

# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## THE SERMONS

OF REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER and EDWIN H. CHAPIN are reported for us by the best Phonographers of New York, and published in our weekly work in this paper. TERMS:—Rev. Dr. Chapin's Sermon. *Express Page*—Rev. H. W. Beecher's Sermon.

For the Banner of Light.

## ADOLPH:

### THE POWER OF CONSCIENCE.

Translated from the German of Franz Hoffman, by CORA WILDBURN.

#### CHAPTER III.

##### THE POWER OF CONSCIENCE.

Deeply degraded as he was, the young man was not wholly lost to a sense of duty; his heart was not entirely depraved, nor his conscience deadened by misdirection. The path he had entered upon had been so inviting, so smooth, so seemingly fair; that he did not perceive his danger until it was too late. For the first year that he spent beneath Herr Freising's roof he fulfilled every duty, and his employer loudly praised his industry, truthfulness and honesty. But when the year had elapsed these praises came not so often; for Adolph was gradually growing negligent, and incurring many reproofs. He had fallen in with bad company, and their frivolous example threatened the destruction of those principles of strictest rectitude so carefully instilled into his heart by his loving mother. Adolph grew fond of excitement, of amusements, that took away his time and his earnings. He neglected his studies, and when his allowance was spent, availed himself of the advice of one of his companions, and sought the gambling-house. He became an intemperate gambler—spent night after night engrossed in play, winning and losing alternately. When he won he would spend merrily, and when he lost he would run in debt; and in this manner he involved himself in an inextricable web of embarrassment, out of which only a strong moral effort could have led him. But to make this effort was the difficulty with him; he lacked the necessary energy; he made no strong, prayerful, triumphant effort to cast aside forever the meshes of wrong that enfolded him; he parleyed and tampered with evil, until its effects became visible, and he stood appalled before the revolutions and the direful consequences of his sins. When he had committed the last flagrant act—when he had laid unholy hands upon the money entrusted to his care, when he had staked it desperately at the gaming-table, and had seen it pass out of his keeping—then, overwhelmed with terror, shame and remorse, he resolved once more to look upon his mother's face, then die!

He thought not of the crime of suicide, the sin that bore no expiation; he thought not of it, that, escaping from earthly judgment, he would face the eternal heavenly justice! His mind was bewildered, his consciousness obscured; he saw before him the public discovery, and its consequent shame, and he sought for escape from the suddenly awakened and mighty up-braidings of his conscience.

On the brink of this moral precipice he was found by his mother. She drew him back, and saved him—compelling him to accept her sacrifice. Adolph paid all his debts, returned to his employer the sum he had defrauded him of; outwardly his honor and his reputation were saved—impending life-long disgrace had been averted. But within what were his feelings, the remorse and unceasing rebukes of his unslumbering conscience! His safety had been dearly bought. To it was sacrificed the future lot of the best of mothers, her peace, comfort, all that gratified her heart. The price weighed heavily upon the soul of the transgressor; for the love of his mother still reigned there, and long and bitterly accused him of having that beloved head with sorrow, and of filling the maternal heart with woe.

Adolph returned home toward evening—to the home no longer his mother's, from which his sins had banished her. He shuddered as he passed the threshold. Pale, trembling, overwhelmed with conflicting emotions, he sought the sitting-room, where he found his mother and Emma, their eyes swollen with weeping. He saw at a glance that his sister knew all. But no reproach escaped her lips; she only cast a sorrowful glance upon him, then turned away to hide her tears.

Adolph handed the pocket-book to his mother. "Here," he said, and his lips quivered, "is the remainder of your fortune, poor mother!"

"All is right, my son!" she replied. "Was the sum I gave you sufficient to pay all?"

"All is paid," he answered, "and a few hundred dollars are left."

"And you owe no one—you have no debts remaining?"

"None!"

"Then I am satisfied!" said his mother, as she drew a deep breath. "It is all right now, my son, and the world will not know of this misfortune!"

