

THE SERMONS OF REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER AND EDWIN H. CHAPIN...

BERTHA LEE, OR, MARRIAGE.

To the Memory of my Husband this tale is dedicated BY ANN E. PORTER, Author of "Dora Moore," "Country Neighbors," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXV.—[CONTINUED.]

"I cannot say that I had now much courage left—it had oozed out at every finger. I tried to light a lamp, but my hands trembled so that the match went out before it kindled the wick. The stranger himself did it for me, and as he held the lamp a second, till the flame grew stronger, I looked up at him, and saw his features by the light that fell upon them. It was Dr. Cameron! Yes, I knew that in the dark, but I wanted the evidence of two of my senses. A robber! A highway robber! I was alone and unprotected, with my sleeping babe at my side. I cannot say I felt fear—certainly not when I looked at him, for his countenance expressed anything but evil. The good spirits must have had power over him then, for his face was full of happiness. He stooped down and looked at Lily."

"Your babe is growing finely; and is too warm, let me remove one of these coverings. She has a finely shaped head, rather large, and you must be careful of excitement—too much laughter, and too much crying, will be bad for her, during teething."

The Doctor took a large easy chair, and made himself comfortable. I confess I was not quite at ease, for the more I looked at him, the more I was convinced of his identity with the robber. I knew not what to say, for my mind was full of that scene. Did he read my thoughts? Suddenly, as if in answer to them, he said—

"Alas, Gray, we have met before—years ago. Your face I have never forgotten—see here," and he opened his pocket-book and showed me a likeness of myself—a very correct one, if my mirror told the truth. "I drew this some years ago. Do you know it is this likeness that led me to exert all my skill to save your life? You grazed death that night, and lips unused to pray, petitioned heaven for you then."

"I have heard my friends say, Dr. Cameron, that, under God, I am indebted to you for life; but pray explain what this likeness had to do with it."

"That will take a long time; but I promise you the story at another day. Now you are agitated; you feel hardly safe this dark, gloomy night, with no one but a highway robber for company. Be assured, that I would give my own life rather than cause you an hour of suffering. I came to-night to see if I could convince you that a man may redeem a lost reputation, by years of penitence and reformation. Let me give you a sketch of my history—"

I was born of pious Scotch parents, who were very rigid in their discipline, and being a naturally high-spirited, mischievous boy, I spurned the restraint of their severe rules. My father was allied to the nobility, but he despised the follies of fashionable life, and made home irksome by rules and severe punishments for trifling offenses. My mother, thank heaven, died before her son's soul had become tarnished and corrupted by evil associations. She was a gentle lady, but lived in great awe of my father, who loved her, but lived in great awe of his father-in-law, who was a stern and proud old man, and I inherited too much of his nature to confess and humble myself as I should have done. I left my home, and—but I would not like to tell you all my career—I became first, a leader in a smuggling craft, and lived a wild, adventurous life, that pleased me much. I learned my power over men, and held my band together because I cared so little for the spoils. They were nothing to me; it was the wild, roving life, and the attachment of my followers, that bound me to it. Not one of them but would have given his life for mine. We were at last detected by government spies, and lost our vessel and a valuable cargo, but fortunately not a man but saved his life. After that, we lived a free life in the woods, and though I have little to say in excuse of my course, yet I believe I extended my authority to execute justice, if you will allow that word to such a life—the life, what I called justice—we never robbed the poor, but often gave them what we took from the rich. I never allowed life to be taken, and guilty as I am, I believe my hands are free from the blood of my fellow men.

After a few years spent in this way, I was taken captive myself. Love subdued what a father's authority and the laws of my country had failed to do, and happiness made a new man of me. Alas! that misfortune should have come then. But it did come, with a power that crushed me, and in one of those years of gloom, amounting to almost insanity, you met me. You turned so impetuously to justice, if you will allow that expression to touch my heart. It made a new man of me. That was my last adventure on the highway. A hope seemed to spring into my heart, so sweet that I hardly dared encourage it—that perhaps after years of labor, and a determined effort to do right, I might regain those joys which had made life for a few years so sweet. Death had taken all that had made the world pleasant; but, perhaps, after a day of cloud and storm, the evening of life might have one parting hour of serenity and peace.

I cannot tell what led me to this place two years ago, or rather to the neighboring town of B; but when, after a few months' residence, I saw your face, and learned who you were, and where you lived, then I knew I was led by some good angel. I hope I do not pain you; I see the color come and go on your cheeks, and you are half doubting whether you ought to hear me through. Be easy; that babe in the cradle has no purer feeling for you than that which fills my heart; you have been, unknowingly to yourself, my guardian angel. I believe now in an overruling Providence, and a love and faith has sprung up in my heart, such as I had supposed only enthusiasts could believe in.

When I took the school in this place, it was at the request of a few gentlemen, who, supposing that I needed the pecuniary reward, urged me to take it. My father, on his death-bed, repented his severity to me, and left me, if I should be found, a competence. I determined not to claim it till I had made myself worthy to be his son.

To-day, for the first time, I feel that the love of one who is dear to you as well as myself, has made me able to call myself a man again. Yes, I am a husband once more! I have a talisman against evil, and life has new charms for me! I feel to-night a new youth, and aspirations which I have long since thought could never be awakened again. Heaven helping me, I will prove myself worthy of this blessing. Helen—"

While he had been speaking, my eyes had been intently fixed upon him. I had half guessed what he would say, and was waiting in trembling suspense for the denouement. I started from my seat; he rose at the same instant and held out his hand. I hesitated, "Oh, Helen," my heart said, "I tremble for you." He saw my hesitation, his countenance fell, and a gloom overspread it. He looked at me, and with a pathos which I shall not soon forget, repeated these words— "Jesus Christ came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance. He ate with publicans and sinners; his followers, more righteous than their master, refuse to lift the fallen!"

I gave my hand at once, and the grasp was warmly returned. "God bless you, Mrs. Gray! You are the only friend on which my wife and myself can depend now. I must go to England and reclaim my property; but my home will be in America, though necessarily under my assumed name of Cameron. Helen goes with me; but the vessel, I learn, will not leave under a week. In the meantime our marriage must be kept a secret. Your husband will leave no means untried to make it illegal, and you see that night, perhaps, do so. Our secret is safe with you for a few days."

"But where is Helen?" I asked. "She is with a friend, waiting to see you. I will bring her here directly, that you may have a few hours together, for we leave for Boston to-morrow."

"But when were you married, and where?" I asked with all a woman's curiosity. "Helen will tell you all."

Dr. Cameron turned to leave. "One word more," said he, as his hand was on the handle of the door. "It may be wrong to ask a wife to conceal anything from her husband; for my own sake I wish no concealment, but Helen has a singular dread of her brother's displeasure; she fears his anger, and begs of you not to reveal our marriage till two are beyond his reach; the stage-coach leaves the village before daylight, and will call here for her."

When he opened the door, we perceived for the first time that the storm was over, and there were stars already in the clear blue of the northern sky. Just then the village clock struck twelve! He gave me his hand again.

"Farewell," said he, "have faith in me, and let your prayers ascend to heaven in my behalf. God will hear them, if not mine for myself."

"Heaven help us all," I said, "and give us strength to perform life's duties."

"Amen!" he replied, and went out. A carriage drew up at the door that instant, and I recognized my husband!

CHAPTER XXVI. DEATH OF BERTHA'S FATHER.

I held the light for Mr. Gray till he should fasten the horse. I held it, accidentally, in such a way that I saw his face very plainly as he ran the halter through the ring-bolt in the stone post. It was pale, and his lips were compressed. I knew then that he had recognized Dr. Cameron, though I heard no words pass between them. He came into the house.

Mr. Gray, bring me the lantern."

I did as he directed, and he went out again to put up his horse. In the meantime I took Lily out of the cradle, and went up to my room. I did not like to meet him as he came in; perhaps he would say nothing after a few moments of reflection. I had some crackers and a glass of cordial ready for him when he should come up stairs. I had just undressed Lily and laid her in her crib when he entered. I was standing over the crib, and as I sought his face again, I read great displeasure thereon. He came toward me, and seized my arm with a hard, firm grasp.

"Mrs. Gray, have I not told you never to employ Dr. Cameron again. If your child is sick, send for Dr. Gray!"

The tempter whispered—"let it go so—it may be best for all parties concerned," but then I remembered what my father had once told me, "never act a lie; it taints the soul equally with a spoken falsehood," and I said—

"I did not send for him—Lily is well."

"Then why was he here, and at this time of night, too?"

"He came more than two hours ago, and we were engaged talking, and did not heed the lapse of time."

"That is a fine excuse, for a wife and mother!"

"It is no excuse, Mr. Gray; it is only the fact."

"What was the subject of your conversation, that rendered it so interesting?"

"His sketch of his own life."

"What interest, pray, did he think you could have in his life?"

"From my interest in Helen, I suppose."

"And you choose to encourage that foolish girl in her attachment! Helen understands that if she receives his attentions, she is henceforth banished from this house, and from her mother's also. You may have the satisfaction of knowing that you have helped to render her homeless."

"I have never encouraged her in this affair, Mr. Gray; but what are your objections to Dr. Cameron as a husband for Helen? I know he is old enough to be her father, but he is still young in looks, and he has a fine person, and a cultivated mind."

"He is an odd, mysterious, sort of man; a wanderer, earning a precarious living, in a small school. I prefer that she should marry the Deacon. But this has nothing to do with his calling here at this time of night, in my absence. He knew, of course, that Helen was not here. Your character, Mrs. Gray, is compromised by this, unless you can give me a better reason than any you have yet advanced."

I felt my anger rising; the hot blood mounted to my face, and nothing but a thought of Helen, restrained me from speaking words which were better unsaid. I was silent, and the silence, as is generally the case, irritated even more than words.

"Speak, Mrs. Gray—I command you!" he said, in a voice loud with anger.

"I have nothing more to say, save that your cruel taunt does not wound, and in a cooler moment you will regret it."

He made no reply, but went out of the room, and I heard him close the study door. I sat down to think. The clock struck one; at four Helen would leave, and I might not see her again for years. I looked out of the window; the stars were shining brightly, and the wind had gone down. I hesitated but a moment, threw on my bonnet and shawl, and giving one look at Lily, to assure myself that she slept well, I went softly down stairs, and into the street. It was but a short walk to the house of Helen's friend. I found her up and dressed, and trying to contrive some plan by which she could see me once more. She looked very happy. I saw no regret—I read no misgivings.

I could not, I dared not, approve her course; for a marriage without a parent's blessing, always gives me pain—but I clasped her in my arms, and wept over her. It was hard to hear her up.

"You still fear for me," she said; "oh, Bertha, have faith in him!"

"I will, for your sake," she said. You think me wrong to disregard a mother's wishes; but if you knew how she would have sold me, you would have no reproaches to make. Go to her when I am gone; tell her that in this one thing only I have disobeyed her, and I will return to take care of her, in her old age."

Dr. Cameron came in at that moment. He was transformed; all the better part of his nature stood revealed, and I ceased to wonder at his power over Helen. I dared not remain long, but with a few parting words, and all the money I possessed, which amounted to only a few dollars, slipped into Helen's hand, I bade them farewell, and hastened home. The house was silent, but I hardly dared enter my chamber; if Mr. Gray should demand an explanation, as he

had a right, what could I say? Surely, I had been very rash. But there was no one in the room, save Lily. I lay down and drew her to my side. The touch comforted and quieted me, but I could not sleep. I listened for the sound of the mail-coach when it should rattle by. It came, at last, and I had another glimpse, in the morning twilight, of the Doctor and Helen. I saw him more clearly as he looked up to my window; there was something in the expression of his face then that gave me more confidence and trust in his future than ever before something which I could not define, but which was a pleasant memory to dwell upon.

I did not sleep that night, but rose early and determined not to be late or deficient in my domestic duties. My breakfast was in season, and after waiting awhile, I went to the study for Mr. Gray. The door was locked, and everything still within. I waited another hour, and no Mr. Gray made his appearance. I went again to his door; he was still asleep, and I did not like to waken him. The kitchen clock plodded on to ten, about which time he made his appearance. I dreaded the interview. I felt that I was in a false position; for a wife should have no secrets from her husband. At one moment I resolved to tell him all, (and I have since wished that I had done so,) but fear kept me silent, a watchful enemy for the day of their arrival. Mr. Gomez and Lillian would come first; Mr. Herbert was still abroad. I was proud of Lily's growth and appearance. Her little cheeks were round and plump. Her hair had begun to curl, and lay on her head in little round, silky ringlets; she was full of merriment, and I knew her cunning, little ways, would delight Lillian. Then she had two little white teeth, a fact which Lillian had been duly apprised; but then she had not seen the precious pearls; more than this, she could stand alone—quite a feat for an eight months' baby. I dressed my pet in her blue morning, looping up the sleeves with the coral lilies had given her, and took her over to Elmwood to await the arrival of our friends. Mr. Green had made the drawing-room look very inviting—the table was laid there with a nice little supper, and the broad, open-fire-place, with its carved marble mantel, and its ample hearth of the same material, the shining fire-stove, and the ruddy blaze, shedding its warmth and brightness on crimson curtains, and rich carpets, and laughing back, as the silver tea-service smiled in its joy at seeing the glass chandelier, with its pendant crystals, all lighted up again.

