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THE SERMONS OF REVS. HENRY VARD BEECHER AND EDWIN H. CHAPIN

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 XXII.—[CONTINUED.]

I turned to Lillian, and whispered, "You have introduced me to your father, but you have not told me his name!"

The merry laugh was contagious. "That is just like me; but then, there was no need of it."

Mr. Herbert did not remain long in Vernon; his business called him away; and then Lillian turned to us for society.

"You never have read the story of the watch, Bertha," said Helen; "suppose you amuse us with it this afternoon."

"I therefore took the copy, which I had with me—for I had now none of Charles Herbert's writing—and read the following to Lillian—

"DEAR BERTHA—I purchased this watch of an old friend of your family, Colonel James. It is very antique and pretty, and I thought would suit your delicate and rather fastidious taste."

"Yes, sir—yes, sir! Please help me to take him home—it is not far, only just in the edge of the wood!"

The other was gladly accepted; and the Colonel led the horse a few rods, when they came to an isolated dwelling, surrounded by a small garden, with a high brick wall.

those faces that you could no more read than you can read the riddle of the Sphinx.

The Colonel saw him safely in bed, and departed, not, however, until the man had expressed his thanks, in language that was no highwayman's slang, but pure as 'Chatham's native tongue,' though with a slight Scottish accent; and he offered more substantial thanks, too, in the shape of certain gold sovereigns, which, of course, the Colonel refused.

The Colonel was disappointed, and lingered long around the premises, hoping to see the world old Elsie come up from some underground apartment; but his creature was to be seen, save a half-starved black cat, that ran across the garden; and my friend, thinking it must be the old hag herself that had taken that form, began to rub his eyes, and wonder if the whole thing was not a dream.

"Will Colonel James accept a small token of grati-ty for his services in saving the life of a wounded man? The thanks of the wife can make no adequate return; but this little memento may serve to remind him that he performed a noble deed of charity; and she will ever remember the stranger in her prayers."

"And I know where it is!" said Lillian, springing up, "and I'll run and fetch it."

CHAPTER XXIII. BERTHA'S BABY.

"No, no, father, I can't go till I see Bertha's baby," said Lillian, one day in the latter part of September, to her father, as they sat in the deep, bay window of the drawing-room.

"I dare not!" said the old gentleman, kindly; "it is running too great a risk, Lillian; you have never remained in this climate during so cold a month. What will your husband say?"

"Oh, I suppose he will look terribly solemn, and talk to me upon my duty and the importance of preserving my life for the sake of my friends; but then I shall tell him why I wanted to stay, and I know he will excuse me!"

"I don't know anything about arrangements, father—I only know you can do as you wish always—you will not say No, will you?" and she threw her arms round his neck caressingly.

He had a full woman's yearnings for children. It was a new phase in her character; she had never spoken thus before, and I could not but sympathize with her.

"Well, I suppose it must be so!" said her father, who evidently had some appreciation of her feeling; "but it is running a great risk—a terrible risk!"

Our guest-chamber is put in order now for the little guest from heaven. How much Lillian has amused herself in arranging drawers and baskets, and easy-chairs. Her little fingers were never so busy before with embroidery and needle-work.

Helen is kind and gentle as ever, but I am troubled by her mind which looks sad and ill; something disturbs her mind which I cannot understand. I know Deacon Abram is here often, and he looks her with his whole heart—that is, next to orthodoxy and the church.

"I shall be back in the Spring, as soon as the snow is gone," she said. "How shall I live without you, my pet, my darling?" she would say, as she folded her little namesake in her arms.

"Madame, this is the first call that I have made, other than a professional call, in Vernon. I am alone in the world. I am not a social man, at times even gloomy, and should not be often welcome among the happy!"

"Gold blows the wind, and the night's coming on!" Hark! that is the outer door! Who is coming? Ah, it is Helen's step; how lightly she trips up the stairs!"

"I don't know anything about arrangements, father—I only know you can do as you wish always—you will not say No, will you?" and she threw her arms round his neck caressingly.

"Why, Lillian!" I exclaimed; "you should not have come this cold night, you will suffer from it!"

I was thankful, afterwards, that some good spirit had prompted her to come. That night was one of great suffering to me—for two nights and two days, I suffered as none but mothers can understand; and when hired friends grew weary and sick at heart, and even Auntie Paul, with all her masculine firmness, left me to gain a little courage, and hide her tears, Lillian, my dear, precious, little Lillian, hovered about me like a white dove, speaking words of encouragement and hope.

"Oh, do, Mr. Gray, please do; the doctor himself wishes, why should you refuse. You may regret it all the rest of your life!"

"I heard no more that was said; but I knew that Lillian never pleaded in vain. In a few hours from that I was freed from suffering, and lay like one who had been wrecked—worn, exhausted, helpless, on the beach— but saved—just saved. I opened my eyes, and they rested on a face, a strange one there, and yet that one glance brought odd thoughts and fancies to my mind; my eyes closed quickly, and I became confused, dizzy, and asked them to help me out of the wood, it was gloomy and dark, and the old pine trees sighed in the storm. Then Lillian came and I heard her say—

"I shall be back in the Spring, as soon as the snow is gone," she said. "How shall I live without you, my pet, my darling?" she would say, as she folded her little namesake in her arms.

It was when the baby was about six weeks old, and Mr. Gray was absent on an exchange, that Helen came to my room, and said that Dr. Cameron was in the house, and would like to see me. I readily admitted him, and at once recognized the physician of my sick room. He was a noble-looking man, of fifty years, (as I judged,) easy in his address, and polished in manner.

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"Why, Lillian!" I exclaimed; "you should not have come this cold night, you will suffer from it!"

"You have a good argument," I said to myself; but not so thought Mrs. Gray.

"That may be the case with lambs," said she, "but not with babies, and I advise Calvin to have a crib bought at once, and place the child in it at night!"

"I supposed she was in the parlor." "She has not been there since prayers." "Where is she then, I asked."

"I do not know how it was, I suppose I was very weak, but somehow this remark was not all that I wanted him to say, and I did not like to think of responsibility now. I only wanted to think of love and happiness. But it was explained to me afterwards; he was disappointed that my child was not a boy. The others were only too well pleased as it was. We called it 'Lillian,' which filled up the measure of my friend's happiness, and even her father said he was compensated for staying in my room for her, however, I noticed a little cough, slight, but constant, and I dreaded the journey which she must now take. She stayed long enough for the baby to know her touch, and to be quieted by it. It was hard for her to leave, and quite as hard for us to part with her.

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A RECORD OF MODERN MIRACLES.

By H. HAMMOND.

"He is the best Physician who most alleviates the sufferings of mankind!"

CHAPTER IV.

Remarkable Clairvoyant Revelations—Sitting in Hartford and Reading Epitaphs in Bermuda—The Seeress discovers a Cure for Yellow Fever—Testimony of Dr. T. Lea Smith—Case of Mrs. Mary G. Arnold—Mrs. Mettler cures a Clergyman who had been simultaneously attacked by numerous Diseases and an Army of Doctors—How the post-mortem was prevented—Case of Mrs. Smith—The Doctor mistakes fluids for solids—Seeing a fine cambric needle twenty-five miles off!—Transparency of Orinoid and the Cuttle—Corduroy no obstacle to the vision—The Thorn that pricked the Patient and the Doctor—Mistaking solids for fluids—Discovering a penny at a distance of nearly 1000 miles—Why Mrs. Bunce was not cured the first time—Case of Mr. Potter—Medical Science at fault—Attempts to Cure by Carving—The Blind treating the Blind—The Doctors routed—Opening the Blind Eyes—Flight of the King's Evil—Gratuitous of the Sufferer—Seeing the Invisible, Unknown and the Future—A fair infidel exposed—Reading a letter in her trunk at a distance—Directions how to intercept the reply—Meeting her Innamorate—Divorce—Conclusion.

It is proper to observe that much the larger portion of Mrs. Mettler's noble work has been accomplished through the exercise of her clairvoyant powers, in discovering the immediate and the remote causes of diseases, determining its seat, and marking its essential character as well as its phenomenal aspects, and in selecting—from the great pharmacopoeia of Nature—the appropriate remedies for her patients. The remaining examples derived from Mrs. M.'s professional experience, and which I propose to record in this connection, are of this class. The facts in this department are very numerous; but a few strong cases—some of which are totally unexplainable on any other hypothesis—will suffice to establish a rational and abiding conviction in the mind of the reader. It is claimed for Mrs. Mettler, that, by an interior, Clairvoyant Vision, she is able to discover the organic and psychological conditions, as well as the mental states and moral qualities of her patients; and that the same inward sight enables her to discover suitable remedies. The following facts demonstrate the justice of these claims so fully as to leave no ground for rational controversy.

In the year 1853, Dr. T. Lea Smith, of Hamilton, Bermuda, was for two months at the residence of Dr. Mettler, in Hartford, and under the treatment of Mrs. M.—Dr. S. having suffered for a long time from a painful nervous disease. One evening the Doctor requested the Clairvoyant to examine his sister, who was afar off at their Island home. After a general description of the Island—and specific descriptions of several objects, not one of which she had ever seen or heard of—she proceeded at once to find the residence of the unknown invalid. She observed, that in her way and near the place, were two cemeteries, one of which was devoted to the use of the white inhabitants, while the other was appropriated to the colored population. Mrs. Mettler—while in her clairvoyant trance—went into the latter and read an inscription on a tombstone, which Dr. Smith remembered to have seen. At another sitting, while the yellow fever was prevailing in Bermuda, Mrs. M. made a similar visit to the Island, and discovered and described a plant growing there (a plant not known to exist in any part of the country which Mrs. M. had ever visited,) which—she affirmed—would cure the yellow fever. On his return to Bermuda, Dr. Smith found the plant—which he had regarded as a useless weed—and employed it, with what success the following brief extract from one of his letters will plainly show:

HAMILTON, BERMUDA, Oct. 29, 1856.

You will recollect that we brought home Mrs. Mettler's prescription for the yellow fever, in 1853, and then used it successfully in a few cases. During the last three months that fever has again been making sad havoc in Bermuda, and we know not where it will stop, as it is getting to be very bad among the troops. But I am happy to say, that out of two hundred cases, treated by Mrs. Mettler's prescription, only four have died!

Mrs. Mary G. Arnold, of Hartford, Conn., was on one occasion seized with a violent pain and extreme inflammation in her thumb, which extended rapidly over the hand, and soon affected the whole arm. A physician was called in, who said it was a felon—a painful swelling, beginning in the periosteum. The doctor treated it accordingly for one week, during which time the inflammation constantly increased, until the lady became delirious; and her son was sent to South Manchester, (where Mrs. Mettler was spending a few days,) with a lock of the patient's hair. As soon as the hair was placed in the hand of the seeress, she immediately perceived that Mrs. Arnold had, some days before, accidentally run either a small fish-bone or a needle into her thumb, (it appeared to her more like the latter.) And she also said, that when Mrs. A. recovered from her delirium she would be able to recall the circumstances. The remedies prescribed afforded immediate relief; and in the course of twenty-four hours the patient recovered her reason, and did recall the circumstance of her having pricked her thumb while smoothing out a table-cloth, on which the needle had been carelessly left by the seamstress. In the process of suppuration the needle came out.

