose morning and evening songs of praise issue sweetly from that cool retreat. Then there is the garden, in front of the house, with its wealth of fragrance and bloom; and the vegetable realm, guarded by thick, green hedges; and last, the mirroring stream with its leaping waves, and its sailing ships, its boats, and steamers, that rush swiftly by, leaving clouds of white smoke behind them. When you view this scene, and reach that cottage, embosomed in foliage, you will know it to be the one you are in search of, and the wish will arise from your heart, to be its owner and dwell there forever.

At the time that our story commences, many may have vainly uttered this wish; but the house was in the possession of Madam Brackenber, the widow of a wealthy and influential Hamburg merchant, and she would not have parted with it for any consideration, for she loved the spot; it was endeared to her by the loving memories of the past. As a child, she had played in the garden, which was owned by her parents. After her marriage it became the playground of her children. Herr Brackenber was wealthy, and delighted in giving pleasure to his loved ones; he had the cottage built as a summer residence for his family, and some of the happiest hours of his life were spent in the garden with his wife and children beside him.

No one was happier in the possession of that rural homestead, than Madam Brackenber. She longingly awaited the spring time to return to it; she left it reluctantly in the fall, often remaining there until the trees were stripped of all their leafy covering, and the ground was covered with a thick mantle of snow.

In this manner ten years passed on, and Herr Brackenber departed this life. He had lost much of his honestly acquired riches, and silent grief and gnawing care had accelerated his death. His wife, who knew not of his altered circumstances, was surprised, when informed of them after his decease. But she was a reflective and energetic woman; she summoned all her resolution, and sought to save from shipwreck all that could be obtained. She satisfied the demands of all her husband's creditors, and yet retained for herself a small sum of money, sufficient for the maintenance of her children, by the exercise of prudence and economy; she retained, also, the beloved cottage and the much prized garden.

"God be thanked!" she said to her children, after she had paid off all her husband's debts. "We shall not have to starve, nor to suffer privation. We shall go to the country to remain, and live peacefully by ourselves. How fortunate is it, that our cottage is so comfortable; we can live there in winter, too."

They removed thither, and would have been as happy and contented as they had been in the days of their wealth and ease, but for their recent bereavement. They missed the kind husband and father; his loving embrace, his footstep on the gravel walk, his cheering voice and affectionate words, all, all, were remembered painfully, and sadly missed; when the summer was most glorious and nature most inviting, they longed and wept for him. But care has been taken by the goodness of God, that the deepest anguish shall be allayed by the soothing balsam of time. The first great sorrow, therefore, gradually changed to a softened, melancholy remembrance; and the tender mother devoted all her time to her children. They returned her solicitude with appreciative hearts. Adolph and Emma grew up cheerful and obedient, the joy of their mother, whose all of affection was centered in them.

So passed several years from the time of their father's death.

It was a lovely summer evening, following upon the departure of a glowing day; the setting sun cast its gleams upon the heavens. The birds twittered from amid the boughs—the flowers offered up their evening prayer of sweetest incense—a light breeze, cool and fragrant, played upon the mirror-surface of the Elbe; this breeze was so inviting, it irresistibly lured the footsteps out into the open air.

A young girl, of about sixteen or seventeen years, stepped out upon the verandah, cast her eyes upon the blooming scene before her, breathed quick and delightfully of the inspiring freshness, and with a smile upon her lips, turned toward the house.

"Mother dear!" she called, with clear, silvery voice, "it is charming out here. Shall we not take our tea in the verandah?"

"As you please, Emma," was replied in soft, mild tones from within. "Call the girl, and have the table spread."

"I will do it myself, mother, for Christel is busy in the vegetable garden," said the young girl. "But where is Adolph? he could give me his help."

"He has gone to the Elbe to fish," said the smiling mother, now standing in the opened door. "You must not scold him, Emma; he has been very industrious to-day, and deserves the slight recreation. And, who knows, he may bring home a splendid fish for our supper."

"That would be the first time in his life," laughed Emma. "He has often gone fishing, but I have never seen the result of his expeditions; he has never brought a fish into the kitchen—one or two little white-fish, perhaps, excepted."

"But what do you say to this one, sister?" cried Adolph, suddenly emerging from the bushes at the right, holding in his hand a large fish, at least two feet long.

"Ah! now you open your eyes, eh, mocking-bird? An angler must have patience and take no heed of trouble, and at last he reaps his reward. There—take him, mother! He is a splendid fellow, weighs at least five pounds, and will taste good, I am sure."

"Is it possible, Adolph? you do indeed confuse me," said the laughing Emma. "Christel must be called now, for that fish must be cooked. And you, Adolph, most wonderful and admirable of all anglers! please help me arrange the table."

"With pleasure, little sister," replied he. "Come, quick, then."

The cloth was spread, the tea served, the fish eaten; and yet no one desired to return to the house. They remained at the table, enjoying the delicious coolness of the evening, the beauty of the full moon, showering its stream of silver radiance upon the earth. The reflection of that glorious light upon the waters, the white sails of the gliding ships so swan-like in their motion, the silence and charm were potent and felt by all. At first mother and daughter spoke enthusiastically of the loveliness of the evening; then they returned to their domestic arrangements, then spoke of the past and the future. Adolph had joined in the conversation, but after a while had grown silent and fallen into thought.

"What is the matter, brother?" inquired Emma, noticing his abstracted manner. "You are not taking any notice of us, and you look so thoughtful and earnest. What ails you, Adolph?"

"Ails me? Nothing now," replied the brother. "But how much longer shall I sit with you thus, and hear your friendly chat?"

"Yes; that is, dear boy," replied his mother, while a shade of sadness crossed her face, and she tenderly took the hand of her son. "But," she continued, in a cheerful tone, "we have no right to complain. You will still remain near us, and, though we cannot see you daily, we shall meet every Sunday. How would it be if you had become a seaman, as you once so ardently desired?"

"But what is this?" said the astonished Emma; "is Adolph going to leave us?"

"He is—he cannot always remain at home; and today, while you were visiting your friend Pauline, we formed a resolution. Adolph has resolved to become a merchant, and I agree to his desire."

"But this is quite sudden," cried Emma. "Is there not time enough for this?—Adolph is so young!"

"Well, my child, he is fifteen," replied the good mother; "and, although I am sorry that he is obliged to leave us, I cannot withhold my consent that he should choose a profession in life. You know, my children, we are no longer rich; and Adolph will be obliged to choose some business. His father was a merchant—he can become one also. If our Adolph will be honest and industrious, he can gain knowledge for himself, so that I need have no cares for his future. And you will strive, my son, not to disappoint my hopes for you. You must never forget that you have a mother who would be most deeply wounded and abashed if ever you strayed from the path of rectitude! You have always been a brave and good son; you will be so in the future, will you not, my Adolph?"

"Yes, yes, dearest, best beloved mother! I promise with my heart and lips," cried Adolph. "I have indeed the will to give you joy, and joy to God, and I will give me strength to make deeds of my good will."

"God bless you, child! The Almighty bless you for these words!" replied the mother, with glad tears in her eyes. "I do not doubt you; your father was a strictly honest man, and you will be one, if you keep the Heavenly Father before your eyes and in your

heart, as I have taught you from your childhood. And now, enough of this. To-morrow I shall write to Herr Freising, and I have the certainty that he will take you into his business."

"But why this hurry, mother?" said Emma, uneasily. "Is there not time enough for all this a year hence? Let Adolph remain with us. He is not losing time, and I do n't know why—but I feel quite troubled when I think of him, so young and inexperienced, thrown upon the great stream of the world."

"If he would become a good swimmer in this mighty stream, he must begin early," replied the mother. "There certainly are cliffs and sandbanks there that will threaten him; but a pure heart, a true, steadfast soul, that is determined not to swerve one hair's breadth from the path of right; a conscience resolved to remain free from sin—these serve as the best compass and strongest anchor, and will not allow him to sink. If a temptation come near, Adolph will think of Him who sees the inmost heart, who penetrates the hidden thought; and he will think, too, of his father looking upon him from the Beyond; and of his mother, whose heart would break, if she were compelled to shed tears of sorrow and disappointment over his conduct. You will remember this, Adolph; and if you do, you will be safe from sin, and temptation will retreat from before you. Adolph, my darling boy, will you fulfill the bright hopes your mother entertains for you, always remembering to see God before you, to live with God in your heart?"

"So may God help me, dearest mother!" he replied. "Every tear that I should cause you to shed, would fall upon my soul like molten lead! Yes, I promise to be true, honest and industrious; I promise you, my mother."

A bright line of light shot athwart the sky; for an instant the fiery streak was visible—then it vanished in the night.

"Heaven has heard your promise, my son, and I accept it!" said the mother, deeply moved. "God grant that you exercise moral courage and resolution; to hold it sacred. Enough for the present. The evening is growing cool; we will return to the house."

They soon retired for the night. For several hours Adolph lay awake thinking over his mother's words and counsel, renewing the vows he had given into her hand. He was determined to be ever brave and true and honest; this was his fixed resolve and will. As length he fell asleep, good resolutions in his heart; nor awoke until the warm greetings of the morning sunlight streamed into his window and called him to the enjoyment of the summer day.

CHAPTER II. FOUR YEARS AFTER.

The road to darkness, misery, ruin and degradation (sometimes called the road to hell), is paved with good intentions, it has been said. But this path is for a time so even, so convenient and pleasant, that thousands enter upon it, without reflecting that it will grow rough and stony; that its flowers will be exchanged for thorns and stinging nettles, and that it leads to a deep and dismal abyss, out of which there is no return; save with tortured body, and torn and bleeding heart. Adolph had entered upon this path.

About four years had elapsed since that peaceful summer evening on which the boy had vowed allegiance to truth and honor. It was again evening; the sun was high its setting, and threw its golden gleams upon the stream and the many vessels balancing upon its waves. There was yet bustle and activity at the landing places. Sailors and porters, wagon and carriage drivers, passengers arriving and departing—all mingled in gay confusion. To the observer of life in its varied aspects, the scene was a pleasing one. But it was unnoticed by the young man walking up and down the harbor of Hamburg; he had not one glance to give to the ever-changing panorama before him. With his hat pressed closely upon his forehead, with eyes bent gloomily upon the ground, his hands folded behind him, and head sunk upon his breast, he continued his walk, as if urged on by some inner restlessness. A hundred persons passed by without heeding him, or being noticed by him. At last, a young man approached, tapped him on the shoulder, and said in a cheerful voice—

"Good evening, Adolph; what in the name of wonder are you doing here?"

The person addressed lifted up his head, and revealed a pallid face, that, for the moment, was lighted up with a faint, sad smile.

"Is it you, Robert?" he said. "Well, it is a fine evening; you see I am enjoying a walk."

"Pooh! there is something better to be done," rejoined Robert. "Come with me, you know where—come!"

A slight shudder passed over Adolph's frame, and he retreated a step.

"No," he replied; "I have taken the resolution, never again to touch a card."