I love to see a room like this get ready for travelers, and I sat down in one of the great easy chairs, with that feeling of pleasurable excitement which one always has on such an occasion. With a mother's pride I thought Lily the greatest ornament of the room—and she now looked prettier than then—her bright eyes were full of wonder at the beautiful things around her, and Mrs. Green passed to and fro, busy with those trifles which occupy the waiting host, she would laugh and catch hold of her dress, and say something which we interpreted as "Lily come, Lily come," but the little thing had not much idea of language as yet.

They came at last—we were not disappointed—and I looked anxiously at Lillian, as she stood under the chandelier; but surely she looked bright and well. I saw no change, save that she was thinner in flesh, but there was a line color in her cheek, and her eyes sparkled at me as she looked up at me with comprehension for herself. Lily was not afraid of her, but it seemed almost as if the darling knew herself that she had found an old friend. The two were perfectly happy together, and I hardly knew which was most musical, the clear, ringing laugh of Lillian, or the short, hearty response of the baby. Mr. Gomez had grown older; his step was more feeble, but as usual he forgot himself in his anxiety for Lillian. I could see his eyes turning often to her, and when he saw her happiness with her pet, a look of satisfaction and content spread itself over his face.

"There, Mrs. Gray, I believe that is all the child needs—my child, and I congratulate you with all my heart, on your success in rearing it thus far. It looks healthy, too, as if it had a long lease of life."

I could hardly get my baby home that night, and the next morning Mrs. Green was over before Lily was dressed.

"Do, pray, Mrs. Gray, let me have the baby. Lillian was coming herself, but the dew was so heavy I would not let her. If anything can cure her, this child will; but, dear me! the poor thing does cough terribly night and day. Her father do not know it, and she won't let anybody tell him. I'm going right to nursing her up, but consumption runs in the blood; her mother coughed that way, and why that is a case, more or less, I don't know."

"I accept the alternative," I replied, and went out of the room.

It could hardly be supposed that the two or three days following this conversation, should be white days in our household. But one thing is certain, they were not filled with contentment. Mr. Gray confined himself to his study, and I was sorry to learn, by the odor of his sanctum, that he consoled himself with a cigar. Once he called me in and bade me translate a half page of French from a volume of sermons. I did not examine the volume particularly, but I thought it was one he had lately purchased. I performed my task, and remarked that it was an extract from Fenelon.

"How do you know?" said he.

"From having read his discourses."

"He did not write that sermon."

"No, I should think not; the style of the extract is far superior to the body of the sermon."

I thought no more of the incident at the time, only wondered that as we had a translation of Fenelon's works, that he had not gone there at once. I did not attend church at that time, as Lily had no nurse but myself, and consequently had not the pleasure (or the pain) of hearing my translation delivered.

Helen had been gone but a week, when I received the following note, through the hands of her friend:

"DEAREST BERTHA.—We leave Boston to-day for England. I have written a note to Calvin, that you may not have all the pain of the disclosure. My mother supposes that I am with you, but she will no doubt learn her mistake soon. The Doctor was so unfortunate as to forget a small trunk of valuable papers at the house of our friend. Will you take care of them for us?"

I am happy, dear sister, I do not regret the step I have taken, but I am sorry to have grieved my mother. Treat her tenderly for my sake. I think of you every hour of my life, and pray for your happiness.

God bless you, my darling sister! HELEN.

The note to Mr. Gray was in his hands immediately, for I felt anxious that he should understand my night-walking, and I felt that it was better that he should know of Helen's marriage at once, before his mother came to us.

She came that day, full of apprehension and ill-will against myself. She had supposed that Helen was with a friend, and had learned her mistake. Deacon Abram also called on us in the evening, and my heart ached for the faithful, honest man, whose love, like his creed, was plain, blunt, and divested of all romance. I told them of Dr. Cameron's call—of his friends in England, omitting only his former habits, and mode of life.

The Deacon looked no happier, but Mrs. Gray was certainly in better spirits, and my husband was somewhat mollified; though he could not forgive my not telling him at once the cause of the Doctor's call.

Mrs. Gray had her crops to attend to, and could not stay with us and we were, therefore, left to ourselves again. My life was lonely, but the Herberts were to

be here soon, or rather Mrs. Herbert and her father. The servants were busy at Elmwood, and I took great pleasure in the opening of the house, and the ornamenting of the grounds anew. They were later than usual, instead of earlier, and I knew why it was so. Lillian's letters were full of cheerful anticipations for the future; but now and then a phrase like this aroused my fears—

"Charles has sent me a whole box of cordials for my cough; he would have me constantly dosing. Dr. Seeger, a noted German physician, is at our house. I must that father and Charles have laid their wise heads together, and concluded I need medical care, so this venerable white-headed man is here, and he watches me very carefully, and asks innumerable questions, which I answer at random, for I am well enough. I want to see my pet, Lily, and am pining for a sight of her sweet face. I shall be well enough when I have her with me."

I was anxious; I had learned to love Lillian as I never supposed I could love Charles Herbert's wife, and I trembled lest she should be taken from us. She was one of those delicate, tropical plants, that we love and cherish, finding our love stronger for the care we take of the rare flower.

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"There, Mrs. Gray, I believe that is all the child needs—my child, and I congratulate you with all my heart, on your success in rearing it thus far. It looks healthy, too, as if it had a long lease of life."

I could hardly get my baby home that night, and the next morning Mrs. Green was over before Lily was dressed.

"Do, pray, Mrs. Gray, let me have the baby. Lillian was coming herself, but the dew was so heavy I would not let her. If anything can cure her, this child will; but, dear me! the poor thing does cough terribly night and day. Her father do not know it, and she won't let anybody tell him. I'm going right to nursing her up, but consumption runs in the blood; her mother coughed that way, and why that is a case, more or less, I don't know."

"I accept the alternative," I replied, and went out of the room.

It could hardly be supposed that the two or three days following this conversation, should be white days in our household. But one thing is certain, they were not filled with contentment. Mr. Gray confined himself to his study, and I was sorry to learn, by the odor of his sanctum, that he consoled himself with a cigar. Once he called me in and bade me translate a half page of French from a volume of sermons. I did not examine the volume particularly, but I thought it was one he had lately purchased. I performed my task, and remarked that it was an extract from Fenelon.

"How do you know?" said he.

"From having read his discourses."

"He did not write that sermon."

"No, I should think not; the style of the extract is far superior to the body of the sermon."

I thought no more of the incident at the time, only wondered that as we had a translation of Fenelon's works, that he had not gone there at once. I did not attend church at that time, as Lily had no nurse but myself, and consequently had not the pleasure (or the pain) of hearing my translation delivered.

Helen had been gone but a week, when I received the following note, through the hands of her friend:

"DEAREST BERTHA.—We leave Boston to-day for England. I have written a note to Calvin, that you may not have all the pain of the disclosure. My mother supposes that I am with you, but she will no doubt learn her mistake soon. The Doctor was so unfortunate as to forget a small trunk of valuable papers at the house of our friend. Will you take care of them for us?"

I am happy, dear sister, I do not regret the step I have taken, but I am sorry to have grieved my mother. Treat her tenderly for my sake. I think of you every hour of my life, and pray for your happiness.

God bless you, my darling sister! HELEN.

STORIES FOR THE YOUNG.

BY MRS. L. M. WILLIS.

MY LITTLE LAME FRIEND.

"Let your light shine."

Little Eliza became lame when she was very young; her arms and body were very strong, but her feet had some disease that made them small and of little use to her, so that she could not walk much.

"And you would like to go?" said I. "Why, yes, I would; but then I can't; so I think it pleasant to be invited."

"Now I will tell you a little story," said Eliza. "and then you must tell me one. Once there was a little bird, and it loved the fresh air, and the sunshine, and the trees, and they shut it up."

"Well, what else?" said I; "did it mope and grow dull?" "Oh, no," said she; "it sang and sang, just as if it was in the bright sunshine. Is that a nice story?"

"I think it very beautiful," I said, "because it means that we can be happy and glad, if we have not all we wish. And now I will tell you my story. What shall it be about?"

"Oh, about a fairy, or some beautiful thing." "Well, once there was a beautiful plant that grew in the woods in a fair and sunny country. It was sung to by birds, and talked to by other little plants, and the great trees grew very tender of it, and bowed their branches to keep the wind from visiting it too roughly.

"Got home, Granny?" said a sweet voice; "and what did you bring for me—some violets, or a dandelion? Oh, I see! What a ducky it is! Oh, my poor, little pony, how it droops! Didn't you want to live with me? I will take nice care of you, and give you water every day."

Now Pinkey thought that sweet voice was very much like the bob-o-links that chattered so in the Spring, and that she used to send out her sweet perfume for, to pay him for his sweet songs; so she tried to lift her faded blossoms a little, and out came such a breath of fragrance, that the little girl bent her soft curls over to catch it.

"Go along," said the old woman, "do n't be fooling there." "Dear me," said Pinkey, "I wish the old woman was choked; but how sweet the little girl looks!"

Now Pinkey used to feel very homesick at first; but, after a time, she and the little girl, whose name was Tot, grew to be great friends. Pinkey felt ashamed of her naughty wish, as she saw Tot trying to be good, and so she made some little buds one day, and oh, how bright the room looked! Little Tot had been crying because the old woman was so cross; and Pinkey said, "Now I will comfort her," and pop went one of her little buds and became a blossom.

"Well, I did some good, didn't I," said Pinkey; "really this is as good as living in the woods; let me try again," and pop went another little bud. The old woman said, "Now I will comfort her," and pop went one of her little buds and became a blossom.

"Where did you get that? I used to pick such when I was a boy! Ah, me! that was a long time ago. What am I now? Only a selfish man. Here, Tot, take this dollar and buy you a new frock."

"Now, said she, 'I can have a blossom to carry to the good doctor, who helped me when I was sick.' So Tot picked the fairest blossom, which was the last one that Pinkey made when she had the sweetest thought of love. The doctor opened his eyes wide when Tot put the blossom into his hand.

"Now 's my time," said Pinkey, and pop went some more buds into blossoms.

"Dear me!" said another old woman, "there is something left of beauty yet; let 's go in to Neighbor Kinkum's and help her. All the children are sick, and she 's poorly and wants somebody to wash and clean for her. Come!"

"Well done! I 'll keep on till I get all things as I want them," said Pinkey.

"After a few weeks, Pinkey heard a knock on the door; it was the doctor. 'I came to get a sniff at another blossom,' said he. 'Tot, bring me another blossom. Dear me! I wish I was a boy again. My dear mother used to weave these in her hair. Tot, do n't you want to go to school? Send her, old lady, and I 'll pay the bills. I was rather hard on you when Tot was sick, and made you work too hard to pay me. Never mind, do n't thank me. Get your bonnet, Tot, and we 'll go to school.'"

"That 's better than all I 've done yet," said Pinkey. Tot had been to school but a few days, before she thought she would carry her teacher a blossom, she looked so pale and tired. "Oh, how beautiful!" said she. "May I go home with you to see the plants? I used to gather them when I was a little girl."

"Dear me," said Pinkey, "what a world this is! But let me brighten it up a little," and pop went her dear little buds again. "Oh, how sweet!" said the teacher. "I feel young again. My dear old lady, can I help you some way? Perhaps I can fix up your room."

"Oh," said Pinkey, "better and better. Now we 'll be fixed up." Then the teacher told them to get some whitewash, and taught them how to use it, and to put up some white paper curtains, and how to polish the chairs; and she and Tot worked one Saturday, till the room looked so fresh and bright that you would not have known it.

"Now, Tot," said the teacher, "you must keep it neat, and I will come sometimes and visit you. When I go home I 'll bring you some roots of violets and daisies to bloom beside your beautiful plants."

"Oh, oh," said Pinkey, "how nice! I shall not be alone any more." When the violets and daisies came, Pinkey was very happy, and the old woman grew very good and kind, and the doctor came often and chatted with her, and helped her pay her rent; and the teacher taught Tot to sew, so that she became more useful and happy every day.

"When I had finished my long story, Eliza said, 'Oh, how good that was! I wish I could make my light shine so.'" "That is just what I want you to keep doing," I said. "Your happy smiles and sweet, loving words are like Pinkey's blossoms. You cannot go into the woods, or run in the garden, like other children, so it is as if you were shut out from what you like best; but if you make others happy and good, by your own cheerful, unselfish ways, then, like Pinkey, you will be happier than if you lived like many other children."

Now, children, little Eliza, the lame girl, has been a light to me; she taught me to be patient, when I could not have all that I wished and to be glad in all I had. I have remembered her when sickness was upon me, and how sweetly she bore pain; I have remembered her love of all beautiful things, and her sweet smile as she put her hand in mine as if to bless me.

Like the little flower, you can bring beauty and goodness for others, if you will; and, like little Eliza, you can let your light shine; and, though you are young, you cannot tell how much good you may do in making the world better and happier.

THE FOREST HOME.

"The kingdom of heaven is within you."

