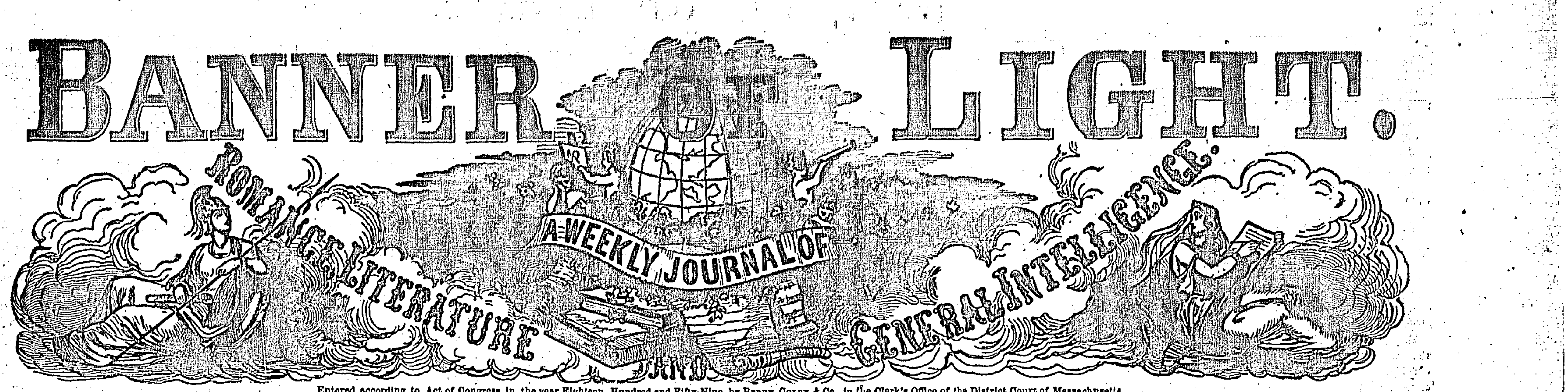

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THE SERMONS

Of Revs. HENRY WARD BEECHER and EDWIN H. CHAPIN are reported for us by the best Phonographers of New York, and published verbatim every week in this paper.

Third Page—Rev. Dr. Chapin's Sermon.
Eighth Page—Rev. H. W. Beecher's Sermon.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE PROPHECY;

OR,

THE YOUNG ETONIAN.

BY LIZZIE LEIGH.

It was the morning of the montem. Eton was a scene of the busiest preparation. Clavering was senior collegian, and was thererefore to be chief actor in the pageant of the day. Marston, his friend and cousin, was to be one of the runners, for which he had provided a splendid fancy dress, that bade fair to eclipse every other in the procession.

At the appointed hour the merry collegians proceeded, in regular array, to Salthill, where the captain of the academic band, ascending a certain eminence, flourished a flag, as preliminary to the busy proceedings of the morning. After this ceremony had been duly performed, the runners set out upon their usual expedition of authorized robbery, stopping every passenger, from the prince to the bargeman, and demanding *salt*, (an Etonian synonym for money,) under pain of summary castigation.

As Marston was traversing a retired road, on his return from a most profitable predatory excursion, he observed a very extraordinary figure standine in the centre of his path. He appeared to be a man upward of fifty, upon whose face, however, suffering, rather than years, seemed to have indented many deep lines, which imparted to his countenance an expression of sternness, rather than suavity. His eyes were dark, prominent, and full of fire, showing that, in spite of wrinkles—which traversed his forehead in broad and clearly defined ridges—the spirit was yet unsubdued by the great conqueror Time, and that, though he had passed into the "yellow leaf," his faculties were still green. His hair was short, thick and grizzled, his eyebrows exceedingly bushy and prominent, while the flowing beard, which almost covered his expansive chest, was nearly white, except that portion of it which grew high upon the cheeks and upper lip. This was quite black, and, blending with the exuberant growth beneath his chin, gave him an appearance though by no means repulsive, yet somewhat approaching to the superhuman. He had evidently been handsome. The wreck of beauty was indeed upon his features, but they were nevertheless noble in ruins. Though the hand of time had begun to crumble the fabric, still the grandeur of the present was enhanced by associations of the past.

The stranger's figure was tall and of fine proportions. He wore a sort of tunic, confined by a narrow silk girdle, which showed it to great advantage. It was evident that he affected singularity, and he certainly had attained his object. Upon his head he had an undress hussar cap, and from his shoulders hung a mantle of purple cloth, edged with tarnished silver. His hose were of grey cotton, carefully gartered with white ribbons; and he was shod with a short buskin, which reached just above the ankle; altogether, he seemed fully to have subscribed to the court fool's maxim, that "motley's the only wear." Though there was something fantastic in his dress, it was by no means unbecoming. There was an odd sort of elegance about it, which arose perhaps more from the fine symmetry of the figure which it covered than from any harmonious combination of the colors which composed it.

Marston remembered to have heard that a person had been frequently seen in the neighborhood who was supposed to be mad, and who, it now occurred to him, precisely answered to the description of the figure before him. He nevertheless advanced boldly toward the stranger, and demanded salt.

"*Salt!* what do you mean?" was the response.

"Money."

"Go to the rich."

"We exact from rich and poor alike."

"*Exact!* then you are both publican and sinner."

"Come, will you deposit your tribute?" and he extended the mouth of a richly embroidered bag. "Let me beg, venerable sir, that I may not be detained."

"Beg? You are too fine for a beggar; your livery belies your calling. I should have taken you for some knave's servant man, who had robbed a theatre to apparel you, but that I am more charitably disposed to think you are some ape's serving monkey."

The blood rushed into Marston's cheek in a torrent.

"I tell you again, you are too fine for a beggar. Go to—go to—silly dog!"

"I do not beg, but exact."

"And suppose I should refuse your demand—you are not a very formidable assessor."

"Then force should compel it."

The stranger smiled scornfully.

"Come, disburse;" continued Marston. "A sixpence will purchase your security from any further molestation; we will take anything but copper."

"If a sixpence could be divided into intangible atoms, I'd rather blow them to the winds, than give you one. Fie upon your custom. You rob! aye, you may frown, young bully, and strut like a peacock round a well—I say at all risks, and in good current English—you rob in order to make a gentleman of your schoolfellow, and purchase an honorable title with the fruits of knavery. Beware of him, young man! He will be a serpent in your path, and sting the hand that fosters him. Take heed, I say; he will repay your legalized larceny in his behalf, with the devil's requital. A word to the wise—if you are a fool, why, you were born no better than your kind, and were therefore born to be fooled."

"What do you mean?" inquired Marston, surprised, in spite of himself, at the singular address of the man.

"I mean," replied the latter, "in the first place, that I will not give the value of a rush, to help mature an embryo villain. I mean, in the next place, that this Clavering, for whom you are graceless enough to pillage the poor passenger, is that villain."

Marston was staggered. He felt his heart throb with indignation, but was absolutely overawed by the manner of the mysterious person who addressed him. There was a something in it, at once so commanding and uncommon, associating, too, with it, as Marston did, an idea of insanity, that he could neither summon resolution to exact a contribution from him, nor divest himself of an apprehension that there was a prophetic spirit in his words; for impressions often get the better of our judgments, and force us to believe, in spite of the contradictions of our reason. Belief is independent of our wills, and we are frequently conscious of a credulity which we should be extremely reluctant to avow, and of which our very consciences make us feel ashamed.

Marston tried to shake off the impression which had so suddenly overcast his spirits, but no appeal to his better sense could overcome its influence. He felt unaccountably depressed; nevertheless, affecting to laugh at the ominous prediction, with a smiling countenance, but a beating heart, he said to his mysterious interlocutor, in a tone of assumed pomposity:

"How long have you been a prophet, sage sir? I cry you mercy, but I thought the age of prophecy had gone by. Are you another Cornelius Agrippa, whose vaticinal, like the sybil leaves, contained prophecies that never came to pass, except when some kind soul was softish enough to do a silly thing, merely for the sake of realizing the prophecy. Nay, tell me, thou modern Arch-image, can't thou really look behind the curtain of the present, down the dark vista of the future, and tell of things to be? 'Thou art beside thyself,' as the Roman said to the Apostle of Tarsus, 'too much learning has made thee mad.'"

"It is well, boy; you are a cunning simpleton, but a mole would have perception enough to discover how poorly that smirk and flippant wagging of the tongue hides the tremor within. There's lie written upon your face; it is marked as legibly as coward upon your heart; for while the one assumes the smile of incredulity, which is *unblushingly* contradicted by the pallid cheek and quivering lip, the throb of apprehension disturbs the other."

Marston was struck dumb. He felt this to be too true, and his awe of the stranger increased. The latter continued:

"Remember, I have warned you. You are young, and have not yet tasted the bitters of disappointment. I have 'wrung them out.' They are prepared for your speedy quaffing, and they shall be as the 'gall of asps' to you. Again, I bid you beware of Clavering. Farewell!"

He was about to depart, when Marston, impelled by a superstitious excitement, which he had never before felt, but could not now control, exclaimed:

"Stay—one question more before we part. As I am to be unhappy, is my life to be long or short?"

"Let me see your palm."

He took Marston's hand, and after having attentively surveyed it for several moments, said, in a tone of almost painful and appalling solemnity:

"You will not count the midnight hour of your thirty-fourth birthday; death will take you with the bloom on your cheek—the worm will feed daintily upon it—but we must all die; what, then, does it matter?"

Saying this, he slowly turned, slightly bent his head, and left the astonished Marston almost transfixed to the spot. A sudden thrill passed through his whole frame—his brain began to whirl, and his heart to sicken. It passed, however, in a few moments, but was succeeded by a depression which fell like a paralysis upon his hitherto buoyant spirit.

He was ashamed of his want of energy; still he found it impossible to baffle the despondency which was stealing over him. He felt as if he was about to be the victim of some indefinable visitation. He was conscious, it is true, of the utter absurdity of such an apprehension, yet he could not stifle it; he could not get rid of the awful impression which the words, and especially the last words, of the stranger had left upon him.

It seemed as if his inmost soul had been laid bare to the scrutiny of that mysterious man, for he was evidently acquainted with the emotion which his warning had excited within him, and which Marston used his best endeavors to disguise.

"Is it possible," he thought, "that I can have anything to dread from Clavering? We have been reared together. We have been attached from infancy, and he has never wronged me. Why, then, should I suspect him? It were unjust—nay, it were base to question his integrity, or to doubt his love."

Marston was extremely distressed, and joined his companions in no very enviable frame of mind. It was some days before he entirely recovered his spirits; and even when he did, the recollection of that mysterious being who had cast such a dark shadow before his future path would frequently intrude to perplex and disquiet him. He had no absolute faith in the gift of vaticination. In all appeals to his reason upon this question, the answer was brief and unequivocal.

Nevertheless, whatever might be the suggestions of his reason to the contrary, he could not, against the direct bias of his feelings, shake off the impression so emphatically forced upon his mind, by the prophetic caution which he had received to beware of Clavering. Time, and a change of scene did, at length, weaken in his mind the freshness of this strange event; and the remembrance of it eventually became no longer painful.

To account for the bitterness of the stranger's expressions against Clavering, it will suffice to state that the latter had seduced and heartlessly abandoned a poor but amiable girl in the neighborhood. This Marston knew; yet, such is the force of that liberality of principle inculcated among the better born of the land, while pupils at those great fountains of learning, the public schools, that he never allowed it for a moment to give rise to a thought that it could in any way operate on Clavering's friendship for him. He therefore could not make up his mind to suspect his cousin's integrity of feeling toward himself; and, in spite of the stranger's warning, treated him as he had ever done—with confidence and regard.

Four years soon passed, and the friendship of the cousins had not abated. Clavering had passed through his academic ordeal, and taken his degree, though his character at college had been anything but unblemished. He had acquired some equivocal propensities, and had been suspected of some very very questionable acts, which had nearly been the cause of his expulsion from the university.

This was not unknown to Marston; and occasionally the warning of the stranger shot like a scathing flash across his memory, leaving a momentary pang at his heart; but that regard which had been nurtured in infancy and matured in manhood, was too deeply rooted to be blighted by what might, after all, be nothing more than a whimsical caution, the mere chance ebullition of madness.

Shortly after Clavering quitted the university, he associated himself with a set of men whose characters were, at the best, doubtful, and Marston was earnestly advised to break off all intercourse with a man who was evidently declining every day in the good opinion of all who knew him. Marston, however, could not make up his mind to relinquish the society of his kinsman, for whom he had so long felt a most sincere attachment, because some few rumored deviations from strict propriety of conduct were laid to his charge, but which had not been substantiated even by the shadow of a proof.

His eyes were at length unexpectedly opened to the baseness of his cousin. To Marston's consternation, Clavering was suddenly taken up on a charge of forgery to a very considerable amount; and upon his examination he had the atrocious audacity to implicate his relative, who was in consequence apprehended as an accomplice, put upon his trial, but—though not, indeed, without a very narrow escape—honorably acquitted. Clavering was found guilty and executed.

For a considerable period after this tragical event, the warning and prediction of the stranger were constantly recurring, with the most painful intensity, to Marston's mind. He had been warned by that extraordinary man to beware of Clavering, and, by neglecting the warning, his life had been placed in jeopardy.

He remembered the prediction which limited his life to his thirty-fourth birth-day. He was now scarcely twenty-three; but eleven years seemed so short a term to one who had a strong desire to live, that he became melancholy as he looked forward to its terminating so speedily. In spite of himself, he could not bring his mind to feel—though he could easily bring his reason to admit—the absurdity of a prediction of which no human creature could have a divine assurance; and he seemed to grow daily more and more convinced that the hour of his death was written in the lines of his palm, and had been read by the mysterious stranger. He knew the idea was weak, that it was superstitious; but he could not control it. It was a sort of mental calenture, presenting to his mind what his reason readily detected to be a figment, but which his morbid apprehensions substantiated into a reality.

He became so extremely depressed that his mother, his now only surviving parent, began to be exceedingly alarmed. Seeing her anxiety, he fully stated to her the cause of his unusual depression. She argued with him upon the folly, nay, the criminality, of giving way to an apprehension which, in the very nature of things, must be perfectly groundless; since the hour of death is a matter hidden among the mysteries of Providence, and therefore beyond the penetration of man. The caution which the stranger had given him to beware of Clavering, afforded him no proof of extraordinary penetration, since one who had shown himself to be so wantonly profligate in youth, as Clavering had done, was a very fit object of warning; and surely it could be no evidence of supernatural endowment, or the gift of more than ordinary foresight, to bid a person beware of a bad man.

These representations were not without their effect; yet, as his despondency dispersed but slowly, his mother persuaded him to go abroad, with some lively friends, hoping that change of scene might restore his mind to its wonted repose.

Nor was she deceived. After an absence of three years, he returned quite an altered man. The impression left by the prophecy of the stranger seemed to have entirely passed from his memory. He had formed new friendships, marked out new prospects, and appeared to look forward without any withering apprehensions of evil. His mother was delighted to observe the change, though even she, as he advanced toward his thirty-fourth birthday, could not help entertaining certain misgivings, when she thought of that melancholy prediction, which had so long cast a shadow across the course of her son's peace.

Year after year, however, rolled on without any event happening to interrupt the uniformity of a very unchequered life, until Marston entered upon the thirty-fourth year of his age. The impression originally left by the stranger's prediction had been entirely effaced; and, as he never mentioned the circumstance, his mother justly surmised that he had forgotten it altogether. *She* had not, however. She watched the days, weeks, and months roll on, with the most painful anxiety; not that she believed the prophecy was about to be accomplished, but because she longed to be *assured* of its fallacy. Anxiety and belief clashed, and the latter was shaken by the perpetual collision. The possibility of its fulfillment was ever present to her mind; and this possibility, however apparently remote at first, was brought nearer and nearer every time it recurred to her thoughts, until at length it appeared before her with all the vividness and amplitude of reality.

The death of her only son was an idea continually presented to her waking thoughts, as well as to her slumbering faculties; so that however strongly her reason might argue against its probability, still the phantoms of thought would arise without any formal evocation, and they addressed themselves more potently to the mind's eye, than the wiser suggestions of reason to the understanding.

So manifest was Marston's emancipation from the fetters of that moody apprehension, which had formerly enslaved his mind, that not only was his spirit buoyant, and his peace undisturbed, but he evidently looked forward to happiness in time as well as in eternity, since he had paid successful addresses to a very beautiful girl, and the period was appointed for their union. It was fixed for the day after the lady should attain her twenty-first year, which would carry Marston nearly to his thirty-fifth; so that it was clear he anticipated no intervening evil; on the contrary, he talked of his anticipated happiness with a fluency and earnestness which clearly showed that he fully expected to see it realized.

His mother was pleased to observe that he no longer clung to these old recollections, which she even now feared to revive, and to which she could not herself revert without a strong but indefinite apprehension of danger.

The morning of the thirty-fourth birthday at length dawned, and Marston rose from a night of peaceful slumber, in the best health and spirits. He seemed not to have a single care upon his thoughts, which were apparently undimmed by one painful recollection. A select party of friends had been invited to celebrate the day. The spirits of the mother became more and more elastic as the time advanced; and when the friendly party sat down at her hospitable table, every apprehension of evil had entirely subsided, since her son was at her side in full health and unusual animation.

There were only a few hours to the conclusion of this long dreaded day, and the *almost* impossibility of anything like fatality supervening, seemed so clear to her mind, that she became satisfied the Eton stranger was an impostor, and her heart was consequently entirely released from dread. Marston was the more animated at observing the unusual flow of spirits which she exhibited, as he had observed her of late frequently distressed, and his filial affection was of the most ardent kind. As he looked at her, a tear stole into his eye, but the tender smile which followed, showed that it was neither the tear of sorrow nor of pain.

It was now eight o'clock, and Marston was well and gay. The cloth had been removed, and the ladies were about to retire, when the mother, no longer able to conceal the joy which had been long struggling for vent, exclaimed, exultingly:

"My child, has not the stranger who accosted you on the day of the montem turned out to be a false prophet? This is your thirty-fourth birthday—here you are, alive and well. I wish he were now present, that we might have the benefit of laughing at the charlatan's confusion."

Every drop of blood in a moment left Marston's cheeks; his eyes were fixed, and after a pause, he murmured:

"He has not yet proved himself to be a false prophet!"

Seeing that his mother was distressed at his manner, he rallied and affected to treat the matter with indifference. The ladies now retired; but it was evident that the mother's ill-timed observation had aroused some fearful reminiscence in the mind of her son.

He scarcely spoke after the ladies left. The shock occasioned by a dreadful recollection so suddenly re-awakened, had in a moment struck like an ice-bolt through his frame, and chilled every faculty of his soul. His friends sought to divert his mind, but unavailingly. "Like a giant refreshed with wine," the thought which had now slumbered for years, arose the fresher from its long repose, and carried with it through his heart a desolation and an agony which nothing could allay. The convulsive quiver of his lip, and the strong compression of his eyelids, showed that there was a fearful agitation within him. He tried to appear undisturbed, but in vain; it was too evident that he was not at ease.

Nine o'clock struck; it boomed slowly and solemnly from the church-tower through the silence of a cold autumnal evening, and smote suddenly upon Marston's ear like the wail of the dead. He started; his cheek grew pale, his lip quivered more rapidly, his fingers clenched, and for a moment he sank back in his chair in a state of uncontrollable agitation. His friends proposed that they should repair to the drawing-rooms in order to divert him from the dreadful apprehension which had evidently taken such a sudden possession of his mind.

Every one present was aware of his montem adventure, and attempted to banter him upon the folly of giving way to such unreasonable fears; but the revived impression had taken too strong a hold upon his soul, to be so easily dislodged. He struggled, however, to conceal his emotion, and in part succeeded.

When he joined the ladies, he appeared calm, but grave; yet there was an occasional wildness in his eye, which did not escape the perception of his anxious mother, and disquieted her exceedingly. She, however, made no allusion to his change of manner, conscious that she had unwittingly been the cause of it, and fearful lest any recurrence to the subject should only aggravate the mischief.

Marston talked, and even endeavored to seem cheerful, but it was impossible to baffle the scrutiny of affection. There was an evident restraint upon the whole party, and at an early hour for such a meeting, about eleven o'clock, they broke up. Marston took a particularly affectionate leave of all his friends; they seemed to fall in with his humor, satisfied that his present moodiness of spirit would subside with the morning, and that he would then be among the first to join in the laugh against himself.

It only wanted one hour to the conclusion of the day, and he was in perfect health, though somewhat troubled in spirit. One of his friends, a medical man, who lived at some distance, was invited to remain until morning, to which he acceded; and, shortly after eleven, Marston took his light and retired for the night. As he kissed his mother, he clung affectionately round her neck, and wept bitterly upon her bosom. She, however, at length succeeded in composing him, when he retired to his chamber.

He slept near her. She was exceedingly uneasy at observing the great depression by which he was overcome, and severely reprobated her own folly in having so suddenly recalled a painful recollection. She did not feel any positive alarm, for the hour of midnight was fast approaching; and she flattered herself that, as soon as the village clock should give warning of the commencement of another day, his fears would vanish, and his peace of mind return, without any dread of future interruption.

By this time she was undressed, and about to extinguish her light, when she fancied she heard a groan. She listened—it was repeated, and appeared to come from her son's chamber. Instantly throwing on her dressing gown, she hurried to the door, and paused a moment to listen, in order to be assured she had not been deceived.

The groan was repeated, though more faintly, and there was a gurgle in the throat, as of one in the agonies of death. She opened the door with a shriek, and rushed to the bed. There lay Marston, upon the drenched counterpane, weltering in his blood. His right hand grasped a bloody razor, which told all that it could be necessary to tell of this dreadful tragedy.

He had ceased to breathe. By his watch, which lay on a chair close to the bed-side, it still wanted ten minutes of twelve. He had not counted the midnight hour of his thirty-fourth birthday. The stranger's prophecy was fulfilled!

Written for the Banner of Light.

The Rival Lovers.

A SKETCH OF SPANISH LIFE.

BY JEREMY LOUD.

At the gate of one of the gardens in the environs of Seville, stood two young persons of opposite sexes. The time was night. The distant lamps glimmered faintly through the darkness, making the gloom still more apparent. Scarce a sound was to be heard, save the sighing of the wind from over the tops of olives and through the branches of the ancient sycamores.

"Now, Malina," said the youth, with a great deal of fervor, "when shall it be? Not to-night, you say; then to-morrow? If it should be as dark then as now, it would be well for us. But we must trust to luck for that."

Ah, Alphonso," answered the maiden, in a voice that sounded exceedingly musical, "you know that if I have you, I must fly with you! My father never—never will give his consent! We must take time by the forelock. Others have done it before us, and it cannot be very wrong for us to follow so many brilliant examples. So I say yes to you. We will appoint to-morrow night. Pray Heaven to send clouds in plenty, and quite as thick as they are to-night!"

"Where shall I meet you? Here at this gate? Will this be safe?"

"Yes, perfectly. But forget not to thoroughly disguise yourself, for if either of us should happen to be recognized, we should both be undone."

"At this hour, dear Molina?"

"Yes, at this very hour: nine o'clock," she answered.

They rapidly exchanged kisses, and both were gone. The maid of the young girl stood a little distance off, watching the house of her father for her, that she might not be surprised. As soon as Molina started, she came running toward her to tell her that all was well.

The two lovers had not been parted more than three minutes, when the form of a young man very deliberately emerged from the shadow of one of the trees in the garden! He must have stood and heard the whole of the conversation!

There was a great deal of preparation, on the part of the two lovers, between this hour and the one appointed for the surreptitious meeting. They were both filled with hope for the complete success of their plan.

When, therefore, nine o'clock of the next evening arrived, Molina had been posted at the gate for many minutes, with her maid to keep guard in the rear. Presently a disguised form stole up to the gate, gave the preconcerted signal, and received the welcome answer from her.

"Are you all ready?" said he, in a whisper.

"Quite ready," she promptly responded, moving toward the speaker with all possible haste.

He clasped her fondly in his arms, ejaculated an expression of gratitude that so blissful a moment had come, and off he carried her.

Presently—it could not have been ten minutes afterward—up came another young gallant. This was Alphonso himself!

The other, and the successful one, was his rival who had heard the whole conversation of the night before, from his hiding-place behind the tree!

"Molina!" called the true and accepted lover, in a whisper.

No reply.

"Molina! Molina!" called he again, taking more courage and speaking louder.

Still no answering voice.

The young man was at a loss to know what it meant.

He called still louder; and feeling yet more perplexed at the continued silence, took the pains to examine the gate, and found that it was ajar!

"What *can* this mean?" he asked himself. "I am sure, Molina promised to be here punctually, and must have been here long ago, for I know that I am late myself. What *can* be the meaning of it! The gate is open; she surely must have gone out; where is the maid? if I could but see her, now, I might, perhaps, have this mystery explained. Oh, heavens! what a cruel, cruel thing is this suspense! Unless she comes soon, I don't think I can live. How do I know, though, that she has not been caught by her suspicious father in the very attempt to escape! What will happen to her, pray, if he has? Or what can I do to help her out of her difficulty?"

He paused in his rapid reflections, and appeared to listen for some sort of sound that might give him a clue to this mystery; but neither a voice nor a footstep was to be heard. No figure of his dearly beloved Molina presented itself to his straining vision. No answer from her lips, out of the thick darkness, to the questions he had asked her so anxiously. He looked in vain for her, this way and that. At length a new thought offered.

"I will go through the gate," said he to himself, "and perhaps I may somewhere come upon her in the garden."

So he passed cautiously through.

Groping his way along by the circuitous paths and alleys, and looking very intently all the time to see if by some good chance he might catch a glimpse of the form of his beloved Molina, he was enraptured at length to behold an object moving along in the darkness, not many steps before him.

"Come, Molina!" he faintly called. "What do you tarry for? Are you displeased because I was a trifle behind my engagement? Come, Molina, and I will explain it all at the first opportunity!"

The object came to a halt.

The ardent young lover made still another appeal, and this time the most fervent one of all.

The figure—which now betrayed itself as that of a female—came slowly toward him.

"Molina, dearest!" breathed out the young lover, holding forth both of his hands.

In another moment, she was fairly and entirely in his arms.

"Now let us flee," said he, after bestowing upon her a most decisive mark of his affection, in the form of a salutation. "Time is hurrying on, and so must we! Come!"

Through the opened gate, therefore, they went, and pursued the open road for perhaps a couple of miles, or more, to the little tavern in the adjoining village. In a Spanish village inn are accustomed to collect all sorts of travelers, from those who arrive on foot to those who come up full as jaded and weary on the backs of mules, or after trundling along all day with the indescribable gait of the diligenza. So that even a runaway couple of lovers might be considered perfectly safe from discovery at one of these convenient little hostelries, especially if, as was the present case, the parties happened to be further disguised.

They found themselves not a whit footsore when they came up to the low door of the inn, although they had made the journey with considerable speed and dispatch. Little enough, in the way of sentiment, had they exchanged with one another by the road, fearing to be overheard, and that thus their plans might all be brought to naught.

The landlord informed our friend that he could furnish them with a good meal, and further provide such accommodations as two travelers might desire.

Accordingly the young man was waited upon into a low-celled little room, with a freshly sanded floor, and told that here they should in due time have their meal set before them.

Alphonzo next proceeded to conduct her whom he supposed to be Molina into the little room thus prepared for them. Hardly had she sat down at the table near him, when each gave expression to his and her utter amazement. The female screamed a loud scream, and the young gallant muttered curses almost without name or number.

"You are nobody but Molina's maid!" muttered he, in a tone betwixt uncontrollable rage and unbounded mortification.

"I thought *you* were Rinaldo!" shrieked the maid.

She knew very well of Rinaldo's jealousy of her mistress's lover, Alphonzo, and thought that this must be Rinaldo himself; and hence she had taken it in her head to punish him for his meddling with Molina's affairs.

But what a terrible mistake she found she had made.

There they sat for several moments, and looked at one another.

"Tell me how this happened," finally broke forth Alphonzo, the real and accepted lover. "I am entirely lost! I am altogether in the dark! Molina *could* not have meant to deceive me!"