Deep sighs welled up from the tortured bosom of him who would have given years of his life to dispel the sorrow of that hour. He walked to the window, and out of sight of mother and daughter. An oppressive silence reigned in the place of the friendly chat and merry laughter, that had so often enlivened the cheerful room. It was broken by the sighs of the troubled mother, by the subdued sobbings of the tender Emma, who bewailed her mother's fate far more than her own.

"Emma!" the mild tones startled the guilty listener at the window; "enough, now, of tears and sadness! God has sent us this trial; it is for us to bear it with submission. Our tears and moanings will not recall the past. Let us leave it, and turn to the future; that will be of more use than bewailing our fate."

"Oh, God! what a future is before us!" cried Emma. "I dread to look it in the face!"

"Wherefore, my daughter?" mildly inquired the good mother. "We are, thank be to God, well and strong, and those who labor will find their bread. Wherefore repine? Take courage, my child! We shall commence some business; women do not need much for the maintenance of life, and God will sustain us, that we shall not suffer from necessity. You have heard that

Adolph has retained a small sum; it will suffice for the necessary arrangements. It will do for a beginning, and our own industry will do the rest. Courage, Emma, take heart! You are skillful in many ways; let us consider what kind of employment you would like best, and what would promise the best advantages."

This addressed and encouraged, the young girl sought to overcome her grief, and listen to her mother's suggestions, whose quiet dignity and cheerful tones were to her sinking heart as a staff of support and consolation.

"Do you know, mother," she said, after a few moments' reflection, "my friends have always praised my taste in dress, and in those articles of millinery I make for myself? I do not know whether they were sincere in their praises, but I think I could succeed in getting up bonnets and caps, working collars, and such fancy things; that I could obtain admirers and purchasers for them."

"The idea appears excellent to me," replied the mother, approvingly; "and what pleases me best in the matter, is, that I can aid you efficiently, as I am quite skillful with my needle. But will you find contentment in this occupation for a length of time? You are not accustomed to sit still for hours, and yet must not become ill, my dearest child."

"In that respect you need not be troubled, mother dear," responded Emma, quickly. "Of course we shall miss the garden, especially in summer; but then the surroundings of Hamburg are like one vast garden. After our daily work, we can take pleasant walks, and after a while we shall think of our dear little house without much sorrow."

"Right, right, my child!" said Madame Brackenborg. "One source of happiness has been taken away; let us strive to build anew. To-morrow we will go to the city and search for a dwelling; that found, we will immediately commence our labors. Oh, I see already we shall cheerfully assume our duties, and render life pleasant to each other."

Adolph, hidden by the folds of the window curtain, heard every word, and each word cut him to the soul. His mother and his sister, only yesterday so free from care, were now compelled to toil for others, even for their daily subsistence. They were obliged to exchange their cottage residence for some narrow, and perhaps gloomy quarters, in some obscure portion of the city; and all this for his sake! He had frivolously trampled upon the heart of his mother, upon the unfolding happiness of his pure young sister. It was too much for him to bear. He withdrew as if in bodily torture, beneath the accusations of his threatening conscience; his head felt dizzy, dark clouds floated before him; he leaned his head upon the window sill, and wept bitter and repentant tears. His sobs reached his mother's ears; she loved him tenderly still, although he had so greatly sinned against her, for the love of a mother is almost equal in its magnitude, boldness, and eternity, with the love of God; for it suffers, endures, and forgives, forever.

She rose from her seat, walked to the window, and gently laid her hand upon his head.

"You weep, my son?" she said in mildest accent.

"Yes, weep for your errors, pray for strength to overcome your sinful tendencies, that they be forgiven of God as they are forgiven of me. And then arise and be strong; that you fall not a second time into the meshes of sin. Weep, weep, my son! I fear softly and lighten the heart, and they elevate and strengthen it."

"Oh, my mother!" cried the wretched young man, as he felt at the feet of the worthy woman, and pressed her soft hand to his burning lips, to his glowing brow, and to his throbbing heart; "I weep not for myself, for I have deserved all this misery and shame; but I weep for you—for Emma, whom I have cast into toil and wretchedness. Oh, mother, mother! I am a degraded being, an outcast, unworthy of your presence—I dare not look you in the face!"

