

# 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 Theologians of New York, and published verbatim every week in this paper.

TUESDAY—Rev. Dr. Chapin's Sermon.  
THURSDAY—Rev. H. W. Beecher's Sermon.

For the Banner of Light.

## ADOLPH.

OR,

## THE POWER OF CONSCIENCE.

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

### CHAPTER V. THE SILVER MINES OF PERU.

The Fortuna passed swiftly on her course, sailing safely by Capo Horn, and arriving without delay or accident at Valparaiso. There Adolph continued his business transactions for his employers; and he applied himself with such true zeal to the furtherance of their interests, that Captain Renger became more and more attached to him. He also added to his own fund, denying himself any participation in the merry and extravagant modes of life that Valparaiso so temptingly presented. The thought of his mother, and the sacrifice she had made for his sake, was his safeguard. They remained in Valparaiso fourteen days, then continued their voyage along the coast of Peru, making a short stay at every business town; and Adolph, at every stopping place, showed the same industrious application, the same willing energy, with which he had begun. The result of this mode of action was to gain for him the almost fatherly love of the good captain, who promised him a lasting and compensating situation on their return to Hamburg. At last the object of the voyage was fully accomplished, and he spoke hopefully of their return home.

"God be thanked!" he said, "our voyage has been a prosperous one; my owners, I doubt not, will be very well pleased, and give a glad reception to old Renger. We sail now for Valparaiso, take in our return freight, and then, please God, without delay we turn homeward."

This was glad news to Adolph. Although his earnings by no means amounted to a sum sufficient to rescue his mother and sister from toil, yet he hoped ere long to be enabled to support them, and restore them to their accustomed comforts. He felt that he had been true to his good resolutions, and that Captain Renger could testify to his continued good conduct and unremitting efforts. With quiet joy Adolph thought of his return; and, as evening time, he would steal to the house his mother lived in, how quietly he would open the door, then, suddenly falling at his mother's feet, call out, "Here I am, mother! I am your dearest mother, here I am!" and he would pour his most-acquired treasure in her lap, and while his sister's arms were around him, he would tell them how his mother's blessing had been his safeguard and his shield; how he had partly atoned for the evil past, and that hope and success beckoned to him from the future. And then he would feel his mother's kisses on his brow, her tears upon his face, all the renewal of his first love; and as it once had been, happiness, peace, love and unity would pervade the quiet household.

Such dreams strengthened and delighted him; and so mightily grew his desire to behold his loved ones, he would have breathed into the sails to hasten the ship's speed. But all these dreams were dreamt in vain; for their fulfillment was not soon to come as he desired. On arrival at Valparaiso, the captain went on shore, and when he returned, after a few hours' stay, his countenance betokened anxiety and care.

"I have troublesome business in hand," said he, as he called the young man into his state-room. "The owners, Messieurs Bach & Company, have written to me that they have bought a mine in the neighborhood of Paseo, that promises a good return; and they call upon me to send a person there capable of keeping accounts and otherwise attending to the business. I have done all I could to find such a person in Valparaiso. It is useless; good and trustworthy people are as rare here as they are at home, and I do not know what to say or to do, unless—"

"Well, sir?" interrogated Adolph, as the captain hesitated, and scanned him with a doubting yet imploring look.

"Well, then, I must say it—if you would only take the place," replied the captain, quickly. "I know I ought not to ask you, for you are so joyfully expecting the return to Hamburg. But the owners write so earnestly—their interests are so much at stake—that I feel troubled not to fulfill their orders. Dear Adolph, be entreated, if for my sake you could deign to take the office, only for one year, you would bestow a very great favor upon me."

Adolph traced palely; he had dreamt so sweetly of home, and now the happy vision was about to be dispelled! In place of the expected welcome, the resting place upon his mother's bosom, he was to seek the distant and wildest solitudes of Peru! It was a cruel choice; but could he refuse Captain Renger—the man who had shown him so much confidence, kindness and esteem? could he be ungrateful toward this friend? He could not—duty and conscience remonstrated. His resolution was formed; nobly and manfully he overcame the promptings of selfishness. He took the captain's hand. "I will remain, sir!" he said; "you may command me."

"But do you remain willingly, Adolph?" demanded the captain.

"Yes, I remain willingly and gladly, because I can thereby give you a proof of my gratitude and love," he replied.

"But your mother? you were anticipating so much pleasure on your return to her?"

"Yes, sir," said Adolph, frankly; "the thought of soon again beholding my mother was the sweetest dream of my life. But a year will soon pass away, and God will permit my beautiful dream to be realized."

"Poor boy!" said the captain, "you love your mother very much!"

"Love her!" cried Adolph, with deep emotion, "indeed I do, sir—she is the best, the tenderest mother! But in this matter, duty dictates to me, and I

will obey the voice. You shall never find me ungrateful, captain. And if my good mother were here she would sanction my resolve. You can return in peace, assured that I will leave nothing undone to give satisfaction to you and my employers."

"You are a brave soul!" said the Captain, much moved by the disinterested spirit of his young charge, as he pressed his hand in acknowledgment. "Now, then," he continued; "since I am compelled to accept your sacrifice, let me tell you that it is a situation worthy of acceptance, but I am sorry that it denies you the return home for a year. In the first place, you will receive a fixed salary of a thousand dollars, and besides, a portion of the returns of the mine. Here is the letter—read for yourself; two per cent., as upon the silk sales and other goods. If the mine is productive, and you are fortunate, you can be a rich man in a year; if not, you receive at least your salary, and are no loser by it. And I shall not forget that you have delivered me out of a weighty embarrassment; I shall remember you, rely upon that! And now to something else. If you have any messages to send to your mother, I offer you my services, and will deliver them personally."

"Thanks, thanks, for the kind offer," cried Adolph, eagerly; "I shall be truly obliged, if you will carry my regards to my mother."

"Most willingly; and I will tell her what good friends we have been. Bring me the money; I will take it safely."

He brought his guarded treasure, amounting to nearly eight hundred dollars, and handed it to the captain.

"But, my dear young friend," he cried in astonishment, "this is almost all you have earned. Will you not retain a portion for yourself?"

"No, sir!" replied Adolph; "in sending this money to my mother, I pay only a portion of a sacred debt; for the entire payment of which I shall continue to use every effort. Please give it to my mother, with my loving remembrance; and tell her her son has not forgotten her tears or her blessing. She will understand what I mean."

"I will do as you require, and will not lose a moment about it," said the good seaman. "My first visit on shore must be to the owners; my second one is to your mother. Have you no farther commissions for me, my friend?"

"None," said Adolph; "and when must I begin my journey? where is the mine I must seek?"

The name of the mine is Vomerus, and it is near Paseo, it is said; you need not be troubled about finding the way; in the Inn of the Silver Cross at Valparaiso, there are ten laborers and a guide; awaiting your coming; and you will find a mule ready for you. All you have to do is to go on shore with me, and I will present you to the people as their leader, whose orders they are bound to obey. To-morrow morning, as early as possible, you can begin your journey, which, I am sorry to say, is a somewhat tedious and fatiguing one."

"Very well, captain," said the undaunted Adolph; "I am ready when you are."

Captain Renger ordered the boat; the young man's luggage was put in it, and ten minutes afterward they were on shore. In the hotel of the Silver Cross Adolph was presented to the people who were to accompany him; some of the men were German laborers, which rendered the prospect of their companionship more pleasing. The captain gave a sum of money to his secretary, and prepared to take his leave.

"God bless you, dear young friend," he said, giving him a hearty embrace. "In a year's time, please God, we shall see each other again; and I trust when we meet you will have made your fortune, and have no occasion to repent of your willingness to oblige me, God bless you!"

A thousand greetings to mother and sister were confided to the captain's keeping. Adolph accompanied him to the boat, once more pressed his hand, then gazed after him with a heavy heart. Immediately upon the captain's arrival on board, the anchor was weighed, and soon the Fortuna sped swiftly toward the open sea. A tear glistened in the wanderer's eye, as he gazed upon the receding ship; his whole heart followed her, and longed intensely for re-union with the loved ones. But it could not be; the duty of gratitude forbade, and Adolph wiped away the rising tears, and summoned courage and endurance to his soul. "Farewell!" he said, softly; "farewell, good ship; and may God guide thee safely. One joy will carry to my mother's heart, with many tender greetings; she will hear of my reformation, of my welfare. And this is a sweet consolation to me." He stood there until darkness veiled the surrounding objects, and hid from sight the glimmering of the ship's white sails.

The next morning, at break of day, Adolph and his followers left Valparaiso and commenced their journey toward the interior. The road was often wild and solitary, and their day's ride very fatiguing; but no accident befell the little caravan, that at length safely arrived, one evening, in Paseo, their last station. Adolph took care that his people and their mules were provided for, and then he took his seat in the sitting room of the hotel and patiently awaited the coming of his supper. The room was filled with guests; some were smoking, others eating and drinking, and others sat in the furthest corner playing cards. No one took notice of Adolph, who, having finished his supper, arose to take a look at the players; for he was astonished to see such large sums of gold so carelessly thrown upon the table, as if they were so many pennies. The dress, too, of those engaged was of the coarsest kind; they were nearly all laborers in the mines, who thus staked large sums of gold, and carelessly lost or won huge piles of the shining ore.

"Is it really gold they are playing for?" inquired Adolph of an elderly man, who like himself was merely observing the game.

"Si, senior, it is so," replied the man. "Does that astonish you? We inhabitants of Paseo are used to it. The people you see here, most of them laborers, earn great sums during the week, and could lead a life free from care. If their passions for play were not stronger than their judgment."

"But such enormous sums!" said Adolph. "How is it possible that the most industrious and skillful laborer can earn so much more by the labor of his hands?"

"Ah, you do not know," said the stranger, "that all

these persons have a share in the proceeds of the mines. When you become more acquainted with the circumstances, you will cease to be surprised to see persons of the humblest standing throwing away heaps of gold. It is a usual occurrence here. Peru is rich in silver veins that extend like a network beneath her soil; chance, and such chances often occur, causes the laborer to find one of these places; he lacks the means to search for the treasure; he sells his right to the first wealthy man; and with the large sum thus obtained he bestows himself raised from the wretchedness of his poverty to the possession of wealth. A sensible man would thank God for his good fortune, and would spend the remainder of his days in peace and comfort; but no, that is not what this people do; as it is won, so it goes; and their wealth flies from them as quickly as it comes."

"That is truly a pity," said Adolph. "Yes, the love of play is a terrible passion, and brings anything but blessings to its victim."

"Si, si, senior, so it is," replied the stranger. "And with us, unfortunately, this passion rules; rich and poor, the highest and the lowest, give themselves up to its dominion. The wealthiest owners of mines sometimes ruin themselves in one night at the gaming table; they play for all they possess; depriving themselves of all their ready money, of house and lands, even of the very mines from which they draw their means. They thoughtlessly risk their all, relying upon the discovery of new treasures, that, with a silver wand of magic, shall restore all their losses."

"And are these hopes often realized?" inquired Adolph.

"Oh, certainly; there is no doubt of it," replied his agreeable instructor. "But it is not always reliable; and I have known persons, who, in the days of their prosperity, played with millions, dying in rags upon a bed of straw. Changes come here with surprising swiftness; one may be rich enough to-day to throw handfuls of gold out of the window, and to-morrow be deprived of every copper. Luck is all that is needed in this country."

"But these treasures in the earth, they will some time be exhausted. Do the people never think of the future?"

"They do not think of it; they live only in the present. And to exhaust the treasures of Peru—young man, you and I shall not live to see the day! The wealth of this land is inexhaustible. Look at yonder young Indian who has just come in; he does no work; he wanders idly around the streets and in the botica; he spends thousands in an hour, and yet his pockets are always supplied with money, though his dress is in rags. Where does he come from?—from a silver mine that no one knows anything about but himself. When he has spent all the money he has with him in gambling, drinking, or by simply throwing it away, he steals by night to his treasure room, and cuts off a few bars of the precious metal, exchanging them for one-third of their value into ready money; then he eats and drinks and spends again, until the last coin is gone, when he returns for a fresh supply to his reservoir."

"But, if the source of his wealth is known, how is it possible that the man can keep his secret?" questioned Adolph.

"Oh, there is no danger that he will reveal it to any one," was the reply. "Even when most deeply intoxicated, he never has given the least indication that would lead to the discovery of the treasure. On this point he is as silent as the grave."

"But they will watch his movements, and secretly follow him."