Rev. Charles Hammond, of the Methodist Episcopal church, was prostrated by slow fever, bilious dysentery, dyspepsia, protracted disease of the liver, periodical spasms, and partial paralysis of the face, tongue, and (at times) all parts of the body. In the course of his long illness he was treated by Dr. Talbot, Dr. Randall, Dr. DeLocher, Dr. Rogers, and Dr. Sargeant—all New England physicians. Mr. H. lived for months on bread and water, and says, "I suffered more than language can describe." Dr. Rogers, of Worcester, Mass.—who had just returned after spending sixteen months in the hospitals of Europe—frankly confessed that he did not understand the patient's case, and expressed a wish that he "should arrange with the physicians where he resided for a post-mortem examination." What happened to Mr. Hammond while under Mrs. Mettler's treatment, is made known by the Reverend gentleman in the concluding paragraph of a letter, written from Glasterburg, Conn., in 1857:

"Having given my case in detail, and answered my questions, she proceeded to prescribe remedies. My skepticism as to her powers was forced to give way. I accepted her counsel implicitly, and followed her advice. In twenty-three days I called upon her again, greatly improved in health. I could partake of meat and vegetables, and my strength was increasing. In forty days from the first visit I called again, having in the meantime attended two camp-meetings, and gained thirty pounds of flesh. In three months from my first visit I made my last. She stated that the organs were still weak, and needed care, but that the gall-stones were dissolved, and that in every respect there was promise that I should become a well man. It is now the last of February. I continue able to eat what I choose, have gained fifty pounds of flesh since July, and find little inconvenience in preaching three times of a Sabbath, and attending to other duties of my profession. Of the philosophy of this case I 'wot not;' but of the facts I speak what I do know, and testify what I have felt and seen."

CHARLES HAMMOND.

Mrs. K. H. Smith, of Ravenswood, L. I., was treated by distinguished physicians for some time, who gave it as their opinion that her disease was dropsy, and that the case might be incurable. As the symptoms did not subside under scientific treatment (?) she was induced as a last resort to apply to Mrs. Mettler, who at once discovered that she was encinte, and that the difficulty which her physicians had regarded as incurable, would—in the natural course of things—be entirely removed in about three months. Mrs. Smith's family physician treated the revelations of the Clairvoyant with unmeasured derision and contempt. As often as his professional highness came to the house, he made himself merry at the expense of Mrs. Mettler and her dupes. At the expiration of three months from the date of the clairvoyant prediction, the Doctor was one day startled and amazed at witnessing the unexpected recovery of his patient, whose sudden restoration did not in the least diminish—no; but it added another "little responsibility" to the Smith family!

Some time in the year 1853, Mr. William B. Hodget, of Springfield, Mass., came to Mrs. Mettler and desired her to make an examination of his wife, who was then at home, twenty-five miles from the clairvoyant, and suffering from severe pain in one lower limb. When the proper state had been induced, Mrs. M. [placing her hand on the corresponding part of her own person] said, in substance, Your wife has a fine cambric needle in her thigh, which, unconsciously to herself, has found its way from her clothes into her flesh. This statement rather staggered the faith of Mr. Hodget, notwithstanding Mrs. M. had previously shared his confidence in a degree that led him to accept whatever she might say, that had the merit of intrinsic probability. However, the Clairvoyant insisted that she could see the

needle, and observing that the part was much inflamed and extremely painful, she prescribed a poultice and said that in about three days the needle would be nearer the surface. Three days after, when the family physician called to see his patient, Mr. H.—without intimating the grounds of his conjecture—informed the doctor that he thought Mrs. Hodget had a needle in her limb. The doctor was skeptical on the point of the needle, but to ascertain the fact he applied his lancet, when he immediately discovered and removed the needle. The fact is thus demonstrated, that Mrs. Mettler can see a fine cambric needle at a distance of twenty-five miles, when it is wholly concealed from mortal eyes, and no one else has any knowledge of its existence.

The following case came under the observation of the editor of the Hartford Times, whose statement is extracted from that journal:

"We witnessed one of Mrs. Mettler's examinations a few days since. A young man who appeared well to the ordinary observer, but who had a fever-sore on his leg, of several years' standing, was taken to her by an unbeliever in clairvoyance, rather as a test than otherwise. Mrs. M. had neither seen nor heard of this young man; nor had she ever seen the gentleman who accompanied him. She was not made acquainted in the least degree with the difficulty, but was merely requested to examine and ascertain whether he had any bodily disease. Mrs. M. being magnetized, examined the young man, telling him minutely of his sufferings, the cause of them, &c. Placing her hand directly over the fever-sore, she said, 'Here is a fever-sore, the outlet of the eruptive fever with which your blood is filled.' After the examination, the young man said she had told him some things that were known to no one except himself."

Mr. C. S. Mason, of Hartford, (who has a large nursery in which he is often employed,) some two years since, (1857) had a terrible swelling of one hand and arm. The physician decided that it proceeded from a felon on his thumb—at which point the inflammation commenced. Not feeling satisfied he called on Mrs. M., who said to him, substantially, "When you were trimming trees, some days since, you stuck a thorn in that thumb; a portion of it remains there yet, and that is the only cause of this inflammation." Under the treatment prescribed the thorn subsequently came out, and in a short time the hand was entirely cured.

I will cite another case, in which the Medical Faculty failed to discriminate between fluids and solids. Mrs. Pell, of Middletown, Conn., was under professional treatment by a resident physician, who insisted that she was encinte. She continued to follow the advice of her doctor until eleven months had elapsed, without any verification of the accuracy of the scientific(?) observations! At length Mr. Pell, very naturally suspecting that the doctor might be fallible, took a lock of his wife's hair to Mrs. Mettler, who—at the commencement of her examination—observed that the patient's physician had made a grave mistake in her case—that she was not in the condition indicated in his diagnosis—never had been, but that she had dropsy and an enlargement of the liver. All this was speedily confirmed; for, under Mrs. M.'s judicious treatment, the disease of the liver was overcome, the water was removed from the system, she was rapidly reduced to her normal size, and soon restored to sound health. From that time to the present—during a period of six years—Mrs. Pell has enjoyed excellent health, and been able to perform the heavy work of a farmhouse.

TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

N. FRANK WHITE AT ORDWAY HALL,

Sunday, October 30th.

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

AFTERNOON.

N. Frank White spoke, under spirit influence, at Ordway Hall, Boston, on the afternoon and evening of Sunday, Oct. 30th. His subject in the afternoon was Aspiration.

This principle, the reaching out for something beyond self, he said, is visible even in the lowest forms of matter. The mineral seeks a higher form of existence in crystallization. The dull gorm shoots upward and becomes the plant. The plant blossoms into flowers. The flower becomes the fruit. Ascending to the animal creation, we still perceive the existence and influence of the principle of aspiration, though directed only to material results, and reaching out only to that which lies in most immediate proximity. It unfolds all the powers of nature. Finding it in all existences below man, we might by analogical reasoning infer its existence in him. And, in truth, it has been the foundation of every system of philosophy and morals since the world began. Science, art, the religions of the past, were the offspring of this great principle. At its command earth's mightiest nations sprang into existence. Before its resistless breath the strongest battlements of error have fallen to the ground. To it is owing the progress of Europe; to this the discovery and civilization of America.

In every tradition is seen this reaching out for the beyond, this mysterious grasping after the invisible. In all the existences below man, it grasps but for the attainable. The human soul reaches outward, and gives proof positive, reasoning from analogy, that there is something attainable beyond this visible existence. Nor is it difficult to trace the reason of so many conflicting desires. Man cannot reach out after that which is beyond his comprehension. It has been quite common for theologians to attempt a sort of measurement of future existence. They have explained eternity by laws and minutes, and Heaven by feet and inches. The masses, following the teachings of their leaders, have also attempted to follow their measurements. But the individual measurement corresponding with the individual aspirations; agrees with the individual's comprehension. In the earlier time man, advanced but a step beyond the animal, could not, of course, reach the spiritual. The sun was thus enthroned a Deity. No wonder that the soul that watched the splendors of the sunset, and the sober tints of the twilight deepen into the star-studded dark, defied those glittering points of light. But as man advanced, these crude notions of religion demanded a higher and more intelligent expression in creeds. These served their turn, and then they became useless, and worse than useless chains, whose clank checked the onward step of humanity, ice-mantles, that overspread the living waves of progress. Unable to conceive the idea of a truly spiritual God, Deity was personified. Each attribute of human nature worshipped at the shrine its hand had raised. That was no vain worship; it served its purpose well. Bowing before the altar dedicated to the great I AM of Moses, prostrate before the Deity of Zoroaster, worshipping the mysterious, incomprehensible Brahma, or adoring silently the oracles of Confucius, the true desires of the soul were all strengthened from the great beyond. From the soul of humanity went the cry for light, more light! Thus, step by step, was humanity elevated. Shadow after shadow did the night-tintings of the barbaric past fade away before the rays of the great sun of truth. Authorities have forbidden advance beyond their creeds. Tortures have been tried to check its progress. Wild tales of future torment have been invented, to frighten it. But, spite of all, aspiring minds have stepped boldly out, their songs of triumph rising clear and strong above the momentary groans of tortured weakness. Thus has it ever been in the past, thus will it ever be. This element, coming from the Infinite, can only to the Infinite return.

And where the weary heart weeps in silent agony above the grave of buried hopes, the heart feels, even in the darkest hours, the presence of that sacred elevator. The eyes, no longer dimmed with sorrow, pierce the dark clouds, and see the sunshine, and forget the burial of hopes, the leaden hand of grief, the treachery of false friendship. The soul may again return to care and sorrow; but yet again will that inborn aspiration lead it out, and throw the mantle of oblivion over the griefs of the past, and thus it will lift up the soul above the dark valley, and make it more and more receptive to the influences of the future, less and less dependent upon the useless past. To the mother gazing on her new-born child, aspirations for its future lift her soul, and, year by year, accompany her through her life-long watch over its destinies. Deep in the cellars of despair, to the wretch sunk in seemingly hopeless vice, a high and pure aspiration comes, and lifts her up again into the serene air of purity and peace. The scholar over his books finds in that stimulating element a principle of vitality which supports him through all his labors. Its power guides the artist's hand. Commencing at the first dawn of childhood, it unfolds, one by one, each faculty of the soul, leading it closer to the verge of the invisible. Nor does it leave it there. When the chill waves of death creep slowly up toward the quivering heart,

what power can sustain it but this? Across the shadowy stream it points. It catches the angel chant of welcome, and loses in its glorious measures the low, wailing requiem for the dead.

Let us watch, then, its slightest word, and guard it with jealous care. Any attempt to crush it down by forms must be vain in the future, as it has been in the past. Without aspiration, eternity would be hopeless and despairing. Better the deepest pit that bigotry can pain for fancied deities, than the highest place of bliss fanaticism can invent, without a hope of something greater in the future. With such a lot, the soul would fain wrap itself again in the garb of mortality, and commence again on earth the path of progression, rather than rest in the stagnancy of the bliss of a finished perfection.

The discourse closed with a glowing exhortation to aspiration and prayer.