I had mounted my pony, one day, thinking to have a little ride through the woods; for it was a cold day in November, and the open roads were exposed to the chill wind. There were no well-fenced roads, but only winding, circuitous paths through the forest. I thought I had well marked my way, so that I could return at pleasure, and I was greatly enjoying the freedom of the wild, secluded place. The wind was blowing in the tops of the trees, and they surged and swelled like a grand organ; but it did not touch the sheltered path I was in, only now and then it whirled the dried leaves, that seemed to enjoy being tossed about, for they danced around each other like butterflies around a thistle-bed. The sun shone brightly, and sent his beams through the naked branches, to light up little clumps of moss and brown stumps. Sometimes a red leaf, that still clung to its stalk, would gleam out like a gay blossom; and I thought, just as the sunlight brightens up the withered leaves, so will kind, loving thoughts, make even the dull and unlovely seem glad and beautiful.

I had been thinking too intently upon these things to heed my way, and when my cold fingers and aching limbs admonished me to turn homeward, I did not feel quite sure of the path I should take. I tried to find which way the sun was going, as I know it was in that way I should go; but I was so bewildered that I could not make up my mind to follow any one path, and so I gave the reins to my faithful pony, and tried to have a great deal of faith in his instinct. I assure you I did not think much more of the beautiful sights; but only of the snug room at home; and I wished I was there, instead of in the wild forest, although it was so beautiful.

After a time, I heard the faint cry of some barn-yard fowl, and knew that I should find somebody's home, if not my own, and I chirped to my horse with a glad heart. I soon came to a little clearing in the woods, and saw a log-cabin, with all the signs of life about it. As soon as the sound of my horse's hoof could reach those within, I saw faces at the only window, and presently a troop of children came out, looking as surprised and happy as if they had not seen any one for many a day. I had time before I dismounted, to see that everything about the cabin was neat and orderly; that little wild-wood plants had been set out, and carefully sheltered by white-washed frames; that wild roses were climbing upon the corners; an oak was trimmed to form a fine shelter for the roof, and moss had been brought to make a soft seat beneath the tree. When I went in, I saw how few real comforts there were, but how much care was used in making the most of all; there were rough benches for seats, and two chairs. There was one little room that was crowded with beds; the rough logs were white-washed, and the floor was as white as sand could make it.

"A snug little place you have here," said I to the mother, who welcomed me; "and what a comfortable fire," as I held my hands to the bright blaze. And then I comforted one child after the other to me, and learned their names. As I was so weary, I asked them if they would let me stay awhile, and if the oldest boy would take my horse home, and tell my friends where I was. The truth was, I wanted to see more of these people, for the moment I entered their house, I felt as if I was in a better place than I had been in for many a day. After the pony was started with his new driver, I heard the history of this family. They had come here for the sake of a better climate, for the father was ill; they were poor, and had no friends to help them; but they trusted in the loving care of God, and were industrious and happy.

Little Ada said, "I pick up chestnuts in the fall, and buy me a winter frock." "And I raise chickens," said Sam, "and buy mother a gown." "And I pick berries," said Susan, "and change for coffee for father."

"And I hunt rabbits," said Henry. "And I eat apples," said a curly-headed girl. Ah, here is a home, a real home, where only love rules, thought I, and without any of the beautiful things that we all think so necessary. The gentle mother told me how they had learned to make their home so beautiful. They had a little girl whose name was Mary—a sweet, happy child; they lived where they now did, but none of them thought of making the place beautiful. The room was black with smoke, and the yard filled with unsightly things.

Little Mary went out one day, and was gone a long time, and so they searched for her. She had fallen and broken her leg; poor little thing, how she suffered! She never got well, but looked very pale, and grew weaker every day.

"We all tended her, and loved her more and more," said the mother. "She had a love of everything beautiful, and when she could not go out she wanted beautiful things around her; so she asked me why I could not be like God, who made the earth so lovely, and put bright things everywhere. I thought of that every day, and we all tried to be a little like God in blessing her. I whitewashed the room to make it look more like the sky; and the children brought flowers, and green moss, and every day we placed some pretty thing where she could see it. But she grew paler and weaker, and said she was going away. I asked her where, and she said to Heaven, 'but I can never be glad in Heaven, if you are not all of you in Heaven, too—so you must make everything as much like Heaven as you can.' Little Mary died, and we laid her body under the oak, back of the house; but we did not lose her. We think every day of her Heaven, and try to make our house as beautiful, so that she can stay some with us. When little Ada feels a little selfish, and wants all the chestnuts to buy her own frocks, then she remembers that is not like Mary's Heaven. And when the children speak unkindly to each other, then I tell them about Mary; and we have all thought so much about her Heaven that I believe we have found it."

I heard all this history with thankfulness. Here was a home, made beautiful by the love and brightness of happy, loving hearts. I sat a long time thinking of it, and did not mind that supper was ready—it was Johnny Cake and milk for all the children; but I had some warm tea and fresh butter.

"Do you never get tired of living so alone," said I. "I do, very," said Ada. "I want to go to town and see the fine sights, and I intend to very soon—that is, if I can."

"Well, Ada," said Sam, "I know what you want to go for, for I heard you say, just as if you were talking to Mary—it was to have some money to buy us some books, so—"

"Well, you need n't have told of it, till mother said she feared I was going back to my selfish ways again."

Then they all laughed, that Ada had been found out so nicely. And now, feeling well rested, I asked the children, who were familiar with all the paths of the forest, to walk to the main road with me. During this walk I learned more of their ideas of God. Said little Anna, the youngest—

"There 's a little leaf; I wonder if it wont look plitty in my turtls."

"Oh, let 's make Anna an angel," said they all. So they gathered bright leaves and trimmed her hair, and put little evergreens all over her frock, and she laughed, and said—

"Now, if you are cross, you tant live with me." "But God do n't say so," said Sam; "he says, 'Come little children, and Mary said, 'Love me always.'"

"Well, love me always," said Anna. Then they kissed her, and made a cradle with their folded hands, and carried her gently.

I went often to that little hut in the wood, after this first visit; but never saw a rude manner, or heard an ill-natured word from one of those little ones; they taught me more of Heaven than I had ever known before, for I saw that happiness and beauty must be in the heart, and then all things will be made bright and beautiful and seem blessed.

"How many little children think they could be glad and happy like these children, without all the pleasures they now deem so necessary? Do you not see that all the beautiful things that children have, could not bless them while they had selfish and unlovely spirits; and that these little children, that I have just told you of, were happy without them, and so understood about Heaven? You must think, too, of the power that little Mary had in making so many love beautiful things, and try to overcome their selfishness; and you can then know how much good little boys and girls can do in bringing Heaven to earth by planting it in their own hearts, and helping others to find it."

Written for the Banner of Light.

BUCKLE'S HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION.

"Among the many labors showing the progress of the Intellect, we know of no work in the historical field that equals this of Mr. Buckle. It has a thorough grasp of principles and laws which utilize the physical and mental growths of the world. If a passing mist or cloud for a moment dims its horizon, it quickly vanishes from the face of so much day. And though not yet passed beyond its 'General Introduction,' it gives us such foregleams of its future unfolding as stamps a new era in the science of history."

It is impossible, in a short notice of such a work, to show the complete fullness of Mr. Buckle's method of establishing his premises and proving his conclusions. Let it suffice to say, that he belongs not to that class who believe that in ignorance there is bliss, and in wisdom folly. He shows that the salvation of the world is in its knowledge, and its damnation in its ignorance—that to the untrammelled intellect, and not to religious sects, is the world indebted for whatever progress it has made; and only as we are set free from the dead past, is our glorious fruition in the present, with a still increasing luminous future, ready when we are open to receive.

Though Mr. Buckle has not yet reached the open vision of spiritual phenomena as within the scope of present knowledge, yet he has so arrayed the past and the present, that when he grows to more spiritual sight, he will find no conflict between his present and future unfolding. He will see that the laws of the spirit-world are not miraculous in their action upon this—but are clearly referable to law and condition—antecedence and sequence—as anything he has set forth in the vasty deep of his own awakening—not that he denies spiritual consciousness—nay, he receives it as a "symptom of immortality."

In the wreck of the old State and Church—old politics—old theologies, and all old foggydom—Romanist and Protestant—Mr. Buckle, himself the mightiest of their destroyers, because of their deadly oppression of his darling civilization, in whose rapid march he foresees the close proximity of their unlamented death—amid these ruins, so soon to be apparent to numberless eyes, it is cold comfort to be able to find only a "symptom of immortality." Not in symptoms of immortality do modern enlightened students of spiritual phenomena rest. We have that knowledge to which Mr. Buckle has paid so beautiful a tribute for having wrought all the civilizations of the globe. In multitudinous ways, with all their inductive and deductive corollaries, which no circumscribed and short-sighted boundaries of knowledge can displace from their serial links of causation in coupling the two worlds—the incarnated, and super-incarnated states in reciprocal action, we have the living proofs of the past identities in flesh now speaking as present identities from the spirit world. We know this, not in that foolish theological sense, as miraculous or in contravention of nature's laws, but in harmony with them, though apparently abnormal to the grosser boundaries of knowledge. We know this, after more than thirty years of labor in the knowledge, doubt and skepticism which Mr. Buckle so highly vaunts, and without which, he proves no civilization has ever been. We have sought and found that the spirit world is, and that human beings there can communicate with human beings here; and thus, that the spiritual identity survives its clothing of flesh, and can manifest, not in "symptoms" only, but in realities of its present life—of its having been and now is!

Mr. Buckle, in all his vast researches, meeting everywhere the terrible results of the perverted spiritual nature of man—his gross superstition, and helplessness in the hands of the priesthood—looks with suspicion upon any claims of spiritual realities. And when a Unitarian Bellows, instead of an Orthodox Gabriel, is attempting to blow the resurrection of a dead past, it is refreshing to follow Mr. Buckle in the opposite direction from the beggary elements to which Mr. Bellows would blow us. Instead of confining us to what was said by them of old time, Mr. Buckle says: "Even in this age, when the imagination is more under control than in any preceding one, it has far too much power—as might be easily proved, not only from the superstitions which, in every country, still prevail among the vulgar, but also from that poetic reverence for antiquity, which, though it has been long diminishing, still hampers the independence, blinding the judgment, and circumscribes the originality of the educated classes."

At page ninety-six we are told that, "Of all the various ways in which the imagination has distorted truth, there is none that has worked so much harm as an exaggerated respect for past ages. This

reverence for antiquity is repugnant to every maxim of reason. It is this, again, which gave the theologians their idea of the primitive virtue and simplicity of man, and of his subsequent fall from that high estate."

In the more advanced stages of society, Mr. Buckle shows that new professions arise, and that the military and ecclesiastical decline. The new professions "being essentially mental, offer to genius opportunities for success more rapid than any formerly known. The consequence is, that in England, where these opportunities are more numerous than elsewhere, it nearly always happens that if a father has a son whose faculties are remarkable, he brings him up to one of the lay professions, where intellect, when accompanied by industry, is sure to be rewarded. If, however, the inferiority of the boy is obvious, a suitable remedy is at hand—he is made either a soldier or a clergyman—he is sent into the army, or hidden in the church!" (P. 143.)

"Even in an advanced state of civilization, there is always a tendency to prefer those parts of literature which favor ancient prejudices, rather than those which oppose them; and in cases where this tendency is very strong, the only effect of great learning will be to supply the materials which may corroborate old errors, and confirm old superstitions. In our time such instances are not uncommon; and we frequently meet with men whose erudition ministers to their ignorance, and who, the more they read, the less they know," &c., &c. (P. 195.)

Our author, in the very front of the advancing spirit of the age, is thoroughly democratic in all his length and breadth, and has no sympathy with that conservative protection with which the old logics would shroud their hoary errors. Grote has shown that the ascending spirit of ancient Greece was democratic. With matchless eloquence and sweep of thought, Buckle has riddled and sifted the past and the present, and everywhere displays, as the result of intellect and knowledge, the culminating spirit of democracy and civilization. The old legislations and old theologies, in their precedents and superlatives, have warred against the advancing spirit of the age; and when successful, "the nation has retrograded, or the people have risen. It is absurd—it would be a mockery of all sound reasoning, to ascribe to legislation any share in the progress, or to expect any benefit from future legislators, except that sort of benefit which consists in undoing the work of their predecessors. This is what the present generation claims at their hands." (P. 203.)

"It is evident that, till doubt began, progress was impossible. For, as we have clearly seen, the advance of civilization solely depends on the acquisitions made by the human intellect, and on the extent to which those acquisitions are diffused. But men who are perfectly satisfied with their own knowledge, will never attempt to increase it. Men who are perfectly convinced of the accuracy of their opinions, will never take the pains of examining the basis on which they are built. They look often with wonder, and often with honor, on views contrary to those which they inherited from their fathers; and, while they are in this state of mind, it is impossible that they should receive any new truth which interferes with their foregone conclusions." (P. 212.)

Of the creation of Lords in the time of George III., our author gives them their position thus—

"They consisted almost entirely of two classes: of country gentlemen, remarkable for nothing but their wealth; and the number of votes their wealth enabled them to control; and of mere lawyers; who had risen to judicial appointments partly from their professional learning, but chiefly from the zeal with which they repressed the popular liberties, and favored the royal prerogative." (P. 221.)

