

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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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.
FIRST PAGE—Rev. H. W. Beecher's Sermon.
THIRD PAGE—Rev. Dr. Chapin's Sermon.
SIXTH PAGE—Cora L. V. Hatch's Discourse.

Written for the Banner of Light.

"BERTHA LEE," OR, MARRIAGE.

To the Memory of my Husband this tale is dedicated.

BY ANN E. PORTER,
Author of "Dora Moore," "Country Neighbors," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XIV.

SICKNESS AT THE BOARDING-SCHOOL.

It takes two or three days, after vacation, for the buoyant spirits of school girls to subside into the usual quiet of school-day life. New dresses and bonnets are to be exhibited, and the events of the journey to be discussed, parties to be talked over, and certain young gentlemen to be described—some to undergo the wit and sarcasm of the many, and some to be complimented for their "splendid whiskers," their "glorious eyes," their "fine figures," or their long purses.

Anna was not to return till Spring, and we missed her pale face and quiet sympathy. Miss Crooks was removed to a large room in the lower story, opposite the parlor, and her room-mate was a niece of Miss Garland, cousin to Mr. Calvin. How this came to pass, it was not difficult for us to imagine. Miss Lincoln was placed with me, much to my delight, which was a little too openly expressed, and brought upon me the future vengeance of Miss Crooks.

Addie was detained some days on account of a "splendid party," she wrote, which was to be given by her friends at the Astor, and which she "would not miss for all the world," as she wrote to Miss Lincoln.

The school was, at this time, one of the most popular in New England, and every quarter brought a large accession of numbers; and Miss Garland, finding her labors too great, engaged an Associate Principal. Her first appearance afforded some amusement to the girls. She was short, thick set, with large features, and a face round as the full moon—quick, impulsive in her movements. Her dress was very plain, and put on with little regard to taste or neatness in fitting. The only article on which she seemed to spend any thought, was her huge white lace turban, made like my mother's; but the form and bearing of the one woman were so different, that I always felt like smiling when I looked at Miss St. Leon's towering turban—it was as if a little, short, thick Dutchman had donned General Scott's uniform. I was, at first, inclined to dislike the new-comer. Her prompt, decided, blunt manner annoyed me; but Miss Lincoln, whose calm, quiet judgment of character led her most always in the right, said:

"Wait, Bertha. The brusqueness of Miss St. Leon's character is the result of a want of early acquaintance with polished society; if I mistake not there is a rich gem in that rough exterior."

Time proved that she was not mistaken. The new teacher gave a character to the school which, without her, it would never have possessed. Turning aside from all those pursuits which are termed fashionable accomplishments, she took a masculine grasp of mathematics, grammar, and mental philosophy and made her pupils dig deep and labor hard. She first led them to feel their own ignorance, and when sufficiently humble, she made them put forth every effort, and by close application, patiently, step by step, to proceed in a study. No one subject was passed over without our becoming thoroughly acquainted with it. At that time she had great vigor of body, and much physical endurance. She could bear cold, hunger, many hours of uninterrupted study, and had never known sickness.

It was not strange, then, that she had little sympathy for effeminate, petted, sickly school-girls, and often required tasks of them which they had neither the capacity nor the physical power to perform. As Miss Lincoln said, she took no pleasure in a conservatory where the sunshine and the moisture must be graduated so carefully to each delicate plant, and where tender vines must be trained, and the rare exotics staked and shaded. She loved neither the perfume nor the frail beauty of such plants; but she delighted in the sturdy oak and stately pine, and even took pleasure in the storm that broke some of the branches, and shook the trees in its wrath—it only makes the roots strike deeper, she would say, and gives strength to the tree. She loved the hardy grains, and would have rejoiced in a steam-plow that would pierce to the subsoil, and turn it up, deep. She believed in deep plowing, and draining, and in large crops. She had no comprehension of musical notes, and a piano was not even a pretty plaything to her. Nor could she translate one word of French; but Butler's Analogy was most delicious food to her strong intellect; and easily as an ostrich swallows the stones of the desert, would she digest all the stones of Hopkins's System of Divinity, and Edwards's theological works. On these subjects she was perfectly at home, and her creed was unbending and rigid, admitting of no compromise—the elect, and the elect only, could enter heaven; and of these she would say—

"And few their numbers be!"

Her honest soul scorned all artifice and deception; and if one had told her that she was rude and blunt in manner, she would have taken no offence, but as

knowledgeed it freely, and promised to try to improve; and she expected equal frankness and humility from her pupils.

I had been in one of her classes but a few weeks, when she called me to her room.

"Bertha," said she, as soon as she had turned the key in the door, "I have called you to me to tell you that your besetting sin is pride. Now you must subdue this—root it out of your heart, if it is like cutting off a right hand, or plucking out an eye. Now, you can't do it without God's assistance, and we will kneel together and ask it!" and throwing her arm around me, she prayed most fervently for divine help to enable me to purify my heart from this sin.

The only mistake she made here, was in not pointing out the specific manifestations of this sin, but leaving me in a sort of terrible surprise, as if one had told me that I had been bitten by a poisonous serpent; and in my wonder at what part of my conduct had led her to come to this conclusion, I forgot to study the remedy.

I saw little of Miss Lincoln out of school hours, and had my room alone most of the time, but I stayed in it but a little while each day; for it was so far from the fire as to be very cold, and my poor feet were swollen with chilblains from constant exposure, or perhaps from the sudden change from the hot study room to my own cheerless chamber.

Poor Addie complained bitterly on her return, and we seldom saw her without a warm shawl about her shoulders. Miss Green was her room-mate, a country girl with vigorous health, accustomed to hardship and exposure, who had taught a district school, and could follow wherever Miss St. Leon led. Addie came often to Miss Lincoln, and sitting down on the floor, would lay her head in our teacher's lap, and have a "good cry," as she said, and then wiping her eyes, would empty her pockets of oranges and sweetmeats, and, after sharing them with us, jump up and run away, saying—

"Now I'll go and study 'Watts on the Mind' with Miss Green, she says it is better to her than her daily food. Oh dear, I wish folks were n't so dreadful good up here in New England. I reckon Mammie is right when she says—'La, chile, I aint gwine to have you larn such a heap, 'cause it will make you look sad to tote such a burden.' Poor Miss Green will be as learned as Newton, if she keeps on. I would n't study another hour, only Pa wants me to know something more than Mammie can teach."

One day she came to our room in great tribulation. "Where's Miss Lincoln? Oh dear! where is she? I shall die if I don't see Miss Lincoln."

"She has gone to Miss Garland's room," I replied. "She was sent for to meet all the other teachers, and the minister, Mr. Wood."

"What now?" exclaimed Addie; "do you suppose there is any trouble brewing. I have noticed Miss Lincoln looked very sad lately, but I thought it was because the old gardener and his wife were so feeble. For my part, I shall be glad when God takes them home."

"Oh, Addie, how can you talk so? Miss Lincoln says that she hopes Mr. Mudgett will not die till he learns to believe and trust in God. He has no belief in the existence of a God now; this world and the next is all darkness to him; but as he grows more feeble, he begins to think he may have been mistaken, and yesterday he allowed her to read a chapter in the Bible to him."

"But if he don't wear her all out, and make an angel of her before we are ready to spare her from this world, I shall be thankful. But, oh Bertha! I am sick to-day; my head throbs, and is so hot; put your hand upon it and see."

I looked at her and saw that her face was flushed, and her head was hot, as if she had a fever.

"Miss St. Leon was in my room just now," she added, "and I told her that I was n't well enough to study, and she said I must n't eat any dinner; and then she told me that she had noticed that I was very fond of sweetmeats, and fruits, and candy; and that I must not eat them any more, nor indulge myself in dessert for a week; that I must n't drink coffee or tea; that no one could be a scholar who indulged their appetites; and, oh dear! she went on till I thought my head would split open. I ran in here, just as soon as she was out of sight."

I made Addie lie down on my bed, and I bathed her face and hands with cologne; but she grew more feverish, and more impatient for Miss Lincoln.

"Oh, dear! will she never come? There's no body in this wide world but Mammie or Miss Lincoln that can make me well," and she moaned, and tossed, and wept, till my patience was exhausted. At last she fell into a troubled sleep; but she would start suddenly, and moan, and talk, till I began to fear she was seriously ill.

Evening came on; the gong beat for study hours, but no Miss Lincoln came, and I dared not leave Addie for the study-room. Two hours passed. Addie would wake occasionally and beg me to give her cold water, which I dared not do very freely. At last, when I became weary with watching, I heard our teacher's step, and felt relieved; but, when she entered, she looked so pale and wan, and walked with such an uncertain step, that I was alarmed. She did not see Addie, but sitting down at the table, leaned her head on her hands, and burst into tears. I went to her, and threw my arms around her neck.

"Is it Miss Crooks?" I asked.

"I do n't know, Bertha. I do not wish to know; indeed, I blame no one but myself. But it is hard, very hard; my salary was to commence this month, and I hoped to be able to make uncle, and his wife, comfortable in their last days. Now I have no

means of support; I lose my situation here because I do not agree with the religious views of our teachers. I have been reading Swedenborg's works; I do not yet feel that he is right, but I cannot give my cordial assent to the views of Miss St. Leon."

"They are wrong, they are cruel," I exclaimed; "they do not show a Christian spirit."

"Hush," she said, laying her hand on my arm; "you are now wrong; they were kind to me; see." And she showed me five dollars, which Miss Garland had given her. "No, they are conscientious; they fear my influence over the scholars; it was a hard task for Miss Garland to send me home, and she has given me books to read, and when I can come back, and subscribe fully and heartily to this book, (The Assembly's Catechism,) I am to have my place again as teacher."

"But what will your poor friends do in the mean time?" I asked.

"I must trust God," she said. While we were talking, Addie had waked, and listened to our conversation; she sprang from the bed, her hair in disorder, and her cheeks crimson.

"Never mind what they say, Mary; come with me, out of this burning desert, where the sun pours down on the hot sand. My feet are so tired walking, and my head is so hot, because I can find no shade; come along, Mary, down among the olive trees close to Gethsemane. Did n't you say it was dark, and cool, and shady there—there, where our Saviour prayed?" and she put her burning hand into that of her teacher, and tried to lead her out of the room.

"My poor child," said Miss Lincoln, forgetting her own troubles at once, you are ill; you must be cared for. Come to your own room, and I will undress you, and bathe your feet, and see if I can drive off this fever turn."

I went with her, and we exerted all our skill; but Addie continued so restless, that her room-mate and myself watched with her. A slight eruption appeared on her face in the morning, and a physician was called. He was a young man, just returned from attending a course of lectures in Paris. He pronounced the eruption the chicken pox, one of the diseases to which the young are exposed, and left remedies accordingly.

During the forenoon, she slept, and her room-mate, who had been left to watch with her, went out of the room for a short time, during the dinner hour, when Addie awoke, and finding herself alone, ran out of her room with the speed of a deer, and through the garden, barefooted, over the snow, to Mudgett's house. Miss Lincoln was there, fortunately, and took her in charge. Mudgett was still bedridden, but talkative and fretful as usual.

"Why, the gal is crazy," said he, "crazy with the fever. Bring her here, and let me look at her. I am a better doctor, now, than Simpson, with all his big words."

"She has the chicken pox, uncle," said Miss Lincoln, "and has taken cold."

"Bring her here, I say," he replied.

Addie was easily persuaded to sit down by the bedside, and the old man demanded his spectacles, and after examining Addie's face attentively for some minutes, said:

"There, now, it's just as I thought, when I heard you telling my wife about her; and don't ye bring them ignorant puppies, called doctors, into my house any more, unless ye want to get rid of me, which I suppose ye all do. The gal has the small pox the worst way; and if ye don't see to her, she'll be as speckled as a mackerel. I took it when I was down in the Bay of Fundy, fishing, nigh on to twenty years ago, and my wife took it from me; but as good luck would have it, we had Bill Wiggins, an old salt, to take care of us. He knew a rope's end from a marine spike, or a jib boom from a fore-top-sail, which is more than can be said of these school-larned doctors now-a-days."

When Mary Lincoln heard Mudgett's talk, it is not strange that she recoiled, for a second, from the poor girl who clung to her. She knew (as what woman does not, to whom God has given that dangerous gift?) that she was beautiful, and that much of that beauty was in her fair, transparent skin. She knew, too well, how all such beauty was destroyed by that hideous disease. But the recoil was only momentary. Poor Addie had sunk at her feet, and was clinging to her.

"Small pox! Oh, Mary, it is true—it must be so. I took it in the stage, three weeks ago. There was a man sick. Oh, Mary, you went for me. All the rest will, I know. You won't let me die, will you?"

Tenderly as a mother would lift a child, Mary lifted the poor sick girl, and bore her to a bed in a little room adjoining the one in which the old people lived.

"No, Addie, I will not forsake you. My duty is here now, and I will be your nurse. Lie still, and let me bind your hands for awhile, so that you will not raise them to your face. The doctor can save you, I think, and Uncle Mudgett understands the disease; and together I trust we will preserve both life and beauty."

Addie was quiet and passive, and promised to be still while Mary went to see Dr. Simpson. The teacher, it will be remembered, was young—just eighteen, in all the beauty and freshness of maidenhood. Is it strange that she turned aside a moment, to struggle with her own heart, and pray? But she became strong to perform her duty, and was fearless when her mind was decided, where that duty led.

Miss Garland was alarmed, and for a moment doubtful what to do. The teachers were called in and consulted. Some of them—Miss Crooks among the number—were for dismissing the school at once.

"Why, my dear Miss Garland," said she, "we shall all take it, and what frights we shall be!"

"Our first duty," said the prompt, energetic Vice Principal, "is to the sick girl. It will not do to have her in the house. Who can be found to take charge of her in some place outside of the boarding house?"

Mary Lincoln, the youngest and fairest of the group, rejected, too, as unworthy to be one of their number, because her religious creed differed from theirs, stood there in her quiet beauty, calm and fearless.

"If you have no objection," said she, meekly, "I will keep Addie at my uncle's house. We have a room that we can spare, and as I must stay at home with the old people, I can take care of Addie, too."

"Have you been vaccinated?" said the Vice Principal.

"Yes, ma'am."

"When?"

"Two years ago."

"Did it take well?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Very well. I think, then, you could take care of Addie, with some one to assist you."

Now it did not even occur to Miss St. Leon, that our Mary was a heroine, at all. She would have done the same in like circumstances; but perhaps she could not understand how much greater the sacrifices of beauty in the one case. But Miss Garland, who was in truth a graceful woman, with some claims to beauty, and with a share of feminine weakness, looked at the young teacher with admiration and astonishment.

"If you will excuse the apparent rudeness of offering advice," said Mary, "I think it will be better not to inform the scholars of Mary's disease; but when they are at their recitations at the seminary, it will be well to have the house (especially Addie's room,) cleansed and fumigated; and there need be no further communication with our house, until Addie is fully restored."

This advice seemed judicious, and was followed, while an Irish girl, who bore her certificate on her features, was detailed to assist Mary.

Poor Addie was very ill, and the doctor, who, when he understood the disease, was efficient and prompt, was very doubtful whether he could save her.

There were long weary days and nights of watching. Addie was not willing that the Irish girl should wait upon her, and in her hours of delirium no person but Mary could control her. The greatest care was taken to preserve her beauty—and here Mary's patience was put to the most severe test, and all the doctor's skill called in requisition. Uncle Mudgett, to Mary's great comfort, was less troublesome than usual. The doctor, learning that the old boatman had had experience in this disease, often referred to him, and found his advice very valuable, for which, to his credit be it said—for it is rare in young doctors—he politely thanked his rough adviser, which so mollified the latter that he consented to receive advice for his rheumatism, and before Addie was convalescent a good understanding was established between these two. Now the doctor was a firm believer in revelation, and when an opportunity presented, would combat the infidel opinions of his patient with so much skill and gentleness, that if not convinced, he was at least silenced. The poor, meek old woman, who had so long borne the rough language and rude manners of her husband, was a silent listener, still shaking her head and knitting on, comprehending but little that was said, but looking to Mary for aid and comfort. Now and then she would rouse up.

"Mary, darling, I am afraid you will lose your pretty face if you catch the small pox; I wish you'd send the gal away. Who will take care of you, child, if you fall sick?"

"God, I trust, auntie."

"Yes, yes, Mary, so he will. I forgive, I'm a poor old woman—I must die soon; but mind you must save the picture that was round your mother's neck—it is your's, Mary, and I've saved it through all our troubles—it's a pretty face, but I never could just make out whether it was your father or not; maybe it was, though—I always would think so, though your uncle said I was a poor, simple woman, that did n't know the ways of the world."

This was perhaps the hundredth time that old Mrs. Mudgett had repeated these words during Addie's sickness, and they wounded, nevertheless, for their frequency; it was, very trying to hear this doubt flung upon her father's memory before the young doctor; and once Mary ventured to say, "Now, auntie, the doctor is coming, and, if you please, let him talk with uncle to-day, and when he is gone I will read to you in the Bible."

"Yes, yes, child, I'll remember—I'm a forgetful old body; now I am to keep still while the gentleman is here." And she did so until he was rising to leave, and said to Mary, "Now, Miss Lincoln, I hope you will follow my prescription; your patient is, I think, out of danger, and you must look to yourself."

"What is that?" said the old woman, forgetting everything when Mary's health was discussed. "Is she going to be sick, doctor? Our Mary mus' n't lose her pretty face—it's like the picture; show it to him, Mary, and let him see; he's her father, I know; but it puzzled me, ye see, that she never said 'husband,' only Robert, Robert—always calling his name."

Poor Mary writhed under this torture, but there was no relief.

"Doctor, doctor," said Addie in a feeble voice, "there ain't a looking-glass in this house; do, pray, bring me one to-morrow, instead of pills and julep."

"Wait awhile, Miss Addie—after tonics, the mirror."

Poor Addie recovered slowly, and Mary's patience and natural cheerfulness were taxed to the utmost. The Irish girl could not soothe her to sleep, nor prepare the delicate food for her dainty appetite, nor amuse her in the tedious, waking hours; all these devolved upon Mary, and she never faltered in her task. The old man's limbs were faithfully rubbed, and his harsh language patiently submitted to—the feeble old woman was neatly dressed, and her missed stitches replaced. To the three sufferers there was this household angel, who, for long, weary weeks forgot that she herself was mortal, and, like those around her, subject to sickness and death.

As Addie grew better, poor old Mrs. Mudgett became more feeble, and could not bear Mary out of her sight. She was talkative, and inclined to refer to Mary's childhood, and to her mother.

"She had suffered a great deal before she became crazy, poor thing; how pale and delicate she looked; you are prettier than she was, Mary, but for all that, you are like her. That gal up to the house, that you call Bertha, looks like your mother—sad-like, as if she was thinking of trouble. Ye see, she was looking for something all the time that she could n't find."

"Stop that talking, Molly," said the old man; "it's no use to bring up them old times; we've done the best we could for Mary, and I know, if you don't, that the less you say about the man that her mother tried to find, the better; and if I'd had my way, I'd have burned the picture long ago; but women are dreadful sot in their ways, and you took on so when I wanted to destroy it, that I let you have your own way, but I have been sorry for it since."

When poor Mary heard such conversation, she would put her hand upon the miniature, which she always wore on her bosom, as a precious relic of the dead, to assure herself that it was safe in her own possession.

Nothing could stop Mrs. Mudgett's tongue, till God, perhaps in mercy, permitted the palsy to silence the organs of speech, and then quietly and without pain the worn body yielded up its spirit.

It was a mild day in early Spring when Mary, with a few of her pupils, and some of the Rockford neighbors, laid her aged friend in the grave. Near by was another mound, a nameless grave with no headstone, and nothing to mark the resting place of the sleeper below, save a white rose-bush, and a myrtle vine that had spread its glossy drapery of green all over the mound.

Addie had not been required to study since her sickness, but had remained a boarder, spending her time as she chose with Mary or at the boarding-house. In the school itself these events were hardly known; everything went on with the precision and regularity of military discipline. Our morning accounts were regularly taken, all except the limited rations of food—that rule was dispensed with, and I have since thought that the disapprobation of some of the more mature and well-disposed young ladies, led to the omission of it; it was no advantage to us, for our food was simple, and should have been abundant.

The long Spring vacation commenced in April. I was packing my trunk when Miss Lincoln and Addie came in to say good-by. Addie was pale and thin, and there was a quiet, subdued manner about her as she sat on the floor, leaning as usual, her head on Miss Lincoln's lap.

"I am going to stay here all this long vacation," said she, "and help Mary nurse her poor uncle, but I'll ride over, as I promised, Bertha, to see you. I want to see 'Joe,' and 'Auntie Towle,' and 'Eddie,' and 'Willie'—and—"

"Charlie," I added, "but you can't see him; he is in Boston."

"But I will see him sometime, Bertha. I am determined to see Charles Herbert, and beware of the consequences; he is my ideal hero."

"You may see him, Addie, but it will never weaken his friendship for me."

"How know you that?"

"I feel it in my heart of hearts, Addie; my faith is strong as the everlasting hills—and our friendship will be lasting as eternity."

"Oh Bertha! how can you talk so?"

"Because I feel so."

"Better men than Charles Herbert have proved faithless."

"You do not know him when you say that."

"I know what Mammie says, and she generally speaks the truth—human nater is perverse, chile; never trust de men, honey. The gemmen beaux are like rainbows—dey vanish away when de gals run arter 'em, and then de poor things cry for de pot of honey that can't be found."

