

BANNER OF THE 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.
EIGHTH PAGE—Lecture by Rev. H. W. Beecher.
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 XVI.—(CONTINUED.)

The fall term was usually one of vigorous study, and, though I must acknowledge that the body suffered, the mind made progress—progress, however at the expense of bone, muscle and vital powers.

I was hard at work, one evening, over my algebra lesson, when Miss Lincoln came to the house, and asked permission for me to spend the night with her. We went together to Miss Garland's room, where we found her in conversation with "Mr. Calvin." He had not been at Rookford for many months; for he had now completed his studies at the theological school, and was preaching at a place some hundred miles distant. I would gladly have turned back at once, for a strange tremor came over me at sight of him. "I certainly was 'a nervous little body,'" as my mother always said, with no self-control; but, fortunately, Miss Lincoln was with me, and her calm, quiet manner gave me some strength.

Permission was accorded me to spend the night with my friend, and we were kindly invited to remain awhile in Miss Garland's parlor. But Uncle Nugget was quite ill, and could not be left, (I inwardly thanked the old man for being worse that evening,) and we hastened to him. It had been snowing and blowing all day; but, in the quiet, warm study-room I had not thought of the storm at all, save once, when my seatmate pointed to the snow that had drifted high up on the outside of the windows. Mary wrapped a large shawl carefully about me, bade me put on my snow-boots, and follow her footsteps through the garden. But the path was already filled with snow, and the wind and sleet almost blinded us. It was with much difficulty we made our way, and should have had much trouble but for the lamp which Mary had placed in the window to guide us.

As we entered the house, covered with snow, and panting for breath, the old man raised himself in his bed, looking wild and haggard.

"And so this is the way you treat me when the wind is blowing directly ashore! I tell you, we'll be wrecked in five minutes! All hands aboard—roof topsails! The devil's in the gale!—do ye hear him whistling in the shrouds? He'll have every soul of you to-night! Never mind, Mary, if I go to the devil—I shall go where you—ha! ha! I'd like to have let it all out; how Molly wanted to know the whole of it; but she died in ignorance—bless her old soul! She never harmed a fly! There, do ye hear—there's the devil and all his imps having a concert—hear 'em sing:

"To Davy's locker with ye all—
Every mother's son;
When the vessel's wrecked and gone
Then our song is done!"

"We'll strike soon—there's a rock ahead! I know the spot—we're driving right on to her! Helm about! Work, my hearties! What's the matter? Ay, I see! them devils are the strongest; ye can't beat 'em—hear 'em yell!"

"The wind is piping loud, my boys—
Then drive the ship ahead;
The white caps dance upon the rock—
They'll dance above the dead!"

As he sung, in a cracked, harsh voice, strained to a high key, the wind without screamed in unison; and then moaned and sighed for a moment; and then again it increased in force, and the old house rocked, and the naked branches of the lilacs scraped against the windows with a harsh sound, and we could see the tall, old poplar bending its stiff, gaunt form toward us, and swaying in the storm, as if its roots writhed in agony. I watched it for awhile, as Mary was trying to soothe the old man, when, suddenly, a wild, strong blast came, as if the storm had gathered all its strength for the battle; and the poplar bowed its tall head, and, as I watched to see it rise again, with the lull, suddenly there came a sound like a quick, sharp groan, and the tall, old tree lay prostrate on the snow. The noise attracted the attention of the old man, and he raised his hands, and tried to throw himself from the bed.

"The ship has struck—we're all dead men!"

"No, no, uncle," said Mary, her voice calm, and her face, as I gazed upon her, in my fright, serene as that of the angel when he came to soothe and heal the sick at the pool of Bethesda; "no, uncle, only the wind has blown the old poplar down; it lies directly across the road."

"The old poplar! the old poplar, Mary? Why, my father said that tree out the very day I was born—so I've heard him say. Where am I, Mary?"

"Why, here, uncle, in our own home—the old house that you said your father built only a few years after the town was settled."

"Oh, yes, yes, so I am; but I thought I was at sea! Is that the wind blowing?"

"Yes; it's a wild night out of doors; but I have kept up the fire, and it is warm and comfortable

here. I have your drops all ready—will you take them now?"

"Yes—give them to me!" He took the cup and drank them, and laid himself down gently, merely saying, in a sad, low voice, sad as the wind that was now sighing, in fitful gusts, around the house:

"And so the old poplar is gone! We began life here together, and now we shall end it together! He lies prostrate on the earth, where I too shall lie to-morrow!" and thus talking, he fell asleep.

Mary and I sat together, my hand in hers. We did not speak, lest we should disturb the slumbers of the sick man, but we listened to the wind, and we watched the snow drifting against the window, and once Mary rose, went to the old man's bed, bent her ear to listen to his breathing, then drew the covering gently over him, replenished the fire and sat down by my side.

A half hour passed—the clock struck twelve, and at the sound the sick man woke. His eyes looked calmer, and he seemed like one to whom sleep had brought rest and peace.

"Mary," he said, more gently than was customary with him. She sprang to his side. "Mary, it was such a night as this I found your mother on the wreck. I saved her life, and you have rewarded me by your patience and kindness in my old age. I leave you all I possess—this poor old house, and the quarter of an acre that joins it. Your mother was a lady, of good blood and high connections in Lincoln, England; you need not seek them, for they will never own you. You must battle with life as I have done, and, if what you say is true, there is a better world, where there'll be no rich to oppress the poor, and no proud to scorn the weak. I am dying, Mary. I want a minister. Can you get one for me?"

Mary and I looked at each other, and then out at the storm. The clergyman of the parish lived a mile away. What could be done? There was but a moment of hesitation with Mary.

"Bertha, could you find your way to the boarding-house? I will trim the lantern for you. Mr. Calvin," he said, "I will give you a shawl, and giving me a lantern, bade me keep as near the fence as possible.

I had not overcome my native timidity, and when I found myself making my way along that path; now plunging into a snow-drift, and now falling against a shrub or stone, my sensations were none of the most pleasant. In one of my first falls I broke the lantern, and had to pursue the rest of my way in darkness. The wind was at my back, which was favorable; but I was driven along almost like a snow-flake, till at last, quite bruised and wet, I found myself at the kitchen door of the boarding-house. There was a bedroom near the kitchen, where Bridget slept, and I knocked at her window.

"Let me in, Bridget—please, quick."

The noise waked her, but she did not recognize me, and screamed at the top of her voice—

"Thaves! thaves! they'll be murdering me!" and when I knocked again, she ran out into the hall, and screamed the louder, till she roused the house. It was a strange scene, that stormy night. I stood without in the storm, but I could see the commotion within. All in that part of the house were in the hall on the instant, and they looked strangely enough by the dim light of the hanging lamp; the girls in their long night-dresses and flowing hair, running wildly about. "Where?" "Where?" "Is it fire?" Somebody halloed "murder!" and Bridget, who kept explaining to her mistress, "I'm certain, ma'am! there's no mistake at all, ma'am; right at me window a horrible looking man, with great whiskers, ma'am; and I'm thinking the spoons will all be wasting in the morning, ma'am!"

"Only think, girls!" exclaimed some of the scholars, "a great, big fellow, with black eyes, and huge whiskers has been prowling round all night, and knocking at the windows!"

"Oh, dear! what shall we do?" a dozen voices exclaimed at once.

In the mean time I was trying to knock at the door, though my fingers were benumbed with the cold. No one noticed me for some moments, though I could see them through the side glass. At last, one, more observing than the rest, heard the knock.

"There, girls! there he is! don't you hear him?"

"For mercy's sake, don't let him in Mrs. Norton!" exclaimed a number, as the housekeeper approached the door.

I might have perished there if Miss St. Leon had not made her appearance, and, on the instant, opened to me. I could hardly speak, but she threw the light of the lamp directly on my face, and drawing me at once into the house, and to the warm kitchen, asked me, quietly, how I came out of doors at that time of night. I explained my errand as briefly as I could, and, after sending the girls back to their rooms, she ordered Bridget to make up more fire, while she went herself to call Mr. Calvin.

He made his appearance in a few moments. I was hoping Miss St. Leon would return with me, but she said—

"Tell Miss Lincoln I will come soon; but you and Mr. Calvin must not wait a moment, for you have been detained so long already."

We started without a lantern. Mr. Calvin had trodden that path before, and knew the way. I followed, telling him that I could walk better than thus, which, indeed, was the truth, as the wind was in our faces. His steps were longer than mine, and I found it difficult to keep the track, and was, moreover, hardly recovered from the late excitement. I paused an instant for breath. He turned round—

"You are tired, Miss Lee; let me assist you."

The tone and manner in which he spoke were different from those which he had always assumed toward me; but I declined his offer—

"No, I could walk better as we were."

The next moment I found myself on the earth, having set my foot in a deep hollow, which his longer step had enabled him to avoid. I recovered my feet immediately, hoping I was not observed, but he now drew my arm within his, and though I persisted in saying I could walk better alone, he thought differently. I walked on, impatient to arrive, for I knew Mary was waiting in great anxiety for us. But there was no haste to be made, for we had to battle with the storm, and it was hard to keep erect. Mr. Calvin's arm now encircled my waist, and though I felt much as I would if a snake had wreathed his slimy folds around me, I endured it, for Mary's light was in the window. The next moment we were in the broader path which led to the door, and, with a sudden jerk, I threw his arm from me, and ran on before him.

Mary was sitting by the old man's bed, rubbing his hand, and bathing his head.

"Has it seemed long?" I asked hastily.

Her face was pale and troubled.

"I am so glad you have come back, Bertha!"—and she turned again to the bed, evidently afraid to take her eyes from the dying man.

"Has he come, Mary? You promised he would be here soon."

"He is here, Uncle; will you see him?"

"Yes; hand me the small trunk in my sailor's chest. There, turn the key; my hands are too weak. Now leave me alone with the minister."

We retired to Mary's room, while Mr. Calvin approached the bed. They conversed awhile, and then we heard the minister's voice in prayer. The door opened gently during the exercise. We knew it was Miss St. Leon. When we returned to the room, the old man had sunk down apparently much exhausted. The little trunk had been replaced in the chest. Miss St. Leon was removing her wrappings. She administered some spirit to the invalid. He revived a little, and then seemed to drop to sleep. He remained so till just before dawn, when he awoke suddenly and called for Mary. She took his hand. It was cold. He tried to speak again, but his tongue refused his bidding, and after one hard struggle, he ceased to breathe.

There were few real mourners at the funeral of the old boatman. He had been a rough, hard man, and there were even rumors that he had once been one of the crew in a piratical vessel. Few knew him well, and those few were aged men, who could not leave the fireside on a winter's day. The clergyman of the parish attended, but he had little to say of the deceased. A prayer, a chapter from the Bible, and the singing of a hymn, included all the exercises. A few of Mary's class accompanied Miss St. Leon to the grave. Mr. Calvin was not present. He left Rookford the day after the death; and when I saw him in the morning, he made no inquiry for Mary, though he remained in the dining-room on purpose, he said, to bid me farewell. Does my reader believe in anticipations? I hope so; for it is only in this way that he can account for my treatment of this "good man," as most of the scholars called him. I never met him but with a feeling of recoil; I never saw him depart but with a sense of relief. Was this a girl's whim, or a dim prescience of the future?

CHAPTER XVIII.

SERMONS.

In the winter of 183-, a noted Methodist preacher, who had been a play-actor in England, came to Rookford and held a series of meetings in the Methodist chapel. My friend Anna, who had listened to him in her native town, and was exceedingly interested in his style of eloquence, urged me to go with her to the chapel. Miss Crooks, who, amid the changes which had been made in the rooms, was again my room-mate, objected.

"Why, girls," said she, "it will do you no good, for you will receive as much error as truth. He denies the doctrine of election, and no one can go to heaven unless they embrace this with the whole heart."

"It is not his doctrine that I care for," said Anna; "but, Miss Crooks, he is such a beautiful speaker! I wish you could only hear him. He has such small, white hands, and he uses them so gracefully, and his raven black hair curls around his broad, white forehead, and his eyes are black and piercing, so that when he looks at you, it seems as if he were looking right into your heart, and you can't help trembling; and then he sings so charmingly—sometimes soft and low, as if he would win you to his faith, and then joyous and exultant, like the song of a conqueror. Do come with us, Miss Crooks—do, now."

"Not I," said she, firmly; "there is but one way into the fold, and he that climbeth up some other way is a thief and a robber. I do not believe Miss Garland will permit you to go."

Miss Garland did let us go, Miss Crooks to the contrary, notwithstanding; but perhaps it would have been better for us had she refused; for we were like most school girls of that age—susceptible, impulsive, easily swayed. The speaker was glib with the graces of oratory—a fine person, a warm heart, and an ambition to count the number of his converts by hundreds and thousands. The first evening, he preached from the text, "Come to Jesus." It was full of gentle persuasion; and he, who had learned to modulate his voice, and educate expression and gesture on the boards of the theatre, so as to draw

smiles or tears, at will, from the thoughtless crowd who came only to see how fiction could be made reality, had no difficulty now in portraying truth to the mass of upturned faces, who held their breath to listen. They were uneducated and rough, brought together from the workshop, the farm, the fishing schooner, and the factory. They had little knowledge of books, save the Bible, and that they had picked up in simple language—but all the more powerful for that—the judgment hall, the stern Sanhedrim, the timid Pilate, and the faithless disciples. They saw, as never before, the meek, suffering Saviour, alone amid his enemies, calm and patient at rebuke and scorn, deserted by his friends, and tauntingly told by the haughty Roman, "Thine own nation and the chief priests have delivered thee unto me." He saw the busy fingers of the spiteful Jew, plating that crown of thorns, weaving in, with wicked art, the sharp points that should pierce the sufferer's head. He saw him standing in meek silence amid the cries of the multitude, "Crucify him! Crucify him!" And when at last Pilate, in the pride of his power, would fain force words of self-condemnation from his victim, there came that memorable sentence, uttered, not for the blind, ignorant multitude there, but for the ages to come: "Thou couldst have no power over me, except it were given thee from above." Ay, here was the secret of that power to suffer—of those triumphant words, spoken still later, on the cross, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

I cannot even now go over the scene of the crucifixion itself without having emotions stirred within me, to which, till then, I had been a stranger. We saw him extended upon the cross, forgetting the intense suffering of his death in his compassion—and "for you he suffered, for you he died," exclaimed the preacher. "Will you turn away? Come unto him, and he will give you rest. Come, poor, weary man, borne down with the burdens of life, come and he will give you rest—come, poor heart-broken mourner, for whom earth has no more brightness, come to the cross of Christ, and he will give precious balm for your wounded spirit—come, thou aged pilgrim of four score, standing with wearied feet and trembling heart in the valley of the shadow of death, come to Christ, and he will make that valley bright as the sunlit Pisgah when the departing Moses beheld the promised land." He paused a moment—turned his eyes full upon the seat where Anna and myself sat with two or three more young, blooming, merry girls. "And you, my young friends, come in the brightness of life's morning, when your hearts are fresh as the opening bud; come, before a life of sin and sorrow shall wither the flower, and you have only a faded wreck, to offer him who died for you. More beautiful than the spice groves of Araby the blest, more acceptable than the treasures of earth's mightiest monarchs, is the offering of the youthful heart to its God. Come, then, when beauty tints the cheek, when the heart beats high and warm with the aspiration of youth, when the world is bright before you—come to the Saviour, and he will guide you through the sorrows of this life, sorrows that will surely come with time and age, to the world where there is everlasting youth, and where beauty is perennial."

His voice was full of tender pathos, his countenance expressive of deep emotion; and, as he knelt to pray, I believe that tears fell from the eyes of all our group.

At the close of his prayer, he came down from the pulpit, and went from pew to pew, urging people to go forward and kneel at a low balustrade around the pulpit. It was a novel sight to me to watch the variety of character influenced by him—the old man and the child, the matron and maid. I was so interested in watching them, that I did not hear the preacher's step, nor know that he was near us, till Anna's sobs attracted my attention. I turned, and saw him entreating her to go with him to the "altar," while she, poor child, shook violently, and seemed so troubled that I threw my arms round her, and whispered—

"Dear Anna, don't, don't; be calm."

"Bertha, will you go with me?" she said, entreatingly.

"Yes; come, too, Miss Bertha," said the preacher; "come to the blessed Saviour; let me not ask in vain."

That small white hand with a plain, gold ring on one of the fingers, rested on the side of the pew; it held a perfumed handkerchief; the voice was low and melodious, and we could see now that the curls of the dark hair were of nature's twining.

The whole scene was new to me, and I know not what we might have done had not the clock struck nine at that moment.

We had promised Miss Garland that we would be at home at that hour, and we told the preacher so, and he politely waited upon us to the door. The next evening we went again, and again, and again, often without permission, which was certainly a very audacious act; but so fascinated had we become, that rules would have had little influence over us. We made due confession, and were pardoned; but the very fact of our going clandestinely, prevented our "going forward," much to the disappointment of the young preacher, who never failed to come and speak to us. Whether that added a charm to the service, I will not now pretend to say; but I know we thought him eloquent beyond all speakers we had ever heard before.

Older and more judicious critics might have called him redundant in his imagery, and too fond of adjective phrases; they might have objected to his manner, also; to the frequent display of the finely-formed hand and delicate handkerchief; but they were to us only agreeable adjuncts. We emptied our purses into the contribution-box, which was sent round to defray his expenses; and we wept over certain little hymn-books which he gave to us on the last evening. His popularity in our country, increased, and now I frequently hear of him as drawing crowds of delighted listeners, and often wonder if he ever recalls the school girls of Rookford, whose admiration must certainly have awakened any latent vanity which grace had not subdued. He stirred the waters of the community there, and they did not subside at his leaving; the circles gradually widened, till the whole place felt its influence. But I am anticipating.

Sometime before this I had received Charles Herbert's note, written on his departure for the West Indies. How little I thought then it would be his last!

The coming of the preacher awakened a new train of thought in my heart. I began those speculations which have troubled older and wiser heads—whence came I? whither am I going? Is the soul immortal, or will it perish with the body? I found sects of Christians differing widely in sentiment, and each one believing that it only held the key to future happiness. Where is truth, and how shall I find it? I ventured once to ask Miss Crooks the question—

"Find it? why, in your Bible, to be sure."

I did turn there, but I say it now, and with all due reverence to that Book which is now I trust a light to my feet and a guide to my path, that only while I read the Gospels, could I understand—all the rest save a part of the Psalms, only plunged me into deeper perplexity and darkness. True, the beautiful sketches of patriarchal times, so full of Oriental imagery, had a charm for me, as for all children, but I was now looking for the mystery of Jewish sacrifices, to be solved, and for gleams of a future life. Alas! I found none in the Old Testament save that angels came and talked with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, and Isaiah—that they counseled Daniel, and answered his prayer. Then I prayed that an angel might come and teach me, and then I should know the way. I asked Miss Crooks if it was right.

"Why, no, you silly child, what's the use of praying for angels to come, when you can know the way without it. You are like the stubborn Jews of old. You know the rich man, when he was in hell, lifted up his eyes in torment, and prayed that a messenger might be sent from heaven to his two brethren, so that they need not come into that place of torment. What did Abraham say? 'They will not believe, though one rise from the dead.'"

"But, Miss Crooks, his prayer was answered, for Jesus Christ was sent unto the Jews."

"Yes, and the Jews rejected him."

"But," said I, "this rich man had one good thing in him—a desire that others should not suffer, though he was miserable."

"Well, Bertha Lee! you are a curious child—just as if there could be anything good in a lost soul!"

"Lost soul! lost soul!" how those words filled my heart that day. What does she mean? I kept asking myself the question. Night and day it was ringing in my ears. When I awoke in the night, I repeated it, and wondered what its full import could be. True, I had heard my mother use similar expressions, and in childhood all those passages of Scripture containing the fearful figures of intense future suffering, were familiar, every-day language on her lips. I remembered too, Mr. Calvin's first address in the stage to me, three years before, and how I trembled at the thought of physical, endless suffering—but that was an idea only of bodily pain—of fire, of agony which the mind could picture more keenly than the tongue express in words. But now the words *lost soul* implied more than that; *soul*, that was not material—it is of a higher nature than the body—it can suffer more keenly, but what that suffering was I could not define. I thought of what the preacher said—"Come unto Jesus," and then I would turn to St. John, and read of Jesus till, I was filled with admiration and love. I thought if he were only here, I would go unto him as Mary Magdalene did, and bring all the treasures I had—that I would gladly anoint his head, and like her, lay my flowing hair at his feet.

One Sunday, when I was full of these thoughts, an aged minister preached upon the text, "Follow thou me." He described the character of Jesus in meek, loving language, and I lingered upon his words with a deep interest, till he told us that we could follow him only by being like him, to forgive our enemies, love those that hated us, and return good for evil.

"Have you an enemy?" he said, "have you no longer, but let your love transform their hatred, or if it has no power over them, let it melt the hatred of your own heart, that you bear the weary burden of hate no longer. Look upon the whole world as the children of one Father, alike sharing his goodness, and open your heart, as he does, to all. If there is one person in the wide world to whom you cannot speak words of kindness, one toward whom you harbor a wish for revenge, upon whose head you would willingly see trouble descend, then you are not like Jesus, and the dove of peace cannot rest in your heart!"

"Oh dear! I said to myself, 'what shall I do? There is my mother, and Miss Crooks and Mr. Calvin; I do not love them, and I am afraid I never shall—and then the words 'lost soul' would rise up

before me, and I would say—"If I do not love them what will become of me?"

Now Miss Crooks had grown more and more fretful and disagreeable. I wondered if I should make her a present if it would not help me to love her.

I had hurt her feelings by laughing at her black blow—and once, when she was fretting at me, because the room was not in perfect order, I said, "I don't like old maids, one bit, they are so set and fussy."

She was very angry, and said, "If you mean me, Miss Bertha Lee, you'd better wait till I am an old maid; we don't call folks old maids till they're thirty."

"Lawful anke! Miss Crooks, do you say you're not thirty? I should think you were all of thirty-five."

It wounded terribly, but terrible was her revenge that very day. When the mail came in she had a letter from my mother, with one enclosed for me.

I do not think my mother meant any unkindness in this—it was one drop of mercy in her heart, and, had Miss Crooks been Miss Lincoln, a precious flower of sympathy would have bloomed in the heart thus watered, but for Miss Crooks it yielded thorns that pierced me to the heart.

But to the letters—mine run as follows:—

DEAR BERTHA—We have had letters from Charles Herbert; he will stay at the Islands for the present. You know he is now about twenty-one, an early age to marry, we think; but he writes that he is to marry a young girl, the daughter of the gentleman they used to call "Uncle Paul." This will explain why you have had no letters from him for so long a time. Your father is in New York, or he would write you to day. He will be absent a week or more on business.

I have not known, Bertha, that you and Charles Herbert were any more to each other than simple friends—but perhaps you had thought that friendship would ripen into a nearer union. You know I never fancied the intimacy, and it has terminated as I supposed it might. Do not let it trouble you too much; but if you wish to come home, do so, and I will be to you a mother and a friend in your trouble. I have written to your room-mate and teacher, Miss Crooks, that you have my full permission to come home if you wish.

Then Miss Crooks knew, it! Yes, but not one word of sympathy, only the cruel taunt—"So you don't like old maids, Miss Bertha; better be an old maid, and have no lovers, than a rejected."

"Stop!" said I, with a stamp of my foot and a flash of my eye, that told too truly of the rising anger in my heart—"I am not rejected. I was never engaged to Charles Herbert. I never expected—" but there I broke down; grief overmastered anger; no, the falsehood was not spoken. My conscience told me I did expect to spend my days with Charles Herbert, that life would be no life to me without his love, and my heart told me that that expectation was shared with him. There had been no words, for there was need of none. Like two operators, one at each end of the electric wire, we understood the signals without forming them into words. It was enough for us that the electric fluid was there; we asked no telegram in form.

I crushed my mother's letter in my hands, and throwing on my bonnet, went out of the house, somewhere into the fresh air, where I could breathe more freely, for I felt as if I were choking, and my heart seemed almost to stop its beating.

Some one has said that the disappointment of a great hope is like the setting of the sun. Oh! what darkness followed my sunset! There was no twilight, not one solitary star, but my heart, struck blind for want of light, groped its way along alone, all alone, not even a reed to bear upon. And that heart was full of hatred toward its enemies, and had not the good man said that the dove of peace could not dwell in such a heart? So I dared not pray—I could not turn to God—I had no earthly friend who could give me comfort. Once I turned my face southward—I would go to New York and find my father—I would walk on and on till I met him. But then came the shame and mortification of confessing the deep love which had filled my heart. No, no—I will bear it alone, all alone.

Now, toward Charles Herbert, strange as it may seem—for it is contrary to the theory of most novelists—I had not one thought of revenge, one emotion of anger. Does not the poet say—

"Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned."