EVENING.

The exercises of the evening were opened with the reading of an original poem by Mr. White, followed by the singing of a hymn by the choir. Mr. White then, in the trance state, announced his subject as "Humanity's Advancement—Struggle."

The past gives hope for the future. The soul cannot reject the evidence of the advancement of man. Step by step has error struggled against it, but step by step has she been obliged to yield. Less and less have been the shadows, as the sun of truth has crept up from the horizon of ignorance to the zenith of knowledge. Let us go back eighteen centuries. Back of that era we cannot go without necessitating a longer series of remark than the limits of a lecture would allow. Eighteen centuries since! All around are evidences of despotism grandeur and popular misery, of barbarism and tyranny. The black wings of error shadow the world in darkness deep and terrible. Worship by an avenging race, an avenging God kept down every better impulse of humanity, until the rippling spring of spiritual life was hushed beneath the icy crust of forms. There was no hand to break away that crust. Pride, hate, revenge, and jealousy, were blazoned forth as the attributes of the Omnipotent Jehovah. Curses against humanity were manufactured by the priesthood, and attributed to the Deity.

But Error at last overreached herself, as she always does. The smothered flame of Reason gave out a feeble light, and Truth began to shed the cankered fetters from her limbs. Not within the palace walls sprang up that feeble flame. Not behind the veil of the Holy Place did the first glimmerings appear. Within the humbler walks of life it had its birth, in the heart of the carpenter's son. Its flames burst, at last, upon the startled Pharisees, from the lips of the youth overflowing with the gifts of Divinity. Gray Rabbits were silenced by that striding. Thread by thread he tore away the mystery-woven fabrics of the past. Error roused herself to the contest. How unequal seemed the strife! But firmly he stood.

Love was his theme, divine, omnipotent Love.

No partial, jealous Deity he saw,  
Dispensing curses with Almighty tongue,  
No petty ruler of a petty tribe,  
Changing his purpose for a petty bribe,  
No shadow of an Epicurean god,  
Delighting in the favor of a roast,  
No sunshine-basking God, with fattery pleased,  
His wrath with incense-floating clouds appeased,  
No stern oppressor, gloating o'er the spoil  
Wrung from the weary hands of sweating toil,  
No tyrant, ever seeking how to bind  
Sourest chains upon progressive mind,  
No fiend omnipotent, with blood-red hand,  
Broadcasting desolations o'er the land—  
Not such as these, Eternal Love he sung,  
And boldly out the welcome measures fung.  
Divinity on earth the hymn he sung:  
Hope at the message loosed her fettered tongue,  
Joy spread once more her rosy mantle round,  
And reason smiled to hear the welcome sound.

The improvisatore then described the marshaling of the hosts of Error and Evil to combat the holy force of Love, and continued:

Discord awhile her frantic steeds unbound,  
And wild confusion cumbered all the ground,  
Backward, at last, those vanquished shadows fled,  
And Love around her holy influence shed.  
Elate's cruel nails had pierced the holy hands  
That first had loosed those error-welded bands,  
And forced a passage through the bleeding feet  
That first had ventured on her cursed retreat.  
Cold was the tongue Divinity inspired,  
Painless the veins that heavenly Love had freed;  
Out from his wounded side  
Had gushed the purple tide,  
And Death had claimed the mortal for his own.

Humanity was saved.

Since that time, the speaker said, it is only necessary to point to the pages of history, to prove the fact of progress. The well-known story of Galileo was cited as an illustration of the doctrine advanced. The human soul, it was said, groped blindly, through the Middle Ages, from the cradle to the grave, pinning its faith upon the sacred robes of its teachers. Centuries were passed in the useless effort to reconcile the mythologies of the past with the awakened teachings of reason. Conflicting sects sprang into existence, the stronger destroying the weaker, and destroyed in turn by a stronger. The almost forgotten and decaying idol-worship was revived. Indulgences for sin were sold by the Church. Individualized humanity seemed utterly prostrate beneath the iron hoof of religious despotism. But there existed a feeble flame, even in that dark hour. Luther arose. From his indignant soul burst forth the pent-up fires of years. He stood the champion of individuality against the prerogatives of religious despots. The dark fog-bank of religious error commenced the retreat that since has never ceased. As with scientific and religious, so with political errors. The human mind, expanding with years, began to look with less awe upon the robes of royalty. At last it dared to claim the right of choosing its own rulers. And so the fogs of political error vanished away. And now, as Europe looks upon her crumbling thrones, she reads decay written upon them.

Tyrants that rule in the place of might  
Grow pale with fear as they turn from the light;  
For the peoples will rise at the sound of its voice,  
And the nations of earth at its future rejoice;  
And the souls of the slain  
From the war-burdened plain  
Shall join with the nations to welcome the hour  
When might 'neath the sceptre of right shall cover.  
No tithed foals shall rule the land,  
No nobles' sons the sea;  
The soul's ability shall stand  
Above ancestral throne,  
And majesty ever be found in worth,  
Though it dwell in the humblest son of earth.

This advance, seen in every department of human life, has, of course, been gradual, like the genial rays of the Spring-time, calling out the opening buds of thought, expanding, one by one, the flowers of wisdom, increasing in intensity as the fruit advances to its perfection. One by one have the shadows of ignorance departed, as new scientific truths have dawned upon the earth. Conservatism now occupies the ground against which she once protested. So with political and religious advancement. Its opposers occupy to-day the position of the innovators of the past. The history of the science of geology was instanced as an illustration of this fact. From the scintillate world arises the first cry against new truths. Having reached the mountain-top, whose dazzling brightness lured them from the vale below, they gaze upon its beauties, forgetting the heights still beyond. The invisible essences of the spirit-world, as yet imperfectly comprehended, must and will yet be so explained as to satisfy scientific men. If these men refuse to receive these new truths, they must prepare to see the multitude pressing on in advance of them. Allusion was made to the opposition to the modern movements to moral and physical reform, and to the increased freedom of religious thought in our own day. The sheep of the fold, the speaker said, no longer to be frightened by the story of the wolf in waiting, have leaped their barriers by millions, and are feeding on the green pastures upon the mountain of individual opinion, regardless of the dogs

sent out to bark at them. The universal extension and reign of political truth and liberty, and the fall of social error was warmly predicted, and the discourse finished by the improvisation of the following lines:—

Where the shadows of error lie dark on the earth,  
And the soul of humanity plies in the death,  
Where the fetters of ignorance rust in the brain,  
And the heart-strings of innocence quiver with pain,  
Where the soul-crushing sceptre of tyranny waves  
In triumph above the dark valley of graves,  
Where bigotry spreads for her children a path  
Whose flowers are stained by the blood-hues of wrath,  
Where gray superstitious from black-capped walls  
The heart of the coward with terror appals,  
Where mystery spreads her bewildering veil  
And laughs at bewildered humanity's wall,  
Has the battle begun;  
For the uprolling sun

Is chasing the errors over the plain  
Whose surface they ne'er will o'ershadow again.  
In the golden rays advancing,  
See Truth's angel war-steeds prancing!  
See the ancient temples crumbling  
'Neath the crushing wheels of reason!  
While theology is mumbling,  
With her frightened lips, of treason.

The wheels of her triumph are leved to earth  
By the whirlwind of wrath that she brought into birth;  
And the truth she would strangle is forcing its way  
Where the mind-dwarring fetters of ignorance lay.

To the breach! to the breach! shrink ye not from the fight!  
See the arm of Omnipotence strikes for the right!  
Rear the ladders of truth 'gainst the tottering walls;  
Delay not, the voice of Humanity calls!  
Back, back, trembling cowards! creep ye back to the rear!  
There's no room for the arm that is nerveless with fear;  
Steel must be the snows that struggle to-day,  
Bold must be the heart that leaps into the fray.  
Up, up, then, bold hearts! pour ye over the walls!  
Strike, slay, slay, slay, until Tyranny falls!  
Heed not the fierce yells of the demons of wrath,  
Though they cluster, like shadows of night, round your path.  
Strike home! bear them back to the caves where they breed!  
On the fancies and myths of the past let them feed,  
On the hisses of slander, and venom of scorn,  
In the slimy heart-caverns of ignorance born;  
Shrink ye not, but, for God and Humanity, on!  
Till the stronghold of Error's dark empire is won.  
To the breach! to the breach! shrink ye not from the fight!  
See! the arm of Omnipotence strikes for the right!

Reported for the Banner of Light.

MISS LIZZIE DOTEN AT ORDWAY HALL,

Sunday Afternoon, Oct. 29, 1856.

COTTON MATTER ON WITCHCRAFT AND SPIRITUALISM.

Text—"Jesus I know, and Paul I know, but who are ye?"—ACTS xix, 15.

There can be no more interesting occasion in a man's eternal existence than that where he stops, as it were, midway, and looks forward to the future with all its glorious promises, and back to the past with all its lessons of wisdom. The spirit might be looked to for a confirmation of the thoughts of the past. But it must be recollected that he had passed on, that as, in former times, he sought to understand the spiritual nature of man, so in the years that have intervened since he passed from earth, has that study been maintained, with the deepest interest.

Many a year had the spirit spent, in his life on earth, over the works of men, in order that his whole soul might be instructed for the work of saving men's souls, as he then believed. And therefore it was that he sought earnestly to know what man's soul was. All this was of no assistance to him, except as it served to discipline his mental powers. He did not then see that it was not so much in thinking and speaking, as in acting, that man becomes truly wise. His soul naturally took the bent of the times in which he lived. Therefore it was that he was grossly superstitious, and, to a great degree, credulous. But that he did not much lament. All wise men are, at first, of necessity, credulous. They must gather in all truths that come. However absurd or monstrous, in appearance, such truths must be accepted, and the floor must be thoroughly purged, and the wheat gathered, and the chaff cast aside. The wheat the spirit gathered in his life, so far as the present subject was concerned, he gave to the audience.

With this preface, the speaker proceeded to say that when our fathers first landed on these shores, they were exiles, fleeing for the sake of religious freedom. Having built their church, as it were, on a rock, they determined that the gates of hell should not prevail against it. Here was a great error; for whenever we build a church, we should open the doors wide and let hell in, for that is all that a church is good for. But they were determined that no one should make the slightest encroachment upon their religious faith. Here was the second error. The truth is so great that it can never be fenced in. The truth, like an inland sea, has an outlet somewhere, though you do not know where. The outlet to this truth was made by the Baptists and the Quakers—a poor, miserable outlet, but by such channels doth truth ever flow out. But our fathers rebelled against this innovation. They were very much afraid of it. There was the third error. The truth is immortal, and cannot be destroyed. Let truth alone, and it will defend itself, and you too. Attempting this, our fathers did what they condemned in others. They raised the arm of persecution. Now, if we determine to be strictly good and pious, we set ourselves up as a mark for Satan to shoot at. It would almost seem as if there were a personal Devil, who took cognizance of all the inmost thoughts of a human being. Our fathers were determined to shut up the fold, and not let the wolf go in. But wolves must have their living as well as lambs. So the wolves made encroachment on the flock, and our fathers defended it, but with the red-hot branding-iron, with the stocks and the prison-house. They verily believed they were doing God service. But mark the reflex action on their own souls. It brought them into an unnatural state of being. Man was not made for confinement. No Blue Laws shall restrain him; no commandment, no doctrine, no creed can destroy his power of reasoning for himself. They were not free, in themselves, or in their associations with each other. All amusement was an evidence of human depravity. To walk up and down the crack of life with a face set toward the Heavenly Jerusalem, was the only true life. Now, bringing you in an unnatural condition places you in an unnatural relation to the spirit-world.