"I never run after rainbows nor pots of honey; but Charles Herbert has been my rainbow in all the storms of my life, and I believe he will never fail me while that life lasts."

Miss Lincoln looked at me with her large, calm eyes—"I love such trust, Bertha; I would not discourage it; and still I pray that you may not make idols, and find them clay."

I had thought, for a week previous, she looked paler and thinner than usual; but, when she spoke, a bright flush was on either cheek, and a brightness in her eyes, which seemed like her former self.

"Miss Lincoln, I think you are looking better."

"Yes," said she, "some days I feel full of life and energy, and then a strange languor steals over me, and life itself is a burden."

I tried to persuade her to come to me during vaca-

tion, but no—"my uncle cannot live long, and no one else could understand or bear with his peculiarities like myself."

As we spoke, Miss Crooks opened the door.
"A letter for you, Addie."
She sprung up and seized it eagerly.
"From my father! my father! it is his writing; I know it is; he has come home!" and she tore it open and read aloud:

"MY DEAR CHILD—I have just arrived from Europe in the steamer—urgent business calls me to the plantation for a few weeks, and then I shall come north to take you with me to travel awhile; anywhere you please in the United States; by sea, where, so it please you, and I have you by my side. I long to embrace you, and see once more my beloved daughter. I must have missed a letter from you, as I left Havre sooner than I intended when I wrote you last. Write immediately, that I may learn what you have been doing the last six weeks."

"Hurrah!" said Addie, as she danced round the room, now embracing us, and then dancing with the letter in her hand. "I'll go first to Niagara; yes, I want to see the leaping, foaming waters that poets rave about; and then to the White Mountains, and take a look at all the Yankees at once; and then—let me see—where shall it be next—oh! I know, to Newport, where they have such splendid balls. Oh, Mary Lincoln, how shall I ever thank you enough for saving my face from being marred by the small-pox? See, the scars are most all gone—only just a few left, and my curls will hide these. You, dear good soul, I shall love you as long as I live, and father shall give you a gold watch. He will—I know he will."

"I am fully rewarded," said Miss Lincoln, "in your happiness and health; I never thought to see you dance again."

The news was soon circulated through the house that Addie's father had returned from Europe, and the girls collected to congratulate her. In the confusion, my father came for me, and amid the good-bys, and merry voices of a group at the door, I rode away, looking back to catch a glance at Miss Lincoln and Addie, as they waved their handkerchiefs from the porch.

My mother's welcome home was stately and cool, as usual; Addie's full of childish delight, my own dear brother's quiet, but his bright eye beamed with pleasure, as he came to take my traveling basket; and last, Joe, with his awkwardness, gesticulations, his short, abrupt words of welcome, and his queer, but expressive phrases, made me feel once more at home. Charlie was missing; but we heard frequently of his good conduct, and the esteem of his employers; and his weekly letters, which my father had allowed me to receive, notwithstanding my mother's plans, had made school-life more than passable. Alas! perhaps it would have been better had we yielded to her will at first.

I was anticipating a visit from Addie, when the following letter came:—

"DEAR BERTHA—Miss Lincoln is ill; we hope she will soon recover; but I cannot leave her for a few days. As soon as she is better I will visit you."

Two days after this another came:—

"Our dear teacher is no better; the doctor says she cannot recover. Miss St. Leon is with her all the time, but she allows me to stay also. I shall not go with my father. I expect him next week. When he heard how ill I had been, he wrote me that he should bring Mamma with him. But I shall never be happy any more. Dear, dear Miss Lincoln—she has a high fever, and some of the time she does not know us. I have always thought she was too good for this world. Oh, Bertha! I have been a selfish, wicked girl; she had too much care and anxiety for me, and that has worn her out."

I wish I was good and could pray; I try to do so, but I am afraid my prayers will do no good. There, I hear the doctor coming from her room. He looks very sad. He shook his head when I asked him what he thought of her now; but he didn't say one word, and I thought his eyes were moist with tears. He has learned her worth. I must go in very still and look at her. Good night. I will write again to-morrow.

Your friend in sorrow,

ADDIE.

CHAPTER XV.

VACATION OVER.

My readers will not forget that I am writing this record of school-life in a corner of the garret. I take my time when Mr. Gray writes his sermons, or when he is visiting his parishioners. Auntie Paul is one of those persons who like to reign supreme in the kitchen, and all others are only in the way, impeding her labors. I cannot imagine what she finds to do all the time, but she is never idle; when the kitchen is in order, (and she knows the meaning of the word,) you will find her in one corner with a pile of old rags about her in baskets, all assorted, and she is braiding a mat; or when time forbids such labor, she is hemming towels, or making holders. Under her supervision nothing is wasted, but nothing made beautiful. She is as rigid in her definition of truth, as Ruskin himself; with her "Truth is not beauty," but alas! he would find an obstinate skeptic, if he tried to convince her that the unknown stone was less beautiful than the moss-covered rock, with its mingled tints, mellowed and subdued by the masterly touches of that most patient of all artists—time.

She would like a world where no flowers grow but grain and potato blossoms, and no vines but the squash and the cucumber. She looks with a feeling of mingled pity and contempt when I sit down with my embroidery or crocheting.

"Auntie," said I, "let me make you a neat cap, with a plain luche, and white strings; I know it will become you."

"Mrs. Gray," said she solemnly, "would you lead me away from the straight and narrow road, to the city of Vanity Fair? The fewer gowags we have about us, the easier we shall walk the road to heaven. Tempt me not; this poor, perishable body will soon lie in the dust, and what matter then whether this head shall have worn lace and ribbons, or only its own gray hair?"

"But, Auntie, heaven is beautiful!"
"Yes, yes, I know it, and we shall be sinless there. My dear child, you think old Auntie Paul don't know anything about woman's love of admiration and dress, but when I was a girl I loved it too well, and came near losing soul and body, but God, in his mercy showed me the error of my ways, and I have never worn a bow or a flower since I professed his name."

There was no moving her; and, like Jeremiah, she clothed herself in sackcloth, and went mourning all her days for the sins of God's people. But I love Auntie Paul—she is firm as a rock, and she lets me rest upon her. I know she thinks I am a poor, weak little body, and ought never to have been a minister's wife; but I agree with her so perfectly there, that her opinion does not disturb me, and I feel strong by her side. I wonder if she is going to stay with us? I heard Mr. Gray say the other day, that his salary

would not admit of his keeping a woman in the kitchen. What can he mean? Auntie only asks one dollar a week, a mere pittance compared to her labor, and he adled also that a "kitchen education"—that was his expression—was more important to a woman than any other knowledge. "An humble performance of household labors, and submission to constitutional authority," was what God required of woman, I thought Auntie Paul would like that doctrine, but she actually curled her lip a little, and said—

"Man should beware, and not use his authority too freely."

"But you acknowledge I have the Bible on my side," said Mr. Gray; "that obedience is required from the wife to the husband, and authority is vested in man over the weaker vessel."

"When the vessel is weaker, Mr. Gray; but while I take the Bible for my guide, I still believe that resistance to tyrants is obedience to God; and Auntie's eyes flashed for an instant, and she walked across the room with the air of an old Roman. There is something in her past history that I do not understand—some wound that rankles deep, and she winces when it is touched. But what does Mr. Gray mean? He cannot get even an Irish girl who will work for less wages than Auntie Paul, and he cannot think me capable of all the drudgery of the kitchen. Well, never mind; this garret corner is my kingdom, and I will enjoy it while I can. It is rather a sad pleasure, after all, to review my school days, and how I shrink back from writing the following chapters! Can I do it faithfully? Can I open the secret chamber of my weak heart—that chamber so long closed even from my own inspection; it is full of withered flowers, broken vases, sweet still with the perfume, but the very fragrance only recalls more vividly the lost beauty of the vase. The dead lie there, too, in all the beauty of that hour, before

"Deeny's effacing fingers
Had marred the lines where beauty lingers;"

and if I open this chamber, I shall weep again as youth weeps in its first sorrow.

There is a record there, too, tear-stained and blurred—worn and torn, as if the hand that wrote would fain have destroyed, but trembled at the deed. Come then, reader, with me. As I would take a friend to the grave of a beloved one, so will I take you with me. You were with me at my marriage, by my side when an orphan I wept over a mother shrouded for the grave. You have sympathized in the trials of childhood; come with me now, when the girl struggled, (all too early, to be sure,) with the problem of her destiny, and when she first awoke to a knowledge of her duties and trials as woman.

Nearly every day brought me a note from Addie; but all filled with the most anxious apprehensions for Miss Lincoln.

"She must die, we fear; Miss St. Leon is with her all the time, night and day. She must be a very strong, healthy woman, for she doesn't mind the loss of sleep at all, and she allows no one else to take care of her patient. When dear Miss Lincoln is herself, you can't imagine with what patient, loving trust she looks up to her self-appointed nurse—

"My Uncle, my poor Uncle; does n't he miss me very much?"

"Not much," said Miss St. Leon; "I see to his comfort; he thinks less of himself than of you now; and once I heard him pray—'Oh, God, save my Mary.' 'Did he? did he?' Mary exclaimed; 'has my Uncle learned to pray? Then, oh God, spare my life, that Thy goodness may lead him to perfect trust in Thee!'"

She was so exhausted after this, that she fainted; and though she revived a little, she sunk again, and remained all day so low that we watched in trembling fear lest each breath should be the last. My father came that day; it was near evening; and when I first met him I hung about his neck and wept like a baby, that I am; but not so much of a baby, either—for he wept, too. Yes, my great, noble, handsome father wept, too. It was a long time before I could tell him about my teacher, and how she got sick nursing me. When I showed him the scars upon my face, and told him how she went without sleep almost a week, just to save my face, and was so patient and gentle with me in all my fretfulness he was so interested that he rose up at once, and, said he, "Daughter, did you say she was dying?"

"Yes, father, she cannot live till morning."

He inquired, then, about Dr. Simpson; and I told him how kind and good he was, but very young, with but little experience.

"Perhaps," said he, "skill can save her; and he told Miss Garland that he would go right away in the night express to Boston and bring Dr. Kittredge. The doctor was a friend of his and would come. We all waited impatiently for the arrival of this doctor. He was an old gentleman, white-headed, and grave and quiet in manner; and he examined Miss Lincoln a long time before he gave any opinion. Then he looked about the house, and noticed that it was very old, and in a low, marshy spot, and the room was small and ill ventilated. He turned to Miss St. Leon—

"I can save this young lady, if you can remove her to a large, airy room in the boarding-house."

"It shall be done," said Miss St. Leon promptly; and during the day she was removed on a bed, and placed in Miss St. Leon's own room in the south-east corner—you will remember. She is there now, but no improvement as yet, and the doctor don't say a word, but he watches her very closely, and allows no one but Miss St. Leon and himself in the room. Pa came, thinking I would go away with him, but he says he is glad that I am not so selfish as to wish to leave my friend. He has brought me a heap of nice clothes, and boxes upon boxes of curiosities and nice things, but I have no heart to look at them, and I reckon now I never shall. Pa has a room at the hotel, and I go over when Miss Lincoln is asleep—they don't let me in her room, but I want to stay somewhere near. It is a great comfort to have Pa's sympathy. Oh, Bertha, I wish you could see my father—he is the handsomest man I know, and he never looked so well as he does now. His dress is nice, and his rich, dark hair, so wavy and soft, and then just the nicest whiskers you ever did see. He smokes, which you say you do not like; but you would almost fall in love with smoking, if you could see him with his hookah, as he calls it—a beautiful long pipe, with amber mouth-piece, and a tube that passes through water. I can't describe it to you; but if you could see him with his Oriental smoking-cap, and his Paris dressing-gown, you would fall in love with him. I am afraid every day that some lady will steal his heart from me—but he wouldn't have me long to love him then, and I tell him so—but he laughs, and says, 'Never fear, Addie; if you will promise never to leave me, I will promise not to marry.'

And so I promise him solemnly, over and over again; and the more solemn and emphatic I become, the more regular and smiling he looks, and pushes away my curls, and looks at me so kindly, and says, 'I hope it will be a long time yet before any rover steals my bonny bird away; but the time will come, darling, when you will love another than your father, and then what will become of me?'"

Then I put a little, and tell him it will never, never, never be, and I cover his mouth with my hand, and keep kissing him, so that he cannot contradict me.

"Thursday morn Miss Lincoln has revived a little."

A week later, and Addie's note brought some hope. Dr. Kittredge had left, after giving minute directions to the young doctor, with orders to be sent for at once, if a change should take place—there was some hope.

Spring came, and with it sunny days and balmy breezes. The scholars gathered from places near and remote. The reputation of the school had increased, and we had girls from the sunny South, and the bleak Canadas, so that the first week was one of unusual bustle, and as more time was consumed in regulating classes, I had some hours to spend with Miss Lincoln. She was still in Miss St. Leon's room—pale and thin; but her beauty was not marred, only etherealized—more *spirituelle*.

I never saw a more pleasing friendship than that which existed between Miss St. Leon and Mary Lincoln. The one was strong, masculine, self-relying, scorning all the delicacies and luxuries of life, with harder muscle, coarser fibre, and an insensibility to little wounds, and above the petty follies and gossip which are too common to woman-life; the other, graceful, fair as a lily, loving, warm-hearted and sensitive—keenly alive to the beauties of a wild flower, the form of a cloud, or the smile on a beloved face—shrinking from contact with all that was coarse, rude or repulsive. In one point they were alike. Like two balls, they coincided there, and like these balls, each character was so well rounded and perfected, that there was no friction between them. The one point of union was singleness of heart, or, to define it more closely, each was capable of sacrificing self to duty, and no temptation could seduce them from right—the one, from strength of will and physical endurance; the other, from a love of right and a purity of heart that seemed to shrink from wrong as from pollution. If Miss St. Leon had the most to struggle with, there was the more power to conquer. They would both have endured martyrdom—the one, with the loving trust of St. John; the other, with the spirit and zeal of Luther.

As Miss Lincoln grew stronger, they had long discussions on religious topics; and the one, grateful for the kindness which had been shown, and feeling, for the first time in her life, how pleasant it is to lean, in our weakness, upon a strong arm, and trust in a stout heart, was willing to be led, to be guided, to yield whenever principle did not require resistance.

After awhile, Miss Lincoln went back to her "Uncle." It was sad to see so delicate a flower in that rude place; but she was happier than ever, for he had become more gentle and kind. We wondered if she would teach no more; but we waited day after day, till our classes were all completed, and other teachers assigned. We missed her voice, and her smile, and her enthusiasm; but we did not venture, to express our disappointment, save to the members of our own class.

One evening I obtained permission to spend an hour with Miss Lincoln. It was early evening; the weather was mild, and old Mr. Mudgett sat in an arm-chair by the window, looking at the garden, and fretting at the strange ways of the new gardener.

"There he is, planting large potatoes, when small ones will yield as good a crop; and yesterday he made a strawberry bed, ten rods square, right in that moist part of the garden, just where I used to raise my best cabbages. Well, I'm an old hulk, and can never see deep water again, or I'd send that fellow to Botany Bay, to learn the worth of a cabbage!"

The old man had contracted a habit of fretting at everything, and could not well learn new ways, but Mary bore it all patiently, for he allowed her now to read the Bible to him, and never annoyed her with his infidel opinions. As the poor, worn-out body decayed, the spirit seemed to catch some glances of a world beyond—as more beautifully expressed by another—the old battered tenement received more light "through chinks which time had made."

Mary had just finished clearing away her humble tea, and was seated with her knitting-work near the old man's side. She wore a simple gingham frock, her only ornament an oval brooch, antiquated in style, but very pretty with its settings of pearls and jet. It was a gift from Addie, and was one among many others that had belonged to her mother. Mary's hair, which had been out during her fever, was now growing finely, and curled in natural ringlets. Her old bloom had returned in part, just tingling her cheeks with a delicate rosy hue, and I thought I never saw her wear such an expression of perfect peace and serenity.

Mr. Mudgett always welcomed me as cordially as his gruff nature would permit, and I sat down on the doorstep and told him about our garden at home—a subject which always interested him—and when my father pruned his trees and trimmed his grapes, to all of which he assented, and said he was glad there was one sensible man left; but the young folks at the present day were all a pack of fools, and thought that those that went before them didn't know an apple from a cabbage, or a potato ball from a grape. It was a great task to make the old man comfortable at night, as he was his own doctor most of the time, and considered himself quite equal to any graduate of the schools; like most who doctor themselves, he had a multitude of potions, and set times for their application. His arms must be rubbed first so many minutes with one liniment, his feet so long with another, a woollen cap must be tied round his head, a hot stone wet with rum applied to his feet, a flannel wet in the same delicious liquid on his chest, and any one to have seen Mary and myself preparing him for his nocturnal rest, might have imagined us swathing a mummy like the ancient Egyptians. There were as many ceremonies to be gone through in the morning, and a most exacting routine of duties through the day, and there never came a pleasant "Thank you, Mary," or an expression of satisfaction; but only a glum assent if things suited him, and a rude murmur if they did not.

"Oh, Mary," said I, when we had finally answered all his demands, and left the poor man alone, while we sat awhile in her own little room, "how can you bear all this? How can you live from day to day, and bear all this so patiently?"

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

Written for the Banner of Light. THE PROSTITUTE'S CURSE.

Mark, mark, mark!
Curse! curse! curse! God hear me speak
My curse upon the prostitute's head!
My wrath upon their heads I wreak!
I've nursed it in my loneliness den,
Till it is boiling flaming hot—
Red-hot—burning every spot,
They've led me into fire!
The fire of hell! but not!

Hear, hear, hear!
Hear my words—my red-hot speech!
Right from a soul on fire of truth
So low that only God can reach.
And raise it up to where it fell.
You heartless crew who pass me by,
With guilty faces and downcast eye,
I know you well too well!
As when you've done can tell!

Fire, fire, fire!
There's a hot fire in my eye-balls red,
A hot fire in my blood-veins red;
It rages in my seething head;
It burns my soul in every part.
Who kindled this consuming flame?
False-hearted men who shame the name!
Whose smiles, and lips, and eyes,
Expressions are of lies!

Love, love, love!
'T was love that kindled these hot fires,
That to a gay destroyer bound me;
Yea, bound me just all power to move,
And held me where a devil found me—
Found and ruined as he meant to—
Left me—then another went to—
Uncare for me!
Or who was saved or lost.

Hate, hate, hate!
I'm hated, I know, and I hate!
How could I do less, if I would?
I'm sunk to the vilest estate,
Where nothing is truthful or good.
My hatred shall my wrongs outlive!
My murders I can never forget!
There's vengeance in my soul,
For whom my virtue stole.

Guilt, guilt, guilt!
Guilt! guilty of what? Just tell!
Of trusting one who played the knave?
Of being robbed and sent to hell?
A victim for his foulest grave?
Who says I'm not as good as you,
Who revel in fifth avenue?
You drive your coach and four!
But I know you well of yore.

See, see, see!
I see that plous Priest—see through him!
He drives to church his rich gilt carriage!
I know him well—too well I know him;
He preaches love, and peace, and marriage.
He left me for a richer one—
He left me ruined—damned—undone—
My boy must bear his name—
His eye is just the same!

Wretch, wretch, wretch!
He passes me as robbers pass,
The victims of their wickedness.
His solemn looks and words I know,
He's all clear wolf inside his dress.
He lives in luxury and sin,
With God-side out and devil in.
Can one forgive a wretch,
Who should a halter stretch?

Smile, smile, smile!
O yes, this "man of God" can smile!
I've seen him smile, and raise his hat
To ladies gay in finest style.
He once could smile on me like that;
And so he did—yes, what cost more
Than time or tears can e'er restore.
We again must meet;
Byevance will then be sweet.

Blame, blame, blame!
Who says the devil is his blame,
When it a prey falls to the snare?
A woman gets a vicious name—
Gets sentenced to the burning lake,
If once she's caught within the snare
Of human sinners, and built, and tears,
But wait! God's law I know!
That's sure, though fast or slow!

Tears, tears, tears!
Now tell me who deserves the knave?
Who drowns a woman's life in tears?
Who shrouds her in a living grave,
Whistlet she sees, and feels, and hears?
Does she society desert?
Or over blame him, very hard?
Do gentlemen reprove him?
Ladies refuse to love him?

But could they know the pains I feel,
From daggers plunged where wounds are worst;
(Where opened once they never heal)
They'd like a saint, you know!
And overwhelm him in his guilt,
With vengeance hot enough to wilt—
To roast him red and blue,
Yea, scorch him through and through!

Steal, steal, steal!
Why should the man of guilt go free,
And woman all the burden bear?
Why let him range and roam in ease,
And steal the girl I could not spare?
My curse the guilty wretch shall reach,
And make him quick repentance preach;
And makes him pray like one,
Who from himself would run.

Go, go, go!
Yes, go your way! I'll follow you!
All through your life I'll track you I see!
To me the harm that you could do
Is done, but others need to be
Admonished o'er 't's all too late,
When they must share in my estate.
Take heed! for you may fall!
Do n't think your danger small!

Damned, damned, damned!
The wretch damned, damned himself
Society's own hell makes!
It makes its poor and steals its self,
And robs itself in what it takes.
A wretch itself, it wretches breeds;
A knave—by knavery it breeds.
It sows the seed of sin, and
And breeds the pain it bears.