"Farthest from it," answered the equally astonished maid. "She has been deceived herself, and I pity her more than all!"

"*She* deceived! Pray tell me how that can be?"

"She was at the gate, by appointment," said the maid.

"*She!*" he exclaimed.

"Yes; and some one came up whom we believed to be yourself."

"Some one came up!"

"Yes; and went away with her."

"Went away with her!"

"Yes; and all the while she supposed it was yourself! I know it was so, for I was in the whole secret."

Alphonzo knew nothing what to say next.

After a pause, which appeared to be filled up with sensations chiefly of amazement, he demanded, in rather an abrupt manner:

"But what can be the meaning of your playing off this deceit upon me? It looks as if Molina might have made up her mind to have her joke out of me, and then that you meant to follow it up with one of your own!"

And, of a truth, it might very plausibly have been interpreted that way.

"Forgive me, Don Alphonzo!" she entreated, "but you allow yourself to be suspicious without the least cause. Truly, my dear mistress has ere this found herself as greatly disappointed as I am myself. It must have been Rinaldo himself that she went away with, and all the time I thought *I* was with him."

"*You!*"

"Yes; I thought to play him a joke, to teach him his place, and not to put himself quite so much in other people's way. That was all. But how oddly it has turned out!"

"Because I was late, probably," said Alphonzo.

"I have long suspected Rinaldo of overhearing what was not for him to know," added the maid, "and I thought this a good opportunity to teach him a lesson. But, dear sir, how strange a mistake I have made!"

Alphonzo thought so, sure enough.

"But Molina must certainly have found out her mistake by this time. She never was guilty of purposely deceiving you, sir. Believe me, when I tell you that!"

Hardly were the words out of her mouth, when a sound of loud voices was to be heard in the little passage leading by the door of their room.

"Hark!" instinctively exclaimed the girl.

The voices came nearer and louder.

"I was right!" exclaimed she. "I knew it must be so! That is Rinaldo's own voice! She has found out the deceit! Heavens! she must be in this house here with us!"

Alphonzo rushed to the door of his apartment, and opened it in a twinkling. Sure enough, there was his more successful rival, Rinaldo, in the passage, thrust out there by the severe criminations of the proud-spirited Molina, whom he had so basely betrayed!

Alphonzo rushed at him, having no other weapon, than his hands. There was a brief conflict between the two young men, when, just at the critical moment of the contest, out flew Molina herself.

"What is it? Who is it? Alphonzo! Alphonzo!" exclaimed she, a great deal more rapidly than it can be written down.

But before she could receive any satisfactory reply to her inquiries and exclamations, her dutiful maid, knowing too well the voice of her for whose sake she had run the great risk she had, was holding her in a most affectionate embrace.

"Molina! Dear, *dear* mistress!" were syllables that she repeated with wonderful frequency.

"How is this?" again demanded Molina, looking alternately at the maid and Alphonzo for an answer.

"Come in! Come in!" urged the maid, "and it shall be clear to you in an instant."

And before Molina really knew what was being done with her, she found herself conducted, even in a degree against her will, into the apartment from which she had just come forth in such haste.

"Now sit down, my sweet mistress Molina, and I will let you into the whole of this perplexing mystery."

And it took but a few minutes to acquaint her with what the reader already knows. Molina was indeed amazed at the deception that had been practiced upon her, and knew not in what language to characterize the base conduct of Rinaldo.

While reflecting upon it all, the tumult in the passage arose again. She sprang for the door, her maid close behind her. Alphonzo was grappling with his defeated rival in the entry.

"Had I but my sword with me, sir," he exclaimed, "you should suffer as you deserve for this! But you are too base a knave to be worthy of a challenge. Take that!" said he, striking him across the face with the flat of his hand. "Even that does you too much honor!"

"A riot! a riot!" shouted the boniface, then just entering the passage to answer the calls that had already been made upon his larder by the very men engaged in battle: "ho, for help! Ho, rioters! help, I say! Stop this! stop it, I say! I allow no riots in my house! This is a peaceable house—I will not have it!"

And, continuing in this random style, he danced around wherever his nimble legs and excited nerves allowed him to be carried.

His loud alarm sufficed to collect a knot of his traveling patrons in a moment. The passage was filled with strangers, eager to see the fray, and to know from what sort of a beginning it proceeded.

In the crowd was Molina's own father, who chanced to be a temporary guest in the little tavern, with some friends. He lost not an instant in crowding forward, and, what was worse, in recognizing his daughter.

He rushed up to her, and asked why she was there, and what all this meant. And why was the maid there, too?

The latter induced him, by the sheer force of her entreaties, to step into the other room. There Molina confessed to him the whole, and begged his forgiveness on her knees.

He was angry and he was perplexed. It would have taken but a feather's weight to turn the scale of his feelings.

Molina plead, and promised dutifulness and affection, for the future. Her devoted maid likewise plead for and with her.

The proud father's heart gave no signs of yielding, till he heard the story of Rinaldo's mean trickery and deceit, and then, for the first time, he opened his lips:

"I could forgive everything but that," said he. "He shall never return to my favor again. Molina, you know him better than I did. Despite your rashness on this night, I permit you to entertain the man whom you believe you truly love."

The overjoyed daughter was in the act of expressing her thanks, when Alphonzo himself entered the apartment, out of breath from his late engagement.

This was the opportune moment.

Molina rushed to his arms. Her faithful maid stood by and wept, as she was in duty bound to do in similar cases. The father relented entirely. Having forgiven his daughter for this daring act of disobedience, he did not refuse either to take Alphonzo to his favor likewise. The reconciliation was a happy termination to so exciting and eventful an evening.

To conclude all, the father and Molina directed a feast to be spread instantly for them all, at which not only was the future happiness of his daughter and her true lover duly pledged in generous draughts of wine, but the success of the honest landlord under whose roof this strange scene had been enacted, also.

Written for the Banner of Light.

STORIES FOR THE YOUNG.

BY MRS. L. M. WILLIS.

THE FAIRIES OF THE NEW YEAR.

"Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, ye did it unto me."

"A Happy New Year!" "A happy new year!" shouted merry voices through the village street. "A happy new year!" screamed the boys, and "A happy new year!" chimed in the girls.

And could there possibly be anything but happiness in those hearts? was there not to be fun enough all day, coasting and sleigh-riding? And had not the stockings been filled as full as by Santa Claus? and was there not a Christmas pudding, and a plenty of pies at home? Yes, indeed, it was a happy day, and no one thought of anything but fun and frolic. So the children coasted till they were tired, and then went home to dinner; and after dinner the sleds were out again, and the skates were buckled on, and the boys drew the girls over the smooth ice.

"Where's Jim, to-day," at last said the thoughtful Henry May. "I declare it's too bad, that none of us have thought of him before."

"Let him go," said Dick Smith. "I dare say, he's tied to his granny's apron strings."

"That's mean," said Billy Bount; "he helps his grandmother, and he ought to, for she's lame and sick."

"Well, I say," said Henry, "that we'd better go and wish him a happy new year."

"So do I," said Susan Lee.

"I don't," said Mary Thomas. "I want to slide some more, and it will spoil our fun."

Thus the company was divided; some said it was better to play, while others said it was better to look after Jim. Henry May headed the last party, and Dick Smith the first.

Jim Turnbull lived a little way from the main street, in a small, red house; it was up a high hill, and though in summer it was a snug, comfortable home, yet in winter it seemed dreary, and the winds had a wild, fearful sound, as they whistled past the old barn, and over the brow of the hill. When Henry and his party had rubbed their fingers, and clapped their ears, Henry tapped at the door, and a faint voice called out, "come in;" so they walked in. Jim's grandmother was alone, and the room looked dark and cheerless. A little fire burned in the stove, the curtains were down, and there was the odor of some kind of herb tea.

"Wish you a happy new year," said Henry.

"Oh, bless you, my boy; it's a very happy year—yes, very happy. I think it is, it is so warm, and I see so many bright things. Yes, very happy; sit down."

The old woman had raised her head from the pillow, and her eyes gleamed forth so brightly underneath the white ruffled cap, that the children were half pleased, and half afraid.

"Where's Jim?" said Susan; "we came up to wish him a happy new year."

"Oh, Jim, yes; I'd been dreaming. I thought I was a little girl again, and as happy as I used to be. I told Jim to go and have a good play with you all, and never to mind his old granny, and so he went two hours ago. He's a good boy, and never forgets me, so I could n't spoil his fun by keeping him at home; run along and find him, and tell him I am doing well, and that he need not be in a hurry. Yes—happy new year," sighed the old woman.

Now that the children were outside the door, they began to chatter in good earnest. Where was Jim? No one had seen him that day.

"Well," said Susan, "I must say I should have thought him very selfish to have left his old grandmother to play, if she did tell him to."

"But I'll tell you what I'll bet he's doing," said Henry, "he's off working, somewhere, and he'll be trudging home by night, with some sort of a comfort for his grandmother; let's be in ahead of him?"

"So let's," said all the party.

"I'll tell you what is the best thing in the world for sick folks," said Susan, "it's tea and figs."

"Well," said Henry, "I guess wood and a good fire are as necessary as anything; here's an axe, and here's Jim's saw. I will cut, and you shall saw, Billy, and the girls shall pile up."

In the course of an hour there was a fine pile of wood where the large log lay; and Henry slouched his hat over his face, and stole softly into the back room, and opened the kitchen door, and filled up the wood-box without the old woman's minding it. She only roused up once, and said, "Oh, yes, a very happy new year, so warm and bright," so that Henry supposed she was finishing her dream of the new year long ago.

After all this was done, the children had a consultation as to what more they could do. They brought out all their pennies, which had been found in their stockings, and which they intended to spend for candy. Susan said she should buy some tea, and Billy thought he'd get some sugar; but Henry thought that tea and sugar would be worth nothing without some bread, and so, he said, he was "in for some crackers." What a fine frolic they had as they coasted down the long hill, and brought up before the store.

"I'll take a pound of tea," said Susan, and handed out a ten cent piece to pay for it. The merchant looked amused, but said not a word, for he thought that there was some fun in the little girl's eye, and he would not spoil a frolic, but settle the matter with Susan's father. And in the same way the children bought large quantities of nice things, and borrowed a basket to carry them in, and having spent every penny they had, they left with merry hearts to climb up the long hill again. When they reached the door, they chose Susan to go in and see if the old lady was still asleep; she seemed to be, and when the boys crept in softly after her, she only turned over, saying, "that's right Jim, build up a good fire, and put on the kettle, and I'll try and get up and get you some supper." Henry put on the kettle, and Susan set the table, with all the dishes of the small cupboard, and then they filled up the tea caddy, and the sugar bowl, and the basket with crackers, and they put figs and raisins on some plates, and when all was done, they stole out again and ran for dear life to the brow of the hill, and sliding down with a merry laugh, they reached the pond just as their companions that they had left, selfish and thoughtless, were leaving the ice with fingers and feet half frozen. They all concluded to go home, but you can well tell which had merry, happy hearts.

It was true that Jim had been off to a farmer's, having had the promise of a quarter of a dollar for a day's work; but the farmer, like many people, did not feel in any hurry to pay, and Jim was too modest to tell him his needs. And so, about sundown, he returned with a sorry heart, thinking of his grandmother's lonely day, and of the empty tea can, and the wood-pile that would need his hard work. He was so tired that he did not even look around the village as he passed through; but, with downcast eyes, and trying to suppress his tears, he hastened on up the long hill. It had never seemed so long to him before. He thought of the other boys in their happy homes, and of his dear father and mother in heaven; he even wondered what he was to live for, and hoped, if his grandmother died, God would take him, too.

When he got within sight of his home, the sun was just setting, and he saw the smoke rising from the old chimney. "I can't say a happy new year as I thought to my grandmother; but I can make her forget her tea by my account of the story I read after dinner. Let me see—it was about the New Year's elves, or spirits, and what they could do. They were fairies, and could make everything beautiful, and bring as many things as Santa Claus."

When Jim opened the door, he saw his grandmother, half raised in bed, looking round with eyes of wonder. The table spread with so much care, the boiling kettle, the wood box well filled, first met his eye.

When his grandmother told him that she had been poorly all day, and had not waked except when he came in to see how she was, he was filled with wonder. He had not been at home, and yet here was all done that he wanted to do, and more than he could have hoped to have accomplished. What did it all mean? His grandmother could tell nothing, only about her dream of being a little girl, and seeing other little girls and boys, and feeling so warm and happy, in her dear old home.

Jim concluded that it was the fairies that cut up the wood; but, when he came to find the sugar and tea, and knew the crackers by the stamp, then he was entirely at a loss to know what to think.

"Well, it's God," said the old woman. "I thought perhaps he'd forgotten it was new year's, up on this cold hill; but he never forgets, and he takes care of the widow and fatherless. Jim, thank him, for my voice trembles so."

Then Jim lifted his voice, and said, "Thine is the power and glory forever, our Father who art in heaven."

Oh what a merry time they had! Jim forgot his fatigue, and the grandmother her pains, and they had a fine supper together—though Jim would not touch the figs or raisins; but said he knew the fairies meant them all for his grandmother.

Well, what was Henry May doing all this time? and where were Susan and all the other children? They agreed to keep very secret the whole affair; but the kind storekeeper let out his part of the secret, and soon question and answer brought out all the facts. The result was, Henry's father had his horse and sleigh brought out, and a company of friends went up to see if they had not some work to do as well as the children—for they felt ashamed of their neglect, as they heard of the poor old woman's condition from their children's lips.

The end of the matter was, that Jim's grandmother had a snug room fitted up in the village, and Jim was employed to assist in the store; and the new year brought him so many comforts, and such a change from the old, that his heart was as joyous as the sunshine, and he grew to be one of the most useful men of the place.

Those generous, unselfish children, who were the means of all this change, had their reward, for every one blessed them; and they often went into old Mrs. Turnbull's room, and she would always begin at the beginning of that day of wonders, and tell her dream, and then of Jim's wide-open eyes as he saw all the new year's gifts; and end by the words, "Inasmuch as ye did it to us, the poor and forgotten, ye did it unto the Lord."

I will say nothing of those more selfish children who preferred their play, but leave you to hope that they grew more like their good and benevolent companions.

Written for the Banner of Light.

ANCIENT GLIMPSES OF THE SPIRIT-LAND.

NUMBER FOUR.

Dr. Gregory, in his "Animal Magnetism," says, "Here, again, we see that the most incredible stories, if they have ever formed an article of general belief, must have had some foundation in natural truth. * * *. Animal magnetism will finally dissipate all the obscurity and all the superstition which has attached to this matter; and when we see that the facts, delusions or visions, however astounding, depend on natural causes, superstition will have lost her firmest hold on the human mind."

Agreed, if you allow with us that "natural causes" can also span the Jordan, and that the spirit-world can work in magnetic rapport with spirits yet engrossed in flesh and blood. But Dr. Gregory, with growing faith in this direction, had not then had the sure knowledge that this was so, nor do we learn that before he passed the Jordan by his body's death, he had worked himself quite through the partition walls of the two worlds to the recognition of continuity of being. But he has done a noble foundation work for all skeptical minds—which, built upon, shall result in a tower whose top will reach the heavens; for along his walks may be found all the mysteries of past and present religions. Religion is the product of the two worlds in action on each other; and it is difficult to fix the exact boundary between incarnated and disincarnated spirit forces, as in like manner it would be difficult to find where vegetable life ends, and animal life begins.

Dr. Gregory, like many others, in stepping upon the new route to the Jordan, finds it to his account to throw a sop to the snarling Cerberus, that bites all who pass not by the old Mosaic road; but once fairly started, the Doctor makes it clearly manifest that Moses and the prophets must come upon the new route as necessary to scientific salvation—shows the way in which the rod of God, which Moses carried, could become a serpent, and the way to all the various phenomena which incarnate and disembodied souls have wrought according to the mediumistic agencies in use. When he tells us that "It is evident that the priests of India, Egypt, and Greece were well acquainted with Animal Magnetism, and that they had probably various methods of producing artificial clairvoyance," it is also equally evident the same was applicable to Judea, as the "natural laws" in the one case must be the natural laws in the other; and, as the resultant phenomena were the same, the same rule must measure them. Thus the Proverbs, "It is a poor rule," etc., and "What is sauce for the goose," etc., remain in their integrity.

Cordially recommending the work of Dr. Gregory as opening the way to the higher mysteries which he had not recognized, but which we do, as having had abundant proof of the same, we pass to the consideration of some of those phases of ancient spiritual belief.

Homer's spirit-world was, for the most part, dark and gloomy. How could it be otherwise with those whom Ulysses sought? They were of the status of their incarnate spheres when these were rent in violence and blood. Not from such births do beautiful spirits immediately arise. The premature and violently separated soul cannot, at once, come into harmonious relations with the higher light, for earth still claims its unripe child for better growth. But even here Homer was true to the natural laws of the incarnate and spiritual status. How could such a spirit as Achilles, black with cruelty and vengeance, be transformed into an angel of light before he had worked out his salvation in quite another spirit than that which delighted in revenge on the body of dead Hector? Apt are the words of Homer from the spirit of the Greek chieftain in his disembodied sphere:

"Talk not of ruling in this dolorous gloom,
Nor think vain words" (he cries) "can ease my doom.
Rather I choose laboriously to bear
A weight of woes, and breathe the vital air,
A slave to some poor hind that toils for bread,
Than reign the sceptred monarch of the dead."

How aptly consequent upon a dark and vengeful incarnate life is the "dolorous gloom" of the spirit! Before the change, not content properly to mourn his Patroclus slain, he would propitiate the spirit with more than the blood of bullocks and the fat of rams, for,

"——— horrible to tell,
Sad sacrifice! twelve Trojan captives fell.
Smear'd with the bloody rites, he stands on high,
And calls the spirit with a dreadful cry:
All hail, Patroclus! let thy vengeful ghost
Hear and exult on Pluto's dreary coast."

How could such spirits find aught else but "the dolorous gloom" on "Pluto's dreary coast?" Not such, at once, find that blessed life of the soul that ranges in quiet harmony the Elysian Fields of upper light. The spirit of Patroclus had not required the bloody rites, but only that Achilles should give him proper burial. Achilles is convinced by the vision that Patroclus "still lives" in continuity of being.

"'Tis true, 'tis certain! man, though dead, retains
Part of himself; th' immortal mind remains;
The form subsists without the body's aid
Aerial semblance, and an empty shade!
This night my friend, so late in battle lost,
Stood at my side, a pensive, plaintive ghost;
E'n now familiar, as in life he came,
Alas! how different! yet how like the same!"

It is supposed that the sixth book of Virgil's Æneis owes most of its substance to the divine revelations of the Eleusinian Mysteries, to which Virgil had been initiated, and which he interwove into this book with such precautions as made it safe to touch the prohibited, sacred mysteries. How graveled have been our unspiritual critics, unopened to the continuity of being, of world to world, when they stumble at Virgil's representation of children's cries in their untimely second birth, as when Æneis, waving the "rod of God," is permitted to pass and behold the transmundane estate. This inner soul thus opened, first he hears

——— "the cries of babes now born,
Whom fate had from their tender mothers torn,
Assault his ears; then those whom form of laws
Condemn'd to die, when traitors judg'd their cause."

Not by our short-sighted theologies can this be understood; and yet how clear to the modern unfolding are the Eleusinian truths of two and three thousand years ago! They are natural to reason, to serial causation, and confirmed from the spirit-world to-day. Both are cases of life rent from their normal estate, unripe, unfit for immediate, harmonial adjustment in their new relations. How could the change of bodily death sever the attraction between the child and parent? We make the inquiry of our spirit friends, if children are necessarily happy in their bodily death, and the reply is, "No. If old enough for affectional growth, the grieve for their lost parents and congenial friends. It is the part of ministering angels to bring these little ones *en rapport* with their parents, that heaven and earth may embrace, and thus the grief be healed, and severed affections adjusted to the change of state." How many a parent has heard these angel whispers, and felt the flow of heavenly breathings?

How, too, could the man, cut off in unripe, incarnate life, his soul still earthward bending in the attractions of his state, discourse full melody in the harmonial spheres? His life and sphere is in the status of his soul. His kingdom of heaven is there, and if he has not ripened beyond the earth and its surroundings, in proportion as these attractions cleave his soul, will be his suffering when untimely wrenched from them. There may be more or less of grief for earthly ties and conscience stings; but in the economy of earth and heaven our sadder estates shall work off dross, and gild the progressive future. What is wrought and adopted within our souls, we carry with us; for we are spirits now. The larger, fuller, higher life that we live in this, our earthly sphere, is so much wrought of basic life, to be gathered over the Jordan.

How apt to modern revealings are the Eleusinian mysteries as shadowed by Virgil:—

"'Oh, father, can it be that souls sublime
Return to visit our terrestrial clime?
And that the generous mind, released by death,
Can covet lazy limbs, and mortal breath?'
Anchises, then, in order thus begun
To clear those wonders to his God-like son:
Know, first, that Heaven and Earth's compacted frame,
And flowing waters, and the starry flame,
And both the radiant lights, one common soul
Inspires, and feeds, and animates the whole.
This active mind, infused through all the space,
Unites and mingles with the mighty mass.
Hence men and beasts the breath of life obtain;
And birds of air, and monsters of the main.
Th' etherial vigor is in all the same,
And every soul is filled with equal flame;
As much as earthy limbs, and gross alloy
Of mortal members, subject to decay,
Blunt not the beams of Heaven and edge of day.
From the coarse mixture of terrestrial parts,
Desire and fear by turns possess their hearts;
And grief and joy; nor can the groveling mind,
In the dark dungeon of the limbs confined,
Assert the native skies, or own its heavenly kind.
Nor death itself can wholly wash their stains;
But long-contracted filth, e'en in the soul remains.
The relics of inveterate vice they wear;
And spots of sin obscene in every face appear.
For this are various penances enjoined;
And some are hung to bleach upon the wind;
Some plunged in waters, others purged in fires,
Till all the dregs are drained, and all the rest expires!
All have their Manes, and those Manes bear;
The few, so cleansed, to these abodes repair,
And breathe, in ample fields, the soft Elysian air.
Then are they happy, when by length of time,
The scurf is worn away of each committed crime.
No speck is left of their habitual stains,
But the pure ether of the soul remains."

Some two years ago our circle was occasionally visited by a spirit who had been in the spirit-land but a few years, and who, on this side of the Jordan, was noted as a theatrical star of considerable magnitude, with a Roman name. His salutation was always in the words of the ghost, in Hamlet, "I am a spirit doomed to walk the earth," &c., concluding, with emphasis, "*Rum* was the cause in my own case."

Aristotle, who was not a Romanticist, but a Rationalist, says, "We are not to ascribe happiness only to the dead, (for thus Solon's sentiment is commonly understood,) especially since to suppose that the dead are totally insensible to the misfortunes of their kinsmen and friends on earth, is neither conformable to common opinion, nor consistent with the social principles belonging to human nature."

This was said some three hundred and fifty years B. C., and represents the religious sentiments of those days. It shows, with all the early Scriptures of Gentiledom, that immortality was not brought to light through the mediumistic development of Jesus, though the ignorant but worthy fishermen of Galilee doubtless thought so; for within their own pale it was Sadduceism on the one side, and the dead church of Phariseeism on the other—constituting an impenetrable gloom to any manifestation of immortal light, till Jesus broke through and showed to Judean, dead formulas a continuity of worlds. It was in this dark valley and shadow of death that the humble and low hearts sat waiting for light to spring up. It did spring up, and out gushed their souls in the fullness of many waters. We love these early Christian Spiritualists above all others. They were full of heart; and this is a thousand fold more lovely than all the vain assumptions of the unsympathetic head. They are first and purest of Democrats, lifting all up as worthy of the Most High and his angels. Outspoken radicals and reformers they were; nor did the spirit give them utterance with bated breath. And as the most beautiful of the incarnations, we love Jesus, who gave his bread of life to the poor and heavy laden, and taught and lived such fullness of love as more than fills the largest heart of to-day. We are not ashamed of this gospel of Christ; but of the perversions of the churches in his name, we are ashamed; for these seek continuously to bind upon our necks such yokes and such burdens as are grievous to be borne, and such as the spirit of Jesus is ever the first to break.

Passing from this, we recur to some of the parallel claims of Hebrew and Gentile Scriptures. We have already alluded to the ghost who appeared to Manoah and his wife, and did so wondrously in their presence that, in due time, Samson, the parallel of the Gentile Hercules, was born. It was an ancient faith that the spirit-world begat the heroes or the Demi Gods of this, as we have seen in Genesis, where the sons of God beheld the daughters of men that they were fair, and took them for their wives. Gentile Scriptures teem with many miraculous conceptions, whence the Giants and the Demi-Gods were born. Herodotus relates how a ghost "did wondrously" with Ariston and his wife. Philip supposed some God to be his rival between him and Olympia, hence Alexander claimed direct lineage from Jove. The apocriphal Old Testament has cases, too, in point as wonderful to tell as of the spirit who captivated Eve.

Underneath all this and kindred garniture, may there not remain some hidden or distorted truth? Are there not wonderful things to-day in animal magnetism, with its transmundane or spiritual counterpart? Swedenborg, in his seership of a hundred years ago, assures us that conjugal companions can conjoin themselves, though in the separate worlds. Cotton Mather points to the lower estate of intercourse apparent in his times; and, through all the ages, may not the varied spheres of heaven correspond with all the varied spheres of earth?

The ancient divinations by fire have their parallels through Hebrew and Gentile Scriptures. Elijah was a diviner, who could call down fire from heaven; and Gentile Scriptures relate of persons who could appear to breathe fire out of themselves, and to be enveloped in fiery flame, as Moses in the burning bush, or as the Lord ascending and descending through the smoke of incense and the steam of blood. Of this God it was sung, "There went up a smoke out of his nostrils, and fire out of his mouth devoured: coals were kindled by it." "Our God is a consuming fire," &c., which also has reference to the Sun-God, as may be seen in Dunlap's "Vestiges of Spirit History." Joshua addressed the sun as Lord when he told him to stand still upon Gibeon, while he should finish the slaughter of those who escaped the rocks which the Lord cast down from heaven. On one occasion, according to Herodotus, Miltiades consulted Timo, who was a medium priestess of the spirit-world, as was the woman of Endor, when Samuel arose out of the earth to Saul as one of the subterranean or infernal Gods. It was supposed that Timo had not divined properly, and ought to be punished; but the spirits, through the high priestess of Apollo, "would not suffer them to hurt her, saying that Timo was not culpable, for that it was decreed that Miltiades should miserably perish, and that she was only the instrument of conducting him to his destiny."

This author relates at length how, by a vision, Xerxes was precipitated upon his Grecian invasion, and when Artabanus disputed the divinity of the vision, was himself visited by the same spirit, and severely threatened for his adverse councils. Xerxes, on another occasion, like Joshua, addressed the sun as Lord, as was common with the adjacent nations of his age.

At the battle of Thermopylæ, before the treachery of Ephialtes was known to the Grecian army—a treachery which secured the Persians a new point of attack—the Grecian Soothsayer or Prophet, Megistias, from inspection of the entrails, predicted that impending destruction awaited the forlorn hope of Greece. The oracle was to this effect:—

"To you who dwell in Sparta's ample walls,
Behold, a dire alternative befalls;
Your glorious city must in ruins lie,
Or, slain by Persian arms, a King must die—
A King descended from Herculean blood,
For lo! he comes, and cannot be withstood;
Nor bulls nor lions can dispute the field—
'Tis Jove's own force, and this or that must yield."

The prophecy was speedily fulfilled; but the Prophet refused to escape, though he had knowledge in

"—— mystical lore;
And coming events cast their shadows before."

He received upon his tomb this inscription:—

"By Medes cut off beside Sperchius' wave,
The Seer Megistias fills this glorious grave;
Who stood the fate he well foresaw to meet,
And, linked with Sparta's leaders, scorned retreat."

It will be recollected that Jehovah spoke as readily through the Soothsayer Balaam as through any other medium or prophet, and that he could not divine otherwise than as his familiar spirit or God directed. Balaam was a trance medium, and claims to have had visions of the Almighty—the title of Lord and God being common in those days for eminent spirits in the flesh, or for familiar spirits out; and we frequently hear in the present day of zealous religionists having visions of the Lord—particularly is this the case in the full blast of exciting revivals. Even many Spiritualists, rather ambitious of great names, see in each familiar spirit, some Lord looming up from the other side of Jordan.