How was it with the visitation of witchcraft? It followed closely upon the advent of Quakerism—not the Quakerism of the present day, but that wild, unnatural outgushing of the soul that could no longer bear its bondage, and went to the opposite extreme. So, when Quakerism had run rampant for a time, and the Baptists had gone into all extremes of inconsistency, was it any wonder that there should be, then, this manifestation from the spirit-land? Our fathers, coming recently from England, were not yet acclimated, and their physical systems were not yet in a natural state. Thus, their bodies, as well as their spiritual natures, were in an abnormal state. Then came this manifestation of witchcraft. Think not, said the speaker, that I would condemn that manifestation as a delusion. I do not. It was a solemn reality, and tested, too, by prudent judges and witnesses of that day. The state of society invited it and brought it here. What the state of the spiritual society was then, different from now, the lecturer could not undertake to explain at present.

First, it came to the little children, who would first feel this unnatural condition. Now, had it come to some designing man or woman, who wished to make money from it, that would have been a somewhat suspicious circumstance. But in the children, it was unaccountable. And far more unaccountable that it should occur in the family of a Godly minister. Strange that Satan should come to such! But was it Satan? By no means. It was a spiritual manifestation, but, by the imperfection of the medium through which it was given, it was imperfect. Not that the manifestations emanated from spirits of the highest kind. They were of that character always hovering about the carcass where the eagles are gathered together, and always watching by the rattled wall for a chance to get in. Because they found the wall broken, they ventured in. When the

EDWIN H. CHAPIN

At Broadway Church, N. Y., Sunday Morning, October 30th, 1859.

REPORTED FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT, BY DUBB AND LODG.

TEXT.—"Do ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect."—MATT. V. 48.

In the verses immediately preceding the text, Christ inculcates to us principles of social duty. Taking up the old doctrine of retaliation, an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth, he presents the contrasted spirit of the gospel, and commands pardon for injury, and love for hatred. But this spirit found its illustration, not in the customs and conduct of men in Christ's time. As it finds but little illustration in the customs and conduct of men in our time, or in any time, it is organized in institutions, and consecrated in laws, and breathed abroad in public sentiment, is not the spirit of love for hatred, and good for evil. We do no better than the publicans did, even yet; and, therefore, Jesus bade his hearers, and he bids us, to look to no human or conventional standard as an expression of that great principle of love; but he sets forth, and he directs his attention to that infinite beneficence, and that boundless charity which, in its tender mercy, embraces even the vilest; and which sends forth its bounties for the good and for the bad, in sunshine and in rain. The idea is this: let not the measure of your social duty be that of men in general, who love because they are loved, or who give receive; but strive to cherish and to exercise that exhaustless love which has its source and its fullness in the divine nature alone. "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect."

This, then, is the doctrine of the text. And I do not violence to its essential significance, as I shall endeavor to show, in taking it up as an injunction to moral and spiritual perfection in general. I take it up, I say, as an injunction to moral and spiritual perfection in general. Startling as may be the thought, impossible as the realization of the idea may prove, the real meaning of the gospel, the real meaning of the spirit of Christ, is that the soul of man, in this illimitable good, is nothing else than this illimitable good, or begun to fathom; and yet which the world is bound to receive, if it will receive Christ's laws, instead of mere human statement. For with all the authority he could gather up, he says, "I say unto you," do so and so, not as men do, or as human institutions do. Therefore, the specific principle which Christ's text brings to bear, is the principle of charity or love. Christ does not, in express words, say here, "Be ye perfect, in all respects; even as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect." But he says, "Be ye perfect in that quality of charity; that great principle of love, which will enable you to receive the blessing of cursing, good for evil; and which, in its highest illustration, sends down upon all the sunshine and the rain."

And the point to which I shall call your attention under this head is this, that this is a principle without any limitation; this principle of love really involves all that is high and good. It was not necessary for Christ to say, "You must be perfect in every respect, like your Father in heaven. But when he said or implied, "Be ye perfect in that element or principle of love," he expressed the idea that, being perfect in that element of love, we should be perfect in all high spiritual qualities. You cannot be perfect in love, and yet be perfect in all things of the kind. This, therefore, is expressly implied and expressly declared in the New Testament. God, in whom all perfections centre, in his own consciousness, is love. When you get a name for God to distinguish him from his mere attributes, that name is "Love," and all his attributes in their measure of perfection that appear to us, therefore, are contained in and proceed out of love. In no place is it said that God is wisdom. God is power, God is justice. These are simply mentioned as attributes of God. But distinctly, as expressing the essence out of which all his attributes spring, it is said, "God is love." God is love, and, therefore, love in its highest perfection, is the perfection in which we are to imitate the Divine attributes, it is at least impossible for us to conceive of wisdom in any higher measure than as the wisdom of love; or of power as anything more than the power of love; or of justice as anything more than the justice of love. And when this conception is, as it is actually brought before us in the Divine nature, then, with that lofty standard guiding us in our conclusions, we may reverently say that wisdom without love would not be perfect wisdom; power without love would not be perfect power; and justice without love would not be perfect justice. Therefore, love is perfection, and without it perfection is not.

And descending from the consideration to the moral and spiritual condition of man, we find it declared to him, that "Love is the fulfillment of the law." And, therefore, in order to be perfect in love, we must be perfect in all moral and spiritual qualities. And so the injunction of the text, though bearing upon this special principle of love, really exhorts us to all perfection, all other moral and spiritual qualities will be involved in it.

But let us push the illustration of this fact a little further. I ask you to consider whether the proposition is not a sound one, that perfection in any kind of excellence involves perfection in all that is higher and better than it. A man may be in any single branch of attainment—may go into art, into any intellectual achievement or action—however excellent we may be in any particular branch of attainment—it is conceivable that if he were perfect in other branches of attainment, he would be more excellent in that particular branch. We use this term "perfect" in a very loose sense. We say, for instance, of a man, that "he is a perfect musician." But even while we use the phrase, a vague conception steals into our minds of something better, something that the great musician may yet accomplish which will excel all his previous performances. We are constantly anticipating of him, of wonder if any day, and something more than that, it has yet done. This, I suppose, constitutes the want of genius in the world, that it has an unfathomable depth of possibility, and out of it we expect newer and greater revelations of intellectual splendor and power than anything we have yet seen. We are dissatisfied, if it remains upon the level of its present attainment, lofty as that level may be. It is the penalty of fame that a man must ever keep rising. "Get a reputation and then go to bed," is the absurd of all maxims. "Keep up a reputation, or go to bed," would be nearer the truth. Keep it up, be something better, do something more wonderful than you have yet accomplished, or decline in public admiration. It is not the fame, but the reputation, in all that we call perfection, in music, in painting, in intellectual attainment of any kind, we are ever contradicting our loose use of the term "perfect" by expecting or demanding something loftier. The moment we say of a thing, "It is perfect," that moment we contradict that statement by looking for something better to emerge above that. Now in all this we actually see what is the fact, that all performance, however grand or exalted of its kind, is not perfect. And the question comes, the moment this principle is admitted, whether the person performing this achievement which seems to us so excellent, could not perform an achievement of higher excellence, if we were perfect in all other lines of achievement or action. For instance, is it not conceivable that the musician, great as he is, could be still better if he had cultivated every branch of intellect alike, if he was a great scholar, if all the harmonies of his soul in this direction had been awakened up and brought to bear upon this particular thing, upon which he has been inspired? Would he not be a better musician, if he knew more and more of the external world, if he had caught the perpetual harmonies and their influences upon him and on the heart-chorus of his soul; if he knew to the very core and heart of the thing the significance there is in the thrill of the bird, in the whisper of the winds, in the clashing symbols of the waves, in the trumpet-peal of the tornado, and the roll of the thunder? And if he were a religious man, if all the depths of his moral nature had been broken up, and his heart touched with celestial love and Divine fear, can you not conceive that a still mightier, and nobler, and sweeter tide would be apparent in the harmonies he sang, and in the nature of his excellence?

I repeat, any single line of excellence lacks perfection, after all, just in proportion as we may be imperfect in any other. A man may excel in some language, in Greek, or Spanish; but he would be more accomplished, more thoroughly acquainted with that language, if he were acquainted with all others, and with the history, customs and manners of all other nations in his mind. And it makes no difference if we state the proposition in the inverse way. If he know that language thoroughly, it would bring him into acquaintance with all others, because he would know all

others before he would know that one thoroughly. And so it is with the artist. Everything that he knows, every power that he develops, would make him a better artist. If he knows the beauty that is in the rock, in the cloud, in the sunset, and in the sea; if he knows thoroughly the anatomy of the human frame, and every tissue and fibre of the human body; if all his moral nature is alive with harmony, he will paint a grander work than otherwise. We speak of high art, as though its influence could in any respect be immoral. Never! It is truly high art, if it is truly great art. In painting you may take justice, for instance. A man sets up to be a very just man; he has no love, no charity, but is a just man. He is a man rigidly exact upon formalities, a man in whose conduct you can pick no legal flaws, a man who pays cent. per cent., and whom you can hold to no account in that way. Can a man be just to his neighbor without loving him, without knowing the deep sympathies of his innermost heart, without entering into his soul? Can I be just—can I speak, for instance, of the fallen man or fallen woman justly, if I do not know the temptations that have pressed upon that heart, if I cannot measure the resistance given to that fall, if I can be just, without entering, in some degree, into the feelings, the all-loving spirit of Jesus, even to the lowest basis of love, and feeling the great sympathies that vibrate there, and see the noblest of almost eclipsed? A man is not in a hard, severe way before the world, perhaps, without this principle of love. He goes up to the very line of requirement; he takes the pound of flesh, and not a hair's weight more. But, after all, in no sense is a man just who has not love, and a measure of all other religious qualities.

Here is a man who is called a temperate man. But is he temperate if he does not control his passions? Can he exercise true temperance, without virtue, without strength in all other departments of his moral being? Here is a man who is a charitable man—at least in proportion, he follows with good will, and perhaps, with many good deeds. But he is an unjust man. Yet when he gives to one, he is defrauding others who depend on him and look to him. And you perceive at once that this is out of all balance—that a man is not perfect in charity who is imperfect in other qualities. You find that his charity is this kind of philanthropy which is very easy—loving everybody without liking anybody in particular. You will find that kind is a very prevalent sort of philanthropy—a world-wide sweep of good feeling, without a single tenderness, or specific personal love.