"Peace, my son, peace!" replied his mother. "You have sinned most grievously; but God withdraws not the light of his countenance from any of his children, and least from the repentant ones. Do you not know that it is written: 'There is joy in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth?' Arise, strengthen thyself, and strive in the future to make amends for the errors of your youth. This is the task you must fulfill! And now, enough of this—between us let there be no more speech of the past."

Adolph kissed his mother's hand and was silent. He could not find words to express his feelings, and what reply could he make to the mild and consoling address of the gentle mother, who had for him not one harsh word?

The next day, mother and daughter went to the city to search for a suitable dwelling. They were favored by a good chance; in one of the liveliest streets, they found a millinery store, with a notice affixed, that the business was for sale, and the dwelling was to let. They soon agreed with the lady who was the proprietor, and who, being on the point of marriage, was glad of so available an opportunity. The small sum that was left to Madame Brackenborg sufficed for the purchase, and they were to take possession of the house and business the following week.

That week passed all too quickly. There was much to do; mother and daughter were fully occupied; all too soon came the day and the hour, so much dreaded by them, that compelled them to part with their beloved cottage home and garden.

It was a trying day—a sorrowful hour; and although they sought to conceal their emotions, and give no outward vent to their deep grief, yet their tears fell fast and silently, and their voices, vainly endeavoring to frame words of consolation, faltered with suppressed anguish, and their smiles were wan and sad.

But Adolph suffered most intensely. He avoided the sight of mother and sister, and dared not to leave his chamber. Consumed by grief and remorse, he would sit motionless for hours, then walk restlessly up and down, scarcely daring to cast a look toward the garden, hallowed by so many associations. So passed the hours, and the moment of departure drew nigh. Madame Brackenborg folded her shawl around her, put on her bonnet, and called upon Emma to accompany her.

"So soon, mother?" the young girl asked sadly. "Can we not remain a few minutes longer? Oh, it is so painful to part from the dear, dear home!"

"Of what benefit is the delay, my child?" replied

the mother; "you only lengthen the sorrow. Call Adolph, and let us go."

Emma went to his chamber—it was empty. Tormented by the manifold accusations of his conscience, he could not await his mother and sister's departure, but had silently stolen away.

"Adolph has gone, mother," said Emma, as she returned.

"Oh—I understand him," said the gentle mother. "He would not witness my tears. Unhappy child! Indeed, Emma, he is more to be pitied than we."

"I would not have his consciousness, to-day, at least," said Emma. "What reproaches his heart must make to see you pass this threshold, never to return to the home in which you showered so much love and goodness upon him! I thank God, upon my benighted knees, that I have not a share in the guilt of this misfortune."

"But he suffers deeply, my daughter. I see how remorse is gnawing at his heart; and seeing this, I forgive him all. We must be gentle toward him, Emma, or he will sink beneath the burden that continually presses upon him."

"I do not speak harshly to him, mother; I sincerely pity him," said Emma. "Indeed, sad as our fate is, it is happiness compared to his condition."

"Yes, for your conscience is pure as freshly fallen snow, my child," rejoined the mother. "God forever maintain it so! And now, come, come! we must no longer delay."

Emma took her mother's arm, and they passed out of the house, and through the garden. At the gate they remained a moment, looking once more toward the cherished home in which so many happy days had been passed.

"I feel as if my heart would break!" cried Emma. "I cannot realize the thought, that we may never return here. My love clings to every flower I have tended—their perfume has so often rejoiced their bloom so often delighted me—and now all, all is lost to us forever! Oh, mother, how can you bear this parting?"

"To what is inevitable we must submit, my child. Think you my heart is not quivering with recollection and sadness? This place is filled with my earliest and holiest associations. I know almost every flower in the garden. I planted nearly all these bushes; yonder ivy clinging around the pillars of the veranda; the vine there, twining its freshest green around the windows—all is loving and familiar, and to part from this garden is a part of my life, and yet you must overcome our sorrow for the unhappy Adolph's sake. I am consoled by the thought that he is not present to behold our tears. Come, my daughter! let us not be surprised by him here. Farewell, then, friendly home; farewell, dear flowers and trees, so long the delight of my eyes and the joy of my heart!"