The Persians, still breathing out threatenings and slaughter, advanced also with the intent of plundering the temple at Delphi—as sacred to the Greeks as the temple at Jerusalem to the Jews; but, whereas the tutelary God of Judea failed to save his house at Jerusalem, whenever besieged, the tutelary God of Greece asked no favors, but resolved to defend his house by tactics equal to those of the Judean Lord, when he rained down great stones from heaven, in Joshua's time.

The Delphians, on hearing that the Persians were approaching them for the purpose of plundering their sacred temple, "Were struck," says Herodotus, "with the greatest consternation. On applying to the Oracle, desiring to be instructed whether they should bury the sacred treasures in the earth, or remove them to some other place, they were ordered not to remove them, as the Deity was able to protect what belonged to him." Now follows the divine interposition, which equals any in the Hebrew record, and shows that God is no respecter of persons, whether on Heathen or on Hebrew ground; but that in the Supreme government of the Universe, his ministering spirits, angels or Gods, work within that manifest destiny that the highest exigences require.

The enemy continued to advance; but there were signs and wonders, and manifestations of invisible Grecian allies coming to the rescue. "As the barbarians drew near the temple of Minerva Pronea, a storm of thunder burst upon their heads; two immense fragments of rock were separated from the tops of Parnassus, which, rolling down with a horrid noise, destroyed a vast multitude. At the same time there proceeded from the shrine of the Goddess, loud and martial shouts."

"This accumulation of prodigies impressed so great terror on the barbarians, that they fled in confusion." Those with open vision saw the otherwise invisible "imbattled seraphim," or Gods of more than human size, sustaining Grecian centres and flanks with "thunder winged with red lightning and impetuous rage;" and fully equal to the "sulphurous hail," which the Lord shot down from heaven, for his servant Joshua's sake.

Diodorus has the same account, scarcely varied from Herodotus, and says that those who "survived, being terrified by this portent of the immortal Gods, ran away with all haste and speed, and thus by Divine Providence the Oracle of Delphos was preserved from ruin and robbery."

Mr. Grote, the acknowledged best English historian of Greece, says, "Thus did the God repel these invaders from his Delphian sanctuary and treasures, which remained inviolate until one hundred and thirty years afterwards, when they were rifled by the sacreligious hands of the Phocian Philomelus." We shall see, when we get further along, what befel this Philomelus, for his robbery of the treasury of the Lord.

Herodotus, in speaking of the "explicit declaration" of an oracle, says, "I shall neither presume to question the authority of oracles myself, nor patiently suffer others to do so." All right, my old friend; you shall have fair play at our hands, and we will take the authority of your oracles as equal to those of your Hebrew contemporaries. We indeed believe in the basic truth of both, without deciding how much was overlaid with fabulous garniture. Our own intercourse with the spirit-land, and what we have witnessed in the way of physical manifestations, wrought by our super-mundane friends, afford us a large magazine of curious lore, competent to redeem very much of what was said by them of old time. It was said by the Nazarine Medium, that he had many things to say, which even his believers could not bear. There are doubtless many now with similar experiences, waiting a more convenient season for their utterance. Those who are unequal to the faith of these things, may deny them altogether, as in great darkness they will, or rest them on Mahan's "Od Force," Gasparin's "Fluid Action," or on any other crotchety humor of the day.

But as fast as we are wise, we shall spare no time from entering upon the search for these things, for the well-being of the present and future estate of the soul as the progress we make in this light, on this side, we carry with us to the other side of Jordan. C. B. P.

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In contests among men, the party doing the most wrong is commonly harder to be reconciled, than he who has suffered the most wrong. The reason is, he hath quarreled with himself, which makes him doubly irritable.

EDWIN H. CHAPIN

At Broadway Church, N. Y., Sunday Morning, January 22, 1860.

REPORTED FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT BY BURR AND LORD.

TEXT.—Making the word of God of none effect through your traditions, which ye have delivered.—MARK vii, 13.

This was Christ's rebuke of formalism in respect to certain Scribes and Pharisees who had found fault with his disciples, who, contrary to the tradition of the elders, had eaten bread with unwashed hands. Our Saviour exposed the positive evil of this formalism. He showed that those Jewish guides and teachers had not only overlaid the spirit of the divine law, but had violated its very letter. Thus, for instance, a son, by the ceremony of dedicating his property to the temple service, might, as it would seem, by the mere pronunciation of the word "Corban," which imparted to any object the idea of being consecrated and devoted, by this form or ceremony, be released from the obligation of ministering to the wants of his parents; and thus, by a cold tradition, they nullified that great law of nature as well as that revealed law, Honor thy father and thy mother. This is precisely the evil of formalism, that it not merely encumbers the thoughts and the conscience with forms, but covers up and violates that which is imperative and sacred.

I need not say, my hearers, that those Scribes and Pharisees were not the only people who have overlaid the essence of truth and righteousness with false interpretations and wrong customs. The instances to which our Saviour especially referred, were not the only instances where the word of God has been rendered of none effect by human tradition. Let us turn to some of those occasions that bear more directly upon our own time and our own practice. This means a great deal and applies to a great deal when we come to look at it, this making the word of God of none effect by our traditions. The word of God—well, what is that? Why, surely, that means the everlasting truth, the imperishable requirements of God, in whatever form delivered, whether they come from the unchanged utterance of Providence, or the divine records of the Bible. The word of God is the requirement of God, the truth of God. And what is tradition? That is whatever form of false conceit or of practical disobedience overlies and violates these truths and these requirements of God; and especially those conceits of ours which become, as you may say, a second nature; those notions in our minds which we never take up and revise, which are the growth of false customs, conventionalities, education, which we have derived second-hand from others rather than from our own thought, meditation and prayer. So the words of our Saviour in the text strike positively upon a great many people who by no means consider themselves Scribes or Pharisees, or given to the traditions of the elders.

It is the wonder of almost every word of the New Testament, that it carries live truth, just as a live coal carries fire, and carries this truth through all ages and all times; that it is just as applicable to one man in his condition as to another man in a very different condition, to the man in the 19th century as well as to the man in the first century. So in fact if preaching were even what some people seem to wish it to be, a denunciation of the sins of the ancient Jews, if it was really faithful and thorough preaching, it would be apt to have some smart personal application to men and things around us. Even now it would have this application exactly in proportion as it penetrated to the core and essence of that ancient sin and falsehood. It would strike the core and essence of sin and falsehood. The rebuke which bore upon the sin and falsehood of Christ's time, would bear upon the sin and falsehood of our own time. The traditions of the elders may not be our traditions, but as long as we cover up and virtually annul God's truth and God's commandments by our false conceits, and maxims and practices, we do in spirit exactly what the Scribes and Pharisees did whom Jesus rebuked in the text.

There is evidently, then, a very deep and hard lesson in the passage before us, which is larger, which has a deeper application than I can stop even to compute now; but I must leave it to your own reason and your own conscience in most instances to take it up and apply it where it does apply, where the word of God is made of none effect through your tradition. We know how this has been with the religion of Jesus himself; we know how the very formalism, which that religion aimed to sweep away, was erected upon it, and accumulated around it, and overwhelmed it, and almost rendered it of none effect. We know what it was that the souls and hearts of good men and great men heaved against, in the time of the reformation, a cumbrous mass of traditions which had, as it were, entombed the spirit of the gospel and almost quenched its vital spark. And surely we are aware how heavily still that divine word, that simple truth, is encumbered; to how many even now is religion little more than a charm, a talisman, a ceremony, like the Pharisaic washing of the hands, a sacred word like Corban; to how many is the holy significance of religion embodied and enshrined in going to church, in uttering a prayer, in reading a chapter in the Bible; acts often so mechanical and unthinkingly performed, that, so far as any religious efficacy is concerned, we might as well tear the literal chapter from the Bible and bind it around the forehead, or do as the Oriental people do—write the prayer upon a slip of paper, and put it upon a mill to be turned by water, and to be ground out at leisure. Our religion is too apt to be the Corban of creed, the scrupulous utterance of so many I believes, I believe this and I believe that, blended with terrible scorn and hatred of those who do not believe just so, who believe a little more or a little less than we say we believe. In any case where religion is a mere tradition, or ceremony, a reverent respectability of belief, something of this kind rather than a living word in the heart, a conscious communion of Christ and God with the soul, there our Saviour's rebuke in the text applies; for then we have made the word of God of none effect through our tradition.

Oh, my friends, to go through the ceremonies and violate the spirit of religion, I ask you if that is not too often the conduct of man in regard to the religion of Jesus Christ? Do we not see analogous cases every day; though perhaps they do not strike us so boldly, they do not seem so harsh to us, cases like that of the young man putting aside the portion of his goods by which he might have helped his parents, and thus turning away from them and saying Corban? Do we not see men, who, with some sort of religious jugglery, some sort of conscientious baptism of an evil act, really violate the spirit of religion in the name of religion? They utter long prayers and make that perfectly consistent with pious frauds; take the name of God with seeming reverence upon the lip, and violate that humanity that God loves, and for which Christ died. Is not sharp, sanctimonious religion too often brought into this collision with the deepest claims and sanctities of daily truth, and duty, and humanity? Are not men very often more indignant at heretics than they are at the real practical infidelity which is covered up with sounding names and professions? Do we not often see men who do not value the truth for the truth's sake, but merely value an opinion because it is their own opinion, and thus care more for a dissent from their opinion, intellectually, than they do for a moral defalcation from the true order and rule of life? How often has religion been held to be simply a tyrannical power which curbs free thought, a despotic power which is opposed to and crushes down every true and natural affection of the human heart. When I think of this misrepresentation of evil through the utterances and interpretation of men, I think not only of the evil that comes to the souls of these men themselves, but of the evil that comes to the souls of men in the world at large.

I know the heart of man is bad enough; it resists Christ's truth too strongly; but, after all, I believe that in ten thousand instances the word of God is made of none effect through human traditions, and that it is not anything in God's truth itself that is repugnant to the reason of man, nor anything in the claims of God's requirements which is repugnant to the heart of man; but that the interpretation has so distorted God's truth, the presentation has so misrepresented God's requirements, that that even which is best in the hearts and the noblest in the intellect rises to resist it; and thus men make the word of God of none effect by their traditions. And if that is the case when men are thus in close contact in thought and in act with religion itself, how much more will it be apt to be the case when they come to mingle the truths and requirements of religion with the more ordinary affairs of the world? Surely, if the traditions of men, the false conceits of men the wrong practices of men, are manifest when they stand in the most intimate professed communion with religious truths and requirements, how much more will these truths and requirements be covered up and made of none effect in daily communion with the world of human affairs and business, the world of social intercourse, how much more shall we find a mass of traditions by which the word of God is made of none effect?

For instance, there is the truth concerning human responsibility. There is the requirement which God makes of human duty. How often is this made of none effect by our traditions of chance, and accident, and even by the devout tradition of a visitation of Providence. The traditions of men are applied to instances like those that have written the very first pages of this New Year in red lines of human blood, and made its initial letters of human skeletons, "accidents," like those of the past week, combined with that terrible calamity which darkens the whole land; all called accidents, all mysterious dispensations of Providence, or, as a great many people believe, something which the human eye could not foresee nor the human will prevent. In such cases, my friends, how often is the plain requirement of God which presses upon human duty, and the plain truth of God which declares human responsibility, covered up and made of none effect by these miserable traditions. Now the great improvements of our time, the great mechanic working of our time, the vast facilities by which we pass to and fro from one portion of the land to another, can hardly be overrated in their magnitude and splendor. One thing is certain; these great improvements and these mechanical powers are either in accordance with God's will, or they are not. If they are not in accordance with God's will; if they are really violations of God's providential laws, then every time a man goes into a factory or rides in a railroad car, he is tempting Providence; he is doing that which God's laws do not really allow. I ask, can this be a conceivable state of things? Have these improvements, as we call them, been really carried out in violation of God's law? Is it something which God did not intend, that man should move to and fro at the rate of thirty or forty miles an hour? If so, let us ascertain it, and let us say that these catastrophes are really expressions of divine retribution for the violation of his laws and the tempting of Providence.

But if, on the other hand, all these improvements are in accordance with the divine will, and in accordance with the divine law, then it is evident that much that we call accident is not accident. It is merely a convenient tradition of men to cover up their selfishness, and carelessness, and neglect; because, while we find that under the laws of God and the steadfast economy of Providence such things as accidents do sometimes occur, they by no means occur in the fearful way and the terrible multiplicity in which they occur in these human transactions. If this is simply a violation, not of providential law, but a law of human duty, a law of human responsibility, is it not time that the earnest indignation of the community and the earnest retribution of the community should be brought to bear upon all companies of men who make their own selfish aims override the claims of humanity and that duty which they undertake to assume? If a railroad company is too poor to pay for engines and for iron, let it stop. If it does not, every consecutive bar of iron is a consecutive deceit, and every old, leaky, dilapidated, dislocated, asthmatic locomotive is a clattering falsehood. That is the whole of it. And only in one way can the nerves of corporations be reached; only, therefore, in that way will they be reached. I repeat, that if companies are not able without the utmost expense to carry forward their transactions, they should either stop or carry them forward with that expense. Better that every beam in the Pemberton Mill had cost more than its weight in fine gold, than that one life should be lost. Better that every brick should have been cemented at tenfold cost, than that it should be sprinkled with human blood. What will money do, to be sure, what will pecuniary retribution do to call these healthful, vigorous, mangled pieces together? Will it call back that bride who sat so jubilant in her marriage robes, the animation of that pale face that died crowned with marriage garlands? Not at all. But in some way or other, such outrageous infernalism and careless neglect as that just recorded, should have more rebuke than the mere verdict of a jury, "No one to blame;" the uncanonized dead hurried into eternity, and nobody to blame; and therefore, of course, God Almighty is to blame. My friends, it is blasphemy. It is covering up God's requirements and God's laws, and making them of none effect through human traditions.

So you may take the grand world of business, and you will find there, that in their conceptions, and in their conduct, men are guided too often by traditions rather than by standards of absolute truth and absolute rectitude. As I have before said, men seem to have two kinds of morality; one, a sort of general morality, and the other a morality for their business transactions. In social life they may be honest, frank, and generous; but the moment they enter upon business transactions, they seem to take up another morality, an accretion of false conceptions as to business requirements and business morals. It is simply a geological specimen of the human soul which is sometimes all loaded down with strata, layer upon layer, of false conceptions; here a little branch of ordinary conventional duty, then some old shells and fossils of false notions; and by-and-by we come down to the granitic substance of the man, and find that very often made up totally of the false conception, the idea which may be put into English—make money if you can, no matter in what way, if you only make it; all is fair in trade. You will find that absolutely hardened into a granitic substratum, in business, and in this way the word of God is made of none effect through human traditions.

But who does not see that a lie told in trade, is just the same as a lie told in the drawing-room; that a lie told in the shop, is just the same as a lie told in the church, that it is as bad to clip conscience as to clip coin; that it is as bad to give a counterfeit statement as a counterfeit bill? What is the difference morally? Human law may have a greater hold upon you if you clip coin or counterfeit money; but before God Almighty what is the difference morally between clipping coin and clipping conscience, between passing a counterfeit statement and a counterfeit bill? Both are alike making the word of God of none effect through your traditions; and that this is done in the business world is but too painfully apparent.

I need not say how it is in the political world. I need not say that we can hardly find the word of God Almighty there at all. It seems to be all tradition. How would it seem in our Congress for some one to stand right up and preach the divine word, in the midst of party traditions and sectional conceits! It would be like John the Baptist crying out in the wilderness. People seem to think that the District of Columbia does not belong to Almighty God, that it is a spot set apart by itself, over which he has no control. So in politics, as in business, and in a thousand ways, basely thinking, or not thinking at all very often, having by false notions and conceits built up such standards, we make the word of God of none effect through our traditions.

We have our traditions in the pulpit, traditions of what is called the gospel, and it is a very narrow and very meagre thing, as many believe it. It hardly hits any prevalent sin; it hardly bears upon any common duty or affection. It is simply a collection of doctrinal statements, a collection of theological views, a collection of descriptions of old sins which the Scribes and Pharisees committed, when they said Corban, and thought it a greater evil not to wash their hands than to violate the great laws of duty and humanity. So we hear it said that Christ is to be preached; that men do not preach Christ now all the time, but preach of sins and duties. So the men who utter this assertion know what preaching Christ is? It is to preach what Christ did, what he thought, and what he was. Christ lifted up the poor, the bowed down, the castaway. When we preach, that we preach Christ. Christ turned aside and told the story of God's mercy, and when we preach that, we preach Christ. When we strike against wrong; when we touch upon every duty; when we consecrate every noble affection; when we make the grain of mustard seed, the plant by the way, and the wild bird in the air, all symbols and profound teachers of God Almighty's truth; that is preaching Christ, preaching the spirit and truth of Christ, and not merely preaching that it is good to be good, to have faith in an atonement and a change of heart. That is all right; but what does it mean? We live in tradition, and we think if the word "Christ" is uttered a few times in a sermon, if the word "grace" is uttered a few times, and if we speak of "conversion" in it, that is a gospel sermon. But if we tell a man to speak the truth and not to lie, that is a moral and not a gospel sermon. That is a gospel sermon, too. Everything by which the spirit and truth of Christ is brought to bear upon daily life, is no more and no less than preaching Christ.

My friends, I believe the pulpit will be worth little when the truth is not preached in it freely; when you say that men shall not only preach from the New Testament, but what parts of the New Testament they shall preach from; when you quench everything in the New Testament that sounds inflammatory or agitating. When the utterance of gospel truth from the pulpit is thus hedged in and cramped down, you will indeed make the word of God of none effect through your traditions, and the pulpit will become weak indeed. I have no fear of the power of the pulpit, or the influence of the pulpit, so long as it applies God's truth boldly and freely. So long as the old prophet utterances of past ages are borne from it or breathed through it; so long as the true apostolic descent which comes from the soul's serving God and being baptized in the Spirit of Christ is represented in it, I have no fear of the power, or efficacy, or standing, of the pulpit. I have no fear of the true respect that will come to the preacher, so long as the people are convinced that he is loyal to his own convictions. There are tens of thousands of people now who rather dislike that the preacher should teach his own convictions, who would dislike him ten times more if he did not do it. If they thought he was truckling and squeezing down under the pressure of public opinion, although they might approve his actions, and call him a judicious man, they would be disgusted with him. There is no power left to the preacher, the moment you think he is not uttering his real convictions. When you think he is trimming his sails, has his eye upon the public, and cares more how the people receive his doctrine than what he shall say, there is no more respect for him. Those preachers, although they may be called conservative, wise, and prudent, never will move the public heart, or do God's work. But take a man true to his convictions of the word of God, rather than the traditions of men, and that is the preacher who has true power. In all these things, then, the servant of Christ is but too apt to make the word of God of none effect through human traditions.

And especially there is the general condition of worldliness itself which has many traditions making the word of God of none effect. There is the tradition which men of the world have with regard to the pleasures of sin, of indulging in a little pleasure, as they call it. No one can doubt that according to a certain definition, taking a narrow view of pleasure, there is pleasure in sin. There is a temporary delight of the senses, a momentary thrill of the nerves, a passing emotion, of pleasure, if you choose to call it so. But do you think that is the real pleasure which God provides as a banquet for the children of men? Is that the pleasure to which God has invited men in this beautiful and delightful universe? Are these the faculties with which he has endowed him, and these the objects which he has created for those faculties to be employed upon? Do you think there is any such thing as real and enduring pleasure in a sinful act, in a base or mean course of conduct, in the road wherein the libertine, the drunkard, the violater of holy sanctities, run? Do you not know that in reality the great cheat and delusion, set before every generation, is simply this tradition that there is anything like real substantial pleasure in sin?

Let us not get the notion that in sin itself there is any pleasure. There may be certain accompaniments of sin which may be transiently pleasant; there may be certain conditions of sin which for a moment may seem to delight; but there is no pleasure in sin itself. It is all evil. Sometimes it is thought that those called liberal men are very lax in their estimate of sin, that they have very little moral conception of sin. The lax view of sin is, that men may sin and get along very well for awhile, but will be punished hereafter for it; that sin is terrible, simply because men are going to be punished for it. The serious view, the stringent and solemn view of sin, is that which views it as something always evil; that man takes a blasting curse to his soul whenever he cherishes it; that it is evil because it alienates him from God, because it impairs his faculties, because it pollutes his nature, because it is contrary to everything that is noble in his existence and destiny. It is a solemn thing to sin, because it is sin, and not merely because it is to be punished by-and-by. And therefore the tradition that sin is a pleasure, that it is evil only on account of the retribution that is to come—this tradition is one which too often makes the word of God of none effect; for men think that if they sin, and can have repentance squeezed in before the retribution, they will take the sin now, and have the repentance by-and-by. But if the sin and the retribution for the sin, the blasting evil, all go together, as the word of God declares they do, there is no room left for this compromising of sin, and partaking of the pleasures of sin.

Again, out of this general ground of worldliness comes the tradition of skeptical doubt and denial. The veil and delusion of matter is over the senses of man, and he says, "I cannot see any spiritual world; I take up my telescope, and I see other material worlds like this; I see Sirius marching in splendor; I see the dim embankments of the nebulæ; I see the flaming and sword-like form of the comet; but I see nothing that you can call a spiritual world. I put my ear down to the grassy grave, and no voice comes from it. I find not even a key-hole by which to look into what you call the future. And by this utter delusion of the veil of the senses, by our traditions, we shut out the great truth of God's word. For, my friends, do you not see that this tradition of skepticism, that this material illusion, makes, in reality, the grandest facts of existence to be of none effect? Suppose that I take the tradition of skepticism; suppose that, because I cannot see the spiritual world, and handle it, and hear it, and mingle with its realities, I say there is none? Then I cover up the word of God that comes to me, in the first place, through man's own wonderful nature. I ask, What is the meaning of that? What do those grand capacities, always hungering and thirsting, and never satisfied, signify? What does this conviction of man, that burns like a lamp in the darkness of the shadow of death, and will not hear of such a fact as annihilation, signify? What does all that achievement of the human races, of ever higher attainment, its constant development of a higher ideal, signify? Such a mind as that just gone out in Europe, casting a light upon so many other minds, who has kindled within us some of the grandest intellectual conceptions, who has written books, which, however false in detail, yet, as a presentation of English history, as bringing before us, in the grand gallery of the past, the noble, wise, and beautiful forms, will live as long as the English tongue lives—what means a mind like that, soaring up out of time and sense, in the midst of a glorious work all unfinished, and standing like some of those old cathedrals, with half the towers down—what means all this aspiring, unfinished capacity, if the tradition of skepticism is true? Do you not cover up the word of God in the nature of man in that?

What mean the discipline and trial of life? What mean the dark shocks of disappointment, the breaking of hopes, the sundering of human ties, the terrible baptism of suffering and of fire, if there is not something beyond? If in every bath of sweat and tears, every drop of sorrow, every falling wave, there is something by which I am led more near to God, by which my soul is made stronger, and purified, then I can understand life. But if I am hurled in the chaos of life, battered by sorrow to-day, and kicked by misfortune to-morrow, stricken by my fondest hopes, deluded and deceived, and all is to end in nothingness, I must confess that your tradition presents a problem I cannot solve. But the word of God itself, speaking out of this Bible, kindling in us the noblest hopes and faith for nineteen hundred years—what do you make of that, if the tradition of skepticism is true? You make all that that word speaks of none effect.

Finally, I say, that our calamities and our troubles sometimes make the word of God of none effect. Sometimes we have so much trial, or the trial is so heavy and so sudden that it puts a dark gloss upon the manuscript of God's doings, puts its dark and transient interpretation upon the processes of God's work, and up comes this tradition to interpret and falsify that work of God. We feel, sometimes, as though we were the mere sport of chance and fate, as though in the plan of creation, in this visible world, we were by some mysterious power blown from annihilation into annihilation. When you find men in this condition, in great sorrow and suffering, they are disposed to drift away from the anchorage of faith. Things operate differently. It is said that sorrow is a wholesome discipline to man. So it is to some men. There are some men under the discipline of sorrow whose hearts have grown cross, and their souls presumptuous in continued prosperity. When that atmosphere of worldliness has fully enveloped them about, it seems needful that the clouds should be dispelled, and the air purified by the lightning of affliction. There are men whom sorrow makes hard, and who cling to doubt and obstinacy all the more, as the wind and sleet and pelting hail beat upon them. There are those who, in moments of sudden calamity, seem to rush to God all the more; and, as the planks crash and dissolve beneath them, say, "It is the work of the Almighty hand; I must come to him." Other men say, "I do not understand this universe; I am balked, crushed, troubled by misfortune, and I doubt whether there is a God, or anything good;" and thus they make the word of God of none effect by their tradition.

Are they not interpreting the processes of the Almighty by their own limited span of measurement? Are they not failing to see in the tendency of things the index of something beyond? What we see for the moment is transient and provisional. A great grief has fallen upon you. A sudden calamity has troubled you. But remember that everything moves by law. I suggested that, when I spoke a little while ago of the carelessness and negligence of men. Everything moves by law. What does law itself indicate? It would be a sad thing, if when we had arrived at the conclusion that the universe works by law, we should stop there. Law is a very bleak thing to us. Law has a very disconsolate relation to us. But what does law imply? A purpose. A lawgiver. And when by a law of this life calamity comes upon you, think that there is a lawgiver above the law. Whatever may be to you a problem and a dilemma, there is One solving it out, and the very perplexity in the case is, that your eyesight is narrow, that you cannot see all God's plans. That is God's truth; do not make it of none effect by your traditions. You lose a beloved friend. Are you quite sure that it would have been better that that friend should have lived rather than died? Do you not believe that God, who in the last analysis reaches all things, sees better, and is wiser than you? Do you not think that really in the great end, when the whole is summed up, when the transaction is completed, and the event is made clear, you will have occasion, upon looking back, to say that it was wise and well?

Take the tradition of your misfortune, and darken the universe with it, if you will; what good do you get from it? What blessedness comes from it? Take the word of God that says, Trust in me; the Lord will never let those be desolate that trust in him; the Lord is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works; God is love; and the dark traditions of temporary misfortune and disappointment pass away before it. Let us not live in the traditions of men, but stand near God and hear the divine word always. Better the promptings of conscience, than the mere utterances of conventionality. Better the utterances which come to the believing soul, than the long creeds written by men who have been dead five hundred years. Better the quick, throbbing heart of inspiration, from God's communion and Christ's presence, than the mere formality with which you sometimes approach him in the church and the closet. God's word is ever fresh and ever sure. And oh, in your religion and your politics, in your responsibility, in your calamities and your trials, trust in that; for our conceits are often false; our standards are often hollow; our traditions are often wrongly based and will pass away; but the word of the Lord, that shall stand.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE CREATOR TO THE CHILD.

BY PROF. J. EDWIN CHURCHILL.

Visions of beauty round thy brow,
And living gems of thought,
Immortal bards are near thee now,
Thy mind with glory fraught.

Upward and onward be thy way,
Dauntless, bravely, surely go,
Outshine the splendor of the day,
Live all of heaven while here below.

Go on thy mission, child of earth;
Give to the world thy highest dower,
To waft all souls to spheres above—
Thou canst not wish a richer power.

Store in thy soul's deep cell,
Bright thoughts of use, and words that burn;
Weave round thy inner life a spell,
More lasting far than tablet urn.

Oh! when will mortals learn to live
Those highest thoughts, their purest love,
Of what they have to freely give,
And live but for the spheres above?

When faintly comes the answer down,
In soothing cadence, sweet and low,
There is for all of earth a crown
Of fragrant flowers, in heaven they grow.

Oh, mortal child! in thy brief day
Thou wilt not learn how pure and bright,
How glorious the resplendent ray,
Is our blest land to mortal sight.

Thou canst not look upon my form,
While dwelling in thy house of clay;
I live amid the tempest-storm,
And dwell amid the sun's bright ray.

I am what mortal never saw
With eye of flesh or mundane sight;
I'm first, I'm last, eternal *Law*;
I am all power, the source, the light.