"The King, on every occasion, paid a court to the clergy; he was therefore sure of their support, and they zealously sided him in every attempt to oppress the Colonies. The aristocracy, a few leading Whigs excepted, were on the same side, and looked to the taxation of America as means of lessening their own contributions." (P. 243.)

In discussing the civilization of France, Mr. Buckle shows that it was the earlier development of skepticism in the English mind that gave them a generation in the start of progress.

"The simple fact is, that this is one of those innumerable instances which teach us that no country can rise to eminence so long as the ecclesiastical power possesses such authority." (P. 253.)

Of Descartes, it is said: "He deserves the gratitude of posterity, not so much on account of what he built up, as on account of what he pulled down. His life was one great and successful warfare against the prejudices and traditions of men. He was great as a creator, but he was far greater as a destroyer." (P. 421.)

"Descartes cautions his readers against the common error of looking to antiquity for knowledge—slaves to form—who believe themselves religious when they are only bigoted and superstitious; who think themselves perfect because they go much to church."—(In cit. P. 423.)

"That spirit of doubt, which is the necessary precursor of all inquiry, and, therefore, of all solid improvement, owes its origin to the most thinking and intellectual parts of society, and is naturally opposed by the other parts; opposed by the nobles, because it is dangerous to their interests; opposed by the uneducated, because it attacks their prejudices." (P. 430.)

Mr. Buckle concludes this chapter (8th) by stating his method of pursuing still further the respective developments of England and France: "It will show the intimate connection between knowledge and liberty; between an increasing civilization and an advancing democracy." (P. 438.)

The 9th chapter opens with showing that in a barbarous state, of society, a priesthood may be useful as a barrier between the people and their rulers; but not willingly will the clergy tolerate that knowledge which increases mentality and enfranchises the people. (P. 441.) "What the nobles are to politics the priests are to religion. Both classes, constantly appealing to the voice of antiquity, rely much on tradition, and make great account of upholding established customs. Both take for granted that the old is better than the new; and that in former times there were means of discovering truths respecting government and theology, which we, in these degenerate ages, no longer possess." (P. 463.) Hence forever the enemies of reform and hereby, and hence "those two powerful classes, who, from their position, their interests, and the habits of their mind, are more prone than any other to cherish antiquity, cleave to superannuated customs, and uphold institutions which, to use their favorite language, have been consecrated by the wisdom of their fathers." (P. 461.)

But Queen Elizabeth "made no account of dignity of rank; she did not even care for purity of blood. She valued men neither for the splendour of their ancestry, nor for the length of their pedigrees, nor for the grandeur of their titles. Such questions she left for her degenerate successors, to the size of whose understandings they were admirably fitted." (P. 467.)

Here is a capital passage on the great English rebellion. After tracing the successive steps which led to it, in that same matchless sweep of causation—broad, deep, and vast, transcendently beyond the scope of any other English historian, he says: "We may find proofs still more convincing of the true character of the English rebellion, if we consider who those were by whom it was accomplished. This will show us the democratic nature of a movement which lawyers and antiquaries have vainly attempted to shelter under the form of constitutional precedent. Our great rebellion was the work, not of men who looked behind, but of men who looked before. To attempt to trace it to personal and temporary causes—to ascribe this unparalleled outbreak to a dispute respecting ship-money, or a quarrel about the privileges of Parliament, can only suit the habits of those historians who see no further than the preamble of a statute, or the decision of a judge. Such writers forget that the trial of Hampden, and the impeachment of the five members, could have produced no effect on the country, unless the people had already been prepared, and unless the spirit of inquiry and insubordination had so increased the discontents of men, as to put them in a state where, the train being laid, the slightest spark sufficed to kindle a conflagration." (P. 473.)

While our author is tracing French civilization, in the 13th chapter, he pays his compliments to that branch of old humanity, which even our nineteenth century clergy still persist in espousing as the specially elected, holy people of God; and we are severely censured if we refuse to wear the old clothes of an undeveloped people. Happily the ancient vestments have been so much ventilated of late,

Banner of Light.

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THE THANKSGIVING FESTIVAL.

If ever a remarkably good thing has been said, done, or suggested, ten to one it has been so said, done, or suggested by a woman. She is always first in every happy work.

Our noble Thanksgiving, that takes its root in the religious sentiments of the valiant puritan fathers, though originally observed with a delight most dubiously tinged with asceticism, has in our day come to signify the finest sentiments, of love and affection only, that give dignity and beauty to human nature.

Ten thousand hearts, as the longed-for day draws near, are beating with high and joyous expectancy. If we have any single day in our national calendar that may be called a Red Letter Day, this is the one.

Many a country doorstep this week felt the feet, only annually passed there, of children who had crossed the same years before in quest of fame and fortune.

On Tuesday and Wednesday they flocked home; the children to look with eyes of delight all around the old homestead, as they come up before it, and the grandchildren overrunning with glee at the thought of a holiday and a feast with the old folks at home.

On the morning of the festival, all eyes are early open, where families have been united again. How can any one sleep after the days ushered in, especially if he have come ten, fifty, one or three hundred miles to make the most of it.

At breakfast, all the old scenes are revived, the conversation being taken up where it was left off around the hearth the evening before. Then follow plans, most solemnly discussed, about staying at home and going to "meeting;" when the female part of the company jabber on concerning the matter to their hearts' content.

A Thanksgiving sermon, however, is so such pleasant matter. It is at least appetizing, and holds off the dinner-hour so that the few who listen are generally quite well prepared for the roast when they get to it.

The old country meeting-house is rarely ever full on this day, though the people do flock in rather better than on Fast Day. And, on the whole, even the direst old theological dispensers will manage to get a little more juice into their Thanksgiving discourse than is usual with them.

stead, to come back again and renew their acquaintance with the pastor, now grown a great deal older in his absence, to hear the welcome sound of his well-known voice, to laugh and chat over the old times that were so pleasant that none shall ever equal them, and to re-unite those spiritual fibres and delicate threads that have been temporarily severed.

But when all the house is at home again, and father and mother are chatting with their father and mother, and the children are answering the thousand questions of their aunts and uncles, and dinner is getting upon the long table—never in the whole year stretched out to such ample length as now—then it is the material enjoyment of the day begins.

There is a good deal of philosophy in gladdening the hearts of returned friends with a bountiful dinner. Good fare and warm feelings are inseparably united. You cannot expect to draw out the best expressions from anybody, no matter how genial his nature may be, if hunger is gnawing at his vitals.

Our joy has silently gone forth, this week, to those whose cup has been full. We have expressed our sympathies in secret with all our friends (and they are, of course, our countless readers,) who have entered into their old domestic relations anew, and obtained a fresh lease of life by so doing.

If all human actions were equally well adapted to secure and promote the peace, order, and happiness of the race, justice and injustice, right and wrong, virtue and vice would imply only arbitrary and technical distinctions, without any corresponding differences in the intrinsic nature of things.

Carbonic acid gas and oxygen are not precisely the same thing, nor can the chemist and physiologist be made to believe that they are equally useful in the process of combustion and the economy of animal life.

Now if a righteous judgment be proper in our observations of the world of physical elements and organic forms, it can neither be wrong nor unwise to carry the exercise of this faculty of discrimination into the sphere of our social relations and the moral life of the world.

The claims of true charity are never at war with the demands of reason and the dicta of an enlightened science. Charity is something different from a confusion of mental faculties and moral qualities. It does not propose to obliterate all proper distinctions in this most important department of human inquiry.

The moral philosopher will not fail to distinguish between those acts of men that promote, and those that interrupt, the moral equilibrium and the social harmony of the world. It is readily granted that many persons are rudely censured and remorselessly condemned for the very deeds which illustrate the noblest virtues.

the nature of his motive, and his capacity to have acted otherwise under the existing circumstances; while the character of the action, in itself considered, can only be determined by its legitimate consequences.

The intellectual activity of man, and his rapid progress, are seen in the important discoveries he has made in the various branches of Natural Science, and in the general diffusion of knowledge. Here a broad field opens before us, to which the mental eye can discern no bounds.

The Press is employed to beat down the bulwarks of ignorance. This powerful engine is sometimes misdirected, it is true, and in the hands of corrupt politicians and immoral men, may become a prolific source of evil; but, as a whole, its action on the world is lever-like.

We publish, by request, the proceedings of the adjourned meeting of the Harmonical Colony Association, held at Worcester, Mass., Oct. 20th, 1859. After the necessary preliminaries, the following resolves were passed:

- 1. Resolved, That we proceed forthwith to the choice of such officers as are immediately requisite for the current year. The following named were elected: President—Rouben Barron, Lancaster, Mass. Vice Presidents—Earl Joslin, Worcester, Mass.; Z. Baker, Dudley, Mass. Recorder—D. C. Gates, Worcester, Mass. Treasurer—Albion Carpenter, Worcester, Mass.

Our connection with the press for the last twelve years—especially during the period we were engaged in the publication of books—has afforded an opportunity to become acquainted with a number of our best Artists.

Messrs. Doty & Berger are prepared to execute every kind of art work on copper and steel, from the simplest Business Card to the finest lined and stippled Portraits, and the most complicated and elaborate Bank Note designs.

A contemporary in speaking of the dearth of employment for many classes of mechanics and laborers at the present time, and the prospect of destitution for many of them during the approaching winter, very aptly, and doubtless with much genuine sympathy, says, "God help the poor!"

Who cannot see, by the exercise of a little rational and unselfish thought, that genuine charity consists not in devout words and pious ejaculations, but in the performance of direct acts of good? If he who says or thinks, "God help the poor," would at once consider himself an especial instrument for extending that help, he would experience the double blessing of knowing that his charitable desires were gratified, and of enjoying the highest of all delights, that of being the means of rendering a desponding and suffering brother happy.

Boston Young Men's Christian Union. The Board of government of this Society have made arrangements for two courses of lectures this winter, on successive Sunday evenings, in Hollis Street Church.

The first course is on the Christian Poets, three lectures of which have already been delivered. The remainder are to be in the following order: On Sunday evening, Nov. 27th, on "Charles Wesley," by Rev. Dr. Lothrop; Dec. 4th, "Mrs. Barbauld, and other Female Writers," by Rev. Dr. Gannett; Dec. 11th, "Cowper and John Newton," by Rev. Dr. Stockbridge; Dec. 18th, "Isaiah and Keble," by Rev. Dr. Thompson; Dec. 25th, "Milton," by Rev. G. H. Hepworth.

A disposition to prove all things, presents itself as a feature of the times. Whatever comes under our observation must now pass the test of a rigid examination. Everything is resolved into its elemental principles. The spiritual no less than the physical universe; the sphere of interior causes, as well as the world, of external effects and visible phenomena, are subject to the most searching investigation.

Mr. Bly in Middleboro'. A friend has furnished us with a detailed account of a visit paid to this pleasant village, by the distinguished professor whose expositions (?) of Spiritualism have brought him prominently before the public.

On a Saturday evening, about four weeks ago, Mr. Bly went to Middleboro', and engaged a hall, in which to speak. His lecture was widely advertised, but the evening brought only about fifteen persons to the hall. Bly, therefore, declined to lecture, and paid back the money. The owner of the hall requested Mr. B. to pay the hall hire; Bly told him he should have it on Monday, as it was not convenient to hand it to him then, intimating that he had money, but not with him.

Messrs. Ezroutz—Since I last wrote you, Mr. Mansfield, the well-known test writing medium of your city, has been with us. He spent a month here, and during that time the spirits answered, through his organism, over seven hundred and fifty questions, most of which were entirely satisfactory.

Our lectures are now fairly under way, Bro. Thomas Gates Forster, the Boomerang of trance-mediums, is with us at present, and, though he has been very ill during the past summer, and is still quite feeble, his lectures are thought to surpass any that he has given before, in force, beauty, eloquence, and originality.

Printers and Authors at Cambridge. A social re-union took place on Tuesday evening last, at the residence of H. O. Houghton, Esq., of the Riverside Printing Establishment, on the occasion of the completion of a seven years' apprenticeship by one of his employees.

Emerson at Music Hall. Ralph Waldo Emerson lectured at Music Hall, on Sunday, November 6th, on "Domestic Life." We secured an abstract report of the lecture, which we shall give to our readers next week.

SPIRITUAL AFFINITY. Abstract Report of a Lecture delivered in Norwich, Ct., by Dr. A. B. Child, Sunday, Nov. 20.

"ANGEL—Oh, child, and say to all, I love them, and expect them. MOUNTAIN—Blessed one I will." Many waves of progress shall we pass over, before soul meets soul in spiritual affinity!

Spiritual attraction increases, and becomes evident to the soul's perception, as the attraction of the soul to matter lessens. Truths of kindred hues blend, and are inseparably united. Kindred souls are attracted to each other, and blend in one thought, one harmony, by the law of love.

Imperfect developments annihilate imperfectly, and there is want of harmony and beauty. Spirit, through matter, is manifested with great imperfection. So, "soul-affinities," professing to be matched with in the material body, are wretchedly and imperfectly matched; the match is only material.

