

BANNER OF THE LIGHT.



VOL. VI.

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THE SERMONS

OF REVS. HENRY WARD BEECHER AND EDWIN H. CHAPIN: as reported by the best Phonographers of New York, and published verbatim every week in this paper. THIRD PAGE—Rev. Dr. Chapin's Sermon. FOURTH PAGE—Rev. H. W. Beecher's Sermon.

Written for the Banner of Light.

"BERTHA LEE," OR, MARRIAGE.

To the Memory of my Husband this tale is dedicated

BY ANN E. PORTER,

Author of "Dora Moore," "Country Neighbors," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MR. GRAY'S MOTHER.

There is but little happiness in this world purer and sweeter than that which the young mother enjoys in the care of her first-born child. As I look back now upon that winter, it seems like a green spot in the desert, full of little rivulets of delight. There is certainly no love so pure and holy, for when the sacred writer wishes to express the never-fading love of our God, he finds no stronger figure than this: "Can a mother forget her sucking child?" I thought then that I should never doubt God's love again. Whenever I folded my darling to my bosom, my whole soul was filled with gratitude for the gift, and adoration for the Giver. No matter what were my perplexities in the household, or my trials in the parish; if my husband found fault with his shirt or the dinner, or busy tongues censured the minister's wife for real or fancied faults—I forgot them all the moment Lily nestled to my side, or smiled and put out her little hands toward me.

Some good, prosaic old woman told me that I must not love my child too well—I should make an idol of it. "Not love it too much!" As if it were a mother's duty to strive against that affection which God implanted; to push back, keep down the warm outpourings of the soul toward the helpless little one who has nothing else but love for you, to whom you are in its infancy as God is to you; for does it not "live, move, and have its being" through you? As well pray that God would not love us, his dependent creatures, too well. Nay, the highest, strongest, purest love, is that which will make the greatest sacrifices for the loved object. It is the weak mother, whose love is weak, like her character, that spoils her child by foolish fondness. That love which is strong, and deep, and steady, like a noble river, growing deeper and broader as time carries it onward, never yet spoiled a child; but a weak, foolish fondness, irregular and changeable as an African stream, without depth, and sometimes lost in the sand of selfishness, is the ruin of thousands.

Mr. Gray sometimes accused me of this kind of affection; for, when his mother said that I must not sleep with Lily, I objected to the arrangement. Mr. Gray would admit no fire in our room at night, though the thermometer sometimes sunk to twenty degrees below zero. Fahrenheit. Now Lily was a restless child when asleep, often throwing the bed-clothes from her, and I feared she would suffer from cold, if alone. But Mr. Gray's "insist upon the experiment," was decisive. The crib was procured, as his mother suggested, and Lily laid away for the night. It was a bitter cold night in February. I did not sleep for some hours, for I was obliged to cover her frequently. Weary, at last, I fell asleep, but was awakened toward morning by her cries. She was very cold, and seemed like ice as I took her into my bed to soothe and warm her. The result of that night was a severe cold for her and myself; but Mrs. Gray said "persevere," and her own echoed her words, only varied by the tone of command. I lost my sleep. To be sure, that was a minor consideration; but Lily's cold grew worse. Till one day in March she was threatened with croup, and was with great difficulty saved. The doctor insisted upon a little fire in the room, to moderate the cold of a very severe season; and both the child and myself were made more comfortable.

Mrs. Gray also thought me very notional to wish that my child should be fed only from its mother for some months. She fed her children, and it did not hurt them. Why should not I do the same? In vain I protested against it. Poor little Lily was fed with tea, and bread, and potato—articles for which she had no inclination. And once, when I came into the room and saw a piece of pie, after having been first put into Mrs. Gray's mouth, about to be transferred to Lily's, sprang forward, and taking the child said: "Oh, do n't, Mrs. Gray! I know it is wrong, for Dr. Cameron says that a child should never eat food until its teeth are formed; besides—"

I stopped short, for I felt it would be rude to tell her that I did n't like to have food thus prepared. It was well I stopped there, for she was angry enough then. "I do n't think that Dr. Cameron, or my son's wife, can tell me anything new about raising children. I have had a husband and seven children, and have buried the father and five of the children, and surely ought to know something about infants and sickness."

I made no reply, but carried Lily to take her afternoon nap. When I returned to the room, Mr. Gray and his mother were engaged in conversation, and the former said:

"Oh, no, it can't be possible; he's a dark, mysterious man, whom nobody knows, or cares to know. But Helen must stop her recitations at once."

"What did she say to you in the study to-day?" said Mrs. Gray, who seemed inclined to continue the subject, notwithstanding my presence.

"She said, decidedly, that she would not marry the deacon—it was of no use to urge her. The truth is, her head is full of foolish, romantic notions, which she has imbibed, in a measure, from Bertha. Bertha," he added, turning to me, "the reports are that Helen has been seen walking with the deacon; that he has been seen here to see her, and that you encourage the intimacy. Knowing as you do our wishes with regard to Deacon Abram, I ask an explanation of your conduct."

Helen, and I think if she had been only under my influence and Calvin's, she would have learned to return that love."

"Never!" I said, with emphasis. "Helen knows her own heart, and she will be true to herself. It may lead to suffering and sorrow. I fear it for her; but the end will be peace."

I could have said more—for the spirit of prophecy seemed upon me—but I checked myself.

"That will do," said Mr. Gray. "Perhaps you would do well to write a novel; it would take, I fancy, especially with sentimental school-girls and swarthy, Spanish-looking adventurers, who come into a place without reference or church-membership."

I made no reply, but, waiting a few moments to hear what further charges were brought against me, and finding that Mr. Gray sought his newspaper, and his mother her sewing, I went into the kitchen.

"I'm glad you've come," said Auntie Paul, "for your mother Gray has been in the kitchen, giving me some lessons in cooking. She says I must put no more eggs in my doughnuts—it's a piece of extravagance; that my pie-crust is altogether too rich; and she has made some for a pattern—come, just taste of it; it's tough as leather, isn't it? Then she went into the cellar and examined the preserves, and is full of astonishment at our profusion. No wonder," she says, 'that Calvin complains of his salary—it is enough to ruin any man.' I found her in one of the chambers, yesterday, examining the feather-beds; and she insists upon it that there are too many feathers in them. Two of them will make three, she says, and she proposed to me to help her change them."

"That is cool," I said. "Why, my father gave me those beds just as they are—and I would not have them touched."

"Oh, but you are a mere child, and need guidance and teaching! Now, Mrs. Gray, I do not wish to make trouble with your relations, but if you could get the little Irish girl that lives with the waterman, you were sick, to stay awhile in the kitchen, I will go away a few weeks and see my son that lives in Vermont; and when Mrs. Gray leaves, if you wish, I will return. She prefers to manage the household, and I am afraid that she and myself will not live harmoniously together."

Now, Auntie Paul did not tell me that she had heard the subject of her dismissal discussed by Mrs. Gray and her son, and that she was only anticipating their wishes. The good soul knew how much I loved her, and how necessary she had become to me; she knew, too, how much pain it would give me to have her dismissed by them, and she doubted my power to retain her. It grieved her to part from me and Lily, and I think she hoped that Mr. Gray would favor her return when his mother should leave; but she had her fears that it might not be so. This, however, I learned afterwards, and therefore willingly gave my consent to her departure then, as she needed change and rest.

My father and mother, however, came the next day, and Auntie remained with me during their visit, and everything moved on with its accustomed regularity, her housewifery and culinary skill being the admiration of my father. Lily was, of course, the centre of attraction to my guests, and even my mother seemed more gentle and kind than was her habit formerly. Edie was in school, preparing for a college course. Joe sent Lily a package of confectionery, and an Indian rubber tablet, which last was quite a favorite with her. My father said Joe should come to see the baby soon; I felt as if the darling could have no warmer friend, and I determined she should learn to say "Uncle Joe."

My friends stayed but a few days; one of those days was Sunday, and my father said that he had heard but few sermons better than Mr. Gray's morning discourse, from the text, "What is truth?"

"I think, Bertha," he said, "that Mr. Gray improves; his style is good, his delivery, if not graceful, is dignified, and his arguments terse and weighty; perhaps he is more useful here than he would have been on missionary ground."

I made no reply to the last remark, for it was still a sore subject with me.

"Are you not happy, my child?" said my father, tenderly. Lily was sitting in my lap as he spoke, and her little hands were playing with my curls. I clasped her closer to my bosom, and said—

"Can I be otherwise than happy, father?"

"Children are a precious blessing, Bertha, he replied; 'I will remember your mother's happiness the year after your birth.' And yet, he did not seem quite satisfied with my answer.

My father gave me money to buy a carpet and stove for Auntie Paul, and I pleased myself with the thought of having them in her room when she should return. She left the day after my father; I missed her sadly. The awkward Irish girl was but a poor exchange, even in the kitchen, and of course out of it she had no sphere. Auntie Paul could make a bed, and hush the baby, with more skill than any one else; then, if I were weary and dispirited, she always had a promise from the Bible—if I were impatient or faithless, she prayed with me, and if I grew faint and worn with night-watching and anxiety, she knew best how to cook the delicate quail, or the bowl of oysters. I went away and wept a little—just a little—for my childish habit of shedding tears was not wholly broken.

Mr. Gray's mother assumed at once the management of the household, without any acknowledgment of the other hand. I did not feel this to be right, but I was overruled by her stronger will, and partly by a wish to have no contention with her; but I resolved to watch my beds, and as Auntie Paul had baked a large quantity of pies and cake, I thought I would remain quiet for the present. But not so did the Irish girl resolve, and in less than a week there was trouble with her, and one washing day about noon, she left us literally "in the lurch." It was difficult to procure another, and we lived without one for some time. In six weeks we changed three times, for either through my own want of skill, or the girls' incapacity, or a dislike to Mrs. Gray, we could not retain them.

The Colonel was very thankful when my father sent me to come home and stay a few weeks. The weather was very mild for the season, and Colonel James had kindly offered to take me in his carriage, which he fitted very comfortably for the purpose. Mr. Gray did not object to this arrangement, as it saved his purse and his time. My mother Gray said that it would be just the time for me to go, as she could take care of things in my absence. Helen was to go with me, but return in two or three days.

Never were two ladies better cared for than were we by the gallant old bachelor, and Lily was perhaps the happiest of the group, though all of us found it very agreeable. The Colonel was very entertaining with his reminiscences of younger days, and as he had been a great traveler, he had a fund of information that never failed him. He told us the story of the watch with many little additional particulars.

"There was something in the adventure," said he, "that excited my curiosity and interest for a long time. I would give the value of the watch for a sight of those two faces again. That of the lady was fair and delicate, with a profusion of brown hair, and a soft hazel eye, such as we seldom see. The man's face was a study; and though I saw it only when under the influence of pain, it was an index of a marked character, powerful either for good or ill. Once since, I have met such a face; it was in the town of B, at a trial in the court-room; but it vanished in the crowd, and though I tried to get a glance of it again, it was in vain. Sometimes I have thought he was one of a band of robbers that at that time infested the east of England. If so, he was a leader; there were romantic stories told of one such, who was a scion of nobility, but disgusted with a life of folly and fashion, quitted it for the dangerous sport of a free Robin Hood life in the woods. My friend Herbert insisted upon it, Mrs. Gray, that the lady's picture bore a strong resemblance to yourself; and that he

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which is the pride of the city, shaded by venerable oaks, and adorned with fine mansions. Now comes the old tumble-down, made familiar to me by my old school-days—every people and old pollard willow, is familiar as the face of a friend. I miss the old pine-wood; but, as we ride through, I recall vividly the robbery. Here is the very place, near the solitary pine—the last of the grove which some kind hand had spared. The snow lies thick on the ground now, and it rests on these branches as it did then.

"Stop a minute, Col. James! There, right there, he came out and seized the reins—and on this side, near that old stone, the other appeared. What a difference there was in them! The one, a rough, coarse Irishman; the other—ah! now I recall his face, the very expression, as he looked at me; there was not a bit of the ruffian about it, but sad and gentle. Strange, meeting strange—it is so like—well, what fancies we have!"

I was talking to myself, for the Colonel was watering the horses; but a strange, curious fancy haunted me all that day, very odd, indeed, but the reader shall learn it.

CHAPTER XXV.

LOVE'S TRIALS.

It was a mild April day when we entered Vernon, a forerunner of Spring, a sort of "promise to pay," that was very pleasant to look upon. The village itself had become endeared to me, for as a clergyman's wife I had found much that was bright and sunny; it was not all shady to me, and more than one kind friend smiled a welcome as we drove through the main street. At our own home Helen was watching for us, and when she threw her arms round my neck, I saw the tears start in her eyes as she said:

"Oh, Bertha, how much I have wanted you!"

Poor girl! I knew she was in trouble, and my heart ached for her. Mrs. Gray was more cordial than was her wont; he appeared very much as he did the evening long ago, when I came from Elmwood—all most fond and affectionate. I am sorry to say that it did not waken corresponding feelings in my own heart. I think I liked Mr. Gray best when he was most stern and reserved—perhaps because that mood was most natural to him—and perhaps because woman's heart is an odd, strange thing, full of whims.

His mother was at the Sewing Society, and we had not the pleasure of her company at ten; but Mr. Gray petted Lily, giving her sugar, and allowing her to sit upon his knee, and even condescending to baby-talk. The eyes had an unusual brightness, and Helen and myself were upon a little wonder at this peculiar mood—for he laughed much, and even attempted a few jokes, a thing we had never noticed before. Helen was pleased, for she thought he had missed his wife and child, and was filled with pleasure at their return.

He did not, however, spend the evening with us, but remained in his study. Now the study was a place almost tabooed to the rest of the family. Mr. Gray was very neat and particular, and preferred taking the charge of it himself, seldom permitting any one to do it for him. He could not study with the baby in the room, he said, and did not like playthings about. In the summer I had sometimes carried a vase of flowers and placed them upon the table, but he would annoy him; there was danger of overturning them, and the withered petals dropped upon the table. He wished nothing in his study that would divert his mind from his sermons. So, gradually, the study became a place consecrated wholly to his use, and I seldom ventured there. This evening, however, after baby was asleep, I thought I would go in and sit with him—perhaps he would like to have me. I entered quietly, but found him sleeping very soundly on the lounge. I laid a shawl over him, and returned to my room, where Helen sat watching Lily, and singing in a low voice—

"Should all the race of nature die,
And none be left but he and I,
For all the gold, for all the gear,
For all the hands that labor and wear,
That e'er the world was won,
I would not wed the earth's son!"

As she finished, I took it up and sung—

"But Nora's heart is lost and won,
She wedded to the earth's son."

She looked up, archly, and replied—

"The priest and bridegroom wait the bride
And dame and knight are there;
They sought her both by tower and ha—
The ladie was not seen!
She's e'er the better and awa'
Wi' Jack of Hazard."

"Seriously, Helen," I said, as I took my sewing and sat down in my accustomed seat by the fire, "how fares it with yourself and the deacon? If you could return his honest, sincere affection, I think life might be very pleasant to you."

There was the least curl of her pretty lip as I spoke, and the next instant a tear in her eye—

"And you, too, Bertha?"

"No, Helen—no, I will never advise you to accept the hand without the heart; but beware, dearest, how and to whom you yield that precious treasure. I fear it is already lost. When love enters the heart where there are gray hairs on the head, it makes a strong fortress there. This passion is as much stronger as the experience is broader, and mind and body more mature."

"Gray hairs, Bertha! precious few of them, and if there be some, the head looks all the better for the thread of silver."

"Yes, it is a noble head, but far from being a perfect one; and the face—ah, Helen! I tremble for you if your happiness for life is borne by the heart of which that face is the index."

"What do you see there, Bertha?"

"Some of the lowest passions with some of the noblest virtues—a strange mixture of good and evil; a character to love and fear, but not a companion for the quiet fireside."

"Do you see no struggle there of good with evil?"

"Yes, I believe so."

he spoke, at last replied—

"Mrs. Gray, when I married a wife, I wanted a helpmeet. You were anxious to go to India, to toil for the heathen beneath a burning sun, and in a climate where Americans live short lives. Neither danger nor toil discouraged you; and you professed great disappointment when I settled in this pleasant parish. Whether those professions were real, your own heart can answer. At least, you have now an opportunity to test your love for labor. My salary, you know, is but eight hundred dollars per year; this, with house rent, wood, and all the ecclesiastical, will barely pay our expenses for the year, and when hired labor is added, it materially increases the outlay. My mother says that you can save me a great deal by performing your own kitchen work. I think now you may begin."

I sat silent for a moment. I thought he might be right. I had never been accustomed to household labor, and of late the care of my child had absorbed my time; but I would now try to do as he wished, and I expressed myself thus.

"Very well," said he; "I am glad that you view the matter in the same light with myself. An Irish girl, whom I have engaged, will wash for us."