Robert laughed. "Nonsense!" he cried. "Such resolutions are taken only to be broken. You have probably had ill-luck, and that makes you shy. But the world is round, and moves; and what was below yesterday may be uppermost to-day. Don't be a child, Adolph! Come with me, and if you need money, my purse is at your service."

Adolph shook his head. "No, no," he repeated with a repellant gesture. "No, Robert; this time I have not only taken the resolution—I mean to keep it."

"But you act childishly," retorted the young man. "Don't I know how deeply you are involved? How will you pay your debts, and get rid of your creditors, if you do not seek the opportunity to regain your good luck? You are a good comrade, and I am sorry for your situation, and would willingly help you if I could. Take a few Louis d'or from me; if they bring you good fortune, well and good! if you lose, we will not again speak of it. Don't strive to reflect, Adolph! I know that to-morrow you must pay five hundred dollars, or march into the debtors' prison. Make use of to-day, before it is too late."

The young man became still paler, and clenched his teeth.

"It is true," he murmured. "But how do you know?" he asked.

"Because I saw your signature upon the desk of my

employer," was Robert's reply. "I thought at once, when I saw you wandering about so despairingly, that these five hundred dollars were rolling about in your brain."

Adolph gave vent to a wild imprecation against himself.

"Yes," said he, "I was thinking that the best I could do, would be to embark in the first ship for the East or West Indies. I should then, at least, be out of the reach of shame and discovery."

"Time enough for that, to-morrow," said Robert. "Try my remedy first; if it does not succeed, you can use yours to-morrow."

"Well, then, for the last time!" cried Adolph, with desperate resolve—"one way or the other."

The two young men went their way together arm in arm. The night passed on, the morning dawned; the first beams of the rising sun greeted with friendly light the cottage home upon the bank of the Elbe, illumining its windows and its flower-encircled verandah. The coolness of night had refreshed the smiling landscape; trees and bushes displayed the most vivid green; on every leaf and flower glistened the diamond dew; the birds sang exultingly sweet and clear their joyous morning songs.

At this time there approached the house, with uneven, staggering steps, a young man. His hair hung in disorder around his pale brow; his eyes were inflamed; his dress hung carelessly upon him; his face was pallid and distorted as that of the dead. It was Adolph, the widow's son. His burning eyes revealed that no sleep had visited them that night. He leaped the low fence that separated his mother's garden from the high road, and advanced toward the house. It lay in peaceful beauty before him; not a sound arose from its quiet rooms.

"Good!" murmured he; "they are all yet sleeping. Without being seen, I can reach my chamber, and from thence cast a last look upon my mother. Poor, unfortunate mother! Yes, once more will I look upon you, and then I will die! To extinguish my anguish and my shame, I must die; nothing else remains to me. Poor mother! I could have foreseen that I should ever thus return to you, you would have died ere this of grief and terror. Unworthy that I am! I miserable wretch! thus to repay the devoted love of such a mother!"

A deep sigh burst from his burdened heart; suddenly bursting into tears, he threw himself upon the ground, and pressed his burning and pallid face to the dewy freshness of the grass. Sobbing convulsively, he lay there, giving way to the fullness of his grief and remorse, that, like fiery torture, seethed in his brain and raged in his bosom.

The front door was opened that led to the verandah. With cheerful mien the mistress of that cottage home stood upon the threshold; she was fully dressed, and with evident pleasure her mild eyes rested upon the fullness of nature's beauty, so amply spread before her gaze.

"It is a charming morning," she said, softly to herself; "I will go in and awaken Emma; she would reproach me if I allowed her to sleep any longer." As she turned around, her eye fell upon Adolph, who, not twenty paces distant, lay upon the dew-wet grass, unconscious of his mother's nearness. At the first sight of him, she was slightly alarmed; then, advancing and recognizing her son, she smiled in glad surprise, and called his name. "Adolph, my dear son," she said; "how glad I am that you come to us so early in the morning."

The tones of this soft and loving voice penetrated to his soul like thunder-tones of accusation! He sprang to his feet and gazed upon his mother like one bereft of reason. One glance at his face revealed to her the strangeness and wildness settled there; she turned pale with apprehension, and tremblingly advanced toward him. "Adolph, for the love of heaven!—some great misfortune has befallen you!" she cried. "Speak, my child, speak!—what has occurred?" Her trembling hand seized the ice-cold one of her son; he attempted to flee from her clasp, but she clung to him, and cried imploringly—

"You must not leave me, Adolph—at least not before I know what terrible misfortune has overtaken you; what has so changed you—so frightfully altered you? Adolph! my son! what is it?—tell me quickly!"

He endeavored to reply, but his voice failed him; only deep sobs swelled up from his tortured breast; and, bursting into tears, he fell at his mother's feet unable to articulate a word.

"Merciful God!" she murmured, with quivering lips and folded hands; "here is some dreadful trial! Give me strength, oh, heavenly Father, to endure all, to bear all patiently!" Then she turned to Adolph and said—"Get up, my son, and come with me. I must know what has overwhelmed you so. You are suffering, and I must know why you suffer. Come with me to your room; there we are alone with God! Come, follow me, my son."

The voice of his mother sounded so imploring, so touching, and yet there was in it that tone of command, that he could not disobey; he rose and followed her. When they reached his chamber, his mother locked the door, then seated herself in an arm-chair, and would have drawn Adolph into a seat beside her. But he fell upon his knees before her, and hid his face in the folds of her dress.

Again, as in the garden, the poor mother cast an appealing glance to Heaven, as if to ask strength of God. Then turning to the suppliant son, she said: "You are unhappy, Adolph, and I must know the cause. Open your heart to me, my son!"

"Oh! if I were only unhappy!" sobbed the unfortunate. "But I am something far worse than that. I am a miserable wretch! an unworthy being! a criminal, who dares not raise his eyes to God or to you! Mother, my offense is so great, only my death can blot out its remembrance!"

"What have you done, my child?" questioned the mother, with a still paler face, with trembling voice and quivering lips. "You are speaking to your mother, Adolph! Speak! tell me all! However great your sin, the love and mercy of God—a mother's love is greater still!"

Adolph wrung his hands, and ventured not to cast a look upon his mother's face. He vainly essayed to speak; his voice was lost in uncontrollable sobs, that shook his frame convulsively.

"Speak, I entreat you," she continued. "I will and must know what has happened this night! Do you hear, my son? Your mother implores, she commands you to speak!"

"Be it so, then! It is useless to seek concealment; for in a few hours all must be known," said Adolph, as he sprang to his feet, and lifted up his pallid countenance. "I have played, mother, and I have lost!—lost all! My gold and the gold of my employer, and my honor also!"

The mother's face grew still paler. "The gold of your employer? How happened it, Adolph?"

"I was to go early this day to Bremen in order to settle some business with a house there," he replied. "Herr Freising entrusted to my care a large sum of money yesterday. I allowed myself to be enticed—into a gambling-house—and I have lost it all. Nothing can save me, mother!"

She sat with corpse-like pallor on her features, with her hands clasped tightly over her heart's deep agony, that injured, sorrowing, most unfortunate mother!

"You have taken what belongs to your employer—you are then a thief," she said, and she shuddered with terror and motherly grief. "Almighty and merciful God!" she cried, "what a disgrace is this upon your father's unblemished name! What a dread upon the heart of your wretched mother! But silence—peace, peace! Before the eyes of the world this shame must not be displayed. What is the sum you have appropriated? No evasion, no falsehood to me, Adolph! By the memory of your father, tell me the truth!"

He named the sum. It was so large a one that she could not forbear an explanation of surprise and terror, and her head sunk upon her breast as if in utter discouragement. She sat silent and despairing awhile. Adolph, again upon his knees before her, dared not meet her eye, or implore from her one word of compassion.

"Well, well," she said at length, "the honor of your father's name must be saved, no matter at what cost." She arose and turned to him again: "Remain here, Adolph—I command you not to leave this room until I return."

"Oh, mother, mother, forgive me!" cried the wretched boy, again bursting into a bitter flood of weeping; and he stretched out his arms toward her.

"Be calm—a mother forgives everything," she gently and sorrowfully replied. "Promise me, now, that you will patiently await my return."

"I promise, mother. But what are you going to do?"

"To save the honorable name of your father," she replied, as she left the room.

Pale and weighed down with grief, she hastened to her chamber,

kneeling down, and prayed. Then she put on her shawl and bonnet, and left the house with quick footsteps, taking the road to Hamburg. It was noon when she returned; with a calm demeanor, but with tear-stained face she entered her son's chamber.

"Take this, my child," she said, handing him a pocket-book; "it is my entire fortune. Pay with it all your debts, and return to Herr Freising the sum you have dishonestly taken."

"But, mother, what is this you have done?" inquired Adolph, anxiously.

"I have sold our house and garden," she quietly responded. Adolph uttered a piercing cry, and struck his clenched hand to his forehead:

"Oh, my God!" he cried, in deepest heart-tones of anguish and remorse; "I have cast my mother and sister into misery. No, mother, no! I will not take this money. I will sooner die, or bury my disgrace in the farthest corner of the earth! You and Emma—you must not suffer for my sins!"

"Be still, my son!" said his mother, with a sad smile. "Do not forget that I do not bring this sacrifice all for your sake. I offer it for the name of your father. And now, go! I command you to take this money and use it for the purpose I have said."

"But, mother, what is to become of you and Emma?"

"What God wills," she replied. "Poor, and deprived of all possessions, we have yet God and a clear conscience. Go, my son; whatever fate awaits us, nothing must prevent the fulfillment of our nearest and holiest duties; we must observe them, no matter at what earthly cost."

"I cannot go, mother! I cannot carry away this money," said Adolph, throwing the pocket-book upon the table, as if it burned his hands. "I pray you, mother, tell me, what will you have to live upon, if you give away all you possess?"

"How shall I live? Why, by the labor of my hands," she calmly made reply. "Thanks be to Heaven, Emma and I are healthy and strong enough to be enabled by our own industry and skill to earn our daily bread. We do not need much, and have learned to economize. Enough—you will yield obedience, my son. Go, and I hope all that is necessary will have been done when you return. No opposition more—I demand your obedience!"

His mother's manner was so determined and commanding, that Adolph could no longer oppose it. He took the pocket-book, murmuring a few unintelligible words of gratitude, and hastened to the door. But he returned once more, fell once again at his mother's feet, took her unresisting hand and covered it with tears and repentant kisses. Then he rushed like a madman from the room. She followed him with her eyes, and saw from the window that he took the road to the city. He stopped several times to look at the house from which his sin had banished mother and sister. When his form could no longer be discerned, Madam Brackenberg wiped her tears away and said:

"All is gone! But as dear as the sacrifice cost me, I would thereto joyfully add my life, if I could thereby purchase the peace of his soul. One consolation, one only, is mine. His repentance appears to be as sincere as it is deep. Grant, oh, Father of the Universe, that it may lead his heart unto the paths of rectitude and duty!"

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

Written for the Banner of Light.

STORIES FOR THE YOUNG.

BY MRS. L. M. WILLIS.

"WHAT MARY DID, THAT SHE MIGHT SAVE HER SOUL ALIVE."