But I believe, and experience has confirmed, that where two hearts have truly, honestly, deeply loved, that love will never be wholly rooted out of the heart. However much of the demon I might have when thinking of Miss Crooks, and Mr. Calvin, and my mother, I had only grief and despair whenever Charles Herbert's image was before me. There was a terrible mistake somewhere, but no change in his heart. I imagined everything but that he had proved false, and for a week or two I thought perhaps the letter was forged, but this hope was blown away on my father's return home. He had seen the members of the firm in Boston. Charles was married—married the very day that he was twenty-one. He was a partner now in the business, but would remain on the Island. A greater gulf than the ocean was now between us. I walked till the coming darkness reminded me of study hours, and then I turned homeward, passing the house where Miss Lincoln had lived. It looked very desolate and old; I stopped and looked in at the window, and then I sat down on the door-step. Memories of the past thronged around me. I thought of my friend Mary, happy in her present home, surrounded by those who appreciated and loved her. All her letters spoke thus, and lately there had been a freshness and a charm in them which was new to me—as if there was in her heart a fountain of peace, some hidden source of joy. How I longed to see her, and lean my weary head on her bosom. The wish was hardly formed in my heart when I thought I saw her come out of the door, with her favorite book in her hand, and read these words—"When all things look sadly around us, it is good to have God for our friend, for of all friendships that only is created to support us in our needs."

The vision was so distinct and clear, that at first I believed it a reality; but it vanished slowly away, and then, as I repeated the words, I remembered that she had used them to me, long, long ago.

But I had no friend. God was not my friend, for I did not love my enemies. The hard, bitter words of Miss Crooks still rankled in my heart, and it seemed almost impossible for me to forgive them. I walked on, listless, indifferent, caring little about my studies for the evening. I had suddenly lost all ambition. Henceforth it mattered not how I stood in my class. I was late, for the clock struck seven as I entered the house, and was going to my room for my books. But the girls were not in the study-room; they were on the stairs and in the halls.

"Oh, Bertha?" exclaimed a number, "where have you been? We have looked for you all over the house. There are no study hours to-night. Miss St. Leon came in just as we were seated, and told us that the celebrated Dr. B., of Boston, would preach this evening, and we might all go. Run, quick, and get your bonnet; you like sermons, you know."

One little roguish girl, all dressed, looking bright as a little daisy, came running up to me: "You see the Methodists have fired off their great gun, and the Congregationalists are going to fire a bigger. You'll hear it go bang to night, and blow your curly-headed parson where he will never find himself again."

"Run, quick," said another. "We'll be late, and have to sit back where we can see nobody, and nobody us."

I was ready to lay aside my books, for I cared little whether I stayed or went; but as to finding any one who would interest me more than Mr. M., that was out of the question; but even I, indifferent as I felt, was a little disappointed when I saw the preacher come in. He was a man of middle age, rather short in size, thick set, with stiff hair, partly turned gray, which he wore brushed back from his forehead. His dress was plain, with little regard to fashion, and he walked up the aisle, and into the pulpit, with a short, quick step, and a direct, prompt, manner, as if he had work to do, and was going to do it with all his might. He was not a handsome man at all, and I wondered what there was about him to render him so popular. He rose, threw off his surtout, as it was called in those days, (a close fitting outer garment,) and putting on his spectacles, read the following hymn—

"Hasten, sinner, to be wise;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Wisdom, if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

Hasten, sinner, to be wise;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest perdition you arrest,
For the morrow is begun."

There was no attempt at oratory, no display, and when the hymn was read, he pushed his spectacles back upon his head, and giving one look at the singers, and then round upon the congregation, he opened the large Bible, and sat down.

As I said, he was not a handsome man, but he had marked features, and a face than when once seen, we felt a desire to see again. His text was, "Now is the accepted time—now is the day of salvation."

It was direct, pointed, full of strong figures, with few flowers of rhetoric, but delivered in a prompt, earnest manner that riveted attention. Now and then he left his notes, and turning his spectacles to the top of his head, made a direct appeal to his hearers. So earnest and sincere was his manner that you felt whatever his doctrine, he believed it himself.

The object of the discourse was the danger of delay, and he illustrated it by figures drawn from the every day concerns of life, and enforced his doctrine by arguments, hard, solid arguments; there was logic and method in his brain, and the hearer felt its force.

I became interested, and as my attention was attracted, I became more and more troubled and perplexed. I had been for some days, coming reluctantly to the conclusion that before I could have peace of mind, I must make peace with my three "disagreeables," as I had been in the habit of naming them to Addie. Now Mr. Calvin was away, and perhaps he would not return for a great while; my duty to him might be deferred—my mother too, might wait till vacation for any demonstration of friendship. But here was Miss Crooks at my side—annoying, troublesome, fretful Miss Crooks; I must love her and do her good.

I was now going to work my passage to heaven by certain acts of penance, the first of which was harder than for Simon Stylites to stand on his pillar, or for a nun to live forty days on bread and water.

I could not sleep that night, but tossed restlessly on my pillow, full of mental suffering; it increased till my head seemed on fire, and my heart without one ray of hope, for this world or an hereafter.

"Why not die now?" I said to myself—"why live when life has become a burden?" I had heard that people sometimes took opiates, and slept, never to wake again.

I actually rose from my bed, and went to a bottle of laudanum that Miss Crooks had obtained for the toothache. I looked at it by the moonlight at the window. I sat down with it in my hand, and I know not what I might have done, had not the idea occurred to me that the soul could not die; and if so, could I end my suffering by destroying the body? My reading lesson that very day had been Hamlet's Soliloquy. I can recall it now—236th page in Porter's Analysis; but I little thought, when I practiced it with so much interest in the morning, that it would have a personal application at night.

—The dream of something after death,
That undiscovered country, from whose bourne
No traveler returns, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear the ills we have,
Than fly to those we know not of."

I turned to the piece and read it, and then I opened a Bible. Unfortunately it was Miss Crooks's, and opened readily to the ninth chapter of Romans, which only puzzled my poor little head the more. I shut it up, half in anger, half in despair, and walked the room, thinking that no one could suffer as I did. There was a sense of loneliness in my suffering that was most oppressive. Charles Herbert could have no sympathy with me, for I could carry no more troubles to him. He had always made the rough places smooth, and now I thought if I could only sit down and write him all about it, he would show me a way to peace. My trunk stood in a corner of the room, near the bed. I went there to get Charlie's likeness, to look at it; but instead of opening the trunk, a sudden impulse seized me to pray; and I knelt and prayed that my Heavenly Father would bless and comfort me, for I had no other friend to whom I could look for help. After this I laid myself down, and soon fell asleep. I dreamed that I was at the old farm-house with Charlie, and we were playing by the brook, near the grapevine swing. We stopped to eat a luncheon. Charlie's father had sent us some oranges, and he selected the largest and finest one—a very rare and beautiful specimen it was, too—and held it up admiringly. I supposed he was about to give it me, because such was his custom when he had anything very choice; but he said:

"That, Bertha, is for little Mary Wood, the pretty girl that lives in that brown house over at Kent's Island. You can see the chimney of the house above that piece of woods. She has the spinal disease, and can't run and play with us, and I know she will be pleased with such an orange as that. She has a sweet, gentle face, as if pain and poverty had only made her purer and better."

Then he took out the rest of the fruit, and selecting the fairest, gave them to me. We were about eating them, when it seemed, in my dream, that Miss Crooks came along, and, looking at us with a frown,

said that I must go back to school, and not play with Charlie any more—it was against the rules; and then she looked very wistfully at the oranges. Charlie gathered them all in the basket and gave them to her.

"Take them," he said, "they are nice." And she took them all, not leaving one for us, and then bade us follow her.

"Ain't she an ugly, cross old maid?" I whispered to Charlie.

"I am very sorry for her," said Charlie. "You see she has no one to love her, though she craves sympathy like others; and she never feels well, and she is disappointed because Mr. Calvin does not return some of the interest she feels in him. Then she is plain in person, and is too poor to afford the ornaments which women love so much. Poor thing, I pity her, and if I were you, I would be very kind to her."

At that, he ran into a lane that led to Mary Wood's house, saying:

"I'll carry her the orange now, and then we'll be sure not to eat it. You do n't mind, do you, Bertha? You know anything I have is half yours; and when I'm a man, you shall have all the oranges you want. Good-by, and be kind to poor Miss Crooks."

At that I awoke. It was broad daylight. Miss Crooks was dressing.

"Get up, Bertha, for I want to make the bed. It is strange you can't make it to suit me. I never can sleep well, unless the bed is made just so. Now watch me this morning, and see if you can learn."

I was about to reply that I thought the fault was in herself; but I checked the taunt that trembled on my lip, and said "I would try to learn."

That day I purchased a pretty brooch, and left it on her table, with a little note, asking her to forgive my rude speech; that I had spoken hastily, and under the excitement of anger.

When I came from the recitation room, she looked as if she had been weeping; and I found, afterwards, a note addressed to me, full of gratitude for the gift, and an apology for her own severity. Perhaps, she said, she was cold and hard, for want of friends to love her in her childhood. I thought of my dream.

The next evening there was a meeting in the school-room for all who wished to attend. Dr. B. would address the young ladies. It was a dark, stormy evening, but I went with the rest.

"Young ladies," said he, "you must be as anxious for the interests of your soul, as you would be if your salvation depended upon your carrying a light safely across the street this stormy night. How anxiously would you watch it, how carefully guard it, how cautious your step; and if it should be extinguished, what despair and darkness would settle upon your soul!"

There were many there who might be benefited. I believe there were—perhaps I was myself; but at the time, such illustrations were, to my lacerated heart, like burning coals to raw flesh. I winced and quivered at the torture.

Another night of suffering came, with no comfort, save a few kind words from Miss Crooks, which were most grateful at the time. Day after day passed, and I found no peace. No letter came from Charles Herbert, though I looked anxiously every mail. This was "the unkindest cut of all," for forsake me thus, and give me no information, save what reached me through my mother. Nature at last succumbed to the mental conflict, and I was carried home, ill with a fever.

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

AN INVALID'S MUSINGS.

VISIT TO THE GREENWOOD BOWERS.

BY SARAH DENNETT J.

When the outer man is struggling in the chains of disease, and can no longer go forth o'er the green fields to enjoy the verdant smiles of nature, oh, then, how pleasant it is to roam on inspiration's angel-plumed wings of thought through her green embowered halls, where the song of streamlet and bird echoes with enchanting melody, and the air is perfumed with the fragrant breath of flowers, to beguile the wearisome hours in musing o'er the truth-glowing pages of her unsealed volume.

In spirit as I wandered forth
Amid the sylvan bowers,
Where tasselled buds and flowers
In vernal beauty smile,
I sat me down awhile
In silent muse.

Around me all seemed sleeping peace;
The bee, as forth it flew
To sip the honeyed dew;
The bird in carols sweet,
While all the woods replete
With echoes rung.

The rill, too, in sweet praises joined
The glad, exultant song
In all'ry chorus, long,
The nymph and singing breeze,
While auditory trees
Kept joyful tone.

Meanwhile my soul the echoes caught
Of mingled love and praise,
To nature's God did raise
My heart in gratitude
For woodland solitude,
Its blissful charms.

Not in a temple built with hands
Did thus my heart adore,
Where worldly torments pour
From ostentation vain,
But Nature's leafy fan—
Unawed by fear.

There, beneath its arching screen,
With loving angels, kind,
Whose arms were round me twined,
At Nature's fount I drank,
For all her gifts did thank
Creative Power.

Oh, thou inspiring muse of thought,
Hold now my pen no more
To roam in spirit o'er
Sequestered vale and wood,
Lest of my chains I should
Reluctant grow.

Although affliction's fetters bind,
And dark misfortunes frown,
And bear the mortal down,
Yet shall the spirit rise
Into its native skies
On wings of thought.

Miami, Ind., 1899.

A man always measures more within twenty and thirty minutes after rising in the morning than at any other period of the day, the muscles being relaxed. An army officer says that he has seen men who were rejected the previous day, walk into the orderly room of his regiment, hot and steaming from their beds, near the barracks, get measured, and passed as being of the proper height. He explains the cause of this, by stating that the system is more relaxed at that time.

Ask any of the husbands of your great beauties, and they will tell you that they hate their wives nine hours of every day they pass together.

EDWIN H. CHAPIN

At Broadway Church, N. Y., Sunday Morning,
October 23, 1899.

REPORTED FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT, BY DEER AND LOND.

Text—Two men went up into the temple to pray, the one a Pharisee, and the other a publican.—LUKE xxi, 10.

The radical differences between men are comparatively few. If we classify them by temperaments, manners, degrees of culture, we may draw up quite a catalogue. But if we let them fall into rank, according to essential tendencies, people wide apart in external conditions will file into the same group. Indeed, in the last analysis, it is only a truism to say that everybody is full of human nature. We can easily believe that, in a great city like this, the whole world is represented, and each form of good or evil which is exhibited by mankind on the face of the whole earth, from the grossest barbarism to the most exquisite refinement—from the most abandoned depravity to the salutest excellence, here has its type. But is it not true that the elements of all these exist, not only within the compass of a single city, but within the depths of every human heart; and that there is a sense in which each man is all other men. It would astonish a man, sometimes, to take the torch of introspection, and go down through his own heart, and see how many different faces will look out upon him from its chambers, each one himself, in some phase of possibility that lurks in his own nature. But not to push our analysis too deep, I may say that, as a general rule, those who, for instance, on a Sabbath assemble in the different churches in our land, whatever their name or profession, essentially belong to the one or the other of the two classes; essentially they are either Pharisees or publicans. They may worship according to some form, or without any form at all. They may kneel at the mass, or repeat from the prayer book. They may call themselves Presbyterians or Universalists, Baptists or Quakers, or nothing. But inwardly, by actual condition of soul, they have affinity with that worshipper who confesses his good deeds, or with him who cries, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

In the first place, observe the fact that these men described in the narrative connected with the text, were both in one place; they both went up into the temple to pray. It appears that they had very different notions of the needs and objects of prayer; but after all, they both started from the ground of a common spiritual consciousness. We know that this consciousness was deep and vital in the case of the publican. And, however defective and unworthy his motives, it could not have been wholly wanting even in the case of the Pharisee. And so it is with men everywhere; so it is with men here to-day. In the depths of their hearts there is some feeling that they cannot entirely get rid of some conviction of duty; some sense of the relation of finite realities and to God, and some belief that they are very few, who enter the doors of the Church, saying—this is all mere ceremony, and I know it. Look at the crowds on a Sunday morning passing through the streets on their way to church. Something has moved them; it may be the poorest of motives; it may be dead custom; but something has moved them, and turned their feet in that direction. Ostensibly they go up there to pray; and though with so many it may be merely ostensibly, few would own that it is so. And in this very reluctance to own that it is so, there is a confession of spiritual consciousness. And few, by any conscious purpose of their heart, mean it to be so.

In that act, then, there is some vague stirring of spiritual life, some movement of that which is profounder in our human nature than the least. At least, I believe, that of that crowd of men and women streaming toward our churches, that but few are entirely insensible and indifferent to the relations which they bear to great spiritual realities. From their various planes of life; from their study and their toil, from their pride and their humbleness, they come, drawn not wholly by custom, but in some little degree, at least, by that which has made it custom, by a sentiment common to humanity, a sentiment older than the days of the Pharisee or the Publican.

And permit me, my friends, to say here, that a very sad thing indeed it would be if, in some extravagant notion of spiritual freedom, or anti-puritanism, we should succeed in obliterated all distinctive tokens of the religious life. I have not a little sympathy for that type of religion that would make Sunday a day of grim bondage and sour observance. Whatever other sanction it claims or lacks in its connection with Christ's life and resurrection, it is a day of peace and of true spiritual freedom—of serene joy, as it celebrates the emancipation of the human soul from the fetters of death and the darkness of sense, as it lifts the burdened and weary spirit above the doors of worldliness and the conflicts of mortal cares, as it opens these earthly gates, and to the poorest and most guilty of God's children lets the King of Glory come in. Therefore, while I would have the very character of the day itself, its spiritual features all disassociated from everything like a sour, gloomy observance, just as strenuously must I oppose that other extreme which would obliterate all traces of Sunday as a distinctive day, which would disturb this true joy and peace with the holiday tramp of noisy revelry, and, professing to deliver men from ceremonial bondage, would bring them into bondage to unrestrained appetite and reckless sensuality. I have no sympathy, I say again, with the Phariseism that on Sunday would lock up every natural and glad emotion of the human heart, and forbid the tired workman that needed rest and freedom which they themselves may enjoy on any day of the week. And I have quite as little sympathy with the mis-called liberation which, in its assertion of liberty, would infringe upon the rights of those whom Sunday is sacred for its opportunity for peaceful worship—which, while other labor rests its wearied arms, would call into action that labor which deals out poison and death by the glass full, and would hardly allow the poor publican an undisturbed chance to go up to the temple and pray. Let every man be free to act from his own conscience—that is my motto. But let him remember that other people have consciences, too; and let not his liberty be so expansive that in its indulgence it jars and crushes against the liberty of others. I do not believe in chains, or in despotic interference of any kind; but I do believe in liberty with some kind of fence to it. A great many people—a large majority, I believe—want liberty to worship on Sunday, and to worship in peace. And, I repeat, I should be sorry to have that liberty abridged. However, especially now do I say this, that I should be sorry to lose the distinctive signs of a sentiment which, however vague and imperfect, does exist. It existed in the Pharisee as well as in the publican. It exists to-day in the souls of those who fall into the same rank with the Pharisee, as well as those who fall into the same rank with the publican.

And now, starting from this common ground of a relation to, and at least some kind of acknowledgment of, these great spiritual realities, men who come up to the temple to pray, do there and elsewhere very generally fall into the class of Pharisees, or the class of publicans. Now whom should we be likely to set off in the first name, among the Pharisees? For, I suppose, nobody now looks to see the Pharisee in form and in name like the Pharisee of old. Nobody looks round, expecting to see him coming in long robes, with phylacteries bound around his forehead, fasting twice a week, and giving tithes of all he possesses. There is a typical Phariseism of the present day present to the minds of a great many people. They summon him with their imagination, the moment the term is mentioned. Why, they say, Phariseism is typical of all ostentations of formal worshiping; it includes those who confound names with things. We take up, for instance, those who, perhaps, are especially called the religious classes, and we distribute the term "Phariseism" pretty liberally among them. We say, that man is a Pharisee who thinks the number of his ceremonies will atone for his want of practical daily religious life; that man is a Pharisee who is very scrupulous in believing about things, but does not give as much evidence of his belief in things; who, inside of the church, amid the sanctities of the altar, exhibits sometimes a practical atheism more ghastly than anything that appears in the world without. We say that is Phariseism in a church, where rites and ceremonies, in altar cloths, in albs and cassocks, and the antiquated discussions about those things, take the places of justice, mercy, and the love of God; that is Phariseism where men tithe mint, anise and cummin, and neglect the weightier matters of the law; that is Phariseism which has God's name upon the lips, and cares so little for God's image in humanity; that is Phariseism which professes to adore the Christ which has risen, and cares so little for those for whom Christ died, which leaves the traveler, wounded and bleeding, by the wayside—which leaves humanity to lift up its cry of despair and of need, and is only anxious about sharp points of creed, and particular forms and customs, inside of the church, and on Sunday. We say that is Phariseism—it is so, no doubt. The term is very well applied here in the text; it is a pity it is not dead to-day—that it is so expansive and exuberant even at this day.

But, my friends, I do not suppose that all the Pharisees are inside the churches formally, or, at least, are included among those who are especially called the religious classes. I suppose, for instance, that that man is a Pharisee whose morality is simply a legal morality, a formal morality; that is, the man who is content

with being as good as his neighbors, and is good, to a certain extent, because his neighbors are good; whose virtue is respectability, whose social reputation is but the common vanity of the society in which he moves, but who never had a deep spring in his spiritual nature broken up; who acts from no intense sense of God and of spiritual realities; who has never been roused to a divine communion; who has never looked into his own heart, and felt his own sin, and is simply content to be good, as the common run of men are good. The vague, dim influences of religious life, I say, are in him, as in all men. But vital religion in him has been pretty much scrubbed out by attrition with the world, and there is no real meaning to him in the name of God; there is no real meaning to him in the name of Christ; the words of religion are dross and formal words to him; they patter with hollow dullness upon his soul, and, I repeat, although he cannot be impeached in his outward morality, though his respectability may stand clear, after all it is simply a morality of form. He is moral, according to American or New York morality, as he would be moral according to Chinese morality, if he lived in China. He recognizes no absolute sense of spiritual realities; he does not have a sense of the moral life, and makes no appeal or reference to God in his presence, or in his living God. He says, "Lord," in a hollow, formal way, as the Pharisee of old said, "Lord, I thank thee that I am not as other men are." That is Phariseism, and there is a great deal of it out of the church, as well as in it. There is a great deal of it manifested in those who profess to be very liberal and broad in their religious views, as well as among those who are more literal and more narrow.

Then I should say that man was a Pharisee in spirit, and it is related, in fact, to what I have just said, who is satisfied with himself; who in his own heart commends his own moral position. Now I do not suppose that a man is to be continually picking himself to pieces, and finding fault with himself. Some of the most moral and best men I have known, anything like moral and religious living come from this habit of introspection and self-discipline, so to speak, where people are continually probing their own hearts, dissecting their own motives, looking at their own weaknesses. It is just as fatal as it is to be only adding up the sum of our own virtues; just as fatal as it is where men look exclusively, as it were, upon one side of the case. A man says, "Why, I live as well as others do; I do as much as they do; I have been honest; I have never defrauded any man; I have been industrious; I have pursued the even tenor of my way; I have never harmed any man to my knowledge." They bring up, sometimes, the whole sum of their moral vitality in this expression: I never did any man any harm; I have never harmed anybody, and with no other thing for him to do. And repeat, when a man is in this self-satisfied position, feels complacent, feels on the whole that he is about as good as the common run of men, he is just in the position of the Pharisee. It is no matter whether he is a professor of religion or not, in the church, or whether he is out of it; if this is his feeling, it is the feeling to thank God—"that I fast twice in the week, and give tithes of all I possess." Self-satisfaction is one of the most dangerous positions in which a human creature can get—to be perfectly self-satisfied. For the moment we become real in what we do, become earnest, and hold up our hearts and our lives before the eye of God and the ideal of Jesus Christ, what a life shriveled up, business it becomes, this living about as well as other people do, this doing no injustice, this never doing anybody any harm.

As I said a few Sabbaths ago, you are going to compute and weigh the moral substance and value of your acts, you have got to go below the mere overt act, you have got to probe down to the motive, you have got to sound the great depths of your hearts, and find what principle and desire of life you have acted. You have been honest; and why? Because it was the best policy for you to be honest. You have been industrious; and why? Because you were obliged to be so. You have not harmed any one; and why? Because, perhaps, God gave you an amiable disposition, with which to do harm would hurt you more than it would others; or there may have been policy even in that. Have you ever done anything from a self-sacrificing spirit and motive? Have you ever done any good deed when it cost you something to do it? Have you ever, for instance, in holding to particular principle, sacrificed something for that principle? That is a grand thing that you find in one part of the New Testament, descriptive of the early disciples of Christ. It is said of them that they were "men that have hazarded their lives for the name of our Lord Jesus Christ." That is something to do. They were not the moral men who to-day have a comfortable faith in Christ, and sit in their pews a couple of hours on Sunday, and then go about their business for the rest of the weeks. But they were men who hazarded their lives for Christ. Now what principle have you hazarded your lives upon? Upon what motives, and see your case for? Probe down to your motives, and see how your having done as well as others stands from the view of that plane; and then take up the positive ideal of Jesus Christ. That transcendent beauty, that perfect holiness, that ideal standard, as the mark and the guide to which at least we should aspire, and toward which we should struggle; and do you not think that your being so very satisfied with yourself puts you very much in the position of the Pharisee of old?

Again, that man is in spirit a Pharisee, who, starting from this ground of self-satisfaction, is censorious and critical concerning other men. You see, the Pharisee had a superabundance of self-satisfaction, so to speak. He was so well contented with himself, so convinced that all was well policed and right in his own bosom, that he could not see anything wrong in others. He found the poor publican of old, of course, knew he was a publican, a poor, despised sort of an infidel or heretic, a man who was false to the Jewish nationality; in that he collected tribute for Caesar; and he thanked God that he was not as bad as that man yonder, that he was better than him. He was not extortionate, he said. Perhaps he was not, in fact, though he may have been in thought. He said he was not unjust; but he tried himself by his own standard. At any rate, he had sufficient pride, being satisfied with himself, to thank God that he was not as other men are, that he was not even as that poor publican. Now I ask, if this kind of Phariseism is not pretty thick among us even now; this kind of Phariseism which gives us so much liberty from the examination of our motives, the searching of our own lives, the application of our own claims and truths to our own consciences and our own hearts, that we may be more free to look at our neighbors and judge them, criticise their acts, fathom their motives, and estimate the title of their claims to the Christian name? Are there not too many, even now among us, of those who peek into the motives, and judge the moral character of those, for instance, who differ very much from them in forms of belief?

You will bear me witness, my hearers, that I do not very often trouble you with anything like sectarian expressions—not so much as some people think I ought; but still as much as I mean to do. But still I cannot help noticing something that came before my eye the other day, contained in a religious paper—a paper more liberal than many others in religious respects, more broad and more practical. I speak now, not as a sectarian, but as a man, of this matter. It was a reference to the defection from the standard faith of the country of a distinguished man of this State. It was lamenting that defection, and as an instance of the evils growing out of it, it was mentioned as a fact that his defection had already been a subject of exultation with Universalists, that they "now count him a convert to their views, and echo his praise in bar-rooms, and the parlors of vice," classing the two things together. Now I call that Phariseism; first, because Phariseism is that sort of zeal which is so anxious for an opinion that it brands not only with intellectual error, but with moral odium, those who differ from them in opinion. The two things are entirely separate.