He then turned to his book; and I sat awhile, till I became sleepy, and rose to leave. It had been my custom since Lily's birth, to keep the watch in my sleeping-room, and not finding it there this evening, I went to the place where it usually hung in the study, for the purpose of taking it with me. It was not there.

"Have you the watch, Mr. Gray?"

"No—I have sold it!"

"Sold my watch, Mr. Gray?" I exclaimed. "I would n't have sold it for twice its value!"

"But I got three times its worth."

"But, Mr. Gray, it was my watch, given to me before my marriage. I valued it too highly to part with it on any terms."

"I thought I had fully explained to you the rights of a husband over his wife's property."

"But, Mr. Gray, this was an uncalculated exercise of power. How could you do it?"

"Who gave you that watch, Bertha?"

"The blood rushed to my face, and I felt conscience-stricken; it was too true that I valued the watch for the giver's sake. Such ornaments were of no value to me in themselves, as I never had a fancy for jewelry of any sort. It was the last token of my childish friendship; everything else had been sacrificed, and had I not, in my heart, dedicated that to Mr. Gray? It was his in a higher sense even than the one in which he viewed it. Yes, he was right here; I must submit; but never perhaps for my peace of mind that I should do so at once and abscondingly. But I have heard so much that I had to struggle with myself before I could reply."

"Herbert gave it to me—(how my voice trembled!) I thought you knew it, or I would have told you."

"I did know it; and as I saw you valued it, I thought it best to part with it, especially as I was offered a sum, as I told you, thrice its value. Sit down a moment; I have something to say to you."

I trembled and grew sick at heart, but I obeyed him. "Bertha, I am not ignorant of your childish attachment, nor of Mr. Herbert's treatment of you; his conduct should have warned your heart wholly from her without this. I have watched you conduct carefully. I have noticed you when you supposed I was not near, and I freely acknowledge that I see nothing to censure. But the heart is deceitful, and desperately wicked; you cannot trust yourself, and I have therefore a few rules which I wish you to heed. Next month the Herberts will be here. I do not wish you to go in there while Mr. Herbert is at home; I prefer that there should be less intercourse between the families."

"But, Mr. Gray, you would not surely deprive Mrs. Herbert of the privilege of coming to see the baby? She returns early on her account, and it would be cruel for me to separate them."

"No—unless she makes too much of a pet of her; we must not have the child spoiled, if I see any danger in that way, I shall interfere myself."

I went to bed that night with a sore heart. I did not sleep much, and when the first daylight streamed into the room, I rose and went down into the kitchen. Mr. Gray laid about until breakfast time; it was his custom to sit up late at night in his study, and sleep later in the morning.

I had just kindled the fire, a task which took some time for want of skill, and was making biscuit, when I heard Lily cry. I could not go at once, but hurried to get my hands out of the dough, and my biscuit-pan into the oven. When I went up to the chamber the baby lay in her crib, and I saw that she was looking in vain for me. Not finding me there she had set up a doleful cry. Her father had once laid her back in the crib and bade her lie still, but she had thrown the clothes off and was repeating her moaning for me. Mr. Gray had raised himself up, and was about to strike her for climbing up again, when he had bidden her lie still, but I sprang forward and caught her in my arms, and ran down stairs.

I managed after awhile to get some breakfast on the table—but, oh dear! my biscuit were heavy and sour! In my haste to go to the baby, I had forgotten my soda-bim—no baking it. I have watched you conduct carefully. I have noticed you when you supposed I was not near, and I freely acknowledge that I see nothing to censure. But the heart is deceitful, and desperately wicked; you cannot trust yourself, and I have therefore a few rules which I wish you to heed. Next month the Herberts will be here. I do not wish you to go in there while Mr. Herbert is at home; I prefer that there should be less intercourse between the families."

One day, toward the last of April, Mr. Gray went to excommunicate a brother minister who lived only a few miles distant; he left early on Sunday morning, intending to be at home the same evening. The minister who preached did not stay with me, but with a sister who lived in the village. During the day it commenced raining, and toward evening, it increased to a fearful storm of wind and rain—the latter poured in torrents. I knew Mr. Gray could not return, and I prepared myself to stay alone at night; something which I had never done before in my life. It was very dark without, and not at all cheerful within, for the wind blew, rattling every window and shaking every door. I huddled Lily to sleep in my arms, and, lying her in the cradle, went round and fastened all the doors, and then sat down by her cradle, and tried to read. I am naturally very timid, and that night every shadow startled me. I sat but a few minutes with my book in hand, when the door bell rang with a sound that echoed all over the house. I was too timid at first to go to the door, but gathering a little courage, I took the lamp, and shading it with my hands, went carefully onward. As I opened the door, the blast blew my light out; the person, whoever it was, stepped at once into the passage and closed the door, as the rain blew in fearfully.

"Good evening, Mrs. Gray," he said, as he stood upon the door-mat, wiping his wet feet. "Allow me to take my rubbers off here?"

"It was so dark that I could not see his face, but his voice! I knew it now! I was sure of it. It was the same that once said to me in the pine wood, 'Be quiet, child; I would not harm you to save my life.'"

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

ACQUAINTANCE.—If a man does not make new acquaintances as he advances through life, he will soon find himself left alone. A man should keep his friendship in constant repair.—Dr. Johnson.

A RECORD OF MODERN MIRACLES.

By S. D. BRITTAN.

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

CHAPTER IV.—[CONCLUDED.]

It was in the autumn of 1855, as nearly as the writer can recollect, that Charles Barker, of Jackson, Michigan, while out on a hunting excursion with a neighboring youth, was accidentally shot by his companion. The charge passed through the pocket of his pantaloons, shivering his knife, trunk key, etc., and together with a portion of the contents of his pocket, was deeply buried in the fleshy part of his thigh. This unfortunate occurrence occasioned extreme suffering and close confinement for several months. At the time of the writer's visit to Jackson, in the succeeding January, his continued pain, extreme debility, and increasing emaciation, awakened in the minds of his friends intense anxiety for his safety.

On my return from the West, I took an early opportunity to submit this distressing case to the clairvoyant inspection of Mrs. Mettler, merely telling her that she was requested to examine a young man who had been shot. There was no intimation respecting the circumstances attending the accident, the seat, or the extent of the injury; nor was the existing condition of the young man in any way implied or referred to. Nevertheless, in the details of her diagnosis, Mrs. M. was remarkably correct, at the same time she was fortunate in her prescriptions. The following extract from a letter received from Mrs. Clara M. Ison, (a sister of Mr. Barker) discloses one fact at least, (the discovery of the penny) that is quite sufficient to settle the question—respecting Mrs. Mettler's independent sight—in the mind of the last rational doubter, if, indeed, there is one such remaining to be satisfied:

"You will remember that during Mrs. Mettler's examination, she discovered a substance in the leg that appeared to her like copper. But Charles has always insisted that he had no copper in his pocket, as all his physicians have asked him particularly about that; we therefore supposed that the obstacle referred to must be steel—the bow of his trunk key. It is now over a week since the spot above mentioned [in an unpublished portion of the letter] began to protrude, the flesh to be badly discolored, and attended with still greater soreness. From its appearance day before yesterday, we knew there must be an accumulation of matter there. Charles, accordingly, took a pair of embroidery scissors and made an opening, which confirmed our suspicions concerning the loss of the key, as we could plainly see through the aperture something that looked like steel quite rusty; but this morning, what was our surprise to see the edge of a penny protruding itself; and this afternoon, mother, with Charles's assistance, took it from the limb, bruised, to be sure, by the force of the charge, but not so much so as to prevent our discerning the date and all the letters."

Mrs. Ison further states that the entire description of the Clairvoyant, including the precise location of the injury, and the subsequent conditions and aspects of the case, were as accurately stated as they could have been by those members of the family who had watched over him from the beginning, and for nearly six months. In such a case Science is a stupid, sightless guide, and must stand out of the way. The spiritually-blind doctors in Michigan could not see that penny when it was within their reach, and their eyes were wide open; but Mrs. Mettler discovered it at a distance of nearly one thousand miles with her eyes closed!

This far-seeing vision enables the physician to look after her patients all over the country, and even in Europe, and likewise to perceive precisely how far each conforms to her directions in the application of the treatment. In this respect also the clairvoyant practitioner certainly possesses a great advantage over the Faculty. It not unfrequently occurs that the disciple of Galen deals out his drugs from day to day, presuming that they are administered agreeably to his instructions; and finding that the patient survives their supposed operation, and gradually recovers, (Nature and a strong resolution fairly conquering the disease and the doctor,) he is of course ascribes the patient's restoration to his professional skill and the peculiar efficacy of his remedies. Having fairly planned himself on his success, and having likewise improved the occasion to impress others with a proper sense of the superiority of science over quackery, he learns, perhaps to his great mortification—that the unfaithful nurse put the prescribed doses of his medicine into the slop-pail! Indignation occasionally succeeds mortification, when the doctor ascertains that the patient really recovered under the treatment of a clairvoyant, and that he was only called in to satisfy the caprice of some venerable matron of the old school, who resided in the family.

On the other hand, Mrs. Mettler's patients—with but few exceptions—have so much confidence in the propriety and efficacy of her treatment that they are little disposed to practice a similar deception, and if they were, they would be quite sure to be detected. I will here record a single example of this kind. Mr. Frederick Bunce, of South Manchester, had faith in clairvoyance and Mrs. Mettler, but his wife had not. Mrs. Bunce had been examined, and was under treatment; but for some reason unknown to her husband the patient did not improve. After a sufficient time had elapsed to fairly test the first prescriptions, Mr. B. resolved that his wife should undergo a second examination, when he hoped to ascertain the reason why the treatment thus far had been ineffectual. Mrs. Bunce was willing to gratify her husband in this respect, and accordingly both paid a visit to the seeress. In the course of her examination, Mrs. Mettler observed that the patient had not improved, for the reason that, instead of swallowing the medicine, she had been in the habit of throwing it out of the window! Mrs. Bunce made a frank confession, and promised to take the medicines. From that time she cheerfully submitted to the treatment, and was soon restored to health.

"THE BLIND SEER"—CASE OF EPHRAIM B. POTTER.

Mrs. Mettler has also been remarkably successful in treating diseases of the eye, and the following statement of an important case—first published in 1855—is extracted from the Hartford Times, not without the hope that others who have hitherto sought in vain, may at last find relief. [Some unimportant portions of Mr. Potter's letter are omitted.]

"Mr. Eboron—On the 15th of February, 1851, in consequence of contracting a severe cold, a severe inflammation of the eyes supervened, generally termed ophthalmia. Residing at Dayton, Ohio, I procured the services of Dr. Wigand of the homoeopathic school, and continued under his treatment three months. I was somewhat benefited, and was by him discharged as cured. I then made a trip to Massachusetts, before resuming my business, (that of civil engineering.) While in Boston a severe relapse took place, and high state of inflammation supervened, to such an extent as to nearly deprive me of sight. I again resorted to the homoeopathic practice, under the treatment of Drs. Wesselhoft, Sawyer and Gregg, of Boston, whose prescriptions I followed for three months, during which time my eyes continued to grow worse, and at the end of that period I was nearly blind.

At this date, by the advice of friends, I consulted Dr. Dix, of Boston, (allopathic,) under whose treatment I continued fifteen months, he pursuing the usual routine of allopathic treatment in cases of this kind—blistering, cupping, scarifying, and active purgation, with colocynth and croton oil. During the first six months I was somewhat relieved, the inflammation having partially subsided from the thorough depletion to which I had been subjected, so that I was able to read some, but still laboring under great debility of those organs. Dr. Dix, considering that the inflammation had pretty much subsided, gave, as his opinion, that the weak condition of my eyes was owing to the long continued and active inflammation, the vessels becoming engorged so as to not be able to perform their wonted functions; and to remedy this he recommended the separation of the vessels, which is performed by dividing the conjunctiva, and with a pair of forceps drawing out the trunk of the vessels which cross the cornea, then dividing or severing them with a common surgeon's knife. This, the Doctor assured me, when two or three times performed, would entirely restore my sight. After much hesitation I at last submitted to the painful operation, and I now shudder to think of it.

Before the operation I was able to see tolerably clear, and read some. Ten days subsequent to the murderous process, inflammation again supervened, I was totally blind. The Doctor seeing the result of the first, declined a second operation. And under his continued promises, and my hope of relief, I continued the treatment a period

of nine months longer, without any alleviation, but if possible, aggravation of symptoms; at the end of which time I was coolly informed that so great a disorganization of the parts had taken place, that, in his opinion, I should never be able to see again."

Mr. Potter proceeds to say that he was next treated by J. M. Spear, and obtained "considerable relief;" and afterward by Dr. Dillingham, a notable practitioner of Boston, "for several months, without any lasting benefit." Having tested the more popular systems of medicine, and being satisfied that he had nothing to hope for from either, he was at last induced to apply to Mrs. Mettler. What followed this last resort of a man who had wasted his last dollar on doctors, and was about to be given over to despair and consigned to perpetual night—is comprehended in the subjoined portion of the patient's own statement:

"Mrs. Mettler traced with a wonderful power and knowledge the history of my case from the commencement to the present time, with an accuracy and familiarity which to me was really astonishing—attending to no facts and circumstances which had occurred during my sickness, and which were only known to me; tracing the disease and causes, the main of which she traced was a scrofulous diathesis from the beginning. She awakened in me a gleam of hope by assuring me that in my then deplorable condition, relief was probable, and a cure was possible. It is needless to say that her assurance caused me much joy, aided in no small degree by the wonderfully correct examination and description of my case. She further assured me that during my convalescence I would be subject to occasional relapses, from each of which I would recover, and be in a better condition than when I entered it, which prediction has been singularly fulfilled. It is now one year since I commenced the use of the remedies and means which she prescribed, and, as the result, I find myself almost entirely restored to soundness of health and restoration of sight. I can therefore truly say that 'whereas I was once blind, now I see.' In grateful remembrance for the great benefit which I have received at her hand, I make this voluntary statement as due to her, as well as to direct the suffering to a trial of her remarkable skill in curing disease."

I will introduce but two additional illustrations of Mrs. Mettler's clear sight. The names of the parties in both cases are withheld for reasons which the mind of the reader will readily suggest. An Editor of a widely circulated journal, published in New York city, one day called on Mrs. M. at her present residence. In the course of a brief seance, the Clairvoyant—without so much as a suggestion from the gentleman—went to visit his wife, who was then in Bridgeport, over fifty miles from the scene of this interview. The general physical condition of the lady was accurately described; but one particular statement occasioned no little surprise, and at the time it was supposed it might be incorrect. The Clairvoyant alleged that Mrs. ——— was *enraged*, and that the case involved something abnormal. It appeared to her that there was a *malformation*; but it was observed that at that early period in the process of gestation she could not discern clearly the nature of the difficulty. "Our editorial friend did not disclose this singular piece of information. Seven months after, having occasion to visit Hartford, he again called on the Seeress, who (being in the trance) informed him that she could then perceive the precise nature of the case, which had been but obscurely foreshadowed in the former diagnosis. She then proceeded to make some very definite statements, the following points being distinctly affirmed, namely—"There was a plural conception;" "the vital forces have been insufficient to develop the two forms;" "the organic structure of one is altogether incomplete, though its weight may be some five pounds;" "the other is perfect in organization and beautifully developed;" "it is a boy, and will weigh about nine pounds." Four weeks after the date of this interview, the accoucheur was sent for, when, strange to say, the foregoing statement of the Clairvoyant was, in every particular, verified by the facts. The writer's authorities in this case are, the gentleman himself and the attendant physician.

In the year 185—, a gentleman, whose home is in "the land of steady habits," had an interview with Mrs. Mettler—while she was entranced—which resulted in singular and important disclosures. He was told that his young wife—who was distinguished for her personal beauty—was engaged in an intrigue with another man. The Clairvoyant described a certain letter just received, and which the husband might find by going to her trunk; and it was further observed that the letter would probably be answered in the afternoon of that day. On leaving the rooms of Mrs. M., the gentleman went immediately home and to his wife's trunk, and finding the identical letter, he at once resolved to intercept the reply. At 3 o'clock P. M., the answer was deposited in the Post-office, and by a previous arrangement with one of the clerks, it fell into the hands of the injured husband. The Clairvoyant subsequently disclosed the intentions of the false fair one, pointed out the places where she would meet the enemy of his peace, and mentioned the fact that the wife was purchasing goods on her husband's account preparatory to leaving him forever. All these statements were fully confirmed by persons employed to observe her movements. Very soon the husband had in his possession abundant evidence of the infidelity of his wife to her marriage vows, including several letters written by the beautiful amorist herself, and containing unmistakable proofs of her amours. Founding his claim on the evidence thus elicited, he applied for and obtained a bill of divorce without the trouble of going to Indiana.