It is much harder to love people you are in contact with every day, than to love the world at large. It is much harder to love the world at large, than to love the man who is your friend, or the man who is your neighbor, or the man who is your intimate with whom you are near to you, than it is to love the whole mass of mankind taken as a whole; because there you have a trial, because no man is perfect. On the other hand, every man has his faults; and in proportion as you become intimate with this friend, his faults come out, and the ideal friend that you had painted, the friend who was all beauty and all harmony, turns out not to be so, is, but a man. In proportion as those little evil traits, and faults, and follies come out, your love is tried, and to love that man in spite of those faults—to take hold of his heart and anchor there, to take him into your own arms, and to love him, that is to love mankind in great courage, which is doing more to love mankind in general. Hence we find many people—a great many, who talk much about charity, and preach much about it—the moment they are balked, turn out to be the most uncharitable people in the world. Their generous maxims grow scalding, and their milk of human kindness turns into a bottle of aquafortis.

There is a great deal of truth, therefore, in the idea that in order to be truly loving, you must love individuals as well as masses. That was the peculiarity of Christ. He looked out upon this great world of humanity, and loved it with such a love as has never been known or conceived of as yet. Never had preaching or prophesy done more to the world at large, for the lowest of the race. It was no sham philanthropy, no ideal sentiment; it was a love that led him to the cross, and it was for the whole world that he died on the cross. But was he simply a lover of mankind in general? No; he loved John with a peculiar and special affection; he loved Lazarus with a personal love. The greatness of the love of Jesus Christ is in its harmonious union of all love; for while he loved the world in general, he loved individuals. And so you will find a man, I repeat, who will be very charitable, and yet lack this true principle of love, and, therefore, his charity is not a true charity.

And coming to the point, I say that a man cannot be perfect in this love that Christ specially speaks of in the text, without he is perfect in all the other qualities of moral and spiritual excellence. There is this difference between this quality of love in its true sense, and these other virtues and qualities to which I have alluded; they are simply fragments of the great principle of all virtue and of all moral excellence. Here is a man, who, as I have said, has a single virtue; he becomes nothing but a personification of a virtue; that is all that he is, at best. And sometimes he takes a single virtue and rides it like a hobby. There are men who have pet virtues, and ride them till they become mad. There are men who have a single virtue, but whose comes out before you, and everything else is lacking, and he rides it until it becomes a mere skeleton, a mere pack horse of virtue, instead of any exhibition of what a true man's life should be.

Now this principle of love differs from any specific or isolated virtue in this, that it is the root of all virtue, of all moral and spiritual excellence. Attain to that, get into the fathomless wells and cisterns of that love, and all virtue will develop itself. If a man truly loves, in the sense that Christ speaks of, he is a temperate man, he is a just man, he is a charitable man; and instead of being a man of virtue, he is, in the fullness of his charity, not a man of virtue, but a man of this love. We imply not only the making after, but the possession of all other excellences which make up the man of human perfection. And I may go back again, and starting with this love, show you that in attaining this, we do attain excellence in all other branches, just in proportion as we attain to this. The artist must love: must love the things to which his work gravitates, the beauty that is above the brightness of the visible world, that haunts him with dreams of inspiration that he cannot banish. Knowledge, the root of it, is in love. It is not by mere constraint that men know anything; it is not by picking at the outside and skin of anything that we can know it. We must by some means get into the marrow of it. The most by science must love nature; the true historian must love man; and so in all things. All knowledge has, as its inevitable condition, love at the basis and core of it. And all moral and spiritual life, which is true life, spontaneous life, free life, life that God accepts, something that is not constrained, unmuffled, stifled, bandaged—all true spiritual and moral life, has its core and root in love. The great principle of love, then, I say, before we can be perfect in the principle and attainment of love, we must have taken up the sum of all other perfections. But, when we are perfect in it, all other perfections are involved and implied, because when we are perfect in the magnitude of that love, we are perfect in all other things, with the very nature of God himself, who is love. All selfishness, which is the root of every sin, must die out in him. All pride, all miserable self-conceit, all false honor, must go down before that attainment and spirit of love which is the essence of God, and which was the glory of the cross of Christ Jesus. And, therefore, although Christ did not specifically say—"Be perfect in all things as your Father in heaven is perfect"—in saying and implying that we must be perfect in that love in which God is perfect, he said and implied that we must be perfect in all things. And, therefore, he sets before us a principle which is limitation.

I proceed, under the second head of my discourse, to that which I set before you. We have seen how it is with the principle that is, the love principle. And there is no limitation to the standard. What is the standard? God himself. "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." Nothing less, nothing more limited than that. The standard is God. And, therefore, you may think it very unnecessary to take up this proposition, that the standard is unlimited. "Oh!" you say, "God is an unlimited being; all his attributes are boundless and fathomless. The very term which we use and which we cannot comprehend, but which we use to convey the idea of infinity, of infinitude," covers all limitations, implies no limitations. But after all, do not you practically and theoretically sometimes limit God? There is one point especially, which is peculiarly illustrated by the passage before us, upon which I will touch a little under this head.

Men do practically and theoretically limit the goodness of God; they limit the divine beneficence. Their

creeds trouble them, and in order, sometimes, to defend the creeds which they have built up as their conception of God, instead of looking at the truth itself, they say that God's goodness must be limited, or God's Omnipotence must be limited. And they will limit the one or the other in order to escape the great problems that press upon them. They virtually say that God is omnipotent, but he is not good; or God is good, but not omnipotent; and in that way they endeavor to get around and not touch the great problems that press upon them. So far do they turn away, as they tell us, from the revelation of the natural world, that they say that if left to that alone, they must say that the problem of evil would overcome them. The facts which are spread before them there would be too much for their faith, and they would go to revelation to justify what faith they have in the goodness of God, which faith has been disturbed and clouded by the phenomena of nature.

Now, my friends, all of us, I suppose, will agree that in the revelation that has come through Jesus Christ, we have received a measure and an exhibition of the nature of God that we do not get in the outward world; that God comes to us there with a fullness and a brightness that does not appear in the works of nature. I often dwell on this theme, on this special truth of Christianity, its necessity as revealing to us the nearness of God, the personality of God, the sympathy of God with individual man, as well as with mankind as a whole; his peculiar sympathy with the human soul of all things he has created. And I have shown you how that is gathered up and expressed in Jesus Christ, as it is not expressed in nature. But, admitting this, let us not try to cloud over the face of nature in order to enhance the glory of revelation. For, after all, the foundation of our faith in revelation must rest upon a foundation of natural religion. If you destroy the proofs and evidences of God's goodness, and justice, and wisdom, in the outward universe, you cannot get the effect of the work of revelation. The leaves of the Bible would come to us as unmeaning, and more so, the more snowflakes that may fall from "ponder clouds"; because we must have a conception of the things spoken of in the Bible, we must have been taught, we must have been guided, by some reality in the world without. The glory of revelation, as I view it, is this: that it is a confirmation of the best instincts of the human heart, and the noblest truths that have been revealed to the human mind. Christ does not come and say there for the first time—"God is good." But what does he do? He appeals to it as a recognized fact. What does Paul do? 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NOTICE: Our arrangements with the WORKING FARMER, whereby we sent that paper with the BANNER one year for Two Dollars, are closed.

A SWEET FACE: The ideal of poets ought, as a general thing, to be reducible to practice; for no pictures impress themselves on their brains, save those which are susceptible of existence, and actually do exist somewhere within the wide limits of creation.

There is everything in a face. Even those who would scorn the sentiment and the poetry conveyed by a beautiful face, and would be thought practical—as they call it—even to hardness or rudeness, are forced to yield to the superior power such a face gives forth, and either quail before its larger love and grace, or else are ready to fall down, like the fire-worshiper before the rising sun, and blindly adore.

What a picture is not a charming face upon the street, among the thousands of faces that crowd upon our vision, as we thread our way along, without even the virtue of individuality. How we acknowledge that we feel refreshed, as the aroma of its pleasant melody rises and greets our finer spiritual sense.

Beauty is contagious with us all. It is useless to deny a fact so plain. Whether we behold it in face or figure, in man or woman, it is the same. For by this sign we know that the soul is alive, speaking to us through eyes as well as tongue.

You cannot belie your true nature. If you possess any individual power at all, it is only as you can make yourself understood—as you can project your true nature into the natures, temporarily passive and recipient, of others.

A sweet face—not at all in the merely sentimental way—may as much belong to a man as to a woman. Why not? It fairly frightens us, as we walk observingly along our streets—not of Boston merely, but of our other cities likewise—to note the expression that, on each face, tells us the secret story of each possessor's character and experience.

The discourse at the Music Hall, Boston, on the 27th ult., was by Dr. Adolph Douai, upon the subject of Education. Some of his views were of a novel character to an American audience, being in accordance with those of the most radical continental school of free-thinkers.

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Now if this be a fact worth any consideration at all, it certainly lets us into some very important secrets.

It does, beyond a reasonable doubt, practically demonstrate that upon the face is legibly written down the character; that disguise is impossible, for any length of time; and that if we would indeed wear sweet and pleasant faces for others, we must see to it that our souls are purified and exalted.

We hear of great men, sometimes, whose faces wear such harsh, rigid, and forbidding expressions—as if they thought that was the look Jupiter wore when he thundered an Olympus—that we come to consider that all men of giant powers of mind must needs look repulsive accordingly; and so we learn rather to tolerate greatness, with all its forbidding ruggedness of aspect, than to love it.

There are seasons when the most stupendous enterprises are abruptly arrested; when Commerce, like a smitten giant, reels beneath the shock of a mortal paralysis; when confidence is lost, and panic, like a raging epidemic, seizes the nerves of trade, and runs like a spirit of madness along all the arteries of our financial system.

Some voice we hear to morn'ry dear, In idle strain and breeze; In whistled moan o'er summer frown, Low breathing through the trees; In leafless bowers and scentless flowers, That pale and withered lie, And each frail child of beauty wild, That sighing, fades to die.

Now head them well, while yet the spell Enchants the raptured sight— Some signal blast to grief addressed, Speeds from each pennon bright; And signs of Love, born ere above, Greet every creature here, And beckon on through victories won, To crowns that victors wear.

There are sweet faces—once faces, certainly—that haunt every man. They ever rise up before the spirit's vision, and beckon us on to our ideal—which is indeed our real—destiny. In every human heart, deep down it may be, as in the bottom of a well, they sleep peacefully, and are its tutelary divinity.

The friends in New England, whose meetings are held, will do well to give him a call. Yours, &c., H. F. GARDNER.

During this present month the above-named gentleman will lecture at Ordway Hall, every Sabbath, at the usual hours, before the Spiritualists of Boston.

The men who practice the infidelity of writing for the secular press, whatever best agrees with popular ignorance and prejudice, and who are ever ready to "cry good Lord, or good Devil," just as long as their employers continue to pay, are almost excruciating in their windy morality and verbal dogmas.

Liberalizing Influence of Extensive Travels: The senses are quickened by new objects which excite sensation; the mind is progressively developed, and acquires new strength by whatever promotes the normal exercise of its faculties; at the same time, immortality and happiness are to be found in action, and the consequent uninterrupted succession of new experiences.

The Spiritual Clarion has in its last number a very meaning and sensible article on organizations. The writer says: "I have read with pain a suggestion for the Association of Spiritualists, as presented by the committee on resolutions at the Plymouth Convention."

Mr. Hillard, who is travelling in Europe at the present time, is writing home to the Courier some very agreeable letters. He has recently been travelling through Holland; and he says of the country and the people, in and around Amsterdam— "I have rarely seen a place in which I should less desire to live."