"Dear me!" said Mary Mason, "I am tired of meetings and Sunday Schools! I do not understand what I hear, and I don't believe it does me any good to go!"

"Very well, Mary," said her mother, "you shall stay at home. I shall like it quite as well."

"But, mother, have I a soul? for, if I have, I should like to save it."

Now Mary had heard a great deal of what is called preaching, and, as she had a very bright, active mind, she did not feel satisfied not to understand what she heard. I think many children do not care to understand what they hear; but Mary could think, and so she was always asking questions, that she might understand.

"Do you love me?" said her mother.

"Oh, yes, dearly, mother!"

"Do you love your sister Annie?"

"Oh, yes, mother!"

"And your father and Charlie?"

"Oh, yes, ever so much!"

"Well, then, you have a soul that is alive."

"Oh, is that it?"

"Yes, all that makes us love is our soul's life. Now, Mary, tell me how you think it best to save your soul alive."

"Why, by loving more and more."

"Yes; but what does love tell us to do, Mary?"

"Oh, that is the worst of it!" said Mary. "If I love enough, I suppose I shall be very good and very kind—very obedient to you, and very kind to Annie and Charlie, and never displeased my father, and never be unkind to my playmates, or be cross to Fido, or pluck kitty."

"Oh, dear! my soul has a great deal to do!"

"Now, Mary, you have learned something about your soul, and I shall soon know whether you wish it to be alive; for all hate deadens love, and so is a great loss of your soul's life."

"But loving God will save my soul, will it not?"

"How can you love God?"

"Well, I don't know. I suppose I ought to love him."

"Yes, most certainly; but perhaps you have heard it said, that if you do not love your brother, whom you have seen, you cannot love God, whom you have not seen; which means that God has given us affections, so that by loving everything that is his, we show our love to him."

"Oh, now I understand how. If my heart is alive, it will be full of love for all that is good; and that will be the love that God wants."

"Now, Mary, you have a week's vacation, and you will have a great deal of time for your own pleasure, and you can learn a good deal about the state of your soul, as you hear people say; and we can all know whether you want a real, live soul, full of love, or whether you are willing to have it dead, or half dead, because it has not love enough."

Mary Mason had a friend, Susan Lee, that she loved very much—a pleasant, kind girl, who never got angry, and never plagued her. She had, also, a companion, Lizzie Thomson, who was sometimes very fretful. There was also another little girl in the neighborhood, Nancy Jones, whose mother was very poor, and therefore Nancy could not dress as well as the other children; so that the girls often laughed at her. Mary Mason was quite as likely to ridicule her as any one, and sometimes she made Nancy cry. She also had a habit of making remarks about other little girls' clothing, about their dresses and bonnets, and called them proud if they were dressed better than herself, or mean if they did not look as well as she did.

Mary began her vacation by inviting these girls to come and visit her. They were in the garden, gathering flowers, for some wreaths for their dolls, when Mary said—

"Stop, Nancy; who told you to pick flowers; I should think you had better go after the buttercups down in the meadow."

"I think buttercups are very pretty," said Nancy.

"Yes, I suppose you do, because you come from a buttercup family."

Then all the girls laughed, and Nancy looked at her faded gown and worn shoes.

"For I'd be so selfish," said Lizzie. "I should think nobody ever saw flowers before; I guess we have lots and lots."

Mary whispered to Susan, "Did you ever see such a proud thing?"

When they went into the house they put their dolls on the couch, and began to twine the wreaths. Now Nancy could do that better than all the rest, and soon, out of her few clover blossoms and pansies, she had made quite a fine wreath; while Mary, with all her roses and larkspur blossoms, had hardly a single stem in order.

"Well," said Lizzie, "I think the buttercup family knows about as much as other families."

"Oh, don't plague her," said Nancy; "I will help you all;" and soon the dolls were dressed in fine show. All was pleasant and

bright for a time, for Nancy had been the peacemaker, and the girls forgot her dress in her willing hands.

But now Charlie came in; he was wild and full of fun, and loved to tease the girls, so he slyly hid Mary's wreath. She was vexed that she could not find it, and tore the other wreaths in pieces, and gave Charlie a hard push. He pushed back, and Susan Lee helped Mary; but Lizzie went on Charlie's side, and they looked as if they were ready for a pitched battle.

Nancy tried to gather up the dolls that fell on the floor, and as she picked up Mary's, it was broken. This made all the children stop their contentions, and Charlie ran into the yard.

"Oh, dear me," said Mary, "that was my birthday present, and Charlie has spoiled it; and I hope he will be whipped, and I'll tell father," and then she cried, and then she scolded, and all the time her face looked very red and angry.

"My mother has some cement, perhaps she can mend it," said Mary.

Lizzie, who had been rather pleased than otherwise at the trouble of Mary, said to Nancy: "I wouldn't try to help her; she is just as cross as she can be."

"Well," said Nancy, "she wants a doll if she is cross."

The little girls went home, and Mary sought her mother. When she had told her troubles, her mother asked her if she thought her soul was alive, when she called the kind Nancy by disagreeable names, or when she grew angry at Charlie?

"Oh, dear me," said Mary, "I believe it is worse off than ever; but now I understand better how I can save it, for Nancy, who was so good, showed me how; but I guess Lizzie's soul is no better than mine."

"Take care, take care," said Mrs. Mason, "Lizzie Thomson has something to do with your soul."

"Well, she's a proud, hateful thing, and I don't love her a bit."

"What do you suppose Nancy thought of you?"

"Oh, mother, mother," and Mary cried a long, hard cry; but she resolved to see if she could learn to be loving, even to Lizzie Thomson.

The next day Mary wanted to go over to play with Susan; but her mother wanted her to stay and care for Annie. This made her very fretful, and she pouted her lips and went into a corner to find the sulks. Little Annie pulled her gown, and said, "Please turn," and Mary, remembering her resolution, made a great effort, and began to play with Annie. She felt much happier after she had done this; and Anna was so cunning and playful, that Mary grew very pleasant, and her soul felt very warm and full of life.

She went to visit Lizzie in the afternoon, and as she went she remembered what her mother had said. "Lizzie has something to do with your soul." Lizzie had a very disagreeable way of ordering others about, and Mary found it very hard to do right or be pleasant long with Lizzie; but this day she had conquered once, and so she found it easier to try again.

"Let's play hide and seek," said Mary.

"No, I won't; I don't like it. You shall play what I choose in my house."

Mary choked down a great swelling throb of anger, and said—

"Well, choose quick, then, or I shall have to go home."

"Go home! what for?"

"Well, because I want to be good, and you make me lose some of my soul."

"Well," said Lizzie, "if you can be good I can; for I always try to be ugly where you are, just to plague you."

Mary's example seemed to help Lizzie so much, that there never was a happier couple than those two girls all that afternoon. They kissed each other good-by, and Mary invited Lizzie to come and play with her very often.

The next time that Nancy went by, Mary called her and said—

"Don't you want some of our flowers to put with your buttercups?" and so Nancy stopped.

"And Lizzie says buttercups are beautiful, too."

"I think Nancy was on the point of saying I am sorry I made you feel badly, but she was too proud to let Nancy know she thought she had done wrong."

"Yes," said Nancy, "mother says buttercups are like God's love; they grow just as well by the poor man's door as by the rich."

"Then I suppose you like to be called the buttercup family," said Mary.

"I didn't like it at first," said Nancy; "but when mother explained to me what it could make it mean, I didn't care."

"Oh," said Mary, "I wish I was as good as the buttercups," and then she felt her heart glowing with love; and she was sure her soul was alive. Mary asked her mother if she could give Nancy the new apron she was making, and whether she could not show Nancy how to braid mats, that she might earn some money to buy her a new dress.

Now, every day that Mary tried to be good, she felt her love growing more and more; and when she was the most loving, then she felt sure she loved God. It required a good deal of patience, and she thought her soul must be a very difficult soul to save, but every effort gave her new courage. After a time she was kind to all; and when she felt the selfish wishes creeping in her little heart, she tried to think of God's love, and how much love he must have to make every thing so pleasant and beautiful, whether people were good or not. Mary tried to save her soul alive, by being very good, and kind, and loving; and you can hardly think how much she helped others. Charlie grew more thoughtful, and did not tease her, and Susan became more anxious to do right, and Lizzie was ashamed to fret when she saw Mary so pleasant, and Nancy forgot her poor clothes, and looked as gay as the flowers when she saw Mary coming; and Annie was not half the trouble when she had no one to fret at her, but some one to amuse her.

Thus Mary, in saving her own soul, helped others; in loving others, she learned to love God, and to understand about his love.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE FEELINGS AND EMOTIONS.—NO. 3.

BY PROF. PATYON SPENCE, M. D.

What seems to be, at present, the great object of education? Is it to unfold the deep elements of our nature, the feelings and emotions? Not at all. It is rather to teach us to think, to reason, to memorize. Such is the effort, though even that is, to a great extent, a failure, for the reason that, in this discipline, the natural laws of the mind are not consulted. Is there not a natural magnetism in the mind by which it outreaches after, and gathers unto itself, that which truly belongs to it? It is by such elements as are thus drawn into the mind, and appropriated to itself, that the mind is built up and consolidated. Yet is this law of mind made the basis of our systems of educating either the youth, or the adult? Not so. Children, youths and adults are made to believe that the end to be attained is to get knowledge, easily and naturally, if they can, but if they cannot, then they must get it by labor and anguish; and if that which is presented to the mind finds nothing there to adhere to—nothing that involuntarily and spontaneously clings to it, and claims it, and will not let it go, then it must be tacked on by some mechanical process. But, though the mind is a mechanism of many parts, still it is one without seam or suture. It has parts, yet it is an inseparable unit, and love is the plastic element which binds all its various parts and particles into one. What the mind does not love can never be made a part of it, and what the mind does love no power on earth can take from it. Love is the invisible magnetism which goes out in search of its like, and which can never be deceived. It knows the wheat from the chaff. It is the fluid mercury that runs out of the mind, and thence pours through all nature—the shifting sand-heaps and the solid mountains—and searches out and amalgamates with the pure gold, leaving the sand, the rocks and the rubbish untouched, or floating loosely upon its surface, self-repelled. Then all that we gather to ourselves with our hands, as it were, and tack on, or plaster over the surface of the soul, must moulder, and crumble, and fall. The unnatural effort by which we cling to that which is not ours, is unequal to the task—unequal to the contest between itself and that steady, unyielding, spontaneous and eternal repulsion by which the soul drives from it that which is uncongenial. All voluntary efforts are temporary, because they exhaust the very energies which sustain them.

There is another kind of unnaturalism which deserves our attention. I think I shall utter a truth which is not recorded in the books; yet I know that it is a truth. I know, too, that many will feel its truth, and rise up to meet it and embrace it. The consequences of the unnaturalism, to which I now refer, are felt in every department of the mind. There is not a faculty of the mind but what has felt its injurious effects; not a lineament of grace, or of beauty, or of loveliness, but what has been blurred and distorted and made to speak an unnatural and repulsive, instead of a natural and attractive language by the perversion of which we speak.