I was, when nature first began,
The life of all created things;
I will be when earth's life is run;
From me creation ever springs.

I'm light, I'm darkness, I'm everywhere;
I'm all that is, and ever will be;
Creation is my especial care,
Controlling earth, and sky, and sea.

Then child of earth, and son of God,
Seek not to scan the ways of heaven—
Who rules as with an iron rod,
But learn that which to thee is given.

Norristown, Penn., Jan. 1, 1860.

AGRICULTURAL.

LIBERAL PREMIUMS FOR EXPERIMENT WITH MANURES.—The Massachusetts Society for Promoting Agriculture offers the following liberal premiums for experiments with manures: First premium, $100; second, $75; third, $50. In awarding the premiums, all other things being equal, preference will be given to those which are tried on the largest space of land, and also where the competitor weighs the whole crop, instead of an average rod. Notice of an intention to compete must be given to the Secretary on or before the 1st day of January, 1861. The Society have issued the following direction to competitors:—

> "Select a level piece of land, of any convenient size—from twenty square rods up to as many acres, or more—which should be as nearly equal in its character and conditions as possible. Divide it into five equal parts, numbering them 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5, for a rotation of three years.
>
> Divide the manure which it is proposed to apply, and which should be of a uniform character, into four equal parts. At the time of first plowing in the spring, spread evenly one-fourth of the manure upon plot No. 1, and then plow the whole field of an equal depth. Apply another fourth part of the manure to plot No. 2, and then cross-plow the whole field to about half the depth of the first plowing. Spread another fourth of the manure upon plot No. 3, and harrow or cultivate the whole field; after which, sow or plant the whole, evenly, with any crop preferred. Finally, spread the remaining quarter part of the manure upon plot No. 4.
>
> Observe that by pursuing this course, each of the five lots will receive equally a deep plowing, a shallow plowing, and a harrowing or cultivating, the only difference in them being that in No. 1 the manure is buried deep, in No. 2 shallow, in No. 3 buried only slightly, but coated with loam, and in No. 4 left exposed upon the surface; while No. 5 gets no manure. The manure is to be spread broadcast, and as evenly as possible. The after cultivation should be the same on each of the lots, and the harvest of each should take place at the same time.
>
> Let a statement of the character of the soil, whether light or heavy, dry or moist, leachy or retentive of manures, the crop of 1859, kind, and amount, and mode of application of manure in 1859, size of field covered by the experiment, depth of first plowing, kind and amount of manure used in 1860, kind of crop, when and how sown, number of times and manner cultivated, and weight of product on an average rod of each plot be made in 1860, and returned in the annual report of each Society.
>
> If there is a double product, as grain and straw, corn and stover, let the weight of the Secondary product be given on each plot.
>
> If the competitor weigh the whole crop, instead of estimating it by an average rod, there will be no objections to such a course.
>
> A brief synopsis of the weather for each of the months of May, June, July, August and September, by dividing each month into three parts, and using the terms dry, moist, and wet, to indicate the general character of the weather, will also be expected."

Competitors for premiums offered by other Agricultural Societies in the Commonwealth, are invited to compete for the above, the same experiments serving for both, by filing a duplicate statement with the Secretary of this Society.

ASHES AS A MANURE.—Ashes may be used with advantage to almost any class of crops, but especially as a dressing for grass, grain, and Indian corn, though the immediate benefit of ashes is most perceptible on leguminous plants, such as clover, peas, beans, etc. Ashes in some respects act like lime, consequently, on thin, poor soils they should not be applied in large quantities, unless vegetable matter is added at the same time, as the effect is too stimulating and exhausting. They act like lime in having a tendency to give compactness to light, sandy soils, and render heavy clay soils light and friable. They serve, too, to neutralize whatever superabundance of acids there may be in any soil.

* * *

BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—Some author informs us how we became indebted for the "red rose." They were all of a pure and spotless white when in Eden they first spread their leaves to the morning sunlight of creation. Eve, as for the first time she gazed upon the taintless gem, could not suppress her admiration of its beauty, but stooped down and impressed a warm kiss upon its snowy bosom. The rose stole the scarlet tinge of her velvet lip, and wears it yet.

* * *

A newspaper is a sermon for the thoughtful, a library for the poor, and a blessing to everybody. It is the best public instructor.

At a ball recently given at Warrenton, Virginia, the fairest belles of the evening appeared in *fancy dresses*.

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This paper will be mailed from London to any part of Europe, one year for £0.12s.; six months, £0 6s.; three months, £0 3s. Address J. Rollin M. Squire, London, until further notice.

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Subscriptions may be sent to this office, when the names will be forwarded to the office of the Working Farmer, from whence that paper will be mailed.

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Banner of Light.

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Persons sending us clubs, may add to the club at any subsequent time, names either in their town, or any other place.

Moneys sent at our risk; but where drafts on New York can be procured, we prefer to have them sent, to avoid loss. Procure drafts on New York, if possible.

☞ Subscribers wishing the direction of their paper changed from one town to another, must always state the name of the town to which it has been sent.

All letters must be addressed,
Banner of Light, Boston, Mass.
Berry, Colby & Co.

OUR CIRCLES.

As we shall be absent most of this week, there will probably be no circles held at our office until Monday, February 6th.

TALK AND TALKERS.

The tongue was given us to talk with—there is no doubt of that. Everybody talks who can, little thinking what a many-edged instrument he employs. This same tongue of ours is a little member, but alas! what a world of good and evil is at its command! Who thinks, while engaged in attiring himself for the day, what kind of work his tongue will do for himself and others, before he disrobes at night again? How many ever keep by them, where it will be handy at just the moment they will be likely to want it, a firm resolve to hold that same tongue in check, when passion blindly seizes the reins and would drive its victim, if it could, to despair? How much real discipline, steady and constant, is brought to bear upon this member, so that, when a man opens his lips to speak, he is perfectly assured of the tone and spirit of what he shall say, and not at all afraid that he will say a great deal more and worse than he intended?

With this little member rests the happiness and virtue of all families, all circles, and all societies. The assertion is nowise broad, when laid down by the side of facts that a careful observation calls out. It is the magic of speech that summons soul forth to talk with soul. Speech calls men together in vast assemblies, and then arouses them with its trumpet appeals, or soothes with its gentle magnetism. By this do we, last of all, differ from the animals, that we can articulate intelligibly our desires, fears, passions, and thoughts one to another, without which thought itself would become in a great degree dead and dry for lack of instant and vital transmission. Speech is a glorious gift, and we may well think it of itself divine. It is not all, to be sure, who excel with the gift; yet there must always be enough to light the social hill-tops with their eloquence, and those who dwell humbly in the valleys can catch the glow and thus seem to make it their own special inspiration.

There are many classes and sorts of talkers, but we will not follow any mechanical rule in trying to divide and subdivide them; we shall serve our own, if not our reader's interest, by touching on them as they occur to us. For, talking forming so much of the staple of human existence, it is to be supposed that talkers may themselves be much talked about.

There is your smooth, oily, never-failing talker, whose jaws are never weary with constant opening and shutting, and whose tongue runs with the unfailing power of an inland brook that never was known to run dry. Sometimes it is delightful to cast your skiff upon the smooth stream of such a man's talk, for, if he be intelligent and observant, he can drift you down between the greenest banks, fringed with the most beautiful vines, and framed in beyond with vistas of trees that hold up to your pleased eye pictures of parks that you could not describe if you tried. When one is a little possessed of languor, yet not so much so as to be weary and desirous of rest and silence, it supplies genuine refreshment to fall in with such a talker, who asks you to put forth not a single stroke with your own oars, but merely to trust to his skill and friendliness in floating you. What you chiefly like about such a talker, if you chance to like him at all, is the little effort you are obliged to make to go along with him. But you cannot go with him unless you are in the mood; hence he is not such an one as is any way necessary to your existence; he only soothes, rests, and helps refresh you.

It is a sorry trial to the temper, however, when you accidentally blunder upon an inveterate, heavy, and slow-going talker, who button-holes you just as you would make the most of this last minute in getting to the cars, or to company at dinner, and holds you in his purgatory as long as he chooses. The better to be rid of him, you pretend to pay undivided and even a smiling attention. He feels flattered, in the same ratio. You listen with an assumed eagerness that surprises you. Presently you catch the whole point and pith of what he would say, and would fain be gone. But no, there he holds you pinned. You feel as fixed, in the vice of his talk, as one of the famous Pillars of Hercules. Knowing what he would say before he has got through a quarter of it, and remembering how very precious your time is, too, it seems as if you could draw yourself out of your boots with impatience, leaving them gladly as your listening-representatives. Such indescribable bores as these heavy-headed talkers are! They have not the native perception of some creatures that cannot talk at all. They cannot see that you have got the whole of their meaning long ago, but, with the instinctive brilliancy of pure dulness, talk on and talk on till you become quite beside yourself with internal rage.

There is one kind of talker that we dread and flee from. He sleeps like a cougar on our path, and flies out to draw the fresh blood from the throat of our sentences whenever he sees the time has come for him to spring. He says but little himself, and that at intervals far apart; but silently, and by the magic of his own devilish magnetism, entices you to come forth from yourself, confiding to his attentive ears the dearest secrets of your heart, and then, just at the moment when a single sentence of his own will kill and poison all, he lets it fly and smites you to the very core of your soul. He may think himself more acute and profound than you, because you are the most frank and communicative; but he is only more wicked and cruel, not more deep or penetrating. He does not *talk enough* to work off the poisonous accumulations of his brooding thoughts, so that, when he uses his tongue at all, it is only to give vent to the malicious envy with which his nature is all stuffed up. Deliver us from these ugly beasts of prey! They may have glossy coats, beautifully marked and spotted, but the ferocity of the wild beast is not thereby concealed. They believe in a venomous sneer, an ugly and unanswerable hint, a question such as no high-born spirit would ever consent to answer, and the words that, harsh and monosyllabic, thrust themselves to the heart like daggers. Victory is all, with them; it matters not if it be bought at the cost of a withered life or a broken heart. They lie in wait for chances to destroy; and their appetite is as soon glutted with the forms of innocence and trust as with those of men more like themselves.

Some talk, as people sometimes say, for the sake of "hearing themselves talk." And they always seem to please themselves by the practice, too. But it would be more consoling to others, if they ever showed any signs of improvement in their talk. This, unfortunately, is rarely or never the case. For these mere talkers talk little else than words; and as their stock, at the largest, is but limited, as a matter of course what they employ soon becomes threadbare and shiny. For even the juiciest words lose their pith unless they are flavored with the occasional sprinklings of fresh ideas, or old truths freshly experienced; and it is as hopeful an undertaking to try to make pudding out of saw-dust as it would be to excite a living interest in such worn-to-death phraseologies. This sort of people talk as a clock runs, straight along. They run down only as they lack wind. They could not themselves tell you, on a review, what they have been saying, but they are satisfied, all the time, it has been good, steady *talk*. Like some men who feel that nothing is doing unless discussion is going on, these folks conscientiously believe that all things are come to a standstill unless *talk* is making. It *sounds* like life, and business, and sociability, to them. They think that it somehow stirs up people, and makes their intellects more active and profound. And with such a miserable delusion, which we should not lament so much did they not labor with such zeal to thrust it upon innocent men and women, they go round and round like a pepper-mill, producing results just about as pleasant and savory.

But there is one sort of talker whose company, when we can have our choice as well as not, we crave before that of all others; it is he who knows how and when to *listen* as well as talk—who is so well equipped at all points that he knows exactly what spring to touch in the conversation, and how hard to bear down upon it—who catches your meaning as he loves to have you catch his—and suggests more by the little he says, than he could have hoped to express in words ten or twenty times as many. Such men and women, in this day of showy and shallow desires, are rare enough to be esteemed prizes whenever they appear. In the atmosphere of such persons, we somehow feel a consciousness of being at home, and at ease, at once. They possess that delicate instinct, coming of no culture, and product of no rules, which tells them in every case how far to go, and how little to say. What they *do not* say is often so much better even than what they *do* say; because the unsaid so fitly belongs to the said, and is its own true complement, set exactly in the right place. These souls are the real hubs of all societies: the noiser rattlers make up the spokes, the felloes, and the metallic rim. They never exhaust themselves, but, like a fountain in a forest, are ever fresh, copious, and virginal. So much harmony dwells in their words, which are indeed like "apples of gold in pictures of silver." Such secret power rests in their calmness. So much repose dwells in their natures. And they impart ever fresh and new meanings, too, to old words, breaking up the vocabulary almost at their own individual pleasure, and seeming to make all over again.

No talk—it may be taken for granted—is worth the pains of listening to, unless there is a genuine *soul* in it; large enough and strong enough to burst the barriers and zig-zag fences of phraseological proprieties, and let itself out to the dimensions of the nobleness that should reside in the talker. Hence some great souls, that dwell habitually in the sweet and secluded silence of their own valleys, cannot talk at all except by the force of some foreign magnetism, or because excited to that pitch where hot and fervid language alone can relieve them. And these are the ones, too, who, as a general habit, think it not worth their while to begin upon words, because they see beforehand how very superficial and unsatisfactory the result will be. They do not care to buzz about the edges of a subject, as gaudy summer-flies skim around the marge of a mill-pond; and so leave all untouched, because they are burdened with a lightning prescience of how very much there is to say. In their silence they are willing, and glad, to feel themselves quickened with new hints and suggestions from others; but, of all men living, they are most impatient of the infliction of what Carlyle so aptly styles "spoken wind."

Talkers are of as many sorts, almost, as there are men who wag the tongue. It is difficult to classify them by any rule that will hold in all cases. Every one feels, in an instant, whether he likes or dislikes the person to whom he is for the time lending his ears, and if it is going to be worth his while to give attention much longer. We all know our own much more readily than is supposed. It is not by logic, but by insight, that we gain experience, and so enlarge the boundaries of life. And he who, on the full stream of his talk, carries us along between no pleasant banks, into no delightful nooks of green-marged coves, and throws no resounding stone, either, down into the abyssmal chasms of our deep and ever deeper natures—will hold us but a little hour at longest, and buzz his way out of our brains as idly as he buzzed it in.

We believe that the natural gift of talking may be so much improved by culture that it shall fascinate the hearer sometimes even against his choice, and his will; yet, after all, it is the inspiration, rather than the art, that is chiefly to be desired, and that must needs come, over secret wires, with swifter than lightning speed, direct from the overfull soul. A man spiritually starved can properly have nothing to give to others; and only they who are generously endowed with ears and patience ought to be expected to sit and listen. He who has nothing to say, should of right say nothing; but he whose spirit teems and continually grows big with the thoughts and the sympathies he cannot hold, must speak because speech is his only relief. And such were divinely ordered to speak. They carry within their nature what all are hungering and thirsting to hear. They are the true torch-bearers in the world, lighting the sombre looking procession slowly on through the darkness. Nay, they are themselves the lamps, whose oil is beyond price for its exceeding preciousness. These are the divine ones, whose words go round the world.

Let no man be too proud to work. Let no man be ashamed of a hard fist or a sun-burnt countenance. Let him be ashamed only of ignorance and sloth. Let no man be ashamed of poverty. Let him only be ashamed of dishonestly and idleness.

Dr. Farnsworth as a Psychometrist.

A short time since, Dr. Farnsworth gave us permission to test his powers as a psychometrist. We prepared five stout brown envelops, and in each placed a fragment of manuscript, and so closely sealed them as to render it impossible for any one to open them without detection. Each letter was numbered, and then all were mixed together, and we banished from our mind all knowledge of the identity of each envelop. Three of these envelops contained the handwriting of persons whom we know, but yet persons of marked individuality. The other two, contained, one a business letter written by Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson, and the other a franked envelop by Andrew Jackson. We kept the knowledge of our arrangements to ourself, and no other living human soul knew what characters we had given to Mr. Farnsworth to test, until he brought in the result, nor did we give him the least clue to any of the characters.

In a few days Mr. Farnsworth returned two of the envelops we had given him, unopened, and precisely as we had given them to him, with the readings thereon, and observed that he had selected the two most marked characters for his first trial. We give them below:

PSYCHOMETRICAL DELINEATION OF THE CHARACTER OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

The nervous, sanguine temperament of this individual, predominates. He possesses an active, sensitive mind, and has mental powers of no ordinary caste; fine literary taste, and is particularly well versed in *belles-lettres*; large sublimity and ideality; has a poetical turn of mind. His intellectual powers have been well-cultivated and disciplined. He has great refinement of feeling, and is select and exacting in his nature—and, as a speaker or writer, would become highly eminent. He is very liberal in sentiment, and would adhere to all progressive measures; has fine imaginative powers, large comparison, and is capable of making correct delineations and illustrations. He is quite a critic; has large intuitive perception; is radical and firm in the expressions of his sentiments; cares but little for public opinion; has a way of his own. Has considerable mirth and wit; can be sarcastic, and is fond of conviviality. He is generous and philanthropic—is ever ready to do all that lies within his reach for the cultivation and development of mankind. He is unassuming and quiet in his general appearance.

PSYCHOMETRICAL DELINEATION OF THE CHARACTER OF ANDREW JACKSON.

The writer is a male. I experience an intense positive influence. This person has great mental endurance as well as physical—quite an even combination of temperaments—the bilious-sanguine has the ascendency. He has large reflective powers, quick perception of everything that is passing around him; is original in thought and action; relies wholly on his own individuality; is not influenced to any great extent by surrounding minds; has large executive powers; will and determination to finish whatever he undertakes. At times may be very severe in order to carry out his designs. Is never frightened, even when placed in the most dangerous situations, and when aroused to action a lion would be less difficult to quell. He is frank and plain in the expression of his sentiments—speaks to the point. His intellectual powers are not combined with the poetical. Has a clear, practical turn of mind, is exacting in his nature; firmness and decision of purpose are ruling elements in his character. He is open to conviction, and has a quick sense of the requirements of honor and integrity; is generous; can be very sympathetic; is capable of forming strong attachments. He is a person qualified to wield an extensive influence over his fellow-beings. He is liberal in sentiment. Owing to the sterling worth and force of his intellectual faculties, he must be in public life. He is fitted for the political field of action, and has reached an exalted eminence. He has good managing powers, and is competent to occupy a position where great mental effort is required. I feel as though he has had much to do with the affairs of a nation, and has made an indentation upon the political world, and is well remembered. The sentiments that he advocated should not be forgotten—those of liberty and equality!

The reader will see that these are but brief descriptions of character, but yet they are comprehensive and thorough. It is needless to say that the other letters were answered equally satisfactorily.

Truth is Revolutionary.

Revolutions are thoughts endowed with an organic life and the power of locomotion. Some revolutions proceed in a noiseless manner, so as really to endanger no human interest; and such, especially are most potent. They are greater in their development and far more lasting in their effects than the shock that rends a continent or rocks the globe to its centre. The boom of thunder and the hoarse voices of the sea shake the audience chamber of the soul, but a single thought has power to move the soul itself. The angry billows rise and beat the unyielding shore; the silent walls of ocean remain, but the billows fall, recede and disappear. In like manner do great facts and principles resist the elements of passion and prejudice through all ages. Like bold promontories, from which we look out above life's troubled sea, they are left unmoved when the elemental strife is over.

The inspired man shall have his turn again in the government of the world. In that more interior life where thoughts are recognized as substantial realities, his power is felt and comprehended. A starry diadem encircles his brow, and he wields a peaceful scepter over the enlightened and redeemed. Error is presumed to be sacred when it enjoys the fellowship of the church; imbecility and deformity are respected when they are propogated in royal bed-chambers and nursed in palace-halls; but Truth is sublimely great when it stands alone and unsupported; and the thought that is born in a manger may live and grow, and silently conquer the world.

A Mischievous Muse.

A literary hog, some time since, perpetrated the following facetious caricature of the style of one of our distinguished poets. The profane utilitarian who thus sets his infidel foot on the Sacred Mount, has sinned against Apollo, in using Parnassus for a sheep pasture, and ought to live on *lean mutton* during the remainder of his rudimental life:—

Never jumps a sheep that's frightened
Over any fence whatever,
Over wall, or fence, or timber,
But a second follows after,
And a third upon the second,
And a fourth, and fifth, and so on;
First a sheep, and then a dozen,
Till they all, in quick succession,
One by one, have got clear over.
So misfortunes almost always
Follow after one another,
Seem to watch each other always,
When they see the tail uplifted,
In the air the tail uplifted,
As the sorrow leapeth over,
So they follow, thicker, faster,
Till the air of earth seems darkened
With the tales of said misfortunes.

The Herald of Progress.

The first number of this paper is before us. It is a first class, neatly executed weekly, containing eight pages of able, readable matter, "Devoted to the discovery and application of truth."

Andrew Jackson Davis stands at its head, of whose precedents we need not speak, for every reformatory man or woman knows more or less of the manifestations of his harmonious and intuitive soul. We shake a cordial hand in the kind and friendly feeling which Mr. Davis's paper manifests toward all men, and we trust that his paper will ever be characterized by the amiability that has been prominent in his own past life. Yes, Mr. Davis, we *cordially* take *"the right hand of universal respect and friendship"* which you offer to us.

The Great Reformation.

Hereafter it shall be said that the great Reformation commenced in the Nineteenth Century. Compared with this, the Reformation under Luther was insignificant in its principles, and unimportant in its bearing on the moral growth and spiritual freedom of the race. *That* asserted a single principle, while *this* proposes to furnish the world with a new philosophy of human nature and relations; to lend an immortal quickening to the human senses and to all the powers of thought. It promises to enlarge, indefinitely, the boundaries of science; to embellish life and to spiritualize worship; to restore the lost treasures of the heart, and to raise our buried faith and hope from the dead.

The Thinker.

Beautiful are the feet of those who stand on the moral summits of the world. The Angel of the New Dispensation unfurls his Banner of Light over them. Be strong, O Thinker, and smite the world with thy thought. If Truth be entertained by thee, thou art strong indeed. Error shall tremble, even in the light of thy smile; consecrated falsehood and imperial wrong shall pale before the majesty of thy mien, and the armed millions of Oppression shall be scattered. The stubborn form of skepticism shall humbly bow in thy presence, and doubt inherit the gift of tongues no more. Then smite and ignite the elements with thy thought, and consuming flames shall follow the stroke. The world needs to be thus tried and purified; Providence has placed it in the crucible, and it remains for the Thinker and the Worker to kindle and to blow the fire. Rise! to thy work, O Thinker! Go forth and wave thy torch above the phantom-shapes that people the darkened air. Walk through the valleys and along the mountain sides, and the light of the immortal Morning shall gild thy footsteps.

A Spirit to a Mortal.

We extract the following from a communication addressed by a Spirit to a person widely known through his contributions to the Spiritual Literature:—

"Speed on undaunted;
For the fair stars that glitter on thy brow,
And make it now so beautiful, shall pale,
As in the brightness of a rising sun,
Whence thou shalt pour out streams of living glory,
To penetrate the thickest shade of darkness
That hangs around the stagnant pools of Death,
Rank with corruption and decay of Ages.
Light, in salubrious streams, shall shine on them,
Until the sluggish waters, flowing forth,
Shall spread their silvery bosom to the bark,
Which, o'er their quick regenerating tide,
Bears the freed soul to Heaven.
And men shall bless thee,
And from the power of thy majestic spirit,
Drink the aroma that inspires new life.
And when Old Age o'ertakes thee on thy journey,
And thy corporeal frame hath done its work,
A bower of heavenly rest shall ope for thee,
Twined with perennial virtues—gemmed with stars,
In whose eternal light the coming Ages
Shall walk with truer truth, until they share
The deathless youth that opens in thy soul."

The Two Children.

Andrew Jackson Davis has the following in his Herald of Progress:—

There are two excellent thinkers and writers known to the public by the same surname, and for this cause each is sometimes held responsible (getting either blame or praise) for the cogitations and writings of the other, which, perchance, may be not a little embarrassing. We volunteer, therefore, to explain for the sake of all parties. Be it known, then, that Dr. A. B. Child, of Boston, is not Dr. Henry T. Child, of Philadelphia; and, further, that Dr. Henry T. Child, of Philadelphia, is a successful physician in all departments of his profession; that Dr. A. B. Child, of Boston, is a dentist, of the first rank in his branch of science, being also very successful; that each, so far as we know, is a true friend of the other, and both are publicly pledged to the best interests of mankind; and, lastly, that each *Child* is a good man, and each man a good Child of the Universal Father.

Services Next Sunday at the Melodeon.

Miss Lizzie Doten will lecture in the trance state in the Melodeon on Sunday, February 5th, at 2:45 and 7:15 o'clock P. M. Subject in the afternoon from the text found in the twenty-seventh verse of the seventh chapter of Matthew:—"And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell; and great was the fall of it;" giving the spirit's view of the recent disaster at Lawrence. In the evening, an address will be given by an Indian spirit calling himself "Eagle Eye," who claims to have lived on earth many years before this country was settled by the whites.

Old-Fashioned Hell.

We wonder how many in this age of the development of kind and loving feelings for the happiness of all men, even in the orthodox church, will subscribe to the following creed of a Theological Hell, which a few years ago was the popular Christian idea of hell, in the language of Thomas Vincent:

"The torments of hell will not be in one part only, but in every part; not in a weaker degree, but in the greatest extremity; not for a day, or a month, or a year, but forever; the wicked will be always dying, never dead; the pangs of death will be ever upon them; and yet they shall never give up the ghost; if they could die they would think themselves happy; they will always be roaring and never breathe out their last; always sinking and never come to the bottom; always burning in those flames, and never consumed; the eternity of hell will be the hell of hell."

Mrs. Coan going West.

For the past year there has been a demand for this excellent medium, all over the country, she being the only medium *known*, through whom spirits can successfully communicate to promiscuous audiences. To satisfy this demand, Mrs. C. has kindly consented to make another professional tour, from Boston to St. Louis, giving public meetings along the route. Her father, a worthy man, and devoted Spiritualist, will accompany her as her protector and business manager. Persons desirous of her services, will please address, as soon as possible, Ada L. Coan, 13 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.

Mr. Joel Tiffany,

Well known to the Spiritualists and literati of America, as the former editor of Tiffany's Monthly, is about to establish a boarding school in Ballston Spa, N. Y., for the education of the youth of both sexes. There is not a first class school in America, that we know of, where liberal Christians can send their children to school, except the school in Jamestown, N. Y., of Professor Wellington; and Mr. Tiffany's new enterprise may perhaps fill the void. We shall publish more particulars hereafter.

Prof. C. C. Felton has been elected President of Harvard University, in place of Rev. Dr. Walker, who resigned on account of age and ill health.

"Ancient Glimpses of the Spirit-Land."

Messrs. Editors—I have just finished reading No. 3 of "Ancient Glimpses of the Spirit Land," by your intelligent correspondent, C. B. P.; and, having been pleased and profited thereby, I desire to take advantage of the present influence, while the subject is fresh in my mind, to express something of my thanks, or, at least, to briefly acknowledge my obligation to him for his connected glances at the spiritualistic literature of the Past.

I hope he will carefully continue his researches and record them as heretofore, for the benefit of your numerous readers, many of whom are necessarily deprived of the time to wander, as they would wish, amid the fragrant fields of facts and fancies, where the blossomed thoughts of ancient worthies still are found, to yield their precious perfume as in days of yore.

Near the close of his last communication, he alludes to Bacon, and intimates his intention, in the order of time, to quote from this "noblest Roman of them all." Viewing Bacon as the most profound and comprehensive mind of the past, remembering how unerringly history shows him to be the projector, originator, author of some of the plays in the collection of Shakspeare, and of what consequent weight and worth his testimony must be and is, on this as on every subject, I sincerely hope your able correspondent will take especial pains to supply us liberally from this storehouse of human wisdom; for, scattered throughout the writings of this master genius, are many passages fraught with significance and suggestion, freighted with wealth of meaning, bearing directly and with peculiar force upon the subject under notice—pregnant thoughts which fill and crowd the mind with wonder, power and truth, prophetic of the present unfolding of the world's cause. VERULUM

Boston, Jan. 19, 1860.

Reviewer's Department.

"Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World; with Narrative Illustrations. By Robert Dale Owen, formerly Member of Congress, and American Minister to Naples. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1860."