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It must be true, because it is in the papers!

A Fanatical Hero: Alexander Dumas tells a very romantic—if it is not too tragic to be romantic—story of the late Czar of Russia, to the effect that, after his reverses in the Crimea, he resolved to die. Should he persist in his then course, Russia would inevitably come to national ruin; he could not himself put the negative upon his own policy of thirty years' standing; and therefore he thought it easier to die and hand over the empire to his son and natural successor.

Mass. State Liquor Agency: The affairs of this office have been, from its establishment, the subject of much suspicion and investigation; the Agent, Mr. George P. Burnham, however, has hitherto passed the ordeal unscathed. A casual remark in a debate in the Legislature, a week or two since, led to the appointment of a Committee of the House of Representatives, to investigate the circumstances of a certain transaction between the Agency and Messrs. John Felton & Co., in which, as was afterward shown, a large quantity of high-priced brandy was "extended," as the clerk phrased it, by the gallon for gallon addition of pure spirits.

The Harper's Ferry Excitement: Capt. John Brown, the leader of the insurrectionary movement at Harper's Ferry, has been found guilty on three charges—an attempt to incite insurrection among slaves, treason against the State of Virginia, and murder—and sentenced to be hung on the 23d day of December. The others have been tried with the same result, except Cook, who is about making a full disclosure of the entire plot.

Miss Hoy's Circles: No doubt many of the readers of the BANNER will be pleased to learn that Miss Hoy, (formerly Ada L. Coan), has consented to give a public circle every Tuesday evening, commencing at seven o'clock, at 14 Bromfield street, Boston, the first to be held on the 16th inst.

The Luxury of Steam: To find out precisely what we would be talking about, the reader must go up to 804 Fourth Avenue, N. Y., and get into one of Culbertson's Oriental Baths. Dear reader, when you feel the yielding vapors, issuing from invisible sources, and encircling your form in their warm embrace, (you shall be embalmed in sweet odors, if you like), you may close your eyes and easily imagine yourself in the Paradise of the Turks—or any other comfortable place—and no great tax on the imagination, either. If your skin is feverish, your limbs in a rheumatic snarl, and the nerves out of tune and on a stampede, Culbertson will straighten you out, and leave the shadow of your material substance in the best possible shape.

The Right Spirit: We extract the following liberal sentiment from a letter received a few days ago. Whoever this spirit is seen—whether in Methodist, Baptist, or Infidel—there dwells the spirit of God: "I am a Methodist clergyman, and a subscriber to the BANNER or LIGHT. It would be singular if I, or if any person, should believe all that you print in its columns. It would be strange if you could furnish matter to please the minds of your one hundred thousand readers. I may not believe in spiritual manifestations as fully as some do; and they may be right and I wrong. They may have had more light and evidence than I have been favored with. But I believe that departed spirits have access to the minds of mortals in this sphere. I should be an infidel if I did not so believe."

J. V. Mansfield: We extract the following paragraphs from a letter from Bro. Mansfield, dated Philadelphia, Oct. 27th:—"I have been here nearly four weeks, having within that time given or written over six hundred communications—all with general satisfaction. I have not heard, thus far, any expression of the least dissatisfaction. Mr. G. A. Redman has just arrived in the city, and with the present excitement must do well. God speed him in his mission, and all other true mediums. I leave for Baltimore on Monday next. From that point of my Southern tour you may hear from me. Daily I am in receipt of letters of invitation to hasten along."

Evil and Good: We call the attention of our readers to the discussion on Evil and Good, on our seventh page. It is a mighty subject, and is now agitating thought, if not expression, more than any other topic before the religious world. We give the views of Dr. Child, Mr. Newton, Miss Doten, and others, without comment, leaving our readers to judge for themselves for or against the positions taken.

Goblets and Noggins: Those who unscrupulously flatter the world's vanity, and foster the great evils of their time, are admitted to princely banqueting halls, and their lips caress the golden goblets and silver goblets of the rich, while the true Reformer is far more likely to be supplied with wooden noggins or iron ladles, and left to sit alone and unnoticed by the dusty highways of life.

Literary Notices: SOCIAL AND DOMESTIC RELIGION; in two volumes. Volume I: A selection of Family Prayers, and other Devotional Exercises, adapted to various seasons, and to times of health and prostracy, sickness and death. New York: published for the Proprietor, and for sale by Munson. The author's devotional feelings and ideas are here expressed with simplicity and sincerity, in a handsome 12mo volume of some 270 pages—printed on superior paper and bound in fine muslin. We are happy to say that the general contents indicate but very obscurely the writer's theological views. This should be regarded as one of the chief merits of the work. Prayers that resemble an attorney's plea, and are ostensibly designed to make out a case before the tribunal of Heaven—even by suppressing or warping testimony, if necessary—are stupid, "pious frauds," which find their only excuse or palliation in the ignorance of the professed worshiper. Enough prayers of this class have already been stereotyped to offend the enlightened common sense of the Christian world.

THE MOVEMENT OF FAITH WHICH FOLLOWS ITS SUSPENSE: A lecture delivered at Dodworth's Hall, reviewing Dr. Bullock's 'Suspense of Faith,' by Jason F. Walker, Sunday evening, October 16th, 1859. New York: S. T. Munson. This is a brief statement and lucid exposition of Mr. Walker's idea of the origin and claims of the church and its present condition and future prospects. The author is widely and favorably known as an independent thinker, who is not accustomed to put on his principles loosely, nor with the peculiar economy which many men manifest in the unfrequent use of their Sunday garments. On the contrary, he wears his principles every day, never fearing their practical application along the line of his own moral and theological moridian.

Be Humble and Grateful: Reader, perchance thou art strong in the integrity of thy mind and heart. Let not that superior strength cause thee to despise thy brother of low degree. He may have some constitutional weakness—some unfortunate bias of mind—some obliquity of reason, or perversion of the affections, against which he is struggling, night and day;—struggling, perhaps, in vain, yet with the sincerity and heroism of a martyr. If he is no better man than St. Paul, there may be law in his members warring against the law of the mind, and bringing him into captivity! On the other hand, the constitution of thy nature may be more fortunate. Moral powers, and intellectual capacities, which have not fallen to his lot, may still be thine. But "who maketh thee to differ from another, and what hast thou that thou didst not receive?" Be not high-minded. Let not the thought that thou art superior to another lead thee to disregard his interest and happiness. If thou art great and strong, it is well. True greatness will never minister to vain pride, nor serve to foster a selfish ambition; but it will cause thee to be humble and grateful.

Diversities among Men: Men are not all constituted alike. Such are the natural differences among them that, in the whole circle of human society, it would be quite impossible to find two persons in all respects the same. This is equally true in its application to the physical, intellectual, and moral natures. One is strong and another weak; one has a healthy and vigorous constitution, while another is diseased and feeble from the dawn of his being. In intellectual energy and capacity, one man is but a single remove from the plane of brute existence, while another holds the keys to the infinitude of possibilities. In all these cases the intermedium, within the two extremes, is filled up with every possible intervening gradation, so that we find among men every conceivable degree of physical strength, intellectual development and moral excellence, from the lowest to the highest capacity of earth.

Civil and Ecclesiastical Justice: The lash and the bastinado, the halter and the guillotine, have been conspicuous among the instruments and means employed in the administration of legal justice; but the old Church was not satisfied with the destruction of the body. It taxed the infinite mathematics to calculate or measure the period of its fearful retribution. Its ideas of justice have been embodied in the bitter anathemas of graceless bigots, in its modes of restraint and torture, and in the gloomy caverns to which it consigned the millions forever. When the poor wretch went to the grave, as a last refuge from a life-long sorrow, it summoned his soul from *Zadai*, not for the beneficent object of its purification, but only to immortalize his pangs. According to the Church, in the time of Jonathan Edwards, there was more justice in hell than in all earth and heaven combined.

Science and Superstition: Spiritualism is certainly far more closely allied to Science than to Superstition. Science rests on a basis of facts, in which the several senses are employed to authenticate the phenomena which it is the appropriate business of science to classify and explain. Superstition, on the other hand, represents such fanciful opinions as do not rest on any matter of fact foundation; or such pretensions and practices as have no sufficient warrant in the laws of Nature, and the light of Reason. Hence, Spiritualism, of all the phases of religious belief and scientific philosophy, is the furthest possible remove from the domain of superstition.

The Heaven of Laziness: The old idea of a heaven of indolent ease—of semi-conscious and inactive souls amid the glorious activities of the Universe—has no place in our faith or philosophy. If it were otherwise, the writer would be inclined to hold his immortality at a liberal discount. Indeed, if this lazy heaven does not embody the theological conception of an "eternal death," it certainly realizes our own so fully that we need attempt no nice distinctions.

A Useful Invention: Rufus Elmer, of Springfield, Mass.—who has long been known as an efficient and foremost laborer in the ranks of Spiritualism—has exhibited to us a very simple discovery, which, when brought into general use—as we hope and trust it will be—must save a vast amount of suffering and premature death, arising from diseases brought on by damp and wet feet. It consists of a very thin flexible plate of copper, made in the shape of the inner and outer sole, covering the whole bottom of the foot, and protecting it against any dampness of the ground or sidewalk, even in a rainy day. It is called "Zyman's Metallic Sole." The copper is so annealed as to make it as limber as a piece of cloth, and so concealed in making up the boot that it cannot be seen when worn, and it is so light that its weight is no objection. This copper sole can be used in boots and shoes, both pegged and sewed at a very trifling cost. The simplicity of this discovery speaks to us volumes in its favor, and the untold benefit which we believe must accrue from it, induces us to present it to our readers.

Splendid Goods: We invite the reader's attention to the advertisement of R. T. Wild & Co., in another column. The writer has been acquainted with the parties composing the above-named business firm, for several years, and we take pleasure in assuring such of our readers as may be engaged in the purchase and sale of Millinery goods, that they will no where else find a more splendid variety, of more polite and honorable gentlemen to deal with.



The Messenger.

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

Visitors Admitted.—Our sittings are free to anyone who may desire to attend. They are held at our office, No. 319 Brattle street, Boston, every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday afternoon, commencing at nine o'clock; after which time there will be no admittance. They are closed usually at half-past four, and visitors are expected to remain until dismissed.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

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

- From No. 1713 to No. 1745. Saturday, Oct. 22.—"The uses of Disease;" William Ford, Boston; Charlotte Frances Wise, New Orleans; John Atkinson; William Parker. Tuesday, Oct. 23.—"By what authority do we come?" Robert Crowe, New York; Edward Allen, Boston. Wednesday, Oct. 24.—"Return of Spirits who are not cognizant of a change in life;" Catherine Gager; Charles Todd, Boston; Stephen Willey. Thursday, Oct. 25.—"Who and what was Jesus?" Augustus F. Pope; Silas Dudley, Georgia; Mary Crocker, Boston. Friday, Oct. 26.—"Daniel Blindfold;" George Henry Grogan, South Boston; William Laws, California; Dr. John Mason, Boston. Saturday, Oct. 27.—"How is Man allied to God?" Charles Carter; Sarah Franklin Bache. Sunday, Oct. 28.—"How are God's elect known in Heaven?" David Hamilton, Belfast; Caroline; to Amelia L. Winters, New York; Joseca Bulfinch. Wednesday, Nov. 2.—"What is Charity?" John Moore, London, Eng.; Philip Curry, Williamsburg; Rebecca Pratt, Boston; Samuel Willis, New Orleans.