Saint, saint, saint!
Call me a sinner, and I am a saint?
Should I have fallen, but for him?
Did he not first my honor stain?
My morning star of hope hegrim?
Then of the two, which is the best?
Should I all your curses me rest?
'T was his recalcit!

Look, look, look!
Come look within my gaudy den!
See who comes there, and what they come for!
Come there and count the gentlemen!
Learn what they say away from home for!
I know the hypocrites full well!
Much better than they I'd have me tell!
Must I live by their lust?
Do damned because I must?

Stones, stones, stones!
Come now, who's got a stone to throw?
Let's see who'll dare the first one cast!
Go hang your heads, you sinners, go!
You're nothing better first or last!
God cares no more for you than me!
Just rub your eyes, and look and see!
For better or for worst,
We'll see who finds him first!

Sunk, sunk, sunk!
I've sunk full long, and sunk full low,
Beneath the burden of your sins!
How can you tell me that I show?
Just how it feels to bear the things?
When wolves prow round with grins and quirk,
Look sharp! for round you danger lurks!
Then keep the watch awake!
Or your best lambs they'll take!

August, 1859.

Written for the Banner of Light. THE AGE OF VIRTUE.

BY GEORGE STEARNS,
Third Paper.

ITS CHARACTERISTICS—FREEDOM.

"He is a freeman whom the Truth makes free,
And all are slaves beside,"—Coyner.

I shall not presume to tell my readers precisely what Freedom is—to describe that which has never as yet been realized on Earth, and which consequently Man has hitherto but vaguely conceived. I know the word which represents the subject of this paper is often employed by popular speakers and writers as a synonym of personal liberty, or national independence—to express the more fact of being, in some special sense, *let alone* in society. A slave is said to be set free by manumission; a vassal attains a certain freedom in coming of age; a vassal is made free by enfranchisement; a convict is freed with pardon or the temporal expiration of his penalty; and such prisoners as have no hope of acquittal will generally appreciate a still more partial "liberty of the yard." Freedom was once supposed to be fairly represented by every Roman citizen; and Paul, who, through the whole era of his Christian enlightenment, rejoiced in "the law of the spirit of life," which made him "free from the law of sin and death," declared on a famous occasion that he was nevertheless "free-born," or born to a freedom which his subaltern persecutor confessed to having purchased "with a great sum."

As limited to these and other narrow significations of the term, the uses and blessings of Freedom have been long known to the more advanced portions of mankind. But the vogue of language in this instance denotes the casual and partial application of a principle not fully recognized, and I am compelled to represent the prospective reality of a perfect recognition and universal application of the same principle by the same word. What this prospective reality is, there is no possibility of preconceiving more definitely than is suggested by individual aspiration. And since none can foretell the predilections of an older self hood than has been consciously attained, because none can foreknow the modifications of choice by individual growth and the dawning of a clearer light on the soul's realm of uses, therefore the qualities of Human Freedom are mostly unknown. Nevertheless, the simple statement of what is known—the universal longing for a state in which one has power to do, with ease and impunity, whatever one is pleased to do, as well as ability to redress and enjoy opportunity the objects of natural want and rational desire, is a definition sufficiently practical and expressive for my present purpose, and ought to certify to every logically deep thinker the ultimate Freedom of Man, in this enlarged sense of the word.

How to procure this inconceivable boon—this staple ingredient of the Human Heaven, is a question of momentous interest to every growing soul. A question, do I say? and yet its answer has been written long. Can any preacher of the Gospel, or any seeker to Revelation, have failed to read and ponder it?

"Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

This is Holy Writ, indeed. This is an apothegm of prophetic wisdom, and its implication is well expressed in Cowper's verse above. All are slaves from birth, and must be till the Truth is found which is revealable only by the method of human growth. What Truth? is here a pertinent question. It cannot be all Truth, since God only can know so much; and if Infinite Truth only can make us free, then finite minds must grope forever after Freedom. Did not Jesus mean the first principles of Rationalism, those rocks of Faith whereon we cast the anchor of Human Hope, whereby we come to know our Father in Heaven, and see in every soul a child of God? Did he not also mean what we are most concerned to know—the Truth of natural uses, in which each soul conceives the temporal Art of Living, the present want of which makes the unceasing prayer of human weakness? "Lord! deliver us from evil." Thus we pray, but know not what we seek, for none can say what evil is. We know as little of what we ought to eschew, as of the Freedom we would grasp.

Some opine that there is no evil; because, in the language of a happy poet,

"Sweet are the uses of adversity,"

and in that of certain saints, "It is good to be afflicted; though I think neither Poesy nor Devotion is likely to make of

"All partial evil universal good."

I care not to defend the scriptures either of sacred or profane acceptance, but only to be just to their authors, so far as they are quoted for my convenience. Paul tells us that "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth;" for their moral improvement, of course. But he admits that "no chastening is for the present joyous but grievous;" and the context of his reasoning plainly implies that this "chastening," as he quaintly styles the natural consequences of error, is *good only for the erring*, and to be esteemed by them only for its tendency to produce reformation. In view of the better fruits of righteousness, I accept the sentiment of David in its special application, when he heartily confessed, "It is good that I have been afflicted;" for "the sweet singer of Israel" had been a notable sinner, and deserved to reap as he sowed. But if the Psalmist meant to command his royal crimes, and the public as well as private misfortunes resulting therefrom, as so many elements of "universal good;" and if the chief apostle of faith wished to say that God loves one more than another, and punishes especially his best beloved, then I want more than their word for the doctrine. "I also will show you mine opinion;" which is, that the consequences of wrong-doing are good for wrong-doers, but none else; and for them, too, it had been better not to have needed correction. Medicine may be good for the sick; but a doctor who should propose to administer this accidental good as a general means of health, would meet with little encouragement among the well-informed. Do professed moral physicians err less in recommending the patient endurance of all evil as a universal good? I agree with the poet as to the uses of adversity, which have no place with such as have learned to prize Prosperity. He does not say that adversity itself is sweet, nor deny that its uses are temporary and incidental.

It may not be evil, in a metaphysical sense, for an inebriate to undergo all the natural penalties of intemperance; but, by the verdict of common sense, it is an evil for a child of God to become a toper. It may not be evil for the young pupil of experience to feel enough of the scorching power of flame to dread and evermore avoid it; but was it not an evil when, as I have read, a tipsy mother laid her infant in the kitchen fire, instead of the cradle? I tell you that suffering is good only in the sense that it is necessary to the birth of prudence. All beyond this is evil without a metaphysical use, and chargeable only to ignorance, error and wrong.

But let us look again. Medicine is good for the sick, not in the same sense that temperance is good for the healthy. One is good to cure sickness, but the other to prevent it. An ounce of temperance is therefore worth more than a pound of medicine. "Not only so; for temperance is always needful and universally requisite to health, whereas medicine is only specially and incidentally so. But we ought to be aware that there is no essential good in either, but a mere agency of good. Temperance is instrumental of what we would cherish—a good; medicine is a casual instrument for ridding us of what we would forever escape. This is the opposite of good, and what shall we call it, if not on evil?"

My conception of evil is distinct, and may be shortly stated. "Whatever is right," but not whatever

AN ANGEL WITH BOOTS ON.—There is no accounting for little children's inventions and explanations of things. Two little prattlers were looking out of the window at a weather vane on the top of the steeple of a Universalist church. The weather vane, which was put up there to tell which way the wind blew, was in the shape of a man with boots on. The children wondered what it could be. "Is it an angel?" says one. "No," said the other, "it can't be an angel, because angels have wings, and angels don't wear boots." "Oh," said the first, "I'll tell you what it is. It's a Universalist angel, with boots on, going to heaven afoot."

Bristol, educated his daughter for the same office; but the prejudice was too strong for her endurance, and she entered the ranks of governesses, where her honor and success indicated what her career as a physician might have been. The institution of the medical profession as a career for women, in any one country, facilitates its opening everywhere else; and we have no doubt whatever of the approaching conversion or suppression of such opponents as would deny the means of special training to educated women who demand it.—*English paper.*

HYMN TO THE FATHER.

BY JOHN S. ADAMS.

Thou art all Goodness,
Thou art all Kindness,
Tenderly leading
Us in our blindness—
From all injury
Our spirits shielding,
With thy arms round us
Firm and unyielding.
We are but Weakness,
Thou art All Power,
Feebly, yet trustingly,
Bide we the hour,
Under the cloud we,
Or under the sun,
Looking to thee, say—
"Thy will be done."
What though the thorns pierce
Our feet as they go,
Thou dost our path see,
Our sufferings know,
Never a sorrow,
Nor ever a tear,
Thy eye seeth not—
Why then should we fear?
We who are living
Within thy cares,
Need not implore thee
To keep or to bless.
Evermore will we,
With look fixed above,
Trust in Thy Goodness,
And rest in thy Love.

"Hillside," W. R.

STORIES FOR THE YOUNG.

BY MRS. L. M. WILLIS.

AMY AND SADI;

OR THE BEAUTIFUL RIVER CALLED DEATH.

Two little children sat on the bank of a stream, watching the water as it flowed downward to the sea; the beautiful trees were above their heads, and the gay flowers were at their feet; the sunlight was dancing through the leaves, and sending its gleams to light up the ripples of the stream, and to kiss the flowers on the mossy bank.

Amy was a thoughtful, loving child, and Sadi was a wild, impetuous one; but both tried to be good, and both loved all the beautiful things of nature. They wandered over the fields together after berries, and into the woods after flowers, and now they had come to watch the stream and play with its bubbles. Amy never saw anything that she did not think about and wonder where it came from; she talked to the flowers, and asked them questions; she wanted to know of the fishes, where they slept, and who fed them; and she wondered how the trees could grow, and if they did not get tired, always standing in one place. She called to the little birds, and asked them what they were saying to each other as they sang their songs; she tried to feed butterflies, and find if they had nests; and to hunt for the homes of the crickets.

But Sadi never asked questions or wondered; she seemed to know about everything without. She heard the birds and the crickets, and sang with them; she plucked the flowers to put in her hair, and she climbed the trees to swing in the branches.

These little girls loved each other very much, and did not vex and trouble each other; but Amy wondered why Sadi had black eyes and she blue, and why Sadi's hair curled and hers did not, and what Sadi could be thinking about as she ran and frolicked through the field; and Sadi never wondered, but said, "Dear Amy, I love you."

These little girls had both come to the stream, and were talking of it; and Amy said, "I wonder where it is going." And Sadi saw a little boat, and said, "I'm going." So she tossed back her curls, turned her eye to the sky and floated down—down the stream. Amy watched her out of sight. "She has gone," she said; "I shall see her no more." And the leaves whispered, "See her no more!" and the birds sang, "No more!" and Amy watched by the bank till it seemed quite dark, and then she slept, and in her sleep she dreamed of Sadi. She thought she had gone to the beautiful country where flowers always bloom and the sun always shines, and that she floated down the stream far away; but when she had reached the beautiful land that the stream led unto, she came back on a sunbeam, and never more left her.

When Amy awoke it was bright morning again, and she began to weep that she saw no Sadi, and she asked, "Where is she? Why did she go? Why am I here?" Then it seemed as if everything had words for her; as if the trees said, "It is all well," as if the flowers said, "All things are good;" as if the birds sang, "God is love and cannot wrong you;" and then it seemed as if a voice said, "The stream bore me away, but I came back again."

Then she knew that Sadi was dead, and that she could see her no more. She lifted her eyes and saw the blue sky, and then looked at the stream with its silvery flow, and she knew that Sadi had to go to the beautiful country and leave her, because some one there wanted her; so she wept no more, but asked, "What must I do now, so that I may float quietly down the stream by and by, and come back as a sunbeam? Oh, I know," she said; "I will not think of the stream that bore her away, but only of her, and of all things that she loved. I will go no more by the bank of the stream until she calls me, but into the paths we used to wander in, and into the bright fields, and I will love her everywhere; and then it will seem as if she spoke to me, and as if I found her in the sunshine."

And so Amy lived, for the stream was what we call Death; but the fields and flowers and birds and sunshine was what we call death. One little girl went down the stream so that the other could not see her; but she lived amid the flowers and the blessings of life, and loved Sadi, though she could not see her.

Do you know, little children, that sometimes you come to this stream, and sometimes one floats away from your sight, as your little friends have by death? But you live still, that you may learn all about things, asking questions and finding knowledge. When you are good and happy, then beautiful things speak to you to tell you where the angels live. If you have thoughts of love for anything, then that thing speaks to you; if you love flowers, then they will tell you about purity; if you love the birds, they will tell you about goodness; if you love little children that are about you, then they will help you to do good; if you love those that are in heaven, then they will help you to become more like the angels; and you must think of the beautiful stream called Death, sometimes, for we shall all come to it, and it will bear us away to the bright home, if we are, like Sadi, good and happy.

For SALE—a handsome young dog. Any sportsman in want of a good bred dog to swim after his own heart, can find such cheap, by applying, &c.

It's a poor wife who dreads and my lover her husband, and yet would not see a button on his coat to keep him from freezing.

"Charles," said a young lady, the other morning to her beau, "what is the cause of the market-house bell ringing so?" "Well," said the beau, solemnly, "if I was to express an opinion, I should give it as my deliberate conviction that somebody is pulling the rope."

Wisdom is the olive which springs from the heart, blooms on the tongue, and bears fruit in the actions.

Proud men never have friends—neither in prosperity, because they know nobody; nor in adversity, because then nobody knows them.

Banner of Light.

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THE POETIC SIDE OF FARMING.

We always thought we should like to be a farmer, and think so still. Everybody thinks so, at some time in their life. Perhaps everybody will not own it; but watch them and hear when they let slip a word, now and then, about owning fifty or a hundred green acres of pasture land, dotted with Devons, and Durhams, and Bakewells, and Cotswolds. Do not believe these protests of the tongue, which can be made to ring like a noisy bell by the mere pulling of the string, when the heart has not had so much as a chance to answer. We do not mean that we should care to pass our days in laying stone walls, or snagging out solid bogs from sour and wet old meadows, or cutting brush with a bush-scythe in the month of August, or making our throat hoarse with having a yoke of deaf cattle; we confess we are quite too blind to discover the "sentiment" in any such steady occupation, and would much prefer to try our hand at something we could get hold of more readily. But farming as we should like to farm—that would be a very different sort of business.

There is hard and grinding work to it—Oh, how well we know all about that! It is no mere verse-writing to hold the plow all day, and creep into bed on all fours at night, because you cannot stand erect enough to walk on your feet alone. It is not such a pretty matter, let us tell you, sir, to swing the scythe till you are sure your back is clean "done for," or draw the rake till your hands are padded and cushioned all over with blisters, or cut corn-stalks in the autumn till your shins are as jagged as an old saw from raking against the sharp ends left standing to mark the hills. If you think it is, just try it; nothing is easier than to "satisfy the sentiment" in a matter like this.

But we would not pass our time in holding the jerking plow, or bush-whacking in August afternoons, or hauling and piling cord-wood by the roadside in winter, or swinging the bow-backed scythe in July; and we would not do it, simply because we could not—and is not that, in conscience's name, reason enough? All these things must be done; you have no need to tell us of that. And if we were on a farm of our own, we should see that they were done, and thoroughly done, too. But in having them done, or even—if the case were to be put us differently—in doing them ourselves, we should resist the thought, as we feel now, that this was all there was to be done; we should try to lift up the very act of doing, to exalt and beautify it, by infusing into the work somewhat of soul, some little of the lark-loving poet's qualities and dreams, something that would impart to it a living significance, and link it naturally into the great chain by whose uncoiling our own progress and development in this world is represented.

And here is exactly where the owner of the farm comes short; he does not heed the mysterious hint, written on the face of every acre of the land that he calls his, that his soil and soul are thus closely related. He feeds the one, to get good crops back again; and starves the other, that should be all for which he puts his land to annual service. The seasons come and go, the years crowd on and off again, his head grows silvery, and then white like snow, and at last a slab stands for his name in the burying-ground; and can a man call it life to have labored and worried, struggled and fretted, skinned and scolded, through fifty, sixty, and seventy years, knowing no more of himself than when he began, believing nothing, hoping nothing, but fearing everything, and at last dropping into his grave as a clod is thrown into a ditch, to fill it up withal?

To know how to live in the country—we return to the point whence we set out—one must needs know much of his own nature. That secret unlocks all secrets. It is a solvent in which all difficulties disappear. And that is the secret, above all others, with which it behooves those whose lives thread through the greenness of rural life, like brooks through grassy meadows, to be entirely familiar.

This knowledge, in fact, includes all the culture possible to the dweller in country solitudes. He must be conscious of an enlarging mind, as well as of an aspiring soul—of the growth and outreaching of thought, as well as the daily influx of spiritual influences. There is no reason why he, of all men born to an immortal inheritance, should shut up the avenues of his intellect to the approach of knowledge, or the passages of his soul to the influences of sublime beauty. It is not rational that he should care scarcely more for himself, in fact, than for the cattle in his pens, or the horses in his stalls. He surely ought to account himself of more worth than the clods he walks over on his farm, or the potatoes he exhumes and buries into his comfortable cellar. He may be ever so famous a farmer, and still not sacrifice soul and body in this way.

But suggest such an article as a book to the great body of our agriculturists, even if it be a book treating of their own honored calling, and they will hoot you out of their consideration. "Book farming" they consider poor, pretentious stuff; and no doubt a good deal of it is. But they forget that what is worthless they ought to have known to be such beforehand, in order to avail themselves of the privilege of condemning books altogether; whereas, by their very credulity, they have shown themselves not the farmers they should be. What there is in nature hostile as between a farmer and an innocent duodecimo, we never could discover; we only know they do generally dislike to read books as decidedly as to lend money. You find few of them lying about invitingly on their tables. What they own, they have become proprietors of from a sense of duty, rather than because they care for the books themselves; and a good many of them begrudge even the money they have felt it their duty to pay for these.

The lack of books, and pictures, and such like articles that bespeak internal culture and refinement, betrays the fatal defect. Not that books and pictures would do the whole work, by any means; but they are the symptoms, or tokens, of what is going on within. Alas! what a mistake we who live permanently in the

country make in this matter! What a world we throw away—a whole world peopled with the deepest and fairest spiritual suggestions! How we turn our backs upon our destiny, merely because of our childish and ignorant fears that we shall be thought to know less than somebody else!—a disease, we venture to assert, that rages in the country without a parallel anywhere else.

The homely, plodding, rugged, bread-and-milk old farm-life has a great many attractive features about it, however, say what we will; but they happen to be chiefly those of ideal reminiscence and poetic association. There is not a rich merchant in the cities, but looks back with a sigh and a sad smile upon the days when he drove the cows to pasture at daylight in the morning, trudging bare-footed through the dirt and dews himself. The boys love nothing better than to tell stories with the middle-aged hired man, of winter evenings, in the dying light of the kitchen fire; or to go off fishing at night with birch torches, in summer, when the water in the river is low; or to trap quails, and snare rabbits and partridges in the red-leaved autumn; or to frolic through the busy season of haying, going down to the river every evening to wash themselves cool and fresh again.

These things remain fixed in the heart forever; there is no getting them out; and it is just such memories as these, to which the man's thoughts instinctively revert, when you speak to him afterwards about living in the country. They serve to beautify and spiritualize his early experiences; if other methods could have been employed to do the same service, as his mind grew larger and became restless in the rural monotony, he would no more have given over his rich inheritance in Nature than he would now cast all his dear-bought experiences behind him. But there was the trouble. Beyond a certain limit he could not go, and still stay where he was; he felt impatient at the needless restraint—for it is only one of ignorance—and left the dear old country home forever.

Country girls are fresh creatures, and as beautiful as red roses in early June; but not unless they have something besides rosy cheeks and bounding figures. Expression—soul, these must belong to them, or they are as flat as the forward fellows that stand, first on one leg and then on the other, at the evening lyceums in the schoolhouse. And here the truth crops out again—there must be mind and heart, or there is nothing. They may know all about making bread, and milking, which is so much added to their beauty and value both; but this knowledge can never be made to stand for either. You want to put a woman to a higher and better use than merely churning butter, and keeping the dinner-pot boiling for the ravenous "men-folks." A woman is God's most beautiful gift; and we treat it but shabbily if we harness her to service that a blind dog or an idle boy can just as well perform.

Farmers make incessant drudges of their wives, and their maturing daughters discover no prospects for themselves save the same round of drudgery. It amounts to slavery; and we may as well call it that outright. The country girls see the same hard and dreary lives their tired mothers have led before them; nothing comes to lift the cloud from before their vision; and what is the wonder that they either grow uneasy and become "school-marms," to get a chance, perhaps, to take an early Governor Slade train westward—or else settle down into the old kitchen ambition, and fall to patting butter and stringing dried apples, as if these things were at the top and bottom of existence?