It is a significant fact that men of the clearest and strongest minds have invariably accepted the facts of Spiritualism whenever they have possessed the candor, intelligence, and patience to undertake and to pursue the investigation to a satisfactory issue. We can not recall the name of a single man who has achieved an honorable distinction in Literature, Science, or Art;—not one among the Expounders of the Law, or the Teachers of Religion, who—after a thorough examination of the subject—has retired in disgust from the field of his inquiry, or been disposed to give currency to the base caricatures of unprincipled antagonists by lending to such the sanction of his name, or so much as a word of implied indorsement. True, there are certain unconverted and impenitent ones—pretended scientific investigators—connected with some of our American Institutions of Learning—who have given "an hour or so" to the subject, merely to confirm the foregone conclusion that Spiritualism is all deception and delusion. Having wasted as much of their precious time in the bootless enterprise of coasting along the shores of the Immortal World (without chart or compass) as Lucifer recommends sinners in general to employ in the work of repentance and regeneration, they are now quite sure that their own preconceived opinions are most substantial realities, while the real facts in the case are but idle fancies. They misrepresent the subject, assail private character, and insult the intelligence of the age by virtually presuming that every man is either a poor simpleton, or an incorrigible knave who ventures to see anything in the world that the world at large has not discovered, or that was not dreamed of, or otherwise comprehended in their philosophy. But such men as the late Professor Gregory of Scotland, and our own Dr. Hare—who loved truth more and reputation less—took time to investigate fairly, and were disposed to treat the whole subject with great seriousness and profound respect.

Among the religious and theological opposers of Spiritualism have been some doubtful defenders of Christianity, such as J. W. Daniels, Rev. Professor Hiram Mattison, and others, who—in their thoughtless opposition—have embalmed their ignorance in bad English, and illustrated the peculiar graces of modern Sectarianism by poor wood-cuts, designed to ridicule the highest hopes and the most sacred convictions of thousands. The absence of true religious feeling may be deeply deplored, but the principal sufferers from this species of distillation should never be rudely condemned; and the total want of all genuine sensibility is certainly a misfortune that should subdue our resentment by exciting our commiseration. But then there are many earnest men and religious teachers who are affluent in all pure human sympathies and spiritual graces; who have examined the essential facts of Spiritualism, and weighed the substantial reasons whereon its rational defenders rest its claims. There are many who have not only pursued the subject in a dispassionate, candid and truth-loving spirit, but they have spoken at length from a positive conviction and with a manly independence. Others who have occupied distinguished political positions, or have otherwise rendered the State some service, have voluntarily appeared before the tribunal of public opinion, and their testimony on the great religious question of the age is full, explicit and unimpeachable.

In the "Footfalls" we have a great mass of evidence derived from reliable sources, and arranged with a just discrimination and judgment, such as only a clear, logical, and self-centered mind—sharpened by vigorous discipline and a thorough acquaintance with the world—can be expected to possess. The author doubtless commenced his inquiries, with a strong natural tendency of mind, in the direction of a scientific materialism. He was singularly free from the slightest predisposition to fanaticism, and quite likely to avoid the opposite extremes of an easy credulity, an unreasoning skepticism. But he was evidently little disposed to look beyond the limits of physical existence in his search after truth. Those who were most familiar with the essential characteristics of his mind, felt assured that he would severely scrutinize the facts, freely question the foundation of every improbable theory, and boldly dispute the possession of the whole field with the believers in Ancient Demonology and Popular Superstitions.

We learn from the author's preface, that some five years since, while at Naples, he was induced by his friend, the Viscount de St. Amaro, to commence an investigation of the phenomena of Vital Magnetism in their relations to psychological science. In the spring of the following year, (1856) in the apartments of the Brazilian Minister—the company embracing a member of the royal family—he first witnessed the moving of ponderable bodies without any visible agency. He was surprised, but still incredulous. Subsequently, during a similar interview at the residence of the Russian Minister, his skepticism was shaken by the occurrence of an incident which so clearly revealed the presence and agency of a foreign intelligence, that he at once resolved to continue his inquiries by the use of all proper methods, and with an unfaltering determination. His investigation—by the aid of suitable books and a personal observation of the facts—occupied his leisure time during a period of two years. With a view of forming an enlightened opinion, he perused the best works on Animal Magnetism, Vital Electricity, Psychology, causes of Insanity, the history of Mental Epidemics, and the books that have been written for and against the claims of Spiritualism. And now, after patient research, and mature deliberation, we have the result of his labors in the "Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World."

The author has certainly furnished us with a comprehensive and excellent digest of such facts as serve best to illustrate the powers of the soul and its relations to the Invisible World. The phenomenal examples derived from the records of authentic history and notes of the author's private experience—are very numerous, highly diversified, and often accompanied with important philosophical and practical suggestions. The style is simple and natural, without so much as the appearance of ostentation, or a trace of mysticism. At the same time the author never loses a subject which every right-minded man—who values the demonstrative proofs of his immortality—must approach with a respectful demeanor and with an earnest purpose.

The book will be sought after on both sides of the Atlantic, and we may safely predict, that it will have a larger sale and be more extensively read, than any book that has emanated from the Spiritual Press since the publication of the first volume by Judge Edmonds. The work is for sale by S. T. Munson, at our New York office.

The Spiritual Register for 1860.—This handsome little pamphlet has made its fourth annual appearance, and is more than ordinarily interesting. Besides containing an almanac, the book contains the names and addresses of more than four hundred trance and normal speakers on Spiritualism, and more than three hundred healing and test mediums. In the book are a score or more of pages filled with the freshest thoughts of some of the most earnest men and women in the field of Spiritualism. The book contains much other valuable and reliable information. Price, ten cents each; four dollars per hundred. For sale at this office, and also at 14 Bromfield Street, by Bela Marsh.

A New Work by Michelet.—Thousands of intelligent and pure minded readers, both male and female, who were delighted at the appearance, a few months ago, of an American edition of Love [L'Amour,] by Michelet, translated by Dr. J. W. Palmer, will be glad to learn that Messrs. Rudd & Carleton, New York, have in press and will issue immediately a new work by the same author and translator, a sequel to the first, entitled Woman [La Femme.]

No Mistakes in Future.

Our subscribers will soon be relieved of the annoyance incident to errors in superscribing their papers, or in the mistakes of post-office clerks, who, in the hurry of distribution, cannot stop to carefully dissect *fast* writing.

We have made arrangements to have one of Davis's mailing machines in our office by the month of February when every subscriber's name will be handsomely printed in clear type on his paper. All parties concerned will then be relieved of the annoyances of "missing papers," we trust.

Answers to Correspondents.

M. A. D.—Yes.
K. S. O.—Will publish soon.
D—s, Ohio.—We cannot do what you propose.

Lecturers.

Mrs. A. P. Thompson will lecture at Lawrence, Mass., first Sunday in February. She may be addressed at Lowell till further notice.

E. S. Wheeler will answer calls to speak from Utica, N. Y., where his address is for the present.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

BROMFIELD STREET CONFERENCE.

Wednesday Evening, Jan. 25th.

Question.—"*What is Religion?*"

Mr. Cushing—I was not satisfied with the definitions given on the last evening of debate. There were as many definitions given as speakers. There are various religions—the Mahometan, the Catholic, the Protestant, the Mormon, the Spiritual, and a great many others. Religion is a system that has direct reference to the soul or spirit of man; it is a system of government—different from that of a civil or political character—for in these latter, man legislates for himself and his neighbor—while a system of religion does not originate with the creature, but with the Creator, having particular reference to the moral, devotional and spiritual nature of man. Religion comes to us by the inspiration of God. Nature and science are stepping-stones, upon which the mind is elevated to the condition necessary for inspiration. My religion is a religion of inspiration, and this inspiration is consistent with revelation.

All revelation has come by inspiration; all the knowledge we have had, and shall have, has come, and will come by inspiration.

To talk about a religion that has no duty, as some here do, is to my mind, folly. Religion must be accompanied with action, and the right kind of action.

Mr. Simmons—It suits me to adopt the Bible as a standard dictionary. The only place in the Bible where religion is defined is in James, where it says—"Pure religion, and undefiled before God and the Father, is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their afflictions, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

Mr. Richards—I have been taught that it was religion to *pray* on our knees on Sunday, and to *prey* on our fellow-men the rest of the week. I think that religion is a work of charity; a bond of sympathy. The religion of Christ is good. He says, "Take my yoke upon you." St. Paul says, "Remember those in bonds"—that is, be bound with them. Tom Paine says, "To do good is my religion," and Jesus Christ has taught the same. The true Christian life is religion; profession is nothing. Religion consists in promoting the happiness of humanity.

Mr. Cragin thought that the subject gave us a broad field. He reviewed the various definitions of religion. The miser shows his religion in gathering gold. The benevolent man in deeds of kindness. The various events of life are inspiring influences that cause man to act. Religion is found in every act of life, in both good and bad action. What has been called religion is but the outgrowth of religion. Religion, as we see it, pure and undefiled, prompts man to do good. Religion is an element that inspires man to act on, whether the action be good or evil.

Mr. Thayer thought, as the question was stated, that the definition must be an unit, not signifying the various religions of the earth. He repeated nearly the same definition that he gave on a previous evening—which is simply the definition of the Christian Church. He said he used to measure heads to test a man's religion—now he measured hearts.

Mr. Weatherbee—When a man has no ideas of his own, he is at liberty to criticise others.

I don't see any difference between measuring heads and hearts, as brother Thayer does. He thought that the head gave direction to our religion; it was the guide that directed the action of the heart. Science is the true definition of nature, and nature is full of religion. He gave Worcester's definition of religion, and thought it pretty good. Inspiration comes to every man like hunger—this is natural religion. Every man must be inspired for himself. Though I admit that some people are so dead that they need the galvanism of others to wake them up. I like my own definition of religion, but I don't want to ram it down other people's throats.

Religion is our duty to God and man, as taught by nature and science.

Mr. Duncklee—Religion to me is the result of an effort of man to worship for the purpose of gaining favor of the being he worships. It is natural for man to worship something—therefore man is called a religious being. Our religious feelings may be misdirected, or they may be directed aright, and when thus directed our religion is true.

Mr. Smith—I don't know much about religion—but this I do know, that I was the happiest and acted and felt what I thought was the truest religion, some years ago, when I was in the habit of attending Methodist class-meetings, when I was shouting Hallelujah and glory to God.

I, Henry Smith, do depose and say I do believe that no man can be a pure, true, holy and religious man and use tobacco and drink rum. Dishonesty of any kind is not religion. I cannot go back to the class-meeting again, for I cannot believe in such a God as I believed in then. I don't believe in a revengeful God.

Mr. Edson—Religion is a condition of the soul produced by a belief in God—it is the expression of the interior condition. The idea of a revengeful God is opposed to harmony—to true religion. A belief in God is the cause that makes the soul grow into a pure and undefiled religion.

Dr. Gardner—I said my say last week. I did endorse H. W. Beecher's idea of religion. Religion is the duty that one owes to another, and that all owe to God. All men have some religion. Religion consists in a true life; that man's religion is best that makes him lead the truest life.

Mr. Hutchinson—Religion is a desire for happiness. It has its origin in the soul. The soul has its origin in God. Religion may be divided into three parts—*first*, a divine reverence; *second*, a sense of duty; *third*, a recognition of a perfect oneness of man with his Creator; and it is from the latter division that *goodness* is seen to exist in everything.

New York in Winter.

For a week I have been splashing through the streets of this commercial metropolis of America, crossing and shifting between horses and clumsy carriages, through snow, mud, and salt, well mixed, and from ankle-deep to "no bottom—large." Even this has some good; for the ladies *are* shortening their dresses—quite an improvement on the hand-tacking, which takes them up and lets them down, displaying a great variety of form, length, and color, of spattered hose and soiled crinoline. Street-sweeping with rich silks and brocade *will* go out of fashion, if the weather-gods take it in hand, and keep the mud and snow more than ankle-deep most of the time. The laws of nature will make us bend, and, in time, correct our errors, and bring society on better principles, even in its fashions.

Here one can see, every day, brother A. B. Child's picture of extremes, so touchingly described in his letter in the Banner of January 21st, for which he has the thanks of this heart. I see nature balancing extremes here, but how pitiable the sights! Heart-pressed tears will steal into the eye, as I pass the bare feet and legs of the little "Mary Dahoneys," and "Tommy Scotts," patting in the snow-mixed mud, and watch the imploring look as the little, dirty hand extends from the rags, to receive of some *poor* man, or woman, a penny—for it is oftener from such, than from the rich, that they receive the meagre pittance. What a thrill of joy runs over the little face, and how quick comes the "thank you, sir," when a little white coin is dropped in the trembling hand. Oh, "it *is* more blessed to give than to receive"—at least, to one whose heart ever beats in sympathy with the poverty homes and zero end of society, and one whose experiences in life have been, in part, forced walks in these paths of life and condition. How can I look on these forms, partially covered with rags, and wholly with dirt, neglected, rejected, and despised, and not recall my own feelings, as I have often placed the hand and arm over the garment rents, to hide the naked flesh from the gaze of strangers, or shifted the shrinking form, when the hands were applied to labor. What a pity little children should inherit so much of mother Eve's sinfulness—shame! Yes, Brother Child, nature does "balance extremes;" and it is a glorious truth, standing out in the midst of this life-picture, that—

> "Through and through the woof of ill
> Runs the thread of goodness;"

and that—

> "Ever the right comes uppermost,
> And ever is justice done;"

and that even the Bible, on which sectarian Christians are building their extreme of folly, fashion, pride, arrogance, contempt, and hatred, contains the story of Lazarus and the rich man, of Jesus and the stable, of Peter and the fishing nets, and the promise to publicans and harlots to enter heaven before the bigoted sectarians, who "drive up the broad carriage road to fancy's heaven," at the steepled houses of wealth and fashion. I would rather once more take my lot with the despised, in poverty, than with the selfish aristocrat, in wealth, and pride, and self-righteousness. I can, and do, see and feel the miserable extremes in this life, turning and shifting to balance each other; and I *know* there is another life, into which this pours its individualized contents; and I have the fullest testimonial assurance, that when the bony hand of poverty shall "rattle at the gated tomb," many a youthful spirit, bursting from the rags and clay, shall soon "gladden into bloom."

What lessons these ant-hill cities of human life afford for human study! "Extremes balance extremes," says Dr. Child. Yes! but the garrets and cellars here are given to poverty, and thus the poor have both ends; they are deepest in earth, and highest in heaven, (*sic*,) where rents are cheapest. A little lower in the grave-yard, and a little higher in the spirit-world, and rents are done altogether. Spiritualism is building a railway, grading, and laying a track to the other life, where food, raiment, and rent are free to those who desire and deserve them.

Warren Chase.

Jan. 21, 1860.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

☞ "The Lesson of the Past Year," a discourse given at Hope Chapel, New York, by Rev. George F. Noyes, which we intended to print in this number, is unavoidably deferred until our next.

Read the beautiful poetry, by "Lottie," on our sixth page. It will touch a tender chord, we doubt not, in many a heart

A reply from Prof. J. L. D. Otis to Dr. Gardner will be published next week.

A Mammoth Anaconda—forty feet in length, from tip to tip—is now on exhibition, day and evening, at Horticultural Hall, School Street, Boston. This is the largest boa-constrictor ever brought to the United States.

Amusements.—At the Boston Museum, on Friday evening, Feb. 3d, Mr. William Warren, the favorite comedian of the establishment, takes a benefit, on which occasion two entirely new comedies will be presented, viz: "Husband to Order," and "Everybody's Friend." "Mirth-provoking fun" promotes health; therefore, the Museum is an invaluable institution among us. Kimball is doing a great work. We need just such a man for Mayor. But don't forget *Warren's Benefit* on Friday night.

The funeral of Lord Macauley took place at Westminster Abbey, on the 9th ult. The remains were interred in the Poet's Corner, in the midst of many of England's distinguished authors.

About 300,000 imported cigars have been seized by the U. S. Marshal in Philadelphia, on the ground that false invoices were made out by the parties sending them from Havana.

A letter bearing the following superscription passed through the Boston post-office last week:—

> Oh, white-winged missive, swiftly fly,
> Nor stay in other paths to range,
> But fold your pinions 'neath the eye
> Of him who keeps the "Lynn Exchange,"
> Where ladies most do congregate,
> At Carlton's, in the "Old Bay State."

There is to be a Grand Entertainment, for the benefit of Geo. W. Calef, the temperance lecturer, at the Melonnon, (Tremont Temple,) on Wednesday evening, Feb. 1st. Gilmore's excellent Band, (seven pieces,) has been engaged, eminent speakers will be present, and we doubt not the Hall will be well filled—at least it should be on such an occasion. Our temperance friends will be sustaining a good cause and good man in attending the above meeting.

Courtships are the sweet and dreamy thresholds of unseen Edens, where half the world has paused in couples, talked in whispers under the moonlight, and passed on, and never returned.

Henry W. Horton, photographer, at 119 Washington street, has several very fine photographic copies of valuable prints, among which we noticed the heads of Beecher and Chapin, and do not hesitate to pronounce them very good likenesses.

Aid for Lawrence.—We find the following in a late Amesbury Villager, evidently from the pen of the Poet Whittier. It contains a truth of mighty import; and it is to be hoped the sad event which has so recently transpired in our State, will teach us wisdom continually, and cause us to place more reliance than ever in the Divine Father of us all. The bosom of selfishness has been unlocked, in consequence of the appalling casualty, and the spirit of Love has taken possession of the inner temple of humanity—the heart. May it long remain there.

"It is one of the compensations which in the Divine Providence underlie all its dispensations however afflicting, that a great suffering or calamity, calls out the best sympathies of our nature, and awakens that feeling of human brotherhood which, in times of prosperity, is scarcely recognized. The late distressing accident at Lawrence is likely to be a marked proof of this remedial force which educes good out of apparent evil. The heart of the community has been touched, and generous donations are pouring in from all parts.

In this village two hundred dollars have been already contributed, two-thirds of which sum has been obtained by the volunteer exertions of a single individual, Wm. W. Colby, as solicitor of subscriptions. In almost every instance a ready and generous response was made to this call of humanity.

J. G. W."

Digby requests us to acknowledge for him the receipt of a package from a friend in Fall River, containing, among other articles, a sheet-iron razor. The present was all right; but the shaving with it was quite another thing. "Bill" says Dig. had better send it to a nail factory, and have it made into *brads*.

A man, named Crosby, has been arrested at Belfast, Me., on a charge of swindling, in getting subscribers for a Boston weekly for which he pretended to be an agent.

A clergyman named Thomas Abbott, of Blue Point, Illinois, has been arrested for cruelly beating his wife—jealousy the cause.

There are more "whisky-mills" in Alabama than in any other State of the Union. Is it a wonder, then, that Spiritualism is "gagged" there?

We pity those people who always feel like biting a board-nail in two. Our impression of such persons invariably is, that they have not faithfully enough obeyed the *physical* laws of their being—hence the inharmony of the spirit.

"Man and His Relations," by S. B. Brittan.—This chapter (the eighth) treats upon "Psychological Hallucinations," a subject which is agitating the public mind at this time. It will appear in our next number.

The Post says Acorn's phiz has been photographed by Massury. We were not aware that acorns had phizzes before. The picture is probably set in an Oak frame.

A superabundance of self-esteem often cuts queer pranks with its owner. The result is, inevitably, that the bubble soon bursts, leaving not even a fly-speck behind.

Minnesota papers announce with evident satisfaction the advent of better times. The amount of grain now in the State, which will be forwarded to market in the Spring, is estimated at over 2,000,000 bushels.

"Most men "look out for number one." Louis Napoleon only looks out for No. III.

There has been more fighting in Mexico, between the liberals and ill-liberals, the latter having it all their own way.

Another ball will take place at Amory Hall, corner of West and Washington streets, on Thursday evening, Feb. 9th. These parties, in a social point of view, have been very successful.

Game in Morocco.—The Spaniards appear to have had but indifferent sport on the Moors. They have nothing, as yet, to show for their powder and shot but a few head of slain; for the unbelieving Mahometans will not allow themselves to be made prisoners; and there seems to be every probability that the invaders of Morocco will catch many more Tartars than Moors.—*Punch.*

A man's acts while living are his real monument, and the idea that a pile of stones over his ashes will add any real honor to his memory is simply ridiculous.—*Portland Pleasure Boat.*

We are pleased to learn that the *Spirit Guardian*, a Bangor, Me., is in a prosperous condition. *The Sunbeam* also shines brightly. The great car of Progress is moving onward, the engines working admirably.

Change in Prices.—The reader will see by his advertisement, that Dr. Farnsworth has changed his terms in relation to the answering of sealed letters. We have every confidence in the Doctor's powers as a psychometrist. A specimen of his efforts in this department of science will be found in another column.

We would inform those of our readers who may want any sign-painting done in the best manner, that our friend, F. T. Somerby, 31 Cornhill, will attend to their orders satisfactorily, as he has had long experience in his business. His prices are moderate.

Bryant says that "the groves were God's first temples." A good many romantic young lovers unquestionably find them delightful meeting-houses.—*Prentice.*

For nearly three years past, the personal and political friends of Senator Douglas have been quietly perfecting an organization to promote the success of that gentleman for the Presidential nomination.

OBITUARY.

Passed on to her home in Heaven, Berthiah, the earthly companion of N. W. Tompkins, Dec. 9th, 1859, aged fifty-eight years.

The deceased, whose death is here recorded, had endeared herself, by many valuable qualities, to a large circle of friends; and her loss is deeply lamented, not only by her connections, but also by the whole community, wherein she was a bright and lovely member. Few possessed more eminently those characteristics which surround them with firm and lasting friends. To a strong and well cultivated mind, were added a kind and gentle disposition, a deep love for truth, and an ardent interest in every good cause, especially in the religion of modern Spiritualism.

Death was not a stranger to her thoughts. She knew that it was advancing with rapid strides, but she trembled not at its approach. She conversed cheerfully respecting her dissolution. It was, to use her own language, "a pleasant subject." There were no uneasy doubts, no harrowing suspicions, no disquieting fears in her soul in relation to the character or purposes of death. She knew in whom she trusted. She knew she could confide in what her angel friends had told her in regard to her home of love. The words of comfort which broke from her tremulous lips to her weeping children—the sweet smile that would frequently light up her pallid countenance, evinced that although her body was racked with pain, her soul was full of the sunshine of holy love and peace.

The faith which the deceased possessed and loved through the latter years of her life, sustained her in the hour of death. Oh! how full and *triumphantly* it sustained her; under its holy influences, she placed her confidence in the God of all Nature. She felt that his arms of love encircled her, and all who were dear to her, and all the great family of man, in whose welfare she was so deeply interested. As the expiring flame in the socket will send up one bright flash before it goes out in darkness, so the faith of the deceased gleamed out in heavenly brilliancy, just before her spirit winged its glad flight to its home above. As she lay hourly expecting the approach of the angel of death—as her heaving breast feebly and laboriously inhaled the scanty breath—as the cold damps of death gathered fast upon her pale brow, she exclaimed, "Can this be death—so calm, so peaceful, so holy? Spiritualism is good to die by." Oh! the rapture of the thought that, now endowed with a heavenly vision, she beholds her Creator's love, spreading out its bounds as far as creation extends, and including every being ushered into existence.

Tell me not that this comprehensive, this glorious faith, will not do to *die* by; tell me not that it will not fill the mind with peace, and the soul with triumphant joy; tell me not that it is not precisely what the human heart pants for at the approach of death, to give it that fullness of confidence which it requires in the hour of dissolution. When I consider the sickness and death of this dear friend—and when, notwithstanding all the sweet ties which bound her to earth—when I call to mind her deep resignation, her perfect confidence in God, her full faith in her spirit friends, her willingness to depart, and the composure and calmness with which she met death, there is a moral grandeur, a heavenly sublimity thrown over the whole scene, that fills my soul with inexpressible emotions. Is it not a blessing thus to die? Is it not a blessing to those who depart, thus to go in peace, and in the full assurance of a happy immortality, where they shall meet all—the loved ones of earth? Is it not an unspeakable comfort to the mourning, to know that those whom death's stern mandate takes away, depart in the triumph of spiritual faith and hope?

A remarkable characteristic of the deceased was, independence of mind; this was a trait which she possessed to an extraordinary extent. She never inquired in relation to any doctrine, any principle or custom—is it popular? is it fashionable? Her only questions were, "is it *true?* is it *right?*" And to answer these inquiries she trusted not entirely to others, but she listened and investigated for herself; and when she satisfied herself that a sentiment, a principle or custom was true and right, she adopted it at once, and fearlessly and unhesitatingly professed it before the world, regardless alike of the frowns or smiles of mankind. Truly this was a noble trait. Would that this example was more generally imitated by those of her own sex, among whom, alas! there is often too much deficiency in this respect, and by those of the other sex, who flatter themselves they have strong and superior minds. Did this independence more generally prevail, doctrines and institutions, hoary with age, would fall to the earth, and light, and truth, and peace would fill the habitations of man.

The deceased was a most true and faithful wife, a fond and loving mother, a kind and devoted friend and neighbor, and an affectionate daughter and sister. In every relation of life she was lovely and true. Earth was no longer a fitting dwelling-place for the deceased. Her pure spirit has been transplanted to broader, brighter scenes of usefulness and joy. She has left those who loved her below to join a larger circle above, and to mingle in that great congregation in the angel-world. Why should we mourn her departure? A frail child of earth has become a spirit in Heaven.

> I know she has gone to the home of her rest;
> Then why should my soul be so sad?
> I know she has gone where the weary are blessed,
> And the mourner looks up, and is glad.
> Where love has put off in the land of its birth
> The stains it had gathered in this,
> And hope, the sweet singer that gladdens the earth,
> Lies asleep on the bosom of bliss.

Wolcott, N. Y., Jan. 8th, 1860. George Norton.

The Spiritualists of Charlestown, in favor of organizing a society, are requested to meet in Harvard Hall on Wednesday, Feb. 1st, at 7 o'clock p. m.

☞ Miss Rosa T. Amedey will lecture in Chicago and Milwaukie during the month of May and June; friends on the route desiring her services for Sabbaths or week evenings in April, will please address her as soon as possible during the present month, care of J. L. Poot, Oswego Post-office; address generally, 32 Allen street, Boston, Mass.

Jan. 21. tf

Troy Lung Institute.—The cautious portion of readers of newspaper advertisements, doubtless, generally look upon the Medical portion as quackery, or as a money-making speculation. We beg to assure our readers that such is not the case with the Troy Lung and Hygienic Institute. We are assured by the Editor of the "Watervliet Democrat," who has visited the Institution, that Dr. Stone, the attending physician, is a man of great experience in general practice, which he brings successfully to his aid in now treating, as a speciality, a class of extensive maladies, known as nervous debility, leading to premature decay in the young. His advertisement in this paper should be read by every victim, and they should lose no time in consulting such an able physician for this deplorable class of maladies.

A treatise on "The Premature Decay of Youth," recently published by him, should be obtained and read by every youth in the land.—*Livingston Union. Sept. 21st.*

See advertisement in another column.

The Messenger.

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

We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond, and do away with the erroneous idea that they are more than FINITE beings. We believe the public should know of the spirit world as it is—should learn that there is evil as well as good in it, and not expect that purity alone shall flow from spirits to mortals.

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

Answering of Letters.—As one medium would in no way suffice to answer the letters we should have sent to us, did we undertake this branch of the spiritual phenomena, we cannot attempt to pay attention to letters addressed to spirits. They may be sent as a means to draw the spirit to our circles, however.

Visitors Admitted.—Our sittings are free to any one who may desire to attend. They are held at our office, No. 3 1-2 Brattle street, Boston, every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday afternoon, commencing at HALF-PAST TWO o'clock; after which time there will be no admittance. They are closed usually at half-past four, and visitors are expected to remain until dismissed.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

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

From No. 1810 to No. 1871.

Friday, Dec. 9.—"Are spheres in spirit-life localities?" Stephen Carroll, Iowa; Lizzie Cordis, Richmond; A prayer.