Verily, "there is nothing hidden that shall not be revealed," since there are those who discern the secrets of the mind and heart; and in the light of the morning invisible things uncover the deeds of midnight. We know not how many look through the outward forms into the inward recesses of our being, discerning the very elements of disease, and where they first blend with the springs of life. In the department of diagnostics, therefore, we are not left to depend alone on external signs—which at best furnish uncertain and dangerous criteria—but we may call to our aid this power whereby the entranced soul looks through the forms of things and sees their essences. We thus ascertain the precise condition of each separate organ, and the extent to which the vital equilibrium has been interrupted.

While Mrs. Mettler has thousands of earnest friends in every part of the country, whose personal experience is a triumphant vindication of her claims, her enemies (if she has any) must be few in number and incapable of doing her any lasting injury. Her detractors must of necessity reside at a distance, for they can scarcely come near enough to realize her presence without reforming their conduct. By a mysterious species of exorcism she banishes the spirits of evil from the minds of her visitors. Who shall tell what becomes of her enemies, since many cross her threshold never to return. (As enemies) the world never hears of them again. Every day has added to the number of those who shall hold her in perpetual and grateful remembrance. Nor has she finished her beneficent labor. The future shall multiply her conquests. In her presence, suspicion shall languish and expire; doubt shall give place to faith, and at her word new hopes spring up and flourish in the desolate heart, making the arid wastes of life beautiful. Many who are ready to perish shall come to her as the multitudes thronged the ancient porches of Bethesda; and her ministry shall cause the despairing soul to trust in God. The afflicted shall rejoice; the persecutor shall lay down his weapons; the hypocrite shall be stripped of his frail disguise; the impure in heart and life shall make humble confession; malice shall retire to the darkness of her own perdition:

"Envy grow pale and bite the dust,
And Slander gnaw her forked tongue."

What the present writer has recorded, respecting the soul-experiences and the beneficent labors of SEMANTHA METTLER, does by no means cover all the more important phases of her spiritual powers and developments. From time to time she has given prophetic communications which have been literally fulfilled; and occasionally her graphic personations of departed human beings—or other incidental proofs of an invisible spiritual presence—have shaken or removed the most incorrigible skepticism. But the present purpose is accomplished; and with a single additional remark, the writer will here take leave of the reader. It is the honest pride of Mrs. Mettler's numerous friends that, through all the great public ordeal of her life (during which—from the very nature of her profession and the necessities of suffering humanity—she has been placed in intimate relations to thousands, and thus become the possessor of the secrets of many an unwritten life-history) she has so lived, that her daily deportment and familiar conversation have destroyed the deepest enmity of the most inveterate opposers, while foul suspicion has found no "breath of life" in the atmosphere that surrounds her presence.

MAN AND HIS RELATIONS.

Written for the Banner of Light.

By S. D. BRITTAN.

SECOND SERIES.

CHAPTER II.

PHILOSOPHY OF FASCINATION.

Complete isolation is never one of the conditions of being. The elements exist together, and are modified by mutual association and action. Ultimate particles, by a natural coalescence, unite and form the worlds. The great kingdoms of Nature—rising in orderly succession, one above another—have no absolute independence. Each sustains intimate relations to the others, and the whole resembles a vast pyramid, whose base is broad as *terra*, and whose common vertex is man. The forms of the organic creation all exhibit intimate relations, and are mutually dependent; nor can man, with all his boasted freedom, separate himself from his natural relations, or break away from his appropriate place in the complex web of existence. Every day his pride is humbled by some lesson of painful experience, and he is made to feel the force of a natural law of democratic equality. Providence permits inferior natures to share with him the common elements of the world. The same earth nourishes man and every meaner creature, and the same atmosphere moves the lungs of every living thing. The prince has small reason to frown on the beggar, or the philosopher to despise the savage, since those who consume most of the products of the earth are of all men most dependent. Before God the artificial distinctions which elevate the inheritors of wealth, and power, and royalty, may only serve to reveal their intrinsic poverty and the most abject dependence. The fire that consumes their dwellings and their goods, the frost that chills their blood, and the tempests that destroy their harvests, alike admonish them that Nature resorts to no special legislation in their behalf. Even the pestilential vapors from the loathsome hovels of the great city—borne along by the free winds—often become ministers of justice and equality, to teach the rich and the proud the unwelcome truth that they belong to the same fraternity with the wretched outcasts of St. Giles.

This intimate relation of all the forms of the natural world to each other involves a perpetual commingling of their subtle emanations; and forces, hence their reciprocal influence and all the phenomena of action and reaction. But I will be more explicit. Doubtless all material bodies have their atmospheres, composed of the more ethereal portions of the simple substances which constitute the forms of the material creation. The subtle emanations from all bodies are essentially the same as their more ponderable constituents. The exhalations from the earth and other planets form the great atmospheric seas that surround their surfaces. It is equally true that every simple substance in nature is surrounded by its own peculiar emanations, and that each organic form has its appropriate atmosphere. Moreover, the mind that is gifted with acute and delicate powers of perception—from the conscious influence of these spheres on the phases of thought and feeling—may determine their respective sources, inasmuch as the essential nature and specific qualities of the emanations from all bodies must resemble the grosser elements, thus held in chemical and organic union by the power of cohesion and the mysterious principles of life. The ponderable and imponderable substances of the physical world are chiefly dissimilar in the existing states of the simple elements, and the conditions of organic and inorganic combination. It follows, therefore, that the material and spiritual worlds and their elemental principles, the earths and their organic forms, the souls of men and the hosts of heaven, all have atmospheres which combine and represent the essential attributes and qualities of their respective natures and peculiar states.

The forms of organized life are constantly influenced by the existing conditions of the unorganized elements. The varying degrees of light and moisture, and the thermo-electrical changes, constantly occurring in the earth and atmosphere, all modify the states and processes of vegetable, animal, and human existence. It is well known that plants and animals, by a natural and constant reciprocation, furnish each other with the essential elements of their mutual life and growth. Each is necessary to the normal existence of the other. Moreover, they exert an influence on man under all circumstances, and in every period of his mundane career. Gorgeous colors, harmonic sounds, delicate aromas, and exquisite flavors, all feast and delight the senses. But the invisible emanations from inanimate forms produce other and less agreeable effects. Invisible agents of infection are evolved from the decomposing processes of the organic world. The smoke arising from the combustion of certain poisonous plants and trees, diffuses their deleterious properties. Moreover, the natural exhalations from the Upas, in the forests of Java, and, to some extent, from trees that grow in our own country, are said to infect the atmosphere by their poisonous effluvia.

A comprehensive law unites all things in one universal economy, embracing every orb and every atom. All receive their mysterious quickening from the same incomprehensible Centre of life and motion; and whatever antagonisms may appear on the remote surfaces of being, there is UNITY at the Heart. This relation of all things to a common source, involves a correlation of the several parts, one to another, and each to all. Hence the universal sympathies of Nature, as illustrated in the laws and processes of molecular attraction, elective and chemical affinity, and the natural gravitation and cohesion of simple elements in worlds, and suns, and souls.

If, then, a subtle influence emanates from every orb, and even from each ultimate particle which is irresistible as the gravitation that balances the Universe, and all the potencies of Nature, reside in sublimated invisible elements; if every inanimate object sustaining relations to all others, and each simple substance is thus surrounded by its own peculiar emanations—influential as far as its atmosphere extends—we need not be surprised to learn that similar influences proceed from all the forms of animated nature, and that by voluntary effort they may be greatly intensified and easily directed to particular objects. While the absence of life and locomotion leave all inanimate things to preserve the same relative positions, the inhabitants of the animal kingdom—by the power of voluntary motion—are enabled to change their positions in respect to fixed objects and geographical lines, and thus to change their relations to each other at pleasure. It will be perceived that the sphere of invisible, commingling elements, that surrounds the animal and the man, can scarcely remain unchanged during any two days in the whole existence of the individual. Hence the influences which excite and determine feeling, volition and action, are susceptible of an indefinite number of changes and combinations. Everything that lives and moves in our presence, modifies the very atmosphere we breathe. A man may not so much as speak or lift his hand—not even feel deeply or think earnestly—without moving the electro-magnetic aura that surrounds his person. In this manner we unconsciously modify the conditions of being as far as our influence may extend. And who shall define the ultimate limits of individual influence? It is not without some show of reason as well as fancy, that certain ingenious theorists have maintained that the ripple occasioned by dropping a pebble into the midst of the sea moves the surface to the distant shore; that the reverberations of sound have no limit in space; and that the great globe itself—in some inappreciable degree—trembles beneath our footsteps.

The mysterious forces of life, the agent of sensation, and of vital and voluntary motion, are essentially the same in all animal and human bodies. This electric agent, on which the functions of animated nature are perceived to depend, being homogeneous in all the forms of the living world, it is but natural that they should—through this refined and all-pervading medium—exert a powerful influence on each other. This being the proximate agent in all the functions of animal and human bodies, it is only necessary to control the distribution of this principle, in order to influence the voluntary and involuntary functions of all living beings. Whenever this refined aura is sent out from one animal or man to another individual of the same or of a distinct species, the creature to which it is directed may be influenced in a degree that varies according to the measure of executive force in the operator, and the degree of susceptibility in the subject. If the active force be strong, properly concentrated, and directed with unerring precision; and if, at the same time, the recipient be in a passive condition, or quiescent state, so that the vital effluvia may be absorbed, or otherwise permitted to pervade the channels of nervous energy, the effects produced on the functions will be at once decided and wonderful. The subtle effluvia from animals and men appro-

priately belongs to themselves, and may be influenced by them after it has been made to pervade other living forms. In proportion, therefore, as this homogeneous agent of sensation and motion is infused by one living being into another, the two become—temporarily, at least—associated or conjoined. When this relation has been fairly established, and the common medium of electro-nervous communication flows uninterruptedly, the one acquires a mysterious and irresistible power over the sensations, affections and movements of the other. The examples of the exercise of this power—when they occur among animals of the lower orders, and between man and inferior creatures—are ordinarily distinguished and characterized by the terms *fascination* and *charming*. The phenomenal illustrations are numerous, but a few examples will suffice in this connection. That beasts of prey and serpents frequently exercise this remarkable power over other creatures, and that reptiles, birds, and quadrupeds are susceptible of the influence, are facts established by the concurrent testimony of many conscientious observers. The writer once witnessed the results of this species of enchantment. I was one day angling along the bank of a stream in Spencer, Massachusetts, when my attention was attracted by the wild, unusual notes and the rapid gyrations of a robin. The bird was moving in concentric circles about a little tree, and around a principal branch of which I espied the coil of a large black snake. The head of the serpent was elevated, and his eyes apparently fixed on his prey, while the bird was every moment drawing nearer to destruction. The natural enmity of man to all snakes, which (according to the theologians) I inherited from the common mother of mankind, prompted a resolute assault on the serpent, broke the spell, and the affrighted bird escaped.

In like manner serpents charm mice, squirrels, and other small animals; and instances are not wanting in which human beings have been spell-bound by their subtle magnetism. Dr. Newman, in his work on Fascination, refers to two or three persons who were fascinated by serpents; and several well authenticated cases have appeared in the newspapers. Among the number of recent examples, I am reminded of the case of a small boy—five years old—son of a Mr. Martin, who lives near Gilbert's Mills. The little fellow was observed to be very quiet, uncommunicative, and apparently failing in health. From day to day he was wont to leave his companions and spend some time alone, at a little distance from the house. One day a person who was thus led to watch his movements, followed him to the bank of a creek. When the child had seated himself and commenced to eat his dinner, a large snake made its appearance, and coiling itself about the lad in the most familiar way, shared the child's repast, licking his fingers and rubbing against the cheek of the charmed boy, as if caressing him with the fondest affection. The snake was killed, and the child soon recovered his normal health and disposition. If such examples do not render the Hebrew story of Eve's seduction more than probable, we must leave the skeptics in the hands of the theologians.

It may not be safe in all cases to abruptly destroy a reptile under such circumstances. When the operator and the subject are both human, it is often found that there is such a complete blending of the nervous forces of the two bodies, that any injury inflicted on the former is instantly felt by the latter. Indeed, the magnetized subject will often sense the least violence done to his magnetizer when he is not sensible of the injury done to his own body. Vaillant, in the account of his Travels in Africa, relates that on one occasion he shot a large serpent while the reptile was in the act of charming a bird. He was surprised on observing that the bird did not move as he approached. On a closer inspection the reason was obvious—the bird was dead. In the opinion of Dr. Newman, either fear or this strange power of fascination destroyed its life; but in the judgment of the present writer the death of the bird is not to be ascribed to the one or the other of the causes named. Doubtless the same shot that killed the serpent destroyed the life of the bird also, owing to the intimate blending of the nervous or vital forces of the two bodies.

While few men have been fascinated by snakes, the serpent charmers of India all possess this remarkable influence over the reptiles of their country, and nothing is more common among the barbarous African tribes than this power of fascination. Travelers inform us that the natives handle scorpions and vipers with the greatest freedom, and, without the slightest injury or apprehension, placing them in their bosoms or throwing them among their children. According to Mr. Bruce, who had abundant opportunities for personal observation, the venomous creatures close their eyes, and appear to be rendered powerless by handling; and he affirms that they make no resistance when the barbarians devour them alive.

When the serpent exercises this power over either the animal or human subject the head assumes an erect position, and the eyes, which are directed to the object, exhibit an unusual brilliancy. The electric forces are most intensely focalized about the organ of vision when the attention is thus concentrated, and the subtle influence is projected in invisible shafts while the gaze continues to be fixed. This is substantially the method adopted by the human operator, while the whole process and the actual results are fundamentally the same. By this influence the Laplander at once subdues his furious dogs, rendering them perfectly harmless and docile in a surprising degree. We have lion and tiger tamers in our own country, before whose fixed gaze and resolute will the ferocious beasts quail and become submissive. Other men tame wild horses. Townsend gives an account of one James Sullivan, who was familiarly known as the *whisperer*. He would enter the stable alone with the most vicious horse, and in half an hour the animal would be found lying down under the fascinating spell of Sullivan. Rarey has quite recently attracted general attention in this country and in Europe by his truly masterly exercise of the same power.

Birds are susceptible of this power of fascination; but from among the illustrations of this class I can only cite a single example. Some time since Mademoiselle Vandermeersch, a beautiful young lady from Belgium, created a peculiar interest by an exhibition of her learned birds. Some may be inclined to ascribe the results in this case to an ordinary educational process; but it was apparently under the action of her will that the birds were impelled to answer various questions correctly, by drawing cards on which the appropriate answers were inscribed. When the beautiful charmer demanded to know the hour, her goldfinch would hop out of his cage and look about among the cards, apparently engaged in serious deliberation. At length he would lay hold of the right card, and tossing it to the company in a cavalier manner, would return to his perch in the cage. In this way a great number and variety of questions were answered with surprising accuracy.

That Humanity possesses this inherent power over the brute creation, the writer has no doubt. The facts cited in this chapter are incidental illustrations occurring under a great law, that is broad and comprehensive in its scope as the nature and relations of animal and human existence. Had that law been everywhere perceived and universally acted on, it is quite likely that all inferior creatures would have recognized man's right to the scepter of the world. But through his ignorance and his cruelty he has trampled that law under foot; and, as a natural consequence, the stronger animals have manifested a determined resistance to his authority.

I cannot omit some reference in this connection to an interesting incident in my own experience. I was on one occasion illustrating this idea of the natural supremacy of man, in the course of a public lecture, delivered in the Village Hall, at Putnam, Conn. I had observed that a strange dog was laying at full length on the floor, at a distance of not less than thirty or forty feet from the platform. The noble animal—a large one of his kind—appeared to be asleep, and no more interested than other drowsy hearers. The speaker was insistent, with some earnestness, that had man strictly obeyed the natural law, designed to regulate his relations to the animal kingdom, the whole brute creation would, probably, have yielded instinctive obedience to his authority. Just at that point in the discourse the dog, without any apparent cause, was suddenly disturbed. Rising from his recumbent position, he walked slowly to the front of the speaker's stand. Looking steadily in my face for a minute or two, he deliberately ascended the stairs and stretched himself at my feet, at the very moment the argument was concluded, thus presenting a most interesting and impressive illustration of a curious and profound subject.

In one Church in Worcester, crowded every Sunday, some of the pews are let double seated; i. e., they are let to twice as many persons as can occupy them. The occupants then determine who shall come in the morning and who in the afternoon.

Reputation.

Almost all public writers and speakers regard a great many words and a great deal of time to make a fair and handsome presentation of their own good character and excellent virtues. One half that is said and written is to this end. All such writing and speaking, in the view of common sense, is nonsense and twaddle.

If a man has a thought to express, and expresses it, and another does not like it, and expresses his opposition to it, what is the need of contradicting the opposition, and defending, with a long argument, one's own views, and making "myself" and "my own position" appear all right and beautiful?