I differ from a man intellectually; let me meet him like a man; let me confront him like a man; let me argue with him like a man. But it does not follow, because he understands differently from me, or has an intellectual proposition, that, therefore he is to be counted out with those who have fallen into moral obliquity. And if the person penning such an article as this had been aware of the fact, he would have known that, upon the whole, the denomination to which he has referred are remarkably clear from bar-rooms; I mean those who have gone into the core and heart of the matter; not those who merely stand on the outer skirts. I suppose no religious ship or sect would like to be responsible for such a carnal barnacle and seaweed on its hull. But it is, nevertheless, true that the denomination referred to is remarkable, from any such association. Therefore it was simply a malignant zeal of a party, so intolerant of the opinions of those who differ from them, that it strikes at their character; and that I call Phariseism. Sling a lexicon and the Bible at the head of every Universalist and Unitarian you find, if you choose. But how dare you break open the sanctity of his heart? How dare you judge his soul, and say that, because you think there is a veil between his reason and his right judgment, therefore God Almighty has no access to his heart, and he has never been baptized with the spirit of Jesus Christ? It is not this saying. "Because I am right, therefore you are a poor, miserable, and morally depraved being, because you are intellectually wrong?"

its wander into a brighter world."—*Mueller.*

STORIES FOR THE YOUNG.

BY MRS. L. M. WILLIS.

LITTLE LUCETTE;

OR, THE TRIAL OF GOODNESS.

"If you love those that love you what think have you?"

Little Lucette was, what most people call, a good girl. She had a pleasant home, and kind friends, and every reasonable wish was gratified, so that she had not as many temptations as some children. She had only one sister younger than herself, who was under the care of others, so that Lucette had not vexed or troubled by being called upon to give up her pleasures. But there were a few children who do not have their virtue tested at some time, and so Lucette had an opportunity, as we shall see, to understand just how much real goodness she had. Her cousin Eleanor, who lived in the city, and had been indulged and petted all her days, came to visit her. She was a wild, frolicsome child, and very selfish. She was vain of her good looks and proud of her fine clothes. Lucette was at first quite delighted to see her move about like a beautiful butterfly; she followed her quietly, or helped her in all her sports, asking no greater delight than to be with her, and look at her gay attire, and see her dance and frolic. But after a time she wanted a little sport herself, and so she danced, too, and joined in the frolic, and became very happy. There was no trouble between the cousins as long as one was willing to yield to the other. But Lucette had a proud heart as well as her cousin, only it had not been tried, and she hardly knew of it herself.

It was a bright, glowing day in summer; the air was fresh and full of life, and all things seemed as if more lovely than ever before.

"I think," said Lucette, "that I shall go into the woods and build me a bower; I have found a fine spot where the moss is soft, and where I can bend the branches of a tree down to form a tent. Will you go, Eleanor? Oh, do—it will be such fun. Mary Jones and I built one last summer, and we had dolls to live in it, and we thought that we were wood-nymphs, and had power to make people happy that sat under an oak or a maple—or said, that sat under a poplar or pine. Come, we'll play it all over again."

"Oh, nonsense!" said Eleanor; "I am going after berries; I shall go alone if you don't go. Who ever heard of people being happy or unhappy that sat under trees?"

"Well," said Lucette, "it is not nonsense, but real truth, for I've tried it. But I'll give up the bower, if you wish—though I don't like always to give up, nor do I think it is fair."

"Oh, Miss Justice," said Eleanor, "who told you what was right? I think the one is right who has her own way, and I'll have mine."

This was not a pleasant commencement to a day's pleasure; but the girls found their baskets and started for the berry-field. It was a wild, rough place, but the children did not mind, for they thought of the bright flowers and the singing birds, and the bright red raspberries, that loved the wild pasture better than the cultivated ground.

Lucette was used to hunting for berries, and her nimble fingers soon filled her basket; but Eleanor was not industrious or patient, and would not even attempt to gather the fruit.

"Now," said Eleanor to her cousin, "you have filled your basket, and you can take mine and fill it, for I am too tired."

"Too tired! I guess you'd better say too lazy, Miss City Puss," said Lucette.

"Well, I'm sure I'm glad I am city fine, instead of country coarse. You, who have no dress better than a delaine, and tie your bonnet with a cotton string, had better talk so to those who are your betters by a whole trunk full of silk dresses, and an organdy, and a blue silk hat."

Now Lucette knew very well that she had spoken the first harsh word; but she did not stop to consider that, for she was angry at such words; and when one becomes really angry, one does not allow the better voice to speak, but returns evil for evil more and more. So Lucette grew very red in her face, and threw her bonnet on the ground, and ran from her cousin, who sat on a rock, being really tired.

"You call me country-coarse, and I suppose I am; but I know some things you do not—I know the way home, and, as my basket is full, I'll go!" So she ran as fast as her strong yet nimble feet would carry her.

"Oh, don't! don't!" said Eleanor; "I am afraid to be alone. Oh, dear, dear, don't leave me!"

Now Lucette did not intend to desert her cousin, but only to frighten her. She thought she would run around the hill, and soon come back, and find her cousin very sorry for what she had said to her. She was too proud to acknowledge her own faults, and only wished to see her cousin humbled.

But Eleanor was a timid child when alone, and the thought of her cousin's leaving her made her almost frantic. She started in pursuit—she ran on and on—but she missed the path her cousin had taken. She went further and further from the right way; she jumped on to the high rocks, and called, in a pitiful voice; she came to a little stream, and crossed it; she did not stop until, completely worn out with fatigue, she fell in the path, and knew nothing more.

But what has become of Lucette, the little girl who had been kind and loving when nothing troubled or vexed her? She ran around the hills so quickly that before Eleanor had passed the first rock, she was hidden behind a fir tree. She stopped there, thinking to herself, "I will teach my cousin better than to laugh at me; she thinks I do not know much, because I do not look as fine as she!"

But Lucette had not a few moments before she began to look around her. There was the beautiful sky, with its clear blue, looking down softly upon her, just as serene as when she was gentle and loving. There was the gleaming sunshine—oh, how warm it was, and how bright it made the mountain look, and how golden the river gleamed in its rays! And there was the fresh fir beside which she was sitting—how green and fresh it was, and how softly it murmured in the wind! There, too, was the summer daisy, and the pimpernel—how bright and yet how tender seemed their soft eyes looking at her! Hark! there is the robin, too; what a sweet note it has—is it singing to her? Ah, Lucette! Do you begin to think how good and beautiful all things are to you, no matter how wicked and sinful your heart is? that God shows his love to you, and that it blesses you while you make your heart proud and sinful by your wrong thoughts and purposes?

Lucette did think of all this, and she felt ashamed of her conduct; and if she had not been proud, she would have run while yet Eleanor was in the field where she left her. But she kept waiting, saying to herself, "She will sit there on the rock, and she will grow sorry for being so unkind!" But Lucette was not quite sure of that, and she thought she heard a faint voice, far up the brook, calling to her; and as the "bright sunshine still had its voice of love to her heart, and the blue sky, and the fir tree, and the robin, and the flower, all seemed to be saying, "Lucette! Lucette! we love you—why do you not love, too?" she started and ran back to the place where she left her cousin. But there was no one there! There lay her bonnet, as she had thrown it in anger, and Eleanor's pall, with its few crimson berries, in the green grass—but nothing more. "Oh, she has hidden, as I did," said Lucette, to herself. "I will wait, or better, I will be filling her basket for her; and by-and-by she will come out from her hiding-place, and then she will be so glad to find her pall full! Oh, I am sorry I was so unkind!"

But Eleanor did not come, and the pall was full, and the sun was growing hot, and she knew it was noon. Then she began to call, "Lily, Lily, my cousin, come. I am not angry now; come, come!" but she only heard her voice echoing back from the hill—"come, come." She ran all over the pasture, she climbed the highest rocks, she called, until she was hoarse, but she heard nothing but her own voice. She became terrified, but knew not what to do; her nimble, strong feet were weary, her head drooped, her tongue was parched, so she thought to get some water by the brook, and went thither. As she lifted her head from drinking she saw Eleanor's pink frock, and in a moment she forgot her fatigue, and was at her side; but Eleanor's fall had injured her head, and she was senseless. Oh, what grief was that to Lucette's heart. She emptied her pall on the ground, and ran for water; she bathed her forehead, and spoke gentle, tender words to her; she broke fern leaves, and sheltered her from the sun; she tried to lift up her body, but she was not strong enough. At last she ran to the road side, and called for help. Some men chanced to hear her, and came to her aid. They bore the little girl home, and Lucette ran before. She looked so pale, and her eyes were so firmly closed, that Lucette thought she must be dead, but after a time she opened them, and when she was laid on the couch, she turned her eyes and said, "Lucette, I am sorry." It was many days before she recovered, and she suffered much pain; but she grew gentle and loving, for she knew that she had brought the trouble upon herself. But Lucette did not think so; she blamed herself for her anger, and as she saw her cousin's suffering she could not forgive herself. But this lesson was not soon forgotten. She felt that her heart had not real goodness in it, because when the trial came she lost her gentle, loving ways. There are none of us that can be sure of our goodness until it has been tried, that is the reason that we are told that trials are blessed; and so Lucette found, for she said to herself, "Unless I can be patient when others vex me, and unless I can be loving when others are unkind, I am not really good." These little cousins had many a pleasant day together after that, and many a pleasant summer, and although they were not wholly good and kind, yet they tried to be forgiving, and to remember the bitter lesson they learned in the raspberry field, and that real love cannot be unkind, or return evil for evil—but only good; just as God loves always, and seeks to reclaim us from all that is wrong.

What is best of all earth's treasure?
What of all gives truest pleasure?
Look at birds, and flowers, and tell me,
What is sweetest, best, most lovely.

Look at meadows in the sunlight,
Look at water by the moonlight,
Look at mossy banks in summer,
Look at frost gleams in the winter.

Then look in the happy faces,
Gentle by all holy graces,
Glad in every thing of beauty,
Hopeful in each thought of duty.

Tell me, children, if the summer,
If the moonlight, or the winter,
Can bring about to bless and cheer you,
As the gladness faces near you?

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S. B. BRITTON.

We take pleasure in announcing to our readers, that we have concluded arrangements with the above gentleman, to take charge of our New York office and editorial department in that city. He is now permanently located in New York, and will henceforth give his undivided attention to this paper. Our readers will undoubtedly congratulate us upon the acquisition of one of the brightest minds, whose energies are devoted to the developments of the age we live in.

Our next issue will contain the first fruits of this arrangement with Mr. Britton.

THE TENDENCY OF THE TIMES.

As Dr. Bellows himself characterized his last summer's discourse at Cambridge, on the "Suspense of Faith," it was no more nor less than an attempt—and a very successful one, in our judgment—to describe and define the undeniable tendency of the times. He was frank to avow—that is not susceptible of anything like a demonstrative denial—that the practical worth and result of creeds are to be looked for outside of church organizations—that Protestantism showed itself more truly among the masses that never went inside of a church, than in the lives of those few and exceptional persons whose temperaments and sentimental inheritances would make it difficult for them to be anything but religious; that the general habit of free discussion, on all and all sorts of subjects, that prevailed at the present time, is not of necessity proof that the popular mind has become, or is becoming, infidel in any sense, but rather the contrary; and that, in fine, the logical result and outgrowth of Protestantism is Individualism, in its widest and truest sense, each person coming to know God primarily through himself, and acknowledging that the divine laws can in no way be set aside or overturned.

We were struck with the large thoughts and bold expression of Dr. Bellows in the sermon to which we have already alluded, and believed it was calculated to work a large amount of good at this present juncture. It embodied so many convictions that had already become a corporate part of a large class of the foremost minds of the age, and furnished sympathy to so many souls that needed just such assistance in the present season of their need, that we welcomed it as a timely word for a strong man, and wanted to hear more of the lips of the same high oracle.

But all are human, at the best. Dr. Bellows has recently returned to his church, after the lapse of the summer's vacation, and appears to have taken unusual pains, in the very first discourse to his congregation, to set himself right in the face of certain misrepresentations that seem to have given him more or less un-

casiness, relative to this same sermon at Cambridge. Fearful lest he may have gone too far in one direction, he now takes pains to convince his parish that he is going in another; or, to state the case more fairly, he has seemed to be fearful lest he has blurted out the truth before the proper time had come, and therefore would now be at some pains to persuade his friends that what he said ought to go for nothing.

But it happens to be a fortunate thing for the world that what has once been written and spoken forever remains. The free expression of the honest and unrestrained thoughts of Dr. Bellows is still doing its work. He uttered his sincerest convictions at a moment when their utterance was doubtless the only relief his soul could find; and those fresh and large utterances the world has heard, deriving untold benefit from the same. He can take nothing back now. He can qualify nothing. When his soul spoke, it uttered syllables from whose profound spiritual significance no after-thought, or prudent theologian's refinements can diminish one jot or tittle. And we are glad, for the sake of humanity, that this is so. The masses have heard the noble and true utterances, which their own deep instincts tell them are of the highest character and importance, and they will refuse to listen to any of the qualifications by which the meaning and value of those utterances can by any means be whittled away.

The tendency of the age, according to Dr. Bellows, then, is to liberality of thought and a large freedom of expression. So we believe it. What else is proved by the frank mode in which Beecher comes forward to address his people, week after week, speaking openly of things that have hitherto been kept concealed, faithfully interpreting by his own marked example that general liberality which is the chief characteristic of the times, and even defying the assaults of that secret and oftentimes treacherous ecclesiastical power, which, like all other forms of power, does not hesitate to put its foot on the neck of all individuals that speak without its license? What else but this same tendency to liberality is shown by the eager haste with which the people will crowd to hear such preachers as Beecher, and Bellows, and Chapin, and King, and Parker, and Emerson, when they would not take the pains to cross the street to hear the most brilliant of the mere sectaries who tread in the ruts that have been worn smooth by so many weary feet already? What other meaning can we attach to the talk that is to be heard on all sides, in the streets, in public hotels, in the cars, and on the steamboats, as well on one day of the week as another, about matters of the highest import to the human soul, and involving the problem of its grand destinies?

It is useless to hope to push evidence out of sight, that is so palpable that it cannot be overlooked or mistaken. This day is like no other day the world ever saw; it may be worse in some of its characteristics, but it is nevertheless a great deal better in some others. One of its features is certainly a most desirable one, and a marked improvement on anything that has gone before; and that is, the better reception liberal sentiments meet with now than they would have met with, less than a generation ago. Not that the authorities, self-constituted and arrogant, would not exercise the same tyrannical sway that marked their earlier existence, for we have abundant evidence that they would do so if they felt sure of popular support; but there is the pinch—the people are not as willing to submit to mere spiritual authority now as they once were, and the strong prop of it is therefore at once knocked away. It is only necessary for the popular mind and conscience to become enlightened, and the end of tyranny and authority in matters of religious import has already arrived at the door.

Timid men deplore this spread of this intelligence, and naturally; because they have been educated to believe that just as soon as the reins are taken out of the hands of the few, and surrendered up into the hands of the many, there will at once be an end of all government whatever. But this does not follow. And even if it did, we are not altogether prepared to say that apparent chaos and confusion, for a time, is far better than a tight rein upon the natural impulses of the soul, and a cloud forever hanging over the aspirations and the thoughts of all. For this chaos could not last long; it is out of chaos only that divine order is finally evolved, and newer and better relations are established. When we break up these worn-out forms, we do not of necessity destroy the essence that has been contained in them; the process is only a natural one, and signifies progress—signifies that we have used up the old, and are ready to begin upon the new. Yet the truth within and behind all is eternal. That is never modified or changed by the externalities; the latter are no more than temporary embodiments of the soul's changing conceptions.

And this brings us around to the point insisted on in the eloquent and most thoughtful discourse of Dr. Bellows, and the one, too, with which we set out ourselves, that it is undeniable that all the great movements of the age tend to a larger and truer liberality in all things. Dr. Bellows himself states what we have ourselves many times argued, that the prevalent skepticism of the time, instead of being proof that the age had degenerated and fallen away, was merely evidence that the age was one of a more active and profound inquiry than any previous one. This may be, too, the identical reason why it is charged with so much self-sufficiency and conceit; it is a very natural concomitant of the first attempts at unrestrained questioning and discussion, and should be set down rather to the account of those who have always assisted to check and choke such inquiry, than of those who are for the first time permitted to enjoy the privileges of their free reason. It is a mistake to charge this offensive forwardness on the part of skeptics and free-thinkers to the credit of the skeptics and free-thinkers; it is no fault originally of theirs, but of those whose very lives and logic have compelled this forwardness, and given it the unwelcome shape and temper it sometimes betrays.

But there is another consideration that deserves attention. It is this: those who have not an abiding confidence in man, in humanity even at its lowest estate, but who insist that it never can get up because it always has been kept down, are not the ones to talk, or even to think of regenerating the race, or of leading them on to possibilities not yet generally dreamed of. To doubt of the final capacity of the race is to question the fundamental truths so earnestly laid down and so impressively expounded and illustrated by Jesus of Nazareth; for the genuine Christian doctrine appeals to none but the highest and best capacities of man, and searches out only what is good and true in his nature. It certainly does exhibit at all points a worthy confidence in man's instincts and capacities, and appeals to them alone, as if thus man were to be made nobler and better. Nowhere does it take the false and fictitious side for the true side. Nowhere does it intimate that man is to be kept under by some prudential tyranny, until he has learned a safe use of the native powers that lie dormant in him. It inculcates nothing at all like tyranny, but everywhere the largest liberty, which as St. Paul observes, is to make us all the sons of God.

These reflections point but one way. If the men who aspire to instruct, inform, and inspire the world of this day are lacking in faith for the final destiny of man, and feel afraid to entrust humanity with all the various rights and privileges that constitute its very existence, or seek to cramp, crib and confuse the heaven-born faculties of men and women within formalities and hard constraints that are the invention of man only—then it is certain that they may cease their aspirations and exertions as speedily as they choose; for they can have no doing with beings in whose destiny they have no faith. They must be content to let mankind go their own way, and submit to the consequences of occasional

errors for the sake of the valuable and enduring experience which is their compensation.

Galileo said, the world does move. The spiritual forces were never so awake and active as now. Man never was so earnest in trying to solve the grand problem of his being. Light is pouring down from the opened heavens into hearts that have till now been enveloped in clouds and thick darkness. The daystar has arisen on high. The mind is becoming free, and the dumb tongue is getting loosed. And he who does not see and feel this characteristic of our own generation, neither dreams of the splendid possibilities with which he is surrounded, nor yet is capable of leading others where he does not even know the way himself. It will not do for such an one to pass rapid judgment upon what he cannot now comprehend. He should be content to be a learner, a patient waiter upon the events of life as they are unfolded to him in the order of a Divine Providence.

EXTRAORDINARY REVELATIONS.

The Secret Deeds of Earth, in High Life, brought to Light by Spirit Power, and tangibly proved by following Spirit Direction.

BY A. D. CHILD, M. D.

"There is less real difference among men than men imagine."

"It matters not what men assume to be; they are but what they are."

"The spirit reads the tongue when still as well as when it moves."

There is a degree of growth which the souls of men shall gain in their progression, when the secrets of the heart, by their own volition, shall be unfolded to the gaze of others. The lower deeds of life are necessarily obscured by clouds of darkness; these clouds are the habitations of secrecy. While the soul inhabits that condition of life where darkness reigns, it loves that darkness; and that love is right; it is adapted to the condition which produces it.

The narrative I am about to relate is substantially true. The claims to spirit power, as manifested through mediums in this extraordinary affair, I shall not exaggerate, but shall aim to present facts, so far as I have been able to gather them. I shall fail to present all the facts in this case, for the reason that some of the mediums who have been unwilling but efficient instruments in this revelation, have a great aversion to the publication of their names, or anything relating to themselves; and their lips, to me, have been kept close on the subject. This love of secrecy and sacred privacy I have not one word to say against; for there is existing a cause which produces it, that is as just as the cause of the extreme opposite which makes me a tattler. Between the two extremes I hope to present half the facts.

Many may think that the following is a fiction; but thinking and saying that it is so, does not alter the fact of its truth. I affirm that it is true, as reported to me—not in the letter, perhaps, but in substance, and many others could verify this affirmation, did not the character of the revelation and love of secrecy stand in the way.

I shall ask the readers of this to rest its truth altogether on my feeble veracity. I could disclose many names, who know many of the facts in the case, but its peculiar nature forbids my so doing. I write it out for the reason that it shows another of the infinitely varied phases of spirit-life, and it is another of the innumerable, powerful, incontrovertible evidences that spirits do communicate.

Some will believe this, and some will disbelieve it; some will see a truth here; will see the progress of the soul through sin, conflict and suffering; others will see anything here but truth; will laugh, scorn and ridicule. The New York Tribune may caricature it, as it did the article published in the BANNER, last May, on "Obsession."

The spirit who made the following revelation, left the earthly form about one year ago. In society, he was intrinsically ranked with the aristocracy of the city of Boston, and also the literary of the State of Massachusetts. He was a friend of Harvard professors; he was a minister of the Gospel, of liberal views, of good native talents and of excellent moral culture. His education was superior; at one time he held a conspicuous appointment as a State officer; he was a man of great use and influence in society; was kind, benevolent and forgiving; and to the eyes of the world his moral character was without a blemish, and his religious reputation was excellent.

He died, and all his dear friends on earth said in the language of a common prayer, "he has served God in his generation; and is now gathered with his fathers, having the testimony of a good conscience, in communion with the holy church, in the confidence of a certain faith, in the comfort of a reasonable, religious and holy hope; in favor with God, and in perfect charity with the world." "Thus departed," said the people, "a good moral and religious man; a man of letters, philosophy, manners and competence in all that is good and beautiful in this world. The grave covers his last remains and his soul has gone to that bourne from whence no traveler returns."

Let us see whether the spirit of this good minister is really far removed, or has gone to a place from which it cannot visit earth again. And, also, let us see whether according to the world's standard of morals and religion, his earthly life was more excellent than that of men who make no professions of religious and moral rectitude.

A few weeks after this minister died, his wife, by some unseen influence, was brought into the presence of a medium; or, we may say that the influence of circumstance brought her there. Spiritually, she knew little if anything of, and did not desire to seek or cultivate it; but, by some irresistible, determined influence, she was led on step by step until she found herself with a medium. Almost immediately upon her entering the room, the medium was powerfully seized by spirit influence, being still in a conscious state, but perfectly under the control of the spirit. The medium (a lady) affectionately grasped the lady's hand, and spoke in substance as follows: "I am your husband. I am in hell. It is in your power to make me happy. Your forgiveness will drive away the remorse and agony that now claims my soul in misery. Will you promise to redeem my soul from the hell of woe into which it has fallen?"

The wife was startled at the strangeness of this extraordinary manifestation. Mingled feelings filled her bosom; doubt and belief were at war; she could not think her husband was in hell, and yet she could not renounce this earnest and sincere appeal as false and deceptive; her feelings overcame her, and she wept; the cords of tenderness, sympathy and love in her soul had been swept by the utterance through the lips of the medium, and she answered:

"If my forgiveness can redeem a soul from hell, whoever you are—and whatever the crime may be for which you ask forgiveness, I forgive." The spirit manifesting great joy at the kind answer of the wife, continued—"I ask you not to believe what I am about to divulge to you, without tangible, positive, external evidence, which evidence you shall have if you will follow my directions."

To this the wife very willingly yielded her assent. The spirit then repeated that he was her husband; revealed his name, place of residence before death, time of death, etc., and said that as a husband, he had been untrue and unfaithful to her; that the consciousness of these wrongs which he had committed against her, had doomed his soul to a hell of suffering. He openly and boldly acknowledged all his deeds of guilt, specifying the times when, places where, and persons with whom, he had erred.

The wife on hearing this, though a disbeliever in Spiritualism, spontaneously believed it, and said, as is a woman's nature on the first impulse of excitement, "If you have committed such awful deeds, and have kept them secret from me while on earth, you may stay in hell, and I will not help you."

Peter promised never to deny his Lord—so did this wife promise to forgive the sins of the sufferer in hell; but the weakness of each, in the moment of trial, was too great to fulfill the promises.

The spirit continued—"I read now the language of your soul—there I see forgiveness. The words you now utter are the effect of this sudden excitement which will pass away, and the joy of forgiveness shall fill your soul, and its rays shall go forth into the darkness of my soul, like the sunlight of the morning into the darkness of the night. I am forgiven by you."

After this communication the wife wept bitterly. She was in great agony, for she deeply felt the truth of all she had heard. It was a terrible shock to her sensitive soul; for she never dreamed of her husband's truancy; she had the most unlimited confidence in his good morals and his excellent religious character; and now that he was dead and gone, to hear his voice from the regions of the dead speak to her, and tell her this, was almost too much for her bereaved spirit to bear. But he was in hell, and she could forgive him, which forgiveness would make his spirit happy. This weighed heavily upon her soul. The agonies of the moment which

had come forth, an effect of the dark sins of the past, were soon to blossom in the flowers of forgiveness and love. The wife soon became more calm, and consented to listen further to the spirit's revelation, who, directed her to go to a certain room and to a certain place in that room, where a key would be found concealed.

This key would open an old box which was packed away with some rubbish in a certain attic room, which box contained his private correspondence, and in it would be found letters with names, which were written in full, subscribed to them; names of persons with whom he had sinned. If then directed her to call upon the persons whose names were subscribed to these letters, and tell them the whole story relative to his revelation, and they would verify the truth of his allegations, and at the same time gave her their full address. One of these women was an acquaintance of the wife, the others were strangers to her.