"It is impossible to watch an Indian, without incurring danger. You do not know this people, or you would not entertain such a thought. It is impossible for a white man to overcome their cunning. It has been attempted, but every curiosity and avarice have been severely punished by these Indians. Only a short time ago, an incident occurred by which a young man fell a sacrifice."

"Please tell me the circumstance," said Adolph.

"With pleasure. There lived in the neighborhood of this town an old Indian, with his only daughter; and he had plenty wherewith to purchase all he needed. From time to time he would come to the city and bring for sale a bar of solid silver. Whenever he was asked where he had found the metal, his reply invariably was, that he had found it in his wanderings through the country. That no credit was given to this tale, you may believe. A young man, bold and courageous, undertook the adventure. He was determined to discover the hidden treasure. For this purpose, he sought the acquaintance of the old Indian; but he was as silent as the tomb. But he was more fortunate in gaining the confidence of the daughter. He promised to make her his wife if she would reveal to him the secret of the mine; and he vowed never to betray it to a third. The Indian girl believed his words; and one dark night, when she deemed her father was away, she led the tempter to the spot. "There it is," she said, pointing to a moss-covered stone. "Roll away that rock, and the silver will meet your eyes."

The young man, impelled by hope and avarice, exerted his utmost strength and rolled away the stone, which left an aperture, into which he sprang without delay. He carried a lantern, and its feeble light revealed to him the countless treasures with which that place was filled. He was in the act of stretching forth his hands to grasp some of the costly ore, when a sudden cry from his companion caused him to start with terror. He had no time left to spring from his concealment, for, like a thunder-bolt, a heavy stroke fell upon him and threw him senseless to the ground. When he recovered his consciousness, he found himself in a distant part, lying in an open field. He had scarcely strength enough to crawl away; but he succeeded in reaching a house, where he obtained help and good nursing. Before his death,—for he had received a mortal blow—he told of the easy beginning and unfortunate ending of his enterprise."

The old Indian was sought for, but could not be found anywhere. He had burnt his hut to the ground, and with his daughter had left the neighborhood.

Many attempts were made to discover the silver mine; they were all in vain. Like its owner, it was nowhere to be met with."

"That is a strange history, indeed," said Adolph; "and yet it seems to me that the avarice of men would find some means of compelling the Indians to reveal their secret."

"Ah, you think it could be done by force?" said the stranger. "That has been tried, but without success. An Indian will suffer torture and death ere he will reveal a secret. Yes, some of them were known to be in possession of the mines, and they have been tortured, their limbs dislocated, their flesh torn by glowing iron pincers, and molten lead poured in the scorching wounds; the thumb-nails applied; they have been roasted before a slow fire; in short, all the dreadful punishments of the Inquisition tried upon them, all without the effect desired. They were silent; not a word, scarcely a sigh of pain, passed their lips. They died, and their secret perished with them. It is impossible, either by entreaty or by force, to obtain that kind of information from an Indian. But see, there comes our Signor Alonso. While we have been talking, he has swallowed a couple of bottles of wine, and now he is staggering about in order to lose his money at play. Pay attention over there, and you will see some strange scenes."

Adolph fixed his eyes upon the Indian, and saw that he was quite a young man, clad in costly apparel, which, however, hung soiled and tattered upon his person; costly rings sparkled upon his fingers, around his neck was a heavy gold chain, and a watch and various ornaments were attached to it; a diamond breast-pin of great value sparkled on his bosom; his black and smooth hair hung wildly around his bronzed countenance, and his eyes gleamed with the fire of intoxication and gambling. With unsteady steps he neared the table of the players. They quickly made room for him.

"Ah, it is you, Alonso," said the one who presided at the gaming-table. "Do you want to make up for yesterday's losses? You are welcome to try your luck."

"I believe it," said the Indian, with a heavy utterance, and he felt in his pockets and drew forth a handful of shining gold pieces, which he threw so carelessly upon the table, that several of them rolled off and fell upon the floor. Ten hands were outstretched to catch the golden shower; but the Indian never moved a finger, and laughed sarcastically as he beheld the scramble.

"Put back the gold!" cried the one who held the chief post at the table. "Give the Signor Alonso his money. Fair play, seniors!"

"Pah! I do not want it," said the Indian scornfully. "The seniors need the plunder more than I do. Cards, seniors, cards." With unsteady hand, he chose a card, and placed it upon a large pile of gold. In ten seconds he had lost it, and the bank-holder had taken it. The Indian muttered a curse, and in the same manner staked upon another card. In a short time he had not a solitary gold piece left, and he raved against his evil fortune. He took off his rings, his chain, his breast-pin, all his ornaments, and threw them upon the table. "What do you value those, demon that you are?" he cried.

The presiding demon calmly valued the costly things; again a card was chosen as before; again, in a few seconds, the Indian had lost all.

"Demonia!" he cried, and struck the table with his clenched fists; "something is wrong here. Either I am bewitched, or you, senior, are a swindler."

The Indian had scarcely uttered the last word, when he who was thus addressed, sprang with a sudden bound from his chair, and drawing a knife from his girdle, he seized the drunken Indian, and was about to plunge the weapon in his bosom, when Adolph as suddenly sprang forward, and with a well directed blow, threw back the hand intent upon the murderous design.

"Hold, there!" he cried. "Do not attack an innocent man! Even if the Indian was in the wrong, you should make allowance for his excited condition, and allow him to go in peace. But the Indian is not wrong; he has told the truth, and you, sir, are a deceiver!"

The Indian, who appeared almost sobered by alarm, looked upon Adolph with sparkling eyes. "Is that true, senior?" he said, eagerly. "Is that so?"

"As sure as the cards that man holds are marked with pin points," replied the young man.

A scene of confusion ensued. The excited, pale and trembling, leaped over the card table and sought refuge in flight from the twenty or thirty clenched fists that threatened him; hastily gathering up the gold nearest to him, he escaped by a back door. Several men followed, but the door was bolted on the outside, and before the front door was reached and the vicinity of the house searched, the villain had made good his escape. The Indian made no attempt at pursuit; but he fell like a tiger upon the cards, and placed them in his pocket. The rest fell upon the remaining heaps of gold, and the Indian watched them with a mocking smile, making not the least attempt to hinder them until they placed their hands upon his rings and chains; then he stretched out his arm commandingly, and cried:

"Hold, seniors these things no one will dispute with me, for every one knows they belong to me. Away with your hands!" The covetous fingers were withdrawn, and the Indian coolly collected his ornaments. He turned to Adolph, saluted him with a certain proud and friendly air, and said, politely—

"I thank you, senior, for discovering that thief; for a long time I doubted him, but I had no proofs to condemn him; now, I beg you, do me the favor to explain to me the manner of his deceptions."

"It is quite simple," replied Adolph. "He has marked the cards with pins, and before turning a card he knew it by these marks. It was easy for him to turn the card without being noticed, and so to cause his own to win. There, senior, you see the marks of the pins. You can scarcely see them, but the touch discovers them easily."

"Yes, yes, I see you are right, senior," said the Indian, convinced of the truth of his remarks. "The fellow is a great villain, and has often cheated us all. But he will be dealt with if he comes here again. Thank you, senior, and if Alonso can serve you in any way, please command him."

Adolph smilingly put back his thanks. "I have only done what the simplest duty of an honest man demands," said he. "I have unveiled a traitor, and that is not worth so many words."

"Very good! very good!" cried the Indian. "You are a *bueno hombre*, a good man. There are not many here, and very few would sustain a poor, scorned In-

dian against their white brother. Thank you, senior, and at least, accept this breast-pin in remembrance of Alonso."

It was a costly pin, richly set with diamonds, worth at least five hundred dollars, and Adolph declined receiving such a present. But the Indian was determined, and his young friend was compelled to yield. They exchanged a few words of friendliness together, and then Adolph sought his chamber. In a quarter of an hour afterward, he had forgotten the exciting scenes of the evening, the play, the Indian, and all that surrounded him. All was forgotten in sweetest slumber, and he dreamt of home, of his mother and sister, the sweetest dream of return and reunion.

### CHAPTER VI.

#### THE GRATITUDE OF THE INDIAN.

The distance from Paseo to the mines of Vomerus was about five good miles, [German miles are here meant,] and the way, as the guide had declared, was rough and difficult, so that it was necessary to set out betimes in order to reach it in season. With the first rays of the sun, therefore, Adolph called to his followers, and their mules were saddled, their bills paid, and the little caravan was in motion. Leaving the town, they soon found themselves in a rough, solitary and mountainous country, that presented few charms and no variety. Up and down hill, over great rocks and stony paths, they pursued their journey, seldom cheered even by the aspect of a solitary tree or a thorny hedge; the mules could pick their way only step by step.

They had traveled thus about two hours, and the guide spoke of halting a short time that the animals might rest. Adolph was listening intently, for he thought he heard a faint moan from amid the rocks before him.

"What is that?" he inquired of the guide. "Do you not hear? Listen, good people, listen!"

All were silent; even the mules raised their ears, and all listened intently for several moments.

"It is nothing," at last said the guide; "perhaps it was some animal that uttered a cry at our approach, and then fled."

Adolph raised his hand to enjoin silence.

"Do still!" he whispered. "Just now I heard it again. No! surely it is no animal; it must be a human being in distress."

The sound was now distinctly heard by all. Deep moanings, as of one in pain, seemed to arise from the clefts of the rock. Adolph sprang from the saddle and hastened to the spot.

"Hold, senior!" cried the guide; "these places are not the safest in the world. Do not trouble yourself about the moaning, but let us continue our journey. You may run willfully into danger and lose your life."

"How can I run willfully into danger in seeking to aid an unfortunate being?" said Adolph. "Come with me, some of you; we may perhaps render help. You shrink back? Well, I will go alone. It would be shameful to leave one wounded or dying without an effort to give assistance."

"Who knows that it is a human creature? It may be evil spirits seeking to ensnare you," said the guide, who, like most of the natives, was extremely superstitious.

"Pooh! I am not afraid of ghosts or evil spirits," said Adolph, and he resolutely pursued his way; climbing the rock, he saw beneath him, on the other side, a dark figure, lying with its face toward the ground, the hands convulsively clenching the stony soil. This sight redoubled his sympathies; he sprang to the other side, and approached the prostrate form. Adolph lost no time in making inquiries; he lifted up the wounded man, and uttered an exclamation of terror and surprise as he saw a deep wound in his left side!

"Great God! you are mortally wounded!" he cried.

"Help, there, help—quick! Perhaps he may yet be saved."

"Aqua—water! I am dying of thirst!" whispered the wounded man.

Adolph put him gently down and hastened to fulfill his request. With flying footsteps he hastened to his companions, and told them of the discovery he had made; and pulling one of the water-skins from its place, called on the people to follow him.

"But who is the wounded man, senior?" asked the guide.

"How should I know? Ask him yourself!" replied Adolph. "Enough, it is a human being, and we should render him all the assistance in our power."

"A white man or an Indian?" further queried the guide.

"I tell you, a human being—a poor, wounded man; is not that enough?" said Adolph, impatiently. "Why ask the color of the skin, when a human life is in peril? Follow me instantly, and hasten as much as possible."

Without another word, he returned to his charge, and offered him the cooling draught. It seemed to do him good, for the painful rigidity of his features relaxed, he opened his eyes and fixed them upon his benefactor. He uttered a faint exclamation; and Adolph, gazing intently upon him, recognized the Indian, Alonso.

"Ah, senior—is it you?" he said, faintly. "See, to what condition the villain has brought me!"

"What villain—who was it?" eagerly inquired Adolph.

"Don Guerrero, the gambler, whose deceptions you discovered last night," he replied. "He lay in wait for me, for he knew I would come alone to seek my lot. It was moonlight; the rascal hid himself behind the rocks, yonder, and shot at me. I sank to the ground senseless, and then he dragged me hither and left me for dead. I know nothing of what occurred from that time to this; I must have lain senseless here all night. But this burning thirst that consumes me! Have mercy, senior! give me some more water!"

"Drink, poor Alonso; take all you need," said the pitying Adolph. "And now how do you feel?"

"Badly, senior," replied the Indian, with a choking voice. "The wretch has gained his object; I am nearing my end. This terrible night, lying here without help—the loss of blood—I shall not live to see the evening of this day!"

"Take courage; do not despair," said Adolph, consolingly. "We will bind up your wound and carry you to your home. Is it far from here?"

"No, senior; only a walk of a quarter of an hour. If you can take me there, I shall know how to be grateful."