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

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

Friday, Dec. 16.—"Is it possible for mortals to understand God?" William Pope, Salem; Jack Seward, New York; Ellen Frazer, Georgetown, D. C.

Saturday, Dec. 17.—"What is the condition of the Drunkard after Death?" Josh. Houston, Boston; To John Ferris, prisoner.

Tuesday, Dec. 20.—"How are we to know when we serve God?" To Kahgegahgahbow; Anne Maria Foster, Buffalo; Jenny Wilson; Horace Atwood.

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

Thursday, Dec. 22.—"Why are evil spirits permitted to commune?" Edward Perkins, East Boston; Louisa Herbert, to Betsey Colton.

Friday, Dec. 23.—"What is the religion of modern Spiritualism, and who can understand it?" George Williams, Taunton; Daniel, to John S. Collins.

Saturday, Dec. 24.—"Is not modern Spiritualism ancient witchcraft revived and revised?" Silva Brown, Boston; Calvin Woodard; John Barrow, Lowell; Sophy Lindsay, Broome, L. C.

Tuesday, Dec. 27.—"Had Jesus attained the highest possible state of perfection?" William Barnard, New Bedford; Samuel Billings, Boston; Hannah Eldridge, Bangor.

Wednesday, Dec. 28.—"Is the spirit of man affected in any way by death?" John Loring, to Mary Elizabeth Loring; Mary Moore, to her son John.

Tuesday, Jan. 3.—"Slavery and the Bible;" Francis Smith, Belfast; William Gay, Boston; Capt. George W. Knights; Clara Percival.

Wednesday, Jan. 4.—"What is Magnetism?" Lucy Lee, Stoughton; Harriet Nichols, Taunton; Samuel Richardson, Boston.

Thursday, Jan. 5.—"How do we know that God dwells everywhere?" Mary Castle, Boston; Robert Sanderson, Philadelphia; Julia Bruce, Cambridge.

Friday, Jan. 6.—"Is God the Author of Evil?" E——n Coppis; Corelli.

Slavery.

"Is it right for men to buy and sell, and hold in bondage certain portions of humanity?"

This is the question we find before us this afternoon; and we perceive it is one that is floating upon the waves of agitation daily. The North rises up in enmity against the South, because of her iron rule; because she places the yoke upon certain of her brethren, while at the same time she stands beneath the Tree of Liberty.

In considering this evil effect, we are obliged to seek for a cause; if we do not thus, we shall not fully understand the effect—where to place it—who to charge it upon. The Past, with its superstition, its bigotry, its false gods, has called up the spirit of Slavery. Behold, it has come upon you in chains; and to the Past, to the temple of Error that has not yet crumbled to dust, is it due.

That ancient and holy record which men and women of to-day hold in such reverence, teaches and countenances men and women to buy and sell their kindred. Yes, and even more—it teaches you, or it taught those of past ages, to make strong the chains that enslaved them; to make the yoke of iron and place it upon the neck of your brother, for in so doing you would serve your God, or, at any rate, you would not step aside from his law by so doing.

We are very much inclined to believe that the Evil of Slavery, as an effect, may be traced to a religious cause. We may find it emanating from a religious temple; it has lived in the Past upon religious creeds; and as the sons and daughters of humanity were bound by virtue of darkness to obey these religious creeds, so they were induced to enslave certain portions of humanity, thinking thereby they served their God.

The religion of the Past has brought forth many imperfections. She has given you but the rude outline of what is to come; a picture, too rude sometimes to gaze upon, the Past presents to the Present. Slavery may be called one portion of the picture, and all they who truly love their brother as themselves, should not only seek to destroy the effect, but they should seek to destroy the cause, or at any rate, they should seek to sever the effect from the cause. Strike at the root of the tree of Evil, if you would destroy it. Think not that by cutting off branch after branch, you are on the high road to liberty. It is not so. The cause is beyond the present time—go beyond for it, yea, into the darkness of the Past, go.

It would be well to bring the light of to-day to bear upon this evil. This light is stronger than darkness, and man may use it with service.

Now all the higher creations of God are forever above the inferior, and the inferior are continually bowing to the superior. This is nature. The strong man exults in his strength. That portion of God's creatures held in slavery are weak, and those who hold them are strong—in intellect, and in bigotry and superstition. The law of love they know not, and they obey it not. But when the light of the present shall cause them to taste of the power of love, then shall they go to work to rid themselves of the evils of the present. Love shall do this; hatred, opposition can never accomplish it. When the nations shall love one another, then shall the slave rear his head to God by reason of freedom.

But is it right? asks our questioner. We answer, under present and certain conditions it is right, not wrong. The Past, in her deformity, hath given birth to the defect. It is the result of Nature in a perverted state. The men and women of olden time were not capable of understanding what you understand. The light of the present would have been poorly comprehended by them. They received all they could bear. He who guides all, dispensed his favors to them as they had need. But while he gives you light, seek to make good use of it—and how? By being individual reflectors of the light; by obeying that law which will never fail to guide aright.

From the first dawning of slavery, we find the slave has ever been kept in a condition of ignorance. The slaveholder has not sought, nor does he at the present time seek to enlighten the spiritual part of his slaves. He taxes the body and enslaves the spirit. And yet he does this conscientiously. He tells you, "I am right. The Bible upholds me. The ancients, who knew more than we, sanctioned slavery."

The man of the nineteenth century tells you he is no better than they of olden time! His intellect is no more expanded; darkness is settled as dense upon him. His words tell you he has failed to discern the light, or, if he has not failed to discern it, he has failed to walk in it. Thus the slaveholder stands in darkness, and keeps the slave in ignorance also.

That portion of humanity who are holding, in sacred trust, certain souls who have been clustered around them, should render up a fair account of their stewardship; and when the slave shows a higher state of intellect than he did, he may know that the light of the Present has illumined his brow, and written Liberty upon his being. And he should send him forth—for, know that God will take care of him. That portion of humanity who betray not this spark of light, treat kindly and in love, until light streams in upon them, and you see that God calls for them. Then send them forth, with liberty written upon them; for when the intellect is astir, God has need of them.

While we consider one form of slavery, may we not with justice consider another form? May we not tell you it exists in ten thousand times ten thousand forms? Go where you will, wander all over the beautiful earth, and ask man if he is free? His answer will be, "No! I am a slave to this sin, or that. I am confined—I cannot go free."

This same light that is shedding its rays on humanity, shall shed its light on one after another of these evils, and man shall go free. He that giveth you, of the present, to understand a portion of liberty, shall in future give more of it to the people. The wheel of Progress is continually turning, and she gives you more and more liberty with every turn, though you cannot see it. She gives you higher light, greater truth; yet that which she gave to the past, was no less true to them, than that you have is to you.

How many more understand Jehovah to-day than understood him in ancient time! Those holy men in past ages! What were they? Should they exist in true spiritual condition of the Past to-day, you would hardly bow down to them. You would bestow the gifts of to-day upon them, knowing that they were needy of your gifts.

Slavery! Oh, how much is comprehended in that word! Questioner, disrobe yourself of all that bigotry that enwraps you; confine not your labor to the South; the North has need of you. Break asunder ten thousand chains that are in your midst; and when you have no longer work to do at home, go forth and seek to free your darker-hued brother.

Yes, in certain conditions, slavery is justifiable. Rend asunder the veil that obscures the temple of justice and of love, and you will see no more of it; but while you bow down to the darkness of the Past, there will be no liberty among you. Dec. 6.

Daniel M. Wilson.

I don't see what you want of me. I came here with the expectation of meeting somebody.

My name you want. Daniel Mason Wilson. I was born in Belfast, Maine. I always was getting disappointed. If I had been rich, I should have fared better. There's a certain person I want to see, and I don't want to tell what I want to here. His name is John Clark; he sells rum, just as I did. He comes to Boston once in a while. He won't never get out of it till he dies, no more than I did. It's hard to get out. Give my compliments to John Clark, and tell him I have been here. Tell him if he has got anything to settle with me, I can settle with him now just as well as I ever could. It does not matter if I am on this side.

He thinks I'm a rascal, and so I am; but he's no right to call me so. We had some family trouble. Well, I stole his wife—now you've got it. That's what I done. Now do you want to know what he done? He tried pretty hard to shoot me; but I didn't die that way. But you see he's the first one to blame; he misused her, and she came to me, and I run off with her. He's always thinking he wants to settle that with me. If I was in heaven, he says, he and I would have a fight. Tell him I am ready to fight it out now. I'm not in heaven, but can fight it now. He aint more than a thousand miles from here. If he'll meet me at any place, we'll settle it, and he won't have it to think of all the time before he comes here. I don't think I'm the greatest sinner, any way. If he thinks I am, we'll settle according to our best judgments. What's the use of living, if you can't do as you have a mind to? What's the use of talking, if you can't say what you want to?

Are there any little things you want, to prove it was me?

I was within a stone's throw of forty years old. I sold rum in Sacramento, California. I took something on me—some of 'em said it was drinking too hard; but I guess I didn't drink enough. I had more money then than I ever had before. Perhaps he'd like to know if I left her any money? Would n't he like to know? If he does, let him come to see me. She'll never tell him, and I sha'n't tell him where she is. I'm just as I left. I haint been doing much since I left—looking round a little, getting mad at some things, and laughing at others.

He says I had a wife. He lies; tell him that from me; and more than that, he know he lied when he first started the story. I knew his wife before he married her. She was just as good a woman as ever lived—a little foolish, when she married him. He and I were in a sort of partnership once, and I got to knowing pretty well what he was. I used to think he was a rascal, and he used to say I was. I am a rascal—always was from the time I remember. I own up. He is a half-way Christian. I never was. Could n't see how anybody could belong to the church and to a rum bottle at the same time. I could n't do it—some folks can.

Yes, I do like him—a long way off. He likes me—ask him. He'll say, "Yes, I'd like to see him brought to judgment." Tell him I'm my own judge—can pass sentence on myself. Should never thought of passing judgment on him, if he had n't begun it. If he comes to you, send him to me, will you? I can talk through a medium, if anybody can.

I've taken the trouble to call for him, and I'll give him more new ideas than he ever got before. I'm smart enough to settle up with him now. No matter if I have lost my body—I've got enough left to settle with him. Dec. 6.

Mary Ann Tinker.

I have been dead most one year. I died on Dedham street, Boston. My name was Mary Ann Tinker. I have a husband and two children here, and I want to speak with them. I was thirty-two years old. I want my husband to give me a chance to speak—that's all. I was sick three hours only. My husband's name is James; he's a pedlar of dry goods. My children's names are Mary Ann and James. One is here with me, who is three years old.

I've something to tell him; he was away when I died. My sister brought me to you. Oh, tell him to let me come to him. I have something very particular to tell him. Good-by. Dec. 6.

Sin.

"What is sin? and how are we in mortal to avoid it?"

These questions are given for our consideration to-day.

Sin is the violation of law, whether spiritual or natural. By thrusting the hand into the fire, you violate the law of the human form; you sin against it. That is one manifestation of sin. By refusing to deal justly with your friend or enemy, you violate a spiritual law peculiar to yourself. This is a spiritual sin, and unless that sin is atoned for here, it must certainly be hereafter.

As you sin against the physical form, you receive punishment for the same in this natural state; but behold the sins against the spiritual law are carried into the higher life; the tribunal is oftener there than here.

So beware how ye sin against the spiritual law, which is God, for he hath marked out a straight course, and each child must walk within it.

The law which governs the physical form is the God of that form. The law that governs the spirit is the God of that spirit. Behold, there are as many gods as there are atoms of life. True, the Record says there is but one God. But we do here openly declare there are thousands, and the law of one does not require him to serve another man's God. It requires duty done only to the God of self; and believe us, by obeying that God, you shall never do violence to another man's God.

Sin has many forms, quite as many as the Superior Intelligence has. Yes, the perversion of law is developed in many ways; and the perfect also is given to you in a vast variety of forms.

If you would cease to sin against the form, whether spiritual or natural, you must first understand the law of the form. The Superior Intelligence, which is Life, has furnished you with a light by which you may see and understand your surroundings. Behold, he has opened a highway to Heaven, and another to Hell, and the creature can find Heaven by the straight and narrow path, or he can find it by that path which winds its way to Hell, or an unhappy state of mortal. By obeying the law of self you may avoid sin. By studying that law, and being acquainted with it, and obeying it, you are on the road to Heaven. Fall down before it, for it is God, and then you shall avoid sin. Render to the form in the external all that the form requires, and you sin not against it, and to the spirit render the same. Live, obeying the God of your own self, as an individual. Your church-going brother worships his God in his way; he doeth right. You find your God in the open atmosphere; perhaps by wandering in sinks of iniquity where moral iniquity reigns.

Seek not to worship at another man's altar; enter within the closet of your spiritual nature, and there converse with your God, and worship him. The God of to-day does not require you to worship him here nor there. He calls for the worship that is found at home. His voice is not heard in the desert. No, no; but in the bright and beautiful garden of the spirit. He speaketh to every atom of life, not as he speaketh to the multitude; but to each atom he hath a peculiar voice, a life-principle peculiarly adapted to that atom. In spring-time he calls to the flowers, and they come forth in obedience to the call. And he speaks to each flower in a different voice, calling for a different development of life. The leaf has its own God; the stalk has its own God; the flower its own God. The trunk of the mighty oak has a God for itself. Its branch has its God. Each atom in the universe hath its own God. Sin not against that which is your own, and you sin not against that which is broadcast everywhere.

We perceive our questioner has been wandering for many years through the dark shadows of a religious temple, and now, as he is about to pass from one sphere into another, at the eleventh hour he asks to know what sin is, and how he shall avoid it.

Those bright and beautiful stars which have existed in his own temple, his own light has not been called in to decide. To-day we find him worshiping this God, to-morrow another, while the true God which was given him is unknown.

Oh, he has sinned unwittingly; he hath suffered much, for he hath wandered in darkness. And now, that he is changing spheres, he feels the influence of that sphere. High and Holy Intelligences have spoken to his God, and he feels the thought, and he calls upon us to know what is sin.

Soon, brother, far sooner than you suppose, you shall wander in new spheres; a new life and a new light shall be given you, and you shall understand the law perfect and the law imperfect. Dec. 8.

Samuel H. Spencer.

I have been here fifteen years, and I never spoke before, 'cause I didn't know how to. Here's one comes 'long that's hardly got loose from the body, and talks better than I can now. What's the reason of it?

[He alludes to Dr. E. G. Cutter, whose communication was published in No. 19 of this volume.]

It's quite a good thing to be eddicated in that way, when you want to come back. I s'pose it took him much as fifteen or twenty years to learn what he knows, didn't it? I should rather learn on earth, 'pears to me—you get 'long faster.

I wonder if he'd knowed where to find all his folks? I can't find mine, and come back to inquire arter 'em; they're here somewheres. Maybe he'll have as hard work as me, to do that.

Do you want all of my name? Samuel Hamilton Spencer. I was born in Thomaston, State of Maine. I've got some sisters and a brother, and a good many other folks, but I don't know how it is, I can't find them somehow—what is the reason?

I could smoke a pipe, could read the Bible when I wanted to, the almanac and the papers; I don't know as I could do much more. What kind of a customer was I? I wan't a gambler or a drunkard; I did get a little too much sometimes. I wan't in the habit of drinking every day. I didn't know much about these things; lectors and sermons, and book larning, I didn't know much about. I could read the Bible once in a while, but I didn't understand it—some of the hard words I couldn't make out, and I called 'em anything. Might as well call 'em Thomaston as anything else. I larned how to read it, except all the long names. I mixed 'em all up together. I never thought much of ministers. I don't believe any of 'em understand it any better than I did.

My folks aint here, on my side; I aint such a fool as that. I've got a sister Nancy; I don't believe but what she is a medium; she is a queer thing—always was. She goes to meetin', and I s'pose she can read the Bible better than I. She thinks more of the minister than I did, but she's queer—always has dreams. When she dreamed anything about us, it was sure to come true.

I was twenty-two years old when I died. I seen plenty of upstarts all round, that thought they knew a good deal.

Nance is a medium—seems to me as though she is. I've thought about it a good deal. If she's a medium, I want her to call me there, same as I come here. I should like to tell a good many things I know, but some folks would be in hot water if I did. Some of 'em used to think I was a little foolish, 'cause I didn't take to book larning. I could whittle out anything from a top to a whistle with a jack-knife, though.

Oh, yes, I've got a home—yes, I have; maybe its a hundred miles from here. I have things that's about right there, but there don't many come there that talk smart. When I see anything of that kind about, I goes out to see it. I've been thinking about coming here a good while, and when I heard that doctor talking, I went 'long with the folks that went. I don't know as he's goin' to be very happy with all his book larnin'.

I live near the old man [father,] but my mother is a good way off. I've got a brother and sister here, but he don't live exactly where I do. Then there are others that like what I like, and we got along well.

About your eating here; I don't ask any questions, but I always got something to eat. What a queer place this is! I aint seen anything 'bout God. I guess the ministers are mistaken. They said we should all see him. I guess somebody that knew 'bout as much as I did, wrote the Bible. I can't think God did it, 'cause he'd done it better. I don't know as there is any God; I aint seen any.

I want to talk to some of my folks. Would it be right to tell Nance she'll get fooled when she gets here where I am? Well, she will, 'cause she believes in a good many nice things, but she won't get 'em. I have all I want. "Who furnishes it?" That's what I've been trying to find out. God, I guess.

He died of fever—that fellow that came here. I can't talk smart—write it out better. I don't know 'bout coming back here, talking like I used to fifteen years ago. The doctor's name? No, I don't know him from a patch of land.

I had a promise to come here a good while ago. You ought to see them what are outside, waiting their chance to get in the ring. They can't without a ticket. That doctor (Dr. Cutter,) will go to work getting him up a nice place to live in—looks like it to me. I waited awhile—lived on other folks till I seed what I liked. Yes, some of 'em are charitable here. But don't think they are all so mighty good—they aint, I tell you.

No, I've never known want for food or warmth since I've been here. We eat most anything we want, that grows. I liked potatoes, and pumpkin pie, and cake, and pears, and peaches. Yes, I get what I want. I don't know as I want pumpkin pies, but everything that grows top of ground is here. No, 'taint enclosed in people's lands—if it is, and you want it, you have as good a right to it as anybody. No—nobody has a right to come into my house, 'less I want 'em to.

Fight? Anybody that wants to fight, will fight anywhere. Yes, they fight here, I hear tell. I never do. I never felt like fighting, only one 'lection day. I had begun to smoke a year before, and the fellow I went with didn't like smoking very well, and he just broke the stem of my pipe close off. His name was Bill Simpkins. I wonder where he is—where do you s'pose? No—he aint here; he went to sea. Don't know where he went after that.

Write that up smart, will you? If I can get anybody to write a smart letter for me, it would be right, would n't it?

Do you know how homely I was? I think some on you do, talking of homely things. I was homely. I aint no prettier now—I tell you I aint. My hair is most white. Ask Nance what she used to call me. Tow-head! yes, that was it. Nance was n't any prettier than I was.

When I come here, I thought I'd talk smart; but the first thing I knew, I was talking just as I used to. I'd try to get big words, but I could n't speak 'em, and I got talking just as I used to.

Well, I might have been a j'iner, if I'd wanted to have been—made houses, hen-coops, and barns, and that sort of thing. Oh, I'm used to being laughed at—folks have done it before. I used to hoe and rake most of the time.

Dec. 8.

Joseph Gardner.

My son, you have called upon me many times, but all has not been right for me to write or speak to you, until this hour. You are doing well to seek, and will not be disappointed by searching. Your mother is with me, and joins me by saying, "Come out and tell the unbelieving world what you have seen in your journey for truth." I have much more in store for you, which you shall have when you are ready.

The influences you are now under are good, and will prove of great service to you. Your father, JOSEPH GARDNER.

Dec. 8.

Lucy Smith.

My dear little girl, I come to you many times, but you cannot see me. Be a good child, for you shall please God by being good. I was with you when you were sick. I am as white as anybody now, and you will be as white, too, when you get here. Dec. 8.

Francis H. Smith.

My dear father, we are all rejoicing, and you know why. I will do what I promised soon.

Your loving son, FRANCIS H. SMITH.

Dec. 8.

George Walker.

I am not sure as I am competent to control your subject long enough to give what I desire to; but I shall endeavor to be as brief as possible.

At the outset, allow me to ask you if you give each controlling spirit the privilege of communing in his own way?

The spiritual theory is something I know but little about; and if I had not been very anxious, I hardly think I should have attempted to come in this way, until I had learned something more of the law.

My chief object in coming here this afternoon, is to give some information about my affairs, or those which once belonged to me. I left a wife in Buffalo. She is young, inexperienced, and not possessed of a full knowledge of my business matters, and she is consequently in a good deal of trouble; and if you have no objection to my communicating to her in this way, I will say a few words.

In the first place, my name was George Walker. I died a few months ago, of hemorrhage of the lungs—or consumption; call it that.

I would advise my wife to be a little cautious in settling up my business. My object, in advising her to move slow, is that she may avoid mistakes and future trouble. She is better off, pecuniarily speaking, than she supposes herself to be.

I would advise her to give up the most of the business to the hands of those she is with—my kindred—provided they can attend to it to her satisfaction. If they cannot, let her obtain the services of her uncle—a good, reliable man, and one who understands all business matters, and who will be just to her. He is a resident in Massachusetts, and one of your heavy business men. I don't think it would be doing exactly as I would like to be done by to give his name in public. I have a perfect right to give my own and my wife's, but no other.

I was cognizant of all the trouble she was called upon to pass through after my death; and she must not suppose she is alone in the world because her father and her husband have been taken. If she can make it convenient at any time, to meet me at any place where I can find a subject to speak through, I shall be very glad to speak to her as I do to you.

Things are not just as I expected to find them; and, if I am not mistaken, very few will come here and not be mistaken. Many may have correct ideas, but I never saw that person who had.

I could say a great deal more to my wife, if I was speaking with her, than it is possible or right for me to give in this way.

I am a stranger to all here and to the subject I have undertaken to control. I am very grateful to the friends that have aided me this afternoon in controlling as well as I have. Dec. 20.

Written for the Banner of Light.

LINES,

Suggested by reading the Biographical Sketch of the late ULEYETTA S. POTTER, published in the BANNER, Dec. 31st.

BY LOTTIE.

Lovely flower of heavenly growth,
Uleyetta, angel child!
Doth thy spirit question now?
Are they naught but vagaries wild?
Is this converse all unreal,
Is it merely cunning wile,
Prophecied in ancient day,
Listening mortals to beguile?

Uleyetta! favored one,
Angel taught in earthly sphere,
Is our blessed faith untrue—
Are no loving spirits near?
Was that touch upon thy brow,
And that hope-inspiring prayer,
All thy vision but a *dream?*
Was no praying mother there?

Did no angel mother kiss,
As she pressed thee to her heart?
Did thy *fancy* picture this?
Did delusion joy impart?
Hark, my soul! from spirit-sphere,
Wafted by an angel breath,
So this answer greets my ear—
Pure affection hath no death.

Naught can sever kindred souls—
Though the mortal frame decay,
The immortal doth not go
From its loved ones far away.
All unseen by mortal eye,
Yet it lingers by the hearth,
Leaping Superstition's walls,
Giving light to friends on earth.

Olumla, Wis., Jan. 10th, 1860.

Consciousness Again.

MESSRS. EDITORS—As your correspondent, N. Osgood, seems to be honestly seeking the truth, and yet quite misunderstands my declaration on the subject of consciousness, perhaps you will allow me a few lines in reply to his questions in your issue of Jan. 21st.

He appears to be under the impression that I limit consciousness to *emotions* alone. If he will take the trouble to recur to what I have written, he will see that I have said no such thing. All *sensations*, perceptions, reasonings, and all other mental processes whatever, equally with emotions, are plainly among *the things that exist or transpire within us.* But there is an obvious distinction between a sensation and the *cause* which produces it. The sensation is within us; the cause may be, and usually is, outside of us. We are *certain* of the sensation, but may be greatly mistaken about the cause. The former is a *fact* of consciousness; the latter is to be learned by the intellect, or inferred by the reasoning faculties, both of which are liable to mistakes. So the assertion, that the only things we really *know* are those which exist or transpire within us, stands good. It is, in fact, a self evident truth—to those who understand its meaning.

Mr. Osgood asks: "What proof have we that our perception of what passes in the mind is more reliable than our perception of externalities?" I have never affirmed that it is so; but I do affirm that what he calls "perception of externalities" is simply consciousness of the *sensations* which "externalities" produce *within* us, through our senses; and these sensations are all that we are really *certain of* in the case.

I have never cited "the testimony of the emotions" to prove that "evil is a positive and absolute injury"—though I think most persons are conscious that they do positively *injure themselves* when they lie, steal, rob, or wrong another in any way.

I referred to consciousness as testifying in every man that he acts with some degree of freedom, so that he is capable of voluntarily doing wrong as well as right, instead of being a mere passive machine, moved by inexorable necessity. So thoroughly and constantly do men *feel* this, that they act upon it every hour of their lives, whatever theory their intellects may hold in relation to it. I affirmed that this *feeling* or consciousness is more reliable than any theorizing on the subject—just as the sense of pain, when one has the toothache, is more convincing than the most plausible argument going to show that such suffering is very *unreasonable*, and inconsistent with the perfection of the universe.

Your correspondent says, "That moral evil exists, no one will deny." This statement seems to indicate that he has read other writers in your columns no more understandingly than he has myself. The remarks which first called forth his criticisms were made in reply to a labored denial of the existence of any evil. This denial has been reiterated week after week in your paper. I leave him to the attentions of my good friend, Dr. Child. A. E. NEWTON.

Queries and Answers.

As there is much being said through your columns, Messrs. Editors, about the nature, cause and cure of evil, I wish to ask a few questions bearing on the subject, which, if some of your correspondents will answer, may throw some light into a dark place.

1. Is evil or sin the violation of natural law?
2. Are not all acts and events governed by natural law?
3. What law governs an act which violates natural law?
4. Is there any law outside of nature?
5. Is man a natural being?
6. Does not man, in all his actions, obey *some* law of his nature?
7. Can one law of nature violate another law of nature?
8. If there is a law outside of nature, can a natural being get outside of nature to violate or obey that law?

Yours for the truth, A. W. DENTON.

ANSWERS.

1st—No; Evil is the effect of natural law—so says the book of nature. Read this book, and you will find unmeasured proof that no evil was ever produced without a cause; and every cause is nature.

2nd—Yes. No act or event ever took place that was removed from the immediate and direct action of nature's laws. Examine the hidden causes of events, the unseen workings of stern, inflexible laws, and you must conclude that the hand of nature holds everything that is has produced, and that there is nothing which nature has not produced.

3d—No law; for there is no law of nature violated. We stop a falling stone, that is obeying, in its fall, the law of gravitation. We do not violate the law of gravitation that brings the stone down, when we stop the stone *from* falling. The law exists the same, unbroken. Only another law of force comes in. Laws act in opposition. Attraction and repulsion make conflicts which agitate beautifully the waters of life, but no law is broken by conflict; for every law of nature exists precisely the same after as it did before the conflict.

4th—It is impossible for finite man to tell what exists beyond the boundaries of what he conceives to be infinite. We conceive nature to be commensurate with God. If there be an outside to God, we cannot tell what it is.

5th—What is man, if he is not a natural being? He cannot, as we say, be artificial. I know no word that means antagonism to *natural* but the word artificial, and artificial, in its deeper meaning, is the same as natural, for all the works of art are natural productions. Man is a child of God, which, in other words, is saying he is a child of nature.

6th—In every human action a law of nature is obeyed, for the reason that no law exists except the law of nature.

7th—No. Superior forces produce superior results. The inferior force is only stayed in its action, not violated.

8th—If there be a law outside of nature, I would like to have some one, who knows about it, tell what it is. And also, if any one has ever been cut loose from nature's laws, and has come under the influence of other laws, I should like to read his law-book, and know what governs him.