At this point of this unexpected revelation the spirit told the wife to go to another medium, who was a perfect stranger to her, as was the medium through whom the above was given, and he would verify the truth of what he had said, by giving to her again a part of what she had already received. This, the wife unhesitatingly did, and without delay, and the prophecy through the first medium was more than verified, for, with the later medium she received additional evidences of the fact that her husband had really talked to her.

At the earliest convenience of the wife, she looked for the key to the box as directed, and there found it; also found the box, and letters in the box, written and signed as she had been told they were through these strange mediums.

What think our readers must this good woman have thought, at heart, of the truth of Spiritualism at these startling evidences of its truth? The truths of what she had received, rose up before her physical vision after the other—tangible, positive proofs. Could there remain one lingering doubt that her husband, though numbered with the "dead," had spoken to her? Perhaps, she still had lingering doubts.

But there is more evidence yet, which is of more weight than what has been given. A profound secret exists between the communicating spirit and each of these young women. Who knows it, save the guilty parties? No one on earth before it is told by the spirit through the medium. The wife seeks and obtains an interview, separately, with each of these young women, as directed by the spirit; and in tears, but in kindness, she relates the whole to them, each one separately. (No one knows, or probably ever will know, the names of these parties, as connected with this affair, but the wife and her lips are sealed by spirit power, to never speak their names.) And however singularly strange it may appear, each one confessed that the whole, as related by the spirit, was true. This was overwhelming, tangible, external evidence that a spirit had talked with a mortal, and had shown his identity beyond the possibility of a doubt.

This good wife did forgive her husband, and what is more and greater—for a woman to forgive in a case like this—she has forgiven the women, too. She has had almost daily communion through mediums with her spirit husband since, who has, since the forgiveness of his wife, been very happy. It need not be asked if the wife now believes in Spiritualism. She was a perfect stranger to both these mediums, and the spirit, when on earth, was a perfect stranger to them, too. This being the fact, how is it possible to account for these wonderful things, unless we accept the fact that spirits do communicate?

The spirit designed and desired no secrecy in this matter, except the names of persons now living, who were connected with it; excepting this part, the substance of the whole revelation was one day repeated by the spirit to a circle of five persons at the residence of a lady in Boston. The spirit said that he had suffered on earth and in the spirit world more than tongue could tell for the wrongs he had committed. He said at times his earthly sufferings had been so great that he had come near to committing suicide. Since he has been in the spirit world he has confined himself to the prison-house of convicts as a penalty for his wrong, and a means of his redemption. This, together with the forgiveness of his injured wife, has ended his suffering, and he is now happy.

The Spiritual Clarion.

The Spiritual Clarion has, in its last issue, a very able editorial on "Organization and Political Action of Spiritualists." It treats the subject in a handsome manner; and deals with the different opinions of the Spiritualist and BANNER OF LIGHT on the subject in a many way. Of the latter it says:—

"The BANNER deals in gentle deprecation against large Spiritualist Conventions, and grows cautious in regard to all Organizations and Associations seeking to centralize the strength and the sentiments of Spiritualists. This position is doubtless entirely consistent with the general tone and contents of our large, enterprising contemporary. It does not claim to be especially or distinctively devoted to Spiritualism, though it is its leading idea; and it proves a faithful chronicler of spiritual phenomena. But the BANNER claims no more for Spiritualism than it does for certain other forms of liberal reform, philosophy and religion. Its editorial is non-committal, and leaves its readers the largest liberty for conjecture. We find no fault with this species of Journalism, but rather commend it as far preferable to the dogmatical course pursued by sectarian periodicals. We are proud of a paper whose pages are open for a fair and an honorable presentation of facts and sentiments representing every department of a progressive generation."

Sir John Franklin.

By the arrival of the steamer Canada, the public is put in possession of interesting intelligence respecting the above individual's death. Lady Franklin some time ago fitted out a vessel to go in quest of some still more definite intelligence of him; that vessel, which was a screw-steamer, has returned to England. At Point William, on the northwest coast of King William's Island, a record was found dated April 25th, 1848, and signed by two officers of the Franklin Expedition. The record furnishes the particulars of the abandonment of the Erebus and Terror in the ice, and that the survivors were proceeding to Great Fish River. Sir John Franklin died June 11th, 1847. Several most interesting relics of the ill-starred expedition were discovered, including skeletons of several of the men who had died from exposure and weariness.

San Juan.

The British press are discussing the question of our occupation of this island, on the upper Pacific coast, with more temperateness than heretofore. The foreign papers do not think that the occurrence will be likely to lead to any serious misunderstanding between the two countries, although there is not much perceptible reason to suppose that the British will willingly concede our claims to the island. But Gen. Harney is already on the spot, and it is impossible just at present to get him off. The British Governor would have been likely to behave in the same way. Possession being nine points in the law, it looks as if the American claim had a good practical bottom to it.

Patriotic.

The Putnam Phalanx, a fine-looking body of men from Hartford, Conn., who have adopted the uniform of the Continental Army, paid a visit to Boston and Junken Hill last week, and were finely received. Their appearance excited the most patriotic sentiments in the heart of every beholder. Cheers without number greeted them as they marched along our streets. Their commander had snow-white hair, and was seventy-six years old.

How the Banner is Received.

The following letter from Mr. Warren Willard, of Berlin, Ottawa Co., Mich., is only a specimen of many congratulatory letters recently received:—</

Reported for the Banner of Light. MISS LIZZIE DOTEN AT ORDWAY HALL, Sunday, October 24.

The Spiritualist Sunday services for the coming winter, in Boston, were opened at Ordway Hall, on Sunday afternoon, October 23, by a discourse from Miss Lizzie Doten, on "The Law and the Gospel." In reply to a question by Dr. Gardner, at the close of the lecture, it was stated that the medium was influenced by the spirits of John Cotton, Cotton Mather, and Mather Byles.

The speaker began by promising directness and earnestness. The spirits in possession did not believe in that garb of speech which showers flowers on the heads of the audience, and fills their eyes with a false and dazzling philosophy, and leaves the heart unsatisfied. The address would be plain and straightforward, and, as the spirits strove while in this world to preach the Gospel in its simplicity, their aim now, and in any following discourses which they might dictate, would be to do good—not to increase their own popularity.

Man is by nature a law maker and a law breaker. He makes laws because he is conscious of his weakness; he breaks them because he is conscious of his power. Better that no law should be made, than that it should be broken. Study well before you make a law. In politics study not the wants of the present age alone, but look forward to generations to come, and take into consideration their increase of mental power. How was it with the little concourse of men gathered in the cabin of the Mayflower, when they were to make a set of laws which were to govern a nation? They made the law from their own standpoint. The speakers had great respect for our forefathers, for they were with them—men who sought not popularity, but freedom; men willing to go to the halls of legislation without salary, or hope of remuneration, and make laws for the good of the people. But with these men, as you well know, with all the past, it was the object to unite Church and State. Now, any gospel that has to depend upon politics, is not a true gospel, not a divine revelation. There is a policy, there is a divine law, that ever goes hand in hand with a divine gospel; and the effort of the interior man, and woman, is to get out into that law and gospel of freedom. But with our present designing politicians and theologians, who desire to unite Church and State, the effort has been to force the gospel upon us. But no gospel was ever forced upon the true man; and whenever the attempt has been made, the gospel of freedom has risen up and there have been war and bloodshed throughout the land, the great gospel of freedom has asserted its supremacy in the face of man-made law. We were men, said the speakers, who were familiar with such scenes—who saw the flowing blood in State street, and on Bunker's heights; who saw the coming of the gospel of freedom. We knew that man must be politically free before he could be morally so. But, paradoxically and the reverse, let the gospel of freedom flow into his nature, and smite those more man-made laws, and break them in pieces, as a potter's vessel is broken. Frequently, with anxious hearts, burning with a fire shut up in our bones, have we crossed this threshold, [Ordway Hall is the building known in the colonial times as the Province House, and occupied for government purposes, and sat down with these high in power, who were beneath the protecting wing of royalty; and although this gospel of freedom was surging and swelling with its mighty foam-crested billows in our hearts, law, the civil law, bound us down. But how fearful was that breaking forth! State street, and Bunker Hill, and Concord shall tell you.

In speaking of the gospel of freedom, it was not meant a gospel of religion and morals, as we understand them. The true gospel is not confined to the Church or the Bible, but spreads over all the earth, taking in all nations, all forms of religion, all creeds.

What is law? He who was best able to answer it, was asked the question what is truth, and gave no reply. Truth differs in its development and manifestation—not in its nature—in every age, in every individual. And so with law. It is that which confines individual freedom, as law is generally understood. How many, it was asked, in the audience, would commit crime if not restrained by law? But a man is none better for the restraint upon his vices which is put upon him by the law. We need the gospel of truth to go with our law, properly to restrain us. It is indeed necessary that if a man will make a beast of himself he should be restrained by law. But that man may be truly reformed, the gospel of truth and purity must enter into his soul. It has been said in the past, and is said by many a heart now, to itself, that the laws of man are of no worth and of no obligation. And certainly an unanswerable argument may be presented in favor of such a position. The laws of marriage, and all the other social regulations of mankind are of no binding authority upon the human soul, unless so far as they are a mere transcript of the laws of God, and thence derive their sole authority as the laws of God.

To the Law and to the Gospel as to the Scripture, there are two meanings, one the literal, the other, the deeper, the real meaning. Civil law we have about us in all the relations of life, and a Gospel which is preached on the Sabbath end denoted through all the rest of the week. But this Law and the Gospel are not the true and spiritual. Thousands of men there are about us, who think and speak and act just as they ought, and yet never reach a generous feeling or thought at. The higher law, as the lesson of our own Revolution teaches us, comes not till after the Gospel of freedom. Here was the centralizing point of the discourse. If a man desires freedom, civil and political, he must first free himself from folly and selfishness and sin. What is the worth of human laws? What woman of delicacy and refinement would sit in your Legislature to assist in their making? It is answered, of course, none. No more would any man of true delicacy and refinement, in the present state of politics. Such men have felt that these laws were not binding upon man, as they should be to effect any true reformation in society.

Where shall we find the true Gospel? Let us turn to the Scriptures. "The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul; the testimonies of the Lord are sure, making wise the simple." The simplest child can understand this. But who can comprehend the Infinite? To attempt it would lead you into skepticism and infidelity, quicker than anything else. Men search for the being and nature of God, until, unable to grasp it, they make Him so little that they can get Him into a corner, and finally put Him into their pocket. Where, then, can you get most knowledge of Him? If you cannot get all, a little will be a benefit to you. Where are we to go? To our own heart; when we begin to comprehend God in our own heart, we begin to find the Lord, and the next step is to find His law. Yet even there, He is often covered up with so much intellectual rubbish, as in our professors and wise men, that they do not know the God in their own souls. At every ray of light that streams out from this God who sits between the cherubim in the temple of the human soul, they cry—Shut it up! I will have nothing to do with it! I am a Unitarian! I am a Spiritualist! These are the men intellectually wise, and hungry and wanting in the heart—those who have laid their heads between two shells so long that when they look out and see the right they don't know it. This God is to be found not alone in the intellect, but also in the affections. Why are some women influenced as mediums? Not so much on account of superiority of intellect, as from an affectional nature which invites spirits, and makes it easy to communicate through them. The God in the human heart is to be truly found only by daily, practical action. Preach any doctrine, Spiritualism or any other, and yet it is hush to you, if you have not this practical gospel of freedom in your heart.

The speaker enforced this doctrine with a very earnest hortition, assuring Spiritualists especially that if they would allow their belief to develop itself in their daily life, and make themselves true and pure, no man could wag his tongue against it. The time is coming when the moral nature alone shall be the standard of the man; and he who would be a pioneer in Spiritualism must cultivate and extend that nature. Then, with this gospel of freedom, shall blaze in upon him, from every star, from every dust-atom, the rays of moral light which shall elevate his nature, and expand it until, with that all-embracing charity which God's children only know, it shall shed its halo upon the head of his erring and weak sister. Then the law of the Lord shall blind, the gospel of freedom of truth shall reign supreme, and the gospel of laws shall be banished from the world, all save the law of love to God and man. And living by that law, you shall know a freedom which you can find in no other way. The first step, indeed, is difficult, and in the dark. But he who strives with an earnest purpose for the right shall be guided

The sentences preceding this star contain a statement calculated to provoke evil, inasmuch as John Cotton and Cotton Mather died prior to the stirring scenes referred to. As the former died in 1632, and the latter in 1728, it could only have been in a spiritual sense that they took any part in them. Mather Byles died in 1783, and is of course the only one of the three who claim to have controlled the medium, who took any material part in the scenes of the Revolution. He was a Tory, and fled soon after the events commenced which gave freedom to America.

by the light from on high. The Law and the Gospel, allied together, two great engines of power, shall be attached to his car of progress, and carry him over the celestial railroad, into the gates of the Eternal City. Then, in the perfect working of all the laws of your being, shall you go on from glory to glory, till, on the very pinnacle, a power shall be yours, greater than the power of Helen or Lycurgus, yourself your sovereign, and king, and high-priest.

Reported for the Banner of Light. H. W. EMBERTON AT MUSIC HALL, Sunday, October 24.

NATURAL AND MORAL BEAUTY.

The desk at Music Hall, in the continued absence of Rev. Mr. Parker, was occupied on Sunday, Oct. 24, by Mr. H. W. Emberton, who read a lecture on *Natural and Moral Beauty*. The lecturer began with a remark on the vanity of our science, its distance from its objects. Our botany is all names, and not powers. The geologist does not know the effect of the different strata upon the men who build their houses upon them. Astrology interested us, for it tied us to the system; the furthest star felt the man, and he felt the star. The hint of this study was true and divine, and came from the heavens, to which it drew us—the declaration of the soul that its relations are immense, and that all is a part of its outgrowth. Chemistry takes to pieces, but does not construct. Alchemy was in the right direction. All our science lacks a human side. The tenant is more than the house. The human heart has more infinitude than the wide spaces of astronomy. Men hold themselves cheap and vile; and yet the mind is a faggot of thunderbolts; all the elements pour through his system; he is the elixir of all; he is flood of the flood, and fire of the fire. The antipodes and the pole are him extended; and a right and perfect man would be felt to the centre of the Copernican system. We only believe as far as we live. We do not think heroes can exert any more awful power than that surface-play we occupy ourselves about. A deep man believes in miracles and in magic. In the earlier ages, science more truly recognized this supreme nature of man, and its end was to be his help. The origin of science was the extension of man on all sides into nature, to lengthen his arms till he grasped the stars, to sharpen his eyes till they looked through the earth, his ears until he understood the language of the birds. But that is not our science. Our science seems to make wise, but does not. Invention is of great use to the inventor, but of very questionable value to any other. Wonderful discoveries are, like the papers in our pocket-books, "of no value to any but the owner."

There is a sad revenge for this inhumanity of science. Beauty is the pilot God gave. If we leave what really attracts us, that which we seek reacts on us. What kind of man does science make? The boy is not attracted; he says, "I do not want to be such a man as my professor is." The botanist has dried the plants in his books; but nature has had its revenge and dried him. An Indian prince, one day, riding in a forest, saw a herd of deer sporting. "Why should not the priests lodge and feed comfortably in the temples," said he, "also, like these deer?" Returning home, he imparted his reflection to the king. The king, the next day, conferred the sovereignty on him for seven days, to solve the question, saying, "At the termination of that period I shall put thee to death." At the end of the seven days he returned, and said to the prince, "From what cause art thou become maddened?" "From the horror of death," said he. "Live, my child, and be wise. Thou hast ceased to take recreation, saying to thyself, 'In seven days I shall be put to death.' These priests in the temple are incessantly meditating on death. How can they enter into healthy diversions?" The lecturer said he would not imply that men of science were victims to their pursuits more than others, but victims they were.

But there is a science, no more and truer than what is called science, which we study without book—the knowledge of man. The science of manners. The means of this learning are always at hand. The whole economy of nature is bent on expression. It is wonderful how transparent we are made. We are shy, would fain hide; but in vain. Men like Geneva watches, with crystal faces, which show the movement. Every face hangs out its sign. The eyes indicate the antiquity of soul, or through how many forms it has ascended. It almost violates our proprieties, if we say how what the face and eyes do not hesitate to utter to every street passenger. Such are our actual voices, that a good deal of this knowledge belongs to the chapter of morbid anatomy. We look at a mixed crowd, and see degradations instead of angels and redeemers; but they all prove the transparency. The delicious faces of children, the beauty of school-girls, the sweet seriousness of sixteen, the lofty bearing of well-born, well bred boys, the passionate histories in the looks and manners of youth and early manhood, in all that well-known company that escort us through life—we know how these forms paralyze, provoke, inspire and enlarge us.

The ancients believed that a Genius took possession of each person at birth, and possessed him through life, and this Genius was sometimes visible as a fire. The doctrine is not entirely extinct with us. There are people who appear to be riddion—who, with all degrees of ability, never impress us with the air of a free agency. Without going, however, Mr. E. said, into the deep and dangerous question of fate and freedom, he would content himself with saying that, in the common experience of mankind, the first step into thought lifts this mountain of necessity. Thoughts are free. Under this mountain of temperament thought lies hidden in every man, which has power to rive the planet asunder. And the beauty which certain appearances have for him is the friendless power that makes thought a living power within him. This is a dangerous subject, full of pitfalls. A German genius wrote a book called a capital book for the capital good, and brought none others to read it in the same spirit. I wish you, said the speaker, to understand that much of what I have to say is strictly confidential. The subject of beauty has this advantage, that it instantly takes us at the surface, and leads us to the foundations of things. Goethe said, "The beautiful is a manifestation of secret laws, which but for its appearance had been forever concealed from us." The superficial effect of the love of beauty is our overstrained enthusiasm for art. But when man sees beauty, life has a high value. Soberly pronounced artists the only truly wise. The wise man wonders not at the beauty of landscape so much as at the necessity of beauty in the universe. This necessarily discloses the secret intention of nature to be harmony, beauty, and joy. Indeed, beauty is the form in which the intellect prefers to study the world; and it will take him all the facts, and give more material than we can dispose of.

The lecturer declined to attempt a definition of beauty; he would only enumerate a few of its good qualities. It is that which is simple, that which exactly answers its end, that which extends reality to all things, which is the mean of many extremes, which is an enduring quality, and the most ascending quality. We say Love is blind; and the figure of Cupid is drawn with a bandage around his eyes. Blind I say, because he does not see what he does not like; but the very sharpest sighted thing in the whole universe for finding what he does seek; and only that. Therefore, the mythology tells us that Vulcan was painted lame and Cupid blind, only to call attention to the fact that the one was all limbs and the other all eyes. In a true mythology, Love is an immortal child, and large beauty leads him as a guide. We cannot express a deeper sense than when we say that beauty is the pilot of the soul. Colors and forms have a double charm, as first being adapted to our senses, and then the joy of the understanding, when we learn that not one ornament was added for the sake of ornament. The transparency of the plum evidences its health, the bloom on the peach its ripeness. Beauty is only a guide to draw us to what is most fit. It is a rule of universal application, that fitness in the expression of any building or instrument, in real accordance to its nature, is in accordance with beauty. The lesson taught by all the modern study of ancient art, was worth its labor in the result, that all beauty must be organic, that outside ornament is the beginning of deformity. It is the soundness of the bones that ultimately itself in a peach-bloom complexion; it is health of constitution that makes the sparkle of the eye. In the light of this law, our modern taste rejects paint, and prefers to show the original grain of the wood. Every necessary organic action of man, a man leading a horse to water, the farmer sowing seed, are beautiful to the eye. But the moment pretence begins, and the action ceases to be done for its useful end, the beauty ceases. How beautiful are ships on the sea, said the lecturer; but in England I saw some small yachts, with red flags, kept on a piece of water, for picturesque effect, by the late king! What a difference of effect in the appearance of a battalion of troops marching to action, and the parade of one of our militia companies on a holiday! Beauty rests on necessities. The line of beauty is the result of perfect economy. Nature rejects from the wing of the bird every particle of unnecessary matter, makes the quills and the bones hollow; and it is beautiful. Beauty is the purgation of superfluities. We reach beauty in architecture by taking every superfluous ounce from the walls, and leaving only "the poetry of columns" to form its strength.

Beauty is the quality that is made to endure. The lecturer had seen a block of sperm-candle that has been lying about a house for twenty years, simply because the tallow man gave it the form of a rabbit. Let an artist scrawl a few lines or figures on a book or letter, and it is rescued from all danger. Tenneyson writes a few verses and sends them to a newspaper; instantly, the whole human race take charge of them, to see that they shall not die. How many copies are there of the Apollo, the Venus, the Portland vase? In our cities, an ugly building is soon removed, and is never repeated; but every beautiful building is kept. The architect, Mr. Christopher Wren said, man ought to be jealous of novelties, and to think he is to be judged as well by those who live five centuries after him, as by those of his own day; that which is commended for novelty will not then be novel, but the glory of that which is good is eternal.

The ancients represented beauty in figures of streams; the Goddess of Beauty was painted rising from the foam of the sea. That which is fixed does not please us so much as that which is free and changing. The beauty of a palace is only that order and method have been communicated to stone, so that they are touched with tenderness and sublimity. Beautiful as is the symmetry of any form that can move, we become acquainted with a greater power when it moves, and with a greater beauty. The interruption of equilibrium stimulates the eye to a watchfulness of the motion, and a recognition of the beauty of the form. This is the foundation of the science of dancing—to recover, continually, in changes, the lost equilibrium, not by abrupt and angular, but by gradual and curving movements. The fashions, Mr. E. said, had been told by those who were competent to judge, follow a law of gradation, and are never arbitrary signs. The new mode is always a step onward in the same direction as the last mode; and a cultivated eye always is prepared for a prediction of the new fashion. Many a good experiment, therefore, born of good sense, falls, only because it is too sudden. The Parisian milliner who rules the fashion will know how to make the Bloomer costume good, and reconcilable to the eye of mankind, by interposing the just gradations which it has overlapped. All that is a little harsh, claimed by progressive views, can easily be attained if this rule of gradation be observed. This principle of *flowing* is illustrated by the beauty all circulating movement has. And, if we follow it out, this demand for an over-ward action is the argument for the immortality.

But all these are only shadows and forerunners of that beauty which reaches its height in the human form. All men are born its lovers. Wherever it comes it creates joy and hilarity. It clothes the world with sunbeams. It reaches its acme in woman, and is made in her one of the main elements which work in this drama of life. The beautiful form is a practical good, and civilizes her savage mate, awakening tenderness, hope, and eloquence, in all whom she approaches. She stands related to beautiful nature everywhere, so that the enamored youth mixes her form with moon and stars, with woods and waters. Such women heal us of awkwardness by their words and looks. Their intellectual presence refines and clears the mind, teaches the intellectual student to put a pleasing method into what is dry and difficult. We talk to them, we wish to be listened to, we fear to fatigue them; and acquire a facility of expression which passes from conversation into habit. Our waste of life, indolence, indulgence, want of heroic action, are slamed; when that which is so fair and noble passes, we are enlarged. They inspire art and science. There is that in beauty which cannot be created, but which demands the utmost wealth of nature in the beholder, properly to meet it.

And yet it is not beauty that inspires the deepest passion. Beauty without grace is the hook without the bait. We love any forms, though ugly, from which great qualities shine. If command, or eloquence, or art, or invention, exist in the most deformed person, all the accidents which usually displease, please, and raise wisdom and glory higher. Nay, the very traits ordinarily cited for dispraise are cited for admiration. Cardinal de Retz says of De Bonillon that with the figure of an ox he had the perspicacity of an eagle. Sir Philip Sidney, the delight of the courage and the beauty and the arts and the heroism of England, was no pleasant man in countenance. Those who have ruled human destinies like planets, through their lives and for thousands of years afterwards, were not handsome men. If a man can achieve great things, it does not matter whether his nose is parallel to his spine, as it ought to be, or whether he has no nose at all; his defects will come to be reckoned on the whole, advantages. Thus, beauty can become insignificant, and quite another power take precedence. This is the power of expression, degrading beauty, charming us with such a power as makes the most admired presence insipid in the comparison. There are faces so fluent with expression, so suddenly varied by the play of thought, that we can hardly find what the real features are. When the delicious beauty of lineaments loses its power, a higher beauty has been disclosed; it is when soul-beauty is written on every line, but not before. Still, the world was made for beauty. What documents are not the lives of the great artists, to the despotism of whose science, dukes and kings bowed, to prove how little men are, before a finer grain than their own! Intellectual power is still only the legitimate domain of beauty.

Still higher, when it mounts into the affections. What is the substance of eloquence, but the will to serve all? How does a benevolent person rise out of all consideration of fashion, of the time, of costume and apparel? Or a steadfast man, on whom you can implicitly rely; or the woman of pity and peace, who brings the kingdom of heaven in her voice, and whose presence is victory over all that is little and unworthy? These all put down the criticism on lines and colors, throw all material beauty into shade, and cover themselves with halos and miracles. The radiance of the human form is only a burst of beauty for a few moments or years. But we do not cease to be lovers of it, but only transfer our admiration to interior excellence.