One more look, dimmed with tears, the mother cast upon the cherished home of her youth; then, with a sudden movement, she took Emma's arm, turned slightly away, and with hasty footsteps they both passed on. "We must not give way to our feelings!" she whispered. "Oh, my child, the parting is over, let us hasten on."

Emma obeyed, and they took the footpath that led to Hamburg. When they had disappeared from view, there was a rustling among the bushes, and deathly pale Adolph emerged from the thicket. The unfortunate had not only heard every word—he had seen every tear that rolled down his mother's pallid cheeks. Every word had been a dagger's thrust to his heart, each tear a glowing drop of fire upon his wounded, writhing conscience!

"Oh, God!" he cried, with clasped hands, "how could I bring so great a sorrow to such a mother? I have deprived her of all, and still she pities me! In place of discarding me, of launching her curse upon my guilty head, she pities and consoles me! Mother! dearest, best beloved mother! I am not worthy of thy forgiveness, and I merit not thy love!"

He threw himself down upon the grass, and shed bitter and despairing tears. Burning remorse was in his soul, and it was as deep as his sorrow. He would gladly have given his life to recall the past; but it was too late; nothing remained to him, then to bear the effects of his transgressions, to expiate the past by the future, with all his will and strength. Yes, to make atonement for the past! Like a lightning flash, this thought illumined the dark recesses of his soul, his troubled, wounded conscience. He raised himself from the ground, put back his tangled locks from his forehead, wiped his tear-stained face, and was for a time immersed in deepest reflection.

Atone for the past? Oh, yes, he would. But in what manner? By what means? What could he, a young man of nineteen, do? He stood alone and helpless in the world; for his employer had dismissed him on account of his repeated negligence, and this new misfortune he had not yet justified to his mother. He knew not how or where to earn his own subsistence, and yet he dared to welcome the thought that he could restore his loved ones to peace and competence.

Impossible! And yet he could not chafe the sweetly intruding thought. With all the energies of his soul, he clung to it; and it soothed, as the droppings of some healing balsam, calming the burning torture of his heart and brain. But how was he to realize this elevating, sweet, most consoling thought?

Adolph shrank not from the ideas it presented; no path was too rough, no moment too steep, no labor too difficult that led to the attainment of this holy object. He thought, and considered, and reflected long. He weighed the probabilities of success, his will, and capacities of endurance. But alas! he found that health, and strength, and will, could all be insufficient for the realization of his project. It was far easier to spend a fortune than to win one with the labor of his own hands. He thought of various ways, but was compelled to discard them as impracticable. He thought of becoming a soldier, but he knew that he would probably meet with death, sooner than with honor and wealth upon the battlefield.

He next thought of engaging himself on board a ship; but then what could he do as a sailor? He might obtain his own livelihood; but how restore to his mother the lost paradise of home?

"No matter," he cried aloud, as he arose and took the road to the city. "I must atone for what I have done, and I will do it, though I cannot now see how or in what way. God, whom I forsook—God, who be-

holds my grief, my remorse, my deep penitence—God, who sees my heart, and knows how I long to return to him—God, who is love and mercy, will grant me to find the way and the means! And when I find it, I will pursue it. No matter how rough, and stony, and dark it be, I will not leave it, as I hope for the mercy of God! Father in heaven! not for myself will I search for happiness, for I deserve it not; but for them, my innocent mother and sister; for them will I struggle and conquer, or die, if need be—so help me God! This is the resolve I have taken, and I shall keep it better than my former ones, that were dissipated as a cloud before the wind."

When he entered his mother's new humble dwelling in the city, his face was still pale, and a deep sorrow was tokened in every lineament; but a firm resolution sat enthroned upon his brow. That evening he communicated to his mother what had hitherto been kept a secret from her—his dismissal from the service of Herr Freising. Madame Brackenborg was grieved, but this time Adolph soothed her.

"Do not weep, mother," he said. "This time the blow falls upon me alone, and it is not such a heavy one, that I must bend beneath it. You need not be troubled on my account, dear, good mother."