Look at that young man—pale, meagre, depressed, subdued. He cannot weep, and yet he dare not laugh for fear that he might lay open his soul, which he would rather have the mountains fall upon him than have any man behold. He seems constantly hiding his soul from the gaze of men. He hurries with rapid movements among his fellows as though he was in the midst of spies and enemies. He looks anywhere and everywhere but at the very spot which is most attractive to a noble mind, anywhere but in the eye of his brother man. Catch his eye and it rolls with agitation to the right and to the left, and then falls to the ground as if conscience smitten, overcome and subdued with his own depravity. The eye of his brother is to him like the glare of the sun reaching down into that soul of his which he would fain conceal from all, and which he dare not even let a child behold. The attractive irradiations which play around the mouth, the eyes, and all over the faces of natural men, are not on his. His face is, as it were, dumb and expressionless, for he has tried to teach it not to speak. Yet that unsteady, shrinking eye, that agitated manner, that hurried step, that dumb, meaningless countenance, are all full of meaning. They all talk. His very silence is audible, and the effort which he makes to conceal him, self betrays him. That man has, written all over him, "self-stimulation, self-pollution."

But enough of that. I am endeavoring to reach what we are not afraid, or ashamed of; what is written all over every one of us in characters as clear and as legible as those upon that man from whom we involuntarily shrink. It is the same thing in many forms and various guises, so changed, so approved of by society, that we do not know it, and we give it a new name and commend it to each other. But I shall call it by its true name, and if it is lovely still, it may be courted still. The laws of the mind run through every faculty, and proclaim them akin. There is a self-stimulation of every faculty of the mind, and wherever it is operative there the real detriment to the mind is the same, the same expenditure of the powers of the mind must ensue. There is no escape from the results of a violation of the laws of mind, any more than of those of matter. Now, the man who voluntarily enters into himself, and stimulates and energizes any moral, or intellectual faculty, or any emotion of his nature, is guilty of self-pollution. There is but one healthful way for mind to be set in motion, and that is spontaneously. We must reason, because we cannot do other than reason. We must sing, because the soul involuntarily runs over with music. It is easy to laugh when the laughable is before us, easy to love when the lovely is with us, easy to shout when the soul is full of joy, easy to think when thought is induced from us by what we see, and feel, and hear—easy, in fine, to do anything, when the feelings that lie at the foundation of every faculty are enlisted. But how hard it is to love what to us is unlovely, to weep when there is no cause of grief, to throw up an exulting shout when there is no joy, or exhilaration in us; how hard, in fine, to bring into action any faculty of the mind, when the feelings that underlie it are dormant, untouched. Look at the miserable poet in his garret. He has gone there because he does not know what else to do with himself; and now he is determined to write something grand, beautiful and sublime. But the poetry does not flow spontaneously. His mind does not move as he wants it to move, because it has not been set in motion. Nothing has rushed in upon it so as to give it an impetus onward. But he says, "I shall move—shall flow out in poetry." In short, he stimulates himself, and when he has finished the production it is tame and lifeless; yet it has been produced at the expense of life. He rises up from the unnatural effort, worn out and exhausted. His mind has fed upon itself and consumed itself, but produced nothing. Now let the same man, if he is a poet indeed, go forth and visit the beautiful, the grand, and the sublime in external nature, and come in contact anywhere with material things, or with the immaterial thoughts of others that wake up the poetic elements of his being, till the spontaneous rush and tumult of his soul make him feel like the cataract of Niagara, as though beauty, grandeur, and sublimity, rainbows, and clouds, and tempests, rushing elements, and restless power, were all within himself. While the spell is upon him, let him write, or speak, and poetry will well up; he knows not and cares not whence, but on it comes, restless and uncontrollable. When he gets up from such a spontaneous effort, instead of being exhausted, he feels a glow, an exhilaration, and a strength, as though he had been feasting upon the inspiration of nature, and riding upon the elastic ether, "like a flower, from a tree by the south wind shaken, and into the clouds upborne."

The greatest miracle in nature, the mightiest thing in nature, the vastest universe in nature, is mind. Nothing can escape the scrutiny of mind. The invisible atoms it shall see, and weigh, and finger in its delicate touch, and the stupendous whole of nature it shall step to one side of and behold it as a unit, and put it all in the balance against itself. The discovery of each new truth, and of each hitherto unperceived beauty in the outer world, is a new marriage of the man—a new response between what existed unconsciously in himself and what existed unobserved in nature, and hence the great joy over the wedding. But why should I want to see what others see, and see it as others see it, immediately? There is time enough for all things. What is for me cannot escape from me, nor I from it. Then let us not commit adultery with nature. If I read another man's thoughts, and try to make them mine simply by an intellectual perception of them, they are not mine, for I do not yet know them. They have not yet germinated in my own feelings—they have not taken root in depths of my own spontaneous nature. A man reads a piece of poetry, and, having an intellectual perception of its beauty, he tries to feel as the poet felt. He tries to reach his own feelings by a process of self-stimulation. Yet, it is miserable failure, as any man may know who will compare those mock, poetical emotions with the true poetical enthusiasm which thrills and glows within him when he sees the beauty with his own eyes, and the light stirs up the true poetry of his soul, and that poetry then outflows into intellectual light, visibility and tangibility. If, however, the vision does not reach him—does not rouse and stir up his dormant faculties—if the beholding of his bride does not enchant him, and so absorb him in the mutual rapport and the deep raptures of love that he becomes unconscious of all things else, then the marriage is not yet for him.

It may be supposed that such principles as those which I have expressed would, if carried out, destroy the energies of men, and bring them down to the sluggish condition of the mussel and the oyster. But principles are not to be tested by consequences arising out of the present state of society. Principles are eternal, while all existing institutions and customs are temporary; and the ruins and wrecks of the past tell us that the eternal must ever judge the temporary. Those of us who are naturally torpid and sluggish no unnaturalism can ever make any better than the mussel, or the oyster. Yet, when I condemn all modes of self-stimulation by which one endeavors to goad himself on to a task, I do not wish to convey the idea that I am opposed to action. It is not action which I condemn, but labor—mental and physical drudgery—that kind of labor which consumes our energies without compensation, which feeds upon our life, but never vitalizes us—which wears out our strength, but never restitutes us. Of true and legitimate action there cannot be too much. Action is, and another name for life, and it is a law of the mind as well as of the body that everything reproduces its kind. Life gives birth to life, and action leaves behind it a still greater capacity of action. Nor has man been left without an incentive to action. 'Tis true, indeed, nature has built him no gymnasium

The Messenger.

Each message in this department of the BANNER we claim was spoken by the spirit who gave it, and we are not responsible for its contents. It is not published on account of literary merit, but as tests of spirit communion to those friends to whom they are addressed.

We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earthly life, and that they are not more than spirits. We believe the public should know of the spirit world as it is—should learn that there is evil as well as good in it, and not expect that purely alone shall flow from spirits to mortals.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits, in these columns, that does not comport with his reason. Each expresses so much of truth as he perceives—no more. Each can speak of his own condition with truth, while he gives opinions merely, relative to things not experienced.

Visitors Admitted.—Our sittings are free to any one who may desire to attend. They are held at our office, No. 123 North Street, Boston, every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday afternoon, commencing at half-past two o'clock; after which time there will be no admittance. They are closed usually at half-past four, and visitors are expected to remain until dismissed.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

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

From No. 1759 on N. St.
Wednesday, Nov. 9.—Ella Chase, Buffalo; Thomas Campbell; Peter Schrouder, Washington; John T. Gilman, Exeter, N. H.

Friday, Nov. 11.—“When may we look for Christ’s coming?” David Ross, New Hampshire; John Elton, Philadelphia; Abby Ann Tubbs, New Hampshire.

Saturday, Nov. 12.—“Fatalism.” Rufus Long, Portsmouth, England; Mary White, Concord, N. H.; Oliver Hedge; Joseph Winslow; Thomas Walworth.

Sunday, Nov. 13.—“You shall not kill.” George Talbot; Cornelius Gooding, Boston; Julia Hersey, Boston; William Good.

Wednesday, Nov. 16.—“What is perfection?” George Washington Bowman, Portsmouth, Va.; Nathaniel Hill, Thorford, Va.; Charles M. Thorndike.

Thursday, Nov. 20.—“Was the natural body of Christ Resurrected?” Andrew J. Gavitt, Boston; Irene; Jeremiah Mason.

Wednesday, Nov. 30.—“Shall the Jews return to Jerusalem?” Hannah Moore, Roxbury; Francis Stearns; Charley Robertson, New York.

Thursday, Dec. 1.—“Are there animals in Spirit-Life?” Simon Kilson, Galveston; Alfred Allen, Albany.

Saturday, Dec. 3.—“When and how shall there be a new Heaven and a new Earth?” William Ogden, Boston; Sarah Elizabeth Tibbels, Boston; Patrick O’Brien, Boston; A. Praver.

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 Tibbels, 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 spheres in spirit-life localities?” Stephen Carroll, Iowa; Lizzie Gordon, Richmond; A. Praver.

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

Thursday, Dec. 15.—“Faith.” Thomas Bell, Boston; George James Harwich, London; Charlotte Maria Foster, New York.

Friday, Dec. 16.—“Is it possible for mortals to understand God?” William Peck, Salem; Jack Seward, New York; Ellen Wrasor, Georgetown.

Saturday, Dec. 21.—“What is the condition of the Drunkard after Death?” Josh. Houston, Boston; To John Merrick, Prisoner.

Tuesday, Dec. 20.—“How are we to know when we serve God?” To Katharine Foster; Anna Maria Foster, Buffalo; George Walker, Buffalo; Jonny Wilson; Horace Atwood.

Wednesday, Dec. 21.—“Evil Spirits.” William Cooper; Prayer; Nathaniel Morton.

What do the Spirits think of the Man, Henry W. Beecher?

Notwithstanding we do fully understand and fully appreciate this meteor, that has shot across the sky of modern Orthodoxy, yet we shall decline to discuss it at this time and in this place.

It is our duty and our pleasure to notice every question that is found upon our spiritual life. It is also our duty and pleasure to set aside, for the time being, such as we do not care to speak upon, feeling our questioners will deal with us as they must with friends in mortal, ascribing to each a divine individuality, a divine right to do that which seems to be a duty, and that which seems to be lawful and right in their sight.

We will inform our questioner that we shall doubtless speak in reference to this mortal star at some future time; but at the present we do not care to cross his pathway. The time is not yet. He is guided by Jehovah, who is competent to control, and who giveth forth light from whomsoever he will, and in whatever way seemeth good to himself.

Nov. 5.

How shall Man discern Good from Evil?

“How are we spirits in mortal to always discern between good and evil, since the two are so closely, so intimately connected?”

Since man in the natural and the spiritual is created with a certain feature of Divine intelligence, that feature shall be his guide through life, whether in the natural or spiritual world. What is that feature? A law—a standard to govern the life of the individual. What is law and life to one, is not such to another; nor can the law of mightily will force be governed by a law peculiar and well-adapted to one of an inferior force—the two are antagonistic to each other. But our Creator hath given to each a certain degree of intelligence which is a law, a light, a Divine life, to each, and none need err in the way.