Healthy sentiment roots itself, and grows, nowhere so naturally as in the country; and, we venture to add, as in New England. The rocks and hills, they have souls for all who learn to love them. The wayward brooks—singing along down the black-birch jungles, or brawling hoarsely as they come out into the open meadows—become living companions to those who habitually tell them the secrets of their hearts. The old elms that stand before the house, dropping down blessings from their outstretched arms upon the inmates, preach silently to the soul day and night, and woo it heavenward as the light summer winds play among their branches in the hours of early evening. The paths that streak the pastures, now threading their perilous way through a swamp, and now climbing the hillsides to the timber-trunks that furnish grateful shade for the cattle, are worn just like legible lines in the memory, and into the nature. Morning has its own indescribable glories; and sunset has others not a whit behind, in comparison. Nature makes her appeals to the soul on every hand, desiring to call it out. Home possesses the most poetic surroundings. Birds sing for us morning and evening. Brooks as clear as glass skip and dance across our path in the green meadows. Beautiful slopes, as soft to look upon as the pictures of poets and painters, invite the eye this way and that. Masses of leafy woodland pile higher and higher before the vision, leading off the thoughts to vistas, and shaded valleys, and dark recesses—one within another—that are in truth impossible. But, above all, it is here that the affections first feel the genial warmth of the true and secluded home-life—such a life as boarding-houses and hotels furnish nowhere over the land. Here the genuine sentiments, in distinction from the factitious article so often palmed off upon the unsuspecting, are tenderly nurtured. Here they are daily refreshed with gentle dews. Here they build their peaceful nests, that ruthless hands are not wont to disturb, and in which they love to hide away even when the heart beats not so rapidly.

These are some of the attractions; and natural and true ones are they, too. The roughnesses and harsher features are to be found almost without the seeking. It would be arrant nonsense to talk the foregoing to many a rugged old tiller of his own acres, and he would "plash" us and "pook" us out of his house, even if he did not get rid of us by some more summary method. And yet there are others—men with white heads and trembling limbs, patriarchs and prophets in their own secluded neighborhoods—whose eyes would moisten at the thoughts these same simple suggestions excite, and who would lift their palsied hands and bless God that He had fixed their peaceful and happy lot exactly where He had. It thus makes a difference where you carry your sentiment; but the difference lies not in the article carried, so much as in the nature to which it is borne. It costs nothing to be a brute; it is only with culture, however, that man becomes a "living soul."

LABOR AND CAPITAL.

Chiefly among the many serious problems that this present age have undertaken to solve, stands out one of the true and proper relations of labor to capital. There are, as there must continue to be, a great variety of opinions and theories concerning the subject, but none as yet seem to have been efficient to produce that happy accord between the different elements of society that is so confidently looked for in some future not yet quite at hand.

Labor has rights of its own, as well as capital. It is to be remembered, too, that it is by the hard hand of industrious labor alone that the world gets on at all. Did labor choose to do no work, capital must at once sink into worthless insignificance, and all its power would at once be gone. But there comes up necessarily again, compelling labor to exert itself. Unless a man work, he must make up his mind to starve. And it is of just this necessity that capital seeks all the time to take advantage; knowing where its great auxiliary is weak, it is disposed not to help it so much as to take unfair advantage of it.

Hence labor becomes sullen and threatening. It organizes to protect itself. It dares and defies its op-

pressor. Instead of going hand in hand with capital, which is the only true relation that should subsist between them, it seeks to enter upon an indefinite number of pitched battles with it. Anybody can see that this should not be so, and, in a healthy condition of the social state, cannot long be so; but all the theories for effecting a practical reconciliation of conflicting interests, passions, and necessities, seem thus far to have met with misfortune and disappointment.

We observe that the various systems of labor are at the present time organizing themselves, as they have done so many times before, to resist the aggressions of capital—the old story still repeated, and to be repeated till capital shall be made to feel its necessities as keenly as labor has done in the past. It is unnecessary for us to say that our sympathies are with the army of laborers, inasmuch as they make up the vast volume of humanity, are the hardest pushed, and need the most sympathy. We need not to be told, either, that nothing can be done without the aid and stimulus of capital, for that we know full well; but it would be better if capital could become a little Christianized, and, instead of keeping the pulpit and press on its side by the higher wages it can easily afford to pay, would acknowledge that it owed obligations as well as mere wages to the laborer, and that there must ever be a co-relation between the two elements that must not be winked out of sight.

As a fundamental question connected with our social and political system, and of course involving everything of a religious character, too, we welcome the candid and open discussions of it that are apparently beginning again in this country. There are principles to be settled on both sides; and the sooner it is done, the better.

Meeting on Behalf of the Indians on the Western Frontier.

A meeting was held at Freeman Place Chapel, Sept. 18th, for the purpose of taking some steps toward forming a National Organization for the benefit of the Indians on the Western frontier. The meeting was called to order by Mr. John Beeson, who some months ago delivered an address upon the Indians, in the Old South Chapel.

The meeting was organized by the choice of Mr. W. H. Pillow as Chairman, and Rev. A. K. W. Perkins, as Secretary. Prayer was offered by Rev. E. M. P. Wells, after which a report, adopted at the Old South meeting, was read. It set forth the wrongs of the Indians in connection with border wars, and the barbarous treatment which they had received at the hands of the whites. The calling of a National Convention was advocated, at which plans might be devised which could be placed before Congress for the salvation of the Indians.

Mr. Beeson exhibited a map upon which were indicated the territories now occupied by the Indians, and said that within three years there could be no territory left for them. He asked that a committee be appointed for the purpose of calling a mass meeting in Boston, at which eminent speakers could set forth the wrongs of the Indians, and take the necessary means to have them redressed.

Some one in the audience inquired of the speaker what territory he would provide for the Indians, where they might live. He replied, that he was not prepared to express an opinion upon that point, but said that it had been proposed to provide a place for them where they could be reached by the missionaries, and where they could be inspired with hope and love. Then, those who went there would go under Indian laws. There was territory enough where they could live.

A committee of seven was then appointed to take measures to call a mass meeting in Boston, in accordance with Mr. Beeson's suggestions, as follows:—Rev. Mr. Perkins, formerly a Missionary among the Oregon Indians; W. L. P. Boardman and Alden Spear, Presidents of the Young Men's Christian Union and Christian Association; Wendell Phillips; W. H. Pillow; J. B. Felt, D. D.; and Dr. Green, M. D.

Mr. Beeson manifested great enthusiasm on the subject, and was, at times, very eloquent in depicting the wrongs of the "sons of the forest."

The meeting, after prayer by Mr. Beeson, adjourned.

Revival in Ireland.

By the religious world, the great revival in Ireland, that still continues unabated, is regarded as an extraordinary manifestation of the power of the Holy Ghost. Indeed, the doctors, ministers and lawyers, who witness the workings of spirit-power there, are confounded—they know not how to account for the strange physical phenomena that accompany this movement. It is admitted by all that there is a power, well-defined, unseen, but real, above human agency, that is at work upon the bodies and minds of the converts. In this revival is a striking exhibition of real Spiritualism, without the name. All its features are those of Spiritualism. It is without plan or organization. In it there are no leaders. All denominations have joined in it. Physical manifestations, trances, visions, speaking in unknown tongues, &c., are all the product of this revival. It affects all classes of society—old, young, educated and uneducated. There is bodily prostration often produced, which lasts for hours; temporary loss of speech, sight and hearing. These features spread everywhere, and are recognized throughout the whole region where the revival prevails. In all these features it so much resembles modern Spiritualism, that one well acquainted with the phenomena of Spiritualism must identify it with Spiritualism.

And, above these things, it is like Spiritualism in its effects upon the lives and character of those on whom it falls. An Irish paper says:—"The fruits of this work are everywhere visible; a great change has taken place in the temper and habits of multitudes. To the ministers of all denominations, magistrates, and the employers of laborers, bear uniform testimony. There is a great falling off in the liquor traffic, and some who have been engaged in it hitherto are giving up their licenses and engaging in other occupations. The duties of the police have been greatly lessened; and masters find their full number of hands on the first day of the week's toil. In Belfast entire streets, which were known as being the most disorderly portion of the town, in which nothing was to be heard but quarrelling, cursing and blaspheming, especially on Saturday nights, have become thoroughly changed, and now quiet and good order prevail."

Buffalo Convention and Andrew Jackson Davis.

We have read "Nature's Divine Revelations," by A. J. Davis, published some years ago, and we admire the beauty of thought contained therein; there is nothing more interesting in the literature of Spiritualism. To-day we have read the opening speech at the Philanthropic Convention, at Buffalo, by the same author, and the contrast in almost every particular is very great. The former is full of buds and fragrant flowers—the revelation of new truths; the latter is full of thorns and angles, condemnation and fault-finding. There must be a cause for this, and the effect must be legitimate. So we do not say that it is wrong for Mr. Davis to speak as he has spoken at the Buffalo Convention. This instance strengthens our conviction that there is an equality among men. Nature is full of "ups and downs." No man is always up, and never down. Humanly said on one sea, the great sea of human life. Mr. Davis sails upon the same sea, and if his bark of progress has mounted a high wave in its onward course, in the natural order of things it must next descend into a trough of the sea.

We conclude, from actual experience in life, that condemnation of faults in others indicates about the same weight of faults existing in the person who utters the condemnation.

Man and His Relations—No. 13.

Professor Brittan requests us to apologize for his delay in not sending the concluding number of his series of articles, in season for this issue of the BANNER. Traveling, necessary to the fulfillment of his lecturing engagements, has rendered it impossible for him to write the paper.

A second series of articles by Mr. Brittan will immediately follow the present series, which we know have been read with profit and pleasure, both by the philosophical class, and the common people.

Query.

A correspondent, signing himself "WATNE," says:—"I would be happy to have explained, by spirit intelligence or otherwise, the philosophy of the saying, 'Once a man, and twice a child.' The instance I have in mind is, of an individual who had come to a very mature age, and whose faculties had become such that he would play upon the floor with dolls and other playthings, with the simplicity of a child of five."

Becher and the Banner.

The New London Daily Chronicle, in speaking of the publication of Mr. Becher's sermons in the BANNER OF LIGHT, says—

"That the utterances of Mr. Becher should be thus prostituted to the service of giving to rank and noxious influence, in any of its varied forms, a forced currency beyond the circles where it naturally belongs, has been a source of regret to many; and we are not surprised to find it intimated that it has been a cause of annoyance to him.

In answer to this ungenerous and uncourteous slap, we would say that Spiritualism, or spiritual newspapers, take the hand of no eminent divine, thereby expelling to gain rank, or force a currency of their sentiments upon the people. Spiritualism stands independent of such extraneous influence.

We publish Mr. Becher's sermons in the BANNER, for the reason that his thoughts are bold, liberal, fresh and intuitive; they are less bigoted, and more in harmony with the philosophy of modern Spiritualism, than the sermons of any divine of whom we have knowledge. The name 'Orthodox' to us is nothing, for good or for evil; it is the soul and its manifestations of life we value. No truth can be prostituted by shedding its light in darkness; and Mr. Becher is not annoyed by having his utterances fall into the columns of the BANNER OF LIGHT. On the contrary, as a Christian man, he can but feel happy that his superior light, if it be such, should be placed before benighted infidels.

Thousands who would, but are afraid, to buy a spiritual paper, on account of the scandal that a lying world casts upon it, are pleased to have an excuse to do so, that they may learn what Spiritualism is. Those who love Mr. Becher's sermons, must love Spiritualism, too."

Proof of a Soul.

It is a known fact that the matter composing the human body constantly undergoes a complete change. This, then, in any case, let us again ask, what if it is that was identical in the Duke of Wellington dying at Waterloo, in 1825, with the Duke of Wellington commanding at Waterloo, in June, 1815? Assuredly it was not possible that there should have been a single particle of matter common to his body on the two occasions. The interval consisting of thirty-seven years and two months, the entire mass of matter composing his body must have undergone a complete change several hundred times—yet no one doubts that there was something there that did not undergo a change, except in its relation to the mutable body, and which possessed the same thought, memory and consciousness, and constituted the personal identity of the individual; and since it is as demonstrable as any proposition in geometry that *that something* which thus abode in the body, retaining the consciousness of the past, could not have been an atom, or any number of atoms, of matter, it must necessarily have been something *not matter*, that is to say, something *spiritual*.

We copy the above from an English magazine. We should be pleased to have the *Investigator* give his views upon this interesting subject.

Human Caloric.

It is pleasant to observe how ingeniously the instinct of man has fastened upon the articles which will best supply him with the species of fuel he requires. The Esquimaux, for example, is very partial to oily fare. He does not, know why. He never heard of the doctrine of animal heat. But he feels intuitively that bear's grease and blubber are the things for him. Condemn him to live on potatoes or maize, and the poor fellow would resent the cruelty as much as a London alderman of the old school, if sentenced to subsist on water gruel alone. And the savage would be perfectly right. Exposed as he is to the fierce cold of a northern sky, every object around him plundering him of his caloric incessantly, what he needs is plenty of unctuous food, because from this he can generate the greatest quantity of heat. On the other hand, the native of the tropics, equally ignorant of animal chemistry, eschews the fiery diet which his climate renders inappropriate, and keeps himself cool on rice, or dates, or watery fruits.

Sad State of Things.

The New York Herald complains in the following style of the state of things in that rapidly growing city—"More in New York city, men of respectable standing in society—lawyers, merchants, even members of the church—hire rowdies to violate the Constitution, and, by controlling the primary elections through violence, virtually take away from the people their most sacred and essential right—the choice of their representatives—so that they might as well have no votes at all. In this villainy, the rowdies and those who pay them their wages are aided and assisted by the party press, which, in turn, is nourished by the corruption which it sustains. Like the insect which takes the hue of the leaves which it feeds upon, the party journal becomes yellow with the public plunder on which it lives." This is a hard thing to confess, but we do not question its truth in any particular. Our modern politics, party-wise, are awful employment for any man.

Spiritualists' Sabbath Meetings.

Messrs. Editors.—With your leave, I will request that some one in every place where they hold Spiritual meetings on the Sabbath, would transmit to the BANNER OF LIGHT a statement to this effect; and that the names of these places should be published in that paper from week to week, as they are received. The object of this is to furnish such information as to the diffusion and extent of Spiritualism at the present time in this country, as will afford some data for the purpose, though it must be an insufficient one, from the fact that in sundry places, where there are Spiritualists, they do not hold Sunday meetings. Still such information is desirable, and, without doubt, would be very gratifying, in showing the wonderful progress Spiritualism has already made in the United States. Let some medium who may officiate at these meetings, take it upon himself to send you this information. Will you, Messrs. Editors, second this request?

A Curiosity.

John J. Dyer & Co., No 35 School street, Boston, have just published a most novel "ILLUSTRATED SCRAP-BOOK." It is in large quarto form, and contains Five Hundred Pictures upon every conceivable subject, of every-day life, wit, humor, pathos, natural history, scenery in all quarters of the globe, nationalities, types of character, famous architecture, portraits of noted individuals of both sexes, and in short an inexhaustible resort for study and amusement for old and young. It is the first book of the kind, and the cheapest we have ever seen. Any person enclosing twenty-five cents to the publishers, in letter stamps or silver, will receive a copy, post-paid, by return of mail. Here is something to amuse the family with, the coming long evenings.

Spiritualism in Texas.

JOSEPHINE WOOD, WASHINGTON, TEXAS, says:—"I have been a Spiritualist about six years, and until the arrival of Mr. J. M. Holland in this place, I had never witnessed any Spiritual manifestations. There are very few here who are developed Spiritualists, and they have been made so by reading published facts in Spiritual papers. Mr. Holland is the first medium that has visited this town and given public manifestations, and through him have been given some of the most wonderful proofs of spirit presence. He has lectured in the trances state, and has given tests that were perfectly convincing to those who were convinced. By these remarkable manifestations of spirit-power through Mr. Holland, our citizens are beginning to have their eyes opened to the subject of Spiritualism."

Good News.

BRO. JOHN H. RANDALL, writing from Yorkville, N. Y., says:—"The truths of Spiritualism are taking a prominent position in this section of the Empire State. This town in particular has many honest investigators, some true-hearted reformers, and it is their earnest wish that all liberal speakers passing this way should give them a call. It does not matter whether they speak in the normal or abnormal states; they want truth, no matter from what source it comes."

Mansfield going South

BOSTON CONFERENCE.

At No. 14 Bromfield Street.

Question—What is Spiritualism more than the superficial definition generally given, viz.: the fact that spirits do communicate?

Dr. Child—
"Now earth and heaven hold commune, day and night;
There's not a wind but bears upon its wing
The messages of God; and not a star
But knows the pain and bliss of earth!"

The first recognition in Spiritualism is the coming down of light to us. This comes of the teachings of the past. The idea that superior intelligences come to tell us something; that spirits do communicate, is but a reiteration, in a little more palpable form, of what the religious world has taught for ages. These teachings are external to the soul; they are the effect of the soul, and by them the soul cannot be influenced. Spiritual communications are in time and place. But Spiritualism has something deeper. It teaches that spirit fills all space; that it underlies and pervades all life and all matter, and that it tends upward forever; that knowledge does not come down, but that it comes up; it is the offering of spirit development; that knowledge is developed out of the germ of the soul, and is never received by the soul from without; that the soul holds within itself the germ of all knowledge it shall ever possess. The unfolding of this knowledge is ever under the immediate laws of nature, influenced by the unseen reality of spirit power.

Spiritualism in its true definition exhibits the conscious perception of realities like those, not seen; by the action of which, men in science and in ignorance, in wealth and in poverty, in sin and in holiness, in whatever place or condition, are moved on in the upward course of progression independent of any effort or will of their own.

Spiritualism never came to any one by contact or contagion—it did, it came and went; it came spontaneous, springing up all over the earth the same, at the same time. It is epidemic, and springs forth from every soul that has a condition developed for it. Spiritualists are made by nature, which is a stronger power than that of sectarian persuasion. Natural, spontaneous development is real—forced persuasion is a dark mist, through which the real can come up.

Shakespeare did not ask nature to make him what he was, but without a petition nature made him a Shakespeare; so it is of every man, great or little, and so it is of Spiritualism—it is nature's gift, it is nature's work, it has come unasked for, uncalled for. There is no record in history of any religion that has ever sprung up simultaneously all over the earth without leaders and promulgators, as Spiritualism has. Thus Spiritualism as a religion, when compared with other religions, is something new and strange.

Spiritualism, like the God who gave it, is impartial. I know two bishops who are Spiritualists; I know ministers of all denominations who are Spiritualists; and a few deacons, and a great many church members. I know men who do not profess any religion, who are Spiritualists; I know infidels who are Spiritualists, and any quantity of sinners; I know Sabbath breakers, profane swearers, drunkards, gamblers, prostitutes, convicts and rebels, who are Spiritualists. This gift of heaven has come to all grades and classes, just as if God, in giving it, was perfectly regardless of the great distinctions that man has made between men.

The simple, foolish man has got it; the tattling old woman has got it; the lovely maiden has got it, and the intelligent matron, too; the honest laborer, and the man of tricks and stratagems; the recreant and the erring, the judicious and the just, have equal claims to its possession. It comes without respect of persons. In this respect it is new. Real Spiritualism costs no money, so the poor have it the same as the rich, and the rich have it the same as the poor. It comes forth from rags the same as from twisted silk and whole cloth; the town poor-house that gives lodgings to forty families, the same as from the private mansion that gives lodgings to only one family, and cost ten times as much. It comes from the State Prison just as much as from the Church; from the peasant's garden, as much as from the consecrated altar. It comes on Monday the same as on Sunday. "I do not believe it is true," says one, "for such wicked folks are Spiritualists. If it be of God, he would send it to his own children, to his church, and his own people." In the light of Spiritualism, there are no children that are not God's children; there are no people that are not God's people; and if one child of God needs a gift from heaven more than another, it is the child of suffering and misery. The excellences of a virtuous life, when scanned, are only material; in real Spiritualism they are only the vapors of life.

Pollish matter forever, and it adds no polish to the spirit. What we call virtue, belongs to the material world—not the spiritual.

Clean up and decorate the body, and make beautiful all its appurtenances, and it does nothing to the spirit in that body; elevate the body, and let all men bow in recognition to its elevation—it does not elevate the spirit.

Tread down, and wear and tear and mutilate, even kill the body belonging to a human soul, and the spirit is untouched—uninfluenced.

We have been taught, substantially, that material excellence makes us spiritually excellent; a clean outside; just and upright walk before the world; a good example set to others by outside life and actions; an eternal war with what man calls evil impulses, planted by nature in our souls, will make our passport up to heaven, and influence the world to reformation.

Spiritualism, in the very manner of its coming, breaks the whole fabric of what has been called a spiritual superstructure, built on material things, and scatters its fragments of fancies to the four winds of the earth. Spiritualism brings truth and enduring realities in its arms, and phantoms fade away before the light of its coming. These realities are felt, not seen, with physical eyes. It comes forth a spontaneous production of nature, the offspring of nature's inflexible laws; no human hand helps it; no human voice advances it—it is independent of the efforts of the hands and the voices of men that have built and have supported churches, sects and religions. There is not a shadow of sect or sectarianism about it; there is not, nor can there be, any human effort that can sustain it, or hold it up by the aid of even the smallest amount of power in the universe. Its currents flow from the infinite ocean of spirit life, unseen, into the souls of men and women, as they have developed for its reception by natural growth.

At the river flows along a channel made by nature, moved by unchanging law, unbroken, unbroken by man, so Spiritualism flows into the channel of the human soul that nature develops, and the manifestations of Spiritualism are the effect of this influx. The fact that spirits do communicate is but one of the effects of the real thing; it is not the definition of Spiritualism. Spiritualism, in its unseen being, is like the centrifugal and the centripetal forces of nature, that hold the starry worlds of immensity subservient to their silent power. The antagonism of one to the other makes the heavenly spheres move in circles and in silent harmony forever. These powers are unseen; we only know their effects. Spirit-power holds the intellectual universe by attraction and repulsion; by the centripetal and the centrifugal forces of nature—the same as worlds of matter are held and moved by these powers. The souls of men, in the circles of eternity, revolve upward forever. The recognition of real Spiritualism is the recognition of this spirit-power. The recognition of the fact that spirits do communicate, is only the recognition of one of the effects of this power.