"But, unfortunate child, what will you do?" inquired she.

"Go to work," simply replied Adolph. "To-morrow I will leave this house to seek my bread in the world. Here is no place for me; I would rather die of hunger than eat one morsel of the bread that, through my sins, you have to labor for."

"But, Adolph, what work can you do?" demanded his mother. "You have no refuge save with me. Do you fear I would withdraw my love from you?"

"Oh, no! I know you too well," he eagerly responded. "And he kissed her hand, in order to conceal the tears quickly gathering in his eyes. "But you and Emma will have care enough, and I will not augment them. God is my refuge, mother. When he beholds that my repentance is sincere, he will not forsake me, for he is mercy itself. Therefore be comforted, mother. A voice in my heart tells me that I shall one day return to you, happier than when I leave you."

"You desire to leave me forever—at least for a long, long time?" cried the mother, in alarm.

"Not forever; only for the necessary time that will permit me to return to you with a clear conscience," he replied. "This is the resolve I have taken, and you, dearest mother, will you not hallow it with your blessing?"

"Give it to him, mother; bestow your blessing upon him," pleaded Emma, with glowing eyes, as the mother hesitated, troubled for her son's uncertain future. "I believe I comprehend his meaning; and praise him for it, for the courage that dares to seek it. Is not that your intention, my poor brother? Yes, I understand you. Here, with us, you would be consumed by grief, self-reproach and remorse; for every sigh, every tear of mother's would recall the past. But away from us you will be strong, you will labor and combat, and I doubt not God will aid you to reach your aim. Go, my brother; go; and, dear mother, give him your benediction on his way."

A grateful glance from Adolph rewarded the heroic girl. He felt upon his knees before his mother, and bent his head upon her lap. She placed both hands in heartfelt maternal blessing on his young and sorrow-bowed head.

"The Lord bless and guard thee!" she said, in solemn and trembling tones. "May the Lord forgive thee as I forgive thee, for thy repentance's sake. The Lord smooth the path of life for thee, and may his grace rest on thy efforts and upon thy works! The Lord strengthen thee in thy good resolutions, and empower thy heart with resistance toward the temptations of sin!"

After she had spoken these words, she raised his head, and imparted a fervent kiss upon his pallid brow.

"It is done!" she said. "Go, my child, and God grant that my blessing bring peace to thy heart and rest to thy conscience."

Adolph pressed his mother's hand to his lips.

"Thanks," he murmured; "thanks, beloved mother, for your blessing, of which I am not worthy. But God will sustain me. I shall become worthy of it. Farewell, mother! farewell, sister! Believe that I strive for a beautiful and noble aim. Your blessing, mother, has wonderfully strengthened and inspired me. I shall draw power and hope from it, whenever my foot falters or my soul grows weary. Farewell, and God guard you and me!"

One more kiss he pressed upon his mother's hand, once more he was folded to her bosom, one more embrace was given to his weeping sister, and he hastened from the house, and his retreating footsteps died away. It was dark in the street, the stars shone brightly overhead. The young man lifted to them his eyes and prayerful hands, and renewed his allegiance there. Then he knelt upon the threshold, kissed the rough, cold stone, and prayed. Then he arose and calmly walked on. All was dark around him, but his heart was illumined by a clear and steady light. There had been enkindled there the radiant star of hope, by the potency of his mother's blessing.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### THE WAY OF REDEMPTION.

When Adolph left his mother and sister, he had formed no definite plan for the future; he knew not even where he should lay his head that night. But the great aim of his life stood clearly revealed before him, that by his own efforts he must expiate the past and gladden the future days of his mother. He saw the many difficulties and obstacles that lined his path; he knew that he was alone upon the great waste of the world, with only a few coppers in his possession to shield him from the advances of hunger. But he lost not the suddenly acquired courage, and he clung steadfastly to the hope that had called him out of the gloomy depths of despair. He was to battle for the return of peace of conscience; what was privation, poverty and endurance, if it gained for him this heavenly boon?