How much is the good opinion of a man worth to you? Take twelve and a half cents unjustly away from a man who holds you in the highest respect, and it balances his account with you. Good reputation can be bought or sold for dollars, and generally for cents. Let a man once be aware that you are on his financial rights, and what is his estimate of your goodness worth? Nothing. Good reputation does nothing for a man beyond dollars and cents, and very little more. 'Tis too precious to be sold for dollars and cents, and how low we are of real merit. I asked our deacon, the other day, which was more preferable, to steal a dollar from Mr. Brown, one of our poor neighbors, and have the reputation of having presented Mr. Brown with one dollar—or to present Mr. Brown with one dollar, and have the reputation of having stolen from Mr. Brown one dollar? "I declare," said the deacon, "that is a tough question."

Would the world become careless of reputation, and seek only the real, seek only truth, and all speakers and writers do the same, more than one half the trash of writing, preaching, printing, and talking, would be saved.

A. B. C.

Spiritualism—What it has done.

THE WASHINGTON GAZETTE—over welcome to our table—gives a very comprehensive view of the Spiritualism of to-day in a brief editorial published in the last number, which will do well that we give it the benefit of our extensive circulation:

"If that which is known as Spiritualism, that is: all its manifestations and wonders, as rapping, spirit writing, speaking, healing, etc., were to cease to-day, it would leave to mankind the greatest result that has ever been wrought out in any ten years in the previous history of the world. It has laid the foundation for an undoubted faith in our immortality; it has taught man that he must be his own savior, and that to be saved, he is to be good; it has revealed the wisdom and mercy of the FATHER as no religious doctrine has done before, in showing how He has provided for all of his children, that all man, and will, be brought to the knowledge of the truth; it has taught man that the Church is not an essential medium between him and heaven; and therefore he can look for no aid or help to the throne of God, save through the good that is within him; it exalts man in having shown that the least developed of the human race possess a germ of the Divine within, that will grow brighter and brighter in the light of the future world; it takes away all fear of death, and shows it to be a separation founded in ignorance and finally, it inculcates always the doctrine that only through love and goodness can man hope for peace, happiness, and a bright immortality."

"Popular" Religion.

Proclaim your virtues to the world by profession, and keep your faults in obscurity by self-denial. Keep your eye single to the glory of self-respectability and good standing in society, but take no thought concerning that of others. Condemn the criminal to ignominy—make wider the gap of his immorality—persecute his bleeding wounds deeper—crush him without mercy. Bow to the rich, and kick at the poor. Honor the man of good repute, and frown contemptuously on the man of bad repute; love the clean outside, foster, cherish and protect it; but deal out, with the merciless hand of self-righteousness, the blows of condemnation to him whose outside is defaced by evil deeds. Deal justly with, and be friendly to, all who believe in "our" creed, but deal in vengeance with, and be unfriendly to, all who believe in other creeds.

"Natural" Religion.

A French pastor, interrogating the children of his Sunday school, addressed the following question to a young miss in the class: "What is your only consolation in life and in death?" The young miss blushing declined to answer at first, but being prevailed upon, she said: "It is the young rope maker in the Rue des Agneaux."

L. K. Cooley.

Bro. C. writes us from Rockford, Ill., under date of Nov. 1st, as follows:

"Miss Hulet has been compelled to return home, on account of sickness. My own health has been quite poor this summer, but is better now. I shall probably visit Tennessee in December, and Chicago in January. Mrs. Cooley goes with me, and gives brief lectures before each lecture. The BANNER is very popular wherever I go. As I came West, I stopped at a good-sized city, and, wishing to find some Spiritualists, I inquired at the periodical depots for the BANNER OF LIGHT, and found a place where a few copies were taken. On asking for the names of the subscribers, the names were refused, on the ground that the persons were not Spiritualists, but Christian ministers!"

Bigotry of Universalists.

With all the liberalizing influences that the humane doctrine of Universal Salvation would be supposed to have upon its followers, we have often heard it remarked by reformers that Universalists, as a body, are no less conservative and bigoted than are the members of Orthodox churches. Where is our venerable brother, Thomas Whittemore? Do his feet still stick in the steps of reform he made so many years ago?

"Professors."

We have heard during the last week of two new lecturers against Spiritualism: each calls himself "Professor." Nearly all the lecturers against Spiritualism call themselves Professors. What is the meaning of the word "Professor"? If its meaning is established by its modern use, we answer, it means Grimes, Bigs, Lester, Roebuck, or any other name before which the owner has the modest assurance to prefix the title without the honor.

Let your Children Work.

Bring up your children to do something; make them learn habits of industry and responsibility; impress upon their young hearts the value and the beauty of deeds of kindness and benevolence; teach them the value of the necessities of life, that are earned by toiling hands and the sweat of honest brows, by practical lessons.

Hume, the Medium.

A late letter from Paris says that Hume, the well-known rapping medium, has just passed through Paris, with his wife, on his way to America. It is not only not lost his power of evoking spirits, but has acquired new and more terrible power. Instead of confining his miracles to conversation and communion between the living and the dead, he now places living, but widely separated, friends in connection, and enables them to hold converse together.

Caught in their own Trap.

Mrs. David Walker, of Newark, N. J., recently committed suicide by taking arsenic. There was an attempt, on the part of the local press, to make Spiritualism responsible for the act; but it was soon ascertained that she was a late convert to a popular form of religious faith, and had but recently connected herself with the Methodist Church.

Religious Revivals.

A lady who recently spoke in a public meeting on the subject of religious revivals, said: "I was converted fourteen years ago, at a revival meeting, and was baptized in January, through a hole cut in the ice, with thirteen others. Twelve out of the thirteen are now backsliders, and one is dead. I am the fourteenth; and from my own experience, I cannot speak favorably of religious revivals."

Cora L. V. Hatch.

Our New York and Brooklyn readers will doubtless be pleased to learn that this lady resumes her lectures in Brooklyn, this winter. She will lecture in Brooklyn Athenaeum, corner of Clinton and Atlantic streets, on Sundays, November 20th and 27th, at 3-1-2 and 7-1-2 o'clock, p. m.

New Music.

We have received from Messrs. Oliver Ditson & Co., 277 Washington street, the following pieces of music:

ZUCCHIO QUADRILLES, by Charles D'Albert.
OUR GIRLS, BALLAD, words by C. D. Stuart, music by Thomas Baker. A very neat vignette.
CORNELIA WALTZ, for the piano, by C. L. Wickham.
POLITICO GALOP, from acts in Donizetti's opera, I. Martini; arranged by F. B. Helmsheller.
OTTO BOUNDS, Valse Brillante, by Johann Durring.
LES FEMMES SCILLENSES, No. 50 of the Bouquet of Melodico, Ditson's edition.

Working Farmer and Banner of Light for \$2.25 per Year.

Persons who may wish to take a first class Agricultural paper with the BANNER, will do well to subscribe for the WORKING FARMER, a monthly paper, edited by THOS. J. J. MAPES, which we can cheerfully recommend.

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

A saving of seventy-five cents will be made to those who subscribe under this arrangement. If preferred, orders may be sent for both papers to the office of the WORKING FARMER.

Why Some Men Fall.

If it be true that organic diseases, and other bodily infirmities, are transmitted from one generation to another, it is altogether rational to conclude that the intellectual faculties and moral sentiments—in all their manifestations—may be influenced in a similar manner, by the action of the same law. Men who are imbecile in mind, and whose moral perceptions, are obscure and therefore unreliable, often fall because they are unable to preserve their moral balance. They may not have the strength to stand erect in virtue, and in numerous instances are no more to be condemned for falling than the lame man who stumbles over a precipice when the daylight is withdrawn.

For California.

Mrs. M. MUNSON, clairvoyant and spirit medium, called for San Francisco, California, Nov. 5th. We commend her to our friends in that State.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

THIS NUMBER OF THE BANNER CONTAINS—First Page—Bertha Lee.

Second Page—The closing up of Prof. Brittan's "Record of Modern Miracles." Chapter two of "Man and his Relations."

Third Page—Judge Edmonds on the "Antiquities of Spiritualism." Poetry: Rev. Dr. Chapin's Sermon.

Sixth Page—Two columns of Messages from the Departed; Poetry: Chapter two of the Prison Papers; Report of the Bromfield Street Conference.

Seventh Page—"The Boston Recorder and Mr. Beecher." Dr. Doual at Music Hall; Spirit Communications; Poetry: "Second Coming of Christ in Spirit." Movements of Lecturers, etc.

Eighth Page—Rev. Mr. Beecher's Sermon.

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

REPORT.—S. J. Finney's lectures at Ordway Hall, on Sunday, Nov. 6th, will be printed in next week's BANNER.

We would request our friends, when sending us letters, partly on business, and partly for publication, to write each on separate sheets or pages. As our business is so extensive we have not the time to copy news items from business letters. This is the sole reason why several correspondence communications have been overlooked of late.

Peterson's Philadelphia Counterfeit Detector and Bank Note List for November, notices the startling fact that no less than fifty-one new counterfeit and altered bank notes have been put in circulation within a fortnight, many of which are so well executed as to defy the closest inspection. The Monthly may be had for \$1 per annum; the Semi-Monthly for \$2. Address T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 800 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

A SERMON OF OLD AOM.—This discourse—one of the very best Theodore Parker ever preached—has been long out of print, and demands for it have been in vain. But it has lately been republished in a neat pamphlet form, by "The Fraternity," and is for sale by H. W. Swift, 128 Washington street. Price six cents.

A person, speaking of a drink he once had occasion to indulge in, says he could not tell whether it was brandy or a torch-light procession that was going down his throat. If he had "extended" his investigations, he would probably have ascertained the stuff he imbibed was "Poisoned brandy."

The position assigned to woman in society, says the Newburyport Herald, is generally regarded as an exponent of the civilization of any age or nation. If such is the case, we have reason to congratulate ourselves on the great elevation we have attained; for never certainly did woman occupy so large a place, nor was she ever so prominent, in all situations, as at the present time.

A negro boy, who professed to be dreadfully alarmed at the cholera, took to the woods to avoid it, and was there found asleep. Being asked why he went to the woods, he said, "To pray." "But," said the overseer, "how was it you went to sleep?" "Do not know, massa," "zactly," responded the negro, "but I 'spec I must have overprayed myself!"

A story has been told of a priest, who, it being Friday, had just helped himself to a whole salmon, with the remark, "It is fast day with me, gentlemen," when a great fellow, with red whiskers, reached across the table, and cutting the fish in two, took half of it, with the remark, "Bad luck to ye I do you think nobody has a soul to be saved but yourself?"

The night is mother of the day,
The winter of the spring;
And over upon old decay,
The greenest mosses cling.
Behind the cloud the starlight lurks,
Through showers the sunbeams fall:
For God, who loveth all his works,
Has left His hope with all!

The result of the Massachusetts State election on Tuesday week, was the re-election of the Republican ticket, headed by Governor Banks. A respectable number of votes were cast for George N. Briggs, and more yet for Gen. B. F. Butler. There was no excitement from the fact that most citizens had other business to attend to.

The State liquor agent is to have twenty-five days' imprisonment in Suffolk jail, if he shall refuse to be delivered of his books. The Traveller says:

"The decision to imprison him was not the wisest one that could have been made. When there is a fight between an individual and a powerful body like our Legislature, men are very apt to go behind the record, and to sympathize with the former, regardless of circumstances. Besides, it is by no means clear that the Legislature has the right to demand Mr. Burnham's books; and it is a cardinal principle that the weaker party should have the benefit of all doubts that may exist in cases of the kind."

OLD TIMES.—In an old church-yard attached to a Dutch Church erected in 1690, at Tarrytown, N. Y., near Sleepy Hollow, may be seen a tombstone bearing the following inscription:—"In memory of Capt. John Buckout, who departed this life April the 10th, 1785, aged 103 years, and left behind him 240 children and grandchildren. A. M. Mary, the wife of John Buckout, died August, 1785, aged 73 years."

The revival mania is prevailing in Scotland, and it is related that a lady reproved her servant girl, when she returned for the third time, between one and two o'clock in the morning, repeatedly from a revival meeting. "Don't speak to me, mem," said the girl, "I'm ane o' the Lord's an' inted!"

Dr. Chapin truly says, in his sermon printed on our third page, that "we never shall see God, as some people entertain the notion of seeing him—not even in all the ages of eternity shall we see God as an actual, bodily substance, for the very perception would destroy the essential characteristic of God."

To dribble away life in exchanging bits of painted paste-board, round a green table, can only be excused in folly or superannuation.

SAD WASTE OF TIME.—Carefully brushing another man's hat, while thinking it to be your own.

CENTOSITES FROM AFRICA.—Mr. Paul du Chailu, who was moved by a love of adventure, has been hunting beasts and birds in Africa for the last four years, and has returned to New York, laden with spoils. Among the novelties which he introduces to the American public for the first time, are several splendid specimens of that newly-discovered race of Troglodytes known as Gorillas. These creatures are exaggerated monkeys, and combine the cunning and nimbleness of the Simian tribe. The larger specimens are about five feet five inches high, and fifty-two inches around the chest, with a neck like a bull's, and arms as thick as a man's thighs. They possess great muscular power.

An Arkansas editor got married recently, and has since become very enthusiastic. Hear him:

There is not in this wide world a happier life;
Than to sit by the stovepipe and tickle your wife;
Taste the sweets of her lips in a moment of glee,
And twist the cat's tail as she jumps on your knee.

ARMING IN THE BRITISH PROVINCES.—Three thousand Enfield rifles have arrived at Halifax from Canada, for the Volunteer Rifle Companies. One thousand additional have been sent to Prince Edward's Island. Ships Niles, Ol guns, and Melpomene, 80 guns, are expected at Halifax from England, in addition to the considerable force already there.

There is a weed known as digitalis, or fox-glove, which is a much more potent narcotic than tobacco. A late European correspondent of the Tribune states that this drug is extensively

imported into the United States, and still more extensively into Havana, not for medical purposes, but to be used in the manufacture of cigars. While speaking of the use of this drug as a remedy, Professor Gilman, of the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York, remarked: "It has hurtled thousands out of life. I know not why it is called digitalis, unless because it points to the grave."

The most expensive part of Europe at the present moment is said to be Hungary, and any rising in that quarter might prove uncontrollable on the part either of Austria or France, especially if it should suit Russia to give the signal.

"FIZZLE."—The Des Moines Citizen says that a returned Pike's Peak wagon passed that office a few days since, with these words rudely daubed on the cover: "Fizzle—ask no questions." That told the whole story as well as it could be told in half an hour, and saved the time of the travelers, who felt that they had already wasted too much.

Mike came into our sanctum the other day with a very knowing look. His first salutation was—
"Why is the Great Eastern like an Irish girl?"
We of course gave it Mike.
"Because," said Mike, "one is Maid of Erin, and the other is made of iron."—*Twitland Ad.*

The Paris correspondent of the New York Express gives an item about the Empress Eugenie, which will interest the ladies. At the ball given at Bordeaux, Her Majesty's dress was of white tulle, of the tulle form, embroidered with pailles and bordered by a garland of cherry velvet. The sleeves were trimmed with diamond tags. She wore a Greek diadem, sparkling with diamonds, set upon cherry-colored velvet, among them being the famous "Regent." The three ladies of honor attached to the Empress all wore dresses of rose-colored tulle, trimmed with ribbons and bouquets of assorted flowers.

Civilization and barbarism come together. Savage Indians and fashionable ladies paint their faces. So, too, each are equally fond of rings and jewels.

Government troops are on their way to Brownville, to protect the citizens against the aggressions of Mexican outlaws.

A boy was asked one day what made him dirty, and his reply was—"I am made, so they tell me, of the dust of the ground, and I reckon it's just working out."

"Man was never made to mourn!"
Spring, Apollo, to thy feet!

Cast despairing thoughts away—
Taste the cup of life how sweet;
Seize the hammer, seize the spade,
Yoke the oxen to the plow,
And bright thy lamp of life shall be,
Earning plenty by thy brow.

We praise men for fighting, and punish children for doing the same thing.

Speaking of the recent fine weather, one of our exchanges says:—"After an emphatic Squaw winter, Indian Summer, the finest for years, is upon us in all its glory. Hill-tops and valleys, like the future, all wear a misty, hazy, undefined aspect. Nature has clothed herself in her most gorgeous array, and the multi-tinted leaves give to the grand old forest a magnificent appearance. And, as fall these leaves, so fall good men; their duty done, they return to earth; and the limbs of the leafless trees point to Heaven, as do the actions of the good."

A loquacious and jolly citizen approaching a Baptist minister, said to him, with much seriousness, that he hoped were wholly inconsistent with the doctrines of his church. The clergyman being at a loss to know why, inquired the reason for such a notion, when the wag stated that they forbid "close communion."

Quails are appearing in great numbers in some of the towns of Illinois, and people shoot them from the doors of their houses.