Nor need we confine our admiration to consummate genius. There is a world of facts and interests near us, in which the same charm does not less appear—the world of manners. They are as rare and as powerful as beauty. "Understand the ceremonies," Confucius said, "and if you penetrate the sense of them, you will rule a kingdom as easily as you look into your hand. In manners, power is existent. None can resist their influence. We have all noticed, perhaps, that the size of our companion varies with his freedom of thought. The man who, from whatever cause, is sure of his point, carries a broad and contented expression. You cannot train a man to that manner, except by making him the kind of man which that manner expresses. Men take each other's measure, but they are not convinced by their arguments, but by their presence—by what they have said and done heretofore. The lesson of the world is, always to be, and not to seem. Every man is a self-regulating machine, and every act of the will writes a line on our form. The reason why every man inspires affection, is that he was not lying in wait for it. The things of a man for which we visit him, were done in the dark and the cold. I say—Mr. Emerson continued—to every one in this audience who can understand it—whatever is known to thyself alone, has always great value. There is some reason to believe that when a man does not write his poetry, it escapes in other directions—through his words and deeds. Poets have, often, nothing poetical about them but their voices. What a man is irresistibly urged to say, it has been observed, helps him and us; but when he opens his thought for show, it is lost to him and to others. In all superior persons are noticeable simplicity and directness.

Mind made and makes the world. What are manners but thought entering into the hands and feet? Architecture is stone and timber subdued by thought, and made to dance after mind. The State is society ruled by its mind, indomitable millions tamed by an abstraction called law. Thus is there a climbing scale of culture, from the first pleasure of the eye in a gem, up through higher forms, to the face of man, and thence up to the inevitable mysteries of the intellect and soul—up from the joy of the eye and ear in the drooping willow, to the perception of Newton, that the globe on which we ride is only a larger apple falling from a larger tree—up to the perception of Plato that the globe and all it contains are only expressions of an Infinite soul, only the first step on the stair of the temple of the mind.

Creeds.

If a man is progressive, he is continually changing his beliefs. An established creed to a soul of progress is incompatible—is impossible. It is for this reason that Spiritualists have no creed which proclaims their belief. And it is for this reason that Spiritualists cannot organize, for a creed is the cement which holds every religious organization together.

Rev. Mr. Heworth at Music Hall.

We take occasion to announce that the above gentleman will speak at Music Hall next Sabbath forenoon, before the Rev. Theodore Parker's Society. Mr. H. is a very liberal and accomplished preacher, favorably known to our friends, who will doubtless attend, and we shall take the liberty to give a report of the sermon.

ALL SORTS OF PANORAMAS.

CONTENTS OF THIS WEEK'S BANNER.—First Page—Continuation of "Hortia Lee."

Second Page—Chaplin's sermon.
Third Page—"The Age of Virtue," by Geo. Stearns; poetry, by J. R. M. Equivo; a letter from Dr. P. B. Randolph.
Fourth and Fifth Pages—Editorials, items, news, etc.
Sixth Page—Messages; a poem by Emma Hardinge; a lecture by Mrs. Hatch.
Seventh Page—Various articles from Wm. Corbin, Warren Chase, D. J. Mandell, Lita H. Barney, Loring Moody, and others.
Eighth Page—Beecher's morning sermon.

Miss Almira Seymour, of the Winthrop School in this city, is an accomplished elocutian, and will give recitations from the Poets at Tuckerman Hall for the next two Saturday evenings, the proceeds to go to aid the "Christian Union." The Hall ought to be packed full, at each reading.

Peaches in California, two inches through, are selling, five and six for ten cents. The same sized peaches in Boston are selling for eight and ten cents apiece.
There is a peach orchard in St. Joseph's, Mich., covering five acres, from which the owner has sold this year nine thousand dollars worth of peaches.

A correspondent of the Boston Courier thinks the Great Eastern is a small ship, for, thirty-five years ago, a ship of seven hundred tons was considered too large for safety and practical usefulness. Thirty-five years more may increase the size of ships with an increase of safety and usefulness, so that a ship the size of the Great Eastern will be considered only a puny steamer!

ON THE MAIN QUESTION.

The people of Maine are all fling and drumming. Because the big game ship to Portland is coming; Neal Dow struts about, and exalts as he "ought to." For Maine owes her luck to the fame of her water!

The Rev. Mr. Wright, a Methodist clergyman, of Cleveland, Ohio, has been doing very wrong. He is charged with licentious conduct with nine young ladies of his congregation. The *Past* will probably say he was a Spiritualist.

A gentleman is mentioned by Dr. Beattie, who, after a blow on the head, lost his knowledge of Greek, but did not appear to have lost anything else. We know of a Greek scholar who has nearly lost the use of the English language, if we may judge by his recent productions in print.

A French philosopher once shrewdly observed that men so completely exhausted their industry in canvassing for places of power and emolument, as to have none left, when they succeeded, for the performance of their duties.

A DESCRIPTOR.—The Mariposa (Cal.) Star thus describes the personal appearance of Horace Greely: "He does not look like a vegetarian, wears spectacles, declines to drink, never smokes, seldom swears, and among other peculiarities, seems to be in a deuce of a hurry to get back to New York."

The Spiritualists at Hampden Hall had rather extra preaching, yesterday, by Miss Lizzie Doten. She talked to the purpose and used good English, which cannot often be said of trance mediums. Her subject was "The Jesus of this age," and the scope of her discourse was, that we are not to look on Christ as an individuality, but as a principle. In this age she found "The Christ-spirit" revealed in such men as Emerson, Carlyle, Parker and Beecher, from which it may be inferred that Miss Doten is not strictly orthodox. After closing, she said, in answer to a question, that the spirits who had just spoken through her were John Cotton, Cotton Mather and Mather Byles, from which it would appear that those staid old Puritans have let down their theology a trifle.—*Springfield Republican*.

BACHELORS AND IDLERS SHORT-LIVED.—A recent work on longevity states that in the long list of very aged persons there was not a solitary instance of a bachelor or an idler! "Almost all were hard workers, but their labor was of body rather than of mind. At the present day, and in this country, especially in our cities, it is notorious that mental anxiety and worryment makes most men old at forty."

THE TRUE PASTOR.

His preaching much, but more his practice wrought, A living sermon of the truth he taught; For this by rules severe his life he squared, That all might see the doctrine while they heard. For priests, he said, are patterns for the rest, (The God of Heaven which bears the God imprint,) But when the pulpit coin is kept so clean, The sovereign image is no longer seen. If they be foul in whom the people trust, Well may the baser coins contract the rust.

The Star of the West says that if the creeds of the Orthodox churches be true, every member of the same will go to hell. This is rather too severe, brother.

The Dublin Medical Press asserts that students who smoke are inferior in their scholarship and intellect to students who do not smoke.

There are six thousand dentists in the United States. There are two thousand Country Houses in England larger than the President's house at Washington.

Do you know why you wink? There are very few who can answer this query, but least some one should propound it, we will state that "the contact of the air with the eye causes a loss of temperature by evaporation, and the sensation caused by this dryness, urgently insisting on being remedied, causes a wink. This is the involuntary wink, and is the cause of the wink direct."—*Gazette*.

Then, of course, when a woman puts on airs, a man is obliged to wink at her.

The title of Hon. Robert Dale Owen's work on Spiritualism, now in the press of Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, is "Foot-falls on the Boundary of Another World."

The longest pastorate in Massachusetts is that of Rev. T. M. Cooley, D. D., of Granville, who was settled Feb. 3, 1796, over sixty-three years ago. The next longest is that of Rev. Thomas Snell, D. D., of North Brookfield, who has been settled nearly sixty-one years.

Old wine was never put to a better use than when the Duke of Northumberland recently sent a thousand bottles of sherry, thirty years in bottle, to the Westminster Hospital, for the use of the patients.

The sooner the title "Professor" is dropped the better. Gymnasts, barbers, apothecaries, have adopted it, and it has now no precise signification.—*Gazette*.

The French journals announce the discovery of an artificial light so wonderfully luminous and steady, as to be available in all photographic operations. The light being contained in a portable apparatus, portraits can be taken in private residences, at any time, or in the darkest room, wholly independent of the state of the atmosphere.

Religion is not responsible for the actions of its professors; medicine is not responsible for the good or evil it does.

The "wheels of time" are never tired.

It is rumored that Prof. James B. Angell, of Brown University, is to assume the editorship of the Providence Journal, in place of Mr. Anthony, its present editor. The Journal is a good paper, and with an Angell at its head must be still more worthy of patronage.

How is 17?—The Boston Daily Courier published last week a letter from Daniel Webster, written in Washington in 1855, two years after he became an inhabitant of the spirit-world. The Courier does not name the medium through whom the letter was given, neither does it acknowledge openly that it is a spiritual communication.

When does a candle resemble a tombstone? When it is set up for a late husband.

Rev. George S. Chase, of the Baptist Church, Warren, R. I., recently refused to perform the burial service at the funeral of an attendant of his church, because the Masonic ritual was to constitute a part of the ceremony.

That is a good "fly-trap" that catches fifteen hundred flies a minute. A Connecticut invention.

Country boys who are brought up to hard, honest labor, on a farm, are better off than city boys who wear kid gloves, and have a plenty of money in their pockets. The former develop the man, the latter the fool.

London has been a city near two thousand years.

The potatoe crop in Ireland, this year, promises to be excellent.

Borax is capital to use for softening hard water. It makes the hands clean, and linen very white.

Travel by water is ten times more dangerous than travel by land.

Mr. Spurgeon thinks the wicked in hell will, with great sorrow, see the saints in heaven. Query—How far is Mr. Spurgeon's to hell from Mr. Spurgeon's heaven?

How to rest Easy.—If good, eggs will lay in water, side up, and end up. Another way—If good, light will shine through with a reddish reflection; and if bad, they are opaque.

The Barstons County Press says that a "consistent church member" lost his pocket-book, containing about \$1500. A poor boy found it, and restored it to him with the contents safe, and received as a reward of his honesty, not "I thank you." At another time, a "man of the world" lost

his pocket-book containing about the same amount, and a poor boy restored it to him with all the money it contained, safe, and this boy was rewarded with a new suit of clothes, a silver watch with an appropriate inscription, and a purse containing \$25.

Cut off the end of a small potato, dip it in brick dust, and with it clean your table knives.

Mr. Horatio H. Day, of India Rubber Immortality, has invented elastic suspenders for ladies to throw over their shoulders, and hang their petticoats and hoops on.

Mrs. Town, to whose advertisement in another column we refer our readers, has recommenced the practice of healing the sick by water treatment and magnetism from clairvoyant examinations, at New York city. She will doubtless give satisfaction, as usual, to those who may seek her aid.

A fresh importation from the "green isle of Erin," was not a little surprised at seeing a "darky," a being "the like of which he never saw before."

Darky—Did ye come from me?—From Ireland, shure.

Darky—Och, how long are yees over?

Darky—Owly twenty days, sur.

Darky—Howly Saint Patrick! Owly twenty days over, an' tanned like that? Faith it's not meeself will land, I'll away home to Ireland again!

Somebody says that the devil is a mean word in any way you can fix it. You can't make a respectable word of it any how. Remove the v, and it is u; transpose the e, and it is e; remove the u, and it is i; remove the i, and the i itself is a cockney for hell!

There is one way, however, in which a "respectable word" may be made of even the devil; that is, by causing him to face about and reform himself by spelling his name backward, which will then be *liveid*. Remove the d, and it will be *live*. But don't by any means remove the e, for, if you do, you make a lie of all we have said.—*San Francisco Family Circle*.

What We Publish.

Mrs. D. B. B., of West Winfield, N. Y., writes as follows:—

"I wish to say that two of your papers—I think July 30 and Sept. 17—had pieces in them, written by Dr. A. B. Child, which, in my estimation, would do more hurt than all the rest of the year's papers could do good. One was advocating the use of tobacco, the other trying to show that evil went hand in hand with progression. I was very sorry to see such pieces appear in your paper. I fear they will do the cause of Spiritualism much hurt. I do not approve of a sentiment contained in either piece."

In answer to the above, we would say that our correspondents are mistaken for the article referred to on tobacco does not advocate its use. It presents facts in relation to the use of tobacco, as they exist, without pretence. Neither does the piece on progression try to show that evil goes hand in hand with progression; but it claims that evil produces suffering, and suffering benefits the soul, and subdues and prepares it for a higher and better existence, which is progression.

We do not, in our editorial department, stand up in pulpit style of eloquence, and proclaim our views, while others are obliged to remain in silent decorum; but we give a hearing to the voice of the people, without feeling under the necessity of obtruding our own views as a standard for others

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 *prima 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, as these columns, that does not comport with his reason. Each expresses so much of truth as he perceives—no more. Each can speak of his own condition with truth, while he gives opinions merely, relative to things not experienced.

Mrs. Conant Sick.

We have not been able to hold our sessions since August 15th, 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. 11—Jacob Parkhurst, Plymouth; Mary McDonald, Edinburg; Charles M. Dresser, Albany; Lydia Fisher, Aug. 12—Joseph White, Concord, N. H.; "Why do men die?"

Peter Valkendahl.

So vat I vas I do not. I vas lost von day; I vako up, I find myself in very fine place, very strange place. I vas told I die. I vas told I come back, I speak. I vas here von time, but I could not speak like I speak now. I want you send letter to mine brother—send now. I want you tell me, I live, I speak, I see, I move, I hear. I have no money, but I have my sense, I have my life. I want to speak; I no speak like you vat know much, sees much. I speak like myself, and nobody else. My brother's name Hans Valkendahl. I vas sleep, and sleep, and die, and wake up. My brother make mistake—give me too much; and I sleep, sleep, sleep, and die; wake up, and vas told I speak as I speak now. Peter vas my name. I vas very much shake—vat you call him? nervous? Yes, that ish it. My brother give me too much vat you give to make quick, and I took too much.

My brother speak very well, very very well—much plainer as me. You vill say I vas very happy, very yell; I live, I be just the same; I see, I hear, I talk. You be sure to send, sometime? Very good. To New York you vill send. My brother vas koop elgar, pipe, many other things; he vas soll pretty nigh Walker strook. I vas like to speak to him. That's be all.

Aug. 10.

William Pelby.

What a mysterious and beautiful phenomenon! How strange and yet how comfortable one feels on coming back again to the place he once inhabited! Old scenes seem to come before the eye of the spirit so vividly, that I, for one, can hardly realize that I have been so long free from earth. Indeed, it is some time since I left earth. I have been requested to come here; but really I cannot tell for what. I can see and understand the request, but I cannot see any cause for it; nor can I see from whence it comes. Yet I suppose I have the privilege of judging as to the person who has kindly asked me to come and commune, but who for some reason best known to herself, or himself, has withheld the name. This person, or persons—but person, I presume it to be—has asked me to tell where I last met him on earth. It is a very hard matter for one to answer such a question, when one does not know who the inquiry comes from.

I have only the privilege of guessing who it is, and I will say, if I am right, we last met in Channing street, Boston, and there he had the privilege of ultimatum some business for his good, and for mine, also.

I cannot see why I have been called upon to come in just this way. Although I am very glad to receive a call in any form, I would be better pleased to have my friend come out in the light, and let me know who he is. Now I suppose; but I would prefer to know. If he calls for wisdom, I will give what I have; and if he calls for curiosity, I will endeavor to satisfy him; but I will consider it more satisfactory if he will come closer to me.

I am not infinite—to be sure I am possessed of more power than the children of earth, yet there are some things we cannot do, and people expect too much of us. I cannot perform a miracle, nor do I believe one ever was performed. I believe anything that is accomplished, is done because there is a call for the act from natural law. I do not believe there is anything marvelous in nature.

I shall be pleased to be the instrument of giving my friend all the light I have.

This same friend wishes to know if spirits have the power of answering letters that are under seal. That I suppose, has been fairly demonstrated long ago. At any rate, if I am right in supposing the friend who calls upon me, I can say I have a will-power, and that this can be done, for I received the message I now answer in this way. If my friend will come nearer to me, I will try hard to repay him for all the trouble he may take.

There seems to be many people on earth disposed to seek, but not in daylight. It would be better for those who seek for knowledge, to strive for it by daylight, and then they will be pretty sure to know the difference between a genuine message and a fictitious one.

I should say my questioner had the organ of cautionness very largely developed; but if I have been Yankee enough to guess right, I have every reason to believe he will be fair enough to meet me upon a plane where we may have a war of words without the veil which seems to be hung between us.

My name was William Pelby. I lived in Boston. My profession is well known—no need of giving that. You will say I am here to answer a letter I found in a gentleman's drawer on Broadway, New York.

This is a queer way of gaining light. Perhaps it will prove a satisfactory one to him. If I judge aright, the letter has passed through quite a number of hands; but I have been unable to understand its contents until now. Good day, sir.

August 10.

Michael Clary.

I want you to let me go down in Salutation street. I want to speak to my mother. My name is Michael Clary. I want to go and speak to her—I can't be speaking to everybody. I want to tell her about my father. My mother thinks he's dead; but he's not dead. Yes, sir, I'm sure. It's my uncle what brings me here and helps me speak. It's my mother's brother, James. Please, sir, let me go down there; I'll be back here in half an hour. My mother can't read writing down there. Yes, sir, it would be better if you print it.

I shovelled snow in winter, and did most anything in summer. I was eleven years old. My brother used to sell papers. He was a year younger than me. I tried to one day, but was sick, and got into a fight, and never sold any after that. I wouldn't do it, because I didn't like it. You've got to stand on the corner, and people tread on you, kick you over, and say anything they like to you.

I've been dead most three years. I was drowned about three years ago. I went over to South Boston, and got drowned. We lived in Lancaster street, then. My mother had cousins in South Boston. I want my mother to know my father's not dead, and she'll send him a letter. He's running on a steamboat out where he went. He was to go home for my mother's sister. He went to Liverpool, and from there to California. He got somebody to write back he's dead. My mother's brother can't speak himself, and he wants me to go to tell my mother that father's not dead. He fires up on board. It's the "Massachusetts"; she goes down the bay.

If my mother will send a letter to San Francisco, directed to my father, he will think it is from somebody else, and get it.

Will you let me go to Salutation street, if I come again? If you print it, Jamie can read it. My uncle will look out that he sees it.

Aug. 10.

Lyman S. Pease.

I don't like the condition of the medium. The spirit who last spoke seems to have exerted a great amount of power; but that power was not backed up by wisdom.

I had promised to speak here this afternoon; and as I had promised, I thought I would try to control, if I did not speak but a word. My name was Lyman S. Pease; I was born in Ogdensburg, N. Y.; I died of dropsy of the chest; was sick about eight months; I died at New York city, where I had gone to advise with one who I was told was very skillful in such cases as mine—Dr. Howlett.

I visited a private circle where my friends were convened. They said if I would come here at an appointed hour, they would believe I had the power to commune, if I desired.

I do not find your medium in the condition I wished, and I

do not deem it well to remain here. There is a strange power exerted upon the medium, which is foreign to her organism, and disagreeable to myself, too, and I am obliged to labor very hard to control at all.

August 10.

Thomas Clark.

They tell me people are quite successful in trying to commune with their people in this way. I do not know what you require; but if you will tell me, I will endeavor to satisfy you.

My name is Thomas Clark; I was born, and always lived, in Halifax, N. S.—that is, I made my home there. I have been dead seventeen years; I was forty-seven years of age, and was lost at sea, on the passage from London to Halifax. I have a wife in Boston, who has been married since I died. I hear I can speak with her.

I have a daughter and a son with me here; I have two daughters on earth. I have one brother in Halifax. Do you think I shall be successful in communicating with them? My brother's name is John Stephen Clark. I have much to say, but I do not care to speak here; I would prefer to speak with my friends, at their own homes.

My wife's name was Sarah, or Sally Ann—either are right; sometimes I called her by one, and sometimes by the other. It is about seventeen years and eight months since I spoke with her; that is some time, but I have not changed so much as to hinder my being known, if I could speak with her.

This is new work, and I am inclined to think people must come a good many times, if they would learn to love to come. I feel as though I was in prison since I have been here. My son has been here about three years; he brought some knowledge with him about these things, and knows better how to manage than I do. His name was Henry. Samuel L. Davis is the name of my wife's husband, he tells me. My son tells me there is some trouble between us—a temporary separation; I do not know, but I wish to go there.

August 11.

Simon Gales.

[This spirit wrote that he never could speak. We told him we had used the alphabet for the dumb a very little. He then commenced to talk with us by means of it, and said:]

"Can you read fast? My name was Simon Gales; I was born in New York city; died of typhoid fever in Chesapeake City. I was not born dumb, but lost my speech when about four years old. I was sixteen years old when I died. My mother lives in New York city. Tell her that I came to you, and that I wish to come to her. Good day."

Aug. 11.

Written for the Banner of Light. THE MEDIUM'S FRIEND.

BY EMMA HARDING.

I part from my friends who have sheltered and loved me, I go to the strangers who never have proved me; I fly from the home where affection entwines me, And lingering memory in love still enshrines me—
Yet am I alone?

No mortal is near me to cherish or guide,
No kind voice to cheer me, no wise one to chide;
The hum of the city is nothing to me,
They are greeting each other, they speak not to me.

What a cipher am I!

I am going on over, new scenes are before;
The city, the prairie, the sea-beaten shore,
The kind tones which greet me in welcome to-day,
In to-morrow's farewell will be passing away.

Where, where is my rest!

To-night the kind circle from which I have gone,
Will be closing around the dear altar of home;
Their blessings are on me, but faintly they're borne,
And I hear them say softly, "Sho' 'll never return!"—
Never, oh never.

Sometimes I am speeding like souls in unrest,
On the ocean, the lake, and the mountain's high crest,
And the brief hours I tarry, like phantoms are seen,
But to march where the pilgrim's feet foot-prints have been,
On I wander for ever.

They have told me the Father who formed us is "Love,"
But they also have taught me to seek Him above,
Far away, far away! while our earth loves are near,
And our kindred, that Father himself has made dear,
Saying, "Love one another."

He has formed human hands to sustain one another,
And his holiest minister made of a mother;
Worship and sacrifice fashioned of duty,
Human love wrought into heavenly beauty.

Can we then stand alone?

Alone! I should falter at each moment's turn,
In vain I might struggle to reach some safe bourne,
Alone! the wild tempest would sweep me away,
And the tides of life's ocean consume me like spray.
Oh, what dark desolation!

I might shriek to the heavens—they point to the earth—
There God planted the tendrils of love with my birth;
In the sweet ties of fellowship, marked out my way;
How to lessen the burden and heat of the day.

Who then is my earth friend?

Here's an arm ever strong, and a hand ever near,
And a voice in soft murmurs to soothe me and cheer,
And a whisper telling of "God higher still,"
Who has charged us in human love His to fulfill—
And that voice is a spirit's.

In the wild forest depth he is over my guide,
In the night's solemn stillness is still by my side;
I weep for the absent my soul hides so dear,
But his bright presence glides like a sunbeam each tear.
Joy of the heart bereaved!

Long may the journey be, dreary the way,
But the angel is there like the sun's golden ray,
To illumine the darkness, and warm the sad heart,
And those footprints of radiant love never depart,
For he never grows weary.

Never grows weary, nor changing, nor cold,
Purer than lilies, and truer than gold,
Ever, forever thou constant and tried,
To the frail child of earth thou art guardian and guide—
Lamp of my wand'ring foot!

When the low summer breeze sings to the fountain,
When the hoarse winter winds sweep o'er the mountain,
When the great thunder king shouts to the ocean,
Thy clear yet strange whisper sounds o'er the commotion—
Oh, dear thrilling spirit voice!

Fever has scorched me, and wearisome pain
Racked like a molen fire, sinew and vein;
But my sentinel spirit with sweet perfumed breath,
Has waved back the angel of suffering and death.
Health giving spirit friend!

The grey twilight comes, and the dying day's past,
And the footsteps of midnight are stealing on fast,
And the starry worlds sparkle the glittering sky,
But in sunlight or starlight I know thou art by.
Sun never setting!

Echoes of music break through the still night,
Such as angels might ring out of harp-strings of light,
And I know 'tis thy spirit-voice chiming in air,
Low chorus and symphony to my soul's prayer.
Sweet spirit minstrelsy!

How oft am I restless, ungrateful, repining,
Thy sweet face in patience the while on me shining,
Unmurmuring, still, for ever the same,
Oh, spirit, thy love puts this cold world to shame!
Thou art star-beam eternal!

Blest voice! consolation! I know thee at length,
For thy dear hand I drink of "the Great Spirit's" strength.
Never more shall I wander the wide world alone,
Since the angels of God have made mortals their own;
And thou Spirit—art mine.

Farewell, setting sun, to thy golden rest gone!
Pale moonbeam, and starlight, thy night's race is done!
Spring and summer, farewell! with the autumn's last sigh
In the lee-breath of winter, we bid thee good bye.
Farewell, oh farewell!

And "farewell" is echoing distance, yet near,
From the far realms of space, and yet close to mine ear.
"Farewell" to all seasons, all earth things that be,
But never farewell from the spirit to thee!"
We part never—never.

Lyons, Mich., Sept. 30th, 1859.

A firm faith is the best divinity; a good life is the best philosophy; a clear conscience the best law; honesty the best policy.

CORA L. V. HATCH

At the Music Hall, Boston, Sept. 11th, 1859.

AFTERNOON DISCOURSE.

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

THE DIVINE ECONOMY.