In the meantime, a kind of litter had been arranged between two mules, and Adolph hastened to bandage the gaping wound; but when they lifted the wounded man from the ground, he fainted from excess of pain. Still unconscious, he was carefully placed between two mules, and he started in the direction the Indian had indicated with the motion of his hand.

MAN AND HIS RELATIONS.

Not only are the magnetic processes of the utmost importance in the treatment of all nervous affections, every phase of inflammation, rheumatism, aneurysm and paralysis, and likewise in removing aneurysm and aneurysm, together with all abnormal obstructions and morbid accretions, by increasing the electro-anastomotic action; but it may also be employed, with most beneficial results, in the practice of Surgery. The modes whereby we influence the distribution of vital electricity, enable the skillful operator to control sensation in the subject; and hence the most difficult, protracted and painful surgical operations may be performed without pain. Moreover, the danger from hemorrhage, and from subsequent inflammation, is greatly diminished by magnetism—when a complete state of coma has been induced—will scarcely admit of a rational doubt in the mind of any one who has witnessed the results of its application.

It is now more than a quarter of a century since M. Cloquet, an eminent surgeon, removed a cancerous breast from a woman who was in a magnetic trance, and whose insensibility to pain during the operation was demonstrated to his entire satisfaction. Indeed, the use of magnetism was, for a time, opposed in Europe on account of its pain-destroying power—opposed by certain doctors, who probably loved to see their patients shriek from the knife, or writhe under the process of cauterization. It is said that the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society of London received, with implied approbation, the absurd assumption of Dr. Copeland, that "patients ought to suffer while their surgeons are operating." It appears to have regarded pain not only as a wise and necessary provision of Nature, but also as an agreeable punition for those who are duly commissioned by the authorities of science and law to inflict it on their hapless victims. The science of Dr. Copeland was about as remarkable as the piety of a stupid old Scotch divine, who, not long since, opposed the use of chloroform, in obstetric cases, as a profane attempt to subvert the Divine law, woman having been visited with a special curse because she took the initiation in the transgression.

ANCIENT DEEDS OF THE SPIRIT

Lawlison, in his "Civilization of the Assyrians," says, "The heavy burden of a learned language lay upon all those who desired to devote themselves to scientific pursuits, and, owing to this, knowledge tended to become the exclusive possession of a priest-class, which did not aim at progress, but was satisfied to hand on the traditions of former ages." But is not this true of every priest-class that has ever been? Look at our modern Unitarians, preparing to take the back track to the dark ages, with Helleva, Huntington, and many others. The priest-class, with exceptions so few and far between, as hardly to be noted, are ever the representatives of foggydom, in which they live, move, and have their being; and almost the same may be said of medical foggydom, and the profession of law, the three, forming a fossilized trinity of such huge dimensions of the grosser dead past, as to constitute a burden grievous to be borne.

Two thousand years before the advent of Jesus, the most beautiful spirit we can find among the ages, there was belief in miraculous conceptions, or that spirits could beget to life from incarnate spheres. This, too, is intimated in that early Hebrew scripture, where it is said that the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair, and so chose their wives from these. They furnished the text for Moore's "Loves of the Angels." Cotton Mather has inklings in his works of spirits who sometimes came into rather close rapport with mortals.

Written for the Banner of Light. NIGHT.

My soul is full of thy calm beauty, Night! The stars that gleam within thy misty veil seem the soul's pathway for an upward flight— The beacon lights of that immortal pale.

Wherein our Father's holy angels stand, And keep their watch o'er all the sons of earth, Until they guide them safely to the strand, Whereon the soul has its diviner birth.

Ob, beautiful, pale Night! not on the gorgeous day Can all the soul with such sublime delight! Thus call at the split from its beaten way, Into the higher realms of life and light.

My soul is full of thy calm beauty, Night! The stars that gleam within thy misty veil seem the soul's pathway for an upward flight— The beacon lights of that immortal pale.



sentence than this, which he has put into the mouth of the Prince of Denmark—

"For every one hath business and desire, Such as his is."

From gross minds and pleasure in boozing; some in war and carnage, in the din of battle. All have their fancies, some take to horses and hounds; others to cats, dogs, birds, and other pets; whilst the more refined and exalted minds are affected with the divinest attributes given under heaven to mankind, which lift them from the earth to sublimer things, their natures become purged of grosser matter, and their souls are

"Warmed, made liquid, and to heaven exhaled!"

What would heaven be without love? As a celebrated and satirical writer once said, "The grim, wrathful God of Calvin is not the God of our adoration; and did we know of none other, we would refuse to bow down and worship at all risks." Even so, we verily believe that, could we be transported to that place where we read that "the spirits of the just men are made perfect," and did not find one genial soul there, "We would fling our bright robes resplendently down, And dash from our forehead the beautiful crown," and return to earth again.

Oh, love, what a leveler thou art! Influenced by thee the mighty Samson knelt before Delilah. Softened by thy power, the warrior leaves the tented field, and is made a willing captive. By thy sweet influence,

"Stood Dido with a willow in her hand Upon the wild sea-banks, and warded her love To come again to Carthage."

Ten thousand pages could we fill upon this subject; we could quote both prose and verse from the rising to the setting sun, touching this exhaustless theme, but we will not have time to do so; we will only close this rhapsody of ours with the commandment which him of Nazareth gave unto his disciples, and which, in our opinion, is far more good and beautiful than the whole ten that Moses wrote.—LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

THE

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WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

To live to the world's eye is a thing comparatively easy; but to live truly to one's own, that is the fulfilling of the entire law. There are those who deem it a sin to violate, much less to repudiate, any external observance or ceremony, especially if it has any relation to the religiousness of their lives; for them it would be sin, if they gave themselves up recklessly to any such violation. But while they thus insist on their forms and ceremonies, they are not at liberty to assert that others, who seek to live on another plane, or with a more interior meaning to their lives, shall accept as final, or even as essential, the same observances at exactly the same spiritual value. Nor again, have they the right to find fault if these others characterize their lives as spiritually external and superficial, albeit there may be manifest need that they should continue to lead them till they have exhausted all they have to bestow. He who seeks great benefit in form, whether of days or of worship, is conscientiously bound to regard it just so long as it holds out any meaning to him; but he errs in declaring that another shall, perforce, see in it what he sees, and extract the spiritual advantage from it that accrues to him. There is just the mistake—that any one should try to make a harness for the living soul of another. It cannot be done; and when people say it is done, because they know it to be true in their own cases, they do but testify to the little free development with which their lives have thus far been characterized.

To all, there are constantly two worlds, and so two lives; an outer and an inner. The one is external, and of the senses; the world of life, and motion, and colors, and sounds; the world of the senses and the passions, of taste and touch; that which we know through the finger, the eye, the ear, and the smell; what we come in contact with every day, and furnishes us with hints without end for the active exercise of the faculties that lie within; what stirs us to thought as well as to exertion; reports momentously to the awful soul all that seems to be going on without, and leaves the latter to work over again into the shape of reflection and sentiment; the great world, in fact, wherein men move and we behold them—hung about with the curtains of many-hued clouds, lighted by those divine lamps called sun and moon, and made to laugh and grow glad by the ceaseless progression of the seasons. This is the outer, or external world; and from it do we

all receive what may be termed a primary education, or instruction in the rudiments.

But there is another, and a still greater, unseen, and, by the material eye, undiscovers; making no external sign of its existence, never yet circumnavigated by the full bark of periling adventures, whose ocean was never yet sounded with line and plummet, viewless, therefore, profound, and deep with mystery. This world is the interior world, or that of the spirit. There is no life for us except on its surface. Those of us who are conscious at all, are made so because we refer our existence to that inward and silent sphere. Outward nature has no meaning, till it has been duly studied and interpreted within and here. Sunsets and sunrises are no pictures, except they receive their glorious colors from the excited imaginings of the spirit. Time has no wonders, save as the soul interprets them such; and eternity makes no profound appeals, unless to and through the same soul's undying faculties.

Thus there are two existences for us, nominally; though in fact, and absolutely, but one. Each is, while we dwell here on earth, the natural half of the other. The life of the senses may be a life of itself, but it is doubled, when it is reached through the perceptions and silent experiences of the spirit. And herein consists the wisdom of the man who knows how to unite these two halves, and thus live two lives in one; that he suffers nothing to be lost to the enjoyment of any of his senses or faculties, but possesses the skill to harmonize the external and the internal continually. It is no art, or knack, that he has learned, either; nothing more than how to live through the whole range of his being, keeping each faculty in its appropriate place and sphere, and giving to all free play in the healthy and harmonious development of his nature. It is genuine life, when this state of existence is once reached, for there is nothing without that does not feed and nourish the immortal principle within, and nothing within that is not necessary, and ever at hand, to give meaning and substance to what is continually transpiring without. Happy is he—albeit men must in their hearts exclaim—who has come to that period of spiritual development where he can draw all enjoyment from such unfulfilling sources!

Reformation—that is, progress—is certainly something else unless it commences from within. This overtaking and reforming the world, as if it were something to be done outside of one's own self entirely, is idle, from beginning to end. We may, it is true, marshal ourselves in moral armies, march under banners emblazoned with the loftiest moral sentiments and purposes, and defiantly resolve to redeem the world from sin and error, or bravely die in the attempt; but this, we presume to say, is not the spirit with which genuine reform is ever undertaken, nor is such a spirit, so thoroughly external as it is, likely to lead either to happy or permanent results. As all life lies in the interior, so must all its healthy movements proceed thence; whatever is otherwise, can claim but a feeble and uncertain hold on the surface of the being. It is thoughtless, in fact, to speak of an outer and an inner; it must be all inner, or it is nothing. If we live, it is because of consciousness; and that is within. The senses merely report to the soul of outer objects, leaving it to soul to interpret and fix their meaning. What we agree to call beauty, and grandeur, and brilliant, is so only because these the faculties of the soul have decreed; and thus have they decreed, because they find them to be really so in nature—that is, in their own nature. The oak is not noble, from some arbitrary cause, no matter how ancient may be the custom of so styling it; but because thus the soul's secret faculties, studying it, and comparing it, and referring it to their own high standard, have resolved it shall be—and for no other reason possible. And all the meaning life has is given it in this identical way. It is not for us to say we will live out of ourselves; we must live within, or from the moment we attempt self-delusion all genuine life is gone.

How easy it is to tell a man, who has this happy interior sense of his own existence, from one who simply scrambles along through the several brief epochs and eras of an earthly existence, vegetating because that he cannot help, knowing only as much as he is unable to avoid knowing, and alive only when washed and goaded up to an unreasonable sort of action, from the lowest motives of self-protection, and a desire to preserve unbroken the line of his present existence. It is just this, too, that signifies the difference between men; this, that calls the attention of the crowd to the superiority of the individual; that forever gives one the advantage over another, and stamps pre-eminence on the brow of him who has received and cultivated his noble spiritual gift. Here, then, we can see for ourselves, and see it because it is brought home to our very doors, that the true reality is, in fact, the unseen, and that mere materialism is the most arduous and changeable thing in the world. Cities, and wealth, and honors, and lands are altogether unreal and fleeting, and thoughts, and noble purposes, and sentiments are the realities, and nothing but these are. So we shall all come to learn, sooner or later.

So a great many of us, in fact, did learn, at the time the late commercial revolution overtook the world. Before the coming of that great financial storm, men could borrow almost without limit, traded beyond the necessity of calculation, paid little or no regard to the requirements of prudence, lived without stint, gratified all the calls of their senses, rioted in the fictitious wealth with which the food tides of commerce and speculation had overwhelmed them. They could see no end to this "shower of gold," or paper promises. Life was nothing but a quick succession of flush sunshines, dazzling the eyes that tried to gaze upon them. Vanity followed vanity at a quick pace. Men had become extremely material, for they found all they thought they should want in the abundance that material wealth brought to their hand, and no farther thought or trouble would they consent to take. Oh, if they could only live in this way forever! If there was never to be an end to all this! And they lived on as if they did not dream there could be, lost to everything but the external and the present.

By-and-by came "an untimely nipping frost," nipping their enjoyments in a single night, as it were. Not expecting the revision of affairs, they who had been rioting without thought or reflection in their fancied wealth now took deep alarm. They concluded that the very heavens must be falling about their heads. Nothing of the sort was ever known in their history before. Earthquakes, and inundations, and high winds that cause the very steeples of our towns and villages to topple, were sought in comparison. But gradually they were led back to reflection again, to the sober exercise of their inner sense. They were made to look away from the external, which they had come to regard as the eternal, and explore the rich and long-neglected resources of the interior. On a sudden, the spirit of materialism fell below par a great ways, and another and a better spirit rose to take its place and do its offices. Finding that money was not always to be rolled upon, men bestowed their attention upon thought. And thus did they confess, though very much against their will, that nothing is real but what belongs to the soul, and that money alone is nothing.