THE LIQUOR LAW SUSTAINED IN COURT.—At the present term of the Supreme Court, arguments have been made upon exceptions in over seventy-five cases where parties had been indicted for liquor-selling, and convicted in the Court of Common Pleas in the several counties. The Court has given its opinion in all or nearly all of these cases, overruling the exceptions, and remanding the parties back to the lower Court for sentence.

A Frankfort letter announces the arrest of a professor of theology at the University of Leipzig, under an accusation of having abstracted a great number of valuable manuscripts from the library of the academy.

A locksmith in Frankfort-on-the-Main has hit upon the ingenious idea of constructing a strong box without any key-hole at all, and which even the owner himself cannot open. Inside is a clock-work, the hand of which the owner places at the hour and minute when he again wants to have access to the box. The clock-work begins to move as soon as the lid is shut, and opens the lock from the inside at the moment when the hand indicates.

New MSS. of Swedenborg's writings, containing sketches of his journey to Holland in 1743, and several of his mystical speculations, have been discovered in Stockholm.

On dit that the Boston Post-office is to be removed to Summer street. We hope and trust that no such foolish move will take place.

The sentence of Capt. Holmes, of Maine, convicted, some time since, of the murder of a sailor upon the high seas, and sentenced to be hung on the 25th inst., has been commuted to imprisonment for life by the President.

It is said that lawyers at the South, who have examined the indictments against the persons concerned in the affray at Harper's Ferry, state that the allegations are so loosely drawn, and contain so many inaccuracies, that no judicial tribunal, acting upon legal principles, would have proceeded to the extremity of sentencing the prisoners to death. If the highest court in Virginia decide the case in accordance with acknowledged principles of law, the verdict of the jury at Charlottesville will be set aside.

There is a spring, on the route of the overland mail, about two hundred miles east of El Paso, which is said to be one hundred and fifty feet in diameter, which has been sounded to the depth of nine thousand feet without finding bottom.

PLAYED OUT.—The Bass River Bank, which has been running down for some time, is now to be finally "wound up."

The three leading journals of New York, the Herald, Times and Tribune, contained, one day last week, fresh advertisements, yielding for a single day's publication the aggregate sum of \$3300.

GERRIT SMITH'S INSANITY.—The Utica Herald says, "In relation to the insanity of Hon. Gerrit Smith:

"We are greatly pained to learn that Gerrit Smith, the free-hearted but sadly erratic philanthropist, became on Monday last an inmate of the New York State Lunatic Asylum, whence it has been found necessary to place him, on account of marked insanity. We learn that he is very violent, and has exhibited a disposition to commit suicide, and that an attendant keeps constant watch over him to prevent him from laying violent hands on himself. This result we hear attributed to the connection of Mr. Smith's name with the Harper's Ferry affair, though many will regard it as the consequence of long seated and marked disease."

"Way is a newly born babe like a gale of wind," asked Digby of Jo Cose, yesterday.

"Dunno," said Jo, "unless it begins with a squall."

"Here is another, Jo: Why is a pretty girl and a wild horse likely to do considerable mischief?"

"Well, that's easy enough to get at," said Jo; "one runs away with a man's body, and the other with his heart."

As Gov. Wise has held great spite against "old Brown," it is now said he will re-visit him, by hanging him on the 16th of December.

Counterfeit fives on the Citizen's Bank, Worcester, Mass., are in circulation.

Cook, and all the other Harper's Ferry prisoners, have been sentenced to be hung on the 16th proximo.

The copper sole of which we spoke last week, may be obtained of B. D. Godfrey, 159 Pearl street, Boston.

In the cities of Boston and New York, females exceed the number of males four per cent, while in the country it is exactly the reverse.

A discovery has been made in Paris, by which the blood of beef cattle may be converted into solid masses by compression. It is used for refining sugar, and for dyeing in carnel.

Elder Knapp, the famous Baptist revivalist, is expected to spend the winter in Boston.

The Newburyport Herald thinks that "bad rum should be let alone by all persons, and under all circumstances." Yes, and good rum too, for it is "bad" enough at best.

When science is known as it should be,
And we fully obey nature's laws;
Then indeed every man will be free,
And there'll be no occasion for wars.

The Duke d'Orleans, Regent of France, said that a true courtier should be without humor and without honor.

A midnight parade of the "Bohe of Malta" took place in Boston on the 10th inst. They numbered twelve hundred strong. They were indeed a motley looking set. The mar-

shals, dressed as knights, were mounted, but the common sense walked, clothed in robes of black, white, and red, and were guarded by knights on foot. They paraded a collection in Faneuil Hall a little past midnight.

Work well planned is half done.

"A" "Haverhill" paper facetiously remarks, that "George H. Hoyt is a son of old Mrs. Hoyt."

Happiness, says the Gospel Banner, comes unexpected. When we ain't at it far off, we miss it.

Prayer is the rope to the bell in heaven; it calls the messengers of heaven to respond to our desires.

There is one hollow tree in California so large that it will hold twenty-five porcons, with room to spare.

Men seldom think of the event of death until the shadow falls across their path.

The Coos Republican is of the opinion that the use of tobacco is the cause of many sudden deaths; it affects the blood, muscles and nerves, and always makes the pulsations of the heart irregular, and sometimes stop beating.

LATE FOREIGN ITEMS.—The Emperor Napoleon has written a note to the King of Sardinia, urging him to assist in carrying out the agreements entered into at Villafranca. He demands that the Duchess of Parma be called to Modena; that Parma shall be united to Piedmont; Tuscany be augmented in territory, and restored to the Grand Duke; and that the projected confederation and moderate forms be carried out.

The Zurich Conference had again assembled, Count Karolyi representing Austria. All the treaties, it was expected, would be signed by the Plenipotentiaries in a few days.

It is asserted that the European Congress will take place, with the addition of England.

Garibaldi had arrived at Turin for the purpose of holding an interview with the King of Sardinia. He was enthusiastically received along the route by the people.

It was expected that Spain would commence offensive operations against Morocco about the 8th inst. France disclaims any idea of assisting her.

OBITUARIES.

In Providence, R. I., Oct. 10th, born into spirit-life, our friend Mrs. Deborah, wife of brother Nicholas Fenner, of the above named city. Her health, which had been precarious for the last year or two, received a shock from paralysis, two weeks before her death, from which time, though rallying for a few days, she gradually sank away, and although her sickness was very painful throughout, the last few breathings passed so gently that we waited in solemn hush for another, which never came.

Our sister was lovely and gentle in her life, tender and devoted to her family and friends, a firm and conscientious worker, speaking in her multitude of friends the beautiful gem of charity, and having the principle of Spiritualism for a long time past, she had never been deterred in her hearts or put aside from her communion. They cordially opened their Church for her funeral obsequies, which were conducted by brother Adin Ballou, of Hopkinton, Mass., and assisted in by the Spiritualist choir, who, from the "Psalms of Life," chanted an eulogy on the beautiful life of our sister. Her funeral was held on the 12th inst., at 10 o'clock, and was attended by a large number of friends, both Spiritualists and others.

"Never look down on the grave," "There is no death," and "Death is the breaking of a chain." The church was crowded, and we recognized the faces of many who had never before heard Spiritualism explained properly. In the light of the Spiritual Philosophy, her friends, though feeling keenly the sad parting, knew that their dear sister was in the "spirit-land," on the morning of August 17th, 1859, aged fifteen years, one month and seven days. A. A. FARRIN, Maple Grove, Royalton, Vt., Nov. 6th, 1859.

TO THE MEMORY OF H. H. P.

She's fled, but not to an unseen,
Dark, shadow land unknown to mortals—
She's gazing on hills and valleys green
Through the Hereafter's gem-lit portals.

Its fountain sprays have bathed her brow—
Its floral zephyrs have caressed her—
She's all alive hourly now.

In scenes, the glimpses of which have blest her.
The outer form had ceased to be—
A fitting garment for her spirit;
So from our Father's treasury
She claimed the robes we all inherit.

Then, ye who love her, let no tear
Regretful, dim the bright condition
By which she'd seek her treasures here,
Across the sea of life's transition:

With the sweet joy of soul-rejoiced,
Woe the bright warbler's returning,
And let her mid all tempests find
Love's central signal trimmed and burning.

Philadelphia, Oct. 14th, 1859. FRANCES O. HYZER.

THROAT DISEASE.—Brown's Bronchial Troches, or Cough Lozenges, Prepared by Dr. J. C. Watson, of Woodstock, Ct. I feel grateful to you, for placing within the reach of the suffering so valuable a remedy. I have used the Troches three years, with great benefit, not less to my general health than to my throat. I recommend them with great pleasure on every hand."

MEDICAL TREATMENT—NUTRITIVE PRINCIPLE.

DR. ALFRED G. HALL, M. D., PROFESSOR OF PHYSIOLOGY, and author of the New Theory of Medical Practice on the Nutritive Principle, may be consulted on the treatment of every form of humor, weakness and disease, in person or by letter, in any part of the country. It is restorative in its effects, reliable in the most prostrated cases, and justly worthy of the confidence of the afflicted. All the Medicines used are purely vegetable. No 10 Central Court, opposite 285 Washington street, Boston, Mass. 1859 Oct. 1.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.—It is notorious that indolent sores in the muscular parts of the leg are never healed with safety by the ordinary salves. This ointment alone penetrates to the morbid cause of these fixed and obstinate ulcers, and removes them rapidly and without the aid of surgery, and the patient is left free from all external pustules, inflammation, and wounds. Sold at the manufactory, No. 80 Maiden Lane, New York, and by all druggists, at 25c., 50c., and \$1 per pot. 1p Nov. 10.

MRS. B. K. LITTLE.

The Messenger.

Each message in this department of the Banner we claim to be spoken by the spirit who gave it, through Mrs. J. H. WARD, who in a state called the Trance State. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tests of spirit communion to those friends to whom they are addressed.

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

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

Visitors Admitted.—Our sittings are free to any one who may desire to attend. They are held at our office, No. 819 Brattle street, Boston, every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday afternoon, commencing at half-past two o'clock; after which time there will be no admittance. They are closed usually at half-past four, and visitors are expected to remain until dismissed.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

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

From No. 1719 to No. 1763.

Tuesday, Oct. 25.—Robert Owen; Mary Allen, New York; Edward Allen, Boston.

Wednesday, Oct. 26.—Return of Spirits who are not cognizant of a change in life; Catherine Gage; Charles Todd, Boston; Stephen Wiley.

Thursday, Oct. 27.—Who and what was Jesus? Augustus F. Pope; Elias Dudley, Georgia; Mary Greenan.

Friday, Oct. 28.—Daniel Blissfield, New York; George Henry Grogan, South Boston; William Laws, California; Dr. John Mason, Boston.

Saturday, Oct. 29.—How is Man allied to God? Charles Cater; Sarah Franklin, Ohio.

Tuesday, Nov. 1.—How are God's elect known in Heaven? David Hamilton, Belfast; Caroline; to Amelia L. Winters, New York; Rosa Ballou.

Wednesday, Nov. 2.—What is Charity? John Moore, London, Eng.; Philip Curry, Williamsburg; Rebecca Pratt, Boston; Samuel Willis, New Orleans.

Thursday, Nov. 3.—And there shall be no more Death; J. G. Wyatt, Boston; Martha Dwight, Boston; Nathan Brown, Boston.

Friday, Nov. 4.—James D. Farnsworth; Simeon Adams.

Saturday, Nov. 5.—What do Spirits think of Henry Ward Beecher? "How shall man discern good from evil?" William Seely.

Tuesday, Nov. 8.—Is there any good in man? James Fairbanks, Philadelphia; Louisa Davis, Cambridge; John T. Gilman, New Hampshire.

Wednesday, Nov. 9.—How shall we know we commune with Spirits? Eliza Chase, Buffalo; Thomas Campbell; Peter Schrodinger, Washington; John T. Gilman, Exeter, N. H.

The Uses of Disease.

We find the following question before us this afternoon, and we purpose to answer it according to our knowledge:

"Is there no way by which the human race may become free from disease?"

We answer, No, there is no such way. Man is an animal; man is also vegetable, mineral, and spiritual. Men all pertain to the different kingdoms, are subject to decay, and thus to disease. Nature is always perfect in all her creations; in all her various departments she is perfect. Look wherever you will in Nature's kingdom, and you find she has created in wisdom. Men do not understand the term "perfection," as we understand it. You apply it to a something finished—done. Not so with us. Behold the flower of spring; it is perfect, and yet it grows and becomes more beautiful. Behold man, the grand representative of all; he is created perfect in spirit, perfect in moral, and yet the great Creator hath marked Progress upon him. Yes, the voice of wisdom is calling from the upper spheres, "Tarry not in the first degree of life, but come higher." Now, disease is often a messenger of good—a gift in disguise; yes, oftentimes the best that Nature could bestow upon her subjects; for by disease it oftentimes becomes enlightened while dwelling in the dark scenes of mortality. It becomes weary with its prison bars, and soars to brighter lands; and if it goes there, it is soon to return with wisdom. It returns better satisfied with its condition, calmly awaits a change, a still brighter light, and more perfect dawning of the Creator's love and wisdom.

Behold the old man, who has passed many years in the natural stage of life, without ever shaking hands with the great enemy of man—Disease. During all these long years he has been constantly gathering to himself the idols of this world; he has effectually closed the door of the inner temple, and he cannot catch a glimpse of the life beyond. Behold, he lives in a living tomb, surrounded by human idols of gold and silver, by bigotry, pride, and superstition. Oh, what a condition for a portion of the living God to be in! That spiritual light which should always mingle with its own, is effectually chained to the things of this life.

Look again. While thus it is situated, disease shakes the form to its foundation. As disease progresses, the form becomes weak—it loses a portion of its vital force, as nature draws to the close of this life; and thus the doors of the temple are thrown open, and then the spirit beholds its own, communes with its own in a higher life. The old man's idols pass from his vision, and he sees as he never saw before. He cries out, "Restore me to health, and I will give you half my possessions." Here is the first step in progression; and, as he finds his chance of life is but small, his next cry is, "Oh God, have mercy upon me! Why have I so long clung to the idols of earth?" These thoughts are wrung from the spirit, and it beholds, perhaps in fancy, the scenes of another life, where gold is not an idol, and where purple and fine linen are not to be found; but where peace, humility, love and truth, and the vast concourse of the virtues, go to make heaven.

Now the fact that man is a representative of the four kingdoms, proves that he is, during three conditions of life, subject to disease. We find decay in the mineral kingdom; we find it also in the vegetable; we find it in the animal; but we do not find it in the spiritual. So, then, while man is an inhabitant of this lower state of life, he is subject to disease, and can in no wise escape it. True, many pass long lives here, without feeling its touch. So it is oftentimes with the apple, the peach, the flower, the ox; yet, because you find a few passing into another state of life without disease, you must not think that all can escape it.

Behold, we find progress in disease, and it is the greatest avenue to human happiness and progress that we know of. Indeed, it is the best avenue to heaven; and our friend knoweth not what he asks, when he asks us to pray that man should be free from disease while he dwells here. If we would bestow the best gift of God to man, we would send him disease; not that which clouds the mental part, but that which takes it upon the mind, and bids it look into the promised land of love.

When disease goes forth with mighty power over your land, and takes flower after flower, and bud after bud from your midst, and gathers them into the garner of another world, what do we see in your midst? What, we ask, but an uprising of millions of spirits in thought? Invocation after invocation goes forth to the Great Spirit, and many a son and daughter is born again ere they leave this earth. They are resurrected from their idols, and are freed from mortal, white disease, the subtle pall, has done much for them; it has clothed the spirit with a brighter garment—it has fitted it for the glory of Heaven.

Oh, then, ere we go, let us pray our brother to be content with his condition; let him not pray God to take disease from him; for long, far too long, he has held to his gold as an idol. May he not let go his hold on the gold of earth, and seek for the joy of spirit? We speak thus plainly, because we know that soon very soon, he must pass from this life; soon the messenger of change will sever the cords which bind him to the mortal; and it will be well for him to hearken unto the voice of angels, who would bid him look to a higher state of life. If he do this soon, he shall bless his God, because he hath smitten him with disease in mortal. Oct. 22.

William Ford.

I came to talk to my folks, and I do not see them here. They told me if I came here somebody would be here to speak to me.

Say, then, that William Ford came here. My age was sixty-seven. In the first place I met with an accident. Have I got to enter into all the particulars? Well, I suppose I must. I drank too much, and fell, and hurt my stomach, and died with inflammation of the stomach and bowels.

I had no trade—what I could find to do. I went about a dozen voyages to sea, but not of late years. I have two children on earth, named Lucinda (she's married) and William. I died in 1849. Sure? Yes, I am. I wanted to come—could not rest, and so I came. Yes, I do want to say some-

thing, but I do not like to say it to strangers. I won't harm any, that's certain; not me, it won't, but it may others. It's tough work—yes, it is. I don't know whether I had better tell, or not. I suppose I had. I'll tell part of it. Won't that do? It's confounded bad business to have to come back and tell what you did.