What is there in us save our souls, that is of real value? Nothing. This beautiful and immortal soul is growing up in these deformed bodies, and maturing for the government of spiritual affinities; and as the love of material things slackens and decays, this law of spiritual affinity assumes dominion.

Where there is to be found a soul on earth, whose love of earthly things had grown to ripened age, and the fruits thereof had fallen to dust again, that soul is in the embrace of spiritual affinities, is governed by the law of spirit attraction, can commune with angels by silent thought, and mortals of kindred development also.

Longfellow pictures the same beautiful truth of soul communion in his description of the death of Hiawatha's beloved Minnehaha. When she was dying in anguish, and Hiawatha was many hundred miles away, she cried:

"Hiawatha! Hiawatha! And the desolate Hiawatha, Far away and the forest, Heard away among the mountains, Heard that sudden cry of anguish, Heard the voice of Minnehaha, Calling to him in the darkness, Hiawatha! Hiawatha!"

This condition of the soul, which brings it under the influence and government of spirit attraction, comes of natural growth; no extraneous influence can advance it in this direction. Those I know, who are developed in this way, have passed the ordeal of intense suffering. They have drunk the cup of bitterness, and have been tried in the fires of agony.

Love attracts its kindred love from all worlds. There is no marriage, nor giving in marriage, in spirit; love's attraction draws soul to soul.

Every soul that God has made shall sometime, in the unutterable ecstasy of silent delight, respond to the sweet sound of the words flowing from another soul like its own, "I am thine, I am thine."

Every inherent principle of love existing in one soul, when unattained in desire, is answered by the laws of love's attraction in another soul possessing the same love. This attraction is spiritual affinity; soul alliance; inseparable union, as eternal as God is.

Earth has imperfections, in minutes; matter is replete with crudities, with breaks and angles, and spirit manifested through matter partakes of earth's imperfections; crude conditions, violations and inharmonies exist. All earth's wrongs are necessary effects of natural laws. All the evils of the earth are but the lawful products of the work of the Hand of Love that is molding and shaping the human soul to exist in perfect symmetry, in an eternal here and forever, to be governed by the law of spiritual affinity forever and forever.

dilation of life that has produced it. Breaches of promise, breaches of trust, breaches of honor, broken alliances, blasted affection, secret violation of trust, separation of man and wife, and prostitution, have been inseparably connected with earthly marriages, with the affinities of souls in matter; and while the love of the material world preponderates in the soul, which is legitimate in the soul's infancy, these things must be for the soul's afflictions are manifested through matter corresponding to the imharmonies of matter.

J. B. M. Squire. Private personal business having called our junior partner to Europe, his address will be at London, England.

Written for the Banner of Light. AUTUMN. BY SHEPWOOD.

Brown Autumn hovers o'er the land, And all the air is filled with consciousness of age, And over Nature's paled hand Are creeping traces of the year's withering stage.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Contents.—First Page. Bertha Lee. Second Page—"My Lane Friends," and "The Forest Home;" Stories for the Young, by Mrs. F. L. H. Willis, of Coldwater, Mich. Buckle's History of Civilization—an interesting and lucid review of a valuable book.

Third Page—"My Name"—a beautiful piece of poetry, by Florence Perry; Dr. Chapin's sermon on "Christian Patience." Sixth Page—Messages from spirits—three columns—an interesting one from Robert Owen; "Pass on Dear Mother"—poetry, by Lita Barney; "Dealings with the Dead"—a telling paper.

Seventh Page—A spiritual communication through Mrs. A. B. Hall, medium, of Roxbury; Report of S. J. Finney's lecture at Orway Hall; Lowell Items; Poetry, etc. Eighth Page—Rev. Mr. Beecher's last Wednesday evening's lecture.

Chapter the third of "Man and His Relations," (second series), will appear in our forthcoming issue. Mr. Beecher did not preach on Sunday evening, Nov. 13th; but our reporter, always on the alert, has given us one of special interest, delivered by Mr. B. on Wednesday evening of last week. Read it.

The Ayer and Fay stabbing case has been not proved. John B. Gough lately gave three lectures in the Round Room of the Rotunda, in Dublin, which is capable of containing 2500, and was full to the utmost possible extent. He visited some of the provinces, and in Belfast alone, (the metropolis of whisky-drinking north,) succeeded in obtaining 2000 signatures to the pledge.

The excitement at Harper's Ferry and Charlestown, Va., still continues. A rescue of the prisoners was anticipated, and troops have concentrated in the feverish districts from various sections of the State.

A Provisional Government has been formed at Pike's Peak. A Mr. Steele has been elected Governor. Steele, more than anything else, is probably needed there about this time.

The greatest thoughts seem degraded in their passage through little minds. Even the winds of heaven make but mean music when whistling through a key-hole. We are told by high authority that Christianity is the flag under which a large majority of the world sail, and not the rudder that steers their course.

If men were compelled to give a reason for everything they believe, either reasons would become more abundant than they are, at the present day, or doctrines would be fewer. A country editor says that a farmer in their county made a scarecrow so very frightful, that an old crow actually went and brought back all the corn he had stolen for several days and left it in the field.

A young prince of the illustrious house of Monaco was asked why he had married a rich old woman. "Ma foi," was the gay young prince's reply; "let me ask you, what poor man in a hurry to get an enormous bank note cashed troubles himself to look at the date of it?"

The fire at Yreka, California, on the 22d ult., destroyed property valued at \$300,000. The Metropolitan Horse Railroad is to be "extended." The knocking down of half Paris for the better accommodation of the other half is still going on.

A German writer observes that in the United States there is such a scarcity of thieves, that they are obliged to offer a reward for their discovery. We have received from the artist, Dr. T. J. Lewis, of Boston, an engraving which he entitles "Dog eat Dog; or, the Inharmonious State of Society." It is an exceedingly clever caricature on the condition of things in church, state, commerce, and society. It is published by Redding & Co. No. 8 State street.

Mr. Spurgeon, lately preaching, stopped short in the middle of his sermon, and said, "Perhaps, my friends, you may think I ramble; but if you will ramble to the devil, I must ramble after you."

subject in masterly manner, confining himself to the presentation of facts and the philosophy of reason.—Bangor Spirit Guardian. The U. S. frigate John Adams has been condemned at Rio Janeiro as unseaworthy, and will return to Norfolk. Peterson's Magazine is one of the most readable periodicals of this country.

The Washington Statue Fair now holding in Boston, will be a success. The exhibition will probably continue through the week. Mr. Henry F. Poor, formerly of Boston and latterly of Honolulu, died at H., Sept. 18th, of consumption.

THE CASE OF JOHN BROWN.—The petition of John Brown for a writ of error to the judgment rendered by the Circuit Court of Jefferson County, Va., was presented to the Supreme Court of Appeals on the 18th inst. The Court refused to award a writ of error, being of the opinion that the judgment of the Circuit Court is plainly right. The execution, therefore, takes place December 2d. Judges Allen, Daniel Moore, Leo and Robertson were on the bench.

A preacher lately said in his sermon, "let women remember, while putting on their profuse and expensive attire, how narrow are the gates of Paradise." WHAT CHILDHOOD WAS. Give me back, oh give me something of the flowers and the gold, And the depths of crimson glory, that the summer eves unfold, And the tones of merry music from the rippling waters rolled; Give me back the vanished moments with their wealth of joy untold, And the childhood, and the gladness, and the glory, and the gold, Give them back, ere my heart too is cold!

Give me back the rosy blossom, and the glances bright and bold, And if night or twilight cometh, as our lives on earth grow old, Let the gloom be starry-sprinkled with a lustre manifold; Ere the sunny garden alter to a dank and ragged wood, Ere the midday blight the corn-ear, ere the fruit be white with mould, Oh, give, oh, give, for one moment, give the flowers and the gold, Memories of our childhood's May-time, magical with flowers and gold, Give them back ere our hearts too are cold!—F. W. Farrar.

"Little boy, can I go through this gate to the river?" politely inquired a fashionably dressed lady. "Praps so; a load of hay got through this morning." A superintendent of a railroad in Georgia has the following printed on the back side of passenger tickets:—"Keep your feet off the seats while riding on the cars. You will please step in front and there smoke your cigars."

Blondin has bought and paid for an elegant house, well furnished, at Niagara, with the avails of his last summer's performances. An honest-hearted Catholic, says the Cambridge Chronicle, recently called upon a member of the School Committee, to prefer charges against the Cambridge school system, as possessing heretical tendencies. The Committee member, a member of the clerical profession, by the way, blandly desired his visitor to be seated, and placed his charges in due form. This process occupied about an hour, during which the respective merits of the Doumy and King James version of the Holy Scriptures were duly canvassed. The principal point of objection brought forward by the parent was this: that his boy was obliged to repeat daily in school, "On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets." It was a deadly sin to say that all the holy prophets were to hang!

All the logic and acumen of the School Committee member were of no avail in changing the views of the visitor, who finally left, agreeing to let his boy remain in school, but each night he should require him to pray that the Holy Virgin would protect him from the heresy of the Protestants. Willis cleverly says, in one of his sketches, that a literary reputation is to be built, at this day, like the walls of Jerusalem—with a trowel in one hand for plastering friends, and a sword in the other for smiting enemies. Lightning Rods—Bar-room whisky.

Zoërites.—The papers give numerous accounts of zoërites having fallen last week in various parts of the country. They were seen on Tuesday between Middletown and New Haven, Conn.; Providence; Pawtucket, R. I.; Natick, Mass., and Alexandria, Va. The one which fell in Natick is described as a circular luminous body, terminating in a conical appendage. The woods were searched, but no traces of the zoërite could be found.

Miss Cornelia Pierce was awarded a premium for the best apple-pie, and Miss Edith Seymour for the best pan of biscuit, at the fair recently held at Earlyville, Madison Co., Miss. Those premium girls must make good wives. Cook, one of the Harper's Ferry insurrectionists, has made a confession, in his own handwriting, occupying some twenty-four pages of foolscap; but it is not to be given to the public through the newspaper press. It is to be published in pamphlet form, and sold for the benefit of one of the wounded citizens of Harper's Ferry.

MEXICAN NEWS.—The Progress says that two conductors with specie, amounting to \$300,000, have left San Luis for the Rio Grande, and it is feared are in danger from marauding parties. Gen. Robles had lost ground with the Church party, who suspected him of an intention of playing false. It is said that Doblado had just entered Guanajuato with one thousand troops.

The National Theatre is again open, W. B. English, lessee. It will probably play, this time, English is full of novelty, and of course our fan-loving people will get their money's worth of this health-invigorating article at this establishment. A PRECEDENT.—Harvard College recently conferred the title of D. D. upon Mr. Howard Crosby, who resides in the western part of the State. Considerable comment has been elicited, in consequence, because the title has before been the exclusive property of the clergy.

A secret gains the mastery over one woman, and she enlists another woman to help her keep it. A new sort of letter-box has been patented, which can be attached to gas-lamp posts in cities, and is so arranged that it cannot be opened by picking the lock; that rain cannot by any possibility enter into its aperture, no opening being left upon the outside; that it shuts itself on being opened; and that if a negligent postman should start to go away without locking it, the key could not be removed. The postmaster of Philadelphia has already adopted the invention, and it is probably destined to general introduction everywhere.

What we take, makes the body rich—what we give, makes the soul rich. In a recent sermon, the Rev. Dr. Cummings stated that more people went out of London every Sabbath, on excursions of pleasure, than were found in all the churches and chapels of the city, and that out of a population of three millions, there were but one hundred and fifty thousand communicants in the churches of all evangelical denominations. The universe is the school-house, and nature is the school-mistress.

Truth is developed in defeat and retarded in success. There is a way that leads to God, Rough and unending is the road; It leads straight through this world of sin, And all together walk therein.

A New Medium. J. C. J. CARDINGTON, Ohio.—I thought I would transmit to you an account of a medium, by the name of Lindley M. Andrews, of Illinois, who was lecturing at Lancaster, Ohio, the first of October, or thereabouts. He was truly a remarkable young man. He spoke in an unconscious condition, in an easy, elevated tone, and gave us truth in such a clear manner, that all that he said seemed to carry its demonstrations with it. He was eloquent and powerful, seeming to chain the whole audience, and carry them with him. There seemed to be no subject that could puzzle him in the least, and no question that the audience could put to him which was not satisfactorily answered. The most abstruse spiritual or mental questions seemed as simple to him, and were as easily analyzed by him, as the easiest question of addition. He dealt with the chemistry of the mind, and the course of human events, the cells of man's body, and the systems of worlds—humans and angels—with as much ease as though they were marbles or chess-men. At the close of the lectures he improvised some beautiful poems, the subjects being given by the audience. After which, he explained the characters of several persons present. The persons named took seats five or six feet in front of the speaker, (his eyes being closed so that he could not possibly see his subjects,) when he delineated their characters, and, as I was told, correctly too. I called to see him, at the hotel, and found him to be a genial, plain, unassuming young man; and, at my request, he went into an unconscious condition, and described the spirit of my father, as accurately as I could have done myself. He told me that he designed going eastward, this season, but said his address would be Cleveland, Ohio, care of Mrs. Brown. I understand he has been lecturing at Mt. Giload, lately.