The confession was made by the sudden rise and rapid progress of the revival that made such march over the land, a year ago. People then found time to think; and as they had lost the strength of their hold on material things, it was the easiest matter to approach them with spiritual truths most effectively. One would have thought, from beholding the direction of the current, that people were never going to give a serious thought to the allurements of "filthy lucre" again, and that the reign of "peace on earth"—the genuine and long looked-for millennium—had

been. It was always to be so delightful, with nothing but love in the world; and so much charity, too—so much forgiveness. But how soon was not all this changed! The return of better prospects for business killed out this beautiful spiritual reverie. Blow by blow, it faded away, and revealed the stubborn old self of a material-loving human nature again. So that now, during the winter that is now passing, we hear of no "revivals," and no religious "awakenings" anywhere of an unusual character. These have been forgotten, because the human soul happens to be engaged about more material things. Even here in Boston, and even now, a well-known and widely-trumpeted revival preacher of former days falls utterly to draw his olden crowds of eager and excited hearers, consulting himself for empty benches by charging that the devil is in league with us who know not how many people in Boston to prevent his labor and destroy his usefulness.

All events, all circumstances, all things combine to show what we know of life comes only from our consciousness—from what is reported to the faculties within. It is moral death for any one to say that he will ignore this interior existence, for that is all he has; he may succeed in getting along with but a limited degree of it, but by so much will he find at length that he has wronged himself out of his existence. A man may manage to live in a very low spiritual estate, but he cannot do entirely without, until he sinks the immortal in the animal principle forever. Here is the hint of the great mistake we are all apt to make, in our theory of "life and living"; we forget that the outer is no more than the expression of the inner, even as Plato himself so beautifully taught; and that they who would rest content with having secured what appertains to a material and external life, are utterly deluded in thinking that there can be such a life, separate and distinct from that of the soul within. Let us look closer at these things. Let us refuse longer to be deceived about them. It may seem a little matter to-day, but it tells with a terrible emphasis when we come to make up the accounts and adjust the final balances. If we know ought of our own selves, we shall do what we can to develop the rich resources that are bequeathed us in such profusion within us.

GOD IN HIS PROVIDENCE.

We have before us Mr. Fernald's new work on the Divine Providence, a 12mo volume of 437 pages, wherein the author has given free, lucid and forcible expression to his views of a great subject. We feel assured that no truly religious mind can rise from a careful perusal of the book without a deeper sense of the magnitude and importance of the theme; while he can scarcely overlook the genuine ability of the writer. Mr. Fernald has long been favorably known by a select class of appreciative minds, through his occasional contributions to the periodical press. These have usually been characterized by great earnestness of purpose, clearness of conception, and by the nervous energy of the style, which doubtless derives quite as much of its spirit and power from the author's love of good and truth, as from the peculiar blending of the mental and sanguineous temperaments in his constitution.

We have never been an inattentive observer of the mental struggle through which Mr. Fernald has reached his present place and performed his chief work. We have had some knowledge of the operations of his mind for more than fifteen years. The writer of this was with him when he came out of Egypt; and it—since that time—our paths have diverged in some degree, we have still been able to discern from our own small emplacements the general course and the more important positions occupied by our old friend. After Mr. Fernald left a Unitarian ministry, and was denounced by the very persons who should have esteemed and commended the sincerity that prompted him to follow the deepest conviction of the hour, he manifested a strong inclination to a natural, rational and spiritual theology. But his Rationalism did not take on the materialistic form; his Rationalism did not assume a pantheistic character, in any proper sense of the term; and his Spiritualism never has degenerated into anything at all resembling the idolatrous corruptions of the pagan Polytheism. With a combination of mental, social and moral faculties, affections and qualities, and temperamental conditions, inseparable from a natural impulsiveness, he gives abundant evidence in the work before us of having preserved his intellectual and moral equipoise amid all the conflicts of mind, while time and a somewhat varied experience have increased his intellectual capabilities, matured his thoughts, given him a more perfect self-possession, and inspired him with a deeper feeling of devotion, and a serene confidence in the wise administration of the world's affairs.

Mr. Fernald's illustrations of the Divine Providence constitute his most extended and elaborate effort as an author. The work was evidently wrought out as a cost of much earnest thought, from the results of a deep religious experience. The writer has seriously compared the practical life of the world, and its present imperfect institutions, with his own iridescent ideal of the true life, through which he looks hopefully and reverently forward to the realization of the heavenly harmonies on earth. The contrast was startling, and must have been painful to a nature that combines with great mental activity a truly womanly delicacy of sensation and affection. Few persons are more exquisitely alive in their relations to the moral harmonies of being, and very few are so acutely conscious of, and painfully sensitive to, every moral and social discord. But instead of turning away from the picture of life as it is, with that feeling of disgust that so often begets impatience, distrust and resentment, Mr. Fernald contemplates the imperfections, infirmities and corruptions of poor human nature in a more amiable and philosophical spirit. His survey of the present unhappy state of society, instead of discouraging rational hopes and earnest efforts, has only furnished stronger incentives to action, and led him to seek for the time grounds of imperishable hope and spiritual rest in a reverent yet rational submission to the ways of the Divine Providence.

Mr. Fernald does not believe in the capacity of blind material forces to create or to govern the world. His God is not a mere principle; he is not a young inventor, experimenting either for amusement or instruction; he was not gradually developed along with the forms of the material world; and as the common Father was not a child at the beginning, he is not adolescent now. As our author's Deity is not a subtle principle like electricity, the philosophy of the book does not regard the several kingdoms of Nature as forming a huge galvanic pile, and nothing more. Mr. Fernald rather conceives of Deity as comprehending all principles, all laws, all processes, and all results; and of the Divine Providence as universal only because it includes all particulars. On this point his views are comprehensively expressed, on the sixteenth page, as follows:—

"All attractions, affinities, and forces, of whatever kind, exist originally in the Divine Spirit, and thence in the ultimate of material nature. And when we speak of gravitation, electrical affinity, etc., in material nature, we must remember that there is a like and correspondent necessity in the Divine Will."

In his judgment, the slightest movement of matter, the feeblest revelation of life, and the holiest reach of thought, are all the varied expressions of the Divine Love, in forms chosen by the Divine Wisdom. As our author finds the Infinite Love and Wisdom everywhere displayed—animating and directing all the world's forces—apprehensions for the safety of the world. The earth is not doomed to perish.

"Like a worm in destruction's path."

Nor will it be left to drift—like an abandoned ship in

"God in His Providence: A Comprehensive View of the Principles and Particulars of an Active and Divine Providence over Man—his fortunes, changes, trials, and discipline as a Spiritual Being, from birth to eternity. By Wood-Beary M. Fernald. Second Edition. Boston: Otis Clapp, No. Beacon street, 1859."

unknown seas—to some dark, undiscovered shore. On the contrary, all things exist in accordance with a wise purpose, and all things, in some way, subserve a beneficent use. Such a view is alike compatible with the philosopher's reason and the Christian's reverence. In the mind of the author, this view has all the force of a deep and unwavering conviction, which is thus expressed on the page 201:—

"Enough that the Great Father loves all his children with an undying, inexhaustible affection, which many waters cannot quench, nor floods drown, and which in itself has no power to diminish. Enough that all his providences tend invariably to some kind and degree of good, forever and ever. Our soul is made glad within us, and shouts with an interior joy for what unknown mercies must eternally be measured out, and what more than puny human thoughts are in the GREAT EVERLASTING LOVE."

Mr. Fernald conceives that God exists by a Divine necessity, and the freedom of the Infinite Will is as much a necessity as its existence. Hence free-will and necessity are regarded as strictly compatible. Natural laws are expressions of Divine volitions; all the necessities of Nature and Human Nature are only a Divine necessity, more or less distinctly manifested on earth, and the freedom of the human will is one illustration of that necessity. With these views of God, Nature and Man, the author proceeds to discuss the nature and methods of the Divine Providence, as illustrated in the various relations, duties and experiences of human life on earth. The present crowded state of our columns will not permit even a brief analysis of the contents of the several chapters. However, this may not be necessary, as our readers will doubtless peruse the volume for themselves. In the treatment of the particular themes, the author's intellectual vigor and discrimination are everywhere apparent. Without accepting any man as an absolute authority or unerring guide, Mr. Fernald quotes very fully from Swedenborg, with an expressed or implied indorsement of his philosophy, which is generally earnest and unqualified. We are not ready to accept all of Mr. Fernald's views, precisely as he expresses them; but his manifest seriousness, his reverent and earnest spirit, and his undeniable ability as a writer, all command our respectful consideration, where we are compelled to dissent from his conclusions. Whether the reader may, or may not, be prepared to sympathize with the author's ideas on all the questions comprehended in his great theme, he may yet be able to derive no less advantage from an attentive perusal of his excellent book. We extract the concluding paragraph of the volume:—

"Finally, what remains but calmly to review the whole subject; and when we think of its mighty sweep, its stupendous heights and depths, and its all-embracing nature—when we think of the eternal necessity for the Divine Providence, and still its connection with the free human will—of the origin of evil, and its subsequent to the ultimate good—of the absolute necessity of the Divine Providence, and the intimate connection of God with Nature, in the immensity and the ultimate of all things—of the sublime philosophy of such a religion—of all general and all special providences—of the angelic ministry so active and efficient everywhere—of designs and permissions—the great heaven for which we are to be—the eternal memory of the human soul, and the whole course of the regenerating life—its struggles, triumphs, fluctuations, final rest—when we think of the wonderful treatment and moderation of the human will—the control of human freedom—the infinite divine foresight—the admirable regulation of earthly and heavenly riches—of prayer and its answer; of chance, chance, and accidents—of the ministrations of evil—of the sublime economy in regard to little children—of the divine beauty of Marriage and its accompaniments—and then see how the whole train of this grand arrangement rolls onward with unerring wisdom through all this life, to the hour and moment of the human being's death, and with equal precision and accuracy beyond it—what remains but to receive most fully the whole of the sublime Truth, and by a life of reverent trust and active doing in all good works, and to prepare ourselves for what still lies beyond? We would not seek presumptuously to lift the veil which falls before that future; but with the amount of truth we do know, we would look cheerfully upward and forward, purge out every sin and evil that remaineth, and thus endeavor to act that Providence which the Lord Messiah is endeavoring to act through us."

LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

"Our Junior" in London; Goes to hear Spurgeon; Visits the Docks and Vaults of the Metropolis; An Immense Wine Vault; The Spiritualists of London; The New Spiritual Monthly; Personal.

DEAR BANNER—I am doubtless put down by your numerous readers as quite dilatory in keeping them informed of what is going on in this far realm; and I submit that I am, but with some good reasons why I merit their forbearance. In the first place, until two days ago, it has rained just enough to confine one entirely to the house, and thus I have had nothing new to pen. I arose yesterday morning and found London entirely lost, so to speak, in one of those terrible fogs peculiar to England. In fact, you could scarcely see across the street, and felt the need of a light in the house as much as though it were midnight. Nevertheless, as our plans had been made for the morning, in company with a friend I started for Surry Garden to hear the far famed Spurgeon. On arriving at the Garden we found an immense gathering outside the gates anxiously waiting to be admitted. With such a crowd before us, our chances for a sight began to look somewhat slim, when we were astounded to hear the cry—"A ticket sir! a ticket sir! this way!" However, we recovered ourselves, made our way to the speaker, and for the small sum of fifty cents were allowed to enter. By this means we found ourselves inside a few moments before the stampede of the crowd at the gate, and just as we had secured a not over comfortable seat, in came the tide with a noise not very different from a near peal of thunder. In a short time the gigantic building was one mass of life, crowded from top to bottom, with between four and five thousand souls. At eleven o'clock Spurgeon stood up in the pulpit. I found him very different from the idea I had formed of him, from his fame and reputation. Instead of a nervous, spiritual-looking man, I found him fully as lymphatic as either our Chapin or Beecher, a low, peaked forehead, with quite a prepossessing profile, but ordinary front face. His voice is quite musical and impressive, and he fills the entire building with the utmost ease. His perfect ease and self-possession in the pulpit is manifested by numerous expressions, such as the following, to which he gave vent after having read a hymn—"Now give us a real old Lutheran shout, to manifest our faith in God." The singing was at once grand and stirring; never before have I heard so many voices mingling in harmony, as on this occasion. Mr. Spurgeon chose for his text, Acts xv, 26-27: "Wherefore I take you to record this day, that I am pure of the blood of all men, for I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God."