One of the prominent features of Spiritualism is this—the finger of nature writes its tenets on each individual soul, for each individual soul. A Spiritualist learns no catechism written in a book, and rehearses no creed that another has taught him. No Spiritualist ever goes to another Spiritualist for his soul convictions or his religious persuasion. In Spiritualism religious convictions flow from an unseen source into the soul, exactly in accordance with the nature of the soul, and proportionate to its capacities. All other religions have written creeds and rules of action, which are adopted for government. You may say that the Convention of Spiritualists at Plymouth adopted something of this sort in their published "Declaration of Sentiments." I affirm that Spiritualism did not do this, nor can it do any such thing. It was the "orthodoxy" of the Convention that made this declaration, which savors so strongly of a religious creed, that it differs but little, if any, from other religious creeds. Spiritualism has no religious creed, nor can it ever have. The truly progressive soul has new convictions every day—so that the creed of yesterday would not answer for to-day.

Spiritualism recognizes human souls, and the government of human souls—the unseen, as the real and the powerful. It cares nothing for the soul's material habits, or its manifestations that the world sees, to approve or condemn. It heeds not the man-made garments of religious or moral beauty. The clean outside and the virtuous life are to Spiritualism just the same as the habits of crime, pollution and degradation. These are, each, mortal; the soul is immortal.

In spirit-truth, the mephitic curse of pollution, of prostrati-

on, of drunkenness, of debauchery, pass away as the dews of morning when the sun rises. Spiritualism comes just the same to the self-debated and humiliated, as it does to the self-excellent and the self-righteous. Distinctions among men, to Spiritualism, are phantoms; and they fade away when Spiritualism comes, as the darkness of the morning does when the sun gets up.

The greatest wickednesses are not the damps of life, that soften and prepare the soul sooner for the influx of spirit truth. Tears dissolve the cement of material love, and make bare the soul for the tendrils of spiritual love to cling to. Suffering wears out the material covering, the material love of man, and sooner prepares him for spirit love, which is more real.

"Why do not Spiritualists, if true, come to the church?" says one, and reiterates a thousand others. Because material love is there, woven into a beautiful, strong garment of self-excellence, which covers the soul when weak for protection. When Spiritualism does come there, every shred of this garment will be torn and scattered; for the soul shall then have grown to a strength where it needs such covering no longer.

"What?" says another; "do you mean to say that a person who has lived a truly religious life; has always been happy in the love of Christ and God; has ever been faithful and true to the teachings of the Bible and the church, is no more prepared to receive truth from the spirit-world, than is a prostitute, a drunkard, a rebel, a criminal?"

I do mean to say precisely this. I will tell you why I say that the last shall be first, and the first last. Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth. Afflictions always benefit the soul; joy is only recreation, not the work of the soul's growth. Death of material love is the reward of sin; its effect is spiritual development. Self-approval, is the enjoyment of what is already possessed, not the cause which brings new possessions.

Every pain of woe and tear of anguish is a pulsation in the soul's progression. These are always the direct or indirect effect of what we call wickedness existing in the world somewhere. Who suffers more than the wretched sinner? And who suffers less than the good and faithful Christian, who chooses and walks in the way of pleasantness, where all the paths are paths of peace?

All the steps of human progress in the upward flight of every soul must be passed. Every degree of growth in the unfolding of the germ of the soul by the stern demand of God's laws must be passed. If hell be anywhere, and have existence, it must be on the lower steps of human progress; and every soul to gain a higher ascent must first pass over hell below. Can another soul pass the ordeal of my affliction for me? No, never! There has never been a pang of human woe, that shall not be mine in my progression. There is no degradation, no misery, no suffering, which I must not in my progression gain mastery over; and to do this, the misery and the suffering must be mine. There is no unquenchable wickedness of earth that I need turn aside from—for it is mine, or shall be. We triumph over misery, never, before we have the power to do so, which power only comes of its possession.

"There is no true knowledge till descent, Nor then, till after."

Hell shall sometime rise on wings of ecstasy to praise God forever, and Spiritualism tells me that when this shall be, I shall go to heaven, too.

Mr. Baker—I have attentively followed Dr. Child through his remarks, and to me they are perfectly nonsensical, and, more, they are outrageous. He has spent his breath to show that Spiritualism means nothing and is nothing. His position is too absurd to be defended by any decent man. Such doctrine would encourage the most immoral life, for thereby the greatest suffering is produced, which suffering he claims, makes progress. If this be Spiritualism, the best thing that can be done with it is to put it down.

Mr. Thayer—There is more involved in Spiritualism than the simple fact that spirits do communicate. One thing: Spiritualism has done that the Church has failed to do, viz.: it has dispelled the darkness of death and the grave.

Mr. Cushman—The question inquires if there is anything more in Spiritualism than the alleged fact that spirits do communicate? The opening claimed that the soul receives nothing from without that knowledge is developed from out the interior germ of the soul. Now I want to know what an undeveloped knowledge is? Can any one tell what undeveloped love is? Love is a creature that is created to-day and destroyed to-morrow. (Mr. C. answered so many questions from the audience that his ten minutes expired before he began his argument.)

Mr. Chaney—Spiritualism is so much more than the simple fact that spirits do communicate, that it is difficult in the limits of ten minutes to give but the faintest idea of what it really is. The Bible is a record of Spiritualism, but not in the sense exactly of spiritual communication. The Bible claims to be spiritual, and all that is spiritual belongs to Spiritualism. Every Spiritualist is impressed with spiritual truths deeper and truer than external communications.

Mr. Burke—I first thought this question had no meaning in it, but since hearing the remarks of Dr. Child, I have concluded that it is the best question of the season. Dr. Child has ignored the whole subject uppermost in the hearts of all Spiritualists, viz: spiritual manifestations. [A voice—That is not true, for Dr. Child ignores nothing.] He has said that Spiritualism comes not by contact or contagion; this is true, and it is nothing new. I agree with Dr. C.'s propositions, for I conclude that he does not accept the manifestations of modern Spiritualism. [A voice—Dr. Child does accept the manifestations of modern Spiritualism, in toto.] Dr. C. has advanced nothing new in his remarks. His views were advanced in ages past, and all the new school of reformers hold the same views; but he labors under great error. Can he really regard the murderer the same as he does the virtuous man? In sober sense, the Dr. cannot say this. Mediums are all broken up, or broken down, and the modern manifestations of Spiritualism have relapsed into the teachings of past ages.

Mr. Haycock—What Mr. Burke has said of Spiritualism and mediums is exactly the opposite of truth. Mr. Burke must have his residence in the moon, rather than on the earth, or he could not have made such statements.

Mr. Pike—Dr. Child is not clear in his views. With all respect to him, I must say I do not accept his position. I believe that every Spiritualist will agree with me in saying, that Spiritualism is nothing more than the fact that spirits do communicate. Theology has taught us that the spirit of man at death reposes in the grave till a day of judgment; Spiritualism proves this false, and demonstrates the fact that the spirit after death is ever active in deeds of love and duty; is ever hovering around mortals to influence and guide them, and to communicate with them.

Mr. Edson—Spiritualism holds within its grasp light and truth, that are felt all over the world—both in the religious world, and in that portion of the world which is not called religious. Its influence, if not acknowledged, is felt everywhere. There are, virtually, truths in Spiritualism that lie deeper than the external definition given to it. The truths of Spiritualism are leading men everywhere to a recognition of God in nature, to think for themselves, and to recognize the promptings of the soul as the guide of action. Spiritualism has produced all the phenomena of life that have ever existed in the past and that do exist in the present.

Mr. Coleman—Modern Spiritualism is nothing more than the belief that spirits do communicate, and this belief has no foundation. All above this in Spiritualism may be found in ancient Spiritualism. Modern Spiritualism claims to embrace any quantity of things; while Christianity has everything in it that Spiritualism has, to meet men's wants. Spiritualism has taught nothing but Christianity, and the whole congregation of Spiritualists are sick and tired and worn out with their own ideas. I beseech of them to pause now before they leap.

Mr. Seaver—Brother Coleman generally agrees with me on the subject of modern Spiritualism, but to-night he seems to be on the backward track. If modern Spiritualism is the doctrine that is to prove, in fact, the real savior of mankind, then we have got what the world needs. I do not say it is so; but let us wait and see. I do not accept the doctrine of Spiritualism; but I do accept the good it does. I know many Spiritualists—they are not bad. I see in Spiritualism the feature of liberality; it is making men and women think for themselves, rather than take the *ipse dixit* of men or books. In this direction Spiritualism is doing a good work. The claims of modern Spiritualism are superior to the Spiritualism of the Church, for the Church has no way of knowing that spirits do exist, while Spiritualism claims to demonstrate this fact. In addition to the claims that spirits communicate, modern Spiritualism claims to do something practical—it takes all the degraded and suffering to heaven. In this respect it is infinitely above Orthodox Christianity. I do not want any body to go to hell; and if Spiritualism puts out hell fire and kills the devil, it is a good thing.

Mr. Hatch at Waterville, Me.

Cor. L. V. Hatch will speak at Waterville, Maine, the first Sabbath in October.

Book Notices.

THE MONICANS OF PARIS, by Alexander Dumas. Pamphlet edition, 163 pages, octavo, price 50 cts. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia; for sale by Shepard, Clark & Brown, 110 Washington street, Boston. We have also received from this house, Nos. 2, 3 and 4 of Peterson's complete and cheap edition of the entire writings of Charles Dickens, which is to be completed in twenty-eight weekly parts, at twenty-five cents each volume, or at the low price of FIVE DOLLARS for the complete work. The volumes before us are printed in large type, and in good style, and comprise the conclusion of "OLIVER TWIST," and "THE PICKWICK PAPERS," and the commencement of "MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK." When completed, the whole work can be bound in two or three handsome volumes, and be really a cheap yet neat edition of Dickens's Works. Mail orders will be attended to by Messrs. Shepard, Clark & Brown.

RICHARDSON'S NEW METHOD OF THE PIANO FORTE.—The title page sets forth that the above work is "An improvement upon all other instruction books in adaptation, classification, progression, and facility of comprehension, founded on a new and original plan." The work is illustrated with several plates, showing position of the fingers upon the keyboard, according to the American mode of fingering. It is also enriched by the rudiments of Harmony and Thorough Bass, an addition which is of no small value to the scholar. The book is handsomely gotten up, and is one of the best instruction books we have seen. Oliver Ditson & Co., No. 277 Washington street, publishers.

A Cowardly Thrust.

The New York Independent professes to be liberal. How justly it makes that claim can be learned by the following paragraph—as seen as one can be found in any print. Alluding to Gerrit Smith's recent discourse, it says:—

It must mortify Mr. Smith to find that Universalists of the lowest grade now count him as a convert to their views, and echo his praise in bar-rooms and the parlors of vice. Will his doctrine contribute to reform the vicious and to improve society?

How does this writer know that bar-rooms echo the praise of Gerrit Smith? Does he frequent those places? Only a base, bad man at heart could make so vile a stab at one of those whose only fault is to differ from him.—*Gospel Banner, Augusta, Me.*

Independent Republican and Mrs. S. C. Waters.

Through the kindness of Mr. Wm. C. Waters we have received a lecture on temperance by Mrs. S. C. Waters, delivered under spirit influence, and published in the Independent Republican, Montrose, Pa. And we would to republish this lecture, we should be glad to do so, for it is able and interesting. Our columns are crowded with original matter.

Meetings at Ordway Hall.

Regular Sunday meetings of Spiritualists, under the management of Dr. H. F. Gardner, will commence in Ordway Hall, nearly opposite the Old South Church, on Sunday, Oct. 24, at 2-3 and 7-8 o'clock p. m. Miss Lizzie Doten, of Plymouth, trance medium, will speak.

Dexter Dana.

Our friend Dana, who is well known to the Spiritualists of Boston and vicinity, requests us to say that he will receive calls to lecture. From what we know of him, we judge he will furnish his proportion of light on the subject of Spiritualism.

Miss Munson.

We are requested to say that Miss M. Munson has taken rooms at 137 South-Tenth street, Philadelphia, where she will remain a few weeks, prior to her journey to California, which she intends to visit during the month of November.

H. L. Bowker at Worcester.

By request, H. L. Bowker will spend a few days at Worcester, Mass., commencing Sept. 27, for the purpose of giving Readings, &c. He will be found at D. Andrews's office, 501 Main street.

Mr. J. V. Mansfield.

Is authorized to receive subscriptions for the BANNER OF LIGHT.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

CONTENTS OF THIS PAPER.—First and Second Pages.—Continuation of Mrs. Porter's admirable story, "Bertha Lee"; Poetry, by D. P.; "The Age of Virtue," No. 3, by George Stearns.

Third Page.—An excellent sermon by Dr. Chapin; Original Poetry; Female Physicians.

Fourth and Fifth Pages.—Poetry, "Hymn to the Father," (a perfect gem), by John S. Adams; "Stories for the Young," by Mrs. L. M. Willis, (which parents will fully appreciate); "The Poetic Side of Farming"; "Labor and Capital"; Boston Conference Meeting; brief Editorials, &c., &c.

Sixth and Seventh Pages.—Two columns of interesting Messages; Lecture by Cora L. V. Hatch at the Music Hall, Aug. 28th; subject—"What does Morality Mean?" "Suffering and Progression," by Miss E. D. Williams; Mr. Mandell's Reply to Professor Spencer; "The Cross as a Christian Symbol"; "The Spirit of Reformers"; "Spiritualists do not believe the Bible"; Letter from Newburyport; Intolerance in Franklin, Mass., &c., &c.

Eighth Page.—Sermon by Rev. H. W. Beecher, the excellence of which the reader will at once appreciate.

Writers for the press are too apt to think that printers should decipher hieroglyphics more incomprehensible than those on the monuments of ancient Egypt, and put their meaning into good English. Gentleman, it is an utter impossibility to do so; and the sooner you are made aware of this fact, the better it will be for the brains of the printer and the credit of your productions. Authors should write only on one side of a sheet, and be careful not to get the lines so near each other as to have them touch. Furthermore: no writer can when the word should be spelt with an a, or u for an n—especially in proper names.

Nothing can be more unjust or ridiculous than to be angry with another because he is not of your opinion.

THE HERALD, for August, is a superb number. It is printed in San Francisco, Cal., under the editorial management of Mrs. F. H. Day, and is deserving of extensive patronage. The number before us contains a well executed lithograph of Peter Lassen, one of the early settlers of California.

"Capital punishment!" as the boy said when his mistress gentled him with the girls.

Narrow-minded, sordid souls, encourage nothing, however meritorious and beneficial it may be to the public, if it counteract in the smallest degree their private interest.

One man should not blazon in a self-righteous manner the follies of another. He may the very next day do the same things himself.

LOVE OF NATURE.

By swift degrees the love of Nature works, And warms the bosom; till, at last sublimed To rapture and enthusiastic heat, We feel the present Deity, and taste The joy of God to see a happy world.—*Thompson.*

Messrs. Hoe & Co. have sent one of their fast presses to Australia, for the use of the Sydney Herald.

News from England to the 15th ult. has been received. The Great Eastern, it is announced, would start for this country in three weeks from the above date.

Hard work and the married life both contribute to longevity. Hard work lessens care, and the married life divides it.

Wm. H. Little, a clerk in the banking house of Winslow Lanier & Co., New York, was arrested there on Saturday last, on a charge of embezzling \$3,000 of the funds of his employers. Part of the money has been recovered.

When a man is brought before a court for sentence of death, he is asked whether he has anything to say why it should not be passed on him. If he is silent, the sentence is pronounced; if he offers reasons why it should not, the court is not moved in its purpose in the least, but proceeds to pass the sentence precisely as it would have done had the prisoner said nothing. Where is the consistency of all this? Is it not a mockery that should be speedily abolished, this asking a man at such time such a question, and giving not the least consideration to his reply.

The Catholic Cathedral in Franklin street has been sold, and will be demolished early in the Spring to give place to an elegant block of stores.

The completion of the monument erected to the memory of the men of the Revolution who lived in Chelmsford, was celebrated on Thursday week. The town was decorated, there was a procession, exercises at the church, in which Mr. H. W. B. Wightman, the President of the day, Dr. Willard Far-

ker, of New York, President of the Chelmsford Monument Association, and Hon. Chas. R. Train, took part, and a dinner, at which addresses were made by Hon. Francis J. Parker, Hon. C. R. Train, Hon. Linus Child, of Lowell, John S. Keyes, Esq., and others.

PORTRAIT OF THOMAS PAINE.—P. L. Taylor writes a letter in the last number of the Investigator, in which he says that a Philadelphia artist is making copies of an original painting of Mr. Paine, to order, at an expense of forty or fifty dollars apiece. Mr. T. will send photographs of the painting for one dollar, or colored to represent the painting, for ten dollars. His address is Box 1764, Philadelphia post-office.

The Genesee Democrat says an oil spring is reported to have been discovered on Oil Creek, Pa., which throws up four hundred gallons of pure oil every day. Hogs!

It is said that the Miscellaneous and Law Libraries of the late Rufus Choate will be sold by public sale during the month of October. The Miscellaneous Library comprises upwards of seven thousand volumes, and the Law Library upwards of three thousand volumes.

BUGGY.

A buggy chaise, or a buggy wagon, Are very well the road to drag on; But the traveler is hard bested, That has to sleep on a buggy bed!

"THE SUNBEAM" will again shine on the 7th inst.; so says a prospectus from its editor. The publication office has been changed from Buffalo to Batavia, N. Y. We trust no clouds will obscure your rays in the future, Mr. Sunbeam. Spiritualism needs bold advocates, for the future is pregnant with mighty results.

The Journal of Saturday gives the melancholy details of the thieving propensities of a Methodist minister in a neighboring town. The Gazette states the locality to be Lynn. The Post will probably say he was a Spiritualist!

The Eleventh Annual Exhibition of the Norfolk Agricultural Society will take place at Dedham on Tuesday and Wednesday next. The grand exhibition for visitors will be on Wednesday, when there will be a ploughing match at 8-1-2 a. m.; drawing match at 9-1-2; spading match at 10-1-2. A cavalcade of horses at 11 o'clock, and at 11-1-4 a procession will be formed under the direction of Hon. Joseph M. Churchill, Chief Marshal, which will proceed to the church, where an address will be given by Henry F. Durant, Esq., of Boston.

The Eastern State Journal says that the Sing Sing papers announce so many escapes and attempts at escape from the Sing Sing Prison, that it is hardly worth while to notice them in detail. At the rate things are going on there now, the Prison must in time become entirely empty.

The Jefferson Democrat says that a member of the Chicago bar, and graduate of one of the New England colleges, was sent from their Police Court to the City Bridewell for ten days, for the larceny of ten cents.

An engine recently exploded on the N. Y. Central Railroad, severely injuring the engineer and fireman. The cause is said to be a mystery, which the best engineers and machinists are unable to solve.

During the present season, six steamboats have been totally lost on the Missouri river. This would indicate that steamboat travel there is slightly hazardous.

Accidents from light rope fests are occurring in many places, in consequence of the *Blondin* mania among boys. The English and French fleets were, at last accounts, before Fekin, China.

The Gazette says that, on Saturday afternoon, while the hands were washing the docks of the British steamship, at East Boston, with a four-inch hose, the Cochituate water suddenly ceased to flow, and upon uncovering the nozzle, an eel's head was discovered, and his cephalus was drawn out. He measured—astonishing as it may appear—three feet and one inch in length, and was seven and a half inches round.

Mr. John Friend, of Somerville, was seized in a fit, in State street, and conveyed to the Mass. General Hospital, where he died on Saturday afternoon.

The Horticultural Exhibition in this city, just closed, resulted in a pecuniary loss.

The recent rains have lowered the price of corn one-third in the West.

The amount of money remitted to Ireland last year by Irish residents in America, to assist their friends to emigrate, is over two millions of dollars.

Bayard Taylor is accompanied by his wife in his trip to California. He spends three months there on a lecturing tour, for which he receives the handsome sum of five thousand dollars.

Why are carriage wheels always tired? Because they run round so much.

Our present chief magistrate, N. P. Banks, is again the candidate of the Republicans for re-election, and there is no doubt but that he will fill the gubernatorial chair another term.

PHILIP SIMON, DISTRICT, Ct., writes that Mrs. Corlier has just completed a course of lectures in that place and in Forestville, and during her stay in that vicinity many extraordinary tests of spirit-presences were given through her mediumship.

No. 123 Hanover street, is the best locality in Boston to secure a tip-top cigar. Smokers, who are partial to the "weed," must not forget to give the Messrs. Gillett a call. Everything in the tobacco line may be had at this establishment, wholesale and retail.

Cora (that Joe) has raised a lot of corn on a corner lot.

Twenty-one daily papers are published in London. Forty years ago the British Museum contained less than three hundred novels—it now contains over seven thousand.

Horses are so plenty in some parts of South America, that they may be purchased, well broke to the saddle, for five dollars each.

An anthracite coal mine under Broad Mountain, Pa., has been in fire twenty-two years, and cannot be extinguished. The crop of wool this year in the Western country is the largest ever known.