While man is cognizant of the principles at work in the natural world, he should seek to fathom to the utmost degree each of those principles. He should seek to enter the inner temples of each principle and behold each life. And behold the same principle of Divine light shall assist man in the natural to understand those principles. It shall assist him in analyzing the mighty mysteries which have heretofore laid at the feet of Jehovah and been deemed incomprehensible.

“It is vain for a man at the present day to stand up before his God and say, ‘I know not the way.’ Thou has not given me light to guide to heaven. Thou, Oh Jehovah, thou hast not dealt justly with me.”

Vain, vain, we say, is it for a man at this day to charge Jehovah with being an unjust God—a law we never find in God in spirit.

“How are we to know good from evil?” We answer, by never consulting the law of a neighbor, but by following the law of your own soul; by entering into your own soul and passing self-examination. When mystery comes up before you in the shape of evil, go into thine own soul and ask thyself, what is God? Thou shalt then unveil the mystery, and shalt render unto God his due, unto mortals their due, and forget not thyself.

The men and women of the Past and Present have been and are taught to look at all through a glass darkly, and thus they are unable to discern its true qualities; they are unable to see the bright line of light which divides the good from the evil. Who was their teacher? Not Jehovah, for he cannot err. Who, then? The false guides that float upon the ocean of human life. Those false guides who talk in your midst, muttering words you cannot understand; telling you of a God, a heaven, a devil, a hell, and yet failing to give you a full understanding of either. Where, oh where, is the light God has given? Why do you not call it forth—and you will not ask, how shall we discern good from evil? That light is your God, not less discernable than is He who guides us in the higher degrees of life.

Nov. 5.

William Sibley.

It is one thing to be ready on your side, and another thing to be on mine. I don’t suppose I have got many folks on earth, but I suppose I have some. My name was William Sibley. I was twenty-three when I died, in New Orleans. That confounded city I wish I had never seen! I don’t know as you are in the habit of letting everybody speak just as they are a mind to. I died in 1857; I look to vomiting in the first place, and next I took to burning, and then to swelling, and that is the last I know.

No, sir, not by a good deal—New Orleans was not my native place—wouldn’t have been born there if I could just as well as not. I suppose the small town of Boston is my native place.

Well, now, have I given you all the bread and butter you want? Then I can help somebody else. Well, shall I say what I wish to? Well, then, I’ve got an old man the law obliges me to call father; but he is a confounded old rascal. No, sir, I can’t soften that word; it’s a flint, any way, and you can’t make a quail of it. I said he was a confounded old rascal, and so he is. I’ve told him so to his face more than once; so it won’t hurt him to hear it now.

I have a sister between eighteen and nineteen years of age. She should have been about the playthings and dimes to keep her white skin is here, but this confounded old fellow has cheated her out of all of it. My mother married him, and when she did so she had a comfortable little property left her

by my father, and that ought to have gone to me and my sister. I managed to get my part, and she didn’t, because she was fool enough to be gummed out of hers by her father-in-law. He took it into his head to guard her and hers, and he did do it to his own good. If he has a mind to shell over, or do right, I’ll keep silence in future; but if he does not, I shall come this way again, and shall talk. Out of the kindest consideration I am going to withhold the old gentleman’s name; but if he does not square up, I shall out with his name.

You want make a mistake, and take me for a saint? Well, I am not—I am just the same as I ever was, and the old codger will think I am pretty near the same. Have you written just what I said? Left out the word rascal, have you, and put a dash there? Well, write the full word there.

I have given my communication in a simple way, but it is truth, and truth has got good wings—will always fly, and take care of itself; you may put it down today, but it will rise to-morrow; and I may as well tell it in my way as another person in theirs.

“Is there any Goodness in Man?”

We find this question before us to-day. The sources from whence our question comes must be sadly perverted in nature, else he would not ask this question. We answer, yes; all is goodness, and there is nothing evil. The Ancient Record tells us that as Jehovah looked at his creations in the morning of life, he pronounced them good. Now, if Jehovah, in his wisdom, hath marked goodness upon his creations, why should man, the creature, seek to stamp evil on the face of humanity? We answer, because the creature hath to some extent become perverted. That goodness which bears evil upon its surface has only become perverted, while the real germ exists in all its power, beauty and glory. The Record tells you that man was created in God’s image. As God is a spirit, we are to understand that he spoke of the spirit of man. This was created in goodness, in wisdom; and glory was marked on his brow. Where, then, is the evil? Matter in the natural world hath, by various means and devices, perverted the goodness. But the inherent power of life that lies hidden beneath the cloud of darkness which envelops man, shall in time come forth, and evil shall be unknown.

Is there any good in man? asks our brother. We will ask, is there any God in humanity? or hath he withdrawn his power, his love from the human race? If he hath, then all is darkness and evil. If he hath not, then all is goodness, though certain acts may be perverted.

We perceive that our questioner entertains a fabulous belief in certain theological dogmas. He believes, and honestly, too, that all humanity is created in sin, and that the blood of a Jesus who died eighteen hundred years ago can only serve to wash out the evil, and render man, the creature, pure. Strange theory! Mysterious temple to rise in the midst of the intellectual world! But when we consider that the belief has been current for many years, we cannot wonder that it has attained the way it has. We can only wonder that this *ignis fatuus* hath not obtained more believers in humanity.

Jesus Christ told his followers to obey the law of their nature, and that by so doing they should become one with God as he was. He taught obedience to law, by which men should cast off the dark exterior of their natures, and cause the bright gem of goodness to shine with resplendent light.

But the darkness of the time, in which Jesus lived and moved, hath covered his sayings with a mysterious veil; or, in other words, it has clad him throughout with garments peculiar to themselves, and through those garments the bright light of truth cannot be seen in all its beauty. If the men of to-day would understand Christ as he is, they should throw off those garments of mystery. A Christ of mystery we know not; a Christ of truth we ever worship. Men should worship this Christ, not the dark garments. Behold, modern Spiritualism will give man to know of Christ, and it will teach him also to know of the human race. It will teach him, too, that goodness is only perverted, but that the germ of light holds its value in man, now and evermore.

As the Creator hath fashioned all things in the image of himself—the image of holiness—why should man, in the natural, seek to become acquainted with evil? Why not seek to become acquainted with goodness; to seek beneath this mysterious veil, that pervertedness, God may smile upon them? To tear away the dark veil that hides the good in the murderer’s heart, and behold him as he is, a child of God. Let men cast these appearances of evil upon the breezes of charity and the soft zephyrs of love, and they shall become unknown, and man shall stand forth entire in the image of his God. God liveth in all men; be sure, oh man! that though thy mantle be darkness, and thy surroundings black, God is there, and thus thou art good, and not evil. Nov. 6.

James Fairbanks.

In the year of 1840 I lived in the city of Philadelphia. I was a lawyer by profession; my name was James Fairbanks. I was fifty-two years of age, and I lost my life in the natural by a cancerous humor. I left a wife, one son, and two daughters, and I visit you to-day that I may visit them. I am totally unacquainted with the mode of controlling mediums. Although I find it is all perfectly natural, yet it is nevertheless very hard for a spirit who has been away any length of time from a natural body, to return to one which is totally different from his own, identifying himself to such an extent as to be recognized by his friends in mortal. Yet when a spirit wishes to return, although it is exceedingly hard to overcome, it matters not how many obstacles are in his way, he will strive to overcome all. If God created all things, he created these means whereby we come, and enjoyed in wisdom, and therefore it is right that we derive enjoyment from what he has created. I can find no error in that which seems to be of God.

I understand my God to be just what I understood him to be before I left my mortal. I considered him to be a principle of all Goodness, Wisdom and Power; and I find I am not mistaken. I said, “I can as well take counsel of my God in the flower as in the human intelligence.” And thus I could not fully harmonize with the variety of religions there were presented to my view. I was ever disposed to criticize them, and found much fault with them. I said, “These are of man—not of God;” and I now know what then I believed. I know now that my God is an impartial Being, who created all in Wisdom and Love. My good consort differed from me—she could not see God as I did, or regard him as I regarded him. A few days before I passed into the spiritual state, she told me she hoped I was not mistaken in my ideas of God, but feared I should be. I wish to tell her that my ideas of God have now culminated into knowledge, for I have every reason to believe that, had there been a Personal God, I should have been introduced to him long ere this.

I will now solicit an audience with my companion, at least, I fear, yes, I know, that her time in mortal is short, and that soon she must try the realities of spirit-life, and I would not have her enter in ignorance; I would not have her be so disappointed in God. Many are so disappointed in this matter, that they sit down, and say, “I have no belief now; I am but an atom on the ocean of time—a pebble, thrown about by the waves, and I will sit down in despair.”

I would not have any of mine enter into spirit-life under such conditions; and I feel that I may be able to give spiritual sight to those who have been blind. I have been very happy in my new condition, and I would not have my friends less happy. I feel willing to do my duty to all the vast human family; but as the law of my nature draws me first to those I love, of course I come in obedience to this law, and I hope to have a welcome, and an opportunity to speak to my dear ones. I will here assert, then, that if I can do them no good, I will at least do them no harm; and they can but come and see. I here ask them not to stand back, asking if there be any good, in this doctrine—they can but come and see.

Louisa Davis.

Let me go! let me go! I came to talk, but not now. Somebody’s here that I am afraid of. I can’t go, and I can’t seem to stay. Oh, dear! what is this? Is it a court house? Oh, dear! I forgot I am a spirit. I have been dead six months. Oh, I shall die, if you keep me here. I didn’t steal. You say let me speak to the man behind you? (To a visitor.)—They told you I stole, but I didn’t steal. Tell my mother I never stole; it was Ann W.—that stole. My name was Louisa Davis—that’s my right name. They say my mother will come to see you about this. Tell her I can talk. My mother lives in Cambridge. It was Ann W.—that stole; her mother lives in Lowell.

I had the small pox. They said I stole a shawl, two dresses, and some jewelry. I was more than twenty. I belonged in Lowell. My mother used to belong there. I used to work on the Prescott Corporation. I was in the spinning-room when I lived in Lowell—when I was fifteen and sixteen, seventeen and eighteen years old. I died in New York. Don’t ask me what I went there for. Mr. Butler, the overseer in Lowell, knows me. I knew Mr. Demons. What do you ask me the name of the paymaster for? Do you ask to

find out if I was on the black list? Do you know Mr. Hill? He was on the Massachusetts.

Tell my mother to go to Ann W.—’s mother, and tell her to save Ann. Nov. 8.

John T. Gilman.

Say that John T. Gilman was present according to appointment, but for reasons good, could not speak. John T. Gilman, of New Hampshire. Nov. 8.

Spirit Communion.

“How are we to know that we in the natural world do hold communion with our departed friends, by and through the various media of these times?”

How are we to know, says our friend. He does not say, simply, how are we to believe, but how shall we know? He evidently desires positive knowledge; he is not satisfied with that which furnishes belief, but seeks knowledge. It is well for men to seek for wisdom at all times, for wisdom is knowledge, and they who possess it shall never go astray.