He founded his text upon the principle that any one of the counsels of God, taught to the exclusion or disregard of the other, was pernicious, and generally led to the most deplorable bigotry, and assured his hearers that it had been constantly his aim to preach, not only that part of God's word which was pleasing and beautiful, but the whole, even to the terrible warnings to the unrighteous and the sinner. He assured us that what he knew of God's truth had been gathered from the vast resources of the Holy Word, and that as a man of honor, and a faithful teacher, he could do not less than to preach the word. The sermon was destined, he said, as a farewell sermon, as they were about to use the hall for God in the morning and the devil at night. I have spoken to you in this place for three years, and during that time have been able to keep this hall free from public balls on the Lord's day, but my wishes have ceased to be of any value, and to-day I can only say, in the words of Scripture, "Let us arise and go hence." Were I to continue here, my beloved, my name would cease to be Spurgeon; and so, by the grace of God, we worship on Sunday next in Exeter Hall.

In doing this he begged of the people, whatever left them hereafter, not to lay any fault to him if they were not saved, it will not be because he had ever ceased to call them to Christ.

Hilferson was far from being open and manly, or direct, and although he might have been conscientiously laboring to save the souls of his hearers, still he was doing so much after the selfish fashion, save yourselves that I may be justified as a faithful teacher, and one who has not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God. If such was Paul's idea of being justified by his people, I regard it as an unworthy one, and could only look upon that man as most sincere who, despite the testimony of his people, can say, Not thee, but thou oh God, art my judge. But Mr. Spurgeon seemed dependent upon the testimony of his congregation. As to his choice of language, it was nothing above the common average of our pulpit orators. He manifested none of that beauty which is so common in Chapin, and none of that point and power of simile peculiar to Beecher.

Last week I wandered among the docks and vaults of London, and these places, I believe, afford a man a better idea of the vast resources, commerce, and fabulous wealth of England, than any other.

Possibly I can say nothing of the sights of London which has not already been said. Yet my descriptions may be read by some who have not fallen in with others; if so, I am repaid.

I visited one of the largest Wine Vaults, known as the East Vault. On entering I was furnished with a torch and a guide, and spent very nearly an hour in wandering through the vault. It is said to cover very nearly ten acres of ground, running for some distance immediately under the city, and entirely under the immense warehouses of the docks. The outer walls of the vault are nearly six feet through, and this immense weight of masonry is supported by arches having four equidistant pillars to every square of eight feet. These massive arches are hung all over with funeral festoons, a sort of fungus, formed by the fumes of the wine. These lend a peculiar, though a solemn beauty, to the place. Thousands upon thousands of casks are piled here, some of which have lain for a quarter of a century.

No pen can describe the sensation which visits one when he attempts to fathom how great and powerful must be the human intellect to plan and carry out such almost fabulous work. Englishmen lack much that activity and sprightliness peculiar to the American, and fall far short of us as regards the rapidity of consummating their progressive plans; still, what is accomplished by them, however slowly, bears the evidence of something which is to endure the march of ages, and cope even with time. The builder builds not for to-day, but in the solid masonry and almost divine ingenuity, is comprehended something for the future. We build generally for our own individual comfort, and our children do the same; but the English build for their posterity, who are to see in the lasting work types of their ancestors' minds. Ah, me! the great lessons to be read in this world of ours!

I have met with a number of our Spiritualist friends in London, and must acknowledge my gratification to find them, though few in number, generally members of classes in society whose opinions are treated with respect and consideration. I find the same system of secrecy extant here as at home, and many who are believers, in silence. The new Spiritual Magazine is to make its appearance in January, and I am happy to be able to say, that it will be well worthy the perusal of all our American friends. Among its correspondents may be mentioned the Howitts, Mr. Rich, Judge Edmonds, Dr. Ashburner and Dixon, Hon. Robert Dale Owen, Mr. D. D. Humo, and Mrs. Crowe, whose Night Side of Nature has led us far back through science profane with spiritual evidences. This Magazine, consisting of forty-eight pages, is to appear once each month, subscription \$1.50. Address Mr. T. J. Allman, 5 Camden Road, N. London.

Rev. T. L. Harris, I hear, is in Manchester, having in his tour to the heathens, brought up in England, instead of Asia. I hear his success is not very remarkable.

Squire.

London, Dec. 13, 1859.

TO OUR FRIENDS.

We remind those of our subscribers whose terms of subscription are about to expire, that, if they feel that the BANNER OF LIGHT meets the wants and necessities of the world at this epoch of its development, it is proper that they should be prompt in contributing their mite toward its support. It is now an acknowledged fact that it stands far ahead of any journal in the country which presents the truths of the new dispensation; yet it is our desire to progress, and we have many improvements to make, as increased patronage shall warrant us in doing so.

We desire, at the close of the present volume, to add another column to each page of our paper, increasing the pages in length, to preserve its present proportions. This will add at least three pages of our present size to the BANNER, and enable us to dispense altogether with the smaller size of type which we have been obliged to use, in order to meet the demands upon us for the publication of communications from our friends. This will make the BANNER unobjectionable in every feature.

Our friends must remember that their cordial support in the matter of subscriptions, is absolutely necessary to enable us to effect this. To be spiritually great, any enterprise must be placed upon a substantial material basis, and it really appears to us that the three millions of Spiritualists in the United States should afford us a circulation—routed our course pleased them—second to no journal in our country.

The price of our subscription is low, and our terms sufficiently accommodating to all, so that it is not a burden to the poorest of our friends to take the BANNER into his family. And we trust that they will make increased effort, and give the necessary support to enable us to carry forward our enterprise to the point of perfection we aim at.

Be prompt in your remittances, and let all who can afford it, purchase or subscribe for the BANNER, and we shall soon circulate fifty thousand copies weekly, and have ample means to make it the very best paper in America.

"Bertha Lee."

In answer to a correspondent, we have to say that "Bertha Lee" may be published in book form, but at present we cannot promise it. We have many inquiries for it, and if those who wish it will forward their names as subscribers at one dollar per copy, and sufficient encouragement is offered, we will place it in course of publication.

Electro-Phrenopathy.

Mrs. C. M. ROLLINS will lecture on Electro-Phrenopathy (a cure of disease without medicine,) at Musie Hall, Monday, Jan. 8th, at 7 1/2 o'clock P. M. The earliest and investigating are invited.

We have received from the State Printer, Wm. White, Esq., a copy of the Governor's Address to the Legislature, Jan. 6th, 1860. Beside the more important address, this pamphlet contains several important documents, and much valuable statistical information.

We have a large amount of correspondence on file to print; but this description of matter accumulates so fast that we are unable to do justice to our numerous friends in this respect. When we expand our BANNER—as we shall in due time—then ALL shall be represented upon its ample folds.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)
REV. J. H. LOVELL
At Ordway Hall, Sunday, January 1st, 1880.

Rev. J. H. Lovell, known as the "Reformed Methodist," lectured at Ordway Hall, Boston, on the first of January. His theme in the morning was, "The Chief End of Man."

He began by defining as the three great ends of human existence—self-comprehension, self-expression, and self-actualization. The first step, in the attainment of the true end of our being, must necessarily be a compliance with the maxim of the ancient philosopher—Know Thyself.

Without this knowledge of our own nature, we can never express it in speech or action; nor shall we unconsciously expand that nature, of which we do not know the essence or the manifestations. It is only when we know ourselves, that we are enabled to appreciate our own standpoint in the universe, to comprehend anything of the ends of our existence, or to advance in the path which will lead us to its normal fulfillment.

But there cannot be self-comprehension without self-expression. It is not until we come to give utterance, by speech or by action, to our own nature, that we learn, ourselves, what that nature is. The lecturer warmly enforced the necessity, to any genuine growth or true happiness, of a full expression of ourselves. This alone it is which can secure to us that sympathy of our fellow-beings, indispensable to our progress as well as to the social demands of our being.

We must have expression. The soul must get out and reveal itself objectively to others, or it can never attain the true end of its existence. From a sense of necessity, or native inclination, we may cover up ourselves until the covering is so dense that we do not see ourselves. Yet, to shroud ourselves from the prying eyes of others, thus, is a way to grow. As well might we take the bud of spring, and cover it up from all the genial influences of the atmosphere, and suppose it would bloom in beauty; as to imagine that the human soul, cramped and concealed from others, will expand. We often-times fail to express ourselves, because of an unwelcome shadow. Our hearts become icy and frozen, instead of warm and glowing and tropical as the sun itself, which should be the condition of humanity. Our social structure tends to make us more and more hypocritical. False to ourselves, we are not what we seem, and seem what we are not.

old as history; and most of them go back into the ages of tradition. This, however, is no evidence that ours is not a progressive age. We are progressing. If it shall be found that we make new applications and combinations of truths, it will be found that the new application of old truths is the distinguishing characteristic of this age, and constitutes its progress.

We cannot trace the earlier history of the race, when there existed the nation which spoke and wrote the Sanskrit language. But, in the East—in India—on the banks of the Ganges, in times more ancient than history, lived a nation with a religion substantially that of the present day. This religion, working eastward, became the foundation whence Judaism and Christianity drew all their ideas. In Palestine, the highest type of that religion culminated. Here is one phase of human progress. Coming down to the age of Jesus, we find the spiritual nature of man had reached the highest culmination. The apostles of Jesus Christ went forth to preach his religion, regardless of their comfort or their lives. They felt themselves in rapport with the spiritual universe. We shall never get beyond that spiritual elevation of theirs. No more sublime spectacle can ever be presented, than was given in the spirit of the martyrs of early Christianity. It has since been equalled, but never has it been exceeded. But it is said there has been retrogression; that the original spirit of Christianity became absorbed in the corruptions of the Catholic Church, in the third or fourth century, and has since then but seldom in the Protestant Church. True, but it has since then. We have lost nothing, but we have gained nothing. We must turn our eyes to another line of progress.

Turn to Greece. There was religion, but there was something more; the intellect was there. In Greece, we do not find the monkish devotion of man to religion, exhibited in the history of the Christian religion. Aristotle perfected the intellect of man, as regards the exercise of reason. His syllogism, made a thousand years ago, never has been and never can be improved. But there was, also, the culmination of artistic progress. The chief of Greece attained perfection. The statue of Jupiter, as a work of art, has never been excelled, and never can be. Demosthenes stands the peerless one in eloquence. In this age, to be able successfully to imitate the Art of Greece and Italy, is the highest perfection of the artist.

But Greece did not remain. Rome furnished another phase of progress. In Rome, we see patriotism such as has never existed in any other nationality. But the northern nations overran Rome, and the ancient civilization despaired. Those northern nations, however, had another phase of progress. In Rome and Greece, woman was degraded. But among the northern nations, the woman was worshipped. So has it always been in history. Each nation has had its departments of progress. France is the land of profound thought. France is the acme, critical mind, seeing and stating everything with a precision unrivaled, and not to be rivaled by any other nation or any other language. But we have reached a new period. Nationalities seemed to be growing old. Kings and priests were sitting heavily upon the neck of the race, until the end of the last century. There was a new nationality, the last born of the progress of earth, arose. Here is a peculiar phase of progress. It is thought by the old world that there is no progress here; that there is but a sort of seething cauldron, in which all the elements of human nature are poured and mixed together, and from which nothing but confusion is produced. In part, this is true. Here is the combining and mixing together of all the nations of the earth. We are a complex race. Europe, Asia and Africa have united to form the American people. We share the peculiarities, in part, of all the nations which have gone to make up our existence. With us, there is no faculty left unemployed. Our circumstances call out every one of the faculties of human nature. And as in the dawn of ancient religion, there were spiritual manifestations, presenting an idea which has been kept alive in all the changes of the world; so, now, there comes from the invisible life a new series of manifestations, to the last born nation of time. Human nature always repeats itself. The same manifestations which came to the childhood of the race, come to our manhood; but in such a new form as to make them seem almost different from its earliest development.

It must take ages for its progress to perfect itself. Men are doubting whether the Union will be preserved. Men say that ages ago there existed a freedom something like ours; and our "experiment" may perish like theirs. It may as likely perish as that the sun, which has sunk, will in a few moments re-appear in the western horizon, and retrace its steps. Be sure humanity will work out its destiny. This nationality will live, and live not only to accomplish its destiny, but to be the potency by which the world itself is to be regenerated. Other nations have attained perfection in some single department; it is reserved for America to achieve a universal excellence.