The magnitude of our theme must excuse my apology for requiring your implicit attention; for without giving a constant attention, you may find it difficult to follow, clearly, our remarks on the subject. It is deep, undoubtedly, metaphysical—perhaps you will consider it too much so. We will endeavor to render it as interesting as our humble powers will permit. It is *The Divine Economy*—comparing our conceptions of the government of Deity with the highest known human governments.

Last Sabbath afternoon, our theme was *The History of Republics*; but it led us into this observation—that the highest form of human government is the republican—that which is visible in the highest conceptions of republican government, and that therefore our conceptions of Divine government must in some degree, if not entirely, coincide with the high developments of republican governments. Now understand us: when we say this, we do not mean the simple forms of republicanism, the simple form of a majority ruling; but we mean something which lies beyond and outside of this—the very principles and foundation of the government. We mean that power or force in the vast mass of mind, which makes a government the type of all the mind which it embodies. Deity, according to our conception, is infinite, omnipotent and all-pervading. His form we do not pretend to define or know, or to have seen. We do not say that he is identified; only in intelligence, in omnipotence, that identity must be infinite and omnipotent; if he is omnipresent, that intelligence and identity must correspond. Therefore, all intelligence, and all power of knowledge, must have its source and origin in what we know as Deity. We include, in this, the human intelligence; for though individuals are identified, though human mind claims in itself the self-existence of this individuality, though human intelligence claims to be the outgrowth of organization, still there can be no such thing as the concentration of positive, real, self-existent intelligence, without a source and life of intelligence. You derive your intelligence from you know not what source. Its effects are embodied in your own identity; its causes you do not understand; its results you cannot penetrate, until eternity shall have passed away.

Law implies, in its strict and distinctive meaning, first, an object or being which has power to fashion and create laws; secondly, objects which must be under the control of laws, and, therefore, inferior to that which fashions the law; thirdly, penalties—because wherever there is law there is supposed to be a possibility of violation, and there must always be a penalty attached. Now republics have, as the principle of their foundation and existence, *rule by the majority*. Your own government, which is the highest Republican government known, has this principle for its professed foundation. And yet it is not true. The majority does not rule. No republic has what that term, in its full meaning, implies. The majority rule under certain conditions, but not outside of them. For instance, the framers of your Constitution established certain fixed laws, which cannot be changed, except by a revolution in your government and an entirely new constitution. It requires the majority of all the minds in your country to be changed, that the principles of the government should undergo an entire revolution, that all the essential properties which make your Republic shall be destroyed, before you can alter that Constitution. That is your king; that is your ruler; that is your supreme power. We do not care where it originated—perhaps by a majority, but certainly by the fathers of the country, whose highest conceptions of morality and government were laid down as the foundation of the future fate of the country. Nothing can be determined or acted upon, outside of that; no individuals, no class or majority of individual, can pass laws or make repeals which are not in accordance with the Constitution of the United States. And though you fashion laws within that Constitution, by which you may be controlled, though there may be various subdivisions which that one principle does not reach, you still must act in accordance with and under the supreme control of the principles of that Constitution. Therefore, though a republican government is the voice of the people, though all your nation feels and acts and lives in accordance with those conceptions of the principles of freedom, the republican government is, after all, a higher and more perfect system of monarchy. The very principles which are embodied in your government are your kings. The very truths of liberty and justice, upon which it is fashioned, are your objects of worship. And the names which are dear to every household, and which cause every heart to throb with joy at their utterance, are almost gods in your State. The kindly mind which could conceive of a government founded on liberty, the just mind which could frame laws and a Constitution for that government, the elevated morality of those who could conceive of perfect liberty and justice, within the bounds of what is true and good—and these make up the foundation of your government—these minds are your rulers, your kings, your entire sovereigns. The Constitution of the United States, or the principle which it embodies, is all that makes up your government. You cannot fashion laws excepting by the rules of that Constitution; you cannot adopt any administration of government not in accordance with its rules. Your Republic is not a republic, unless its one leading principle and power, however it may be embodied in the mind of the country, is that which is also embodied in the Constitution.

An Imperial Republic, like France, labors under only one disadvantage, that is, that the people who compose the Republic are not permitted to have a representative. They are in the power of a king, a monarch, or a constitution. Your advantage is this, that you have the highest standard possible to attain of human government; having your foundation in religion, in morality, in science, in art, in all that composes justice. The Constitution embodies the highest known standard that human minds have ever conceived, and probably the highest that ever will be conceived. You do not come up to the standard of your Constitution, much less go beyond it. All other nations that have attempted Republicanism have gone beyond the standard which they have established, either in religion, in intelligence, or in some other respects, and hence have become anarchy or monarchies. The principles, therefore, embodied in your Constitution we call your rulers. The minds who fashioned them were prompted by the high conceptions of morality and liberty they embodied.

Now to venture upon our theme. We conceive that the Divine economy is, in degree like this. For although your conception and our conception of Deity makes of him a monarch and tyrant and king, you can conceive of no elements in his nature that are not embodied in the principles of love, truth, mercy. Therefore, there is no king, no tyrant, no ruler, that can be compared with him. Laws are the result of a necessity, and that necessity in the things that are to be ruled, not in the ruler. God, or a king, would never make laws to control themselves. If a king had no kingdom, probably he would have no laws. If a monarch had no Empire, probably there would be no necessity of government. If God had no creation, no children, no universe, there would be no necessity of laws. He does not require laws—bear this in mind—the Infinite Mind does not require laws with which to control himself. All laws are from the necessity of the objects controlled. If you have a law concerning murder, it presumes the possibility of murder; and therefore the penalty which is attached to it. If you have a law concerning theft, or crime of any kind, it is in consequence of the fact, that crimes exist. Had no crimes ever existed such as murder and theft, there would, of course, be no laws relating to them. Now for every object, or class of objects, in nature, there must be laws; and every possible conception which the human mind can have of objects, of intelligence, or identified forms, must appear therein. Controlling and guiding laws are the result of a necessity in the things created. A flower is self-existent in its identity, and so far as regards the principles of its nature; yet the germ of the flower is dependent upon a certain positive principle of organization. It requires that the germ be perfect; then it requires that it be planted in a congenial soil, where all its qualities help to make up the beauty of its existence; it requires the sunshine and rain; it requires every particle which makes up the flower to be absorbed and assimilated through the germ, or the principles which that germ contains. The law of that flower within its own selfhood is individual, self-creative. That flower makes the laws by which it shall be controlled itself.

A stone planted in the soil could not, in its own condition, become a flower, because it does not contain within itself that identified, individual germ which shall call from the soil, from the sunshine, and the rain, such qualities as are absolutely requisite to make up a flower. Now the sunshine is like one of the qualities of Deity, that requires no laws for its control. It is perfect, and free, and constant; and yet when we penetrate into the sunshine we find, when it be-

comes absorbed into the earth's atmosphere, that when all its individual, identified forms make up their existence from the sun, they absorb such rays as are requisite to their existence. That is the law of their nature; it is created from their individuality; it is an outgrowth of their conscious, consecutive existence.

We must here pause, by way of parenthesis, to say that by the *Divine economy* we mean, not exactly what is meant by the words *political economy*, the simple prosperity and physical wealth of a nation, but all the laws of harmony, the relations of causes and effects, that exist in nature. The *Divine economy*, therefore, implies all that Deity, in His vast infinitude of knowledge, sees of beginning and end, causes and effects, laws, governments, and powers.

Now it is evident, from the nature of the Infinite Mind, that, if He is infinite, omnipresent, all-pervading, eternity, past, present and future, are alike to Him—that there is no past, no future, but a constant, unceasing, self-existent life. To us, who are finite beings, who conceive of time and space, there must be laws, or what we term laws, by which we may define our course, and steer safely our bark toward the harbor of eternity. Laws, therefore, which exist in nature, are entirely the outgrowth of matter. Remember this. Your soul, like God, knows no law; your soul, like infinity, requires no government; your soul, like Him whose image it represents, requires no penalties, no governments no law. All law must relate to forms and things; and these things must be inferior to the power which forms the law. Therefore, matter itself, only, is the subject of law, and mind, which creates that law, must fashion all laws in accordance with the material objects in which it is itself embodied.

Now it is frequently said, by materialistic philosophers, that the laws of nature are fixed, clear, and tangible, that they never vary, that they are always constant and the same. We deny it. We say that the nature of mind is such that the laws which mind fashions for any specific purpose or condition, remain the same; but the laws which mind requires for outworking all the changes of matter, are ever varying, and for every new change there must be a law. The mind of Deity, therefore, in ruling the universe—we do not claim to penetrate into the mysteries of His manner of doing it, we can only judge of effects—makes order "heaven's first law," and yet infinite variety is the result of that law. Just as liberty, just as freedom, just as the Constitution, is the first law of your United States, the Republic of America, yet an infinite variety of laws grow out from that, and various forms, varying as human nature varies, may be its outgrowth. Deity, or the principles of His existence, we cannot go beyond.

Order—we must stop there, for beyond that we cannot penetrate into His existence. We perceive order in nature everywhere, order in the consecutive, mathematical arrangement of worlds and systems, order in the varied, yet perfect beauty of everything in nature, order in time, as the human mind makes time for itself, order in space, as the human mind makes space or distance, order in all this arrangement of flowers, and trees, and shrubs, order in all the development within the earth and around it, order in all the outgrowth of our minds and principle of mind, order in every conception of life of which the human mind is capable. And yet from that one principle of order there grows out a positive and unceasing variety of change, forever. It is the nature of matter to change. Remember this. It is the nature of mind to govern. It is the nature of matter to be governed. God governs infinitely; the universe is governed infinitely. Humanity, in form, is governed finitely; humanity in soul governs finitely.

Now we do submit, that this analogy is strictly true, that the highest form of human government, known is the truest type which we know of Divine economy. Let us see. It is the necessity of the people which causes the conception of republican government—the necessity of the people. The necessity of government is first conceived, because government has always existed. The necessity of republican government, of more freedom with government, is conceived from the necessity of man's progress. That necessity becomes the king; and when it is embodied in any form, then that is the directing, controlling power. Though it may be changed every day, if men are governed they must be governed by something, even though it is their own mind embodied in a simple, beautiful, consecutive idea. The necessity of matter to be governed causes Deity to govern. Were there no matter in existence, Deity would have no law; for He is infinite, self-creating, uncreated. If humanity did not exist at all in its present condition of matter and mind combined, there could be no law affecting matter. The early history of the human race clearly illustrates this fact, that before the advancement of mind, all things in nature seemed to be matter of arbitrary control; since the advancement of mind, mind is made the ruler, and there is no principle or power in nature that cannot be made subservient to the requirements of mind. Speak of "the immutable laws of nature?" The winds and waves, men say, cannot be guided by the human mind. The winds and waves can be made subservient to all the purposes of human existence. The imperious elements, the lightning's flash, the thunder's roar, cannot be checked by the human mind. No; but the lightning can become the errand-boy of the mind. Mind can guide it, though it cannot prevent it; and mind can control, though it cannot always destroy. Speak of mind? Why, the very power and principle of all nature is that mind shall always act in accordance with its self-creating existence, that matter shall always be subservient to the requirements of mind. Deity, in the vast infinitude of His existence through past eternities and future eternities, knows that nothing new is added to the universe. Therefore, all things which do exist now have existed forever. All matter which now exists in connection with mind has existed forever. But because the nature of matter is to be controlled, and that to a purpose, mind acts upon it and produces the change.

Again, "Men cannot, through the understanding, by the desire of their mind, control the immutable laws of Deity." You mistake us. Immutable laws of Deity? Deity requires no law; it is you that require the laws, and, from the necessity of your existence, there is a law conforming to it. You do not create anything; neither did your forefathers create liberty, freedom, justice, nor a nation, but they availed themselves of all these. Freedom, as a principle, always existed; justice, as a principle, has its foundation, inherently, in the human soul; your forefathers embodied it in the form of a government. All truths which the human mind conceives, are not created by the mind; yet by the very power and principle of the mind, by the necessity of their being called into existence, sciences, arts, and religions, have been fashioned. Religion is as old as intelligence itself. The true principles of the science of astronomy can never be changed. Geology, in its intrinsic elements, has always been in existence. Every mental or moral truth which the mind of man now conceives, has always been in existence. But the necessity of their active manifestation, of their presence, of their existence in a fixed and tangible form, has not been born; therefore the human soul, in its conception, has not perceived them, and extracted them from the great divine element of all life and all science. Divine government? You govern yourselves as much in your relation to Deity, as you govern yourselves in relation to your nationality. The only difference is this—that in your full and entire relation to God, the nation, and all nations, are included. In relation to your country, simply, you are one of the individuals making up the vast majority that shall rule. And so, in the broad nature of all intelligence, you are one of the atoms which make up the vast infinitude of mind. Your identity, your individuality, your form, make up the law by which your life shall be governed. This is the truth; yet it is positive that you may go where you please, inside of God's infinite being. This is true—that you are limited to the boundaries of His infinitude. Yet where is that? This is true—that you cannot act outside of His intelligence; for he is the vast infinite circle; you but try orbits revolving within that circle. It is true that men are free agents, within the limits of an infinite ruling mind. Men are more free than they can imagine. Men are more capable of freedom than their minds can conceive. Matter alone makes up the slavery of mind, the slavery of thought. Matter alone makes up the bondage; matter alone prevents men from knowing and realizing that they are free as they are capable of being within the bounds of God's law.

It is one part of a Divine economy, like others—men contend, and especially materialistic philosophers, who perceive that throughout all nature there are causes and effects—that the mind of man is not free; for it acts from a principle existing outside of, and superior to itself; therefore, *foreordination, destiny, fate*, and all the various words that represent a superstitious fatalism, lead men into the materialistic conclusion that they are not responsible for what they do, because everything is done in accordance with law. By the same power by which everything is done in accordance with law, there is another law fixed, which makes men responsible for everything they do; and you are free agents, free in the highest sense of that term; because your soul, partaking of the nature of the Divine Being, possesses, in relation to your surroundings, and your conditions of preponderance, the same power which Deity possesses over the whole universe through-

out eternity. This world and this existence is but one flash of time in the vast infinitude of your existence. Remember that. The conditions by which you are surrounded, your yourselves have created; remember this. The soul of man, the soul of humanity, the soul of nature, through intelligence, through love, through all that makes up humanity, creates for itself, within God's law, all the laws by which it is fashioned. Understand this. Without it, but for the power of mind, and soul, and life, which now exists upon this planet, this world would not exist. That power of life, and thought, and soul, and mind, has always existed, and fashioned for itself, from the material elements of nature, this world, and identified, perfected and developed the class of thought and mind which has existed in it. Your "laws of nature" are the result of your requirements, the laws which cause the earth to absorb, at certain seasons, the sun's rays, and in each zone also cause the objects which exist there to be adapted to its purposes. Intelligence, thought and feeling, in all their various forms, penetrate through all the ramifications of nature, and make of thought and feeling, absolute, entire masters of the universe of matter.

If you possessed a majority of all the mind in the universe of matter, you could cause the sun to cease to shine, cause stars to revolve in their orbits or cease to revolve, cause everything in the nature of matter to exist or cease to exist. We do contend that this law, which is self-existent and inherent in every thing that relates to matter, is the result of a power and principle embodied in mind, and that you control the elements of nature, that you control the atmosphere, that you control the sun's rays, or guide and direct them, that you control the motions of the ocean-wave, that you control the air and sea and sky in exact proportion to the amount of intelligence which is embodied upon your earth. And we do contend that the laws in nature by which you are controlled are in exact accordance with the developments and powers of the intelligence which exists upon your earth. The soul, or inherent mind, the true principle of all thought, the inevitable law of your nature, is that which is fashioned by the outgrowth of mind. The tendency of all material substances is to decay, decay, concentration, perfect, lifeless, immovable, uncontrolled masses. The tendency of all mind is diffusing, outgrowing, perfecting, beautifying. Matter, pervaded by mind, represents all the various conditions in life that you conceive.

If you do not believe that the mind creates for itself the laws by which it is controlled, let us ask of you what is the cause of all the diversified forms in nature. Now, as we have always said, the *quality* of all intelligence is the same, wherever you find it; it differs only in quantity. For instance, if you find a man that is perfected in any one department of science, if you find intelligence that seems complete in any principle of moral, intellectual, or social law, wherever you find a mind that possesses the same class of intelligence or the same quantity of intelligence upon that subject, its quality is always the same; and though it may not possess the same quantity, yet as far as it does, the slightest atom, the slightest thought, the slightest breath of intelligence corresponds, in quality, with what is possessed by the vast mind who could conceive the whole. It is just like this: a drop of water possesses the same chemical particles as a whole ocean. Analyse one particle, and you have an analysis of the composition of the whole. But a drop of water is not an ocean, and never can be. The intelligence which perfumes a flower is the same mind or intelligence that causes you, and us, and all the world, to think and live and move. But that flower does not possess the quantity; it is not capable of the same diversified forms. Therefore you say it is not intelligence, it is a law or principle in nature, but it is to that flower all that your vast variety of thought is to you. Now, if you do not believe that mind creates for itself the laws of matter, take that one particle of intelligence which exists in the flower; and if it is not intelligent, identified and positive, all flowers would be alike. The quantity of intelligence they possess inherently, some more and some less, makes up the variety in nature—not the quantity. If you do not believe that your mind and thought make the law by which your physical form is governed, let us for a moment examine the subject. Every man and woman varies from every other. The quality, remember, of intelligence is the same. All, then, have the same foundation, the same source, the same principle. The quantity is not the same, and never can be; for in the individual's commencement there are certain powers, as there are in the germ of the flower, implanted there, which shall be a correct criterion of the quantity of intelligence which that person will possess. Intelligence calls to itself, in all the various and diversified forms of human existence, just such qualities in nature, it assimilates just such elements in the atmosphere, just such rays in the sunshine, as are proper to its individual existence.

Now the

word to which we are referring, but it is the principle, which is no more like what humanity sometimes conceives than is liberty like what men call it.

We will only add, in conclusion, that if the similarity which exists between the highest form of human government, and our conceptions of divine government is carried out still further, you will find that in all analogies it is the same, for the majority of mind in all ages always conceives the highest truths. You have a greater quantity of intelligence to-day than your forefathers had. You have a greater quantity of moral truth; its quality does not differ, because all mind, of all ages, has conceived of the same quality of moral excellence which now is stamped upon the lives and characters of the best men. All ages have acknowledged the same powers and principles; and if in their state of intelligence, they could not penetrate into the sciences and arts which have since been discovered, it was not from the quality of the power of their conception.

Remember then, that freedom in government, and freedom in human souls, is about the same. Republicanism implies freedom under certain conditions; free-agency implies freedom under the ruling, controlling power of Infinite Intelligence. You are free, not for a day, but for eternity. You are free, not for an hour, but for all time. Therefore remember that the Divine economy is not only that which is good to-day, but that which is good forever. Principles always remain the same, and matter is forever under the control of mind and material things, and material things are the only things capable of being governed.

We thank the audience for their kind attention, and only trust that we have elucidated as fully as we would desire, or as our time would permit, so vast and complicated a theme.

THE FLOWERS OF MEMORY.

BY H. L. CORBIN.

Our path of life, how often crossed
By beings bright and kind
Whose radiant spirits kindly shed
A passing gladness o'er!
No more with ours their future blends,
Their forms no more we view;
Yet round our memory fondly cling
The scenes they flitted through.
Their bark another current bears,
Its course we may not trace;
But perling waves have ta'en the joys
No others can replace.
Like morning mist their lingers still
Around their names a charm,
And gentle memories of the past
Will oft emotions calm.

The wheel of time doth onward roll
And changes intervene;
And varied scenes have marked the space
Of years that lie between;
Still, in that sacred noë unshrined,
Their impress long since made,
Doth dwell as of our being part—
No time or change can fade.

Though oft in future hours the clouds
May darkly round us lower,
A light remembrance will impart,
As strength the fragrant flower;
And when earth's changing scenes we pass
To realms of light above,
'Neath cloudless skies once more we'll meet
Those cherished ones to love.

GOOD AND EVIL, OR RIGHT AND WRONG.

BY WARREN CHASE.

"Good and ill, in my bands,
And hollow seeming
Walk together with linked hands,
Looming and redeeming."

There is no universal standard of good and evil in morals more than in the material things that surround us. Each individual has his own standard of measure, or none, and these standards vary as persons do in form, feature or education. I suppose we are all the same to God, as no one knows what God's standard is. To the natives of the West Indies, as Columbus found them—in a far purer moral condition than ours—it was no sin, or shame, or wrong, or evil for adult males and females to go naked to public gatherings; to all civilized nations this is the most immoral, profligate and shameless evil. To me it is a wrong and evil—to my red skinned brother it is not; have I any reason to suppose God has more regard for my standard than for his, or that I am better on this account than he is? I have seen ladies who would consider it an insult, and evil, for a male friend to kiss them at meeting and parting, and others equally, and often more pure, who would feel it a slight, or neglect, or want of respect or good breeding, if it was not done by friends when they met. Which is right, and which wrong? Which good and which evil? Some persons consider a kiss in public, or before witnesses, wrong, or an evil, but accept and give them freely and readily when no eyes are looking on the scene; does the right and wrong consist in being seen or not seen? Is it not rather the use or abuse we make of everything and every act, that should determine its propriety or impropriety—its good or evil? To some people love, especially free love, is the most grossly immoral of all subjects that can be spoken of; to others even God is love, and, of course, free, and to them, all love to God or man must be free, to be pure and good. These persons occupy as wide extremes as the naked Indian and the muffled Turk; both are no doubt moral to themselves—no doubt God regards them as he does the flowers with their different colors, each containing the beauty and purity for itself.

To me love is an element, material, like magnetism or caloric, and subject to use and abuse for good or injury to ourselves or neighbors. As I could use fire to warm my house or burn it, or my neighbor's either, so of love; if I have it in sufficient quantity—as many have, and some have not—I can use it for good or injury to myself or others. It is good to me—in itself, as all things are. As to its freedom, as it is an element it has no intelligence or will of its own, therefore it is to me absurd to call it God, or speak of its freedom from laws or restraint, except as we do of electricity or magnetism. Sometimes when it is too much accumulated and concentrated in certain organs of the brain it causes insanity, overpowering the normal action of the mind. This is a bad use of a good thing—the fire burns the house—too much in the wrong place.

We are a sort of Voltaic pile, and much depends on the direction and distribution of the love elements we collect or impart. If it have a downward tendency, passion and animal only, it debases us, or lowers us in the scale of being, and, to me, is wrongly used, producing evil; to another it may not seem so, for he may love animal life better than angel life. If it have a horizontal direction, and go out to the human race, to some it would be free-love and very obnoxious and evil; to me it would be good, because it would be fraternal and sympathetic, and tend to bind the race together in ties of magnetic attraction, and family brotherhood and sisterhood. Jesus gave the highest and strongest evidence and expressions of this direction to his love, which was exceedingly strong and abundant, and freely given to the race; but he was very immoral and evil to the priests and Levites of his time. He told them if they did not love man, whom they had seen—could see—they need not pretend to love God, whom they had not seen. If we give our love an upward tendency, it is not less or more free, that I can see, but it would connect us with and draw us to the spiritual, heavenly, celestial, angelic life, and we should (in my view) be making good use of it, and grow better for having and thus using it. Some persons do not seem to have much or any love to dispose of; but I have failed to discover that they were better than those that have, either to themselves, or the race, or to God. To me it is simply absurd for an intelligent and philosophical mind to talk of free love, or base love, or gross love, or sensual love, and so it would be to any one who could perceive it as an element for our use or abuse. If there is any freedom in our world, (which is doubtful), it is in the human mind, with its will-power as our agent. Angel is, by some persons, considered good and proper and useful; but, to me, its effects seem always to be bad or injurious, and, therefore, it is a bad or evil expression or action of every person. It may be a reversed or negative action of love, as cold is of heat or caloric.

This subject of the elemental and material existence of love, is too new yet for me to determine its laws; but I feel sure of the fact of such real existence of love—I have sought in vain for a standard of morals, or of good and bad, that I could adopt from others, and have at last concluded to adhere to my own, which is: that which injures me or my neighbor, is bad, or a bad use of a good thing; that which benefits me or my neighbor, and injures none, is good, or a

good use, etc. I will try to so use my powers as to live as near this standard as I can, and trust God for the future, which I cannot see. If He will reveal to me any higher law, I will accept it, and try to live to it. Cannot judge my neighbor—hope he will not sentence me. I will not knowingly harm him because he does not have the same standard of right and wrong that I have—hope he will not pass with mine, for still, to me, right, wrong, good and evil, are convertible terms to society, without any settled meaning.

Nashua, N. H., Sept. 20, 1850.

A FEW BRIEF HINTS.—NO. 4.

MISTAKEN PREMISES, AND ERRONEOUS EXPRESSIONS AND CONCLUSIONS.

A person had, undoubtedly better make an assertion, than never speak at all; but if E. D. French, of California, means to charge me with "misconstruing the language of others," he certainly had the opportunity, and ought to have exercised the privilege, of showing wherein. Anything that looks like a mere insinuation, shows weakness, especially where it is accompanied by an assumption of superior modesty.