We find an article upon the old Record, telling the inhabitants of ancient time to try the spirits, to prove them, to see whether they be of God or not. If they be found wanting, to reject them.

Prove them by the law that governs them; you must first become acquainted with that law, and after that draw from them certain positive tests, and by your own judgment try them.

The scientific man of the world would not work outside or beyond the laws of science, or the principles that over- control the peculiar department of life he investigates. If he be truly scientific he will work in accordance with the law of the science he investigates. If he do not do this, but is a foolish man, he will find after awhile that he has sought in vain.

As the spirit world is in close rapport, at all times, with the natural, you may suppose, and truthfully, too, that the same law governs both, the same power controls both. One could not exist without the other. Each is held in position by the other. The natural world holds a plane inferior to the spiritual; therefore you may infer that the inhabitants of the lower sphere are to a certain extent governed by the inhabitants of the spirit-life. Although the latter are governed by a more perfect understanding of this law, yet the law is the same in each.

Now, as you have a great variety of ways and means to make yourself acquainted with the great natural law, which is God, you should use them for your own good and glory. That which has been given you by your God, is the law of your nature, and belongs to you alone. Each has his part, and it belongs to no one else, and can be used by none other. By that law of your being you become acquainted with the great general law. Then, as you travel in the journey of life and law, you will be in condition to shake hands with every atom of the law, and every ray of light that comes by reason of it. And surely modern Spiritualism will come in for its share, for it is clearly by reason of this law of life.

These modern manifestations of life beyond are but the outgushing of nature, the outworking of this law, coming forth by the voice of God, which is nature. As every portion of intelligence is but an atom of the divine law of life, by that law which exists in thy own soul shall thou receive all knowledge.

When the voice is heard by thee, oh mortal, speaking to you, saying, “I was once with you in the flesh; I communed to you frequently; I was related to you”—bring out this law of life within your soul, and scrutinize the voice; and if it comes not forth to meet you, proving itself to be true, reject it. This is the way by which you shall receive knowledge. But in the name of all law, go not forth blindfold in the great way of truth, for by so doing you will stumble. Seek not to witness these manifestations from curiosity; for if you go forth to meet the invisibles with the light of curiosity, you shall hardly say, I am satisfied that I have communed with a departed friend, because the two points of law have not met—truth with truth.

If you would test them, do so by virtue of your own law, and then you are satisfied. Go not forth into the highway to hear what this one hath said, for the law which is for thee is not for him—you cannot be guided by him. Go forth on your own strength, by the light within, and the mother shall hardly fail to recognize her child who knocks for admittance into the temple of the mother’s soul—for the grand law of God shall approve his coming. How often we hear one in the natural world say: “I do not believe these things to be so—they do not seem natural to me—I cannot comprehend them, and I cannot be induced to believe. Why is this? It is because there has not been any direct appeal to him. Again we say, The spirit who wishes to commune with the mortal comes in obedience to the law of both, and when the voice is heard, the spirit—the internal life of the natural man or woman to whom the spirit wishes to commune—should say, ‘I will test this voice by the law of my nature—if it stand the test I apply to it, I will regard it, for it is the voice of God.’”

If men would only be governed by the light within, they would hardly cry for food; hungry spirits should hardly wait for spiritual food, for the law of nature will procure it for them. Then, oh man, bring forth the law of thy own nature and stand by it, for it is the law of God. Walk in accordance with it, fearing nothing, for it hath been given thee to guide thee to perfect happiness. Nov. 6.

Written for the Banner of Light.

LINES;

In answer to a letter from a young lady, commencing with the words, “Home again, Home again.”

Home again! Home again!

Beautiful as household words!

Touching as the soft refrain

From the summer’s early birds.

How they thrill the yearning heart,

As untraced! It returns

To the home which is a part

Of the love that in it burns.

Home again! Home again!

Words of melody and power;

Soothing as the wind-harp’s strain,

Drinking in the flow of the

Swells the song of home again—

Musical as zephyr’s wing;

Sweet as the summer rain

To the earliest flowers of Spring.

How the song with rapture sweeps

Love’s immortal harp, the soul

Thrilling through its soundless deeps

With a sweet, divine control—

Touching with magnetic power

Every latent instinct there,

Until thought’s imperial flower

Etherealizes into prayer.

Home again! Home again!

Mid life’s weary days and sorrows,

Comes thy heart-inspiring strain,

Redolent of bright to-morrow.

Holy words—sweet home again!

Fresh as dew of star-lit eve;

Touching as an angel’s strain

Is the music which they breathe.

When the brooks are wildly ringing,

And the daisies blossom fair;

When the birds their songs are singing,

As they drink the balmy air;

When the morning breaks in glory,

Far along the eastern skies,

And the evening sunset’s story

Of another prophesies—

Softly, then, sweet home again

Falls upon the thirsty ear,

Blending with a magic chain

Every heart within its sphere;

Echoing through the soul which burns

Love’s sweet incense, pure—divine;

When a wanderer it returns,

By the hearth-stone’s holy shrine.

Taunton, Dec. 1859.

A Voice from Concord, N. H.

ANNIE E. LORD, CONCORD, N. H.—As long as I have been a reader of the BANNER, I have never (excepting in one instance) seen any account of the progress of Spiritualism in Concord, N. H. Having spent some two weeks in the hospitable home of Mr. Samuel B. Foster, and having had the pleasure of holding circles for some of the most intelligent minds of the place, I feel very much interested for the many anxious minds that are waiting and watching for more light, more truth. They have had some lectures, among whom were J. H. Currier, of Lawrence, Mass.; Mrs. J. B. Smith, of Manchester, N. H.; Rev. John Pierpont, and Dr. Lyon. They

are now making arrangements to have a speaker every Sabbath. God bless them in their endeavors!

The manifestations that have been given through my mediumship are musical and physical ones, and have been thus far satisfactory to all who have witnessed them; and I earnestly pray that they may be the means of arousing the slumbering minds, and making them more active in the cause of truth.

ULYETTA S. POTTER.

BY A. B. CHILD, M. D.

On the 17th day of the present month, in that beautiful city of the dead, Mount Auburn, I looked upon the features of a dear, deceased young friend and relative. Life in the delicate and frail tenement of earthly matter had gone out. The physical eyes were closed; the physical lips were silent; the whole physical organism was dead, cold and still, as the snow that covered the earth on which we stood. On the lid of the coffin was engraved—

ULYETTA S. POTTER.

Died, December 18th, 1859.

Aged 20.

When the coffin was lowered into the grave, and when the minister repeated the words, “Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust,” the doleful sound of gravel fell upon the coffin, the language of which was farewell to the earthly tabernacle—the earthly casket which held the spirit of an angel in its infant sojourn on the earth; farewell to the beautiful garment that had fitted and protected a child of heaven in the rough journey of earthly existence.

I saw her beautiful spirit hovering over the pleasant scene. In gratitude she, too, said, “Let my earthly form return to dust—I need it no longer.”

The minister continued—“I heard a voice from heaven, saying, ‘Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; even so saith the Spirit.’” I heard her voice, with a company of holy angels, repeat in melodious strains the same beautiful words. I saw her spirit so real, in the air above the grave, that earthly realities seemed like visions and shadows. With words I fail to tell the loveliness of the scene that I beheld; the transparent purity of her spirit, the beauty of its emblems, and of the company of angels that were her attendants. The eternal youth, vigor and joy that beamed from every spirit face, made the air around redolent with the light of heaven. I said: Farewell, my beautiful young friend. She answered, “No; farewell, to me, be buried with my worn-out form of earth; heaven knows no farewell.”

In the little town of Pocomac, Md., twenty years ago, Ulyetta Sabine, wife of Rev. Dexter Potter, gave birth to the little child, whose burial is above described. Ulyetta, about whose life the following is a record. When the agonies of labor were over, the mother looked upon her newborn infant, and with that undying and eternal love which a mother alone can know, said to her first-born—

“Fly away to heaven.”

Closed her eyes, and fell into the arms of angels. Twenty minutes after little Ulyetta first breathed the atmosphere of earth, Ulyetta, her mother, was numbered with the dead. I mean by death that her beautiful spirit ceased to give life and motion to its physical form; the fetters fell off, and it became free as the air of heaven, to wander, at its own sweet pleasure, with the company of angels. Her physical body died because her spirit could no longer stay in it.

The mother gone, and little Ulyetta cast upon the cold ocean of time, without a mother’s love and kind guardianship! The mother is gone from mortal perception, it is true; but the following may show whether her love abides—whether her guardian care for her little child has ceased—whether she would again to return no more to her darling infant.

The mother was the daughter of Rev. James Sabine, whose parish, forty years ago, laid the foundation of, and built Essex Street Church, in Boston. In reform movements Mr. Sabine was a man far in advance of his day. We may not doubt that this daughter inherited all the elements of reform that he possessed. She was adventurous, amiable, passive, loving and confident; her soul was too big to be held long in the shackles of a material body. Her soul had early grown to the perfect stature of spirit-womanhood. And from this early development we may reasonably presume that her spirit had gained a greater power to produce an

seized by an invisible power, and, without any exercise of her own power, took up the needle; and she found that it possessed the power of attracting pieces of cotton, paper and other needles. Then her hand was carried to her temples, (for she was then suffering with some headache,) and made three passes, which entirely removed the pain.

When she was walking one day in the street she heard a spirit-voice speak and say: "Hasten home, my child, they are waiting anxiously for you to read a letter that has just arrived at your house, to be delivered in great haste." She hastened home and found the letter exactly as the spirit had told her.

In one of her recent-dated letters, Uley says: "I no longer need to write the communications from spirits, but I converse with them now as I do with my dear aunts and friends on earth. This is more than I have ever dared anticipate. What a comfort this is to me; it recompenses me to all the ills and vexations of life. People often ask what good does Spiritualism do? Oh, it does a great deal. No one can commune with spirits without becoming like them; without becoming more and more the children of light."

At another time, Uley writes: "You ask me, dear aunt, if the spirits of the beautiful and blessed are still my comforting companions? Yes, indeed, they are. Language would fail to describe the glorious scenes that I have witnessed existing in the spiritual world. Spirits are constantly my most real companions and my faithful friends."

One evening in January, 1850, Uley, in a letter to Mrs. Child, says:—"I went to my room about dusk. An indescribable chill crept over me. I was startled by a noise which I heard in a distinct whisper. I looked around, and saw no one. It was the voice of my spirit-mother; she spoke to me direct, without the aid of pen or paper, and I conversed with her as with a mortal. We talked as mortals talk with words. Sweet to me was this conversation with my own dear mother."

In this interview her mother told all about her sickness, which, in the future, was to take place, and about the time when her earthly life would terminate—all of which proved true to the letter.

Uley continues:—"After this communion with my mother, I thought to myself—I wish I could know before death comes what the physical sensation is? And the voice of my mother said, 'Do you? Then you shall experience it.' This promise was literally fulfilled in a few days. The joy which of late came over me; my sight, hearing and feeling failed; my breath was stifled; my heart fluttered, and almost ceased to beat, and my consciousness was lost for a moment. I then began to revive, and, as my consciousness returned, I heard the sweet voice of my mother say, 'Are you satisfied with your dear-bought experience? You felt the sensation of death.' I looked around, and before me were assembled my friends and a physician, who thought me to be dying."