Immortality?

From the earliest period in the natural history of the human race, there has ever been a degree of uncertainty in reference to a future life. The sombre pall of death has caused man to cling fast to the material, and gain no hold of the spiritual.

Man, in his material condition, needs material evidence that he has an existence beyond the present. He can find but little satisfaction in that which appeals only to his fancy, and that which cannot furnish undeniable evidence of the future condition of the spirit. It is necessary to bring material proof to bear upon spiritual thought, has not our kind Father displayed much wisdom in the light of modern Spiritualism? For modern Spiritualism will give to every honest seeker, not only a belief, but a knowledge, of the hereafter. It will furnish food not only for the spirit, but for the body. Knowledge, under all conditions, and at all times, giveth strength, both to form and spirit.

I have visited your circle this afternoon, in answer to a loud call. The friend who calls upon me, asks me this question:

"Have we not sufficient proof of the immortality of the soul aside from modern Spiritualism? Has not our Bible given us all we need? Can we not find enough in those sacred pages to give us faith; to give us a knowledge of the hereafter?"

I answer, no. If I understand it, the record furnishes no positive proof that the spirit exists after it leaves the mortal form. No positive proof, I say. Firstly, you have no positive evidence that the Book is sacred—that it was written by inspiration; that the thoughts were given by whom they purport to come from. I say you have no positive evidence of this. The popular religion of the past and present has so indelibly stamped upon almost every mind, at least a fore-shadowing of a belief in these things, that we find it very hard to eradicate all error and build a foundation whose name is Truth.

Popular theology has been placing a yoke of iron upon the necks of many thousands, and they believe this yoke, because they dare not do otherwise; because they have been taught of a God of vengeance, and they have been taught to fear rather than love him.

Again, popular theology teaches another error—of a Devil, who shall rule many thousand hearts from the true God, and shall laugh at their torments as he causes them to enter a lake of fire and brimstone. Popular theology teaches you of a Personal God and a Personal Devil.

The God popular religion has given us, is not the God of Nature. During all our journeyings in the land of spirits, we have never met with this personal God; we have never received an audience with this personal Devil. But as we look abroad upon the vast degrees of intelligence filling the vast universe of life, we find two Principles. One we shall call All Goodness, and the other Perverted Goodness. Behold, they are divided, and yet united; for as the principle of wisdom, of power, of eternal life, is the author of all life, of all principles, so then is he the author of this opposite principle, and if he is the author thereof, surely it is not all darkness. The exterior may be all midnight, while the interior may be glowing with the eternal fire of God's wisdom. Behold the man you call thoroughly evil. Yes, behold one who has never been known to do a good act—who is sin stamped upon his every feature—who gives you no evidence that he has a God within. All his external tokens evil; his companions are like unto himself; he wanders from the society of the good and true; he shakes hands with all that is dark in your sphere; he revels in sin, and the boldholder exclaims, "There is no good in such an one." The Christian exclaims, "He is a hardened sinner, a lost soul, a condemned rebel, there is no hope for him. He has rejected the many offers of salvation. Yes, he is an outcast from heaven, and can never become an inhabitant of a happy sphere."

Think you this shining soul will forever remain in this condition? No! The fact that he is a living soul, gives evidence that he must, at some time, be regenerated, and become pure and Godlike, and thus become free to enjoy any amount of happiness. There is no soul, in any sphere, but is destined to become thoroughly purified, thoroughly happy. Popular theology shuts many thousand souls out of heaven; it closes the gates of love, while the hand of Omnipotence has thrown them wide open; it closes from your spiritual sight the glory God has destined you to behold while here. It chains you to the past, and forbids your going forth seeking for light. It closes its door to every new star which comes into existence. It tells you that you have, in the records of the past, enough to make you happy here and hereafter. It tells you you must not take from the records or add thereto and tells you that he who doeth this is in danger of misery hereafter. How unwisely is this, if charged to our Divine Father. He hath prepared a wedding garment for every soul, and no soul shall live that shall not, in time, put on this wedding garment, and stand a welcome guest at the marriage supper.

Modern Spiritualism gives the human race a positive knowledge of themselves in spirit—a positive knowledge of their God, a positive knowledge of their condition hereafter. No earnest and honest seeker need go away wanting; but the soul which goes to the surface and falls to penetrate beneath it, can hardly be satisfied with its truth.

Modern Spiritualism is a star which invites all souls to become enlightened by its rays; it holds out no inducements it is not able to maintain. You may gain the knowledge it is capable of giving nowhere else. You may go to the vast realms of Nature, and you cannot furnish yourselves with that which is positive and true. This star will be sure to give you all you need, if you seek in honesty.

My friend asks, and we believe he asks in all honesty of spirit, if the past has not given enough; if the Holy Record is not sufficient? And, in like honesty, of spirit we have answered.

Standing as we do apart from materialism, enjoying as we do those realities that belong to spirit-life, we deem ourselves in every way competent to answer, and truthfully answer, the question.

Oh, thou Principle of Divine and Natural Life, thou God of Nature and Individuals, we would offer praise unto thee for the many calls of wisdom we are receiving from our earthly brethren; and while they call and we answer, will thou endow our words with that power which will penetrate their spirits, and inspire them with that faith and that confidence which will lead them to call again?

Oh, thou Principle of Divinity and Humanity, give us the power to return to thy children, and give us instruments through whom we may return, that we may out of the head

of error, and place upon the body of humanity the beautiful and bright head of Truth.

Oh, Holy Intelligence, Spirit of Wisdom, thy power is everlasting, thy strength is ever-enduring, thy knowledge extendeth to the farthest limits of spiritual and natural life; and as thou hearest all calls, so wilt thou in timelier answer thereto, and bring all souls into the perfect life, where sorrow never comes. Oct. 21.

Joe Jordan, a Slave.

Bress do Lor, Massa, I so free! Massa, I want to go to Alabama, Massa; to speak, Massa, to speak. I lived at Montgomery. I belonged to Missy Jordan. Spirits come to me, Massa, long time ago. Know all 'bout dom, Massa, 'fore I come.

Massa deal long time ago; Missy live. She know 'em, but no b'love 'em. I say I would come here, and Missy laugh—think be some nigger's nonsense. My name was Joe. I wait on Missy, sometime; too ole to do much, Massa. Missy good, kind Missy, and folks good, but no b'love spirits come.

Massa William help me now. Born down in Georgia, Massa. Bress do Lor, Massa, I like to be free. Missy pretty good, Massa, but I like to be free. Tell ole Missy Joe's free, and hope ole Missy be free when she come here; hope ole Missy be free as ole Joe be. 'Spect you'll have to help ole Joe to go, Massa; want to go to see ole Missy. Oct. 21.

Josiah Peiros.

I am almost afraid to speak, for fear I shall say something I ought not to tell. I do not know as I do right in coming here. I'll tell you a little about myself, and then, perhaps, you'll advise me.

I was seventy-eight years of age when I left my body. I was born in Gardiner, in the State of Maine. I died in Concord, N. H. I was respectfully connected, belonged to one of the churches, and I do not know what they'll think to call I come back and preach up Spiritualism. I have children and a brother upon earth. My wife died most sixteen years ago. I was a shoemaker by trade; in the first place I was a tanner.

I do not want to do anything to disgrace the church; I do not want to do anything to disgrace my children, or anybody. I do not think the church knows what's right, if I know the truth; I do not think they do what's right—maybe they do, but I think I am correct. I was a Congregationalist. My name was Josiah Peiros.

Oh, I hope I am doing right, I think I am, I had such a strong desire to come; not particularly here, but at home. I died in 1831. I think I have seen enough here to make me a little skeptical as regards religion; it seems to me they are not on the right track, but I don't want to say too much. I should like to talk with my children. I've got a son Josiah, and a daughter Mary; my son William is dead. Oh, yes, I have seen him; no, he did not belong to the church; he was too young.

I do not know but I have said enough for one day. I do not know but I have thrown a firebrand among my people, and, if it's right, I am glad of it; but I hope I haven't done so wrong by coming; but I wanted to so bad, and they were so good to help me here, that I came. Good-by. Oct. 21.

Michael Cumiskey.

Oh, confound your one-horse carriages! When you are going to give a fellow a ride over Jordan, why do n't you give him a double team to drive? I promised myself a good ride over Jordan, and here I find it hard work. See here, Ohub, my name is Michael Cumiskey. I belonged in New York. Is that your game, and is that what you want—my occupation? Well, sometimes I shake, and sometimes shufflo. I died in Centre street, New York city, August last. First a shako, and then a fever. At last I took to vomiting, and then I stepped across. I promised to come back in a week, if spirits could come. I was one of those jolly good fellows called the Dead Rabbits. I promised the boys I'd come in a week, and they have given it up for a bad job now. But as the boys have gone to sleep, I'm here. I should have been twenty-two in a few months, if I had n't been choked off as I was. When I found out I had got to get across, some of the boys wanted me to make a bargain to come back, if these raps were all true. I promised to come back in a week, and they give it up for humbug. Tell them I couldn't come in a week, for a very good reason—I could n't get a team to drive.

I did n't know exactly whether I would get a chance here, or whether I was in the right place; but an old fellow here told me I had as good a right to come as the chap that prayed awhile ago, only I must be honest, and tell the truth.

I see all these things about the same as they were. I'm round with the boys when I can get a chance to see. See here, Ohub, say I ain't forgot the table turnings. The boys said they'd set, if I would come, and I have been there; but I can't handle the confounded thing exactly right.

Little Jim has got a mother here, and she wants me to put in a word for her. She'd like him to go to some place where she can speak with him. Tell him I think he had better give her a chance.

I think I'll drive 'em now—turn round and go the other way. That's all, is n't it? Then I'm off. Oct. 21.

Anna Maria Brown.

You have such a crowd of spirits, I was most afraid to come; but the time was fixed for me, so I thought I must come.

My name was Anna Maria Brown; I was twelve years old, and I have been dead two years. I died of scarlet fever. I was born in Boston, and I lived here when I died. My mother belongs in New York, and after I died my father went to California, and my mother is in New York.

Somebody my mother knew wanted me to come, and wanted me tell something my mother would know me by. I have n't forgotten anything.

I know what I'll tell. I'll ask mother if she remembers what she gave me for a present when I was sick, and what I did with it? I'll tell her, so she will know it's me. It was a gold chain and locket, and I put it under my pillow, because I could not wear it.

At first I was afraid when they told me I was dead; and when they took me back to look at my body, I was afraid. But when I saw everything beautiful, I did not see anything to be afraid of. They have birds, and music, and concerts, and preaching here, and schools; but we don't hear of any place where the wicked are punished. My mother will think I imagine all these things; but I should n't want to stay here, if I did n't have these things. Why, you do n't miss your body when you are here awhile.