A. B. CHILD.

REV. J. S. LOVELAND

At the New Melodeon, Boston, January 15th, 1860.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

Rev. J. S. Loveland lectured January 15th at the New Melodeon, (which has been secured for the Spiritualist Sunday Services,) on "*The Fulfillment of Prophecy, as regards the present Emperor of France, Christianity and Spiritualism.*"

He quoted, by way of text, in commencing, the words of Peter, "*We have also a more sure word of prophecy; whereunto ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place;*" and from Daniel xii, 10: "*The wise shall understand.*"

Perhaps no subject, said the speaker, has seemed more incomprehensible to the mind of man than that of Prophecy. To the mere intellectual man, or the man of mere logical reason, it has seemed an impossibility; and that class of minds aver that there is no prophecy, in the sense understood by the supernaturalist: there are fortunate conjectures, there are lucky guesses; but there are no real prophetic declarations of events yet in the future. The mere rationalizing mind has not been able to conceive of the possibility of predicting future events, without admitting, at the same time, the reality of supernaturalism. It has also denied that there have ever been any indications in the future of a life beyond the present; because this also has been supposed to affirm the same supernaturalism—which rationalism persistently and consistently denies.

But the Spiritualism of to-day declares that we can admit miracles without infringing upon the province of reason; and that, if we can admit miracles as having occurred in the past, we can admit of prophecy. To the supernaturalist, of course, this is easy. The mind that conceives of an Infinite Personality so finitizing Himself as to speak in human language, can well suppose that the intelligence which sees all from the beginning can know all the limitless future.

That there is prophecy, is proven by multitudes of facts;—prophecy reaching a few days, a few years, a few generations, or eras, into the future. How men can prophecy in one direction, is very easy to conceive. Every human nature that has risen above the plane of mere animal existence, does recognize the destiny of its future life, and becomes, of necessity, prophetic. The trance condition, in some of its phases, is eminently prophetic; but this species of prophecy, though it affirms the perpetual existence of the soul, does not reveal specialities. But how can there be prophecy of special events? How can any man fore-tell that, ten years hence, occurrences that now seem to depend upon multifarious contingencies will take place?

Let it be borne in mind, first, that the progress of the race is governed by definite laws. The mutations of human history in past times, indicate the character and universality of those laws; and it is not too much to suppose that, in a higher condition of spiritual being, they are far more perfectly apprehended than in the earth-life. The spiritual world, as we term it, is not a mere local idealism; it is a world of life and beauty, of power and knowledge, capable of swaying the condition and events of this mundane sphere in a manner far exceeding our present comprehension or imagination. Those who imagine that the intercourse between the spirit-world and the race of mortals is limited to a few objective manifestations, by which we become aware that we continue to live, and live forever, after death, have only learned the a b c of Spiritualism, as compared with the reality; and when we have attained the true comprehension, we shall find that any condition of spiritual existence here is governed, penetrated, permeated by the higher potency of spiritual life, in all the great concerns of mortal existence. Hence, then, knowing the laws of progress, and also conscious of the power by which these climaxes in human history can be accelerated, and certain events can be made to occur in certain periods, spirits, of course, are prepared to see, with great clearness, what those future events shall be, and to reveal them to whom they will.

There is another consideration tending in the same direction. We have no reason to suppose that this world of ours is the only world that ever existed in the universe, or that we are shut away from the former inhabitants of worlds other than our own, or that they are not capable of so coming in *rapport* with advanced spirits on this earth as to reveal to them events.

So, in this era, prophecies can be and have been made. Prophecy has not been confined merely to the Hebrew scriptures; but in the Sibylline oracles, in the scriptures of various other nations, in the Vedas and Puranas, future events have been announced, in all ages of the world.

With this introduction, the lecturer proceeded to the immediate object of his present inquiry—namely, to indicate, by the laws of prophecy, something of the foreshadowings of the present. He referred to Daniel's interpretation of the dream of Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, the vision of the great image, whose "head was of fine gold, his breast and his arms of silver, his belly and his thighs of brass, his legs of iron, his feet of iron, and part of clay." The outline of the interpretation of this vision, as given by Daniel, would seem, upon examination, to have been written in this day. To Nebuchadnezzar, Daniel says, Thou, as the head of the Babylonian Empire, art the head of gold. After thee shall come another kingdom—the Medes and Persians—of silver; then shall come a still stronger kingdom, of brass,—Greece and Alexander; then there shall be another kingdom strong as iron—Rome. In all the prophecies of Scripture, the symbolical representations of empires relate, almost exclusively, to those which have aimed at universal dominion. But, in the vision, while the king still gazes, a little stone is cut out of the mountain, without hands, which smites the image upon its feet that were of iron and clay, and it breaks the whole in pieces. Then the little stone becomes itself a mountain, and fills the whole earth. This is the first vision.

Afterwards, Daniel himself had visions. The lecturer repeated the description of the four beasts, in the seventh chapter of Daniel, and the interpretation of the vision, in the same chapter. The fourth beast, arising out of the east, had ten horns; and among them a little horn came up, before which three of the first horns were plucked out, and in this horn were eyes like the eyes of a man, and a mouth speaking great things.

The Revelator saw similar visions—beasts coming out of the sea, and the nations troubled. First, he saw a dragon having seven heads and ten horns. Then appeared another beast, also having seven heads and ten horns; then a two-horned beast, coming out of the earth; and last, he sees a scarlet-colored beast rising up out of the bottomless abyss. This beast carries a woman, a "scarlet woman," with the cup of abominations in her hand, and drunken with the blood of the saints. In connection with this vision of a wild beast, he receives an interpretation. The angel said to him, "The horns on which thou sawest the woman sit, are ten Kings which have received no power as yet, but receive power as Kings one hour with the beast. These have one mind, and shall give their power and strength unto the beast. Nevertheless, the continuance of their power is to be but for a short time." Of the beast that carried the woman, the apostle saw one of the heads wounded by a sword, and the deadly wound was healed, and all the world wondered after the beast.

With this brief outline of the prophecies relating to the present time, the lecturer proceeded to state his position with regard to their fulfillment. The head that was wounded by a sword, said he, is the French Empire under Napoleon the First. The last wild beast is the revived French Emperorship. The last wild beast is the revived seventh head, said to be the eighth, and yet of the seventh. Louis Napoleon and the revived French Emperorship, which would be shown to be a Roman Empire, is the eighth form, and yet is one of the seven. By a careful analysis of historical documents, it is shown that the Roman Empire, either in its Eastern or its Western division, continued in existence down to the year 1806, when, in consequence of its conquest by Napoleon the First, the Emperor of Germany and Austria abdicated the Emperorship of the whole Roman Empire, Napoleon having assumed it in 1804. The seat of the Roman Empire was for a long time in France; for Napoleon annexed Rome to his dominions. He claimed positive Emperorship of Rome, as is seen in the fact that his son was styled the King of Rome, and was crowned as such, and remained so during the period of his father's reign. It is, then, proved from historical data that Napoleon wielded the Roman Empire in 1804, and that his Emperorship was of short continuance. The seventh head, or seventh form of government, was to continue but a short time.

Within the last few years the French Empire has risen again; and one of the very first acts of Louis Napoleon, on his accession to power, was to take possession of Rome. The woman sits upon the French bayonets; it is by their aid that the scarlet woman, or the Pope, is kept in power as the head of the Catholic Church. Another consideration is, that this revived seventh head must appear before the termination of the twelve hundred and sixty days, or twelve hundred and sixty years, during which the man of sin was to continue his reign. When did that period commence? From the words of Paul, in one of his epistles, it appears that the overthrow of Antichrist shall not be accomplished till after there has first been a falling away from the truth. The Man of Sin is to be revived. The time for the commencement of this period is, also, in one of Daniel's prophecies, declared to be contemporaneous, or nearly so, with the rise of the Mahometan power; so that we may look for that about the same time. But the Papacy was never fully established till the year 604, when the last of the Gothic Kings gave in their adhesion to its authority. This, and other considerations, point to the year 1804 as the time of the revival of the slain seventh head, or the temporary re-establishment of Romish power. Its revival in this form, the resuscitation of the French-Roman Empire, corresponds with the prophetic periods, and with the prophetic designations in every particular. At the end of the twelve hundred and sixty days, we approach what is termed, in the prophecy, the time of the end, the time of the destruction of spiritual despotism.

The lecturer recapitulated the deductions before arrived at. The seventh head was of short continuance; Napoleon's reign was terminated by the sword; he was deposed. It was, however, to be revived again; and, revived, it is termed the eighth, and yet one of the seven. Louis Napoleon has revived it, and claims that it is the revived French Emperorship, but is steadily pursuing, in his own way, the course toward universal empire. Not precisely after the method of his great uncle, but by a more cautious policy, he is securing the power by which he wields the destinies of the entire world of prophecy, the world of civilization and Christianity. But the prophecy declares that the beast that was, and is not, and yet shall be, that ascended out of the abyss, shall go into destruction.

These indications seem to point to the extinction of ecclesiastical power, and also to the extinction of that temporal power which has existed in connection with it and rested upon it.

We are standing, now, in the last portion of the continuance of the great image, in its ten-toed or divided condition, in the position where the little stone smites it upon the feet and breaks it in pieces. What is this little stone? We have been accustomed to hear it said that it is Christianity. But Christianity was not born in the last stage of the Roman Empire. Jesus of Nazareth appeared when it was in the state of its greatest glory, when it possessed its greatest power, and was in its most refined and exalted condition. The Church was to be the two witnesses, or the woman who fled away into the wilderness to escape the power of the beast. How, then, could it be Christianity, since Christianity has existed in the past? Protestants say there is to be a great overturning of temporal or individual power, and the Protestant Church is, of course, to shine out gloriously, as the kingdom of heaven. The scarlet woman had written upon her forehead, "Mystery, Babylon the Great, the Mother of Harlots and Abomination of the Earth." She has daughters, then, and her daughters will be involved, more or less, in the same ruin that overtakes her. The little stone cut out without hands, is not the Church that has been so long fettered in thought and action by these old forms. In the stone cut out without hands, we have a more accurate description of Spiritualism. Human agency is apparent in all the sects of modern Christianity, but not in Spiritualism. In the one, the whole course of events is marked by war, blood, and slaughter. But in the progress of the little stone, there is none of this. It is symbolized, in some prophecies, by the coming of the Son of Man.

The little stone, then, is Spiritualism, destined to fill the earth, cut out without hands, moving without the machinery of human organization, instrumentality, or effort, and gradually overcoming all dominions, kingdoms and principalities. In all these, there has been the claim of Divine authority; human government has claimed to rest upon Divine sanction. Spiritualism comes with no such pretence. It has been the great concern of the Christian Church, to find who the two witnesses might be. Some have thought they were the two sects of the Albigenses and the Waldenses. The two witnesses are Inspiration and Freedom. These two witnesses were clothed in sackcloth, and fled away into the wilderness. There has, indeed, been freedom, however, because inspiration must work out some freedom, and inspiration is perennial in the human spirit. And so the warfare has gone on, and must go on, until the cycle of its perfect influence is reached; and when that comes, comes the era of the full triumph of Spiritualism.

EVENING.

In the evening, Mr. Loveland continued the discussion of his subject. Louis Napoleon he regarded as the Man of Destiny, whose part it is to prepare Europe and the world for the era of true liberty and elevation. Men say he has sold himself to despotism, not seeing that there is a principle behind his career, which make use of despotism to accomplish the ruin of the old forms of despotism. England trembles with fear of an invasion by Napoleon. And why? In England, the old feudal system is stronger than in any other part of Europe. The despotism of France and Germany is less than that of England. It would be a Godsend if the Man of Destiny should sweep that relic of feudality from the British Isles. There is, doubtless, reason for this fear in England. Until the British aristocracy is swept away, freedom cannot triumph in the world. England's Protestantism is only a modified form of ancient religious despotism.

If Spiritualism, then, be the force which is moving this Man of Destiny, as the lecturer, in common with many other Spiritualists, believes, it will accomplish its work. These despotisms will fall; and it may be that the man who accomplishes their destruction has, from the first, regarded this as his mission.

But it is not to be supposed that this great catastrophe, typified by the Prophets, sometimes, as the sword proceeding out of the mouth of an angel, is to be one of violence. That sword is the sword of truth. The late psychological discoveries make a great, transparent gallery, of men and women; and they are read as they walk. And, if we are so read, we have a great motive—*the* great motive for elevated thought and feeling. While this recognition of our true natures was put, by theology, in the knowledge of a far-distant God, men disregarded it; but when we know that our fellow-men know our thoughts, the case is altogether different. Here is one of the instrumentalities by which Spiritualism is to propagate, in the future, its beneficent influences.

Mr. Loveland then spoke upon the ultimates of Spiritualism. He remarked that he made use of the prophecies of the Hebrew Scriptures, in elucidating his views of the ultimates of Spiritualism, not because they are more valuable than the Scriptures of other nations, but simply because he was more familiar with them. The first ultimate of Spiritualism is to be *universal love*, as distinguished from occasional, individual love. No millionaire on one side of the street, and on the other a man starving—the wealth will be for all mankind. Spiritualism is to produce this equality, first, by destroying, in the human heart, the principles which give rise to this false condition, and, creating universal charity, will pave the way for universal wealth, when every man shall sit under his own vine and fig-tree.

Another ultimate of Spiritualism is to be *universal health*. Everything corresponds. Our political, social, and religious institutions—those of any nation or time—correspond with each other. Tell us the one, and we shall know the rest. The ruling spirit of the world has been selfishness. The language of selfishness has always been, "Am I my brother's keeper?" When the doctrine of unselfishness is incarnate *universal love* will pervade the world. Now the individual system corresponds with the social system; and moral health will bring with it the health of the individual. The same process which shall reach the one will reach the other.

Another ultimate to be obtained by Spiritualism, is *universal inspiration*. This is expressed, in ancient prophecies, by saying that "no man shall say unto his neighbor, *Lo*, the Lord; for all shall know Him, from the least unto the greatest." We ask how we shall find the Lord of our brethren and sisters, or seek advice of our spiritual friends; because inspiration is not now for all. But in the future the inspiration of the celestial spheres shall come to each; and, occasionally at least, to each eye shall appear the noble forms of the heavenly world. It may be that we shall have so far advanced from our present grossness as to step into the spirit-land with hardly a change.

Another ultimate is *universal joy*. "There shall be no more the voice of crying, nor the voice of sorrow." "As the days of a tree shall be the days of my people," says the Prophet, indicating the length of human life in that blessed period. "The inhabitants shall no more say, I am sick." To us, this felicity seems impossible. Every foot of this earth has been saturated with the tears of sorrow. So must it be for years, perhaps for ages, to come. But the day shall dawn when the last sigh of humanity shall have expired, and the last brow of anguish smoothed in eternal joy. What is heaven, as it exists in the minds of the present age—the endless harps and hallelujahs, compared with this idea of universal wealth, health, inspiration, and joy? It is exceeded, as far as the intelligence of the world now exceeds its barbarous condition a thousand years ago, when those ideas were born. And when we have pictured all that the imagination can give us of conceptions of that heaven of happiness, we have but entered upon the shallows of the great ocean of spiritual bliss beyond. From age to age, from height to height, from glory to glory, we shall go on forever in the great career of spiritual progress.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR BANNER—The following lines were sent to Bro. Tuttle soon after the departure of his wife, Mrs. C. M. Tuttle, to the spirit-world. They were written by Mrs. Sarah W. Doolittle, who claims they came to her by intuition.

Yours very truly, H. C. WHITING.

Winsted, Ct., Jan. 22d, 1860.

Thou hast gone from our side, our dearly loved sister,
Gone from thy loved ones, from suffering and pain;
Thou hast passed the dark portal, the deep rolling river—
Though we mourn thy departure, our loss is thy gain.

In sadness and anguish the last tribute was paid
To the form of our loved one, who in death low is laid;
We are bowed down in grief, o'er our ties rudely riven;
But though we sorrow on earth, there's rejoicing in Heaven.

Too brightly and purely the blest star beamed upon us;
Too beauteous the spirit for its dwelling of clay;
Angels in pity stooped down to behold her,
And with songs of rejoicing they bore her away.

Hark! through the blest dome hear their sweet anthem ringing,
With songs of deliverance in the land of the blest,
And with sweet choral voices I hear *her* voice singing
Loud anthems of praises—of victory o'er death.

All hail! dearest sister, encircled with glory—
The crown on thy brow would dazzle the sun;
Thou hast fought the good fight, and come off victorious;
How sweet was the welcome sound, "Sister, come home!"

Our sighs and our tears poor nature demanded,
But since thy full radiance in glory we see,
We bow, meekly bow, to the law that ordained it,
And patiently wait that blest meeting with thee,

When from sin and from sorrow like thee we are freed,
And can bask in the sunlight of peace, joy and love;
When joy, rapturous joy, shall be shouted by thee,
And we borne away on eternity's sea.

THOS. MIDDLETON, WOODSTOCK, VT.—I write to say, Messrs. Editors, that Spiritualism with us in Woodstock, and the villages adjacent, of South Woodstock, Bridgewater, Pomfret, Barnard, Hartland, and other places *en route*, has now become a fixed fact in the minds of the people, (all opposition from our opponents of the various denominational orders notwithstanding.)

The mere phenomenal aspect of Spiritualism, or its externally exciting phases, has done its work, and long subsided into a more calm and philosophical view of its rationale, in the deep-seated principles, so long and so significantly pointed to in the myriad facts thus variously displayed before the human mind, all proclaiming that there are more things in heaven and earth than has been dreamed of in our philosophy.

It was our privilege on Sunday, January 1st, to listen to two discourses delivered at the Town Hall of this place through John H. Randall, of Northfield, Mass. He is quite a youth in appearance, about twenty years of age, and, as informed by himself, has never had the advantage of more than some six or eight months' schooling, and that at different periods, and whose antecedents have in no wise given him the advantage of cultivation such as some could claim. Yet, in view of these facts, he is made use of as an instrument in the hands of spirits to pour forth the most critically logical arguments, in a most easy and pleasant colloquial form, by the hour and two hours together, that it has been my privilege to listen to for some time. His subject in the forenoon was, "The Bible of God, and the Bible of Man," which, for biblical and historical knowledge, elaborate detail, and logical argument, was most excellent. In the afternoon his subject was, "Religion Scientifically Considered." This was by no means inferior to the morning's discourse. It was a most critical analysis of the various religious elements of faith among men in all ages, countries and peoples, and showed most demonstratively and conclusively, from the time of Moses to the present, the scientific relations that exist between earth and man in the various systems of which he stands as the apex or culminating point.

I regret that I have not the time or ability to give your readers an accurate or full review of these two discourses, but would commend Mr. Randall to the notice of the Spiritualists of Boston and other places, leaving them to judge for themselves.

MRS. P. H. NORTON, PROSPECT, CT.—I am living with my father, Woodward Hotchkiss, who is a subscriber to your paper; and as he is nearly ninety years old, with a cancer on his face, mostly depriving him of sight, it of course devolves on me to do the reading; consequently I read your paper through to him every week.

I am not a professed Spiritualist, yet I believe that spirits do communicate, although I have never witnessed any manifestations of the so-called spiritual phenomena.

There is much in the BANNER that I admire; its candor is unprecedented in the annals of journalism. There are also some sentiments advanced in the BANNER which I do not believe; but my rule is, when reading either books or papers, to receive the good—let it come from whatsoever source it may—and throw the bad away. I think Beecher's and Chapin's sermons add to the general interest of the paper, also the romances on the first page. I was much interested in the story of Bertha Lee.

The reason for father's subscribing for the BANNER only six months at a time, is, that he does not expect that he has long to remain here, and when he is gone, we shall be broken up as a family; but as long as he lives, he feels that he cannot do without the BANNER.

A QUAKER FRIEND, PUTNAM, CT., JAN. 16.—Dear friend BANNER, we clasp hands with thee in thy efforts to elevate thy fellow men. Although not recognized as a Spiritualist, as it is generally understood, yet Spiritualism has ever been our guiding star.

We have had Mary Macomber speaking to us the three last first days, and the power of the spirit upon her is truly wonderful. She is a slender, pale woman to look upon, but under the power of the spirit she is made to speak forth eloquence that savors of life unto life. Truly, the prophecies of the past are fulfilled before our eyes, that God is pouring out of his spirit upon all flesh, upon his sons and upon his handmaidens. And may her work be ever a labor of love, speaking as she shall be guided by his Holy Spirit, who out of the mouths of babes will perfect his own praise.

MISS JENNIE KING, AUBURN, N. Y.—Miss L. E. A. De Force, the young trance speaking medium of La Crosse, Wis., gave two very interesting lectures in the city of Auburn a few evenings since. Both evenings, the subject was chosen by the audience. Miss De Force is a young woman who is calculated to do much good for the ever glorious cause of Spiritualism. She is now laboring in the East.

E. S. Wheeler, of Boston, followed Miss De Force with a course of lectures, delighting, instructing and gratifying all who listened to his very excellent and brilliant discourses. Auburn will be happy to welcome both again.

More Proof.

MESSRS. EDITORS—The message from my brother, Simeon Adams, which you published Dec. 24th, is quite characteristic of him, and entirely correct, except the omission of his middle name. He was strictly Orthodox and an inveterate opposer of Spiritualism, believing it a device of the Devil for the deception of mortals. I have known and *felt* the strength of his prejudice, having myself withdrawn from the Orthodox church and embraced Spiritualism some five years ago; and it is now quite gratifying to know that he has so far conquered his prejudices as to come back according to promise and confess the truth, however mortifying to himself, or *some* of his friends. Yours for the truth,

GARDNER ADAMS.

Franklin, Jan. 9, 1860.

MESSRS. EDITORS—I notice a request of yours, that those persons who may recognize any spirit, by the communication published, would make it known. I observed a few weeks since a message purporting to be from Joel Nason. He lived in a house next east of the schoolhouse in Hanover street, Boston, which he built in 1815 or '16. He was a machinist by trade, and of rather eccentric character. I knew him since 1809.

The next is that of Cornelius Coolidge. He was a real estate broker, and was born and resided in Watertown, Mass. I knew him from a boy; and, once to know him, it would be hard to forget him. He had a brother Samuel.

If I see any other in the BANNER that I ever knew, I will notify you to that effect. Yours with respect,

Chelsea, Jan. 10, 1860. JOHN BRIDGE.

A friend from Hingham vouches for the identity of Juliet Hersey, whose communication was published in No. 16 of the present volume.

OBITUARIES.

Little more than one year ago, when the icy hand of Winter was creeping over New England, whitening the shores, and locking the streams, a messenger came from the spirit-world and snatched an arrow from the quiver of death, marked with the initials of H. F. H., and the body of our dearly beloved sister and co-laborer, Hattie F. Huntley, fell to the earth as its point entered her heart, and her spirit took its flight from Taunton, Mass.; but soon after, and several times, has she been to assure me of her joy, and gladness, and happiness in the brighter world, where she is reaping the reward of her labors here.

Again sad winter has come, and again loved ones are called to weep the departure of another of our truest, purest, and best missionaries—one who was engaged in pouring heart-balm from the world above on the broken and wounded ones of earth. Wednesday, January 11th, as the clock announced the departure of the day from West Winsted, Conn., the messenger called for our and *your* sister, Mrs. Charlotte M. Tuttle, long and extensively known as one selected by the angels to bear tidings of great joy to longing and anxious souls of earth from the peaceful homes of rest to which they have called her. Her form was too frail for its work in a New England climate; and when it had been weakened by the birth and nurture of a tender and gentle form for another soul to try earth-life in, consumption, "with white hand," seized her, and would not loose his hold till the angel took her from his grasp, leaving the form, all lovely in death, for the hungry grave; but she is not there—already has she informed us of her glorious resurrection in her spiritual body, and of the heavenly welcome she heard among those who had so often employed her while here to reach their friends. Her husband and little one are sorrowing here in the shades of earth, and to them and the many dear friends in Winsted of the one so newly born to higher life, our living and loving sister, Anne M. Middlebrook, spoke words of comfort and encouragement at the funeral on Sunday, and some wished the call had been for them; for the happier life was made so plain, and the presence and happiness of the sister so real, that few could doubt. No spirit ever bore sickness and suffering with more meekness, patience and pleasantness, than our beloved sister, and no one could be more universally beloved than she was by all who knew her. Her years on earth were not many, but she has gone hence with richest blessing from many an earthly friend, and where she will meet and receive her full reward. Who shall receive the next summons, we know not, but another is no doubt already selected. Let us be ready, and leap with joy to meet them, as we are severally selected to try our reliance on our knowledge of immortality. These departures prove more fully than any other testimony can, the certainty of the union of the two worlds. WARREN CHASE.

New York, January 23, 1860.

[Will the Age, Clarion and Welcome Guest, please copy or notice.]

MOVEMENTS OF LECTURERS.

Parties noticed under this head are at liberty to receive subscriptions to the BANNER, and are requested to call attention to it during their lecturing tours. Sample copies sent free.

MRS. AMANDA M. SPENCE will lecture in
Providence, 4 Sundays of Feb.
Norwich, 4 Sundays of March.—Putnam, March 6, 7, 8.
Colchester, March 13th.—Moodus, March 14, 15.
Willimantic, 2 Sundays of April.—Boston, 3 Sundays of April.
Philad'a, 4 Sundays of May.—Taunton, four Sundays of June.
Address, the above places, or Station A, New York City.

MISS M. MUNSON, who is in California, intends to visit the mining towns in the Spring. She is authorized to receive subscriptions for the BANNER. Address her at San Francisco, Cal.

WARREN CHASE lectures the four Sundays of Feb. in Philadelphia. Address him at that city.

MISS EMMA HARDINGE will lecture at Cincinnati in Feb.; Philadelphia in March; Providence, Portland, Oswego, &c., during the spring. At the end of February she returns to New York to form engagements. Apply to 8 Fourth Avenue, New York.

MRS. FANNIE BURBANK FELTON will lecture in Putnam, Conn., four Sundays, commencing Feb. 12th. Address, until Feb. 10th, Northampton, Mass.

MRS. A. P. THOMPSON will answer calls to lecture in the surrounding towns, addressed to her at Lowell, Mass., till further notice.

JOHN MAYHEW, to March 1st, will labor in Indiana, and from thence, to April 30th, in Illinois, and the eastern part of Iowa. Letters from the three last named States may be directed to the care of S. Brotherton, Pontiac, Mich.

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

CHARLES H. CROWELL, Boston, Mass. Address, BANNER OF LIGHT office.

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

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

MRS. MARY MACOMBER, Carpenter street, Grant Mill, care of Z. R. Macomber, Providence, R. I. She will speak at Plymouth, April 22d and 29th. Mrs. Macomber contemplates visiting California in the Spring.

DR. L. K. COONLEY, one of the most successful clairvoyant physicians in the country, (assisted by Mrs. S. A. Coonley,) having determined to make his residence in New Orleans for the winter, has taken rooms at 193 Triton Walk street, and will cure many diseases without medicine. The Doctor is also a spirit-seer, trance speaker, and reader of character by interior colors. Office hours, 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Examinations satisfactory, or no charge. Terms within the reach of all. He will lecture, every Sunday, and at other times, at such time and place as local notice will be given.

LEO MILLER will answer calls to lecture in any part of New England, on "The Facts and Philosophy of Spiritualism." Address, Hartford, Conn. 10—10t°

Friends in the States of Massachusetts and Connecticut, desirous of entering into engagements with J. H. RANDALL for the coming Summer, may address him, until further notice, at Upper Lisle, Broome County, N. Y.

MRS. E. D. SIMONS, trance speaker, will answer calls to lecture, after the month of January, through Conn. and Mass. Until that time she is engaged West. Address her at Bristol, Conn.

MRS. R. H. BURT will give lectures on every thing pertaining to Spiritual and *Practical* life, Religion and Metaphysics, under the influence of spirits. Address the above at No. 2 Columbia street, Boston, Mass. 3m Dec. 3.

MISS A. W. SPRAGUE will speak at Chicago through February.

H. P. FAIRFIELD will speak four Sundays in Feb. at Bridgeport, Conn.

MRS. FRANCES BOND, care of Mrs. Thomas C. Love, Box 2213, Buffalo, N. Y.

F. L. WADSWORTH speaks, Feb. 5th, at Battle Creek, Mich.; Feb. 12th, 19th, 26th, at Rockford, Ill.; March 4th, 11th, 18th, 25th, at Lyons, Mich.; thence East.