DROPHIELD STREET CONFERENCE.
Wednesday Evening, Jan. 4th.

QUESTIONS—"Is there any evil?"
Mr. PRATT took ground that there was positive evil. He said—"If I voluntarily separated my arm from my body, I have done an injury to my physical being—I have produced an evil. My physical body was intended by its Creator to grow in perfection; and I content that to thwart the divine intention, in any way, is a positive evil; the act would be evil, and the consequences would be evil. We see wrong everywhere around us in all its hideous forms, and there is something from within us that rises up to rebuke those palpable wrongs; there is a power in every one that moves them to oppose evil. To say that a degraded drunkard is as good as an angel, it seems to me would exert an influence to open the gate wider for evil influences to come into the soul. Dr. Child takes the idea of a Godhood that is perfect, and in this embodies all things; he ignores human consciousness, moral responsibility, individuality, and freeness. This is a wrong position, and tends to the support and increase of evil.

Dr. CHILD—Do not ignore anything, even the perfection of God. I accept individual sovereignty, free moral agency, and moral responsibility, and what is called evil, as the necessary effect of a degree of human growth. The journey of life, in the material world, runs through a large number of gardens, whose products send forth flowers of various perfumes, and fruits of various flavors; in these gardens in our journey of progress we must pass. When we pass each, we breathe in the atmosphere peculiar to each, and we breathe out the same; we send forth emanations peculiar to the product of each, and our material manifestations of life are in keeping with the fruit that nourishes and supports them. We pass the garden of vindictive justice; it is dark, and in this garden, the lurid flames of hell-fire shine through the imagination; and this is a dismal light, but it must be passed. We pass to the garden of justice, ruled by love; salvation for all. We come to the garden of free moral agency and individual responsibility; we must pass it. So we go through all the various gardens of religious beliefs—through all the various creeds in material reality, but not necessarily, to tangible perception; and when we pass, certain positive convictions possess us, partaking of the nature of the products of the garden through which we are passing; to that these manifestations of different beliefs are the necessary effects of our journey of life. All the various religious beliefs are in a less or greater degree antagonistic to the other; so in passing one belief we oppose every other belief. Thus one is accepted, and all others ignored. In the same way we pass the gardens of all the various "isms" incident to life, and all the gardens of material goodness, too; later, and further on the journey of human progress, we come to the garden of intellectuality, in the atmosphere of which all gardens previously passed appear terribly bad; and condemnation comes not down. We come to the garden called destiny, where the soul falls to rest in the arms of infinite truth, and from this rest it rises again, with new perception, and the undimmed power of intuition, unfolded, and it re-enters the garden of the past; the darkness has gone, and in the light of God's wisdom every plant in every garden is seen to be beautiful and useful; in time and in place absolutely necessary to the demands of the soul in its progression; and every step that every soul has taken in the gardens of material life, has been lawful and perfectly right.

Mr. GUNNAN—Those who believe that there is no evil say that they predicate their belief in philosophy, while their belief is destitute of all philosophy. A man is a philosopher no further than he backs up his belief by philosophy. Dr. Child cannot show a single fact on which to predicate his theory; it is imagination, contrived, from contrived circumstances.

Mr. ENOCH—Daylight and darkness are represented to illustrate good and evil. Darkness is only the absence of the light; the night is not opposed to the day. Day and night are both in place; so are good and evil. Evil is a manifestation of the soul's growth as much as good is. I cannot recognize evil as a part of the soul. I am on both sides of this question. A pain which I suffer, when I could have avoided it, becomes, to me, an evil. I agree that most evils are necessary for good. "Why travel around to get to heaven, when we can go direct?" "If we did what we know to be right," we commit no evil. Light enlarges our capacity for doing good and also for doing wrong.

Mr. THAYER—Dr. Child admits evil, for he ignores nothing. That holy book, the Bible, says that a good tree brings forth good fruit, and an evil tree evil fruit. Look at the evil life of the prodigal son and see the fruits of evil; and then at his brother who was good, and see the fruits of goodness. [Question—Which of these two sons would you go to for charity the sooner—the one who stayed at home and unfolded his bigotry and jealousy, or the one who went abroad, and was prodigal without shame, and who by the hard knocks of misfortune had learned forgiveness? Mr. Thayer declined answering this question, because it was not in point.]

Mr. GARDNER—I take the ground that there is positive evil in the world. Man is the highest manifestation of God's work on earth. Goodness consists in a man's living perfectly, externally and internally—in every respect—and the opposite of this is evil. Men have no control over their birth; some are well born; some are born with imperfect development; and every birth of this nature is positively an evil. [Question—Does not the cause of imperfect human development lie in nature as much as the cause of perfect development does? Yes. [Question—Then are natural causes wrong? No; but they are wrongly applied. It is hard to draw the line and say where evil begins and good ends. Yet to do this is positively evil. All violations of natural laws are evils.]

Dr. SMITH—Darkness is a part of nature as much as light is; both are necessary to the growth of vegetation. Evil and good are natural productions, one no less than the other; and evil is as necessary to the growth of the soul as light is to the growth of the vegetable; darkness is as necessary to the soul as light is. Many of us can say that the greatest afflictions which we have met in life, (which are the fruits of sin,) have proved our greatest blessings.

Cure through Spirit Agency.
Messrs. EDWARDS—I wish to say a few words through your excellent paper in reference to a cure performed upon myself by the spirit of Dr. Rufus Kittredge, through the mediumship of Mr. Charles H. Crowell. I had been for three years suffering from a disease which seemed to baffie the efforts of all the doctors which I employed. The attacks were periodical, and each one left me weaker than the last, and consequently I became so feeble as to have no hope of recovery. About two years ago Mr. Crowell moved to our town; when a friend advised me to consult Dr. K. through him. Although no believer in this thing, for the sake of my children, I was willing to hear what he had to say. I accordingly sent for the medium. He came, and was controlled, as I believe, by a physical man, who understands the human body. He (the spirit) gave me much useful information, and said that by complying with certain directions I could be cured, and I promised to do so, and he left. He subsequently visited me, and continued to give me advice until I was cured. I am now well, and have perfect confidence in his skill as a physician. Consequently I feel it my duty to make known these facts to the public. Others have been cured in a similar manner, the truth of which I am willing to vouch for, if required.
Yours truly, O. P. WELLS.
Watertown, Mass., Jan. 1st, 1880.
[We are cognizant of several cures made through the instrumentality of Mr. Crowell. One case of typhoid fever, in this city. The patient was dangerously sick, and was so far restored as to leave her bed in three weeks from the time the spirit-doctor first attended her. The best of references in this case can be given on application to us.—Ed.]

The Spiritualists' Regular Sunday Meetings in Boston.

Will hereafter be held in the "New Melodeon," on Washington street, near J. B. Lovell's will lecture there on Sunday next, Jan. 10th, at 2:45 and 7:15 o'clock, P. M. We would gratulate our hearers of the good of this new and splendid hall, and we trust that all who have the good of Spiritualism at heart, will second the efforts of Dr. Gardner, by filling the house every Sabbath. Mr. Lovell is a talented speaker, and on this particular occasion he is expected to surpass even himself if that be possible.

New Publications.
HINTS AT AMERICAN VALUES AND HINTS FOR HOME USE By Frederic W. Sawyer, author of a "Plea for Amusement." Boston: Walker, Wise & Co., No. 245 Washington street.

The patrons of the Transcript have read with pleasure, and profit too, the articles which are here collected in a style for preservation. And we are confident that, with most of them, this volume will be hailed with delight; for there are many rare gems of thought in its contents, pointing the way to a more national life and natural religion than mankind in general enjoy. Its tone is not dictatorial, nor is the spirit of harsh censure to be met with in its pages. The writer simply presents a picture of what may be gained by modifying the old mode of passing life, by softening our customs, our manners and our religious theories, which make many a nature hard, cruel and repulsive. We had occasion some months since to copy one of the articles in this volume, entitled "Religious Creeds of New England," and to commend it to our readers. The other subjects treated upon are handled in a manner equally deserving of praise. The genial good nature of a soul in harmony with all that is good, and beautiful, and useful, coming from what source it may, is brought to bear upon the evils he discusses; and a light seems to glow in his suggestions that wins the heart of the reader. It is a practical, common-sense book, which all may be benefited by reading. Among the contents we find the following captions: Whim against Dancing; Education sans Morals; The Late Capt. Fumo; Hints for promoting Juvenile Depravity; Elevating Treatment of Soap and Water; Parks and Promenades; Jury Trials, and Trials of the Jury; the Drama; Two-fifths Educated; Precept and Practice; Physical Culture; Mr. Blot gored by Bulls; Hints to Stringent Law makers; Jonathan's reverence for the Past, &c., &c.

An OVERLAND JOURNEY from New York to San Francisco, in the summer of 1859. By Horace Greeley. New York: G. M. Baxton, Barker & Co.
The letters written by Horace Greeley to his paper, the New York Tribune, were collected in book form, and constitute the general reader. They contain much valuable information, narrated in an entertaining style, and will doubtless command a wide circulation. Brown, Taggard & Chase, Boston, have the work for sale.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.
CONTENTS OF THE BANNER.—First Page—"Adolph," continued.
Second Page—"Man and his Relations," chapter 6; "Ancient Glimpses of the Spirit-land," chapter 2.
Third Page—"Isabel," poetry; "A New Discovery," by La Roy Bunderland; Rev. Dr. Chapin's New Year's sermon; "A Chapter on Love," by Orman.
Fourth Page—Four columns of Spirit-messages; "Life's Work," poetry; Correspondence.
Fifth Page—Mrs. Byrnes's last two lectures at Ordway Hall; Letter from Mr. Ruggles; Movements of Lecturers, &c.
Sixth Page—A Familiar Lecture by Mr. Beecher.
The Northern Light of Dec. 28th, published at Mendocino, Ill., says of last week's issue: "We attended a lecture by Thomas Foster, at the brick school house on East side. It was a masterly effort, every sentence was packed with ideas; evidencing deep thought upon the subject of the discourse."

The WAR IN SOUTH AMERICA.—Buenos Ayres letters of Nov. 3, have been received. On the 23d of October, the Buenos Ayres army, 10,000 strong, under Gen. Mitre, was attacked by Urquiza with about 17,000 men, at San Miguel. Fifty miles from Buenos Ayres. Gen. Mitre was defeated after a hard fight, losing all his cannon and heavy provisions. It is said, also, that Urquiza found in the camp 50 millions of dollars. Mitre managed to retreat to Buenos Ayres, taking his wounded with him. This city was to be prepared for a siege, and a vigorous defence would be made.

On taking up the Saratoga County News, Dec. 30, we saw an article headed, "An Honest Heist." Will some one do me this favor? Perhaps some of our debating clubs will take the matter in hand.

ON a JOKE in "BURLA"—A good joke is told of the Grand Trunk Railroad manager, who, desiring a large number of axes, and having no faith in Yankee skill, sent out a pattern to England for the requisite article. In due time twenty-five hundred were "sent over," but not one of the whole number had a hole in it. Digby thinks those axes must have been sold by weight, and that the purchasers had to wait some time before using them.

PAWS IN REV. H. W. BROWN'S CHURCH.—The regular annual sale of the pews in Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's church, in Brooklyn, took place on Tuesday evening last. The assessed value of the pews was set down at \$13,050, being the same as last year. To this was added, for premiums upon pews, the sum of \$10,600 25, the assessed value of the church, \$665, with premiums thereon, \$31 25, thus resulting in the net sum of \$23,429 60, being about 40 per cent. increase upon the amount realized last year.

At the annual meeting of the N. E. Historic Genealogical Society, held in Boston, Jan. 4, a very interesting paper was read by Rev. Henry A. Niles, D. D., on William Blackstone, the first English inhabitant of Boston, and the former owner of Boston Common. Dr. Niles was presented with the thanks of the Society, and a copy of his paper was requested for its archives.

There has been horrible fighting of late among the Moors and Spaniards. The knife, in a hand-to-hand fight, did awful execution. The details are too horrible to relate.

Phillip Lynch, the man who murdered Goullon at Borden-town, N. Y., about three months ago, has been tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged on the 23d of March.

"There's no such thing as death."
"Is't but the blossom spray,
Slaking before the coming fruit,
That seeks the Summer's ray;
'Tis but the bud displaced,
As comes the perfect flower;
'Tis faith exchanged for sight,
And weakness for power."