Were you here in Boston when there was a large fire in Brattle street—the city stables? Well, you know how that fire originated? Well, I set it. There were lives lost there. Yes, I know who was killed at the fire—a young man; he had no business here. I feel as though I had murdered him. Oh, don't ask me his name—don't torture my soul any longer.

Oh, I wanted to be revenged. They injured me—yes, they did—and I should have felt well about it if there hadn't been any lives lost; but that tortures me. Oh, God! I saw that man killed, and oh how I felt after that! I drank harder after that.

Just let me reckon back, and I'll tell you pretty nigh, for I haven't lost all my reckoning; I set it between fourteen and fifteen years ago. Don't you know they had ropes stretched all round, so that people couldn't get near it. I was there, and if I hadn't seen him killed I should have felt well enough; but the devil had me in his clutches.

I have been in hell ten long years, and I never thought I should be here telling of that. I have been going ahead a little, and coming back to the same place. I have told it now; it won't hurt me, for I am standing on solid ground. Oh, ever since I heard I could come back and confess to somebody, I have been wanting to come back. I made up my mind to come, and then it seemed so hard for me to tell of this, that I would think I would not, and then I'd make up my mind to be miserable. At last I concluded to come and tell of it.

There's one person on earth that knows about this thing, but he don't know that I set the fire; but if he ever reads this, and that I set it to be revenged, he will know what I wished to be revenged for.

Oh, I am glad I have told this; it is the hardest thing I ever did; but I have told it, and now I will be better, I think.

Charlotte Frances Previer.

My friends are a long way from here. I died in New Orleans, Louisiana, in the year 1838. I was born in New York City in the year 1830. My name? Charlotte Frances Previer. My name by marriage was Charlotte Frances Previer. I have a husband in New Orleans, a child in New York, and a mother and brother in New York.

I have much to say, but I would not wish to say what I have here. They told me if I would come here, I should gain some intelligence by giving what I have, and my husband, or my mother, or my brother, would see my letter and call for me again. I cannot speak to you, stranger. I do not fear you, but you will see it is not pleasant to speak with strangers.

I did not know I could come till recently; then I found a medium through whom I could write; but they told me I would not do me any good, for they would not know me; but if I came here, you would publish my letter.

I am not unhappy here—that is not what brings me back. I died suddenly, and did not have opportunity to say what I should have said had I thought of dying.

With your leave, I will say no more at present. Good day.

John Atkinson.

You recollect I visited you some time ago. My name is John Atkinson. I have a little business here this afternoon, but I will be brief, for I do not care to discuss the question.

A friend wants to know if I am dwelling in the same sphere with a friend lately come here; and whether, if I am, I will tell if he is happy or unhappy.

I am not in the sphere with the spirit. We often meet, but I do not care to speak in public of his condition.

I came, that my friend may know I have heard his question, and that I have ability to answer it. There has been a deal of scandal about, and I think it high time that the busy tongues should cease their chatter, and instead of meddling with the faults of others, they should search themselves, to ascertain if they have no faults at home. When they have done this, they will perhaps be justified in going abroad to seek the faults of others.

The spirit the friend refers to, lives in its own individual life and condition; does not live in a condition or degree of life that belongs to another. It must work out its own happiness, as all are destined to become happy at some period of time; and if the friend is not happy now, (mark you, I do not say he is not happy now,) he's a fair chance of becoming happy at a no far distant date, and a sure chance of being happy at some time.

I should like to commune with the friend who asks the question, as I do with you. I might then be more particular and plain in my remarks. But what I have said in reference to the tongue of scandal; I do not desire to tinge or take back. Too many will understand my words. Oct. 22.

William Parker.

My dear brother, I will try to bring about what you desire as early an opportunity as possible.

Oct. 22. WILLIAM PARKER.

By whose Authority do ye come?

A question is presented to us at this time, which we will try to give an answer unto. We will also try to give the precise language used by our questioner, that he may not misunderstand our coming:

"Tell us, oh ye unquiet and unhappy spirits, who so often visit our earth-sphere, convulsing its inhabitants with thoughts of darkness, error and damnation—tell us, oh, tell us, in the name of Jehovah, by whose authority ye come, and by whose authority ye produce these manifestations?"

Behold, our God ruleth in heaven; he reigneth on earth; he is found in hell. Our God is our law, and our law is our God. We live by it, we act by it, and by it we expect to be made supremely happy. Now, as we live in and by our God, we are controlled by Him. Behold! He who hath created, will ever guide us, and by His power we return to earth. We manifest in a variety of ways, that we may appeal to the exterior and the interior condition of his inhabitants.

Our questioner, we perceive, rejoices in a God of Fear. He has clad himself in an armor of steel, and we find his interior nature partakes of that armor. We find no mellow soul there, and thus we do not expect the seed we sow at this time shall take root. But it shall linger near him, until the great Sun of Progress shall soften the soil, and make mellow humanity in that soil.

"Oh, ye unquiet and unhappy spirits!" Behold, we are unquiet, because we find humanity in darkness. Our duty is not ended, our mission is before us; and until it is accomplished, and our connection with earth is severed, we must for the time be unquiet. Behold, we come agitating thought; and one of olden time hath told the inhabitants of your condition in life that there was wisdom in the tremor of the thought—that there was wisdom in the bud ere it unfolded its petals, that human senses might comprehend it.

Our God hath said unto all things, "Come unto me." And, as our God is a God of wisdom, upon whose head sitteth a crown of perfection, if we would be one with Him, we must continue to soar from one sphere of wisdom to another, until we shall be so far from earth that it cannot attract us hither.

At present our mission is on earth, and our God bids us deal justly with its inhabitants, scattering what seed the great God hath given, and, spreading in the garden of the soul such flowers as shall spring up for the glory of God.

The same spirit that had his existence in the time of Jesus, is not dead to-day. Behold, it lives to-day, and lives in the hearts of Christians—that great body which claims to be nigh to God. Behold, his name is injustice. He was never known to heed justice—he was never known to love—he standeth aside, and casteth away the bright gem cast forth by our God, our Father, whose name is Love.

Behold, the spirit of ancient times as it stands questioning the medium Jesus: "By whose authority do ye these things? Whence comest thou? Who art thou?" Behold, he hath a devil. Behold, he worketh miracles through Beelzebub, the prince of Devils." Thus spake the spirit of olden time—thus speaketh the spirit of modern time. Behold, this spirit cannot understand its Creator; it hath gathered to itself a God fashioned according to its own ideas—it hath created a law to satisfy itself, and hath closed—effectually closed—humanity's doors. But the great wheel of Nature is ever revolving; it is never still, and gear after gear, star after star, is being born into the intellectual world. And yet there are many minds so enshrouded in darkness that they cannot see the light—so dense is the darkness, and so completely have they enshrouded themselves in it, they see not a ray; and while God, the God of Nature, is moving amid them, they cannot understand His works by reason of this darkness; and they cry out in ignorance, "By whose authority come ye to us?" Oh, ye who are clothed in darkness and superstition, cast aside for a moment the cloak that hides you, and see God in all that is around you—discern him in-bell, recog-

nize him at your right hand and your left; know Him in heaven, and ever rejoice in His love and His wisdom. When the mighty tramp of nature's God shall be sounded to call us from our labor here, behold we welcome the sound; although it is heard only in our interior being, although it cometh upon the soft sighs of our understanding, behold we welcome it, and flee away from the dark scenes of mortal life, as one long imprisoned would flee from his prison-house and chains. But while we find it to be a duty to come communing with humanity, we shall come. While God, the Father, and Nature the Mother, point the way, we shall visit earth. But when the words come, "Welcome, ye dutiful son," we will gladly leave secure shrouded in death, and soar to regions beyond mortality.

Our brother, our questioner, hath gathered to himself an unquiet spirit. We behold that spirit standing at his right hand, morning, noon and night; and he is striving, (shall we say vainly striving?)—for the inhabitants of the upper spheres never come in vain, he is striving to upturn the soil—striving to impress thought after thought upon the brain—that he may send forth the call, if nothing more; and though he cries out in defiance, and calls us unhappy spirits, unquiet ones, nevertheless, as he, an individual spirit, is agitated, wisdom will be seen to follow—the voice of God will penetrate the darkness that surrounds him; his ears shall be unstopped, his eyes unsealed, and ere he passes from earth, his lips shall be tuned to love, that he may praise the God of angels, who hath sent his messengers of love to minister to those in mortal prison.

Who, who is the spirit that stands at my right hand? our questioner will ask immediately after reading our words. We anticipate it, and we answer it: The companion of his early days—the wife of his bosom—who whose last words on earth were, "I'll be a guardian angel unto you, if the good Father permits me to return to earth." Prophetic language! Behold, inspiration, like a white dove, settling upon her as she took her flight from earth twenty-two years ago! Faithfully has she watched over him; as he wandered through the regions of mortality, she walked at his side. She leaves the glories of the upper spheres, that she may place a lamp at his feet, that he may see his way over the river Jordan; and it is well that our God, who is a God of love and mercy, has permitted the angels to walk with him. Oh, may he feel that the God who permiteth these manifestations, will do all things well. And as every atom in the vast universe is controlled by Him, so are we; for we are but atoms—portions of the Great Jehovah. Oct. 25.

Written for the Banner of Light.

MY LITTLE CURL.

In casket olden,
Laid with shining pearl,
I've a treasure golden—
A little glossy curl.

'Tis my dearest treasure,
The brightest gem I've got,
And my choicest pleasure
To turn the casket's lock;

And, with careful fingers,
Lay it within my hands,
And as memory lingers
O'er scenes in other lands,

I'm again a mother;
A cherub's, on my knee,
Many blessings hover
Around my babe and me.

Little hands caress me,
And little lips press mine;
Soft eyes smile upon me,
And golden ringlets shine.

Show hands are playing
Amid my locks of jet;
Softly downwards straying
They pat me on the neck.

But my little flower
Droop'd its beauteous head,
And in a few brief hours
My darling's spirit fled.

She, in all her beauty,
Was hidden from my sight;
'T was a painful duty
To hear that sad sad rite.

Never more to see her,
Nor feel her soft caress;
Never more to feel her
Little soft hands press.

Nor her rosy fingers
Twining 'mid my hair,
Never more she'll linger
Beside her little chair.

And these memories make me
Prize them, my little lock;
Then all that's left me
Of the flower of my flock.

As I gaze upon thee,
An influence seems to steal
Softly upon me,
My aching heart to heal.

Oh! I think her spirit
Is watching me in love,
And her voice, I hear it
In melting tones of love.

In this casket olden,
Under its lid of pearl,
I've a treasure golden—
'T is my little curl.

Written for the Banner of Light.

PRISON PAPERS.

BY A PRISONER.

"Make yourself brother to every man. Recompense no man evil for evil. Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."—BIBLE.

Number Two.

IMPRISONMENT FOR CRIME.

After my sentence was pronounced upon me, I was conducted from the court-room into the private office of the marshal, where I was kindly permitted to see and pass a short time in private with my dear and suffering wife. Here, too, I had the mournful satisfaction of receiving and passing a few brief moments with some of my nearest and dearest friends.

"My dear husband," said my suffering wife—and her head fell upon my bosom, as she burst into tears that could no longer be suppressed—"has it indeed come to this, and is our sacred marriage life to close in chains, in prison, and in death?"

Oh! who can read the anguish of my broken heart and stricken soul, at that moment, more terrible, in its dreadful power, than the cold damps of the tomb? The blood recoiled to my heart, and cold, clammy perspiration burst out in drops, like icy tears, all over me. My heart grew sick within me—my head dizzy—my brain reeled, and the gloom of the grave, without its welcome reality, gathered around me, while great drops of blood seemed to start from my quivering flesh.

Oh, then I could comprehend the awful agony of Gethsemane! No human being can realize the horror of that moment! My spirit, with its exalted and immortal power, seemed crushed into innumerable atoms. I felt that I stood there in the sacred presence of my devoted wife, a living, breathing corpse. My very flesh seemed touched with the awful plague of my moral degradation; and something like a joy flitted across my soul, as my dear wife left the bosom that could no longer shield or protect her, and placed herself in a chair by my side, a living picture of broken-hearted, hopeless grief. But the angel spirits strengthened her soul, and shed a holy radiance of heavenly love and purity over her wounded spirit, and breathed a sacred calm and holy fortitude over the troubled elements of her being. She took my hand, and with soft, meek power, opened up the avenues of my inner life. In a moment a sweet and heavenly calm seemed to hush the stormy elements of my being, and a gentle voice, "Peace, be still," moved upon the troubled waters of my soul, and I looked up to heaven and felt that I was not accursed.

My eyes were slowly closed, and the outer world faded from my view, when a vision, radiant with celestial beauty and loveliness, opened before my interior sight. A rifted cloud, at first dark with sombre shades, then changing to the most gorgeous rays of beauty and of grandeur—bronzed and roseate with the departing rays of the setting sun, slowly passed in panoramic view before me, until, like an amber

and golden wreath, it had formed the outer circle of my vision.

As I gazed into the deep and cloudless view beyond the rifted scene, like a picture set in clouded rays of golden beauty, I saw in the limitless fields of space, a garden, richly planted, transcendent in beauty, of bright flowers, surpassing in loveliness the most vivid conceptions of the Orient. No language can describe its detailed excellence, or imagination combine its wondrous beauty. The bright sky seemed to smile upon the beauty it inspired, and soft music breathed among the flowers, and warbling rivulets mingled with the lays. As I gazed upon this bright Eden of the spirit world, and felt within my soul its soothing and invigorating power, my spirit longed for an immortal home in this celestial Paradise.

A small stem—a young acorn—a tender germ of the roseate trine, growing humbly and almost isolated and alone, near a bright, sparkling spring in the midst of the garden, attracted my attention; and as it expanded and grew in the heavenly bower, I gazed upon it in wonder and delight, until it had put forth many stems and branches, with bright, green leaves and glistening buds, to herald its future sweetness—then modest, opening, lovely flowers, in full bloom, filled my soul, entranced in beauty, with wonder, joy and gratitude; and I seemed to breathe the sweet aroma and heavenly fragrance of the spirit world. But, as I looked, a cold and icy chill passed over my soul, and my spirit drooped as with an unknown peril. In a moment I saw a loathsome serpent crawl from the trembling spring and coil around the parent stem, and with his poisoned fangs inflict the deadly wound. In an instant the bush, but now so beautiful with fragrant life, withered and died. The faded flowers fell to the ground, and their tender and still tinted and lovely petals were scattered upon the wind. The amber, bronze and fleecy clouds that formed the golden wreath, turned dark and black. Murky waves, like angry billows, shot across the sky. Deep thunders rolled, and vivid lightnings flashed, and dark clouds in stormy grandeur banked up the distant view. Nearer and still more near the angry elements waged their frightful war, until one loud shock, more terrible than the rest, seemed to shake the vaulted heavens; and its descending flash pierced the reptile's head, and he lay a stiffened corpse beneath the withered bush. A cry escaped the serpent's dying form, and seemed to mingle with the departing echoes of raging strife: "PUNISHMENT BELONGS ALONE TO THE UNFAITHFUL!" and a voice from heaven exclaimed, loud above the receding storm, "VENGEANCE IS MINE; I WILL REPAY, SAITH THE LORD." Then the reptile's loathsome body seemed to dissolve and mingle with and enrich the soil beneath the poisoned bush. I could not comprehend all the mystery of the vision, and my soul was pained, and I turned my eyes from the spirit scene, when a spirit, seemingly standing by my side, said, "Look again." I turned my eyes and saw innumerable angels and spirits, bright with celestial loveliness and beauty, gathering and breathing upon the scattered leaves—forming the faded flowers, and restoring to all its beauty the withered bush. I said, "Thy holy; and the angel by my side placed one hand upon my head, and, with the other pointed to the sky, in cadence soft as spirit breath, said, "Thou art blest." I awoke and found my tender wife standing by my side, with one hand in mine and the other upon my head, and her eyes upraised to heaven, and she said, "We are not accursed. God has heard my prayer, and angels minister to our wants."

Obedient by the heavenly vision and the tender devotion of my angel wife, I felt my soul buoyed up with rekindled hope and awakened gratitude. *Sin shall not last forever, and evil shall cease to reign in the human heart.* With this feeling my soul was soothed to rest, and my spirit, now serene and calm, looked out upon the troubled waters of my life.

After parting with my friends and children, I was reconducted to the loathsome, and justly condemned jail of the city, my wife attending me, where I parted from her, with her angel blessings upon my head. I was there replaced in a room with some twenty other unfortunate, there confined. They all, in mournful silence, seemed to regard my presence again among them, after my great trial, as too sacred to be approached even with their sympathy. When my sentence was communicated to them, they appeared shocked and indignant at its cruelty, while kindly and discreetly sympathizing with me. Many expressions of sensitive kindness were uttered, that I shall long remember, and the noble manifestation of true and intense feeling, even by those unfortunate objects of society, for my misfortune, I shall never forget.