Poetry has been spoken to her at various times by spirits, of which she says, that she cannot convey any idea of its beauty; that she has not been permitted to write down. On one occasion she wrote seven verses of poetry which she heard from the lips of spirits, and by their direction carried these verses to a person in New York City, who recognized in each line a perfect answer to mental questions that had troubled her mind for some time previous.

She has heard a single spirit voice, come singing such melody as the earth cannot produce, when other spirits would join in, and she would hear not only the heavenly music, but every word distinctly pronounced. Many times, and often, she has listened to this angel music.

I have here recorded but a few of the multitude of spiritual manifestations that Uley has received.

She says:—"After all the manifestations of Spiritualism that I have tangibly and surely witnessed through my own medium powers, can I doubt that Spiritualism is true? No, I cannot doubt; it is impossible for I know that Spiritualism is true. Doubts of its truth may exist in the darkness of the earth, but they cannot exist in the light of its reality."

There always was inherent in Uley's disposition a deeply religious nature, that was ever yearning for something above the earth, to fashion it into an element of beauty. Religion, as presented through the medium of material things, was anything but congenial with her feelings. She ever felt in early life the power of religion, but then could not define and understand it. She could never, for a moment, indulge the idea that God was stern, authoritative and vindictive; but the reverse. In her earliest life, she had an indescribable consciousness of her mother's watchfulness, of her mother's presence. The first composition she ever wrote was an invocation to her mother's spirit; notwithstanding, she was taught to believe her mother's spirit had passed far away to heaven, beyond the reach of knowledge of anything that transpired on the earth. Her first impressions about her mother became more distinct when she was about nine years old.

When her grandfather, Sabine reproved her, he would tell her how amiable and lovely her mother was. He would say to her: "You must try to be as good and gentle as she was; whose name you bear, and if God permits her to look down and see you, it will make her very happy." Such words as these have made an indelible impression upon her heart that years of sin and sorrow could not efface; for every word that told her of the presence of her mother was responded to from within. "What will make my mother happy?" has been her watchword through life. For she had a sure confidence that her mother was her own guardian angel. The name of "my mother" was to her more sacred than any name of earth or heaven. The interior consciousness of her mother's approval was her criterion of right. This may be called the imagination, but it is more real than material things. This consciousness, which Uley felt, of the presence and influence of her mother, long before she knew aught of the workings of Spiritualism, became her first solid argument in favor of that beautiful faith. The secret influence of her spirit mother was more to her than the counsel of countless mortals. She says: "I did not learn religion in my catechism; that taught me that I was a child of wrath; this was repulsive to my natural desires. My religion grew out of my own soul, or it came to me from angels. I only chose from the Bible such passages, for my religion, as breathed the deepest sentiment of Love, leaving out the passages of condemnation and wrath. When I tried to establish a system of worship, I drew before me the most glowing pictures of celestial glory. My God was not pictured on a throne of glory, far away; but I could recognize him more in the little orphan's heart who kneels in prayer, in tears, on naked knees, in her uncarpeted chamber, by the little table, over which alone hangs her grandfather's picture. God to me was a Being of ineffable beauty; a Being who could be approached as father, or as brother, or as mother."

When her grandfather as a medium became external, tangible, she had heard nothing and knew nothing of modern Spiritualism. And when she began in this new, external phase of development, she did not receive and adopt it all at once; but she received it prayerfully, in tears, in humility. Let us see what effect these spiritual developments had upon Uley's love of material things, in contrast with spiritual things. The following is from her pen, written in her last hours of sickness:—

I ask not the paganry and show of earth that perisheth; Not the pomp and vanity of fashion, Wearing on its face the painted mask Which death shall dash away.

I ask not priceless gems of earth To deck, perchance, an aching brow—I ask not fame with trumpet-tongue To sound my praise abroad when my Poor lips are silent in the dust.

Fame is not peace to the burdened soul, Nor speaketh it of heaven; Blithe and emulation come not there.

I only ask for calm, sweet peace, Which like a dove descends from heaven, And brooding o'er the sick-soul, Whispers pardon, mercy, truth, And love. I ask for meek patience Ever to endure life's seeming ills without A murmur—deeming all as blessings In disguise. Bright angels from the Better land, to guide my weary footsteps home.

I ask the tender conscience That shall duly warn temptation near; Nor suffer me to follow where the Syren Weaves her spell.

I ask the soul of truth, That seems to act a mean, dishonest part, But ever seeks to keep its native, crystalline Transparency so pure and bright, that Its mirror may reflect the image Of the heavenly world.

These are the gifts I ask; they may not Fade with earth's perishing things! These are God's gifts, my best of Fathers, Wherever to fashion beautiful garments For my immortal soul.

After a severe paroxysm of pain, in her last sickness, her countenance brightened up, as if heaven opened to her view, and, in an earnest voice, she said:—

"If the destined port to near, which heads the sailor a few rough winds and waves, if he but reach his home, dear home, it will be but a little while before my home is reached, and I shall be folded to my dear mother's breast. Is this happiness for me so near at home? I dare not hardly think it is; for, like all earthly dreams, this may fade away; but still we know that it will sometime come. I am waiting and watching, long summer days through, for the change to come, when that heavenly voice shall call me home to my dear loved ones in heaven. If it be God's will, I long to go to the spirit world, and be with my mother. But, oh, my dear aunt, I have prayed to check this feeling, for fear it may be selfish. Perhaps I ought to rather desire to live, and do what I can to make others happy."

She said, in one of her last letters to her aunt: "When the time comes for me to go to my happy home, I shall go with a joyous spirit, without one single fear."

On the subject of death she recently wrote the following lines:—

Come to me, death, thou more than friend; I've wooed thee from my earliest hour; To me thy pinions hither bend, And bear me to thy bowers. Take me, death, in thy embrace—I'll come as bride to thee; The shroud shall be my bridal dress, The ivy wreath my orange flower. I'm waiting death; unfurl thy sail, And swiftly bear me to thy side. Haste, haste, oh death! my bridegroom pale! Impatient waits thy bride!

Can there be stronger evidence of the true religious condition of a soul on earth, than such willingness as this to die? Language cannot paint the beauty of the soul of this affectionate, dear child, whose belief in Spiritualism was never overclouded by a mortal on earth.

Uley's good uncle, Mr. Wm. Cogswell, of New York, says that "she was the most unselfish child he ever saw. It was so large that she did not afford that care for herself which is necessary in this world of selfishness." Uley's affection for this uncle was very strong; she said, "May God bless him for his kindness and goodness to me!"

Mrs. Emma Jacobs, of Boston—little Uley's aunt—says that she always looked upon Uley as a child of heaven, not of earth; and now she was dead, she felt that she was nearer to her than ever before. This feeling with Mrs. Jacobs was the effect of her own soul-development, which enabled her to feel the real development of another soul like her own. Mrs. Jacobs, at times, has seen the spirit of her dear deceased friend, and is at all times conscious of their presence and influence; though, in profession, she is not a Spiritualist, but in interior development she is far more than is often externally demonstrated under this name.

Mrs. Sarah Jacobs, of Boston, Uley's cousin, says that "at times, when she wrote to Uley, she felt as if she were writing to an angel." Sarah has a large development of soul herself, or else she could not have felt this reality. Uley has another cousin in Boston, who thinks that she was crazy, because she "pretended" to commune with angels. The development of this cousin, for the present, is in another direction; other work is to be done before this tangible communion of angels can come.

Uley's Aunt Eusebia, my good wife, loves her with an undying affection; with a love so strong that no earthly power can shake or destroy it. She loves her because her soul is good and true, pure and holy. Uley's letters are sacred to the demands of her heart, and she reads and re-reads them in fearful remembrance, in spirit-love, that claims its own and joins two hearts in one true sympathy.

All who had capacity of soul to appreciate Uley's large and early spiritual growth, loved her with a love that words cannot express and time cannot obliterate—with a deathless love. It was her medium powers, which were measured by soul-growth, that gave her this excellence and greatness in a heavenly direction. Her spirit was mighty; her body was weak and feeble. Spiritualism, to her, was all there was of life, except its shadows.

Little Uley was born and brought up in the immediate atmosphere of churches, creeds and written religions, and yet her spiritual eyes looked through them all as being shadows of earth; as being things of time; and by her natural, spiritual growth, she was enabled to seize on the more real things of the spirit-world, and take her religion fresh from the hands of angels. She felt of shadows, and tried them; she reached out again and again to the churches to grasp the realities that existed in their external forms and ceremonies; but she found in her grasp nothing but an atmosphere of darkness. Prayerfully, tearfully, and earnestly she did so. The pictures and the realities of the spirit-world were so vividly presented to the consciousness of her soul's persuasion, that she could not, she desired not to resist them; and she renounced the darkness of all external religious forms, as unnecessary and worthless to her soul's eternal longing. And she died happy, triumphantly happy, a full and unswerving believer in Modern Spiritualism.

Miss Munson.

Editors BANNER.—The friends of Miss Munson, who left New York for San Francisco in the *Battle*, on the 5th ult., will be glad to learn that letters have been received from her dated at Aspinwall and Acapulco, announcing her safe arrival at the latter port, after encountering a severe gale off the Gulf of Tehuantepec. The ship burst a steam-pipe, sprung a leak, and the pumps were kept at work during one whole night. As may be imagined, the passengers were in great alarm, aggravated by the acknowledged fact that there was not half a supply of boats for the extraordinary number of passengers in case of wreck, which for some time seemed impending over them.

It will be remembered that this same gale was encountered by the steamer from San Francisco about the same time, and therefore some anxiety has been felt until now, in relation to our friends who went out in the *Battle*. At the time the latter was closed, the storm had passed, and all was smooth again.

The *Battle* also had a severe storm on her way to Aspinwall, as we expected from accounts brought by the steamer which reached New York on the 11th ult., and all the females with one exception, among the twelve hundred and ninety-two passengers, were sea-sick. Miss M. was able to be on deck every day during the passage to Aspinwall, and speaks in the highest terms of the kindness of Captain Gray and the other officers of the ship, to whom she had an introduction before she sailed. The ship "behaved beautifully," as the nautical men expressed it, and all was done that could be, to promote the comfort of those on board. But the crowd was very great, and really, with the poor provision for ventilation, there was not much comfort to be had, even for the first cabin passengers. The condition of the remainder may be well imagined, for the lower portion of the ship was so close and hot, that ladies who were obliged to attend to weighing their baggage previous to their arrival at Aspinwall, were brought up from the room fainting. There should be some mode contrived for improving the ventilation of these ships, which is comparatively good on the other side, and some limit placed to the number of passengers taken. There were on the *Battle* nearly twice as many as there should have been; and all these, with the exception of about fifty, were obliged to find quarters on a smaller vessel on the other side. We may easily excuse the alarm among such a crowd in case of accident, and can but be impatient for the construction of our Pacific Railroad, which shall give us a safer and shorter way to the land of gold.

Providence, R. I.