NATIONAL HOUSE, BOSTON.—This hotel, under the management of Oliver Staople, an experienced landlord, is doing a flourishing business. It is centrally located, nearly opposite the terminus of the Boston and Maine Railroad, and hence very convenient for eastern travelers. Those who patronize this hotel once, are sure to call again, as the office register fully testifies.

PAID COLLECTOR.—The Portland Argus states that the surpluses upon the defaulting State Treasurer's bonds have put their property out of their hands. The amount of the State money used by Peck is supposed to be from \$30,000 to \$70,000.
If every husband would copy into his memorandum book the following, from a recently published work, there would be more harmony in the family circle—in our opinion:—
"Women must be constituted very differently from men. A word said, a line written, and we are happy; omitted, our hearts ache, as for a mortal torturing. Men cannot feel it, or guess at it; if they did, the most careless of them would be slow to wound us so."
THE DIFFERENCE.—They are playing "The Three Fast Men" upon the National stage, Boston, with great success. They are playing many more fast men upon the "National" boards at Washington, with ill success. The first a burlesque, the latter a serio; the first making money, the latter spending it.
LITTLE CHILDREN IN HEAVEN.—The glory that is so often pictured of the heavenly kingdom, comes to us as doubly beautiful, because it is to be composed of little children: "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven." This was the emphatic teaching of him who "went about doing good." The beauty, simplicity, and sincerity, so manifest in little children, before they are corrupted by the world, is the type of Heaven, when they are purified from sin, shall return to this "bosom of God."
"Who is the happy babe? He,
Who, scanning his unworldly life,
Thanks Heaven with a conscience free,
'Tis faithful to his future wife."—PARSONS.
Dr. Johnson used to say that a habit of looking at the best side of every oval is far better than a thousand pounds a year. Bishop Hall quality remarks, "For every lad there might be a worse; and when one breaks a leg, let him be thankful it was not his neck!" When Fenelon's library was

on fire, "God is praised!" he exclaimed, "that it is not the dwelling of some poor man!" This is the true spirit of sublimation—one of the most beautiful traits that can possess the human heart.

Paid Celebration in Boston.
The 123d Anniversary of the Birth of Washington, which that much abused Patriot and Statesman, THOMAS PAINE, whose pen, during the American Revolution, so effectively executed the sword of Washington in the achievement of our Independence, ended in their death, will be celebrated at the corner of Essex street, on Monday Evening, Jan. 20, 1880. The exercises of the occasion will consist of Speeches, Songs, Toasts, Supper, and Ball. Tickets, admitting a Gentleman and Ladies, \$1.00. Supper, extra.
Musico-Savago's Quadrille Band, Dancing to commence at 8 o'clock.
Tickets to be had at the office of the Investigator, 45 Cornhill, and of other members of the Committee of Arrangements.
Boston, Jan. 14, 1880.
BURNETT'S COCOINE.
The following testimonial is conclusive of its efficacy in the case of Baldness.
Boston, Nov. 24, 1859.
Gentlemen: When I first used your Cocaine, I had been bald seven years. In the mean time I had tried a dozen different preparations, especially recommended for baldness, (and all claiming to be infallible,) without any beneficial effect. The ladies of my household urged me to try your Cocaine, which I did to please them, not having myself any faith in the power of man to restore my hair. I have used the contents of one bottle, and my bald pate is covered all over with young hair, about three-eighths of an inch long, which appears and thickens daily, and determined to grow. In a word, your Cocaine is excellent—the best preparation for the hair I have ever known, and the only one which accomplishes more than it promises.
Very truly your obliged and obedient servant,
D. T. MERWIN.
Messrs. JOSEPH BURNETT & Co., Boston.
Jan. 14.

ADVERTISEMENTS.
TAMES—A limited number of advertisements will be inserted in this paper at fifteen cents per line for each insertion. Liberal discount made on standing advertisements.
JOB PRINTING,
OR ANY DESCRIPTION,
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The Messenger.

Each message in this department of the BANNER was written by the spirit who gave it, through Mrs. J. H. ...

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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? ...

Fatalism.

"The doctrine of Fatalism—is it true or false?" This is the question we have received for discussion today. When considered from a material standpoint, we find it deprives man of that gift of free agency which is bestowed upon him by his Creator. ...

Now, then, the fatalism of this lower sphere should have a little to do with the doctrine of Fatalism as they can with justice to themselves. When man shall have laid off the material, all chance to be subject to material temptation, and conditions, then he may with safety gaze upon this doctrine our friend hath called Fatalism; then he may yield up a certain portion of that which shall call responsibility. ...

Among all the Creations of the Creator, we find a certain law guiding and directing all. But during the first state of Intellectual life, man, as we understand him, is to a certain extent, free from the control of the laws of nature. ...

Now, if you sever the connection between the spirit and natural form, you place yourself in a more spiritual condition. But he who enters the spirit world by such disconnection, stands in no near connection with the material, that one can hardly tell he is not a mortal; and his suffering is often more intense than mortal man can conceive of. ...

Now that would be to be one individual, spiritually speaking, will not be another. One conscientiously believes it is right for him to observe certain religious laws. That, then, is a law unto him, and if he does not obey it, he sins and suffers. Now, then, do not blame professing Christians because they do not come and stand upon a platform of your teaching. ...

would suffer. And they suffer by constantly thinking they have done wrong, not right—by constantly drawing to themselves shadows. Oh, that each man would give the law that governs him, and then he would draw to himself light, not sorrow. ...

Rufus Long, Portsmouth, Eng.

Do you think accounts for anybody? I've got a good many folks on earth, and they don't know that I can come; and I have got money here, and they might have it if they knew it. They do not know about it. My name was Rufus Long. I've got money here. This is what place Boston, New England? My folks are near here, some of them. I did at two years before I came, or started to come here; my two sons came, and they are somewhere here now, and I want them—I want to see them. ...

Mary White.

I want to speak, but not to you. Tell my dear mother that I came here. My name was Mary White; I lived in Concord, N. H., and I said I'd come, but I am so weak I cannot speak any louder. Oh, everything is so beautiful here, I would not come back if I was the richest person on earth. I can go home whenever I please, and I do not fear I shall ever be unwellcome. ...

Olive Hedge.

My name is Olive Hedge. I have a son in Boston, and I wish to commune with him. Will not some kind spirit in the form assist me in coming near to him? Will not some kind friend, who may receive my name in print, forward the same to him? I cannot give you what I mean. I have two sons; but to the one here I desire to commune. ...

Joseph Winehip.

John, there is only one way to obtain what you wish; and that is, to let go all fear, and you will soon get rich. Joseph Winehip, to his son John. ...

Thou Shalt Not Kill.

The question we find before us to-day is this:—"Did the God of our fathers have reference to a physical or moral death, when he said, 'Thou shalt not kill'?" The children of the past and present understand him to refer particularly to the physical form. "Thou shalt not take the natural life of thy brother or thy sister." But we understand the commandment to refer to both classes or degrees of death. "Thou shalt not kill,"—this shall not be false witness against thy neighbor;—with holy intelligence, speaking through the commandment. The two are, in meaning, one. He who trespasses upon the law moral, is quite as accountable to that law as those who trespass upon the law physical. ...

Thou Shalt Not Kill.

"Thou shalt not kill," says the voice of the Holy One. Thou shalt not trespass upon law. Whoever you find law manifested, trespass not upon it, for by obedience you become happy. Who can give life to the piece of human mechanism? Who, but the Great Author of Life? Who united that spirit to the form? Who, but Jehovah? Buried then it belongs to him to sever the connection. Laws, divine, moral, physical, spiritual laws, in him are united, and to him belongs the power to divide or unite. The old Noanah law, that which was a result of material darkness, whispers of strange things; it tells the children of God that they must recompense themselves by doing evil for evil received. Should thy brother deprive thee of an eye, claim the same from him. Should he deprive thee of natural life, his own blood shall be spilled. Blood for blood—eye for eye. This is the law divine, no law natural, no law spiritual; but a law gross, material and thoroughly evil in itself. ...

The God of Progress came forward with a new law, a new code, and one of its articles is given us to speak upon. Now, if that portion of the commandment had reference to you, it had reference to all—yes, for Individual, State and Nation. "Thou shalt not kill"—not even if thy brother's blood hath been spilled; you have no right to call for blood in return, to send the murderer's spirit unbidden to another world. If you take that right, you usurp a right belonging only to God, and sooner or later you must account for it. ...

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William Good.

Fear not; all is well with the lost one. You will very soon hear from him; he is not dead, nor asleep, as you in mortal may suppose. Once again we will say we would tell you of his whereabouts, if it were well to do so. ...

George Talbot.

I'm changed now, changed; I'm white now. I've got a mother in Boston; I want to speak to her. My name was George Talbot. I did not anything—worked all the time; was eighteen years old. I died up here; my mother lived then on South-east street—ninety years ago. I didn't die at home. In the first place, I hurt myself by a fall, then I took to smoking blood, and I died in a little while. I was on board ship John Brown when I fell. I was helping unload her. I got a dollar a day. ...

board ship John Brown when I fell. I was helping unload her. I got a dollar a day. Ask mother to come here—they said I might speak to her. If I could, do you treat negroes as well as white folks here? Send their letters same as white folks? Well, that is all, sir. ...

Cornelius Coolidge.

What do you require of me? Well, I wish to communicate at all I must give all brief. Well, I shall take my own way and time, I suppose. To begin with, I'm in hell; how does that suit you? It doesn't suit me—If I did, I should not come here today. I didn't do right when I was here, and they say there's a chance of making amends—if so, I want to know what the chances are. I was not happy some time before I died, and I was not happy when I died, and I have not been happy since. I have not been settled—constantly hoping for return. A short time ago I heard of spirits being able to return and right things they did wrong. ...

Well, you are there are some persons on earth that I don't feel right toward, and I presume they don't feel right to me. I want to meet them, and if I am wrong, I'll put myself in the way of asking their forgiveness, and if they are wrong, I expect them to do the same. These mortal difficulties trouble me. I want to have them settled, but I do not care to talk them over in this public way. I wish to commune with my friends—any who will consent to shake hands with me as a spirit. ...

Finally, a friend who had been dead for me on earth, and when I knew to be dead, told me that I had passed through the change of death, and he told me that I had brought too much of earth with me. He then took me to what seemed to be a clear stream of water, and in that, as in a mirror, he showed me different scenes in my earth-life. He asked me how I liked the pictures—if I was satisfied with the part I had played. I answered that I was not—yet I recognized the scenes as those I had passed through. ...

"In mercy's name," cried I, "what shall I do to change those scenes?" "Wait patiently," said he, "until you can return to earth, and undo the work you have done." "Oh, that is fully—deplorable! I am here, and cannot return," I said. ...

With that, the spirit left me, and I saw no more of him for a long time. But after a time he came to me again, and told me that I had got to return to earth, and to give every scene of my earth-life, and make every wrong straight, if I would be happy. I had perceived the scene materially, but had not developed them spiritually, and that I must do if I would be content with myself. Time, he told me, was mine, and I could take as much of it as I pleased to perform the work in, but it must be done. So this is my first step toward righting the wrong which was sprinkled all through my earth-life, and you have my story. ...

Juliet Hersey.

I would not come in the form of an avenging angel. Although I come in part to speak to one who cruelly deserted me on earth; yet I would not sit in judgment on his acts, for God hath given him a law, and by it he must be judged. The law has now come when I will knock for admittance to the sanctuary of his spirit, when I will ask him to arise from the lethargy he has been in, and to seek for better joys than he has heretofore found. I have watched over him with intense anxiety during the few years I have been in spirit-life, and I have forgiven him. Yes, long ago I yielded up the form I forgave him. My spirit often soared to the Giver of all goodness in his behalf. Yes, I often prayed that God would send some angel to guide his footsteps in the right path. But little did I think it should be the first to return, pointing to a path of wisdom, a path of love; for then I dwelt in mortal, and but poorly understood the ways of my Creator. ...

My children, my dear children, forget not that your good Father in heaven has seen fit, in mercy and love, to permit your mother to watch over you. Pray him constantly for his goodness, bless him for his love; and should you meet your earthly parent, do not fail to extend to him the same loving for God bids it. Oh, forget not the voice of God—forget not the voice of duty—forget not the voice of love; and you shall be reclaimed, and there shall be joy in heaven. ...