If E. D. French does not wish to "imitate the vein of irony" which runs through "Mr. Mandell's" remarks, he surely is not obliged to do it; Mr. Mandell respectfully suggests that he could not successfully "imitate" it, if he tried. In this irony Mr. Mandell is fighting a battle with the world, and for the world, which he very well understands, and for which he has made a preparation of years. This irony has already carried Mr. Mandell through a multitude of contests with the "Bells of Bashan," more severe and prolonged than that which recently prostrated the noble-hearted J. L. D. Oile; and if E. D. French desires "truth without regard to conquest," I beg leave to suggest to him that he will find it all along, side by side with conquest, and with contest too. Conquest is part and parcel of truth. In fact, truth is itself conquest. A man therefore cannot have a regard to "truth, without regard to conquest." I mean to conquer through the truth; and if truth is sometimes irony, it is because irony has its place in the realm of truth, and in the contest of truth, as well as the clear and rarer metals. When I have sufficiently illustrated the importance of the iron element, I may pass to the consideration of the place and value of brass in the conflict, (intellectually speaking, of course.)

And now—all my previous communications to the BANNER, having been but brief hints, like the present series of articles under this title, I am glad to see that the touches of criticism I have given, have not been without their due effect. From wrong premises, persons of a true intention have argued to erroneous conclusions, and some points intrinsically right, have been clothed in erroneous expression. We already begin to see a change in both the idea and the expression.

Here, for instance, comes neighbor French, of California, who thinks that "because sin is right, it does not make it right for us to sin;" the last clause of which remark is nearer to my repeatedly expressed views, than those of other writers whom I have had occasion to notice. Friend Child, also, whose first position, and direct statement, enumerated and admitted no evil in connection with the use of Hashish, Tobacco, Alcohol, &c.—who was not going to say a word for or against, and who plainly asserted his conviction that there is no wrong, no evil—now begins to talk of wrong and evil; lately said in his article on Tobacco, that "from a material standpoint, none will deny that the use of tobacco is a palpable and noxious evil"—and also in the same article says: "Out of evil cometh good," and, "all evil is pregnant with wise purposes of goodness," all of which statements are entirely unlike his previous statements; and in their philosophy and form of expression, are quite an approximation to those I recommended to him. Then, here comes Sister S. E. Collins, of Newburyport, with her wise and beautiful comparisons, to the effect that, "out of the dark, damp earth springs the tiny shrub," &c., &c., thus showing quite a tendency toward the main idea for which I have contended in these articles, throughout, viz: that God overrules evil for good—makes the former subservient to the latter, etc.

But these are mere approximations to the great idea involved; and it yet remains for the parties specified, to get rid of a few more of their mistaken premises, erroneous forms of expression, and conclusions, to be quite consistent in their statements and convictions, or philosophy.

A. B. Child, for instance—as we have seen—in his article on Tobacco, does, really, at last, express himself to the effect that tobacco—from a material standpoint, at least—is a palpable and noxious evil. Admitting this against it, why does he so inconsistently say, that "words spoken against it affect no good." And then, on the other hand, why does he say it "needs no words spoken in its favor"? Does he really mean to undertake discussion of this, or any other important subject? If, as he says in another sentence, "the use of tobacco, so general, so extensive, is a powerful argument in favor of the good it shall do,"—is not also the "use of words, now becoming so general, so extensive" likewise "a powerful argument in favor of the good" those words shall do? If "it needs no words spoken in its favor," why then does he speak of the good it shall do? If words spoken against it effect no good, why then should tobacco, or anything else, effect good? Why should he speak of it as a palpable and noxious evil, if his words against it were to effect no good? Does he really wish us to believe that tobacco-chewing, or any other such nuisance is really worth considering for the good it shall do, while the words of noble men and noble women against it, are of no account, and effect no good? When he says, in still another sentence, that "nature makes men smoke and chew and snuff and it would be foolish to try to put down what nature puts up," is not he himself "foolish" in so unceremoniously and uncourtously pronouncing an effort of philanthropy to be "foolish"? Is he not "foolish" in setting aside the fact, that, according to his own theory, it must be nature which operates to the putting down of an evil, which, according to his declaration, she sometimes "puts up"?

In a word, does not Dr. A. B. Child, in pronouncing a reform effort "foolish," make himself "foolish"—his much-loved, and much-vaunted "Nature" foolish, and show how, from a "foolish" philosophy, sophistry runs into downright absurdity. In contrast with the wisdom of Dr. C., in the above quotations, I would refer him to the wisdom and good counsel of neighbor Three Stars, (699) from New Orleans, who, in BANNER of August 6, says that the spiritual "debaters" of that city "had better turn their minds to the discussion of matters of diet, drinking, smoking, chewing," &c.—the "light of Reason" being "too often shut out, because of taking too much food and drink, or chewing too much tobacco," etc. Bro. Child has called any effort foolish. If it is not sensible, then what is it? But Dr. C. has, as we have seen, made some progress in improving his ideas and expressions. It will not hurt him, nor cost him much trouble, to lop off a few more of the excrescences of his philosophy. I shall look for it, even if Nature has to "put down" what she has "put up."

As to Sister Collins, of Newburyport—notwithstanding I have already spoken favorably of her illustrations, I have, nevertheless, to inform her that I do not call even the "dark, damp earth," nor "darkness," nor any "uncouth and noisome thing"—no, not even do I call poison, of itself, an evil. Neither will I quarrel with her most sincere trust in an overruling power, nor object to her idea that the "erring" are "only acting out their nature"—that we cannot "live outside the laws of God," &c. For these views do not affect the result of this discussion, in the least. Even on the ground that all things originated with God, and are governed by him, the question and the issue are unchanged; for even if God has "dained evil for good purposes, he, of course, ordained it as evil, and it is no more in place to call "evil" good, or "wrong" right, than it is to call falsehood truth, or injustice justice. As well might you say that man never told a lie, because God is truth, as to affirm that there is "no wrong, no evil," because God is good, or for any similar reason.

The same, in substance, would I also say to E. D. French, of California. He has "not the remotest idea of making Mr. Mandell believe" his views; and, sure enough, he might as well try to make Paul an idolater, as to make me believe that wrong is right. In frankly admitting the existence of such a thing as "sin," he is far beyond those who deny that there is any transgression; and I do not believe that he would attempt to show that sin is virtue, or even "better" than virtue, as some have undertaken to do. But his statement, that "it is not right to sin," I have already claimed as coincident with my own position; and his other ideas, that there is "relative wrong and absolute right," etc., is what I have always claimed and advocated, a thousand times, if I have one, in repeated discourses, for many years. So that the bulk of what E. D. F. has "not the remotest idea of making me believe, has, in fact, been my belief ever since the dawn of belief within me. And "wrong" being only relative, while "right" is eternal, absolute and triumphant—therefore "wrong" cannot be "right," for there is both an "eternal" and an "absolute" difference between them. And hence, by virtue of the very propositions of E. D. French, he makes a mistake of just three words, where he says "sin is right," and that, too, is precisely where we differ.

Any intensions concerning a "vein of irony"—"considering

our own views infallible," &c., will be apt to find a resting-place on other shoulders than mine. Many of the advocates of "no wrong, no evil," who are very strenuous in their professed devotion to gentleness, modesty, &c., are quite as apt to be self-sufficient and indolent as many other people, and they can, with the utmost nonchalance, "snub" even the best intentioned and noblest moral purposes—making use of the terms "foolish," "erroneous," &c., whenever it suits them to apply it to others; and yet ever ready to cry outrage! if they see even a less display of it elsewhere. It may be just possible that any "vein of irony," or appearance of "infallibility" about my articles, has reference to this and some other things. Why is not a little upright dogmatism a good cure for downright dogmatism? A word to the wise is sufficient.

D. J. MANDELL.

LETTER FROM PROVIDENCE.

Messrs. Editors.—My last was written just after Mrs. Spence had concluded her series of lectures here, and I also gave you a report of our clam-bake excursion. Mrs. Spence was succeeded by R. P. Ambler, who has never spoken to us previous. The weather was exceedingly oppressive during his stay with us, which prevented so full an attendance as has been common, but his lectures were very well received and appreciated by intelligent and attentive audiences. Indeed, no one can help being attentive who sits before him, for he carries you away by his continued bursts of eloquence, until you forget the form before you, and see only the man in his native majesty, and soar with his pure mind to upper regions of light and glory. He is what I call a free speaker, his language is elegant, chaste and voluminous, his gestures graceful and very expressive, and his logic sound, practical, and to the point. Brother Ambler was with us three weeks, and we hope soon to greet him again. After him, returned Mrs. Spence, who has won herself a high stand in the hearts of the whole community, and who met a cordial welcome. She was with us three Sabbath afternoons, at Norwich, Conn., and in that vicinity, in Taunton, Foxboro', Attleboro', and in the region of Providence, during her week evenings, so that when she started for New York, Sept. 12th, she had been absent twenty-nine days, and gave thirty regular lectures.

Upon Sept. 8th we had another excursion down Providence River, to the "Ocean Cottage," about three or four miles from the city. Here the scenery is most picturesque and delightful, the green, grassy banks sloping down to the river's brink, the beautiful groves and springing hills of pure water, meet the eye on every hand, and in this charming spot, so bathed in the glorious beauty of nature, met about seven or eight hundred of our band, who felt heartily and joyfully upon the "feast of reason and the flow of soul," not forgetting to indulge also in the delicacies of the clam-bake, such as fish and clam-chowder, baked clams and corn, with the usual condiment of drawn butter, which, by the way, is a part of the play which I do not followship. We took our music from the city, and those who wished whipped the light *lute* fantastically. We also took our speakers with us, Sisters Spence, Rose and Lawton, with Brothers Loveland and Bugby from Connecticut, who favored us with appropriate remarks, which were very pleasing; and in joyous interchange of sentiment amid slow ramblings about the grounds, or seated in groups beneath the shade of trees, we happily passed the time away, and 5 o'clock came all too quick, and with it the steam-er Canonius, to take us back to the city. May we have many more such reunions. I spoke of giving an extended notice when we had another, but it was deemed advisable to have but a small party at this time.

Upon Sept. 12th we expected Prof. Payton Spence, of New York, to speak to us; but the violent storm on the Sound, the previous night, prevented his coming. Dr. E. L. Lyon, of Providence, who was present in the audience, being invited, kindly accepted the office of speaker, and gave us two lectures, which were very interesting and instructive.

Our Committee of Arrangements merit much commendation for their manner of supplying our desk since their term of office commenced. We have had the best possible speakers provided; and the efforts of these worthy gentlemen are duly appreciated by the community that depends upon them. The financial interests have also been well attended to, and are in a flourishing condition. They have engaged the services of Mrs. Macomber, of Providence, for the last Sabbath of September, who, I neglected to say, has spoken very acceptably to us once before; in October, comes Brother Loveland and A. B. Whiting; in November, Mrs. Belton; in December, Warren Chase; in January, Mrs. Middlebrook, for two Sabbath afternoons; in February, Mrs. Spence; in March, we hope to greet Miss Sprague; and in April, Miss Harding will be with us. Thus we have an excellent list of lectures to look forward to, and the season will be well improved. Mrs. Amey and Mrs. Spence have, together, given three lectures in North Attleboro', which are the first ever given there. The leaves were certainly good; may it cause a resurrection among the "dry bones" of old theologues there! May she copy after her sister town, Foxboro', where seems to exist a lively interest!

In the bonds of love and fellowship we, as a body, wish to be affectionately remembered to the friends who are struggling with us to build upon the firm Spiritual platform made known to us by the inhabitants of another sphere; and among that number I have the honor and pleasure of writing my name.

LITA H. BARNEY.

"SUFFERING AND PROGRESSION."

Messrs. Editors.—In your issue of 17th September, I find an article on "Suffering and Progression," by Dr. A. B. Child, whose views, as therein expressed, omit, at least, a recognition of some phases of progression which it is important to keep in view. That "suffering is progression" may be only true; but that we must pass through crime, or even pain, as a necessary means of progression, be quite untrue. If "progression" carries the murderer to that condition of love where the dark deed of murder is known no more, and the other crimes mentioned are intended to illustrate the great aid to progression which crime supplies, and treats of "the virtuous and happy as standing still in their condemnation, while the prostitute, in her suffering, has passed on in her progression," where is the incentive to the life of virtue which all know exists, and which we should at all times hold before the public mind?

The exception I wish to make is not, at all, that crime may not be a means of progression to the soul committing the same, or to all connected therewith, but I wish to consider all the experiences of every human life, as so many varied means of progression; the life of virtue and of happiness, as well as the life of crime; and to show that all crime has its true antidote, does not sufficiently prove the divine law announced by Pope, that "Whatever is right," for it must have universal application to every human experience; then only can we appreciate the beautiful harmony of the laws which exist in, and through all mind, and all matter. "Whatever is right," because God is in all that is, and He as truly works in what may be called the lower developments of our humanity, as in the higher. "Discord is harmony not understood," because such event, however discordant to us in our peculiar relation to it, has its fitness to some other event not discerned within our range of observation, and because every actual thing necessitates harmony; that it is, proves its harmony with some other element. Both quotations show the prophetic power with which Pope was so wonderfully gifted, and illustrate beautifully the law which all must yet come to receive—that God is absolutely all in all.

I fully appreciate the value of the writer's conclusions, so far as may be necessary to show that even the vice (so called) which exists in accordance with God's universal laws, and but the natural outworkings of the laws which exist inherently in the human soul, which exhibits always a development in harmony with its individuality. But I wish also to have the beautiful laws recognized which operate in the harmonious development of souls, where conditions are such as to lead to aspirations after purity and excellence, and to lead every earnest heart to seek after "the best gifts," knowing that while even the depths of misery to which large numbers of our fellows are reduced, may be, for them, the necessary means of their progression, that each individual can have a progression, just as useful to his peculiar case, which may lead through the pleasant paths of virtue, and instead of darkness and sorrow, their pathway may be through wisdom's ways, which are pleasantness, and all her paths peace; and that this is the more excellent way, the only true and harmonious development. This is caused by perversion of law. Were all natural laws duly regarded, our conditions would be such here and now, as we hope to have them in the future, when we shall have become harmonious with the spheres of wisdom and love. If there be not progression in happiness as well as in pain, shall we progress in the future ages of our spirit-life painfully or joyfully?

No, progression is not formed only through the depths of sin—which is ignorance—but as well out from sin, without this overt act of crime as a necessity. But it is useful, also, to know how much higher and better would have been the progression without the crime, and, also, how much pain the

commission of the crime involves, that the crime and the penalty are inseparable. This distinction, we think, should be strongly marked.

I thank the writer for all he has said to show that even crime may be the means of a progression—a portion of the argument needed to show the world that God has not made anything in vain. Truly, the church of to-day, as well as of the past, has denied the very existence of God in our world. Only as separate from its active, breathing life, can they believe him to be. A God afar off is not a God in any sense. Either God must exist in and through all his works, or he does not exist. Why this effort to deny that God is seen in all his works, except that the theologian demands a God which man has formed, and has no conception of that God who is a spirit, and as such, permeates every atom of his universe, lives in each life, breathes in every breeze, and of his over-present spirit all things are instinct with his life? "And without him was not anything made that was made." When will man be content to allow God his own true majesty, which stamps everything which proceedeth from his hand with his own true divinity, instead of dwarfing him to the narrow conception of the single atomism, when God is all in all, and all is God?

CYRENIUS.

What Spiritualists Need.

S. C. H., Boston.—May I claim your attention, Messrs. Editors, to a subject which, if not of the most vital importance, demands more, much more attention than it has received. I mean the difference between the teachings and practice of Spiritualists—which, to say the least, seems terribly out of joint. So far as my own experience extends, which has been about five years, I must say that the teachings of any religious sect. No body of people stand out more boldly or more clearly as the advocates and exponents of the great law of "love thy neighbor as thyself," than Spiritualists; but in actual practice they indeed go beyond the churches, whose faults are so constantly paraded before us as examples to be shunned and guarded against. Mere professions do not accomplish the "great good" so often predicted, without acts. What have Spiritualists to show at the present time? A whole army of believers—preachers—with but few indeed who practice. Look at our mediums—men and women selected by our good Father as channels and instruments through whom is given, to the world what no religion has before given; viz., a positive certainty of the immortality of the soul; the individuality of the soul, and its endless progression. These mediums are subject to the same laws that others are; they have the same faults and failings that others have. But there is one view which Spiritualists rarely take—that is: the transfer of spirit influences from one person to another. Mediums, by their vocation, become exceedingly sensitive and receptive to spirit influence; they must, to a certain extent, live through the different spheres of influence which, they meet in giving to investigators tests or spirit manifestations asked for. They are sensitive to disease, the ill feelings, and I might almost say, the sins of others—and still we demand and expect more from them than angels can give. Some who dare to speak plainly are charged with being obsessed by evil spirits, and unless they make every act to conform strictly to the "usage," or "laws of society," and court the approbation of a feeble public instead of their own consciences, they are branded with every epithet which can be used against them. And what do Spiritualists do to refute or meet these charges? Actually nothing. Why are we not up and doing—refuting, by acts, the aspersions so freely heaped upon our mediums? Shame upon those would-be reformers who preach, but when the opportunity to practice is brought home to them, dare not act.

But, granting these aspersions true, is there not a greater need for prompt and energetic action? Shall we pass by on the other side, shaking our heads with the Pharisaical feeling of "I am better than thou"? Or shall we do as the Samaritan did, who bound up the wounds of the stranger, and cared for the sufferer until he was strong enough to again go forward on his journey? What were the teachings of Christ? Did he come to heal the well? Did he decline to mingle with publicans and sinners, fearing that they might contaminate him? No. He dared to practice what he taught, and dared to act without waiting for, or asking the approbation of others. When will that "public opinion" be seen in its true light, and instead of being used as a standard by which to try our actions, be placed under the feet of every truthful man and woman?

We need a better, truer and higher standard of right by which to test our thoughts and motives, as well as acts. Let us go forward with the honest determination to do right because it is right—this is the feeling, the motive to be cherished and fostered more than all others. We have too long lived double lives—covering up our true feelings with an externality which is opposed to our spiritual natures, taking to ourselves the right to judge our neighbors without first looking within our own souls to see if we, circumstanced the same, would have done as well.

Let us strive to not more plainly and truthfully one with another, laying aside all disguises, and more fully believing and trusting in the infinite love and wisdom of Him "who doeth all things well."

Letter from Townsend, Mass.

Messrs. Editors.—The elements of spiritual life are considerably stirred in this place at the present time. Mr. Fairfield lectured here in the Academy a few Sundays since. He had been advertised to speak in the Town Hall, which is under the Methodist Church; but when the minister of the church came from camp meeting, and learned that the footstages of heresy were to be opened right under the floor of his meeting-house, he seized fresh fire from the altar of the God of battles, and determined to stay the coming desolation. He had been "fighting the devil" all the week at the camp meeting, he said, and he was not going to fight him again at home. So he locked up the Hall—the Methodists having control of it—and the School Committee opened the Academy for the meeting. But the truth comes everything to serve it; so Mr. Bailey could not keep from "fighting the devil," even if he would; for when we have a "devil" within us, we must "fight" him *non-violens*. So he appointed a meeting at Townsend Harbor last Sunday evening, when and where he proposed to renew the contest with the old "adversary," in a lecture against Spiritualism. I heard his discourse, which consisted of the usual jumble of denunciation, invective, sneer and fling, which characterize the efforts of such as attempt to stay the progress of the incoming light. He called the new dispensation "Spiritism," and said it was introduced by Miller. I believe it introduced itself, as the truth usually does.

I have given five lectures in town during the past week—three since Mr. Bailey delivered his—and the people here are fully awake, and desirous of knowing more on this subject; and I think our Methodist brother is doing his share to increase this desire.

I send you five new subscribers, as the result of our joint labors in Townsend Harbor. Others will doubtless soon come in. The Age, also, has increased its subscription fully a dozen in this town since Brother F. came here. So this is the way Spiritualism is going down. "The true there is a diminished desire to merely 'seek after signs';" but there is a correspondingly increased desire to know more of the real aims and designs of this new era.

Yours,

LORINE MOODY.

Miss M. J. King.

D. S. LAKIN, ELmira, N. Y., writes us, that Miss Mary King is lecturing in various places in the State of New York with much success. He speaks of her lectures in the highest terms.

A writer in the last number of Harper's Weekly gives the following characteristic verse of Macdonald Clark, which we never remember having seen in print before:

"Hail to thee who wilt hold the world in the grip of thy power, as the red waves of wretchedness swell; How it burns on the edge of tempestuous years, The horrible light-house of Hell!"

SPIRITUAL CONVENTION.

A four days' Spiritual Meeting will commence at the Court House, Penn Yan, Yates Co., N. Y., at 10 o'clock, Thursday Oct. 13th, 1850, and continue Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, the 14th, 15th and 16th. An invitation is extended to all normal Lecturers and Trance Speakers throughout the country.

Sessions will be held for the narration of facts and personal experiences by the people. Discussions on the various phases of Mediumship and Manifestations; the Formation of Circles, their Uses and Abuses; Public Meetings, the best method of disseminating Spiritualism; its application to the individual's relation to Christianity, the Church, Church Science, Philosophy, Literature, Reforms, and Institutions of the Age.

Arrangements will be made to accommodate as many as possible free of expense, speakers being first provided for; and boarding-houses and hotels will furnish a list of their lowest prices.

To meet expenses and protect the assembly from a disorderly crowd, a trifling door fee will be taken during part of the meeting.

Speakers who can attend from a distance will please communicate as early as possible to the Address.

Dr. H. M. DUNBAR, Penn Yan, Yates Co., N. Y.

LECTURERS.

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

Miss EMMA HARDING will lecture in St. Louis and vicinity during October, addresses for that month care of A. Miltenberger, Esq., St. Louis, Mo. In November and December, Miss Harding will speak in Evansville, Memphis, New Orleans and the South. Apply during these months at the above places, or by letter to 2 Fort and 3rd Avenues, New York. All cities will receive invitations to lecture South up to February, and requests all such applications to be sent in as early as possible, as she returns to Philadelphia, in March, 1850.

WARREN CHASE lectures in Bethel, Vt., from Oct. 14th to 16th; Montpelier, Vt., from Oct. 16th to 23d; South Hardwick, Vt., Oct. 23th, 24th and 27th; Marlboro', Mass., Oct. 30th; Natick, Nov. 6th; Newburyport, Nov. 13th; Marblehead, Nov. 20th; Plymouth, Nov. 27th. He may be addressed as above.

JOHN H. RANDALL will answer calls to lecture in the Western part of New York State, on subjects connected with the Harmonical Philosophy, during the month of October. His address will be to Liver, N. Y., 277 South Avenue, New York, 12th, and after that date, till further notice, in the care of Dr. H. M. Dunbar, Penn Yan, Yates Co., N. Y.

N. FRANK WHITE will lecture in Plymouth, Mass., Oct. 10th; Boston, Oct. 30th; Portland, Me., Nov. 20th and 21st; will spend the month of December in Maine. Calls for vacant Sundays or week evenings will be attended to, addressed as above.

REV. JOHN PIERPONT, West Medford, Mass.

Miss SARAH A. MAGOUR, No. 33 Winter street, East Cambridge, Mass.

Mrs. MARY MACOMBER, Carpenter street, Grant Mill, care of Z. R. Macomber, Providence, R. I.

Miss LIZZIE DORRIS, Plymouth, Mass.

H. L. HARRIS, North Adams, Mass., 7 Davis street, Boston.

BEAUFORT, DARTMOUTH, Boston, Mass.

ELIJAH WOODWORTH, Leslie, Mich.

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

A. R. WHITING, Providence, R. I.

CHARLES W. BURROUGHS, West Killbuck, Conn.

Mrs. BENJAMIN B. CHASE, West Hill, Mass.

R. E. YOUNG, No. 85, Quincy, Mass.

GEORGE M. JACKSON, Prattsburg, N. Y.

HENRY WARD BEECHER

PLYMOUTH CHURCH, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Sunday Morning, Oct. 24, 1859.

REPORTED FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT, BY T. J. ELLIOTT.

TEXT.—"For as many as are led by the spirit of God, they are the sons of God. For ye have received the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry Abba, Father."—ROMANS, VIII, 14, 15.

Although the terms regeneration and reformation are often used as synonymous, they are not; and they stand for truths whose difference is most marked and important. Reformation is employed, usually, to designate a change from bad to good, in our conduct and habits. It has respect, chiefly, to secular courses; and intimates only that a man's will is leading him in a better way. It relates, mainly, to the conduct of the life which now is. Regeneration indicates the entrance upon the soul of a new force—the Divine influence. It includes in its effect all that reformation signifies, but implies a great deal more than reformation does. It is not simply a correction of the life, but a change in the great cause of life. It points to the human mind as a seat of life, and to the presence and indwelling of a divine influence, which, though it may have sought to act before, was not recognized nor obeyed by the soul of man.

Reformation, then, is such a conversion as a man's own will can produce, and such a change as he can secure by the help of existing influences in society. Regeneration is a change of the whole inward life, by the efficacious power of God's spirit, acting upon the soul. As this is the higher, so it is the grander state. And, what will seem, at first, paradoxical, it is the easier state of attainment. It is easier for a man to be transformed by the renewing of his mind, under Divine influence, than it is for him to reform his own bad habits by the force of his own resolutions. A man that simply desired to do the lower thing, and to become a secular matter a better man, than he has been, would certainly consult his own will, and would not consult his duty, by aiming at the highest change at once.

Let any one read this eighth chapter of Romans, and see with what invariable consistency the presence and the power of God on the human soul is recognized, not only as the source of spiritual life, but as the cause of victory over passions and appetites. It is not a man's own disgust, or fear, or interest, or conscience, or will, but it is the power of Christ in the soul, that gives the victory. And, in the passage selected for to-day's discourse, notice the ideas.