The Hartford Weekly Times says: "A list of persons willing to serve their country in the capacity of public lecturers the coming winter, numbers 194 men and 8 women. A vast deal of trash is inflicted upon a patient public, every winter, by these lecture lecturers."

It is a rule of etiquette to never be helped a second time to soup unless it is very thick, and you have nothing else for dinner.

Lovelessness never appears to so good advantage as when set off with simplicity of dress.

Gold and diamonds do not disguise a vulgar taste.

BAD NEIGHBORS.—Do not runaway from your neighbors when they are bad, but set at work to improve yourself, and by so doing your neighbors will become a great deal better.

One of the Ravel troupe was charged by a New York hack-driver the moderate sum of \$7 for taking her from the steamboat to her residence. The lady took the greedy hackman before the Mayor, and he was compelled to pay her back \$12. It is better to be satisfied with just remuneration.

Mrs. Partington says that she did not marry her second husband because she loved the male sex, but just because he was the size of her first protector, and would wear his old clothes out. We always supposed her to be still the widow of Corporal Paul.

The papers say that T. Starr King is about to publish a work on the *White Mountains*. Rather a cool place, we should judge, for such business.

There is a majority of twenty-two Houstonites in the Legislature of Texas. This warrants the belief that the hero of San Jacinto will be sent back to the National Senate on the occurrence of the first vacancy in the Texas delegation.

In the recent election in Utah, three Gentiles were elected to the Territorial Legislature.

The leader in the Chelmsford Herald of Sept. 17th, is a very sensible and able defence of Spiritualism. The editor takes a true and manly position!

MORE BROTHER.—A friend writes us from Dover that the Baptist Church have excluded an individual—thrust him from her bosom, for believing that angels commune with mortals now as in the days of the Apostles; and are countermarching another for the same offence.—*Spirit Guardian.*

New England Union University Association.

The subscribers to stock in the New England Union University, are requested to meet in Lowell, on the first Tuesday in October, at 10-1-2 o'clock, a. m., to hear and to act upon the Report of a Special Committee on Revision of the Constitution of the Association; to locate said University; fill vacancies on boards of officers, and transact any business pertaining to the interests of the Association. All subscribers are requested to attend without further notice.

The Messenger.

Each article in this department of the BANNER we claim was given by the spirit whose name it bears, through Mrs. J. H. Conant, Trance Medium. 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 vague 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, relating to things not experienced.

Mrs. Conant Sick.

We have not been able to hold our sessions since August 12th, in consequence of Mrs. Conant's illness. When we resume, notice will be given on the 4th page.

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?

Aug. 6—Charles Brown, Providence, R. I.; John King, Aug. 6—Samuel Ricker, Rochester, Ill.; "Why are all men born in sin?" Margaret Jane Moore, London, Eng.; James Walker, Boston.

Aug. 10—Peter Valkendahl, New York; William Pelby, Boston; Michael Garry, Boston; Virginia Stewart, New York; Lyman B. Pense, Ogdensburg.

Aug. 11—Thomas Clark, Halifax, N. S.; Simon Gales, New York; Jacob Parkhurst, Plymouth; Mr. McDonald, Edinburgh; Charles M. Dresser, Albany; Lydia Fisher.

Aug. 12—Joseph White, Concord, N. H.; "Why do men die?"

Mary Weeks.

I think I am in the wrong place. I do not see any one I know here. I want to speak to my husband and my daughter. My name was Mary Weeks. I was born in Boston, and died here in 1838. I suppose I died of consumption of the blood. My husband's name was Benjamin Weeks. I have a daughter living but a short distance from Boston. Her name is Mable. She was only five years old when I died. I have much to give them. I would rather speak with my daughter. I cannot give here what I desire to give her.

My husband was married again in 1844. I was thirty-six years old when I died.

Shall you send this to my husband? I will try to get it to him. I do not know how I come; I know I come, and that I speak; but why I come to you I cannot tell. August 4.

William Clarkson.

One clothed in skepticism and error, asks, if Spiritualism be true and good, why it was not given to the inhabitants of the world before this age.

We will inform our friend that that you call Spiritualism has been the prevailing religion among certain nations of the earth, from the beginning of time up to the present, at certain periods of time. This new truth, or light, is not a modern theory by any means.

Behold, the inhabitants of earth hold communion with those of the spirit-world many years ago—yes, from the time man was created in the image of God.

In certain portions of the old world, three centuries and a half ago, we find Spiritualism the prevailing religion; and many laid down their natural lives a sacrifice to their belief. The men of to-day have seen fit to give the theory a new name, therefore it is not recognized as that which shone in former times.

Now those very spirits that were forced ere their time into a new condition of life, are returning by the power of their God, and manifesting to the children of earth. Behold, they are aroused from their long sleep; just quickened into the performance of their duty to the inhabitants of earth. And could men but catch a glimpse of that which is beyond the veil, they would not wonder at receiving from time to time drops from the higher life.

Men and women have attained a certain degree of intelligence or development at the present day, when they need not fear to worship God in their own way; when they need not fear to tell their opposers that they hold daily converse with the angels. The time was when man dare not acknowledge this, for the assertion would have been death. Behold, the angels have opened so many doors to spirit life, that all the powers of hell cannot close them. The self-conceited fool of to-day may prate of his knowledge, but his knowledge is accounted foolishness to those who are looking down upon him, and shall so be seen by him as he stands upon the opposite shore of time.

Our friend will do well to take a glimpse of the past; he will do well to look down the steep of time, and catch also a glimpse of the future; and while he looks here and there, let him not fail to look within, and perhaps he may prove the theory of spirit intercourse true by his own nature; by that which actuates the form, causing it to move here and there, and to act in accordance with the interior. We say perchance he may prove it true; if indeed his knowledge be what he thinks it is, he will find the task easy, and he shall come to spirit life, acknowledging it to be divine and true.

William Clarkson, teacher of Universalism. Aug. 4.

Alice Mason.

Tell my mother that I came to you, but could not speak. I tried to tell her I would come home, but can see no opportunity to, in any way. My mother is with me—James, I mean—but he cannot speak, either. We both want mother to let us have a chance to speak. George is not with us, and if he were he would not commune. He does not like to, for he says mother won't believe you. James and I don't think so, so we come.

From Alice Mason, aged twelve; died in the year 1839 in Cincinnati. August 4.

Stephen Willmot.

I am twenty-four years old. I was born in Cherry Valley, N. Y. My name was Stephen Willmot. I had the brain fever in the year 1854. Six months found myself in a place called an asylum for the insane. Now I am dead, I suppose they will let me speak. I had a mother in New Jersey; a brother in Toronto, Canada West. I could not see well before death. I find it hard to control. When I was taken sick, I was about finishing my education. My brother is a doctor. Tell him I want to commune with him, and with our sister, with whom our mother is living. What was left me by my father, I desire our mother to have. At her death it shall go to our sister's eldest child, Stephen Willmot West. Good day.

Samuel Wilson.

Talk about the dead being silent—you are all more silent than we are. Why don't you talk to me?

My name was Samuel Wilson. I was thirty-four years of age. I died in Mobile. Now, if you are going to ask me what I did the last six months of my life, I shall tell you; but if you want to know what I was in the habit of doing for a livelihood, I'll tell you. A portion of the time I followed the sea. A year and a half before I died I was first officer of the brig Mary Louise. A year after I did nothing. The last six months I lived—well, no matter how, I had a fever.

There is a man I want to speak with; do you suppose there is any chance? His name is Henry Brecker. He was a Kentuckian. He and I had some business together in Mobile one time, and during one conversation with him I got an idea that he believed in Spiritualism; but I don't know as I am correct. He was in Mobile on business for his father, and has an uncle there. Now, if he will give me time and place to speak with him, I should like to. Ask him to write you, if he gets this. He'll do that, for he is a good fellow. What I wish to speak to him about, is a little matter of our own; he will understand what.

I do not think it is necessary for me to give more here. I have no relation that I care about. Father, mother, brother and sister are not exactly with me, because they are higher than I am. You see I can't dress up yet to go up stairs, where the ladies are, because I have not got my work done yet.

There seems to be a first step, a second, and a third, and so on, all the way up, and I can't step up two at a time; so I guess I'll give no more at this time. August 5.

Charles Hallock.

What place is this? Is that so? Tell Springfield, is it? I've got a mother and a couple of sisters I want to talk with. I was drowned six days ago. I died in July, 1850. Next to the last day of July is the last day I know about. I was knocked overboard. We were bound for Callao. I know something about coming here, but I thought I should go to Springfield. I was on board the bark Maria; we sailed from New York to Liverpool, and were bound from Liver-

pool to Callao when I was drowned. Captain's name was Stephens.

I wish you'd contrive to let the people know I am dead. My mother was in Springfield, New York; her name is Mary Hallock.

I should like to know if I can write and send a letter. They don't know that I am dead, and the trouble is, they won't know for some months. My mother is with my sister. I was born in Buffalo, State of Maine; my father was a tailor. My sister Elizabeth was married since I came away. Mary Ann is at work in some factory.

My name is Charles M., but I hardly ever put in the M, only when I wrote. Charles I was called.

I did not intend to come here; I thought I'd try to find my mother and sister, and see if I could not let them know I was dead. I met somebody here, and they hurried me to you, and told me to speak while I had a chance. Shall I go, sir? August 5.

Mary Thayer.

I wish to speak, but cannot. MARY THAYER. August 5. [After writing this, the control ceased.]

Joseph Gray.

My name was Joseph Gray. I have been dead nine years. I have a son, and a daughter, and wife, and wish to speak to either one of them. I lived in Boston; was a carpenter by trade. I died in 1830. There was something the matter with my stomach and bowels. I was sick, I think, not more than three days. I lived in Charlestown street at that time. Since I have died, my son and daughter have got married, and my wife has gone I know not where. As for me, I am doing nothing here—wish I could find something to do. I was fifty-four years of age. My son's name was Samuel Henry. I don't know he ever had a trade; takes to anything comes handy. August 5.

Jose Betancote.

Don Jose Betancote desires to communicate with his sons Jose and Gaspar, who are now in America. He says, tell them their father and mother are both dead—died some two years ago. August 5.

Jenny Harris.

I was born in Louisiana; my name was Jenny Harris. I want to know if you will help me find my child?

When I was sixteen years old, I was married to George Ingraham; his father, a merchant in New Orleans. We were married in private, because his kindred opposed his marrying me, because my grandmother was a slave. After being married one year, I had one child—a daughter; when the child was four days old, I was sent away to board at New Orleans. I could see it every day if I chose, but no one knew it was mine. When it was four years old, we took the child to New York, and left it to board with a lady by name of Brown. George was to send money to take care of it; but shortly after we arrived at New Orleans, I was taken sick of fever, and died.

I have watched over the child since I died, and I have been here eighteen years. Two years ago I saw her at a hotel in this city, a servant for a gentleman and lady.

She does not know who her father or mother is. She has never seen her father since I died; he forsook her then. They are both in this city now; can't I tell the child to go to her father? I do not know where he stops, for I never was here; but I think it is in a hotel, for it is a place where I see many go.

Her father lived in New Orleans. I see the girl is married; but she does not live here always, but I see her here now. When she was fourteen years of age, she came this way, and has been this way ever since; her name is Jenny. They told me if I came here she would know that I had come, and would give me the privilege of speaking; they told me to come here. Will you print for me?

I have a mother and a sister living in New Orleans now. My mother's name is Marie. My grandmother was Spanish—was born in Spain; she was a slave; her master freed my mother and child. I wasn't a slave; I know nothing of slavery.

I want to see my child, to tell her of myself and her father. The place she is at now, looks like the same place where I saw her as a servant. I can go there; let me out and I can go there. August 6.

William Buck.

Does the stranger remember my visiting some time ago? My name was Buck. I am expecting some of my family this way, and I some thought I might speak with them; and as I am not able to see very clearly, I have to watch closely. My son will stop at the same house he did last year. You know the last visitor who was here could not tell you where her child was. I can tell you, for I saw her there at the house, and came with her here from the American House, where I expect my son will stop. The lady is tall, olive complexion, black hair and eyes. I was there to see if my son and family had arrived.

I must keep trying till I get a hearing—I have no other way to do. You found me correct, did you not? I told you the truth. Should I come to you again asking a favor, you will grant it, will you not? WILLIAM BUCK, of Buckville, Ala. August 6.

NOTE.—This spirit has been here two years in succession, endeavoring to obtain an interview with his son, who has been each year at the American House, as his father told us.

William Harris.

I've got a wife here in Boston—can I speak to her? My name was William Harris; no relation to the one just here. I have a wife living in your city, on the west side, on the hill. I have something of importance to give to her. I was a steward—last employed on board the ship Blue Jacket. I died of the small pox in Liverpool. We were then lying in port. I went ashore and got it, and died with it.

I am not satisfied with what I see, and that's what sent me here. I might tell you a long and a hard story, but I will not, for I want something, and I know I should not get it if I tell you of it. I was thirty-eight years old.

I was born in Saco, State of Maine. My wife's proper name was Emeline, but she always called herself Emily. I have something special to say, and want to talk with her very much; won't you say so? August 6.

Mary Ann Lester.

My name was Mary Ann Lester; I died at Manchester, N. H., in the year 1836, of consumption. I have a mother that lives in Nashua, N. H., and, if you please, I would like to send her a message. I was fourteen years old when I died. I worked on the Stark Corporation; I was doffer on that Corporation. My mother was poor, and I was obliged to work in the mill. If I had not been taken sick, I should have had a frame to myself soon.

I want my mother to know that I am very happy, and best of all, that I can speak. And as soon as she knows it she will ask me to come to her. Her name is Nancy Lester; my father is not dead, but he does not live with my mother. He is quite feeble, and now she has not any one to do much for her. I think she will come to me soon, and I don't want her to come as I did.

I died suddenly, a few nights before I died. I felt sick; about a year I had a cough, and felt bad most of the time, but I lifted something—a bobbin box—and I took to bleeding at the lungs next day. They are not heavy when you are well, but when you are sick they are. I have a sister with me—Ellen; she died before I was born. I saw her very soon after I got here; tell mother of that.

I can tell her a great many things if I could speak with her; but I don't want to go to her, for they are matters that you would not understand. Good day, sir. August 6.

Edgar Haliberton.

I was born in Philadelphia in the year 1830. Died in New York in 1850. I lost my speech sixteen years before death by scarlet fever. I was attended by Dr. Cary. I have a wife in Philadelphia. Will you inform her of my coming? August 6.

[The above was written.] EDGAR HALIBERTON.

Wisdom-Clippings.

An ill-tempered man carries his own smoke, and makes not only his own eyes smart, but those of other people. Example moves more than homily, though it be less clamorous.

He only is independent who can maintain himself by his own exertions. Religion and medicine are not responsible for the faults and mistakes of their doctors.

The true aim of satire should be like that of our guns, to make a good report, but wounding no one.

CORA L. V. HATCH

At the Music Hall, Boston, August 26th, 1850.

AFTERNOON DISCOURSE.

REPORTED FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT, BY J. M. FORTNEY.

The series of morning discourses, at the Music Hall, on "Religion, Its Facts and Fancies," (three of which we have published), and the afternoon series, having been blended together at their close, we defer the publication of the final lecture, for the insertion of the three delivered in the afternoons, the first of which we give below.]

WHAT DOES MORALITY MEAN?

We propose, this afternoon, to speak upon Morality—to inquire the true and legitimate meaning of the term, and to endeavor to distinguish between morality, as such, and the manifestations of any other principle.

In the general estimation of the Christian world, and, more especially, of religiousists, morality is considered as identical, or, at least, as almost inseparably connected with the idea of religion. The view is an entirely false one. The respect which men pay to morality is not confined to Christian countries, or to religiousists of any kind. In the heathen countries of ancient times, morality was preached by the philosophers, and, according to the imperfect standard of the age, was certainly practiced among the people. Even with the savage tribes of the world, at the present day, a certain standard of morality is held and practiced. And in Christian lands, most certainly, it is not only among those who profess to be followers of the meek and lowly Jesus, that we must look for the practice of morality. How many who never attend a church, who are even infidels, set an example of benevolence and morality which Christians might do well to follow. They are not religious men, but moral men; they are far more moral than thousands of those who kneel to God, every Sunday, in the cushioned pews of splendid churches, and cheat their neighbor and oppress the poor, all the remainder of the week.

The difference between morality and religion, is this: Religion is the fixed and positive form through which the soul worships, according to the rules of that form, a God or gods. It is a social law, made subservient to all the conditions and requirements of the age. Religion may live for years and be unchanged; a code of morals may be changed every day—but it is not morality. That which was right for Moses, and the ancient Jews, becomes hideous to the modern Christians. That which the Hindus or Chintamen think right, the Christian abhors. Moral excellences which in one country and nation seem the best and truest, in your country are despised and hated. And why? Because the moral standard, though made subservient to the religion of each country, is more subservient to the caprices, passions, or political system of a nation. When religion and politics are united, when Church and State form the controlling authority of any people, public morals are subservient to religion; religion is the church, religion is the state, religion is the private life, religion is every act and every deed which a person performs. All must be done religiously; therefore religion is made subservient to the lowest as well as the highest purposes, the basest ambition, as well as the most lofty benevolence, the most gross passions, as well as the highest and holiest aspirations. Religion is made the cause of war and famine, to gratify an ambition paltry, mean, and low. Religion is made subservient to all that is base and grovelling; but the Church and the State sanction it. Catholic France and Catholic Austria, can fight, one for the Church and State, the other for a liberty that has never been known at home, and never can be bestowed by them abroad. Protestant England can slay by thousands, to increase her dominions, power, and wealth, and the commandment can be issued from the church, and the minister can hurl it from the pulpit, and Christians can say—"Thou shalt not kill!"

The morality of the ancients differed from that of Christians, in theory, in this respect. Epicurus, who is quoted as having been an advocate of licentiousness, but who was in fact a strict moralist in his own way, had a standard of moral excellence which is in substance this—the greatest amount of pleasure to the individual. The Christian standard of morality is, the greatest amount of good to the greatest number of people. Heathen morality gives subservience to passion; Christian morality consists in rendering passion subservient to reason. Heathen morality consists in enjoying the pleasures of the present moment, disregarding the future; Christian morality consists in striving to be good and great, that the future may likewise be blessed. Heathen morality takes delight in only those pleasures which in themselves are extremely low; Christian morality takes delight in the lofty thoughts and feelings and aspirations of a cultivated mind. That is the difference of the two.

We do not say that Christianity as a theology, has done this; we do say that Christianity as a moral force, has done it. For, remember, there is very little theology in Christ's religion. There were no ecclesiastical organizations, there was no Church-and-State, there were no sacerdotal temples, there were no halls of worship, there were no shrines or images or sculptured forms, there was no creed but the one of love, there was no form of worship but that of constant and unceasing kindness, there was no church but the world of mankind, there was no restriction but that of positive, eternal, and perfect truth. That is the moral code of Christianity. It was not theology, save what men have added to it; it had no creed, save that which we have mentioned. It had no organization save that of love and constant fidelity and zeal in the work which was then commenced. Christian morality, then, is, the greatest amount of good to the greatest number of people. This morality has to become subservient to theological rules, a matter of form and ceremony. The difference between right and wrong is made subservient to the caprice of theological sects. The minister, the Church, the creed, must tell you what is right and what is wrong. "Some parts of the Bible are true, and some are not true," says one. Another says, "It is all true, all good, all right; it is not only the standard of religion, but the standard of morality." Another says, "You must receive only what we tell you to receive." Another says, "A person's life must be devoted only to the Church." Thus you perceive that every man is made subservient, not to the highest standard of morality laid down, not to the Christian religion, adopted in your own Constitution, which was the highest and greatest in the world—how sadly deteriorated by the practices of its followers!

Right, strictly speaking, is that which, in the estimation of him who does the deed, is strictly and entirely just. That right, according to the true standard, is that which at all times, and under all circumstances or temptations, on whatever occasion, is the rule of our absolute duty. Wrong is anything which is in opposition to right. Now, we are not preaching upon any religious subject, but confining ourselves purely to the practical application of our theme. For, whatever may be our opinion upon the subject of evil, this has nothing to do with it as regards the individual action of mankind. Had Napoleon the Third succeeded in liberating all Italy, the whole world would have said, "How great! how good! how virtuous! how moral!" But had he succeeded, a tyranny greater than that which he exercises at home would probably have been the result in Italy. Goodness, virtue, kindness, excellence, and right, as well as charity, always begin at home. Napoleon the Third restricts his own press, is justly unpopular in his own country, is not good at home. Italy could expect from him nothing better than that which France receives. And even had he liberated her, and not placed upon her chains of bondage heavier and more galling than those she wore before, the intention would not have been good. For he sought glory, fame, and self-aggrandizement, while Liberty sat folding her wings in silence before him. He is not moral or good in unintentionally performing a good deed. That is not right which sometimes produces good; that alone is absolutely right by the person who acts, which he or she believes, sincerely and conscientiously, to be right. In the sight of the Deity, who is infinite, and perfect, and divine, that is right which produces the greatest and best results; in the sight of mortal men, who are human, and finite, that is right which has the approbation of the conscience.