The night was calm and lovely; he spent its remaining hours beneath a shed, making his bed upon some straw that lay there, and he slept peacefully until the morn. The stern reality before him urged him on to effort; and, after some reflection, he resolved to go to his former employer, and entreat him for the restora-

tion of his office. Pride revolted keenly against this suggestion, but Adolph overcame its upbraidings, and determined to follow the dictates of duty, no matter at what cost of humiliation and suffering.

He shook from his clothes the wreaths of straw clinging to them, washed his face and hands in the streamlet flowing near, and pursued his way. Herr Freising at first declined receiving him; but Adolph was determined, and entreated until he was admitted to the merchant's presence. His employer's manner was cold, stern and reserved toward him.

"What is your wish, young man?" he inquired. "I believe I have told you definitely that I have no longer any need of you."

"I know it, sir," humbly replied Adolph; "and yet I come to entreat you to receive me again into your confidence, and I solemnly promise I will never again give you occasion to complain of me. Have compassion upon me, Herr Freising! You are aware, if it becomes known that you have discharged me, no other house in Hamburg will give me employment."

"I know it very well, and you know it while you were pursuing your frivolous and wicked course!" replied Herr Freising sternly. "Can you deny that I have warned you many times, and that every time you promised to reform your ways?"

"I do not deny it, sir; but this time my promise is a sacred one; I shall keep it as I hope for happiness—I swear it to you!"

"When a young man has so far forgotten himself as you have, he can lay no claim to the confidence of others," replied Herr Freising, unmoved by the entreaties of the suppliant. "I have forgiven you," he continued, "only too often, for all sorts of negligence and misdemeanors; hoping you would gain wisdom by reflection, and ascribing your many errors to the frivolities of youth. But since I have known that you so far abused my confidence as to spend the money entrusted to your keeping, at the gaming table, in the vilest company—you can hope for no forbearance, no sympathy, no faith from me. You have returned the money I know, too, by whose help—and that does not advance you in my good opinion. I have nothing more to do with you! A young man who can thus bring his mother to ruin, cannot expect the confidence and aid of strangers. This is my final decision—you can leave me now."

Adolph stood as if annihilated.

"You are right, sir," he said at length; but his face was very pale, and his voice trembled. He made no further attempt to expunge himself. "You are right, sir; and I bend to the judgment you have passed upon me. Farewell, Herr Freising!"

He left the room, and there was no attempt made to detain him. Deeply humbled, he passed along the streets, and when he grew hungry he bought a small loaf of bread, and wandered into the fields to eat it. Then he loitered around the harbor, found a cool and shady retreat, and there, seated upon a bench, held long and sorrowful communion with his thoughts.

Scorned and finally dismissed by his former employer, the wealthy and influential man, what could he do? No business-house in the city would employ him, unless he brought the necessary references; there was then no alternative; he must lay aside all pride, and go to work in the humblest manner, as a porter or errand boy upon the wharves. Bitter was the conflict in his bosom, for the friends of former days might meet him thus engaged, and taunt him with his altered fortune. But he silenced the voice of pride, respecting to himself that he had forfeited the right to assume any privileges; that by transgression he had fallen, by labor and industry he must arise.

The new determination taken, he arose and walked along the harbor, bent upon seeking even the humblest employment that would provide him with the daily bread. But he was not fortunate in meeting with his expectations; he demanded work to do, and one replied that he was too young and not strong enough; another said, his clothes were too fine for a laborer; a third took his request as a jest, and bade him go off! Others told him they had no work to give; and so everywhere he was repulsed. The day passed on thus, the evening approached, and he had not succeeded in earning a single shilling.

The prospect was certainly a dreary one; but Adolph lost not his faith or his hope.

"All will come out right," he said; "it is true my dress is not fitting for my present situation, and I will sell it and buy myself a humbler suit."

He was about to pursue this resolve, when two men advanced slowly toward him; they were speaking earnestly, and remained standing still before him.

"It is too bad, captain," said the one; "but I don't see that it is a very great misfortune; for there are plenty of fillers in Hamburg, glad of the opportunity, who will willingly take the place."