Those are Christians who are led by God's spirit; not touched by it, simply; not influenced by it, merely; not restrained, and occasionally excited by it; but led by it. It shows the direction of the moral life, not only, but the influential cause of it, and indicates continuity.

But this is not a captive leading; it is not the following of a conqueror. We are not dragged at the wheels of the chariot of salvation like slaves entering Rome, whose disgrace and shame heighten the victor's triumph. We are children, not servants. We are free, not in bondage. The soul by its spontaneous yearnings cries out for God. As a child, when lonesome, or sick, or pleased and joyful, cries out father—mother; so the soul of a true Christian cries out for God, because it cannot help it. It yearns for God, and longs for him.

But for your easier comprehension of this subject, I propose to follow the change wrought in the soul by God's spirit, step by step. For although in detail there is an endless and indescribable diversity of the methods of feeling and change, in different individuals, yet, all possible cases will be found comprehended in a few general classes.

The first fruit, then, of the Spirit of God in the soul, is the conviction of sin. The first step in this direction, usually, is the application to a man's conduct of a new and higher rule of measurement. And it is no small thing when a man is willing to measure himself at all, by a right standard, and for the sake of knowing the truth about himself, as a moral being. Before, and ordinarily, men measure to exonerate and to flatter, not to ascertain the self-truth. Men measure to get rid of condemnation, not to acquire purity. Men usually estimate what they are morally, by their conduct and their character, as judged by the loose and permissive rules of the society in which they dwell—by the corrupt charity of a lax public sentiment; for the measure of man is not the measure of God. Both of which are selfish—to put down those immoralities which destroy men's interests, on the one side, and to constitute a genial, mutual insurance in respect to men's weaknesses, infidelities and moral infirmities, on the other side. Men judge themselves to be good because they do not violate any of those canons which are recognized by the temporizing sentiment of society; and also because they do come up to the requirements of such public sentiment. And when a man begins to feel that there is something else by which to measure character; when he feels that although public sentiment is not to be despised or despised, it is the lowest kind of measurement, that no person can find out what he is by it, and that there belongs to every man, as a moral agent, another measure, provided by himself, which holds the hold of the interior secret springs of manhood, of character, of the very human mind; when a man comes to feel that there is such a rule by which to measure himself, and is willing to measure himself by it, a great step is gained.

In the history, then, of this moral measuring, the steps are somewhat like these:—

A man begins to estimate what he is, measuring himself by the Word of God—the teachings of the spirit—and there begins to be a more vivid sense of the sin which he commits. Usually, the first sense we have of our sins is in regard to the lower part of our nature—sins of sensuousness, of appetite, of passion, committed under the strong impulse of pleasure, under violent temptation, but covered up; not measured, not estimated, not willingly looked at. For men do by their sins as murderers do by their victims. Down, down under ground, down under rubbish, they bury them, in order that their crime may not be discovered. Men do not like to hang their sins up where they can be seen of men, but desire to sink them beyond all research and investigation. Therefore they go on, from day to day, yielding to their appetites and passions, and doing things which, if they would but stop to consider them, they would know to be wrong, but whose force they do not measure, and whose guilt conscience does not estimate. And it is no small thing when a man at length measures himself fairly by God's law. The first conviction usually is, "How sinful are these appetites and passions, which I have been dealing so lightly by in times past." This is not to be despised, although I say it is the lowest step of conviction.

Then next, usually, in the progressive light which dawn upon the willing soul, comes the consciousness of the sinfulness of inward powers—of pride, of vanity, of greediness, of all the selfishness which belong to the several groups of faculties in the human mind. Before, a man thought himself sinful on account of acts of flagrant dereliction against canons, and laws, and customs; but now he begins to feel that there are states of mind which are wrong, although there is no human law against them in the Statute Book, and no public sentiment. He begins to feel that selfishness, and greediness, and avarice, and worldly inclinations, when measured by the law of God, are sinful. He begins to understand that there is such a thing as sinfulness of character, as well as unholiness of single deeds. The deficiency of his whole moral character comes into view. And this moral law of God, when applied to practical character—its forces, its aims, its quality, its proportions, its power to resist evil, and to produce positive good, reveals the deficiency of the whole character.

I believe in the depravity of character—not of nature. I believe that before a man is converted, his whole character is wrong. Not that there are not worked into it a thousand things that are in themselves good; there are; but do you not know that a total transaction may be very bad, while individual parts in it may be very good? Let us suppose a case.

A piratical crew goes on a voyage expressly for rapine, enslavement and murder; their nature is such that they take delight in the killing, and every villain in the ship consents to participate in it. But while on their way they treat each other kindly, and that is all very good. If they happen to meet a ship in distress, and they can afford relief to the sufferers, without interfering with the object they have in view, they do so; and that is very good. And they may work into their main, ruling purpose, a multitude of little things which are good in themselves; but this does not invalidate the fact that the essential element of their expedition is black as midnight; and no man would think of subtracting from their moral unworth on account of these little goodnesses.

There are things, likewise, in the depraved character that are good; but notwithstanding this, the fact is not invalidated, that, as a whole, it is not conformable to the law of God; that it is not spiritualized; that it is not what God requires for sonship.

Men are not without a moral sense, which, in the high career of sin, bears witness against them. But such convictions are fragmentary and occasional, dawning on the mind in fitful gleams, or in feverish flashes; but only when God's spirit gathers them, unless, concentrates, fixes and fastens these things upon the soul,

does a lively and abiding sense of personal sinfulness rest down upon the conscience. The soul must be reformed. It is one of two ways it will seek it. For I do not think it is possible for any sentient and sensitive human being to have the whole conception of his immortality, and of the impending wrath of God, flashed upon him, without an earnest endeavor to hide himself from the presence of God, or to seek his pardon. One or the other of these he will do. But I will not anticipate this.

The next fruit of God's spirit on the soul is to inspire it with a sense of its whole scope and being, of its sphere and destination. This is called faith; but that word faith is a dead word, as the lips use it. It is alive only when the heart uses it. It is a generic word; and except as such it is scarcely advisable to use it.

A man's life at this world begins that of a spiritual, and in the beginning a man knows things that are not of this world. He develops himself into a being that is not of this world. He then not merely comes into sympathy with those associated with him in the family and in the neighborhood, but he comes to have sympathy with society and with the age, and a kind of recognized sympathy with the whole world.

But far as he has then traveled, he has scarcely touched the confines and twilight of that which is to be his real life—the great invisible spiritual state, where truths abide without physical limitations; where being is to be set free from the flesh; where the accidents of sickness and death are no more to be known; where only true companionship, based on purity, and truth, and love, and every grace of divine nobility, exists. This is one of the last things that is presented to the mind, and the only one that is presented to the heart. It is shadowed forth by physical truths, but it is not a fact that the life of a man's soul rests in things that cannot be seen by the fleshly eye. This rolling up the screen, this driving away clouds, this sweeping the vision through the realities of the invisible realm of existence; this placing man's life not in this world, except as a plant is put into a flower-pot, thence to be transplanted to the depths of earth; this putting a man's existence in his immortality, and in the glory which is beyond this state of being—this is one of the effects produced by the spirit of God upon the soul. And it is wondrous. What a difference it makes in a man's life! No man, until he has felt it, can imagine the force of this new element, namely, a full sense of the world to come—a full sense of a glorious immortality—both as an inspiration, and as a setting up of a new model for character and conduct. It is not when a man regards his life as he would that of bees, and birds, and beasts of earth; it is not when he looks upon himself as an earthly man, as a denizen of the world, as a mere mortal—it is not then that he measures himself by a standard which can give him a true conception of what is best for his character and condition; he does this only when he begins to see himself as sprouted in time, to blossom and fruit in eternity; he does it only when he begins to feel that he does not belong to this world but that he is to pass through time to another state of existence.

Imagine the case of a white man, kidnapped and sold South. On a certain day, after he has long suffered from the evils of slavery, his master says to him, "I wish you to go with me to the next town." So, carrying that same sorrowful look which he always carries in consequence of his unhappy condition, he follows his master to the next town. On arriving there, he finds to his surprise that he is not allowed to stop, but that he is led on to the next town. And his surprise is still greater when he finds himself in the cars, and being carried from place to place, through a region that is unknown to him. He goes on and on, till by and by he crosses the line, and stands in a free State. When his master says, "It was uncertain whether I could bring you here, so I avoided exciting any expectations in your mind which you might not realize; but now, John, you are a free man." In one single moment there is a great change in the man. He that but a moment ago was a slave, his very bones and muscles being subject to the will of another, is now his own master. Can you conceive of any inward change so great as that which takes place in this man at this moment ago felt. "I am a slave, and am bound to the plantation, but now, who now feels, 'I am no longer a slave—the whole world is mine, to go where I will, and to live where I please.'" He is almost overcome by the sense of his augmented being—by the sweeping out of his horizon: for a slave's horizon extends as far as his hands can reach, and no further; while a freeman's is only limited by the widest stretch of imagination.

And take a man who has been groping in life till he is forty or fifty years of age, feeling that he was to live for this world; whose ambition has been to amass wealth, and acquire power, and secure pleasure; whose diminished sphere has been one of which he himself was the centre—take such a man, and let God come by the power of the Holy Ghost, and give him some sense of his future destiny, making him feel that his horizon is boundless as eternity; let the great truth burst suddenly upon his mind, that he is a creature of immortality; let him not merely have a sense of his own expanded being, but be made to see that the immortal sphere, instead of being some weird, unpopulated desert, provided for him, where, alone, he may grope forever unharmed, is a place adapted to his comfort and happiness; let him be made to feel that this world is a wilderness, and that a paradise, that this world is a prison-house, and that a place of liberty, and that this life is one of bondage, while the future life is one of glorious freedom and rejoicing—take such a man, and let him, through the power of the Holy Ghost, be suddenly brought to a knowledge of these things, and he would be almost overwhelmed thereby.

An honored friend prepared a surprise for his wife—he gave her what is called a surprise party. He heralded it by all her connections; and on a certain day, while she sang through the house, performing her accustomed duties, they were gathered together in her parlor. The husband's plans were so artfully arranged that she did not discover that anything unusual was transpiring. There were assembled, without her knowledge, all her cousins, and brothers, and sisters, and friends. When everything was in readiness, she was requested, as if on some common errand, to go into the parlor. A dim light shone in the room, which revealed only spectral figures. As she stood wondering at the door, the gas was suddenly turned on, and a flashing light revealed to her in an instant, all those whom she loved, but whom she supposed to be scattered like blossoms throughout the world.

That shock and surprise, we would suppose, was as much as one could bear in this life; but oh! for a man to have the power of God's spirit touch him, suddenly revealing to him the general assembly of the Church of the first-born, and the spirits of just men made perfect; causing him to hear the voice of his child which he supposed was lost, and see that it is an adopted child of God; and making him feel, "I am a child in this household of faith, and I am inseparably bound to it"—is that a small thing, or a thing that philosophy ever dreamed of? It belongs to the all-revelatory spirit of God in the heart.

Now when these things have been wrought on the soul of a man; when God's spirit has, as it were, burned this conviction of immortality and glory into his heart, so that, when lying on his back, he cannot but think he is child of God, an heir of God, a joint heir with Jesus Christ, and so that he constantly lives in Divine sympathy, do you suppose that he can go forth and order his life as he has always ordered it before? Do you suppose that he can run down a man in this world who has the hope of a glorious immortality, as easily as you could before he had such a hope?

When a man is in debt, with but three cents in his pocket, and he sees the constable coming, how the poor wretch sneaks and skulks about to keep out of the officer's way! But suppose a man who is in debt, and who has been dodging between prison and officer for weeks and months, should be told, "An estate has been left you, and now you have only to draw and you are sovereign of half a million of dollars!" He hastens to New York, without even stopping to change his clothes, to ascertain the truth of this unexpected piece of intelligence. The moment he finds that he has not been misinformed, he is a new man. He does not dread those whom he has dreaded; he no longer walks up to the officer and says, "I am not afraid of you any more." He faces his creditors and says, "Get out of my way, I am a different man from what I have been. You can take me if you please, but you will have to give me up again pretty quick."

Now take a man who, to-day, has been run down and harassed by troubles and misfortunes—and these are worse than any that he could expect to meet in the pursuit of a man; and to-morrow let God tell him, "You are an heir of glory," so that he knows what it is to be a child of God, and at once his whole character is changed; and he says to Care, "You cannot trouble me now. I am a child of God. I no longer seek to lay up treasures in this world. I that have the promises of eternity waiting for me—can I stop to be troubled with earthly things?"

But the last step in the Spirit entering the mind, is the soul's recognition of God, reconciliation to him, and the beginning of a life in him. And though this is the last, it is the most important. To this there must always be a view of God which shall fill the soul with love, and clinging sympathy; and no view of God that does not except the view presented in the Lord Jesus Christ.

I am sometimes asked whether a man can be saved that does not believe in Christ. My reply is somewhat

circutious. It is this: there is no power disclosed to act upon the human mind to do for it what it needs to have done, except that which there is in the view of God that makes him a being that loves sympathetically and yearningly; and that view can only be obtained through the Lord Jesus Christ. No man can come to it in any other way than through Christ. Let us look at this point a moment.

What does nature teach us of God? It gives food for wonder, food for admiration, food for reverence; but it gives nothing that teaches me that I have a right to come to God with filial love, because God first comes to me with paternal love. There is no voice in nature that teaches me that God cares for me, except as he cares for the wheat and the corn, and the vines, and the bees, and the insects. God cares for nature, and cares for me as a part of nature. As a part of nature I have my direct personal love of God, and though I feel, as far as direct personal love is concerned, there is no revelation through nature that there is any such thing as that in God.

I love nature! I love it; but nature, before a man is a Christian, is like a letter which a man has taken from the Postoffice, before he has opened it. It may contain good or bad news, but he cannot tell which, because it is sealed. If he would acquaint himself with its contents, he must open it and read it. It is only by learning through the Gospel, what Christ is, that we can see what God has done in nature. When we do this, nature becomes to us an open letter—a blessed epistle.

Secondly: the teachings of God as represented in moral government, and teachings of justice, purity, and integrity. Moral government teaches that God is a moral Governor, that he loves the lovely, that he is just to the meritorious, that he is good to the good—and that is a great deal. Moral government teaches that God is the avenger of evil. We learn upon that as a staff until it comes to ourselves—our own personal demerits. Moral government teaches that God knows how to be good to the good, and merciful to the merciful. The view of God as revealed in nature leaves men inchoate, crude, undeveloped, uneducated. Moral government leaves them without help or hope. Those who have no higher teachings than those of moral government, have only such a God as they do not want—one that they are afraid to meet.

Then comes the revelation of God by Christ, which is a revelation of God's private disposition and interior nature. It teaches that he is a God of mercy, a God of compassion, a God of forgiveness, a God of magnanimity. The only question between men on this subject is, as to whether he exhibits mercy, and compassion, and forgiveness, and magnanimity, and love, because he has prepared a way in which he is able to feel these things; or because it is his nature to feel these things—because they are inherent in him, or constitute a part of his character. I think they do constitute a part of his character. I hold that he does not love men because he has prepared a way to love them, but because it is his nature to do so. There was preparation for disclosure, for manifestation, for application, not for engendering in God's bosom feelings which were not there before. For Christ teaches us that it was his nature to love the unlovely, to lift up the fallen, to spare the sinful, to have compassion on the unworthy. To forgive is one of the attributes of God's character. The first revelation to the soul, is that Christ loves the sinner, and uses the whole force of his own holiness as medicine to the heart, as a garment to cover it, as a wreath to enrich it; and this I think is one of the most astounding revelations which the soul has received.

I was a child of teaching and prayer; I was reared in the household of faith; I knew the Catechism as it was taught; I was instructed in the Scriptures as they were expounded from the pulpit, and read by me; and yet, after I was twenty-one years old, I groped without the knowledge of God in Christ Jesus. I know not what the tablets of eternity have written down, but I know that when I stand before God, the brightest thing which I shall look back upon will be that blessed morning of May when it pleased God to reveal to my wandering soul the idea that it was his nature to love a man in his sins for the sake of helping him out of them; that he did not do it out of compulsion to Christ, or to a law, or a plan of salvation, but from the fullness of his great heart; that he was a Being not made made by sin, but sorry; that he was not furious with wrath toward the sinner, but pitied him—in short, that he felt toward me as my mother felt toward me, to whose eyes my wrong doing brought tears, who never pressed me so close to her as when I had done wrong, and who would faint, with her yearning love, lift me out of trouble. And when I found that Jesus Christ and such a disposition, and that when his disciples did wrong, he drew them close to him, and then did before them when they were in sin, and rivalry, and all vulgar and worldly feelings, rankled in their bosoms, he opened his heart to them as a medicine to heal these infirmities; when I found that it was Christ's nature to lift men out of weakness to strength, out of impurity to goodness, out of everything low and debasing to superiority, I felt that I had found a God. I shall never forget the feelings with which I walked forth that May morning. The golden pavements will never feel to my feet as then the grass felt to them; and the singing of the birds in the woods—for I roamed in the woods—was cacophonous to the sweet music of my thoughts; and there were no forms in the universe which seemed to me graceful enough to represent the Being, a conception of whose character had just dawned upon my mind. I felt, when I had, with a Psalmist, called upon the heavens, the earth, the mountains, the streams, the floods, the birds, the beasts, and universal being, to praise God, that I had called upon nothing that could praise him enough for the revelation of such a nature as that in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Time went on, and next came the disclosure of a Christ ever present with me—a Christ that never was far from me, but was always near me, as a Companion and Friend, to uphold and sustain me. This was the last and the best revelation of God's spirit to my soul. It is what I consider to be the culminating work of God's grace in a man; and no man is a Christian until he has experienced it. I do not mean that a man cannot be a good man till then; but he has not got to Jerusalem till the gate has been opened to him, and he has seen the King sitting in his glory, with love to him individually. It is only when the soul measures itself down deep, and says, "I am all selfish, and proud and vain, and I am easy to be tempted to wrong," that a glimmering sense of the right, and to-day I promise God that I will follow it; but to-morrow I turn the promise into sin. To-day I lift myself up with resolutions, but to-morrow I sink down with discouragement. There is nothing in me that is good. From the crown of my head to the sole of my feet, I am full of wounds and bruises, and putrifying sores—"It is only when the soul measures itself thus, and when it sees rising up against this conviction of its own unworthiness, the Divine declaration, 'I have loved thee; I am thy God; I have called thee by my name; thou art mine, and I will be thy salvation'—it is only then that a man has passed through death to life, from darkness to light, from sorrow to joy.

Of course, during a ministry of twenty-five years, it has been my privilege to direct hundreds and thousands of persons in matters pertaining to religion, and to meet every possible form of objection, and every possible phase of philosophical belief or misbelief; and I have never seen a man who, in endeavoring to lead skeptical minds to the truth, I have never attempted to set a man free from his doubts, and bring him into a Christian state, by laying the foundation for a philosophical belief, saying to him, "Here is my position; and this is my argument." What I say to him is this—"This is the spirit of it, I mean: 'Am I your brother? Do you touch me? Will you take my medicine? Then, oh! my brother, nothing will convince you of the truths of Christianity so much as the life of Christ in your soul. The disclosure to you of a living Saviour may sweep away your misreasonings and objections, but it will give you peace. No philosophy can do more than to lead you away from God. No reasoning can ever lead you to him. After you have obtained a knowledge of God through Jesus Christ, the reason can be left, and confirmed, and given the logical sequences of it, but the reason can never carry you forward in the work of regeneration. After you have been regenerated, it can go back and review and explain what you have done. The only way to have peace with God is to have faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. That will give it; nothing else will; and when a man has obtained it, he has come into a state in which his consciousness is more to him than any man's fault-finding or cavilling."

Take a man who has never read Diderot, nor Bolingbroke, nor Voltaire, nor Hume, nor any of the whole swarm of infidel writers, and who does not know what there is that proves religion to be all a fable, and let him come to have a perception of the nature of God, and he will say, "Whereas I was formerly in error, and I have followed my passions blindly, I now guide and control them. And what is more, the Lord Jesus Christ is to me a hope of glory. No man shall take away from me the consciousness I have of his all-sufficient power to save me." And he is right; for I say that this living, moral consciousness is itself the soundest philosophical argument. No man finds anything more reliable than that; and no man will have a firm ground for his hope of salvation till he has

reached that, and can say, "Christ is my friend, my companion, and my God, and my everlasting reward." Let me, in closing this part of the subject, read what the apostle says in the nineteenth chapter of Galatians:—"For I through the law am dead to the law; that I might live unto God. I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless, I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me."

That is the simplicity of the Christian experience; and when a man says, "I know that Christ loves me, and I glowingly know that I love Christ," the work of his regeneration is consummated, and the life of Christ has begun in him.

It only remains for me to make one or two points of application. And first, I desire to call your attention to the difference between that living piety which springs from faith and love to Christ, and what is called morality. Of course morality is an accomplishment of piety; but a man who has only good morals, and lives without faith and love to Christ, is like a tree that bears only bark and leaves, and has never found out the way to blossom or bear fruit. For what blossoms and fruit are to the orchard, that piety is to the human soul; and what simple bark and leaves are to the tree, that morality is to the human life. Morality is a lower form of goodness standing connected with a higher form, without in any way representing it or being a substitute for it. And I am sorry for the man who has to live by the almost mechanical forces of morality, when there is a fountain in his soul which may be opened, and from which may gush down, with spontaneity and great power, aspirations toward right living.

Do you not know that when you hire a man to do work, he does it as a hireling, grudgingly, slowly; and that if a person does the same work for the love he bears you, every step of it is a pleasure to him? What is drudgery to one who is prompted by a mere sense of duty, is pleasing to one who is prompted by love. There is nothing too good, and we cannot do too much, for those we love. The very ignoble things of life are gilded, and painted, and beautified, when they become offices of a loving heart. If love is fostered in this world, it is for the want of language to express itself. There never was anything invented, by which it could adequately make itself manifest. The more things it can do to make itself appreciated, the better it is pleased.

Another point of which I wish to speak is this: the mercifulness of the provision by which men may be born again. It has struck me that we preach regeneration too much as a duty, and not enough as a privilege. How often do men wish that they could be put back with all their experience, forty years, that they might avoid the mistakes they have made in their business career. But this is impossible. After a man has once commenced life, he cannot go back and start again. He cannot rid himself of his responsibilities, and take an entirely new set of papers, and begin anew. And how often do men wish that they could be set back, with all their experience, to the period when they were twenty-one years of age, that they might preserve their bodies from the diseases which they have brought upon them by exhausting pleasures, wasting stimulants, and all manner of excesses and abuses. This, too, is impossible. They must drag about those same shattered bodies to the end of their days. But if a man's moral character is diseased; if he has gone through life stumbling upon lies, and chicanery, and deceit, and wickedness of every sort, and if, seeing the evil fruits of these things, he desires to change his course, and says, "Oh that I could be set back twenty years, that I might avoid the errors into which I have fallen!" he can; for it has pleased God to say to every man, "No matter where you stand, the moment you are brought, by the power of the Holy Ghost, to desire to live uprightly, I will go down between your past life and your present state, and will sweep into everlasting forgetfulness, all you have thought, and felt, and been, and done. And I will wipe it out, and remember it no more forever. And I will put in you a new heart, and a clean spirit, and you shall be my son, and I will be your Father."

It is only in spiritual things that there is possible any such beginning over again. It is the covenant grace of God, the redeeming power of Christ, that enables a man to stand in any period of life, to take another start, and begin his career anew, and live as he never lived before.

Now are there any here, who are beset on every hand with temptations and difficulties, and know not how to overcome them? Listen to Christ. He says, "In me there is help. Come unto me ye that labor, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. If any man thirst, let him come to me and drink. I am the bread of life to those that hunger. To those that are in darkness I am the light and morning star. I am the Sun of Righteousness, and arise with healing in my wings."

I preach not a God of judgment, but a God of love, whose nature it is to help you out of transgression, and bring you to holiness, so that it will be possible for you to see him; for without holiness, no man can see the Lord.

Are there any here who are willing to go to God, not as an avenging judge, but as a present help in time of need? With his majesty there is magnanimity, with his power there is love, and with his lightning eye there is pity, such as never was felt by earthly friend; and nowhere in the universe, can you find such sympathy as there is in the bosom of the Lord Jesus Christ.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

[Business notices, set in loaded nonpareil type, will be inserted under this head at twenty-five cents per line.]

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J. L. DOUTHETT, PRACTICAL PHRENOLOGIST, designing to visit the West early in November, will answer calls, en route, to lecture on Phrenology and Psychology. Address Boston, Mass., care of D. P. Butler, (late Fowler, Wells & Co.)
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ADVERTISEMENTS.

TERMS.—A limited number of advertisements will be inserted in this paper at fifteen cents per line for each insertion.

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Oct. 8. 1p

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THE cheap price of this machine will at once command the attention of the reader. And as Sewing Machines have come to be an indispensable article in a well ordered family, price is a matter of no small concern to the public. This machine is not only the cheapest, but it is the

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Nervous SUFFERERS are earnestly advised to abandon the use of Opium in any form, which must inevitably injure the system, and by a thorough use of the Nerve, not merely palliate their disease, but remove it by inducing natural action, and equalizing the circulation. \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by Druggists generally.

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