The Washington (D. C.) Board of Aldermen have refused to set apart a day for Thanksgiving this year, causing considerable feeling among the community by their refusal. MONK BROTHER.—The Massachusetts State Senate, last week, adopted an amendment to chapter 131, section 12, of the Revision of the Statutes, which removes the disability to receive the testimony of athletes in our courts of law. The amendment provides that "every person not a believer in any religion shall be required to testify truly, under the pains and penalties of perjury." To this an amendment (l) was adopted as follows: "And the evidence of such person's disbelief in the existence of God may be received to affect their credibility as witnesses." The latter clause of the amendment was adopted by a vote of 10 to 7. The vote upon the amendment, as amended, was 13 to 13, and was adopted by the casting vote of the President.

A friend in Maine writes us as follows:—"If you wish to know why I renew my subscription to the BANNER, I will simply say, in reply, that it is because I cannot live without it any more than I can without food and water. It each week contains more really scientific information than can be purchased elsewhere, that I know of, for twice the amount of money paid for it." A subscriber writes us from Stone Mills, N. Y., that he has been a believer in Spiritualism more than ten years, and that for nearly that length of time he has held communions

with departed spirits. If any "Professor" desires to "investigate" this case, we have no doubt the gentleman would be willing to allow us to use his name. Where's that Report? The editor of the Portland Transcript believes that place will always be the great eastern city, whether the big ship comes or not. A dense fog hung over Boston two or three days last week. The Legislature is in session. Tux New York Maxton is a sterling paper. The sale of California wines in San Francisco this year will amount to about half a million of dollars. We pity the poor bipeds who consume the "Fetionized" stuff. How they must wince with bad headaches in consequence. Nicholas Low, a wealthy resident of New York, died possessed of about \$700,000, the greater portion of which he bequeathed to Henrietta L., wife of Charles King, President of Columbia College. The horrible election rows in Baltimore have been styled by the District Attorney there, "the playful pranks of freedom."

Wonder if the members of the Legislature intend to "extend" their salaries? So it is said. There has been a heavy fall of snow in Onondaga County, N. Y. The sleighing was good for several miles in the neighborhood of Marcellus. Prof. Felton still opposes Spiritualism in some part of every lecture he delivers. Read Brother Clark's notes in another column. His Register should be in the hands of every Spiritualist. D. D. MARSH, M. D., of Croydon Flat, N. H., is an authorized agent for this paper.

It is a blessed thing that there are so-called crazy men in the world—that there are those mad with the idea of struggling to beat back the many wrongs which oppress and degrade poor humanity. Scandal belongs to the lowest sphere of spiritual existence, viz., hell. The papers announce the arrest of Dr. W. R. Palmer, at Memphis, Tenn., Nov. 16th, on a charge of being concerned in the Harper's Ferry conspiracy. After a thorough examination into all the facts in the case, Palmer was committed in default of \$2500 bail, to take his trial at the District Court. "TOXIC BY A GAL-LANE."—"The ladies—may we kiss all the girls we please, and please all the girls we kiss." A fine woman, like a locomotive, draws a train after her, scatters the sparks and transports the males. When noxious gas exists in a well, let down a bucket with unslacked lime and water in it.

CONVENTIONS. N. RANDALL, ST. JOHNSBURY, VT.—I see a call, in a late BANNER, by A. E. Newton, for a National Convention. To me, as Conventions have ever been conducted, they are profuse, expensive, and result in no good. So I call them a cheat, a humbug. They are too much like a convention of priests; when, if more democratically managed, they would be of the greatest advantage to elevate the race. Let us look at the conventions as they are managed. Take the Rutland Convention, for example, as that was thought the most free of any that has ever been held. The call said, "Come all of every creed, and of no creed—of every color, male and female—and all shall have a respectful hearing." This was liberal and charitable, and looked very flattering on paper. But what were the facts, when three thousand individuals had assembled, with diverse and original thoughts, that were all important to them, to be laid before the Convention? Why, very early before one-tenth of the assemblage had arrived, a select few selected themselves as ruling committee for the rest, and the whole time of the Convention. A special rostrum was erected in the most conspicuous place, sufficient to entertain a very small number of favorite speakers; and by special invitation from this select committee, some dozen old stagers, that have been in the field for the last twenty or thirty years, as speakers and writers, were invited upon the rostrum. Now these speakers kept the stand, and clamored among themselves for the whole time through the Convention. Did this mode of carrying on the Convention comply with the call? Not at all. The call said, "All shall have a respectful hearing;" and more than five hundred had assembled with the expectation of giving some very important facts to that Convention. How much more interesting it would have been; and profitable, too, could we have had a short expression from five hundred of those original thinkers, that had come for that purpose. Further, what new truths did we hear? None; for the speakers—nearly all—have been in the field as leaders at all our conventions for the last twenty years. All their best thoughts have been in print over and over again, till they have become as common as the Lord's Prayer—and excellent thoughts they were, too. I am not finding fault with the speakers, nor the thoughts scattered by them. But I say it was very expensive, and did not pay for the great mass of men and women to go hundreds of miles, at great expense, to hear H. C. Wright, S. S. Foster, Mrs. Rose, Elder Grant, Pillsbury, Tiffany, W. M. Goodale, and other speakers, wrangle upon their particular, favorite themes, that we have all read and re-read. These few speakers did not meet the call, and could no more answer the whole truth, and wants of that large and profound mass of men and women, than one or two priests could five hundred intellectual auditors.

"But," says one, "could you have found a better set of speakers in the Convention?" No, nor even in the world. But could five hundred, or one thousand, of that audience have had an opportunity to have spoken two or five minutes, we should have had a newer combination of thought, more original ideas in reference to future plans and movements for man's elevation. Very many of our best thinkers are modest, and unaccustomed to speak, or make long, set speeches, but are deep-sighted, and the very best judges of human needs; hence the Convention is the very place where such men are needed; and there is where we go to prepare and mature our plans for future action. I can see no great benefit arising from the readers of the Banner, Telegraph, Age, Investigator, and Adventist, to assemble in one great Mass Meeting, or Convention, to hear the editors of those periodicals read long essays, make long speeches, and use up three whole days in disputing, and making plans for future action. I do think it would be interesting and exciting; but time spent in that way is not well spent to me; for these very editors are giving off continually, weekly, their best thoughts, setting forth schemes for future movements, which the readers are continually drinking in; and very many readers would like an opportunity to set forth their views, after hearing so much. Hence a Convention is the very meeting for the masses, the people, to be heard from. Now, it strikes me, could those editors and monopolizers of the whole time of Conventions, listen, in part, to the thousand readers of their thoughts, that have been received weekly, they (the editors) might possibly catch a new idea, an original thought. Not till then can Conventions be profitable.

Down with the self-appointed fractional Committee; make the rostrum as large as the whole house; limit the time of each speaker to five or ten minutes, and give all an opportunity. Such is justice, progress, and the aspirations of the wise and good.

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CLAIRVOYANCE AND MEDICINE. MRS. E. C. DORMAN, MAGNETO-BOTANIC PHYSICIAN. By using practice and magnetism in the application of Clairvoyance to the discovery and cure of diseases, has become so widely and favorably known, that it may safely be notified to the public that she may be consulted daily—on very reasonable terms—at her residence, No. 12 Orchard street, New York, N. Y. Nov. 25.

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I think I speak the sentiments of most of his auditors, when I say that if this man spoke uninspired, he is certainly the possessor of the clearest, most exalted and expanded mind I ever knew, and must have performed the study of several life times in a little more than a score of years. I am no Spiritualist, and know but little about it—have been a member of the Methodist Church thirty years. I have heard Mrs. Brown, Miss Harding, and a few others, but could account for their addresses, by stretching my ideas a little; but in Mr. Andrews, I found myself—I have been unable to tell where.

Card-Spiritual Register. On or before the first of January, I shall publish the Fourth Annual SPIRITUALIST REGISTER, with Counting-House and Speakers' Almanac for 1850. Friends throughout the country will please report in full, all statistics, number of Spiritualists, names and addresses of lecturers and mediums, schools, homes, places of meetings, catalogues of Spiritual books, &c., and send before December 20th, 1850. The Register will be a neat pocket annual of thirty-six pages, with the Facts, Philosophy, Statistics, Progress, Practical Teachings, &c., of Spiritualism, indispensable as a guide to believers, inquirers and skeptics. As the work will not be sent out on sale, and only a limited number will be printed to fill out orders, those who desire it, must send in their orders, with cash in advance, before the first of January. Mailed free of postage—one hundred for five dollars; fifty for three dollars; fourteen for one dollar; ten cents a single copy. Address, URIAH CLARK, Auburn, New York.

New Publication. A DISSEMINATION OF THE EVIDENCES OF DIVINE INSPIRATION: By Datus Kolly. This work, just issued from the press, takes a general view of inspiration and its evidences, in a very different manner from what it has been treated heretofore by the various writers, either for or against, on the subject. It reviews the arguments that have been advanced in favor of Divine Inspiration with marked candor, and at the same time with great ability. A subject of such vast importance should be carefully investigated, and the truth elicited, whether it confirms or condemns our previous belief on the subject. It is well worth a careful perusal. 72 pages, 12mo. Price 20 cents. Bela Marsh, publisher, 14 Bromfield street, Boston.

A Social Levee Will be given at Union Hall, on Wednesday Evening, Nov. 30th, 1850, for the benefit of Mrs. B. K. LITTLE, where she will be happy to meet her friends previous to her departure for the South. Tickets, admitting a gentleman and lady, \$1—to be had at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, at BELA MARSH'S, 14 Bromfield street, and at her Rooms, 35 Beach street.

Notices to Correspondents. J. E. B. CAYSTAL LAKE.—The letter was sent to Mansfield on its receipt. Mr. Mansfield's address is at Baltimore, Md., we think. G. S. ACORN.—Yes, and shall print it in our next issue.

Lecturers. MRS. MARY M. MACGOWN will speak at Putnam, Conn., Nov. 27th; at Plymouth, Mass., Sundays, Dec. 4th and 11th; at Williams, Conn., Dec. 25th. Mrs. Macgown commences visiting California in the Spring. Miss SARAH A. MACGOWN will lecture at Quincy, Nov. 27.

WANTED.—The New York Editor of this paper, who resides at 120 Elm street, Newark, N. J., wants a healthy, industrious, and efficient American woman to perform general housework. She must be skilled in every department of house-keeping, and be willing to be useful wherever her services may be required. One who fully answers the description, may have a good home and any reasonable compensation for services. Apply to Mr. Brittan, at the New York office of the BANNER. 2p

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES are among the acknowledged institutions of the land. What would our ministers, our lecturers, our lawyers do, without these invaluable "Troches" to "whet an amount of 'coughs' and coughs and throat clearings would be all subjected, were it not for these all-powerful and soothing lozenges? We have tried them, and they did us good.—N. Y. Waterbury. 1p

Mrs. PEABODY, the well-known Clairvoyant and Medical Examiner, continues to receive visitors daily at her residence, No. 15 Davis street, Boston. We would advise the afflicted to call and test for themselves her remarkable curative powers. 1p

CURIOSITY.—John J. Dyer & Co. No. 33 School street, Boston, have just published a most novel and "ILLUSTRATED SCRAP BOOK." It is a large quarto form, and contains Five Hundred Pictures upon every conceivable subject of everyday life, with humor, pathos, natural history, scenery in all quarters of the globe, nationalities, types of character, famous architecture, portraits of noted individuals of both sexes; and in short, an inexhaustible resort for study and amusement for old and young. It is the first book of the kind, and the cheapest we have seen. Any person enclosing twenty-five cents to the publisher, in letter stamps or silver, will receive a copy, post paid, by return of mail. Here is something to amuse the family circle the coming long evenings. Nov. 25. 5p

BETHESDA INSTITUTE.—The Bethesda Institute and Spiritual Reading Rooms, advertised in another column, was opened with appropriate ceremonies on Monday evening, the 14th instant. The Rooms were crowded. Dr. H. F. Gardner made a few remarks, stating the general object of the enterprise, and was followed by Mr. S. J. Finney, of Ohio, in a strain of impassioned eloquence that could but have an abiding effect on those present. Miss Lizie Doten was also present, and spoke to the heart with her usual power. Mrs. E. B. Danforth was entranced and spoke in her usual interesting manner. Mrs. E. M. Tipple, of New York, was also present, and was influenced by a daughter of Black Hawk. There were other manifestations of spirit-power, and the evening passed very pleasantly away until about 11 o'clock, when the company dispersed well pleased. Mrs. Danforth has in her possession certificates of cure equal to any of Mrs. Mettler's. 5p

MEDICAL TREATMENT—NUTRITIVE PRINCIPLE. DR. ALFRED G. HALL, M. D., PROFESSOR OF PHYSIOLOGY, author of the New Medical Theory of Practice on the Nutritive Principle, may be consulted on the treatment of every form of humor, weakness and disease, in person or by letter, from any part of the country. It is restorative in its effects, reliable in its results, and is justly worthy of the confidence of the afflicted. All the Medicines used are purely vegetable. No. 10 Central Court, opposite 283 Washington street, Boston, Mass. 1533 Oct. 1.