You are Christians. You believe in the Ten Commandments of Moses, and in the Eleventh Commandment given by Jesus—"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God." You believe in the Golden Rule; it is the professed standard of your religion, your morality, your social organization; your constitution is based upon it, your laws are fashioned in accordance with its requirements. But what are you? Let us see. We will pass over the first of these two commandments—the love of God. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." You are a Christian church-member. You have signed the creed, have been baptized into the church, are one of its children. Near you is a man with whom you have business to transact, to-morrow. He is your neighbor, your brother church member, and you view him, in consequence of some bargain in which he has got the better of you, perhaps with hatred, perhaps with secret scorn. He is your brother. Perhaps you would not assist him if he were to come, starving, to the very door

of the temple where you worship. Do you love your neighbor as yourself?

"Thou shalt not steal!" This is a shocking word to use in good society, Christian society, where none but outcasts are supposed to steal, and the law immediately provides a remedy, by sending them to the penitentiary or jail-house. But "Thou shalt not steal!" is one of the requirements of the moral code of your laws. Let us see: you are a broker, a banker, a merchant. Here is a poor widow, with fatherless children, clinging to sustain their life, and gain a morsel of bread. You—who are a Christian—because she cannot pay her quarter's rent, because she cannot, by straining her eyes over her work, more than provide food for her children—you take from her scanty pittance the last cent which she has in her possession, and if you can't get more, are sure to do it. "Thou shalt not steal!" The very neighbor, in your church, whom you promised, when you entered it, to love as yourself, you are seeking how you may rob; gently, it is true, in such a manner that the law cannot touch you, but to rob him, if you can. You are a merchant; some one who is ignorant of your prices enters your store. You rob him of all the money you can get, before he leaves you. If he gets his money's worth, very good—it is a chance if he does. "Thou shalt not steal!" You are a banker, and have been trusted, in your business, to keep a safe charge of the money's placed in your keeping. By and by, the bank has failed, the creditors are ruined, and you retire on the interest of that money which you have robbed from others. You are a Christian! "Thou shalt not kill!" is the standard of your Christian humanity. Christian England goes to war with India, that she may gain greater possessions. Christian America sometimes countenances warfare and bloodshed in her own midst, provided there are *extenuating circumstances*—that is, provided the murderer has plenty of money, with which to purchase public opinion, and legal "justice." This is sometimes known even in your midst.

Thus we might go through all the long catalogue of commandments, and not an hour passes that in the very midst of this Christian community, surrounded by Christian churches, with Christian paving-stones to walk upon, and Christian houses on every hand, and Christian people journeying the streets—not an hour passes but one or all of these commandments are not wantonly violated. Your morality is not up to the standard of its own criterion. You are not what you profess to be, moral, Christian people. And alas! we would not mention this, from the very mockery, like which it sounds—but "Love one another!" the commandment of Jesus, followed by him in his every walk of life, the Golden Rule, doing unto others as you would have them do unto you—not first taught by him, but carried out in practice most beautifully—of this we will not speak, save as something to be attained in that bright future when men shall follow what they teach, shall practice what they profess, shall be what they claim to be.

Morality—it is to be found at home? Christian virtues—are they anywhere here, hovering around, touching the hearts of those that are listening to us? Yes; but we do not find them, mostly, in the great temples of religious worship; we do not find them where men profess them most; we do not find them among Christian business men, who on Sunday claim to be Christians, wearing sanctified garments, and throwing them aside all the rest of the week, and think that God does not know it; we do not find them there, nor among the giddy youth who know not the meaning of the word morality. We seldom find it in halls of legislation, where justice is but another name for wrong, and liberty a mockery of the very word; we do not find virtue in members of Congress, in members of the Legislature; we do not find it in the rulers and governors of your States and your country; sometimes we do not find it in the President himself—not always. Where do we find virtue? In those true, living hearts, whose daily life is but an utterance of a prayer, whose constant thought and feeling is not of Christian forms, but Christian charities.

Here is a mother, poor, unnoticed, watching by her infant's couch. The child is dying. She knows it must leave her; she has worked hard and long to sustain its life, and Christian men and Christian women have piled her, but never helped her. The child is dying. She feels and knows that she must part with it; and yet her strong, womanly, Christian heart leaps up in faith and hope, and even amid the anguish of parting with her child, she feels and murmurs, "Thy will be done!" Her heart is strong; she has fulfilled her duty; her conscience is clear, for she has done nothing wrong. There is Christian virtue.

Here is a man whose every-day bread depends upon the constant labor of his hands. Few men know him; yet still he is just and upright, though poor, and walks the quiet way of his life. He is kind to those who are poorer than himself, and divides, to the last loaf of bread, with who are suffering. He is unknown and unheard of; but he truly fulfills his life and destiny; and something tells us that he is a Christian.

Who that is here to-day has not remembered, with deepest fervency of love, their mother, and how, in early life, with constant care and mother's earnest love she watched and guided every thought and feeling and footstep, that you might not enter the path of temptation and danger, and prayed to the great Father that He might guide you into all good. And when, at last, manhood's years came on, and you must leave home, with what devotion, and, indeed, did that mother's love prepare your departure; and every garment and every necessary article must pass through her hands; and any little debt or act of kindness that might be remembered after you were gone, she was sure to bestow; and then, when all the work was packed, and one thing after another was sanctified by her sacred tears and her prayers, going forth from her burning heart, that you might be blessed and prospered, and the sacred volume, her only confidence, her trust, her safe guard, she placed in the trunk, and, last of all, though not least, a mother's long, affectionate, Christian letter, signed by her own hand, and blotted by her tears; there is a Christian. A woman whose every thought and deed is devoted to her children, her home, her friends, assisting in every good word and act, that woman is a Christian. Follow her—follow her in her daily life—the patient resignation, the long-suffering, the sorrow, but still the passionate joy and happy thought wrought out for her by that way of living—follow her to church, follow her home, and in society. She sheds a brightness around her. The poor receive blessings from her hands. The world does not know it. She does not place her name, with a flourish, at the head of every subscription list, that the whole world may say, "How charitable! how kind!" But if there is an act of kindness to be done, a tear of sympathy to be bestowed, an extending of the hand to be given to those who are oppressed and down-fallen, that woman is ever ready to give them all. There is a Christian mother. Your land has been blessed with such mothers. You may thank her for all of moral virtue and excellence that you may possess now; and if you have no principle, it is not her fault but yours, because you did not follow her advice.

Again: the moral standard of society is not the greatest amount of good to the greatest number. Social law will not allow that, not even in republican, democratic America. There must still be sects and parties, there must still be certain social laws that may or may not be in conformity with right, but still these must be obeyed. Nor health, nor happiness, nor religion, nor Christian virtue, nor morality itself, form any consideration; "society" demands it, "respectability" requires it.

But morality is far different from this. Remember this, Christian men and Christian women, who who claim to be followers of the meek and lowly Jesus—the highest standard of morality Jesus ever proclaimed was that of perfect love to all mankind, perfect goodness and justice, perfect charity and virtue—that is the highest standard ever known, probably the highest that ever will be known, though unending ages are numbered with the past. Remember that your standard of morality is high; and every day and every hour, and every moment of your lives, should add a step in your progress toward its attainment. Remember that you live not for yourself alone, but for all the good that you can do, and all those with whom you come in contact. Remember that you are not heathen, who believe that you live this life and then sink into nonentity; remember that you are not heathen philosophers, who believe in the enjoyment of the present, and letting the future take care of itself, and who believe that the self should be cultivated and all the rest of the world forgotten. You are Christians; you believe in the universal brotherhood of all mankind; you believe that all are your brothers, your sisters, your neighbors, your friends; you believe that you must think the thoughts of kindness, perform the acts of love that shall speak more loudly than words can speak of a deep and true Christianity in themselves.

Morality.—It is right for no man, under any circumstances, to injure another. It is right for all men, under all circumstances, to do another a favor, if they can. If you cannot do any one a favor, or perform for them an act of kindness, do them no injury. We will guarantee, if these rules, without any others, are but followed strictly, by all men, of all classes, who profess to be Christians, crime, contention, warfare, strife, sin, and misery of every description, will pass away,

penitentiaries and jail-houses will be converted into schools and colleges, poor-houses will be forgotten, there will be no poor, for all will be rich in the wealth of human kindness, and all will be happy in the consciousness of good deeds and thoughts. Justice is stern, strict, and positive, but always kind; and justice alone expresses the high standard of our morality, our conception of what morality should be, our conception of religion itself. It is right to do right; it is wrong to do that which is not right. Good is that which adds always to the happiness of the object. Wrong is that which always brings unhappiness. If you are doing anything which brings unhappiness, and think, conscientiously, that it is right, and that you must sacrifice your happiness, remember that it is wrong. Pleasure is not happiness; for happiness is constant, and like a steady light, burning as the morning star appears constant in the heavens. Pleasure is an evanescent, phosphoric glow, which shines for a moment and fades away, leaving but discontent. That which brings pleasure is not always right; but that which brings true, constant, perfect happiness, that is right.

We have given you, as briefly as possible, our conception of right and wrong. The standard does not differ from that which you had already heard. We have given no new ideas upon the subject. But we trust we have awakened some simple conceptions in your minds, which lead you to suppose that morality is not a complicated question of mental philosophy, not a subject to be theorized upon, out that right and wrong can never be qualified, that wrong can never be made right by all the sophisms of the materialist, that right can never be made wrong by all the perversions of perverted minds, nor can either be exchanged for the other, but that both stand forth in their essential nature, clear, positive, defined, so that all men can understand them if they will, the simplest mind as well as the most learned, the simple mind, perhaps, better than those who are learned in the perverted manner in which men learn what is right and what is wrong. The great man and the little man, the rich and the poor, the bond and the free, all know, or may know this. If you are going to perform a deed which you know will injure some man, you need not stop to question whether it is right or not; you know it is wrong. If you are going to utter a word that shall blast the character and fame of any that is innocent, you know it is wrong. If you are going to take a step in private or social life, which you know will injure some one's feelings—by uttering a word, by casting a look—you know it is wrong, not even the gratification of your petty envy or malice will excuse it. If you are going to occupy a position of public trust, to fill an office, and know what is just and

and without reserve, we must expect conflict, and be prepared for it. Only be firm in the right, and the universe might spinster at our feet without giving us the least concern.

I cannot be blind to the appalling misery which these abnormal manifestations of the forces of our nature inflict upon individuals. Hitherto I see no way to avoid or restrain them but the way Christ took. He faced them boldly—faced them undimmed, in the serenity of a matchless beauty, whose light shines down to our time, and which will never be dimmed. And by the greatness and meekness of his suffering he triumphed over evil, even when he seemed to be devoured bodily by it.

And the magnetic love of Christ, which not only enlightens with a cold light, but warms and cheers the heart, must be the beacon light by which we must steer, if we would avoid shipwreck in all these tempests.

D. J. Mandell to Peyton Spence, M. D.

BRO. SPENCE—You profess to "admire the brevity and conciseness" with which I convey my ideas, and desire me to "preserve the same compact style." In certain "definitions" and "demonstrations" which you propose to have me offer. I respectfully assure you that the said "compact style," with all its "brevity and conciseness," is well bottled up for its appropriate use in every right direction; and as to the "definitions" and "demonstrations," they shall be, as you suggest, not only "clear and philosophical," but also trim and neat. Some of them shall be *starched and ironed*, for the sakes of the *polish*; and several of them, I think, will be apt to be *crystalline*—a point which I would commend to your special attention. But as you seem to expect "guesses," "speculations," and "cultures of the emotional nature," as not among the demonstrations, allow me to likewise submit to your consideration the somewhat "trim and neat" proposition that a *Yankee* guess is as much to the point, as the average host of doctor's opinions—a supposition, where it hits the nail on the head, is fully equal to a great mass of Professor's logic—and an outburst of the emotional nature is frequently so much of a sparkling jet of flaming thought, that it is a thousand fold more of a demonstration, than anything within the entire scope of mere scholastic philosophy.

Readers must scan my articles with a true glance. If they wish to comprehend the true drift of my remarks. You, for instance, assert that I unjustly attributed both *cringing* and *abjectness* to your lady; when in respect to the "abjectness" I distinctly asserted, not my conviction of my own on that point, but said that she had used "expressions which some minds might easily construe into abjectness toward spirits." Her language was very much of the same sort that religionists of certain classes often use concerning God, for which they are frequently charged with being abject, sometimes by Spiritualists, as well as others; and my idea was that the class of minds who are thus commonly charged with this, might be able to retort on Mrs. Spence, and on Spiritualists, and have as fair a groundwork for charging her or them with abjectness, as there is for the same charge on the other hand against religionists, with this exception, that the alleged spiritualistic servility would be toward the *created*, while that of religionists, referred to, would be toward the *Creator*—quite a difference in favor of the religionists, if the question comes to a direct issue between the two parties, through misadventure on the part of the Spiritualists.

I did not, therefore, charge Mrs. Spence with abjectness, but simply hinted her liability to the charge in the same way that various religious parties have made themselves liable in the same direction—perhaps with no more reason in the one case than in the other. But in regard to the cringing, I was more decided. Mediums do cringe, and I have seen your most amiable lady cringe; and who can blame her or them—and who can deny the fact, when a stern, energetic and potent, invisible hand smites the tenderest chords of the sensation, and with a stroke whips the spirit away from its own home-centre, and plants a masochistic voice and a masochistic force amid the shrinking and shivering fibres of a delicate organism? It is verily a striking, if not a "neat and trim" demonstration to the philosophical searcher for the reality of a departed and returning invisible force; but however taking such illustrations may be to some minds beside the medium's, it cannot be denied that they involve various elements which are not so acceptable. I know the value of accredited and characteristic manifestations from those who have "passed on"—I understand right well, that the direct spirit control, and even unconscious conditions, are the best for some parties, and the most available for some purposes, for the time being—I appreciate all you or any other person can possibly say with reference to the endurance of suffering imposed upon mediums persons, either by the spirits directly, or through their surroundings; but still the question presses—are there not points besides these, and beyond these, which require attention?

For one thing—is not the spirit control frequently too arbitrary, more exacting, and less tender than it should be? For another thing—is not the mediumistic condition largely involved in unconsciousness, passiveness, obscuracy, and otherwise disagreeable and distressing, through too much heedlessness, both on the part of spirits and mortals, to the principles that make a true inspiration?

And for still another thing: is there any good sense in still suffering these distresses, &c., when a slight attention to certain important particulars would secure a better progress, without the bitter experience?

Look to it! Here are Spiritualists and mediums, prominent advocates of *freedom*, &c., yet, possessed, handled, shaken up, tossed about, taken utterly away from themselves, flouted out of their very senses, and sometimes out of propriety itself, far more completely than ever was the born sort of the Oriental Despot, or the blinded proselyte of the bigoted priest. Yes! Spiritualists are here, and "Spirits," too, are here, crying down "priestcraft," and other dominations, and yet fanning and furthering transactions which snatch away the self-hood of humanity more effectually than the roughest despotism that ever existed; so that the erudite husband of a noble-hearted lady, by way of explanation of her "fear" of "spirits," has to attribute it to her fear of the "sufferings" they produce.

Look to it! The sufferings they produce are the difficulty, not to afford an adequate response to, or solution of, the great question involved. The martyrs to ancient thumb-screws and racks of torture—to the murderous engines of the slashing and stabbing images of the Virgin Mary—to the stake and faggot—yes, the martyrs to all the horrible workmanlike and work of the "Holy Inquisition"—could speak of the sufferings thus produced; and they doubtless bore it with admirable, heroic fortitude, and it tended to call out all the noblest energies of their natures; but was the Inquisition really "holy," because of this, and were the "sufferings" so produced, and the means by which they were produced, to be applauded, protected, and continuously sustained in consequence of this?

Hardly! Unquestionably all, even violent measures, have occurred under the superintendence not only of "bright spirits," but of the All-seeing Eye. No doubt, "He makes the wrath of men to praise him," and even malice itself to accomplish his ends; but those "spirits," in the body or out, who go about inflicting bitter experiences, are never to be regarded as beings into whose power we must, inevitably, put ourselves, and to whom we must look up and follow as our true directors and leaders. Doubtless those who are at present inclined to follow in what you call "the school of experience," will have ample opportunity to do so; but if such should happen to wake up sometime, and find that they had been trailing after the bright light, "called Satan and the Devil," and had put their noses to a grindstone, to sharpen themselves, when there was a "better way," it would not be so surprising as is some of the experimental philosophy of the present day.

Paul, an apostle, seemed to understand the drift of this matter very well. The first gust of the celestial light around his pathway, prostrated and blinded him. He did not "fear" the "criticisms," nor yield himself submissively and subalternately to any class of spirits, but he applied himself directly to the great centre of Light, Life, Wisdom, Benediction and Power—*to God*—and instantly the helpful instrumentalities of angels and human sympathy were sent to his relief; for, as the expression was, "behold he prayeth." And afterward, when buffeted by what he called a "Messenger of Satan," he did not consider himself as belonging to the parties directly buffeting, and that it was a bounden duty with him to be disturbed, and shaken up, and twisted into every possible shape, precisely as they might desire, and to the extent they might dictate; but he again "beought the Lord," and found his "grace sufficient" for him, and his "strength perfected in weakness." His motto evidently was, not that "fleeing" to "spirits" of either this class or that class, but "try the spirits, whether they be of God," and being himself "of God," he found happy help from those (visible, or invisible) who were "of God," while he had blessed success in buffeting back the buffeters, whether of the "interior," or exterior.

This experience of Paul, brother Spence, affords a "demonstration" which has been in "trim" for eighteen hundred years, and is quite "neat," &c., and, and is well adapted to

answer the question concerning vital piety, &c.—"Do they benefit any one?" It will answer very well as an introduction to others, both ancient and modern, which I shall give in proper time and place.

It was hardly "clear or philosophical" for you to claim mere mediumistic development, in the modern phrase, or what you call the "inner life," to be essentially the same as the "divine life"; for, in fact, the "inner life" may be as far apart from the divine life as the "outer," or physical life, generally is. And those who live what you call the "outer" or "human life," and whom you seem to have but little conception of, as living the inner life, do, in many cases, live that life, and the divine life too, much more fully than the mass of beleaguered and possessed mortals called "mediums," and are capable of leading them to higher principles, notwithstanding your statement to the contrary. But space enough for this hereafter.

You must not think that I have started this matter merely to assail or criticize your lady. I avail myself of occasional remarks made here and there, by mediumistic persons and others, to call up matters of special importance to the public improvement, whether with reference to Spiritualism, or otherwise. As I take occasionally an observation of your eloquent and noble-hearted companion, as of others, I am glad to see her and them advancing out of the plane of more possessive conditions, into that truly divine life which rightly combines the "inner" and the "outer" into their right conjunction with the heavenly. And as to any difference between the term "faith," as Mrs. S. used it, and as I used it, I think my reference to it will be found to embrace the same sense which she attached to it, when she spoke of not having "a faith."

In the department more particularly appropriated to essays, I may possibly be enabled to present many important illustrations, which I cannot embrace in the more controversial touches which I bring into this department, with a view to stimulating thought in certain important directions, and calling out the public mind more fully into its legitimate exercise.

Cordially,
Athol Depot, Mass., Sept. 9, 1880.

The Cross as a Christian Symbol.

Messrs. Editors.—In the lecture delivered by CORA HATCH, June 26th, and reported in the *Banner* August 27th, we find the following:

"As we said before, the Bible was adopted by the casting vote of Constantine, who, for a more selfish and bloody purpose, caused the Christian religion to be adopted. Then came on ecclesiastical organizations, and not until three hundred years after the death of Christ was the symbol of the cross adopted, and it is believed to have been adopted in consequence of the supposed crucifixion of Jesus of Nazareth; but we think we can most positively prove to every intelligent mind, that they never had that in view, and that the crucifixion itself is a matter of great uncertainty."

In Acts 6, 2, it says: "Then the twelve (apostles) called the multitude of the disciples unto them and said, 'It is not reason that we should leave the word of God and serve tables. Wherefore, brethren, look ye out among you seven men of honest report, full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom, whom we may appoint over this business.'"

This saying pleased the people, and they did so—choosing, among others, Stephen, who, after preaching for a little time, was stoned to death, Saul consenting thereunto. Soon after Saul was converted, and, under the name of Paul, preached Christ as follows, 1st Corinthians, 1, 17, "For Christ sent me not to baptize, but to preach the gospel; not with wisdom of words, lest the cross of Christ should be made of none effect." And again, 1st Corinthians, 2, 2, "For I determined not to know anything save Jesus Christ and him crucified," etc., etc.

Thus we see that the twelve apostles that Christ chose, selected Stephen, whom Saul slew, and then we find that this same Saul (Paul) is preaching Christ and him crucified, all in the space of a few months, or, at most, years. How does this coincide with the lecturer's statement above, and whence comes the doubt of the crucifixion? Inquirer.

Providence, R. I., August 31, 1880.