"Yes, if I had time to look for them," replied the captain, impatiently. "It is nearly night, now, and I must weigh anchor with the dawn. Nothing more inconvenient could have happened to me, than to have the boy fall sick at this time."

"Oh, do not be troubled; there will be help in the matter, somehow," said his companion. "The post of secretary can be taken by almost any one."

"Not as easily as you suppose," said the captain. "It is not alone the writing I want done. I must have a young man who has business capacities, and who understands the Spanish language; this is absolutely necessary, as it shall fall along the entire coast of Peru, and shall have dealings with people that only speak Spanish. I must have some one upon whose honesty I can rely; and then I can only employ him for this voyage, for on my return I expect to find my poor estate, Roth, recovered, and able to return to his post, which I could not, and would not, take from him. Who is there that would take his place for this voyage?"

A bold thought with lightning quickness flashed through Adolph's brain.

"I will go, sir," he said, advancing before them and uncovering his head. "I am willing and ready to enter your service, if you will place confidence in me."

Astonished and surprised, the captain scanned the young man from head to foot.

"Who are you, young gentleman?" he demanded. "If you heard our conversation, you know what we are in need of."

"Yes, sir," Adolph replied. "I have heard that you require a young man of business capacities, one

who understands Spanish, and who will take the place of your secretary for a voyage to Peru and back.
That is so, responded the captain, in Spanish: 'have you a knowledge of business, sir?'
Yes, sir, replied Adolph, in the same tongue: 'I have served my apprenticeship in the business house of Herr Fieland, and am at present without occupation.'

He felt that he had done his duty, but still he was doubtful of the reception he should meet; for he could not hope to please his employer in everything.
But Captain Renger smiled kindly when he saw him return. 'Ah, so soon!' he said; 'that is well! But did you not prefer remaining in the city to-night? I do not think I requested you to return?'
You did not, captain, replied Adolph; but my business was concluded, I have been to all the houses you desired me to visit, and I thought I would not delay, but give you the results of the day's transactions.

According to the dictionaries, any human being is an individual; and, by inference from colloquial usage, individuality is nothing more than the characteristic differences of mankind.
I find no fault with the fore-cited writer for employing these terms in their common acceptation. But whereas he says these differences ought in all cases to be cherished; that 'individuality is a universal law which must be obeyed, if we would have order and harmony in any sphere;' and again, that 'individuality can only become a law of human action by securing to each individual the sovereign determination of his own judgment and of his own conduct, in all things, with no right reserved either of punishment or censure, on the part of anybody else whomsoever—that is, by implication, that every forward son of adolescent humanity should not only be allowed, but encouraged, to follow his own whimsoever passion, conceit, or foolish desire may lead, I only wish to say that such is not my sentiment.

of what they know to be wrong. The born hankering of a boy that inherits his father's artificial taste for tobacco or ardent spirits, is quite as impetuous as any natural appetite; and if the father could not refrain from indulgence after testing the bitterness of its fruits by experience, it is not likely that the son will readily take advice against example and "second nature" too.
This is the usual pedigree of abnormal propensities, as well as maladjusted in the popular tenor of the late Professor Combe on "the Constitution of Man." Besides, it is now generally understood that deformity and monstrosity follow certain abnormal excitements of a mother in the season of gestation; from which it ought to be inferred that every unborn offspring is the patient of all maternal affections, and that the character of every child at birth is compounded of all the thoughts, feelings, and emotions of its mother, for a series of months.
If so, then who can help seeing that a single burst of maternal anger may beget an irascible temper for life? an occasional selfish wish, a selfish disposition? a habit of amorous indulgence, a creature of lust? and so on to the end of the category of abnormal developments? Thus the very fact of depravity, when its cause is understood, becomes the best of all excuses for vice and crime.
A depraved man might exonerate himself from all blame on the score of his evil inclinations, by the reflection that he came honestly by them. Moreover, how can one be virtuous without a disposition to do right? Many, indeed, are bound to fall, even with the most ardent endeavors; which proves that inability may be added to ignorance and depravity, as the third and most palatable excess of mankind for not being virtuous.
This inability is perhaps, merely negative, and may be better expressed as want of moral dexterity. Rectitude, even in that relative sense which is at present possible, is an art to be acquired only by study and practice.
Dr. Franklin recognized this truth, and made it the basis of his successful endeavors at self-culture. We learn from his autobiography that it was one of the special aims of his noble life to develop "the Art of Virtue;" and that for many years he contemplated the production of a book with this title, but was prevented by public engagements from fulfilling this part of his favorite design.
Now there are few similitudes of Franklin in this particular. Most persons take no pains to learn the art of Virtue, and therefore they have little skill for its practice. But this is not all.