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capable of producing imperfect manifestations by virtue of perversion. If you please the law that governs the slightly monarch of the forest. He holds it springs up from the ground in perfection, in beauty. God built his soul there and pronounced it good. Now if the law that governs the monarch of the forest is permitted to hold perfect advantage over the tree, it will continue to grow in wisdom and in power; yes, in wisdom, for there is wisdom in the oak—far more than man can comprehend. He holds it continues to expand, until it becomes beautiful to look upon, until man cries out, "Oh, how wonderful the power of God!" But if man, or the heat, or the wind, or the atmosphere pervades that law, you get imperfection; there is a want of symmetry which the eye of man will detect quickly. So with the human form. If the law of the nature is not perverted or disobeyed, you behold perfection. And behold she marks progress upon all. "Come forth," she says to all her creations, and yet all her creations are perfect. We speak of true manifestations of law. ...

Every spirit inhabiting a material or spiritual state, is perfect in itself. All spirit is perfect, for there is the life-principle, and that is God; and surely he is perfect. So, then, do not wander from your sphere to find perfection, for it comes forth, buds and blossoms with you. Our God is a God of progress; our God is a perfect being, and yet by virtue of his own law he must progress. He is constantly moving upward; and you cannot reach him. Bill onward, onward, he as the Almighty Ode will ever be before you, and yet by his mighty manifestations you may know him—in the tree, the flower, the heat—and, in fact, in all his, his greatest work. Behold, he hath planted in man the divine, a portion of everything he hath made, and, therefore, man is subject to the same law that governs in every department of life. The same law that formed the flower thus governs him—the same law which upon both—the same atmosphere is for both—the same dew falls for both; and yet each has a department of law peculiar to itself. Each department of the law gives you a different manifestation, and yet if you obey that law, it will be a perfect one. How beautiful the human organism! Surely a wise Being spoke into existence. But what controls it? The spirit, you say. And what is that? A higher manifestation of that law. As you leave this state and stand as spirit, you are progressed; and as you pass out from sphere to sphere, you pass on in glory, nearing the great fountain-head, as it were, but never reaching it; for as fast as he beckons you on, he moves onward, and says "Come, for I am yours and you are mine." ...

Now man is so necessary for the existence of God, as God is for the existence of man. They hold the same relation to each other as the natural and spiritual spheres. Man, in the natural, is always in perfect rapport with God, in the spiritual. He is held in his sphere by you, and you by him. Who is there that dares deny it? Not one who understands himself or his law. ...

By speaking as we do, we do not wish you to understand we would limit the power of our God. His power is unlimited, but always within the circle of his law; he cannot go beyond it and still exist in his proper sphere, any more than you mortals can. Oh, that the children of earth better understood their God. They would not cry out, "Where shall we find perfection?" when God has given us so many samples of perfection, all perfect, so far as law has been obeyed. So our questioner, travel not afar off to a fit sphere to find perfection. But look to thy child. Behold a perfect manifestation of God. Say not he is born in sin. No, he is born in perfection, truth and love. The great Law-giver of nature hath thus manifested to you; and surely you will not be unkind as to change him with giving an imperfect manifestation. The law of that child hath been studied well, and obeyed, and behold a most perfect development! Go not out to find a more perfect fact. Take up a handful of your earth—it is perfect. No matter what its condition a thousand years hence—it is perfect now. So with thy child; none the less perfect now, because more beautiful in the future. ...

Truth is a bright shining star, coming like bright beams of joy, telling all that they are children of one Father, not that they are children of an opposite—the devil. This is only an opposite element to good. Life would not be life, if you were not blessed with evil. Blessed, we say, for evil acts upon you as a ruler; it makes the beautiful more beautiful; it forms the shadow, that you may appreciate the sunbeam. The Great Giver of every gift will do away with the element when you have no need of it. While men and women are in material life, they must be in constant rapport with evil—it is necessary for their progress. Behold, it is a mighty ladder that leads to heaven. So, then, every evil manifestation is also perfect, and progress is also marked upon that. Law is the great wheel that moves all life, and in the wheel that moves all life, and every manifestation of evil is perfect; this can be readily proved by law. Inasmuch as I come from our God, who is law, it is perfect. Our God is not capable of giving forth an imperfection. Every perversion of law is perfect; if it is essential to man's happiness—it is perfect. So, then, look not with scorn upon the evil picture which rises before your vision; but look at the opposite picture, and see how bright and beautiful! What would the picture without a shadow? What a sunbeam without a shadow? Think of it, ye mortals, when a shadow passes before you, and the sun refuses to shine for a time. ...

The shadow shall not always be before you; but when your senses are such that you shall not be dependent upon materiality, you shall welcome the shadow as joyfully as the sunbeam. How true! how true! Our God is perfect everywhere. So worship him wherever you find him. If he has given you a perfect manifestation in your external world, oh, change him not with giving you an evil one, but praise him for what he is, and what he ever will be—a perfect God. ...

George Washington. You mustn't take me, massa, for more than I'm worth—you may be cheated. What am I, massa? I 'spects I'm myself. My name was George Washington—massa Bowman's name. I lived in Portsmouth, Virginia. No, sir, I'm not telling you a lie. Yes, sir, I know niggers will lie. I know 'bout den things 'fore I come, massa. ...

I want you to tell 'em I come. I was twelve years, most, I back yer boots, brush yer coat, light ciggus, and do most anything massa wants me to. Massa Bowman writes at home; he's cross sometimes—gets a sick foot. He kicked me over once; gets mad sometimes. It wasn't my foot; he kicked me over once. I was n't right back. Massa Bowman was two niggers beside me—Suey and Joe. ...

Will I take that letter? Yes, massa, I carry a good many letters. Niggers do n't have to work here; they're spun out. I'd like to catch Bue here. Don't know, massa—'spects she's older den me here. She got me out up, sometimes. I'll wait for her down here; I've been waiting most two years. ...

Will I take that letter? Massa want take it unless you do it up in good shape—put her on. ...

Nathaniel Hill. Well, this is a strange place. My name used to be Nathaniel Hill; but I don't know what it is now, for I am so wonderfully changed I may well ask for another name. I was born in Thoburn, Vt., but I moved from there when I was little. After moving from there, my folks came to that place a little out from here—Charlestown. I lived there a few years, and my mother died, and that kind of broke up things. My father used to drink a good deal, and got a good deal broken up. There were four children—Nancy, Mary, and William, and me. Then when I got—I guess I might have been nine years old, I went in Vermont State with an uncle of mine—no matter, but I don't want to see him, hear from him, or know about him—always makes me mad to think of him. Well, I lived with him—almost died—and then came to Boston and went to sea. ...

I wasn't started right—I didn't get the right kind of a shipping in this world—no, I didn't; but I am back here, and not for nothing, neither. I should like to have my folks know I can look. I know I have got something to say. I had a little money when I died, and I can tell my folks where to get it; and if he don't give up the identical money, he will come that's just as good. ...

I want to get out of the world, and they told me I could come here. They told me I must not speak too hard about one person. I wish I had n't promised, for I have n't forgot the beating he gave me in the bar. That was what sent me away. ...

You can't die if you want to, and he'll see the time he'll want to die and can't; and he'll see the time he'll wish he hadn't seen me. It will do no good praying; he may pray till he gets here, and pray till he is here, and won't do him any good; he'll have to go through any way. I've seen him praying on his knees, when half an hour before he was—well, no matter. ...

They told me to be careful what kind of a spirit I manifested; but I can't be anything but myself. I shall be happy in that, they tell me; but I want to know how. I can tell you as straight as can be, how old I was. Thirty-seven, most, and hardly to it. I've been dead just sixteen years and some months. ...

You want to know how I looked? I was little over five feet tall, stopped a little, was pretty thick, but rather dark brown, didn't have any whiskers, eyes blue, and my complexion pretty red. I must be away from here much. I keep thinking as you do. ...

I don't feel very good—don't know what is ahead for me. There ain't any light where I am; a kind of a misty darkness. Yes, teachers come round once in awhile; but what's the use of wanting to know anything?—the more you know, the more unhappy you are. I don't want to know anything, I tell you. If I knew what was going on in some other place I should be more unhappy than I am. Some of us are leaving—get strange ideas, and all at once they leave. I don't want to leave and have to come back. They were here after I come, but didn't need to keep our company much. God's talking strange ideas I did n't care to know about, and then they left. I wouldn't advise anybody to come here 'less they're 'bliged to. Most of them here used to drink, and pretty hard too. ...

Somebody once came along here and undertook to tell why I was here, and said something about clouding my spirit by living while here. At any rate, they had a bill at my getting drunk, and I told them it was my business, not theirs, and they left. ...

I might as well come here and tell the people that I don't like them, as to stay here thinking about it. God down all a day—a righteous letter that'll be to send. They told me I'd feel stronger when I left here. Suppose I wanted to go to some place to frighten somebody, could I do it? Some folks need to be frightened before they will do better. Good-by to you. Don't forget my letter, will you? Miss is of just as much consequence as anybody's else. ...

Charles M. Thorndike. A spirit who left earth in the year 1823, desires to hold communion with his parents. His days on earth numbered ten. The earth name of this spirit would have been Charles M. Thorndike. ...

Written for the Banner of Light. LIFE'S WORK. BY TRIST R. BROWN. Oh, beautiful, charming theme, All full of joyous theme, It is no fancy's dream, The spirit's bright release. Light from the world above Comes streaming down to you, All full of radiant love, So fresh, so pure, so new. And close the heart around With words of love and duty; Let nature's voice resound With songs of love and beauty. Prepare a joyous anthem, A choral rich and lovely, Then let your voices chant them, To join with those above (see, Live out the highest thinking, And be a word of power, Nor from thy duty shrinking, When comes the trying hour. Guard well thy inner being, The real spirit-man; Prepare thy soul for seeing Beyond life's fleeting span, Go on; and live the right, In thought, in word, in deed; Prepare thy inner sight To comprehend thy need. Be all thy mind one thing, To what the spirit teach, In purity thou'll grow, Toward other spheres to reach. Live not for self alone, For gain, for fame or glory; Thyself to know, as knowest, Nor die till thou art hoary. Be what thou canst do truly, To live in peace and joy, To know and feel as surely, Content has no alloy. Prepare thy inner being, For better, higher spheres, From higher's bondage freeing, The shining ones of seas. And when the hour comes only, And parting friends are weeping, Look up, look up so gladly, In heaven's bright treasures keeping. An hour of sweet reunion, A house with hands not made, From whence in sweet communion One comes a spirit-led. For in that land of peace, Where fragrant flowers bloom, There's all of love and duty—No sorrowing, sadness, gloom. When our life's span is ended, And we look far away, And every thought expanded Of this dull world of clay! We have a sure foundation, To know that we're not dead, But "live" on through a creation, Part of the "Mountain Head." Dec. 18th, 1850.

CORRESPONDENCE. A. H. HOBBS, PARSIPPANY, N. J.—I have taken the BANNER for six months, and find that it really meets a want I can find in no other paper. I am a Spiritualist only in thought. I never heard a Spiritualist lecture—I never witnessed a manifestation—I have predicted once against modern Spiritualism, and was aligned at one time as to refuse to hear Miss Sprague. I have always been considered liberal, and I think I am so. I am a poor, so-called, evangelical clergyman; but believe truth is to be gathered from all sources. ...

EDWARD M. PALMER, FIVE CORNERS, N. Y.—I cannot do without the BANNER, for it is one of the two comforts of my life. The other comfort is the sweet and heavenly music on our molodden, produced by the spirit through the mediumship of my daughter. I cannot tell you what a blessing these two comforts are to me. ...

Mrs. A. P. THORNDIKE—Since October I have delivered in Raleigh, N. C., twenty-seven lectures to large and attentive congregations, that always expressed a wish to hear more on the subject of Spiritualism. During my stay there, which was up to the 18th of December, much interest was manifested, by large numbers, to hear from the "dear departed." It was hard to leave these dear friends. Rev. J. P. Nevill is liberal and generous to Spiritualists. I was received at his house, and remained there while in the place, and was treated with every kindness. ...

LEVI THURSE, FISHERVILLE, CT.—I have read with thrilling interest, thus far, the theory of "BENJAMIN LEE," and wish to know if it is to be published in any other form; if so, when and where? I should very much like a copy in book-form, and have heard others express the same wish. ...

[We shall not print the story in book-form at present; but we can supply those who desire with the back numbers of the BANNER in which it appeared.] ...

Lamentary says of Mary Stuart: "All that was not love in her soul was poetry; her virtues possess a Greek softness combined with a quaint simplicity; they are written with tears, and over-overflow the lapses of so many years retain something of the warmth of her sighs." ...

AN ORIGINALLY—Della Boston, a young woman of considerable intellect, in St. Louis, and weighing upwards of three hundred pounds, was died in one of the courts of that city last week for being drunk. ...