"Inquirer's" citations from the New Testament, in my judgment, do not militate at all against the remarks by or through Mrs. Hatch, quoted from her discourse. The use of the cross as a symbol, seems to be the chief point in question. Protestants claim to preach Christ, and him crucified; they do not use the cross as a symbol in that sense; it is confined to the Catholic Church. It may have been rejected, like some holiday symbol, out of antipathy to popery, but we will not go into that. The cross, as a symbol, is confined to the Catholic faith, as the crescent is to the Moslem. I so understand the passage "Inquirer" quotes. But take a different view, making no discrimination between the cross as a theme, and the cross as a symbol, there is nothing in the speaker's remarks on that point, that can be successfully refuted or criticized. The refutation in this view by "Inquirer," is from the Bible. If that source is beyond criticism, there is no argument to offer; but however religious, I might say, however firmly grounded in the belief of the divine source of those revelations, no one at this day will receive it as planetary inspiration, perfect in its science, perfect in its history, perfect in its facts, perfect in its philosophy. We who are Spiritualists, and we might add Christian Spiritualists, believe God always speaks to man; we know not when inspiration commenced, and we know it has not yet ended; and with this view, and with our own knowledge and experience of modern workings and phenomena, we read the Bible more understandingly, and see more of its hidden beauties—we see proof of an outside, higher influence, (not perhaps appreciated at the time) running all the way through the four thousand years of the record; but at best, the book is but a compilation of the highest wisdom of the age when it was written, (and even that may be a question.) With this view of the Bible, which is the only view that a thoughtful man of this day can take, a quotation cannot be claimed, as it was, in the early part of the fifteenth century, as an infallible truth.

There is more proof that Jesus lived and died by crucifixion, than there is that his conception was immaculate; but the record of his life and death, though probable, and sufficiently so, is not a matter of certainty; that the canonical Gospels were written by Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, though very probable, is by no means a certainty; the latter one was written from memory, according to history, sixty years after the death of Christ, and not made public till some thirty years after the author's death, and after being in the hands of the "fathers," with chances for mutilation, all that time; there were many other gospels or histories of Jesus, which had their day and friends, which were dropped when the present compilation was voted sacred, all also being profane or apocryphal; and that there is no positive proof of the authenticity of many of the epistles, and strong probability that some are bogus. Now, under these circumstances, we do not see how any one can feel that this "word of God," however venerable it may be, is proof from which there is no appeal; and if it is not an infallible proof, the apparent contradiction amounts to nothing.

We must receive with a great deal of caution the facts and opinions that have been handed down to us from those early ages. True, we are under great obligation to the church for the preservation of so much manuscript literature; but remember it took two full centuries of modern light and knowledge to partially obliterate their abominable fables of early European history, which were universally believed to be true, but now known to be as false as the story of Sinbad, which was preserved by the same source—bear in mind the early Christian writers were by no means the "saints" Sunday School libraries would fain make us believe—that very many were designing and deceptive. True, they had much to contend with, but were by no means reliable. Eusebius openly avows that any statement is justifiable, whether true or false, so that it furthers truth, or benefits the cause of Christ; and he was an energetic Christian, and a prolific writer, and of great influence in his day, and to him we are indebted for some of the reliable ecclesiastical history of that age. Others, contemporary, practised on his plan, but did not so declare it. What the intelligences influencing Mrs. Hatch may have to offer to sustain the assertion, we know not; it may be true, and it may be false, as is everything connected with ecclesiastical history. When that knowledge referred to comes, we must judge of its probability by the best light we have. We do not think the Bible, with all its beauty and mystery, will affect much the decision as to historical facts, especially now, while it is undergoing in the public mind a change, with every probability of its being discolored, preparatory to a new crystallization, wherein it may lose much of its mystic beauty, but perhaps be truer in its geology, its astronomy, its mathematics and its history.

Nature's Church.

W. C. WHITEHEAD, MICH.—I have been to church to-day—not to a pond, marble dome, with carpeted aisles, with richly cushioned pews, noisome but to the rustle of silks. May I not to such did my morning footsteps tend, but to yonder woods—God's own hallowed temple—where the music of the wind and the bird unite in harmonious accord, each in its own way, to praise and bless Creation's mighty Builder! This is a lovely place to go to church. Here the soul can worship God in the beauty of holiness.

Correspondence.

"The Spirit of Reformers."

D. H. HAMILTON, LEWISTON, ME.—In the *Banner* of Sept. 10th is an article under this caption, which maintains that the aim of all reformers should be "the true and the good." The question occurred to my mind. Can a man justly be styled a reformer without this aim? And if he has this aim, shall he not have the privilege of accomplishing what he can in his own way and manner? And, again, should the man who undertakes to reform reformers, neglect to carry out the principle for which he is contending? This writer repudiates reformatory denunciation, but he did not fail to denounce all reformers who do not take the same measures for reform that he does. It seems to me just as bad to denounce denunciators as to "fire away at the creeds, the churches and the other existing institutions" which he so much deprecates. Like old St. Paul, I would say, "Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."

And still further I would say, in the language of another Bible writer, "As for me, and my house (leaving out the house) I will serve the Lord, or humanity, according to the best of my ability and the highest light I have; and if my Bible, which is the God within me, or my most conscientious judgment tells me I can do more good in 'firing away at the creeds, the churches and the other existing institutions' than in any other way, I'll fire—re-load, and fire again, and keep firing, until my ammunition is all used up; and may the church's Devil catch me if he finds me with my back to the 'enemy,' while there is a single shot left in my cartridge-box. And furthermore, when I fire I will take the deadliest aim I can, and use the biggest gun I can command."

The fact is, we are not all alike, hence the sauce prepared for the goose does not always suit the gander. We all have our own peculiar, individual, natural characteristics. Some reformers have no gift at showing up the inconsistencies, or the deleterious effects of the existing badly-founded institutions, hence such should never engage in that branch of reform. But there are others who, by their peculiar experience, their critical observation, and their keen perception of error, are prepared for the work, and my conscience and my judgment says let them go ahead; let them fire their pistols, their muskets, their rifles, their cannon, yes, let them throw their bombs, if they can, and, if possible, use battering rams, and make a breach in the existing walls of superstition, that her imprisoned subjects may escape and be free to choose or to build a better institution; for, it seems to me—

In order that the train of truth
Shall onward free and straight,
The track of error must be cleared,
So truth can take her freight.

Whistler's windfalls, snowdrifts, too,
Are blocking up the track,
The train of truth must slowly move,
Through never will it back.

Let those, then, who have got the tools
Push onward in advance;
By nature some are called upon
To use the probe and lance!

All the gifts are needed in the great field of reform. The man who, with noisome ease, goes forth into the field which has been all prepared, and plants the seeds of truth, patiently waiting for the genuine harvest, should be the last to complain of the bravo, sturdy axe-man, who frightens the wild beasts as he holds the felled piles up the useless, rotten logs, and makes a great smoke by touching fire to the combustible mass which encumbers the ground; or of him who hitches his rough stump-machine to the old snags of error which he imbedded in the rich soil of man's uncultivated (or badly-cultivated) religious nature, and "snakes" them forth, so that each passer-by may see their crooked, ugly deformity; or of him who trains the plow to break up the fallow ground where superstition and error have flourished so long. The seeds of truth planted in a forest of errors would be likely to get rather a slimy growth, and hardly pay the planting.

I do believe in firing so long as there are any wild "varmints" to shoot. If we have any lead on the powder; and if we have not, common-sense cries, "Don't make a fool of yourself!" Now, those who have not the pluck or the courage to go out and meet the common enemy of moral and religious progress, can stay at home, if they choose, and write about those who do go; and when such hear any one fire a bigger gun than did Christ against those religious bigots of his time, who shut up the kingdom of heaven against those that would enter, when he said, "Ye hypocrites! ye generation of vipers! how can ye escape the damnation of hell?"—then let us have another article on "The Spirit of Reformers."

"Spiritualists do n't Believe the Bible."

A. C. BARNES, N. Y.—How often is the above allegation imputed to the professed Spiritualists, and how often is it said of them, outside of their hearing: "Spiritualists do n't believe the Bible." Why not? Why, simply because they believe in present inspiration. If we believe in the inspiration of the present, then, of course, we must deny the past. This is the amount of the imputation. Now, how is this? We assume our spiritual opposers that we maintain firmly that the Bible, from Genesis to Revelations, all along for the period of over four thousand years, is more or less a history of past spiritual manifestations. Why, then, should we deny that history? What need of so doing? Must we of necessity deny the past—the history of the past—because we contend strenuously for the present, and the history of the present? Nay, friends. We not only maintain that the spiritual manifestations existed in the past—the inspirations, the revelations, the spiritual demonstrations, called "miracles," actually existed—but that the history of all these, or some of all these, existed, and that this history is now extant in the Bible. We do not deny these facts, and we have no occasion for denying them. Were we like those who accuse us, we might deny the present spiritual manifestations, and, as a natural sequence, deny the past. In this we should be consistent. If our opposers deny the living, present, spiritual manifestations—the demonstrations themselves—the testimony of those demonstrations from living, reputable witnesses—then, to be consistent, they should deny the past. Were Tom Paine, or Gibbon, or Volney, or Bellingrope, or Voltaire, as skeptical of the past as these of the present are, who could blame them? They rejected only the past. You reject the present, living witnesses. Which of the two are the most infidel?

If all professed Christians had been just as you are in rejecting present spiritual manifestations, where would Christianity have been at this day? Defunct. It would not be known. We should all have been as Jews, or as infidels. Is not this a legitimate inference? Nay, friends: we believe present facts, present demonstrations, present inspiration, present, living, truthful witnesses, and present records of all these; and, knowing them to be true, we have no occasion for rejecting the Bible or denying its history of the same facts and demonstrations. You have, in the New York Tribune, a series of articles by Judge Edmonds. In them is a history of facts and phenomena, of spiritual gifts—gifts of healing, gifts of tongues, gifts of discerning of spirits, &c.—in fact, every phase of present spiritual manifestation, as in the days of the Apostles. All these are testified to by living, creditable witnesses, and yet you reject them. If you believe the Jews rejected themselves fit fuel for hell fire, for rejecting the present, living witnesses of their day, then may you well judge of your own condition from their example.

A Methodist Minister.

MISS L. T. SALEM, ILL.—Not long since, a Methodist minister was candid enough to state to the Bible Class under his guidance, that he believed angels had ever visited the earth; formerly assuming the bodies and appearance of men—eating, drinking, sleeping and in all ways acting like them, except of superior intelligence; now he supposed they assumed bodies at their pleasure, but it being suggested that perhaps their bodies were of so fine a nature we were unable to discern them with our naked eye, he allowed it to be true. He firmly believed, also, they were guiding spirits, exercising a controlling influence over those in the church, or properly the good.

The same minister speaks as follows of Theodore Parker, having seen an address of his where Parker remarks, "Whatever may have been the excellencies of Christ, he certainly was not courteous in his address when he says, 'Ye Pharisees and hypocrites, &c.' That deluded wretch, over his sins; for such sentiments tend to lead the mind from religion, from Christianity, for the Bible says, 'the heavens and the earth shall pass away, but his word shall stand forever.' I ask not to pass judgment on such sentiments entertained by a Christian minister, and announced to an intelligent audience, as erroneous or true, but I leave you, kind reader, to bring in a verdict as you may see fit. You have the sentiments, judge—condemn or approve as you will. I was early taught from philosophy (and my tutor was a Presbyterian divine, too), that there is not a particle more nor less of matter now than there was in the beginning of creation. I be-

lieved it a philosophical fact, upon which philosophers and divines agreed, that one of the properties of matter was its indestructibility. The coal placed upon the grate, the wood in the stove, and burned, are not destroyed; they only change their state; they exist as much now as before. But perhaps religion is not to be tested by philosophy, science, nature, facts—modern preterite-religion at all events. A certain blabber was once talking very eagerly, when a friend said to him, "The facts are against you." "So much the worse for the facts," says he—"so much the worse for the facts." The same, no doubt, would have applied to the minister's remarks.

Local Items.

"VERITAS," NEWBURYPORT, MASS.—"We have now been for some months without spiritual meetings, and the people are getting hungry. I feel convinced that there never has been a time when there was so deep an interest felt as now; persons who in former conversations would only ridicule, now listen attentively to anything pertaining. Spiritualism being killed and buried so many times, and yet showing such a tenacity of life, causes the sceptic to look on in wonder, and to admit that there does appear to be something in it worthy of investigation. But yet, while all admit this many are unwilling to investigate for themselves, and at the same time try to laugh down those who are not so much afraid of public opinion, and dare to examine and show to the public what true Spiritualism is."

We are about commencing our Sunday meetings, and have been fortunate in engaging Warren Chase for Sunday, Nov. 13. He writes that all of his Sundays are taken up through the winter, and into March.

The Rev. Mr. Murray (Unitarian) of this city recently, on the occasion of administering the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, invited "all members of Christian churches, and all others who desired to honor Christ spiritually," to join with his church. This is liberal, and it is to be hoped that the other clergymen will follow him. He is far from being an opponent of Spiritualism; he has admitted in a sermon that it has done, and is doing, a great deal of good. He is a fine man and a good preacher—one whom we shall be glad to have follow the many notable names from among the Unitarian clergy who are Spiritualists.

The Rev. Dr. Dana, recently deceased in this city, was about the last of the old school of clergymen; he was one of the stiffest anti-progressive men of the day. On the occasion of his funeral the Orthodox clergy tried to create an excitement; yet, although there was a large attendance, but few appeared to feel any particular interest, more than a laudable desire to honor the aged man—not the theologian.

Had Dr. Dana passed from mortal ten years ago, the whole city would have ceased business on the day of the obsequies, instead of which not a single place of business was closed. Some of the papers reported the doings, but not all the remarks of the speakers. The secular papers seem to be afraid of saying anything that does not comport with the ideas of the religious press. I make these remarks for the purpose of stating some of the views as expressed by the Rev. Dr. Withington, and which the reporters omitted. He said he considered Dr. Dana to be a man of reaction as well as action; that he withstood as well as stood. He had had the pleasure of an acquaintance of fifty years with Dr. Dana, and had held many interesting conversations with him. He had heard Dr. Dana for many years past regret the tendency of the pulpit; he sorrowed over the decline of the dignity of the pulpit; it had troubled him extremely that the people no longer looked to the pulpit as in days of yore. Dr. W. then went on to state that another subject which troubled Dr. Dana was the *liberalism* in religion; and he had heard him say that, if it should go on for a few years longer, the whole structure of their religion would fall to the ground. He further remarked, that Dr. Dana had been excessively troubled at the literature of the day, deplored the fact of its being so freely disseminated, and he had done all he could to prevent its increase. I give the language substantially, as near as I can, for I did not take notes, but have conversed with a number who were present, and we agree in our recollections. Dr. Dana was much troubled at the change in theology, as taught at Andover, and for years has written and talked against it, but without effect.

It may well be expected that the clergymen listened with attention to the remarks of Dr. Withington, who is but a few years younger than Dr. Dana, but he is more liberal. Recently he was conversing on the subject of Spiritualism, and cases of remarkable cures performed by mediums were related to him, to which he answered by saying, that he did not doubt it; he believed such things and all others could be done as well now as in the days of Christ. It will thus be seen that he is far from being opposed to the new dispensation.

I cannot close this letter without expressing my gratification to you for the improvement in your paper. I consider it to be by far the best spiritual paper published. Its equal in matter, as well as appearance, I think, cannot be found in the newspaper world. This is the opinion of all the friends here; and I hear it frequently remarked, that it seems to lack nothing of being a perfect family as well as spiritual paper.

September 12, 1880.

Intolerance in Franklin, Mass.

Messrs. Editors.—The spirit of religious persecution and bigotry has recently broken out here, and is momentarily in the ascendant. Miss Harbridge spoke twice in the Town House last May; and about the first of August Mrs. C. F. Works lectured there, the spirit of Howard, the philanthropist, purporting to control, and the sentiments unannounced well worthy of him. It was then announced that the next Sunday the Rev. Dr. Emmons, an eminent Orthodox divine, who once preached here some fifty years, would give his experience in spirit-life through Mrs. Works, in the Town House. The idea that an old minister, who had been a leading advocate of the doctrine of infant as well as adult damnation, should come back and condemn the very doctrines he once advocated, was too much for our very orthodox and devout selection to permit, and they at once decided that it was not a religious meeting, and could not be permitted, although such meetings had often been held there before, and any puppet-show can now have the house, without objection, by paying a small sum for the use of it. By a vote of the town, the house has been free for all Christian denominations for some ten years, and has been occupied by quite a variety of sects, and for dancing and balls, one of the selected tending down on one occasion. The lecture referred to was given, (thanks to the Universalist Society, who generously granted the use of their church vestry,) and was thought by some who had heard Dr. Emmons preach, to be characteristic of him. The names of some former inhabitants heretofore and unheard of by the medium, were given, and much interest was manifested by a large audience. A town meeting has since been held, to see if the town house should be opened to all, without distinction of sect; but the interest did not call out sufficient friends of free speech to carry such a vote. Several declared they would prefer to close the house altogether, rather than admit the Spiritualists, and thought it no intolerance to exclude them, "because they are anti-Christian." A clergyman present launched forth the thunderbolts of orthodoxy against Spiritualism, showing plainly "what manner of spirit he is of." But the end is not yet. The principles of religious liberty and equal rights are too precious to be long trodden under foot. The Universalist minister here preached a noble sermon, last Sabbath afternoon, upon religious toleration, and characterized the recent interference by our civil magistrates in fitting terms of condemnation.

Yours for the truth, against the world.

Franklin, Sept. 10, 1880.

GARDNER ADAMS.

A Musical Healing Institution.

J. C. HALL, JACKSON, MICH.—While attending the late Convention at Adrian, I by invitation tarried at Bro. Sibley's, at whose house is kept what is called a "Musical Healing Institution." The music consists of playing on violin, banjo and accordion, and improvisation by spirits through the triple mediumship of the two daughters and son-in-law. Mrs. Sibley is principal manager and medium; and, altogether, a complete victory is gained over disease by equalizing the circulation in the living spiritual principle, producing harmonic action throughout the whole human system. This is done by forming a circle and placing the patient in the center, when the music is struck up, such as mortal ear scarcely ever listened to, and some passes being made over the patient, he or she is cured as by magic.

Brother Sibley's hand flowed as during our session, and were enthusiastically received by the audience. If you would see perfect domestic harmony, assisted by spirit music, give Brother Sibley's family a call. They are doing a good work, and may God speed them on their way.

A goodly number of *BANNERS* are taken in Adrian, and the favorable influence of the late Convention will, I think, produce a call for more.

Sympathy.

"NELL, ADRIAN, MICH.—Sympathy is the connecting link which binds soul to soul." How deeply is this sentence impressed upon my mind. How beautiful and how true it is. Where, in all this cold world of ours, can we find anything which will unlock the fountains of the heart and bid its affections flow freely forth, like the sweet sympathy of a dear and treasured friend. If we can feel that there is one who will feel sorrow for our woes, or that their hearts will leap with gladness, when we relate the story of our joy, then we are indeed blessed, for we feel there is a bond of sympathy linking our souls with theirs; that that being is merged in ours, and ours in theirs. Then we are indeed one in feeling, and this makes us stronger, more useful to ourselves and society. Thus I feel it should be with those who are united in marriage. There should be a oneness between husband and wife, in all their intercourse. A perfect blending of souls, one with the other. Not that I would have either lose their individuality, but I would have each so familiar with the other's feelings, thoughts and desires, that there would be no jarring discord—no false note in the matrimonial life, but all perfect harmony. Then angels will tune their harps and sing praises unto God, that there is a heaven on earth.

We often think, in this every-day life of ours, that we could have arranged things a great deal better to our own satisfaction than they now are; but it is my humble opinion that we often find ourselves mistaken, and that as the great and rapid river of Time rolls onward, we realize our own littleness and our inability to provide for our own wants, both physically and mentally; in truth, we feel the need of some mightier power than poor human nature affords; we need a Father, a giver of all good and perfect gifts, and my heart overflows with gratitude to-day, to think we have such.

Praise God who creates here below,

And ever to His beauties bow;

Praise Him ye men and women, too,

For God himself is helping you.

Onward.

M. WILLIAMSON, BURLINGTON, N. H.—It may not be uninteresting to you and your numerous readers to know that the cause of Spiritualism is progressing gloriously in this place and vicinity; that the honest-hearted common people are rejoicing in the good tidings of immortality—eternal life for humanity. Opposition is gradually falling away, and the peaceful influences of the angel spheres are bringing back from captivity those who have been led astray by the errors of a misconceived popular theology.

Write down Spiritualism in this place under the head of "Onward!" Our congregations are composed of the most intelligent. Last Sunday we were blessed with a visit from H. P. Fairfield, the faithful and able pioneer of the Harmonical Philosophy, through whom his spirit-guides spoke twice upon the philosophy of spirit-life, which lecture produced a great sensation, and served to awaken many minds to realize the importance of the truths of Spiritualism, and the interest manifested is so great that many of our friends came a distance of fifteen or twenty miles to listen to the words of life. Those in want of intellectual and practical Spiritualism, would do well to secure the services of H. P. Fairfield.

The *BANNER* is doing much for the advancement of Spiritual truth here. Long may it wave to carry good tidings to the homes and hearts of millions—to bless and encourage those who are struggling for Spiritual emancipation.

Sept. 12, 1880.

Little Genesee.

C. WELLS, LITTLE GENESSEE, ALLEGANY CO. N. Y.—The glad bonfire of reform are at length kindled on the pine hills of the Little Genesee. Mr. F. Wilson has just completed a course of five lectures in this place, upon various subjects of mental philosophy, to large and interested assemblages. The last of the course, by special invitation, was upon Spiritualism. This is the first lecture ever delivered in this town upon that subject, and much prejudice was evinced; but despite the hard workings of the "unco righteous" in the dried and shrunken skins of Orthodoxy, and notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather upon the night of the lecture, the attendance was so good that many persons were unable to obtain seats. The lecturer advocated the "communion of saints" with much union. The discourse was logical and argumentative, and has made