THE AGE OF VIRTUE.

BY GEORGE STEARNS.
Second Paper.

ITS CHARACTERISTICS—INDIVIDUALITY.

"He that is least among you all, the same shall be great."—Jesus.
I suppose the notion of "Individual Sovereignty," as advocated by a late writer on the "Science of Society," whose first volume under this promising title, is the sub-titular assurance of the "True Constitution of Government in the Sovereignty of the Individual," is the germ of a latent truth; though I dislike the terms of its statement, and am far from accepting its author's deductions as a whole.
Indeed, I do not consider his problem of "the Sovereignty of the Individual, to be exercised at his own cost," as worth the pains of solution; since the better aim of intelligence is to be rid of cost, in every shape and to all parties. To this end, instead of "the Sovereignty of the Individual," I would write Normal Development, or the Birth of the Individual, as the only basis of Character, and mode of dexterity in plying the Art of Living.

One of the greatest labor-saving machines is laziness.









to close with. In his article entitled "Hypnotism," (Banner of Light, Nov. 10, 1894) friend Child seemed to find something wrong with almost all public writers and speakers...

medium power, but by his gentleness of manner and Christian spirit; and our only regret is that he could not have remained with us longer.

W. H. WADSWORTH speaks Jan. 20th, at 10th, in St. Louis, Mo. He can be addressed as follows: Wadsworth, 224, in Adelan. He can be addressed as follows: Wadsworth, 224, in Adelan.

MOVEMENTS OF LEUTHERS. 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.

CHABLES H. CROWELL, FRANK AND HILLING MEDIUM, No. 3 1/2 Brattle Street, Boston, (adj. to the Banner of Light office).

Convention at Rockingham, Vt. Messrs. Editors.—The Quarterly Spiritual Convention of the State of Vermont was held at Rockingham Centre, on Saturday and Sunday, the 10th and 11th of December; and by request I send you a synopsis of its doings for publication.

When childhood's path was stern and drear, And woke the trembling sigh; When wounding thorns provoked the tear, The wounding thorn did dry—

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MRS. B. K. LITTLE HAS POSTPONED GOING SOUTH THIS WINTER, owing to the earnest solicitations of her numerous friends and patients.

CHABLES H. CROWELL, FRANK AND HILLING MEDIUM, No. 3 1/2 Brattle Street, Boston, (adj. to the Banner of Light office).

At the opening of the afternoon session, Free Speech and the Uses of Spirit Manifestations were interestingly discussed by Mrs. Walker, Randall, Barker, and others present.

When manhood's cares came on, at last, With sinking weight and power, And wishing vain the strife were past, Of life's overburdened hour—

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CHABLES H. CROWELL, FRANK AND HILLING MEDIUM, No. 3 1/2 Brattle Street, Boston, (adj. to the Banner of Light office).

After which, Brother Randall read, and recommended to the Convention, Brother Johnson's Prospectus concerning the prospects of our Indian brethren at the far West—when the Convention adjourned to 9 o'clock the next morning.

When youth's hopes were rudely crushed, And promised joys were dead; When violets once that charmed were hushed, And Love's first dream had fled—

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At this stage of the proceedings the following Resolutions were brought forward by the Business Committee, and adopted by the Convention:—

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Resolved, That the annual and quarterly Spiritual Conventions of the State of Vermont are one of the best means of disseminating the truths of the Universal Philosophy...

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Mr. Mansfield in Maryland. A. SWARTZWELDER, CUMBERLAND, MD.—I am pleased to inform you that our city has been favored with a visit by Mr. Mansfield...

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