A CURIOUSITY FOR EVERYBODY. THE ILLUSTRATED SCRAP-BOOK. JUST PUBLISHED. THIS is a most curious and original work, containing FIVE HUNDRED PICTURES upon every conceivable subject of everyday life, with humor, pathos, natural history, scenery in all quarters of the globe, nationalities, types of character, famous architecture, portraits of noted individuals of both sexes; and in short, an inexhaustible resort for study and amusement for old and young.

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New York Advertisements. Pianos, Melodeons, and Organs. THE HORACE WATERS PIANOS AND MELODEONS, for depth, purity of tone, and durability, are unsurpassed. Prices reasonable. Second-hand Pianos and Melodeons from \$25 to \$150. Pianos and Melodeons to rent. Monthly payments accepted for Pianos. HORACE WATERS, Agent, No. 833 Broadway, New York. TESTIMONIALS: "The Horace Waters Pianos are known as among the very best."—Evening Post. "We can speak of their merits from personal knowledge."—Christian Intelligencer. "Waters's Pianos and Melodeons challenge comparison with the finest made anywhere in the country."—Home Journal. Oct. 25.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.—Beware of Counterfeits! Purchasers are hereby informed of a certain test to the genuineness of these remedies; it is necessary to see that each leaf of the book of directions around each pot and box shows the words "Holloway, New York and London," as a water-mark in some transparent part. All not thus authenticated are frauds. Sold at the manufactory, No. 80 Maiden Lane, New York, and by all druggists, at 25c, 50c, and \$1 per box or pot. 1p Nov. 25.

Homoeopathic Heilanstadt. HOMOEOPATHIC HEALING INSTITUTE, 398 Broome Street, opposite Center Market, NEW YORK. Office hours—From 7 to 12 A. M., and from 5 to 7 o'clock P. M. 3m Nov. 10.

New Treatment of Chronic Disease. J. H. RAE, MAGNEOPATHIST, 64 Great Jones street, Two doors West of Bowery, NEW YORK.

SCIENCE AND NATURE COMBINED. Natural and Electro-Magnetism. EVERY patient's physical and mental magnetism thoroughly studied, and administered to, according to its wants. The cause, as well as the effects of disease eradicated. The medical faculty of Europe and America are rapidly becoming converts to, and acknowledging the singular Therapeutic Agency of Electricity in Chronic Diseases, such as RHEUMATISM, FITS, PILES, PARALYSIS, NEURALGIA, KIDNEY COMPLAINTS, SPINAL AFFECTIONS, DYSPEPSIA, LIVER COMPLAINTS, TUBERCULOUS DISEASES OF THE HEART, LARYNX AND LUNGS, ASTHMA, HEMORRHOIDS, SUPPRESSED AND EXCESSIVE MENSTRUATION, CHLOROSIS, PHLEGMA UTERI, SEMINAL WEAKNESS, BARRENNESS, NERVOUSNESS, some instances OF BLINDNESS AND INSANITY; and in fact in all CHRONIC COMPLAINTS.

Mr. RAE, not wishing to publish certificates of cures, simply refers to cures made by him in the city of New York. Having at all times the assistance of good Healing Mediums, he is prepared to send in the country, when desired, a good Medium, either male or female. Clairvoyant Diagnosis of Disease tested and proved by Electro-Magnetism. ELECTRO-MAGNETIC FOOT BATHS, for eradicating minerals and poisons from the system. Refers to—S. T. MUNSON, J. B. CONKLIN, R. K. BROWN, E. FITZGERALD. Those unable to pay, are cordially invited to call, and will be welcome to treatment gratis. Hours, from 9 to 12 P. M. No treatment on Sundays, unless by special appointment.

CHARGES MODERATE. The following Medicines have been thoroughly and successfully tried, and are recommended by the Medical Faculty of Europe and America, and are offered to the public. They are justly styled the VITÆ MEDICÆ REMEDIES, OR LIFE MEDICINES.

For coughs, bronchial affections, dyspepsia, pulmonary complaints, &c. Mr. S. J. C. of Brooklyn, after using three bottles, was cured of a cough of years standing. 25 cents per bottle. Packages of the powder sent by mail, with full directions for making. Price \$1 and three postage stamps. Warranted a positive cure for Chlorosis, Phlog. Uteri, Protoplasma Uteri, and all Female Complaints. Over fifty ladies of the first standing in New York and Brooklyn, who have been entirely restored by this REMEDY, can be referred to. Price \$2 per bottle, or, if sent by mail, one package of the mixture, with 100 postage stamps for \$3 and three postage stamps. In all cases where a cure is not effected, or relief given, the money will cheerfully be refunded.

Pile and Family Salve. In nine cases out of ten, will afford instant relief in the most aggravated cases of piles, croup, asthma, sprains, inflammation from aculems, &c. &c. Price \$1 per box; if sent by mail, \$1 and seven postage stamps. Mr. C., proprietor of one of the Broadway Hotels, after fourteen months of intense suffering with acute piles, was entirely cured by ONLY ONE BOX.

All letters, containing money, should be carefully addressed, and the directions for forwarding the Medicines should be plain and clear, so that no mistake can occur. Letters of inquiry should contain 2 or 3 cent postage stamps, we having to pay extra postage in the city. Letters should be directed thus: Nov. 12. J. H. RAE, MAGNEOPATHIST, 64 Great Jones street, New York.

32 HEALTH OF AMERICAN WOMEN 32 Woman, from the peculiar physiological functions of her organs, and from the refined and delicate sensibility of her nervous system, is more susceptible to diseases which destroy her happiness and greatly impair her power of contributing to the happiness of others. Every mother and head of a family, and most women above the age of fifteen years, are painfully conscious of this fact, and all, in a greater or less degree, are interested in the search for a simple and efficient remedy for the various forms which the disease assumes to assume. The experience of many years, the severe tests of investigation by scientific medical men, the use of the medicine in the practice and in the families of physicians, and its general use in the families of clergymen and among the most cultivated and refined in the country, has resulted in stamping the elegant and well-known preparation of the Greenberg Company as the only reliable remedy ever known for the universal and distressing diseases of women.

It is prepared by an educated physician of great experience, and it will always be found equal to representations concerning it. It is known as THE GREENBERG COMPANY'S MAISHALL'S UTERINE CATHOLICON. Price \$1.50 per bottle; five bottles for \$8. Sent by express, and charges pre-paid to end of express line from New York. Address JOSUUA F. BIRDGE, M. D., Secretary and Correspondent of Greenberg Company, No. 32 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

Dr. Brage may be consulted at his rooms in The Greenberg Institute, or by letter, on all diseases. The principles and practice of medicine adopted by the Medical Board of the Greenberg Institute are clearly set forth in THE GREENBERG MANUAL OF HEALTH, a medical work of 300 pages, published for Family Use, and elegantly embellished with colored engravings of the human system. Price 25 CENTS—on the receipt of which it is mailed to any part of the country. cov6m Nov. 12.

A NEW DEVOTIONAL GIFT BOOK FOR THE HOLIDAYS, entitled Social and Domestic Religion, Vol. 1. This neatly bound and illustrated Literary Souvenir has already met with considerable favor from persons of almost every denomination; and the highest testimonials have been awarded in praise of its general utility and excellence. It is for sale by HOWE & FEIRY, No. 70 Bowery; C. SHEPARD & CO., No. 397 Broadway; and by other Booksellers. Price ONE DOLLAR. It is also for sale by MUNSON. cov5l Nov. 5.

DR. J. H. RAE'S IMPERIAL WINE BITTERS, WILL CURE INCIPENT CONSUMPTION, WILL CURE WEAK LUNGS AND STOMACH, WILL CURE GENERAL DEBILITY, AND for purifying and enriching the blood are unsurpassed. They are put up in quart bottles with the Doctor's name blown in the glass, with directions for use. Price \$1.00 per bottle. For sale by CHARLES WIDMFIELD, 649 and 651 Broadway, N. Y.; BARNES & PARK, 13 Park Row, and by all Druggists. 3m Oct. 22.

ORIENTAL BATHS. AT NO. 8 FOURTH AVENUE, N. Y.—Elegant Suite of Rooms, open daily, from 7 A. M. until 10 P. M. (Sundays excepted) Ladies' Department under the special charge of M

The Messenger.

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

We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond, and do away with the erroneous idea that they are more than finite beings. We believe the public should know of the spirit world, not as a mere legend, but as a reality, and as well as good in it, and not expect that purity alone shall flow from spirits to mortals.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits, in these columns, that does not comport with his reason. Each expresses so much of truth as he perceives, and 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 anyone who may desire to attend. They are held at our office, No. 812 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 held at half-past four, and visitors are expected to remain until dismissed.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

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

From No. 1262 to No. 1783. Thursday, Oct. 27.—"Who and what was Jesus?" Augustus F. Pope; Silas Dudley, Georgia; Mary Greenan.

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

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

Tuesday, Nov. 1.—"How are God's elect known in Heaven?" David Hamilton, Belfast; Caroline, to Amelia L. Weston, New York; Hester Dallow.

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 Dwyer, Boston; Nathan Brown, Toledo.

Friday, Nov. 4.—James D. Earnsworth; Simon Adams.

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

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, N. P. Schouder, Washington; John T. Gilman, Exeter, N. H.

Friday, Nov. 11.—"When may we look for Christ's coming?" David Pease, New Hampshire; John Elton, Philadelphia; Abby Ann Tubbs, New Hampshire; Noah Blanchard, Boston.

Saturday, Nov. 12.—"Fatalism." Rufus Long, Portsmouth, England; Mary White, Concord, N. H.; Olive Hedger; Joseph Winslow; Thomas Walworth.

Tuesday, Nov. 15.—"Thou shalt not kill;" George Talbot; John Oostidge, Boston; Juliet Hersey, Boston; William Good.

Wednesday, Nov. 16.—"What is perfection?" George Washington Bowman, Portsmouth, Va.; Nathaniel Hill, Hartford, Ct.; Charles M. Thorndike.

Robert Owen.

Many of our God's most mighty creations are born in obscurity, cradled in poverty; but as surely as they claim God for their Creator, so surely will be continually care for them, and so surely will be ultimate his own, according to his own design. Mortals may plan and prophesy, but unless their plan and their prophecy be in harmony with the original design, they will be good for nothing.

Eighteen hundred years ago, history tells us, a very bright, intellectual star was born. History also tells us that it first shed the light of the material sphere from the stable. Behold, it was cradled with the lower order of animals. Follow that star, if you please, up to the present time; and behold, it is so mighty there is not one on earth who comprehends it. Earth can boast of its great minds, its superior intelligence, but there is not one on earth, nor has there ever been one, that is capable of comprehending the star which was born in a stable, and cradled with the beasts of the field.

Now this star is as perfect a type of modern Spiritualism, as the Great Designer could well have given us. Behold this modern star, shining first for the benefit of the lowly, shedding its rays upon the unenlightened of the material world, warming into life those souls who had heretofore been unable to comprehend anything beyond the present!

I would like to ask if there are any on earth at the present time who can comprehend the star of modern Spiritualism? Do that portion of the human race who have beheld its advent, and have been warmed by its light, and strengthened by its power, understand it? No; I fear not. And why? Because their souls have not yet expanded enough to understand it. The lower hath not yet unfolded all its petals; but the Great Designer, who hath ever carefully watched this new star, will continue to watch it; and as that progresses to the conception of mortal minds, mortal minds will progress; and will be able in time to fully comprehend it.

When I was on earth, I thought I understood modern Spiritualism; but since I have been happily freed from the bondage of the human form, I find I was in but the alpha—the morning had scarce dawned upon me; and though I had some conception regarding the new light, yet I failed to understand it. I failed to place it in its true and proper relation to its Great Creator—its Designer. True, I said it is one of God's manifestations; yet I knew not where to place it—I could form no thoroughly correct estimate of it; nor do I understand it now I am apart from mortality. I stand, as it were, upon the second round of the mighty ladder of Progress and Wisdom, the condition of man being first, man's incipient state in spirit-life being the second. I stand, therefore, upon the second, and I see only the surroundings of that round, that circle of life, in its near connection with mortal life.

Nine-tenths of the Spiritualists will tell you they think they understand modern Spiritualism; but it is not so; they understand only that portion that can be exhibited in their surroundings. Could that portion of it that is seen by those who dwell upon some of the higher planes, be exhibited to people of this life, they would hardly understand it was modern Spiritualism.

It will be well for every seeker to seek honestly and earnestly, and be satisfied with what is sent in answer to the call; for satisfaction will beget knowledge. The spirit needs just so much of spiritual food, and no more. You all know it is not well to surcharge the animal with food; nor is it well to overcharge the spirit. Would it be well for the Great Spirit to open the flood-gates of the spirit-world, and give you all those mighty ideas which are discussed in the higher walks of angel-life? I think not; and it is very evident God does not think so, for he acts in wisdom, and never turns aside from it to please any of his subjects. Too much spiritual food is worse than none at all;—better starve than gorge.

When you receive our spirit-thought, which appeals to you in thunder-tones, analyze that thought, until you can thoroughly digest it and understand it, and then you will be in a condition to obtain a higher thought. But while you Spiritualists are calling for new thoughts while the old are not understood, your progress will be slow, like the wheel that was constantly whirling, but never going ahead.