You do n't have to study what you do n't like here, and you do n't have to study out of books here. They take you to things, and they explain them. If they take you to see water, they tell you why, and explain it all to you. If they take you to see a beautiful flower, they explain it to you so that you can't forget. They do n't answer you short, as people do on earth, but explain everything you ask about. Oh, they do n't make a noise, as you do, when they speak. Why, if I wanted to know anything, somebody would know I wanted to know about it, and would answer it. Oh, no, sir, it is not all still here—we have music and all, but the spirit voice is not like yours.

I asked one time how far it was from earth, and they told me if I wanted to understand by earth measurement, I was about four thousand miles from earth. They told me, as I was so recently from earth, they must tell me in earth language.

If that man was here who spoke last, he would have red hair and whiskers; his face would be red, and he would be short, and thick, and rowdy-looking. He could n't live where I live. Well, sir, they tell me that every spirit lives in a sphere belonging to it. You could not live if you went up too high in a balloon, and so he could n't live where I live.

There's a good many teachers here. Everybody seems to teach here. I have plenty of friends here. We do n't love anybody here, unless they are like us.

I know a little infant that died sometime before I died, and it's larger, and is as large as a child four years old would be. Its parents' names are Presby.

You ain't never afraid of getting cold, and you do n't never want for anything nice to wear and eat; and if you want to go anywhere, you go, and nobody has a right to hinder you. Oh, we do n't want to do anything wrong. Some do, I suppose, but they are more like people on earth.

Just as soon as spirits leave their mortal bodies, they all go to their several apartments in life. If you were not like your father and mother, you would not live with them, and they would not want to live with you. Here you are all mixed up; but when you leave your mortal body, each goes to his true condition.

My mother used to tell me I talked too fast, and too much for a little girl; but I like to tell what folks tell me, and I thought you would like to hear it. Do n't you like to? Well, I must go now. Do you want me to? Well, good-by. Oct. 21.

COME BACK TO MY SIDE, LOULOU.

BY J. ROLLIN M. SQUIRE.

Oh, come back to my side, Loulou, The sun is shining to rest, Twilight is stealing over the gloom, And my heart with grief oppressed Is beating against its prison wall, Unfettered to bear its sacrifice, As a bird who hears its mate's low call, Beats against its cage till it dies.

Oh, come back to my side, Loulou, Autumn is very solemn, The lark is hidden and songless In among the rustling corn; My sorrow is thinking of what has been— The glad things linked with thy name, Through Memory alone the past is seen— The real in an ideal frame.

Oh, come back to my side, Loulou— Cheer me again with a smile; My heart is sick for thy presence— Come back for a little while. The swallows have wheeled their circling flight To mellow seas and a warmer zone, And like the last star in heaven at night, Alone, alone, I am left alone.

Oh, come back to my side, Loulou— A destiny dark is mine; Heart after heart hath proved me cold— My hope is centered in thine. The flowers of Summer have died in decay, The Autumn is cheerless and drear; Oh, that the Memory which lightens our day Should be tinged with hoping and fear.

Oh, come back to my side, Loulou, The fire is bright on the hearth; But thou art the light which is fled, Leaving gloom over our hearth. The Autumn is cheerless and dreary, The wind, as an outcast, moans at the door, Like doubt-driven love from the heart, To be restored to its realm once more.

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Now, commence again with the Divine economy. We endeavored to illustrate, last Sabbath afternoon, that the Divine economy resembled in its forms, or in the principles which it embodied, the highest forms of government which men conceive. We spoke of it in a metaphysical sense. We shall now speak of it in a palpable sense. Notwithstanding the necessity of the forms of government of the world, notwithstanding the necessity of organizations of state, notwithstanding the necessity of perfect laws, every intelligent philanthropist, every philosopher, every true religionist, knows that if love, human love, which is divine, controlled and guided the great benefactors of mankind, laws nor their penalties, laws nor their consequences, would ever be required. Every philanthropist knows that the jail-house and the penitentiary are not so effectual in the reformation of criminals, as kind words and wholesome instruction. Every mental philosopher knows that binding men in chains and throwing them into the prison and dark dungeon cells, can never secure the elevation of the soul or mind. Every true religionist knows that society is not benefited, that the dignity of government is not maintained, that though if we have laws, we must have penalties for their violation; yet, after all, the truth, and perfectness, and dignity, of even your government, would be better maintained if jail-houses were converted into moral and religious hospitals for the instruction of those who are in ignorance, and the binding up of those moral qualities that have been crushed, and broken, and deformed. Everybody knows this, and carrying it still further, everybody is aware, who has thought at all upon political economy, that even the political welfare of any nation would be better promoted by a proper system of instruction than by inflicting punishment through arbitrary laws. Everybody knows that if all men were taught to be good, and true, and honest, there would be no necessity of law. Everybody knows that if Christian nations did not violate Christian laws, there would be no necessity of armaments. Everybody knows that the highest form of government is that which rules by the absolute law of kindness, and not of force. And all know that in the great, Divine economy, and in the aspiration of all human souls, the one sole object must be the attainment of this perfect affection. How, then, with this view of the case, can we understand that the highest form of human government known or conceived of, is the government by which Dely, in an infinite degree, controls the universe? If one soul, through kindness, can be instructed and become pure, and true, and good, if all human souls, by an adequate form of education, instruction, and government, can be made to conceive the harmony of law and order, without force and arbitrary rule, then, in the Divine economy, that law must be supreme. We know, therefore, that it is the nature of Dely to control by love, and not by fear.

As we have said before, and still continue to say, there have been no mistakes in the history of the past governments of the earth. We know that all tend toward one point of development—the perfection of the human race. Just as surely as yours is a Republican government to-day, and the highest known form of government in the world, just as surely as your religion is predicated upon the law of love, and your political control predicated upon the law of justice and kindness, so these will one day fashion and govern it. No arbitrary forms of law shall rule you, but those whose only penalty shall be the consciousness of shame which the victim feels who violates a moral, social, or civil law. Let all know what a sense of conscious degradation he feels who has been guilty of any unworthy act; let all know whose daily life may be made up of such similitudes as in themselves may seem nothing, but in a lifetime amount to a great deal, that there is a sense of conscious humiliation, that you are punished every hour, by the remembrance that you have told a falsehood, and that if you have committed any secret violation of morality you are, constantly, entirely degraded in your own estimation. You all know, then, of the deeper humiliation avenging a crime; you all know of the deeper humiliation of him who suffers upon the scaffold, as you have witnessed. Then in that organization, or through that power, men shall be induced not to commit crimes, or, if they do, the punishment shall be upon themselves. Would it not be better and greater and wiser than arbitrary law to force men to do good they know not why? We are aware that the great masses of men do good from the force of habit, because society compels them; are religious because it is customary to be religious. Thus our civil and social and arbitrary laws are always tending toward the right, even though they never attain it. This is better than unlimited freedom in wrong. But when, through instruction and positive self-knowledge, men shall understand that they do not sin against others, but against themselves; that if they violate the country's laws, it is not the country, but their own souls that are injured; that if they trespass upon the rights of others, they do more injury to themselves; that if they murder a man, that murder rests more directly upon their own souls than does the injury upon the man murdered; that if they steal, they steal so much from their own life-blood; they will feel that no arbitrary punishment is necessary, but kindness and love and goodness shall be the whole of their laws.

We do not expect this now; we are not even picturing it for the future; we are only speaking of it as a conception of the human mind. Whatever the human mind is capable of conceiving, that it is capable of attaining; whatever you think you can know, by the very power of your thought you may know; whatever you aspire to understand, by the very power of that aspiration you may understand; whatever you desire to attain in goodness, in moral virtue, in practical knowledge, that you may and can attain.

The great man, the human mind of the highest quality of intelligence any human soul has ever conceived as being possible, is the man that will surely and positively become a fixed fact in the history of mind. What Jesus taught in practice in his life, as being Divine, that all human minds and souls are capable of practicing and teaching. God the Father rules through love. Without entering into the metaphysical details of the physical creation, which clearly illustrate, through every department, that that element which in man and in the history of the mental world, assumes the name of Divine love, or religious love, pervades the creation—without entering into these details—we will only say that love is the foundation of all life, that the principle of love itself is the love of the Great Father, working in and through all things. Take away this, and not intelligence, not the vast scope of mathematical power, not all the symmetry of a broad, independent mind, no height or depth of power, could ever have formed creation, without that one positive, Divine element of love. It comes to you from the opening leaflet of the early Spring-lime, it comes to you through the untold and numberless beauties of the wild-wood, it is visible in all the various forms of created matter. It is even perceptible in inorganic life, where there are no perceptible means of life, yet the untold changes of the granite clearly prove that there is a spirit of life pervading it. That life, in its degree, is like the life in man; that intelligence, in its degree, is the same quality that exists in the human being. This we have treated of before; we repeat it, that the same quality of intelligence exists everywhere in creation. The quantity alone differs; man's intelligence is in quality the same as the intelligence of Dely, only it is but one drop, and God the Father is the whole. It is but one atom; it can be nothing more; but it is the same in quality as that which the Great Universal Mind possesses. Then, the same love, the same religion, the same quality of true worship which exists in the human soul, is the outgrowth of the same feeling and principle. It is because the flower loves its source of life, that it lives and blossoms and sheds its fragrance on the air. It is because the wild-bird is happy in its existence, that it warbles forth its songs in Summer-time. It is because the substance out of which the sunshine grows is in itself a sunshine, a perfect thing of life and power, that the pleasant beams flow from it. It is because the earth, in reaching out to catch the sunlight, possesses in itself an element of intelligence, the Divine existence of life and power, that it can absorb the sun's rays, and perfect and beautify the materials out of which it is made. It is because your souls can reach upward and catch the glimpses of the sunlight, that religion comes forth spontaneously from your souls. Religion is the result of that love within, and not the cause of it. All forms of adoration, all forms of love, all forms of Divine thought and moral excellence, have their growth and origin in the same source.

How, then, does the Father rule his children? Because, beyond the moral and material laws of the universe, which to the material mind are not perceptible as Divine things—though to us they are Divine, in their degree, as is man—beyond this there seems to be a world of thought in the human soul, a separate existence, which, though it may be material, is outside of, and superior to, all the known forms of matter which man can analyze and conceive. Now that palpable, positive substance, which is the soul of man, or which is the result of his soul, is under the control and absolute guidance of the superior, vast influence of the love of Dely. And as

all things in nature, and all laws in nature, have their origin from the same source, so all that is in human mind, and all aspirations of human hearts, have their origin and their rise in the same Divine economy. That in the flower which causes it to absorb a certain heat, a certain beam of light, for its own peculiar purpose, may cause him, in their peculiar constitution, to absorb certain elements in the Divine nature which make them different. And it is only when you understand that the quality of this love, of this intelligence, of this Divinity, is everywhere the same, that you can comprehend the true, Divine, and perfect government of Dely.

Christian theologians say that God is just. What is justice? It is the result, first, of a presumption that there must be arbitrary law; secondly, that that law may be violated; thirdly, that through justice, the framer or controller of law may administer such punishment as in his power seems just and proper. Justice, then, is entirely a conception of human intelligence. But when it is resolved into its original constituents, it is love. Because, the Father, the