The cause of Spiritualism is spreading its beautiful sunshine over this city of Roger Williams and "plantations," with a steady and rapid pace. Friend after friend, family after family, is adding its presence and influence to the meetings and the cause, until the large hall, secured by the Committee for Sunday meetings, and which will seat over one thousand persons, is often well filled. The largest and most interesting audiences I have met in New England, greeted me here, and it was surprising, even to me, to see the numbers and interest manifested on a stormy day. Much of this is owing to the earnest and consistent course of the Committee and the friends, in securing good speakers and suitable arrangements, and much to the honesty and intelligence of the people. The permanency of this movement would not be doubted by an intelligent mind who could look at the audiences which weekly assemble here—audiences of which any church in New England might well be proud, and would be, if they could get them, or others like them.

In this city I met my old and esteemed friend, Mrs. Frances H. Green, one of the early pioneers and earnest defenders of the modern spiritual philosophy of death unto life and life after death, and long a medium for impression and intercourse with spirits. For several years past she has been

greatly exercised and much occupied with the nature of, and remedies for, diseases of the body which render it an unsuitable home for the spirit; and through her have already been directed and prepared a series of electro-magnetic remedies, such as the girde, the couch-cure, the plaster, the viridine, the ointment, the elixir, &c., by which many remarkable cures have been effected, some of which are published in a circular, and concerning which more will be said in a book soon to be published by Mrs. Eliza J. Hall, M.D., now associated with her, and a thorough student and successful medical practitioner, who will set forth the science of these remedies in her book, entitled, "Attraction the Fundamental Principle of the Universe." I am glad to hear they are soon to open an establishment in Providence, where the proper and scientific application of these newly revealed remedies will be made to patients who need and come for them. I have already seen much of the power of our friends in the other life applied to the cure of physical, as well as moral and religious diseases, in this; and I have full assurances and good reasons to expect more remedies and more power as the cause progresses; and I see plainly one of the steps of progress in these persons and this movement. For further particulars, the friends can address Frances H. Green, or Eliza J. Hall, M.D., box 446, Providence, R. I.

Thus I see the great and glorious work of human redemption going on, with its firmest hope and fairest prospects in modern Spiritualism, with each significant finger pointing to another, often little aware of its own importance. In no place in New England (perhaps I ought to except Lowell) have I found so great a degree of social harmony, or so many good, pure and true spirits engaged in bringing the kingdom of heaven, with its harmony and love, to earth, as in Providence; and especially the ladies, who seem determined to bring the circles, parties, levees, and social meetings, to a usefulness in this great struggle of redemption. I have made the acquaintance of many in my short visit, whose names I am not at liberty to give, (as they seek not notoriety,) but which are registered in heaven, who are laboring in earnest to redeem, refine and elevate man and woman; and will long the memory of their works remain dear to me, even if we meet no more on earth.

WARREN CHASE.

December 14, 1850.

Written for the Banner of Light.

"IT CANNOT LAST."

BY DANIEL PARKER.

"It can't last; I'm only here for awhile; I'm going home by-and-by; I am content."—*Dealings with the Dead.*

It cannot last; I hear it from above;

And I rejoice, for I shall soon go home.

No matter through what thorny paths I rove,

Or to what poverty or pain I come;

And end will come to e'en the worst estate—

It cannot last, that's sure as sunset fade.

It cannot last; I only wait awhile;

I see quite plain what all this discord means;

I can at failure and the devil smile,

And snap my finger at their come-and-goes;

I can be patient, let what may befall—

I'm going home to meet my spirit-bride.

It cannot last; though clouds the sky o'ercast,

And bolts with fire their scalloped foldings stripe;

Though damning circumstances hold me fast,

And all my efforts seem a waste of life,

I can be happy, for I know the way,

And be contented while I have to stay.

It cannot last; the firmest grip must yield;

The strongest hold must by-and-by let go;

The deepest wound must be assuaged and healed;

The pain must vanish of the hardest blow.

I can be cheerful, and wait patiently,

For I the purpose and the good can see.

It cannot last; no thing can always smart;

On beds of pain we cannot always lie;

Though blasts of discord blow us wide apart,

"They'll all in melancholy sweetness die."

I can be hopeful; God is God in all!

From out His keeping never one can fall.

It cannot last; the stars forever shine,

Though days and nights may pass with none in sight;

Though tears and terrors, hate and hell combine;

Though painful failures e'ry purpose blight,

I can be truthful, and dismiss all fear—

I see the lighthouse—know the harbor's near.

It cannot last; though disappointments fringe

With dismal aspects all our loves and labors;

We may be manifold, slow to win or cringe,

If wronged or slighted by our friends or neighbors,

I can be happy, for I know the way—

I'm going home! so come what may to-day.

It cannot last! suppose the storm should blast?

One huddles the helm whose rudder never fails;

Whose anchor ever through all storms holds fast;

Who sails with Him forever, safely all;

I'm only here a little while to call;

Be still my soul, for thou art going home!

Billerica, Nov. 1850.

Book Numbers of the Banner of Light.

Containing HENRY WARD BEECHER'S and EDWIN H. CHASE'S SERMONS, may be procured at this office. Mail orders promptly attended to.

MOVEMENTS OF LECTURERS.

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

Lecturers will please remit, after the first insertion, at the above rate. The increasing demand upon us in this department renders this step necessary. Changes in appointments will be made free of charge, at any time.

Mrs. AMANDA M. SPRING will lecture in Taunton, 2 Sundays of Jan.—Foxboro', 3 Sundays of Jan.—Providence, 4 Sundays of Feb.—Newark, 4 Sundays of March. Will lecture, 8 Sundays of April—Philadelphia, 4 Sundays of May. Address, the above places, or Station A, New York City.

WARREN CHASE lectures January 1st, in Hartford, Ct.; Jan. 3d, 4th and 5th, in Winsted, Ct.; Jan. 8th, 10th, and 22d, in Doddworth's Academy, New York; Jan. 20th, Newark, N. J.; four Sundays of Feb. in Philadelphia. Address for January at our office, 143 Fulton street, New York.

Miss EMMA HARDING speaks in December, in New Orleans. For Southern cities address care of N. O. Folger, Esq., New Orleans. In January and February, Miss Handing speaks in Memphis and Cincinnati, and in March in Philadelphia and the East. Postoffice address generally 8 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

JOHN MAXWELL, M.D., from the middle of January to March 1st, will labor in Indiana, and from thence, to April 30th, in Illinois, and the eastern part of Iowa. Letters from the three last named States may be directed, if before the end of the year, to the care of Dr. E. B. Brewster, Foxboro', Mass.

E. L. WATSON speaks Jan. 1st, in Detroit, Ind.; 8th, in Elkhart; 15th, in Sturgis, Mich.; 22d, in Adrian. He can be addressed as above.

ANNA M. MIDDLEBROOK will lecture in Providence, Jan. 1st and 8th. Applications for week evenings will be attended to. Address, Box 422, Bridgeport, Conn.

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

Mrs. CHARLOTTE M. TUTTLE's address will be at West Winsted, Ct., during the winter.

Miss ELIZABETH LOW, trance speaker, of Leon, Cattaugus Co., New York, lectures at Ellington and Rugg's Corners, (Cattaugus Co., N. Y.) every fourth Sabbath. She will answer calls to lecture in Chautauque and Cattaugus Counties.

LINDLEY M. ANDREWS, superior lecturer, will visit the South and West this fall and winter. Address him, either at Yellow Springs, Ohio, or at Mendota, Ill.

Mr. M. Macomber, Carpenter street, Grant Mill, care of Z. R. Macomber, Providence, R. I. She will speak at Plymouth, Mass., April 8th, 15th, 22d, and 29th. Mrs. Macomber contemplates visiting California in the Spring.

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

J. H. RANDALL intends to travel through the central and western part of New York, during the months of January and February, 1851, and will answer calls to lecture, to the friends of truth, during those months, through that section. Address Northfield, Mass.

Mrs. J. W. CURRIER will lecture in Lawrence, January 1st, in Huntington, 8th; in Modus, Conn., evenings of the 10th and 12th; in Clatsop, 15th, 22d and 29th; in Putnam, 1st, 8th, 15th, 22d and 29th; in March, in March, head, 5th. Applications for the Spring should be sent in as early as possible. Address Box 815, Lowell, Mass.

Miss A. W. BRAGG will speak at Davenport, Iowa, first Sunday in January; at Cincinnati, second and third Sundays; at Terre Haute, Ind., fourth and fifth Sundays; and at Chicago through February.

H. P. FAIRBANKS will speak in Portland, Me., the two first, and in the city of Lowell, the two last Sundays in January.

Mrs. A. P. THORNTON, trance speaker on Bible subjects, Waterbury, Vt.

J. H. CURRIER, Lawrence, Mass. Mr. C. will speak, Sunday, Jan. 1st, at Warwick; Sunday, Jan. 8th, at Orange and Irving; Sunday, Jan. 15th, at Concord, N. H.

M. H. WATKINS may be addressed at Brooklyn, Mich., till further notice.

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

Mrs. H. F. M. BROWN, "Aglator" office, Cleveland, Ohio.

JAMES D. GAGE, Oneida, N. Y.

Mrs. H. BROWN, San Francisco, Cal.

Mrs. J. B. BROWN, Oneida, Ohio.

A. B. FRANKLIN, Clyde, Sandusky Co., Ohio.

B. T. LAW, Lawrence, Mass.

CHARLES H. CHOWELL, Watertown, Mass. Address, Davenport of Light office.

Mrs. A. E. RICE, 142 Harrison Avenue, Boston.

Mrs. A. E. RICE's address will be New York City, till further notice.

Mrs. ELA E. GIBSON, Barre, Mass.

Dr. JAMES COOPER, Bolton, Mass.

CHARLES W. BURGESS, Inspirational Speaker. Box 22, West Killbury, Conn.

Mrs. JOHN PERKINS, West Medford, Mass.

Mrs. SARAH A. MACQUEEN, No. 83 Winter street, East Cambridge, Mass.

Miss LIZETTE DODGE, Plymouth, Mass.

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

Mrs. J. DAVENPORT, 30 Essex street, Boston.

ELIZABETH WOODWARD, Lowell, Mass.

C. T. INISH, Taunton, Mass., care of John Eddy, Esq.

Mrs. BERTHA B. CHASE, West Warwick, Mass.

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

LOVELL BEEBE, North Ridgewood, Ohio.

John B. MARR, Rochester, Spence, Mass.

PROF. J. E. CHURCHILL, No. 203 Franklin street, near Race, Philadelphia.

Mrs. J. B. SMITH, Manchester, N. H.

Dr. C. O. HALE, Boston, Mass.

Misses R. RICE, 30 Essex street, Boston.

A. C. ROBINSON, Fall River, Mass.

LOREN MOODY, Malden, Mass.

Mrs. J. B. STREETER, Crown Point, Ind.

N. S. GREENHAY, Lowell, Mass.

Mrs. SARAH JOHNSON, Natick, Mass.

Mrs. FRANKLIN O. HAZEN, Montpelier, Vt.

Mrs. M. H. COL