When it became time to separate for the night to our several and respective cells, I took each one by the hand, and said a few words in brotherly love and kindness upon our painful lot. Every eye was suffused with tears, and some, more sensitive than the rest, sobbed aloud in painful sympathy.

I had been in the habit of reading to them, and seeking to elevate their minds above the wrongs of the earth life they were some of them professedly leading to, to one more suitable to their true and Godlike natures. It is true that most, if not all of them, could throw back the wrongs they had committed upon society and the world with bitter justice. The system had been, indeed, one of retaliation to them. One could trace his first offence to this cause, another to that, by which he had been injured by society and the world, and literally compelled to adopt a life of crime. But I have seen even the most apparently hardened and abandoned among them, manifest the strongest desire to return to the path of honesty and right. I have seen them, too, weep bitter tears over their fallen fate and hopeless condition. And, when I have been reading to them some tale of cruelty, oppression, and wrong, and, as some elevated, noble and touching sentiment was conveyed, I have seen the tears fall from their eyes and their swelling hearts grow big with the expressed nobility of their natures.

To say that these men cannot be redeemed, is untrue, unwise, and unjust. Lead them by the hand of kindness from their prison walls, and afford them the means of hope, and you will do more good than by all the tyranny and oppression you can inflict upon them. Employ the means to restore and save them to honor and virtue, that is expended to imprison, punish, and degrade them, and their future lives will be a blessing to themselves and an honor to the system that redeems them.

But I think I hear it said by some of the unkind minds of the old school, and friends of the present system of retaliation, that this will be offering a premium for crime, and defeat the very object intended by the system proposed. To such I answer, study well the character of man—his relations, his sympathies, his present progress, his past history and his future hopes, and remember that he is *not* a brute, and he will learn from this, and feel from your own heart, that it is far better to rule by Love than by Fear.

But I propose a remedy for this evil, and ask a suspension of individual judgment until the reader has well thought of all parts of this stupendous theme, before he throws away the hope of reformation in this direction. And if he is a Christian, and believes in the practicability of the humane and mild religion taught by Christ, and in the heavenly purity of the principles expounded, and the divine wisdom of the sayings uttered by the gentle Nazarine, who will remember that the man of sorrows, in language of holy power and divine inspiration said, "If a man take thy coat, give him thy cloak also. If he compel thee to go with him a mile, go with him two miles. If thine enemy hunger, feed him. If naked, clothe him. *Recompense no man evil for evil.* Do not overcome evil, but overcome evil with good." It is said that Jesus saw of the travail of his soul, and was satisfied. May this wisdom with the light of eighteen hundred years be put into practical operation, and let its examining power fall, like a mantle of charity, over the prostrate forms of the suffering thousands who are to-day dragging out a miserable existence within the walls of a prison. Let the cloak be bestowed in wisdom, and its benevolence will destroy malice and crime. Did Christ mean anything, when he used the language specified? If he did, he meant just what he said. No cringing theory can change its common sense phraseology, and torture it into anything else. Its unqualified wisdom needs no argument to sustain it, and spurs all mystery to enshroud it. It stands, a gem of priceless value, among the noblest sayings of "Him who spake as never man spake," and no true follower of the gentle Nazarine can regard it as insecure, unsafe or impracticable.

I grant that all innovations, upon precedents established by long practice, should be well conceived and deeply matured, before they are offered to the world for adoption. It is true; but this should not deter the good and just—that when offered, they are met with scorn, contempt, and derision, and an effort to remove them is attended with malice, hatred, and revenge. Such was the fate of the Nazarine; it has been the fate of the reformers of all ages; but the words they utter, the works they achieve, become monuments and blessings to future generations. Look back upon the history of the past, and behold the ineffectual steps in any great reformation ever attempted by the human mind; and, like the streamlet, struggling to overcome the obstacles that obstruct its passage, it rises as it labors on, until it stands pre-eminent and grand in its majesty, magnitude, and strength. Thine it is, that the weak fools that attempt to stay its progress, fold upon its bosom the happy recipients of its pride and power.

In looking back over the history of the past, my mind has

been struck with the vast improvement that has been wrought by the hand of progress in the condition of the prisoner, and the gradual and character of the punishment inflicted for crime, while I am equally astonished at the fact that little, if anything, has been done to reform the criminal. Punishment alone is still the system.

The time was when the most terrible punishments were unmercifully inflicted for the lightest and most trivial offences. It is said that the Durbles, an ancient people living near the Caspian Sea, punished all crimes with death. And do we not too largely inherit this cruelty? It is true we do not punish all crimes with physical death; but do we not with temporary and legal death, in the corrupt and degraded incarceration, for a given term, of the unfortunate victim? When once the pale of human society has been broken, even by the lightest offence, the law violated and the victim punished, he is cast out as dead, degraded, and utterly useless and unworthy. His civil rights and privileges are taken from him, and he is sent forth into the world as impure, degraded and condemned, and no redemption or resurrection, under the present system of punishment for crime, in this life is possible. He wears the penalty like the mark of Cain upon him, but not like that mark does it protect him from injustice and wrong. No attempt is made to redeem him, no effort to reform him, but an outcast and a criminal must he remain. He, from the absolute necessity of self-preservation, goes forth into the world to perpetrate and perpetuate the wrongs that have formed the character of his criminal life.

To those who feel their human nature, and their responsibility to God and each other, I desire more especially to address these "papers." I am aware that there are many who think that Eureka is already attained, and that all reformation is at an end, and that all schemes tending in this direction possess the character of a baseless, impracticable, utopian vision. But there are those who deeply feel that great injustice is done the poor prisoner, and that his reformation, and restoration to society, and the amelioration of his condition while confined, are priceless realities. To such I would say that progress is a law of nature, and imprisonment the spirit of the age. Let, oh, let the poor prisoner not feel that he alone is to suffer, when Excelsior breaks brightly all around him.

Look at the dark, frowning jails and prisons of the land, and let the mind dwell for a moment upon the thousands of throbbing hearts that are beating in unutter

HENRY WARD BEECHER

AT PLYMOUTH CHURCH, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

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TEXT.—"Then the eleven disciples went away into Galilee, into a mountain where Jesus had appointed them. And when they saw him, they worshipped him; but some doubted."—MATTHEW, XXIV, 10, 17.

This was among the very last of the meetings which Christ had, after his resurrection, with his disciples. The event here recorded seems to have immediately preceded his ascension up to heaven. The resurrection of Christ, his appearance among his disciples, and the general implicit faith of those who best knew him, did not prevent some of his hearers and followers from doubting.

It was a troubled, uncertain state of mind. It did not spring from any evil disposition. It was not that same unwillingness of pride, of selfishness, and worldly vanity, which led the priests and the Pharisees to reject the Saviour. Neither was it a part of that indifference which led the great mass and throng of men who were engaged in worldly things, to give but a momentary heed to Christ, and then pass on. It was a kind of dazed, surprised, astounded condition of mind, in which their faculties almost refused to act, and to recognize the strange fact that he who had been dead, was surely alive again, and manifesting himself to them.

Thus, the Saviour, when revealed to the senses, was not an object of inevitable faith. Should we be surprised, then, if we find many minds who, having Christ presented only to their imaginary power, find themselves wavering, uncertain, and troubled, in their faith respecting him?

The apostles were familiar with such religious experiences, and left to us the most positive directions for the treatment of persons of a doubting mind. "Him that is weak in the faith, receive ye, but not to doubtful disputations"—that is, to disputations that stir up doubts and troubles in the mind.

I propose to speak, to-night, of the nature of doubts in Christian experience, of some of their causes, of their effects, and of their remedies. We confine our remarks to doubts in Christian experience. Skepticisms, or doubts, entertained as to the reality of the Christian religion, and as to the authenticity and authority of the sacred Scriptures, its doctrines and its experiences belong to a different category.

The most general sense of the term *doubt*, is that of an uncertain state of mind which precedes the conviction of truth. In this use, doubt is a purely intellectual state. It is a state of deliberation. It is a holding of the thoughts in suspense until we can perceive exactly the truth. It is like the momentary circling or dainty fluttering of a bird, that wishes to settle upon some leafy twig, but has not quite selected the spot for its foot. So the mind, oftentimes, wishing to settle upon some truth, performs endless circuits, with tremulous wings, not knowing where to alight. And it is in this sense that the word *doubt* is said to be the father of knowledge. To take things upon their first appearance; to hold the thoughts in no suspense; to require no examination, no confirmation, no affirming; and to assume as true whatever first impressions come—that is the method of credulity, and it leads men into error. To pause, to question, to weigh, to sift what we weigh, and to receive only that which will abide the test of final judgment—this is the process of wisdom. And in this general sense, there is not only no harm in doubts, but there is positive benefit.

But what if one should have all the preliminary uncertainties that I mention, and yet settle upon nothing? What if one should be forever planning inquiries, and yet have no convictions? What if one should settle upon a decision, only to reverse that decision to-morrow? What if one should now incline to one view, only that he may, ere long, change it for another view? Such a process would be a kind of doubting, so far from wise, that it might be fitly called the father of folly.

A habit of wavering, an intellectual uncertainty and inconstancy—this is one of the most marked forms of doubt. But many of the moods of fear are called doubts; so that the terms are coupled together in the language of Christian experience; and men talk almost professionally about their doubts and fears, as if they were either synonymous or inseparable. If you ask one if he has a firm assurance that he has an interest in Christ Jesus, he will frequently say, "I have no doubts and fears, yet I have a reasonable hope that I am a Christian."

In this more general use of the term are to be included all those states of painful feeling which arise from an unsettled intellectual state. It is necessary to bear in mind, from the beginning, that there are two kinds of doubts—intellectual doubts, and emotive doubts; and that the pain always lies in the feeling. But special states of doubt of this kind, belong to every experience in a greater or less degree. These occasional periods of doubt resulting in settled convictions, are not to be reprehended. A man is better for having gone through them. But when a man comes into such a state that not only are such moods of uncertainty and fear frequent, but he is passing over the same questions again, and again, and again, until his mind is always in a restless condition, easily roused to fear, even upon his most firm beliefs, then he has come to what is called a *doubting mind*, which is severely to be reprehended. That state in which one's life is a life of shadows, in which one rises up and sits down in tremulousness and needless agitation; in which one's mind is weak and miserable, tossed about with various apprehensions of ill, always dreading uncertainty, and yet shrinking from certainty, as if it were deceptive—that state is a moral infirmity, which, in some amounts to disease, and which, even in its slightest forms, is most painful and pitiable, and disastrous to the welfare of the subject of it.

Let us then look at some of the causes of such a state of mind. There are three classes among whom it exists. 1. Those who are thrown into trouble by misadventure. 2. Those who are made doubting by morbid conditions of body and mind. (Neither of these two shall we mention to-night.) 3. Those who are constitutionally affected by doubt and fear—that is, those who are brought into this state by the action of some of the master powers of their mind.

It may seem strange to some men that any can be said to be predisposed to uncertainty. But there are natures who are so positive, so perpendicular, so close-seeing, so quick to see, and so ready to decide when they have seen, and so firmly fixed in their decisions when they have decided, that they cannot get along without being certain. They are not men who are constitutionally affected by doubt and fear—that is, those who are brought into this state by the action of some of the master powers of their mind.

Now there are many men who reject and resent the very idea of anything like uncertainty and unpositiveness. They are rectangular, direct, absolute, in their natures. The impressions which things make on them, are like the impressions which lightning makes on the oak tree—there is no doubt about them. These men who dwell in the realm of the positive, talk with a haughty, supercilious air, about the needlessness of a persons being troubled with doubts. They say to those doubting natures, "There is no reason why you should not be as positive about things as I am. All you have to do, to be certain respecting them, is to look at them as they are. As if a man with eyes in his hand could not see! There is not the least need of your groping as you do. Open your eyes, and you will get along well enough." That direction will do for persons who have eyes, but for those who are blind, it is superfluous.

Now there can be no doubt that there are men whose minds are so positive and confident, that they cannot understand or sympathize with those whose minds are unstable and wavering. And there can be no doubt in the mind of any one who is much called to the succor of persons in religious distress, that the number of those who are troubled with fears and apprehensions respecting their belief and condition is very great, while the number of those who are positive and assured concerning these things is very small.

Remark, that, persons who lack firmness of character, will, according to circumstances, be much liable to uncertainty and doubt. This will be the case when men are sympathetically influenced by stronger natures than their own. Now and then, you will find a person who seems little influenced by anybody—who takes something from everybody, but who so appropriates what he takes from others, that it shall not unduly sway him in one direction or another. But how frequently do we find persons who, in a spirit of kindness and melting sympathy, vine-like twine themselves about others, and take the form of those about whom they twine themselves. Such persons adopt the opinions of the company which they chance to be for the time being, especially if that company is made up of minds that are more cultured and stronger than theirs; they keep in one company, they have rest; but to-day they are with one class of thinkers, and to-morrow with

another class, they soon lose their self-respect, because they find themselves first thinking this way, and then that way, without any sense of reliance upon themselves; and at length they come to a state in which they feel chagrined and discouraged with their attempts to have a settled belief, and say, "Yesterday it seemed to me that that was true; to-day it seems to me that this is true; and I do not believe that anything is true."

When such persons are thrown into times or communities that are given to controversy and disputation, they agree and disagree with such frequency as to bring themselves into a state of great uncertainty. If they come by turns under dogmatic, sectarian influences, they are found sometimes on one side, sometimes on another, and sometimes where.

Much we hear said of the benefits of independence of mind, of the importance of forming our own opinions, and of the folly of taking opinions upon trust, yet in ten thousand instances, occurring all about us, it is very plain, practically, that to have faith in other men's beliefs is the only way of being at rest. If you were to take away the faith of children in parents, the faith of neighbors in good men in the neighborhood, and the faith of Christians in men who are approved in the household of God, there would be left very few who would have an independent, self-sustaining faith.

It would be better, if one's character permitted it, that he should be self-reliant; but if that is not natural, then which is better, that he should rest on others, and be firm, and at peace, or that he should, in a vain effort to think for himself, get just so far as to lose his old belief, but not far enough to acquire a new one; just so far as to lose stability in his old faith, but not far enough to free himself from bondage to it; just so far as to destroy the life of his old convictions, but not far enough to be enabled to shake them off, so that he is obliged to carry them all his life? As sometimes trees carry clusters of leaves all winter, that do them no good as to greenness or sap, so many persons are bunched all over with childhood beliefs which they do not slough off, and from which they derive no benefit. It is better, if men are not blind, that they should go without being led; but if they are blind, which is better, that they should allow themselves to be led, or that they should pretend to see when they do not?

What can be more pitiable than a wandering, restless, uncertain, unfruitful mind? What would become of a life if it were transplanted, not only each year, but every month of each year? Time and rest only will give roots, and roots alone can give branches and leaves, both in trees and men.

When inconstancy or doubt of this kind exists, the remedy must be in surrounding one's self with men and ordinances which shall supply the soul with that strength from without which it lacks within. There are persons on every side of us who cannot stand without buttresses. I am glad that they go into different churches from my own, and embrace different faiths from my own. I have seen persons that I thought were benefited by going into the Catholic Church; not because they accepted the creed of that church, but because they required to be led by some visible things. They needed the support of authority, and they got authority enough there. They leaned upon it. It was the medicine they needed, and it seemed to do them good. They seemed to be made better by it. And that which makes a man good, is the thing for him.

The second cause of doubting is the predominance of the constitutional element of caution, especially where conscientiousness is strong and hopefulness is deficient. This is an entirely different range of experience from that last mentioned. It inclines a person to seek an evidence of his religious state, which shall be so strong, so constant, so repetitious, as to take away all feeling of doubt. Unless such persons have a full conviction that they are right, that they are saved, that they are experimental Christians, they are in a state of great uneasiness and tribulation. They do not at all appreciate the fact that their trouble springs from a morbid state of fear and caution, which, from its very nature, cannot be put at rest by any intellectual process. When this fear is constitutionally large in a man, it is perpetual vigilance. Its nature is not to be satisfied with anything. It is like a watch-dog, that wakes at the running of a mouse, that barks on hearing the slightest noise, that sleeps with one eye open, forever waiting for an opportunity to spring. Where a person is so constituted that there is much of this element of caution or fear in his mind, it may be so circumstanced as to work for good. It may be so balanced by other attributes of the soul, that it will not exert an undue influence upon him. But where it stands out predominantly, and is unrestrained by the other mental powers, the more anxiously a person looks, and defines, and sifts, the worse he is off; for all these processes only give food to his constitutional caution—only nourish it, and give it material for new discriminations, suspicions and doubts.