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS will occupy the desk at Dodworth's Hall, New York, on the Sundays of February.

A. B. WHITING may be addressed at Brooklyn, Mich., till further notice.

MRS. J. W. CURRIER will lecture in Putnam, Ct., Feb. 5th; in Foxboro', 12th and 19th; in Marblehead, 26th; Portland, Me., the three first Sundays of April. Address Box 815, Lowell, Mass.

PLYMOUTH.—P. B. Randolph speaks at Plymouth, Feb. 5th; Charles Hayden, Feb. 12th, 19th, and 26th; N. Frank White, March 4th and 11th; Miss Fannie Davis, March 18th, 25th, and April 1st; Mrs. Mary M. Macomber, April 8th, 15th, 22d and 29th, and all of July; Miss Hardinge, May 6th and 13th; Mrs. Townsend, May 20th and 27th.

MISS L. E. DE FORCE, trance speaker, of La Crosse, Wis., will respond to calls to lecture in New England until April. Will lecture week-day evenings and Sundays; also, to attend funerals. Address her, care of J. S. Holton, Northampton, Mass.

MRS. M. E. B. SAWYER will answer calls to lecture in any portion of the New England States; will also attend funerals. Address Baldwinville, Mass.

N. FRANK WHITE lectures through February at Troy, N. Y.; March 4th and 11th at Plymouth, Mass.; March 18th and 25th at Quincy.

Boston Advertisements.

New York Advertisements.

Pearls.

"—— elegies
And quoted odes, and jewels five words long,
That on the stretched fore-finger of all time,
Sparkle forever."

Like to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are;
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew;
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood;
Even such is man, whose borrowed light
Is straight called in, and paid to-night.
The wind blows out, the bubble dies,
The spring entombed in autumn lies;
The dew dries up, the star is shot,
The flight is past, and man forgot.—*Dr. H. King.*

It is not wisdom, but ignorance, which teaches men presumption. Genius may be sometimes arrogant, but nothing is so diffident as knowledge.

Think not to-morrow still shall be your care;
Alas! to-morrow like to-day shall fare.
Reflect that yesterday's to-morrow 's o'er—
Thus one "to-morrow," one "to-morrow" more,
Have seen long years before them fade away,
And still appear no nearer than to-day.
Gifford, from Persius.

Sorrow seems sent for our instruction, just as we darken the cages of birds when we would teach them to sing.

All's for the best! be sanguine and cheerful,
Trouble and sorrow are friends in disguise,
Nothing but folly goes faithless and fearful,
Courage forever is happy and wise.
All for the best—if a man would but know it,
Providence wishes us all to be blest;
This is no dream of the pundit or poet,
Heaven is gracious and—all 's for the best!

A generous, virtuous man lives not to the world, but to his own conscience; he, as the planets above, steers a course contrary to that of the world.

God hath created nights
As well as days to deck the varied globe;
Grace comes as oft clad in the dusky robe
Of desolation, as in white attire.—*John Beaumont.*

HENRY WARD BEECHER

AT

PLYMOUTH CHURCH, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Sunday Evening, Jan. 22d, 1860.

REPORTED FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT BY T. J. ELLINWOOD.

TEXT.—"Whether therefore ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."—1 Cor. x, 31.

The subject here was the conscientious scruples of young Christians with respect to the eating of food which had been marked or consecrated for idol worship. The Apostle says:

"Let no man seek his own"—exclusively—"but every man another's wealth."

We are not to employ our own rights selfishly. Our liberty is to revolve in an atmosphere of benevolence.

"Whatsoever is sold in the shambles, that eat, asking no question for conscience' sake."

You need not go around and try to raise a scruple or a difficulty, asking whether this or that meat has been marked by heathen priest—whether it has been sprinkled in such a way as to be consecrated to idols. Do not trouble yourself with questions of this kind. Go and buy whatever you find there, and eat it.

"For the earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof."

Everything that is in the world is God's; and it belongs to you, therefore, because you are children of God.

"If any of them that believe not bid you to a feast, and ye be disposed to go; whatsoever is set before you, eat, asking no question for conscience' sake."

Do not have a fidgety conscience. Do not pry and peer into things to see if you cannot make a little difficulty on which to split your happiness. Go like a man; and if five hundred thousand priests have made five hundred thousand marks in respect to every article, it matters not to you: eat it.

"But if any man say unto you, This is offered in sacrifice unto idols, eat not."

Why should you not eat then as much as in the former case?

"Eat not for his sake that shewed it, and for conscience' sake; for the earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof: conscience, I say, not thine own, but of the other; for why is my liberty judged of another man's conscience?"

So far as you are concerned, there is no harm in your eating; but there is another man in the case; and on his account you had better not eat. That is, if he thinks the meat is consecrated to idols, and if your taking it would lead him to suppose that you think so too, then, rather than abuse his mind in that way, do not take it. It is for his sake, and not yours, that you are to refrain from taking it.

"For if I by grace be a partaker, why am I evil spoken of for that for which I give thanks? Whether therefore ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

What is here meant by God's glory to which we are to do all things? A parent is honored in other people's eyes, and in his own feelings, by the conduct of worthy children. A teacher is honored by the well-being and well-doing of his pupils. A general is honored by those who serve worthily under him. Their good conduct inures to his credit, promotes his reputation, and is a gratification to his feelings. Now God is so connected with us, that he is honored by the conduct of those who do well in his name. Not only is he honored before men, but he is also gratified in his own feelings, by such conduct. This gratification of God's feelings, and this honoring of God before men, are what is meant by glory, here. We glorify him when we honor him and gratify his feelings.

But some may say, "How can a man's minor affairs be said to glorify God? What relation have they to worship or glory? What connection is there between making pins, digging trenches, picking up rags, caulking the seams of a ship, driving nails with a hammer, laying stones into a wall, weeding a garden, and gathering fruit from an orchard, and such like ten thousand things—what connection is there between these and the worshiping or glorifying of God?" It does not mean that in each one of these and like things you must think of God, and make a special offering: it means that in a right character there will be such moral unity that nothing, not the least thing, shall conflict with the moral principles which regulate your character, but that all things shall conspire, in their several parts and degrees, to build up the perfect whole—that even the least things, in their place, shall have a relation to the perfected whole.

If a painter means to be a thoroughly accomplished artist, there is no part of his conduct that will not have some bearing upon the result. Unquestionably trifles will have much less to do with it than other things, but there will be no trifle that will not have some bearing upon it. Grinding paint, and cleaning brushes, and selecting good materials, are little things, and remote from the picture itself; and yet, they concern it. They all should receive a performance from the inspiration of his life-work, and they all will have some influence upon that life-work. They are not so important as some other things; but there is not one thing that has not its own importance.

This is as true of every other life as of the artist's, and it is as true of moral as of secular things.

But let me be more specific.

I. God is honored, not alone by the special acts of our worship, by the states of mind that more directly communicate personally with him; but with the whole symmetry of our character.

It is the same in the intercourse between a parent and a child as that it is in the intercourse between God and us. Not alone when the child caresses us, not alone when under some overflowing feeling he pours his expressions of affection into our ears—not then alone does he serve us, and honor us, and please us. We count his whole disposition and conduct, we count his rounded-out experience, we count every part of his life, as determining the degree in which he serves us, and knows us, and pleases us.

Indeed, in our mature life, the pleasure which we have in the admiration, the love and the confidence which our fellow men may bring to us, depends not so much upon what they say when they come to us, as upon the character which at other places and other times they have formed. It is not from what they are in the burst of enthusiasm that we are to judge of the importance of what they say. We are to judge of its importance by what they are in their ordinary life. If they are morally poor, it matters very little to us what they may think about us, or say to us. If a pirate should say to me, "I admire you very much," I should thank him, and pass on, scarcely grateful for his admiration. If men have no elements which command respect or admiration, their admiration is of very little worth to us, and can be of but very little honor to us. What they bring to us under such circumstances must be like the lean harvest of a poor soil badly tilled; and we do not care to be the granary in which to store such poor fruits.

So it is in a higher sphere. When we worship God, the worth of our worship depends not upon the fluency of a momentary feeling, but upon our life and character taken as a whole. It is the wholeness of our moral nature that governs worth of this kind. Hence, religious worship is worth just what your character, and disposition, elsewhere and at other times, make it. A man standing in the sanctuary, on the Sabbath-day, may be brought, by the religious exercises to which he listens, or in which he participates, into an effervescent mood, so that he really has winged thoughts and sublime fancies, and seems to himself to worship God. I will not say that his worship under such circumstances is of unworth. Neither will I say that it is not accepted. So great is the grace of God that he takes, methinks, the poorest offerings at our hands. But I will say that that is not worship the most eminent or the most valuable, which you offer to God in hours of worship. All things that go to make us compact of excellence, all the ten thousand minute events and experiences of our life, have a formative power upon, and are represented in, the final act of love and adoration. Although they seem to have no primal importance, they have a great importance in the end.

2. A man's character should be a moral unit, and every part of it should directly or indirectly sustain, corroborate, or aid, every other part. Shall we compare love and worship in us to the fruits of a tree? The fruit is not the only thing of value, though unquestionably it is the most conspicuous thing. The stem is very little in comparison to the fruit; and yet, the fruit was dependent on the stem. It was the channel between it and the tree. It held it, also, to the twig. And the twig is not to be compared to the fruit, but it was necessary to hold it to the bough. And the bough bears no comparison to the fruit; still, it performed an important office in holding it to the trunk. And the trunk reaches down to the ground; and underneath are roots ramifying in the soil. These again were connected with the fruit. Now the constitution of that last particle of dirt lying next to the outermost root, had something to do with the apple which glowed on the extreme bough of the tree. It is a silent force transmitted through many channels not to be traced; yet it had its influence, and if it had not been for that influence, the fruit could not have been what it is.

A statue is beautiful for its whole, more than for any particular, element of beauty in it. Every single thing must be composed in one spirit. The head, the trunk, the arms, the feet, the very robes and drapery, the attitude, the expression, all of them, are to work into each other. The harmony and the symmetry of the whole come from the adjustment of all the several parts into one complete form. Under such circumstances the foot is important as well as the hand, the hand is important as well as the shoulder, the shoulder is important as well as the trunk, and the trunk is important as well as the head. One part is as really important as another, though some parts are not important to the degree that others are.

A house is often employed in Scripture to designate human beings. We are called temples, God's dwellings, or mansions. Now the convenience of a dwelling is but a small part of its whole. That which makes it convenient is minute, is hidden. The lowest stone, far underground, has its relation to the convenience of the house, and its stability. Arches in the deep cellar, unsummed, the timber concealed from sight, the plaster, the lath which it covers—all these have their relation to the convenience and stability of the whole. Let one shingle-nail be left out, or loosened, in the roof, and down comes the creeping-in shower, down comes the long line of discoloring water. It may carry damage from roof to cellar, and destroy ten thousand times its own value. A shingle-nail is a little thing; but a little thing in the right place has a very controlling influence. Not only is this true in reference to buildings, but it is true in reference to character as well. The beauty, the solidity, the permanence of the whole dwelling, are the result of the combined excellence of ten thousand little things, and, for the most part, inconspicuous things.

Now, if we honor God by a symmetrical life and character, it is needful that all little things connected therewith—all our acts and duties, however simple—should be in one spirit, composed to one end, and sanctified in the Divine service.

These two reasons, then, will sufficiently illustrate why the minutest parts of our lives have a moral significance; we shall be free, now, to give to the inculcation a various application to our lives and wants.

I. We are not to confound the relative importance of different acts and dispositions, and to suppose that all things are of one value. Because all things are important, it does not follow that all things are alike important. A man may be almost disorganized by a want of discrimination respecting the relative importance of things. The tying of a shoe is important, but not so important as a man's fidelity to his engagements. Neatness is very valuable, but not so valuable as veracity and honor. The Sabbath-day is very important as a religious institution, but it is not to be compared with benevolence, and kindness, and mercy. Worship is very needful and very good, but it is not to be compared with a forgiving and blessing disposition. "If thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift: first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift." This does not mean that worship is not of value, but that there are other things which are of more value. A gift laid upon the altar is not to be compared with going and being reconciled to a brother that has anything against you.

There is a moral difference as well in religious as in secular things. And yet, nothing is so small as to be unimportant. Nothing is so small that you cannot sin by it, or serve by it. It may be but one leaf in a forest, but it is better that that one leaf be green and healthy, than worm-bitten or sickly yellow. A nervous disposition, a superstitious conscience, often produces the effect of disturbing a man's moral perspective of things, so that all moral duties seem alike important to him. A man may be fretted, and may experience fear, in respect to the performance of minor duties, as much as in respect to the performance of duties of the highest conceivable importance. We are not to confound such things by regarding them indiscriminately.

II. The smaller duties of life, and the unnoticed flow of dispositions, although in elements individually small, are collectively the greater part of a man's life. The things that you do unconsciously are a thousand to one compared with the things that you do on purpose. A million minute, infinitessimal things are done, where there is one thing done which assumes magnitude and proportion, and is obvious to the attention or observation. Our lives are made up of little things, and when we come to the wholes, their character will be determined by the character of these little things.

It is not how you feel, then, once in a while, that determines your disposition: it is how you habitually feel. That man is not a generous man who once a year is surprised into an act of generosity, any more than that man is a sober man who is sober one day in the year, and is drunk all the rest of the time. It is not the occasional display of good taste, that marks good taste. Occasional skill never makes a good workman. It is not the now-and-then good-natured man that makes a pleasant companion, but the man who is uniformly kind, and genial, and gentle. Resolved into their constituent organs, the vastest trees are but bundles of minute vesicles and fibres, so small that the magnifying-glass is required to detect them.

So he that neglects little things, must of necessity, in the end, neglect the wholes—the large things—which are but the results of these component elements.

III. Our most serious endeavors after religious enjoyment—our endeavors to attain those aptitudes which are so often mentioned, but which are so seldom possessed, are defeated, frequently, by the unsuspected action of small selfishnesses, and evil dispositions.

A man proposes a banquet, and lays up, or commands to be laid up, a full store of all the things which he thinks will add to its completeness. His cellar is stocked, his larder is filled, and he awaits the coming of the day when his table shall groan with various abundance. But one servant steals a little, and another servant steals a little more; the butler drinks some, and invites his friends to drink with him; the cook neglects the larder; mice nibble some things, rats nibble other things, and other vermin overcrawl other things; so that when the time for the banquet arrives, the man has nothing with which to fitly spread his table for his friends. There has been no great robbery, no great destruction of his goods, but in the end they are as effectually wasted by these hundred pickings and pilferings, as though there had been.

And so, when we attempt to spread the table of the Lord with our experience, it is meagre and poor in quality, simply because avarices, prides, pettishnesses, lusts, jealousies, ten thousand worm-eating, vicious moral states have been at work upon it. The fruit which we have to present in the end is all spoiled, so that there cannot be any great display.

I have known men that were capable of most magnificent experiences, who never had them. They might be said to be like one of the thirty-two pipes of a magnificent organ, capable of sounding thunder, after a million little worm-holes have been eaten into it. Although built with capacities to serve an important purpose in the production of glorious music, on account of these imperfections, it never gives forth a sound. And these men, though organized with capacities for the highest enjoyment, on account of their, many imperfections never have it.

The vineyards of Maderia, you know, have been laid waste; so that if it were not for the ingenuity of our honest wine merchants, there would not be a drop of Maderia wine in the world! What has destroyed their vintage. A flood? No. Wasting flames put to the vines? No. Vandal war, soldiers cutting them down for fuel, or through revenge? No. Has the fire from some volcano, overflowing, burned them up? No. Seeds so small that no magnifying glass can resolve them, have floated down into the pulp of the berry, and the wood of the vine, and myriads of these molecules have produced a kind of gnawing rust or mould, by which the grapes, the vines, the vineyards, have all been destroyed. It is the sum of all these myriad littlenesses that has caused this great destruction.

And as it is with the vineyards of Maderia, so it is with the vineyard of the Lord. There are in our hearts a million frets and disturbances that destroy the health of the fruit of our life. It is quite in vain for a man to set apart hours to pray, if he gives to Satan all the rest of his time. We shall never regain lost ground. If we have wasted one day in the week, we cannot make up for it by rightfully employing another day. We cannot undo a sin committed to-day, by performing a noble act to-morrow. If we serve God every day, and set apart the seventh day for his worship in the sanctuary, then we go on from strength to strength. But if, all the week, by ten thousand worldly appliances, by ten thousand neglected duties, by ten thousand inward commotions, by ten thousand inordinate desires—if by these things our whole time during the week is moth-eaten, do you suppose that one Sabbath-day will suffice to repair the damaged garment? If the gates of heaven poured down floods, it would not! It is contrary to the laws of nature that it should. And I apprehend that the differences between the religious experiences of different men, are owing to the differences in their every day life. Do you ask, "Why is it that while some men seem to be caught up almost into the regions of heavenly bliss, I am unmoved?" It is because you are water-logged, sir! Drop by drop, your being has become saturated to such a degree with the waters of worldliness, that you are but just sustained, while they, buoyant, are carried on so easily!

I have heard men, with a look of graceless submission, say that they supposed that in the mystery of Divine grace it was not for them to have such eminent experiences as they had heard certain of their brethren tell of having; and that they hoped they might be submissive to this mystery of grace! Now in what does this mystery of grace to which you hope to be submissive, consist? It consists in the fact that while you are trying to serve God at appointed times and places, at other times and places you are going to schools of mischief, where you are apt pupils! You are so intimately associated with wickedness you are so nearly allied to that which is evil, you maintain so many contrarieties in your experience, that when you come to the moment of flying, you have no wings by which to fly with the dead weight that you carry.

IV. Men may harbor in their souls little nests of selfishness, pride, lust, avarice, and wicked feelings in general, which will render all the strong points of their nature ineffectual for true holiness. It does not take a great deal to destroy a man's holiness. How many planks would it be necessary to tear off from the bottom of a ship to sink her? How many leaks are required to take a vessel down?

As you are aware, but a few weeks ago the Pemberton Mills, at Lawrence, Mass., were destroyed. The investigations which were made to ascertain the cause of the disaster, showed that the foundations of the structure were of the best description, that the walls were abundantly strong, and that the timbers were sound and sufficiently heavy. Nothing, it seems, was out of order except three or four central iron pillars. These were too small, and of poor material; and when the enormous weight of the building and the machinery came upon them, they snapped, and the whole thing went down together, causing the death of some two hundred human beings. It did not take a great deal to bring about this terrible result. The elements of strength in the building were more than ample, but owing to a lack of strength in a particular place, the Mills fell to the ground, and all these lives were lost.

Now, two or three weak columns in your Christian experience or your Christian character, are sufficient to cause the destruction of that experience or character. There is many and many a man that has pride—a frangible thing in morals—standing where his whole character, resting upon it, must needs break through, and fall. There are many men whose vanities are more than all their grace. There are many men whose corrupt taste is more than all their grace. It does not take a great deal to undermine and break down and destroy a man's Christian experience, or his Christian character.

V. Men cannot grow in grace so long as they allow any part of their nature to go uncultured, or to develop in directions antagonistic to Christ's spirit. How common it is to see persons come into the church full of glow and sweet aspiration, and burning with a Christian zeal which they never experience again. Now the path of a Christian should shine brighter and brighter unto the perfect day. There may be in the beginning of Christian life a novelty and a strangeness which do not belong to the later periods of that life. There is an experience of youth which does not belong to manhood; but who would exchange the experience of manhood for that of youth? The experience of full manhood is broader and deeper and sweeter than the experience of youth; and so advanced Christian experience ought to transcend in breadth and depth and sweetness early Christian experience. But how often men in the church are like trees which, being transplanted into a man's garden, stand there ten, twenty, or thirty years, without growing as many inches, and are almost worthless.

Now this ought not so to be; and it would not be so, if Christian life were not a continual going up and coming down in a series of battles fought and ended each successive day. Some men try to control their selfishness, but they do not attempt to destroy the feeling itself. Some men try to restrain their pride, but they do not undertake to subject it to the will of God.

It is said of Penelope, the wife of Ulysses, that, while waiting for his return from the Trojan war, she was wooed by several suitors, who assured her that her husband was dead, that he had been whelmed in the sea, or destroyed on the land. She put them off till in their anger they threatened to despoil her house, when she declared that, as soon as she had finished a certain piece of embroidery, she would make an election of one of them. And with much weeping, she embroidered by day; but at night, with nimble fingers, she pulled out every stitch that she had taken. And so days, and weeks, and months, and round years, passed by, and the embroidery was not finished.

Now the Church is God's bride. She waits for her Husband's coming; and as she waits, the stitches that she puts by day, in the robe of righteousness, she pulls out at night. She sews and pulls out, and sews and pulls out, and the robe is never completed. And under such circumstances is it strange that there is such leanness of Christain life and example?

VI. It is the restriction, the contrariety, the restraint produced by such a state of inconsistencies that prevents the high and holy enthusiasm which belongs to every Christian. You count harmonies from a harp half of whose strings are broken, or from a piano half of whose keys are out of order, or from an organ half of whose pipes are silent; and if a man's character is full of imperfections, he cannot have an experience which results in a high, wholesome, characteristic Christian enthusiasm.

It is necessary, therefore, if we want to be consistent and beautiful as Christians, that we should take into our view, not merely certain Christian duties, but the wholeness of Christian life and character. Every part of it, according to its relative importance, is to receive our most conscientious attention. We are not to do all things as we do some things: we are to do each particular thing in the way in which its nature demands that it should be done.

Wherefore, this subject will apply to the young, and to all that are called to lead a Christian life, in respect to their domestic habits and dispositions. There are a thousand things that are not supposed to be Christian, upon either side of which a man may stand and not affect his Christian reputation. Whether a person frets or is serene; whether he is ill-natured or good-natured; whether he is quick or slow to anger; whether he delights in evil, and is greedy to hear scandal, and has a kind of relish for things that are at somebody's expense, and carries an appetite that scents a story afar off, or dislikes everything of the kind; whether he is stingy and close-fisted, or generous and open-handed—these things are not supposed to have much to do with his Christian experience. It is supposed that so long as men make great, round prayers, and are circumspect in regard to the things appointed by men as means of grace, these myriad little things in life do not have much to do with their Christian character. I think they have a great deal to do with their Christian character. I think that a Christian is bound not only to pray, and to love God, but also to order every part of his nature according to the spirit of Christ. There is not one virtue or grace which he is not bound to strive to attain. It is worth your while to strive to attain everything that is becoming.

All such virtues as gentleness, neatness, order, punctuality, courtesy, attention to etiquette, fidelity in small matters, the avoidance of meanness, of negligence, of slackness—all these are things of more than minor importance. They are severally very little things, but I tell you that in making up a beautiful Christian character they go a great way.

A man cannot justify himself for neglecting these things by saying, "I have a robust nature, and am a right up and down sort of a fellow, and people cannot expect me to have any of these little finical graces." Perhaps they do not; but they have a right both to expect it and to demand it.

I think that many persons are like many houses which we see. If you go into the front hall, you find it very nice; if you go into the show-parlor, you find everything in order there; and if you go into the sitting-room, you find nothing out of the way there. But if, unluckily, you open a cupboard door, what a jumbled up mess do you behold! If you were to look into a bureau drawer, what confusion would meet your eye! If you were to look into the various pantries where the provisions are kept, what sights would rise up before your astonished vision! Never go near them, if you want to sit with any comfort at the table! If you were to go into the chambers, what litter, and dust, and cobwebs would you see there! The hall is very clean, the shut-up parlor is very nice, and the sitting-room is unexceptionable; but throughout the rest of the house disorder reigns, and neatness is a thing unknown!

Many people have in their Christian character a nice front hall, a fine parlor, and a clean sitting-room. If you go into these, you will see nothing that is out of the way. But if you look into those parts which are not for public inspection, you will find chambers, and cupboards, and pantries, and drawers in the greatest confusion, and full of all manner of filthiness!

Is that good house-keeping? It is not in a house, is it? Neither is it in a character.

"Whatsoever things are of good report," says the apostle, "you are to heed and follow." That is to say, whatever things comport with taste, with kindness, with beauty; whatever things all men speak well of and think well of—these are becoming to you, and are obligatory upon you, no matter how small they may be. Do not think because God is so great, and Divine grace is so surprising, and salvation is so infinite, that therefore little things are of no importance. Relatively, the least things are important. And particularly, young Christians—Christians young in years—can scarcely pay too much attention to all the details of personal propriety, to all the regulations of social economy, to all things that long experience has shown to be promotive of the well being of society, and the right-ordering of the household.

The same thing may be applied to business life, as well as to domestic life. Moral unity of Christian character requires that every part of our life should be under the same general rules and regulations. We are not at liberty to have different standards of right and wrong. Right and wrong must have different applications under different circumstances, but the standard must be the same under all circumstances. A Christian has no right to live under divorse standards, so that benevolence is demanded here, and selfishness is permitted there; so that honesty is demanded here, and laxity of morals is permitted there; so that truth is demanded here, and equivocation is permitted there. A man is just as sacredly bound to speak the truth when he stands behind the counter and sells goods, as when he stands before the sacramental table of Christ and swears fidelity to God. A lie is a lie everywhere: truth is the same thing everywhere; and no man has a right, under this teaching of Christ, to utter the one, or to depart from the other. "Whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." You have no right to make division and partition in moral life. That life must be characterized by unity as well as symmetry; and every part of it must be under the control of the highest religious honor and scrupulosity.

Hence the principles governing the performance of secular and sacred duties are just the same. The principles governing the performance of personal and official duties are just the same. You are bound to act for others with the same fidelity with which you act for yourselves. God will not judge offices, but he will judge men that hold the offices. It makes no difference what permissions are allowed in any office which you may hold, you are bound to find out what is right—and that you can do in this age of Bible privileges—and square your conduct by it. No wrong thing is covered up by the plaster of an office. The same God that waits to judge the conduct of men in personal relations, is waiting to judge the conduct of men in official relations. And a man is alike responsible for his acts, whether he stands in individual relations, or in corporate relations. What he does in both relations will be subjected to the same judgment in the end. It makes no difference whether you are acting by yourself or in your party, you will be judged by yourself. For all your connivances with others God will bring you to a personal account. You will find that the partnership law of New York does not hold good out of the State of New York. If a man subscribes ten thousand dollars toward an enterprise, he can be held responsible for only that amount; but you cannot go into a party and participate in the iniquity it performs, and then say, "I put in so much of the capital, and I am responsible for only a proportionate share of the consequences." You will find that you will have to take the whole individual responsibility. Every man that says "yes" with his voice, every man that says "yes" with the thunder of his silence, every man that might know, but looks away that he may not know, every man that has the power to prevent evil and does not prevent it—every such man shall be judged by the same laws that he would be judged by if he was acting singly; and he shall be responsible for all that happens of wickedness through the concerted action of the whole.

For all that takes place in commerce, for all that takes place in pleasurable circles, for all that takes place in fashionable society, for all that takes place in the department of mechanic arts, for all that takes place on the sea or on the land, for all that takes place in this nation, or in any other nation, there is but one law, one moral standard. Every man may have it and apply it to his conduct—and he is bound to do it. No matter what permissions are allowed by the world, God demands purity of heart, rectitude of life, justice, benevolence, love. These, if you have them, will carry you clear, in spite of the world. If you are without them, your condition is to be deplored.

It becomes every man to have some way by which to measure his own conduct; and I know of but one way. "Wherewith shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to thy word." Here is the Book of life. It is not a book for theory, it is not a book for philosophy—it is the Book of life. If a man reads it with a hungering to know what is right, and to know how to be right and live right, there never was so good a book, or one so easy to understand.

I beseech of you look into this subject, that you may see the necessity of bringing all your minor traits, all your minor deeds, every part of your life, great or small, under the control of, and into compliance with, the moral principles laid down in God's word. "Whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God;" for God shall bring into judgment not only every word and deed of man, but every thought and intent of his heart, in that day when the flaming eyes of inquisition shall be brighter than the sun, and shall drive all night and concealment away. If you do not think of these things until that day comes, how terrible will be the inquisition and the judgment! Wherefore, I beseech of you, remember that the eye of God is now, as it will be hereafter, upon you, and live as seeing him.