Again and again such persons have come to me to speak of their troubles, and so long as I was talking with them, so long as I was acting upon their minds, so long as they were under the influence of my mind, I could blow away their cloud of doubts; but no sooner would they go away, than the clouds would be much swept over them, would come up again, and their horizon would be as dark as ever. They need a moral regimen: not a direction, not an argument; but a course of treatment which shall include their whole life, and give them some acquaintance with their own disposition. But of this, more by-and-by.

The third cause of doubting springs from a morbid activity of unregulated conscience. No man can have too large an endowment of moral sense. It might seem superfluous to speak of too much conscience; but nothing is truer than that in single cases—I know they are rare—men have too much conscience. I have seen men that had a great deal too much conscience. Their conscience stood in the way of their usefulness. One man, a noble and noble man, had so much conscience, that he had not such a superstitious conscience. He said he did not do half so much as he felt prompted to do, for fear he should not do it right. He said he was forever waiting, and judging, and weighing, in order to be sure that when he did act, he should act according to the law of rectitude. Conscience may become diseased, as well as any other faculty of the mind.

I would not have it understood that I think the community are in danger of being led by too much conscience. I think we should be better off if there were more conscience in the community than there is; but now and then there is a person who has too much; and such persons need help just as much as persons who are troubled with doubts which proceed from some other source.

This state of mind may lead a man to expect suddenly that which can only come through long growth—that which requires time for its development. Men who have an over-active conscience are apt to give no heed to the necessity of this time element, and to demand of themselves those higher Christian graces which will come by and by, but which never come at an early period in Christian life. They are apt, also, to attach undue importance to little things. They are apt to have a feeling that they must be conscientious in regard to little things in the same way that they are in regard to great things. It is true that we should be conscientious in respect to everything; but it is not true that we should be conscientious in respect to little things with the same emphasis that we are in respect to great things.

This placing as much importance upon little things as belongs to things ten times as large, is a destruction of moral proportions. What would be the effect on a man's outward life, if to the eye there was no difference between distances; if the longest distances and the shortest seemed substantially the same; if all heights seemed alike; if all breadths seemed alike; if a straw seemed as large as an oak; if an ant-hill seemed as large as a mountain; if a mote seemed as large as a continent; and yet some persons make as much account of a small offence as of a great one. If on a Sabbath morning they inadvertently do some little trivial work, it troubles them all day long, as much as though they had violated every command in the decalogue. The slightest infractions of duty overcloud their minds, and give them midnight at midday. Thus the whole of life persecutes a man's soul through his conscience, which is perpetually teaching him to say to himself, "How do I know that I am right? I have always been mistaken. Oftentimes I have found that my motives were not what I supposed they were. My self-examinations have invariably been unsatisfactory. How do I know that I am not deceived, and led on toward the future blindfolded? You certainly are; and your conscience has blinded you, and is making a fool of you!"

No man can live in this way. Such a state stops life itself. Cases of this kind are most painful, and they are most difficult to heal.

The fourth cause of doubting is the effect of the imagination, when it creates endless pictures in religious things, when it produces ever-varying lights, when it confounds the difference between reality and mere reverie, and especially when it acts to heighten the conceptions of right and wrong, and give them an elevation to which no mere mortal can ever attain. One of the most perplexing states which a man can be in, is that in which his ideas of rectitude are so high that he cannot realize them in his life. There is the element of taste and exquisiteness in such a way as to make the Christian's conceptions of holiness into a way that is beautiful to him and lifts them up so high that he can come nowhere near exemplifying them in his conduct,

they are all his life long mocking him and deriding his performance, and at length he comes to doubt whether he has any right to his belief in religious things.

A man who spends his life in painting is a painter, whether he can paint perfect pictures or not. A man who builds a poor house is a carpenter, as well as the man who builds a good one. A man who delivers a poor lecture is a lecturer, as well as a man who delivers a good one. A man may be a Christian, although, when he looks back upon his experience, and measures his conduct by his ideas of rectitude, he feels that his whole life is imperfect. I am a traveler toward Jerusalem, if my face and heart are set toward it, though I may travel but one yard a day. Though everybody pass me, and though I be a lingering pilgrim at the bottom of the road, still I am a traveler. If I creep, and do not know how to walk or run.

Now there are thousands of persons who measure themselves by conceptions of right and wrong that have been rendered extravagant by the embellishments of the imagination, and they are perpetually in a state of self-condemnation because they cannot realize that which they can conceive. You never will realize it till you come into the kingdom of glory. There you may, perhaps, realize all that you can conceive of excellence; but not here.

The attempt, I remark, in the fifth place, to analyze one's motive, and to trace his conduct back to the causes which produced it, and then to set in judgment upon those causes—this, in the case of many weak minds, is the cause of perpetual troubles. There is a certain degree of self-examination which is proper to all; but it is an examination which is general, rather than particular—it is an examination of states of mind, rather than of causes of conduct. There are few persons who are prepared to go beyond this. No person is prepared to dissect his motives and conduct minutely till he knows something of his mental economy. Thousands will tell you that the worst thing a man can do is to pay attention to all parts of his body. A man who is all the time thinking of his stomach, and what he shall eat, is sure to have the dyspepsia. And as it is in respect to the body, so it is in respect to the mind. Men who are always prying into their conduct, to see whether this was a right motive, and what was a right motive; men who never let their minds play freely upon such men, as a general thing, will either become morose, or will come to a very uncertain and very doubtful state of mind; because, for the most part, men who attempt to examine their motives, do not understand their faculties—and motives is simply another word for faculty. So long as a man is ignorant of his faculties, he is not in a state to analyze his conduct. Not until men are made acquainted with the powers of their minds, will they be qualified to examine their motives with profit. And this can never be, so long as men accept only such systems of mental philosophy as that of Locke, and Reid, and Stuart, and the whole metaphysical school. Phenology, though I regard it as being in an unformed state, could, only approximately, to a science, at least afford a foundation upon which a man can put his foot, and wait for the waters of ignorance to subside. On this the dove can sit till the dry land of enlightenment appears. But the other systems do not afford foot-room for either man or bird.

This retrospective examination by men of their conduct, to see whether their motives are all right or not, is a very fruitful source of troubles and doubts. There is a misapprehension of man's soul, as well as in deep wells. How many men have been ruined by self-examination! And yet, tracts and books are published, and sermons are preached, and exhortations are made, without number, urging men to self-examination, as if fantasy must run into folly. Men are set to write journals. I know who invented that trick. The devil gets into it. If a man writes a journal, and if he is not a man of a very high and noble mind, he will make a potage of himself, and stir himself up in a journal; let him read it; and let him believe that it will never be found and published after he is dead, as Jonathan Edwards' and other people's have been! The man who writes a journal always has one eye on the printing press, and the other on his paper. Now and then I suppose there is a man to whom such things are necessary, and such men we must put aside from the ordinary category; but I should say that in every case but one in a million, a journal was a temptation of the devil, and would come very near leading a man into his snares!

It is a bad thing for a man to think too much about his own heart, to talk too much about himself, or to examine himself too closely. If a man indulges in these things, the better he is off. Let a man have a sense of duty, and take a right direction in life, and then sweep and lunge toward things outward, as much as possible. Another cause of doubting is superstition, which arises from the union of ideality or imagination with the feeling of veneration or spiritualism. To a man who is under the influence of these faculties, nothing is certain, nothing is settled; because where the imagination inspired by the feeling of veneration acts, it clothes everything with mysterious forms, omens, signs, and coincidences. These, and ten thousand tricks and fantasies fill the minds of men, even among us. The American mind is not so much addicted to superstition as the European mind, and yet it exists to a great extent among us.

I mention one other cause of doubting—namely, the attempt to employ for daily purposes truths so vast, or so subtle, that they transcend all power of immediate use. The doctrine of divine decrees is one of these truths. I believe in the doctrine of divine decrees; but I do not believe it is a pair of steeds which a child can drive; and if you harness them, and undertake to drive them, you will find yourself drawn so swiftly through the heavens that you will be glad to alight from your chariot. The doctrine of divine sovereignty, free agency, the nature of temptation, the cause of sin, and the nature of man, he is founded substantially in truth; that is, truth belongs to each of them; but not truth which you can so understand and employ as to make it profitable in daily life.

From the time I was ten years old till after I was thirteen years old, the doctrine of God's foreknowledge was a perpetual torment to me. I reasoned in this way: "If God knew everything from the beginning, he must have known when I would be born, what my nature would be, what circumstances would surround me, and what things I would do; and if what I shall do is fixed and settled, it is no use for me to try to do one way or another." This doctrine acted as a paralysis upon my efforts toward right conduct. So long as I was under its influence, I had a very low experience—and I suppose that what was true of me, in this respect, is usually true of others; for I do not suppose that such doctrines are meant for daily use. They transcend the power of the human mind, and they are not to be used in the exterior nature; but the man who undertakes to carry them into his daily life, will find himself under a perpetual cloud.

You will find nowhere in the Bible any such doctrine given as a guide to our duty. Love, we are told, is the fulfilling of the law. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets." Do not trouble yourself about God's government, but fulfill your duty under that law, and you will find peace of mind and development of Christian character.

The effects of doubting—for it will not go farther in the analysis of its causes, for it is endless, of exquisite suffering. It varies from a low form of uneasiness, up through despondency to certainty of evil, and even paroxysms of despair. I think the amount of religious suffering in the world transcends that of bodily suffering. If you go from sick chamber to sick chamber, and from hospital to hospital, I do not think you will find so much of physical distress, as you will find of religious trouble in the realm of conscience. It is painful to the last degree, and more painful when you see the cause of it, and are unable to modify it.

Among the most painful experiences of my life are those which are occasioned by letters which I receive. Great many persons at a distance, who are strangers to me, give me, in letters, sometimes without their signature, which is always improper; for a man ought never to write what he is unwilling to put his name to an interior view of their life. Now, to stand and look upon such a letter, and feel that there is a remedy for the troubles of the writer, and that the simplest presentation of the Lord Jesus Christ to him would bring him out of darkness, without being able to carry that remedy to him, is painful indeed. And it is equally painful, in conversation with hundreds and thousands of persons, through weeks, and months, and years, to become acquainted with their sufferings, and to see that they are saints of God bound with manacles of doubt and fear.

A state of doubt and fear is, also, almost as fatal to the power of truth upon the soul, as real belief. When a man looks into a mirror, if his breath, having fallen upon it, has covered it with mist, that mirror is as effectually shut up to his vision, as if he were to take a hammer and dash it to pieces.

Now, trust, unfeigned belief, is that which makes trust operative on the soul; and where you cast the faintest veil of uncertainty before the truth of Christ, so that your mind fluctuates respecting it, that fluctuation is the same as unbelief, so far as its effect on you is concerned. To take away the positiveness of a man's faith in religion, is the same as to make him an utter unbeliever in it. Persons in the state of doubt and distress, seldom can make much progress in the divine life.

This state is likewise the source of great weakness of character, and a great hindrance to usefulness. I need not say that one who doubts, can scarcely inspire belief in others. I recollect a circumstance, that occurred upon my mind, which made a deep impression upon my mind. One day when my sister—who, I believe, was the first that was converted to Christ in my father's family—was in great distress of mind, I wandered up, with my little feet, to my father's study in the attic, where there was a Christian minister trying to give her light on some point, with reference to which she was in doubt, and I heard her say, "Very well, then, my condition is this: I am blind, and cannot see the way; and yet, I must attempt to teach that way to other people." It was an incidental sentence; but incidental sentences, falling upon the ear of a child, sometimes have a more powerful influence upon his life than the most studious efforts to do him good, and that single thought, casually uttered by my sister, made such an impression upon me, that it often recurs to my mind, even to this day.

How many mothers attempt to teach their children respecting things of which they are conscious that they are ignorant themselves! How many fathers undertake to establish a faith in the minds of their children, when they know that they stagger in their own faith, like a drunken man! How many professors of religion, who ought to stand as beacons in the community, are so enveloped in clouds of uncertainty that they can give forth no clear, shining light, for the guidance of those around them! One's usefulness amounts to almost nothing under such circumstances.

Now, as to remedy for this state of doubt, let me say, in the first place, that the only effectual remedy will be found in a larger understanding of the causes of this doubt. It will sometimes cure a man of his doubts to let him know that they are no more voluntary than rheumatism, or the suffering of a nerve, or a muscle. Let a man feel, "It is not because I am so wicked that I am troubled with these doubts, but because I am under such and such influences; or, because my constitutional peculiarities are such, that it is natural for me to doubt," and he will have gone far toward being cured.

But secondly, when persons are in this state of doubt, they ought to bring themselves under the sympathetic influence of persons of firm faith, of positive and strongly developed piety. I suppose this is one of the secrets of the fellowship of the church—that the gifts of the church are for all; that those who are luminous are for those who are without vision; that those who are strong are for those who are weak; that those who are enthusiastic and imaginative are for those who are cold and literal; that those who are seers into heaven are to stand and tell those who cannot see what is within the gate. And one blessing of prayer-meetings, and lecture-meetings, and meetings of private families, is that they bring Christians together in sympathetic relations to each other, so that the gift of one is the gift of all.

If a man is faint and feeble in his religious feelings, let him find a Christian who is courageous and strong, and go with him, and keep near him. If a man is constitutionally joyful, and has strong hope derived from clear Christian experience, let him encourage those who have but little hope. An intelligent, hopeful mind, is medicine for a thousand doubting minds. Oh, blessed are they whom God has made sweet with loving, clear with hoping, serene with faith, and ardent with enthusiasm, and set them burning on their Christian way, that they may cast the influence of their divine gifts on every side, for those who need them! God has made them benefactors with a scope of which they have no conception. As they go on their way through life, they do not know what light they shed on those around them.

Do you suppose a lighthouse knows to how many vessels it serves as a guide? Ships, while they are off upon the ocean, see the lighthouse, but the lighthouse does not see them. Thousands find safety by this glowing light, that is faithful in winter and summer, chiefly faithful in darkness, and unvigilant only in daylight, while it stands unconscious of what it does!

There are many that are lifted up with Christian experience so that men steer by them; who are unconscious of the good they are doing. But by-and-by you that are strengthening the weak, you that are giving hope to the wavering, you that are bringing souls to heaven by your influence and example—by-and-by God will give you a secret that will make your soul glow like an archangel's! His disclosure to you of all that you have helped, and all that have been brought to Christ through your instrumentality, will be among the sweetest scenes and most blessed realizations of your existence. Help one another. You that are strong, bear with them that are weak. Receive him that is weak in the faith, but not to doubtful disputations.

Agents. Mrs. H. E. Brown, address of the Agitator, of Cleveland, Ohio, is an authorized agent of the BANNER, and will receive subscriptions for us. J. V. Mansfield, ditto.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

MEETINGS IN BOSTON.—S. J. Finney, of Ohio, will lecture in Ordway Hall next Sunday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock, and in the evening at 7:15 o'clock.

A OROCK for trance-speaking, &c., is held every Sunday morning, at 10:15 o'clock, at No. 14 Bromfield street, Adams Building.

MEETINGS IN CHELSEA, on Sundays, morning and evening at GUILD HALL, Wimpole street. D. F. GODDARD, regular speaker. Seats free.

CAMBRIDGEPORT.—Meetings in Cambridgeport are held every Sunday afternoon at 3 and 7:15 o'clock, at No. 14 Washington Hall, Main street. Seats free. The following Trance Speakers are engaged: Nov. 20th, Miss R. T. Amodeo; Dec. 3d and 10th, Miss Lizzie Doten; Dec. 17th, Miss R. T. Amodeo.

LAWRENCE.—The Spiritualists of Lawrence hold regular meetings on the Sabbath, forenoon and afternoon, at Lawrence Hall.

FOXBORO.—The Spiritualists of Foxboro' hold free meetings in the Town Hall every Sunday, at half-past one, and five o'clock, P. M.

WATERTOWN.—Rev. John Pierpont will lecture Nov. 20th; Watson Chase, Nov. 27th; Miss Mary M. Macomber, Dec. 4th and 11th; Miss Lizzie Doten, Dec. 18th and 25th; Miss Fannie Davis, Jan. 1st and 8th.

LOWELL.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings on Sundays, forenoon and afternoon, in Wolfe's Hall, South Main street.

SALER.—Meetings have commenced at the Spiritualists' Church, Sewall street. Circles in the morning; speaking, afternoon and evening.

WORCESTER.—The Spiritualists of Worcester hold regular Sunday meetings in Washburn Hall.

SUNDAY MEETINGS IN NEW YORK.

Meetings are held at Laramie Hall, on the corner of 8th street and 8th Avenue, every Sunday morning. Preaching by Rev. Mr. Jones. Afternoon: Conference or lecture. Evening: Circles for trance-speakers. There are at all times several present.

DORCHESTER HALL.—Meetings are held at this Hall regularly every Sabbath.

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