But I do thank my God for what I did understand of Spiritualism while here. It was not only a light, but a very brilliant one; and when I was changing worlds, I would not have given the little handful of knowledge I possessed, for all the gifts of earth. Had the Giver of all gifts sent to me a messenger, as I stood upon the threshold of the new world, offering me all the wealth of earth, and long years of life upon it, in exchange for this gem, I would have laughed the messenger to scorn.

Friends of Truth, Children of Progress, Sons of our God! while you are basking in the warm and genial sunlight of modern Spiritualism, see that you progress by its rays; see that you do not sit idly all the day; but, as the bright rays come pouring into your souls, analyze every ray of light that is sent to you, and you shall not only become fully acquainted with yourselves, as individuals; but better than all, you shall know your God. Yes, you shall shake hands with the Father of all—the great Original of all that exists. Surely, this is enough, and you should be satisfied with the reward.

Oh, may the vibrations upon each human soul that is striving to gather to itself bright gems of wisdom from this modern star, tell that it is gathering to itself spiritual knowledge that shall serve it well for time and eternity.

I must now take leave, for my time has expired. Friends from abroad have requested me to come here and speak upon the subject I have touched upon. I am not much accustomed to controlling media. Practice is needed to make perfect, which I shall doubtless gather while here. My name was Robert Owen. Fare you well. Oct. 23.

Mary Allen.

If you'll let me go home, I'll come back again. My home is only down here a little way—not in Boston; no, I lived in

New York. Mary Allen was my name. I'll never drink another drop, if you'll let me go back. I want to go back to my two children. No, I ain't dead! No, no, no, I was drunk—not dead—that's all. I ain't dead—I was only drunk last night. I have woken up in strange places before now. I have got a terrible cold—I had it a week ago. They brought me here last night. You ain't God, any of you, and you needn't think so; and I ain't before the judgment seat.

What month is it? You confounded fool—it's December now, 1838! Confound you, let me go! Oh, curse you and your particulars! I'm used to waking up in strange places. I was forty-two years old. My children's names were Mary and John. Oh, curse you, let me go home—it's most night now! No, you don't find out where I live. I've heard of missionaries before now, and I hate them. My husband is dead; he got killed by falling overboard. You fool! His name was John. Oh, my God, how you talk to me! "See my husband?" He's dead, I tell you.—See Satan! Oh, my God! let me go home! I tell you there was nothing in the house to eat. Oh, curse you, missionaries! You'd talk to a poor woman all night, preaching religion, and leave her children starving.

Yes, I heard of Spiritualism a year ago. Oh, go 'long with your nonsense! My husband didn't bring me here; the last time he took me anywhere, he said he never would take me anywhere again; because I was drunk; and I was just as drunk last night as I ever was. Let my husband alone—he's dead—that's enough; he don't want to see me.

[The spirit evidently supposed she had been locked up for inebriety, instead of realizing that she was dead.] Oct. 23.

Edward Allen.

My name was Edward Allen. I was fourteen years old at the time of my death, which took place three years ago. I died of consumption, or hemorrhage of the lungs. I have a father and mother in Boston, and I was told I had better come here, if I wished to speak with him. My father is not here all the time—now he is away out of the city. I have a brother with me—none on earth.

I don't like the fashion of going to strangers to talk. I think if our friends loved us as they used to, they might ask us home, at least to Thanksgiving, Fast, the Fourth, and the like. I guess we boys would receive a note inviting us to return with a great deal of pleasure. I suppose our friends think we go to a pretty rigid school now, and don't get a chance to leave for home.

It's pretty much the same with us here as with the people on earth. If we happen to get in a great hurry, and see the door open that leads us home, and we have anything like a fair chance of being welcome there, if one falls down before us, we don't stop to pick him up; and so I did not stop to look at the woman who left here just now.

It depends upon what kind of a reception I meet with this time, before I tell you whether I shall come again. We don't like to have our efforts prove fruitless any more than we do. I know something of this before I left earth.

Want you to be kind enough to tell my father and mother that it's a vacation with me, and I want to be invited home. Yes, sir, I may call it school that I attend here. We are taught anything we desire to understand, and are not urged into any kind of study we do not like. I do not see any indolent about me. The fact is, each wants to learn something, and hence is studious. Some only want to study one branch; others take up half-a-dozen branches of study, and progress as fast with them as the other does with one.

No, sir, I do not desire to make earth a permanent dwelling-place. I suffered too much with my body, and got a little tired of earth before I left. Although I wish to see and converse with my friends, I have no desire to return here to live.

Those spirits who are most congenial to us, who like what we like, and think as we think, are most nearly associated with us. I am turning my attention to the study of Botany, as you would call it. I have had flowers ever since I have been here. I loved flowers when I was on earth, and loved to sketch them. My opportunities for studying them are much better now. The flowers with us might be called the spirit of the natural flower. There is nothing in the natural, that has not its counterpart in spirit. The spirit-flower is just as real and tangible to us, as the natural flower is to you. You would not see a flower of my life, if I were to present it to you; for, as you are in a material body, everything you are to see must have material surroundings.

I am just beginning to turn my attention to what is going on in some of the material planets. I am not satisfied to know what is going on on earth; I wish to know what is doing in other worlds.

Again, I feel a great interest in music. One of a company of spirits I met a few days ago, told me something like this: "Music is one of the harp-strings of nature—one of the many mighty forces that control human magnetism." He asked me if, when I was listening to very sweet music, I did not feel drawn out from my material surroundings. "So," said he, "the great heart of Humanity stands still, at some thrill of harmony first felt as it sounded in spirit-spheres."

For a time I thought I would give up all I was learning to attend to music. But he said, "Friend, is not your crucible large enough to hold all the beauties you have seen; and allow you to grasp at others? Never throw off one beauty when another is presented to you, as a child does a toy." No, sir, I did not feel unhappy at sight of the spirit who just left, for I know she has her mission to perform as well as I, and is not lost, as some of you think she may be. If I have a desire to aid an unfortunate, I have the power given me; but it is not duty, if I do not have the desire.

You must not suppose because one spirit comes and tells you what he sees, that it is a representative of the whole, for he only speaks for his own self, and not for any other. Well, sir, I fear I have wearied you, and will now return, after thanking you for your kindness in writing for me. Oct. 25.

Return of Spirits unconscious of a Change.

"How is it possible for the spirit who is not cognizant of a change of life, to return and control media, giving their own thoughts and acting themselves with perfect freedom?"

According to our knowledge we will answer our questioner. You are all aware, or at least you should be aware, that the spirit is bound to the mortal while it exists in earth-life; by the law of magnetic attraction. We find the magnetic force existing in the human form that attracts and confines to itself a spirit, a life-principle. When that attraction is severed by disease or accident, the control of the spirit ceases—the magnetic force passes out of the human form, and it dies to mortal sight—or goes back again to its primal element, to be reinstated at some future time in another form. No matter how far distant that future may be; but so sure as that form ceases, so sure will it in time go to make up another form. You can scarcely comprehend this; but look you through Nature's vast workshop, and you will discern the truth of our word.

All mediums possess a large share of a certain kind of magnetism, that attracts to itself spiritual influences. One medium possesses, perhaps, only that magnetic influence that shall attract only one class of spirits. Another has that magnetism that attracts all classes of spirits, high and low. The spirit that becomes freed of its mortal form, and loses that attraction which binds it to mortal by accident, generally remains for a time bewildered—in an unconscious state, perhaps. The electrical storm that passes over the wires, renders it unable for a time to discern its surrounding; but when nature has had time to work in and through the spirit, by its own inherent force, we then find consciousness take place—sight is restored, and the senses become active. It looks around and finds itself in a strange condition, surrounded by strange objects, but rarely supposes it is divested of its mortal form. It has no recollection of the change, which has taken place while consciousness was dormant and the senses out of tune. After the spirit has been restored to consciousness, its first thoughts are generally of home. "Oh, why am I here? How far is it from home? Who, oh, who, will take me back to those loved ones and those familiar scenes?"

Behold, this positive element, the spiritual-electrical force, becomes mighty in the desire to return to its own earth home. Behold, that desire, or that electrical power, is so strong that it bears its originator to some corresponding magnetic element—some medium. Nature, with ever awakening will, ever cares for its children. Nature carries the spirit to the magnetic force found in the medium.

After coming into the sphere, or magnetic power of the medium, the power is incorporated in the force of that medium, by the great law of nature, and, as yet, it has no knowledge of its change of life, and can only be brought to a knowledge of that change by coming in contact with materialism, and seeing in a material mirror its condition. The magnetic forces of the medium become the mirror; for, as the spirit must leave, he sees that the force he has used is not his own. Nature would not permit the foreign spirit to hold control long, for nature is perfect, and although the spirit of the medium may travel thousands of miles away, still it will return to its own. Even the spirit of the medium may not recognize the cord which binds it to her mortal

body—even though some spirits who are about her may not do so, and may tell that the spirit had completely departed, yet that cord exists until death.

When the foreign spirit comes, by virtue of its own law, to leave that form, it will do so, and as gradually as it takes its departure, or ceases to control the form, behold, the spirit of the medium returns and takes possession of its form at the very instant the foreign spirit leaves. There is no vacuum. If there were, the fine magnetic force which binds the spirit and body together would cease, and the body appear as dead.

While wandering through the vast temple of nature, we can but cry out oftentimes, "Oh, God! how wonderful thy manifestations! how mighty thy power! how eternal thy wisdom! You in the natural life talk of space. There is no space. Behold, your own natural atmosphere is so completely filled with fine magnetic forces—fine wires—which convey your thoughts to spheres beyond, and convey to you the thoughts of those beyond you, that there is no vacuum. You are in constant rapport with spheres beyond earth, and you cannot sever yourselves from those in spirit-life. You call yourselves free agents, and so you are, to a certain extent; but could you behold the vast machinery which connects the spiritual to the natural life, you would be a still greater mystery to yourselves.

Go as far as you may in the vast temple of Science, and you will still find that you have miles to go, and eternity is before you. As fast as one thought is given, another is ready for you to study. Beautiful, indeed, is the study of Nature; full of inducements and rewards—and not devoid of punishment for those who disobey her laws. Touch but one fine cord in the harp of Nature with a ruthless finger, and you find you are punished—you suffer by so doing. But move in accordance with her laws, as she speaks in every avenue of life, and you suffer not; for suffering is but the inevitable consequence of disobedience. Death is the result, if you disobey; happiness, of your obedience.

As the spirits which have been ruthlessly sent to spirit-life return to mediums, they are working out their salvation; and as the great Lawgiver hath shown them a way of salvation, oh, marvel not at His goodness.

Give to every one his due. If the dark, unclothed spirit, return in all their ignorance and sin, receive them. Nature and God hath called them, and so sure as he hath called them, so sure will he furnish them with knowledge sufficient to work out their own salvation.

What is it that teaches the dog to find its master? Instinct, you will say. There has been a magnetic attraction established between the dog and its master. By virtue of that law, the brute can find its master. Sever that attraction, and he runs hither and thither, and knows not where to go.

The friend who hath called us here to speak upon this subject this afternoon, hath commenced a great, a mighty study; he hath taken the first step in spiritual progress; he hath wisely called for a key to unlock the doors of the inner temple, and as he progresses he will find a great variety of guides who will give him all the knowledge he desires. He need not fear to advance, for as God hath called him into existence, he will take care of him, especially the spiritual part. God hath called upon him to come forth and understand himself, and the first response is the call we answer. And now as he is on the highway of Divinity, we can but urge him to go on. Let him scan every thought that comes to him, and weigh it well in the balance of his own judgment, and he shall gather many gems of wisdom that shall serve him well here and throughout eternity. Farewell. Oct. 20.

Catherine Gage.

I do not know as I do right by coming here to speak; but I feel very anxious to, and I hope if I do wrong, I shall be pardoned. I am very anxious to communicate with my husband—my family. I am not partial to this public way; but I thought I would rather avail myself of it, than to deny myself the privilege of coming at all. I am somewhat confused—a little agitated. I can't speak so well before strangers. I do not know anything of Spiritualism; I only know I can come back and speak, but I should rather speak at home.

My name is Catherine Gage. I died at Nashua, of consumption, in last July. My people were all cheerful-going people. Do you think they will receive me?

I have got much to communicate about our little girl Katy, but you must excuse me—I can't talk here. I prefer to speak in private. I know this way is a very good one when there is no other, but I prefer to come in another. My husband is a member of the church, and I fear I shall not be welcome. I must study to know how to approach him; if I can only speak with him once, I can convince him; but it is hard to do so here, unless you give all the facts, which are private; and that every spirit does not like to do. Oct. 26.

Charles Todd.

Good afternoon! I have stayed away some time. Been busy—tending to affairs that seemed to demand my special attention. You know what I told you the last time I spoke here. Did you find me true or false? Of course, I know it would come out right; but it isn't ended yet—it is just begun. I believe I have been specially appointed by God to see that man punished; and if I don't do justice to my employer, I am mistaken. "It isn't so much revenge as duty. I feel it to be my duty to punish that man, and I don't look to anybody else to see what my duty is. I go in my own craft, and command it myself."

You see, that infernal rascal has run at large, quite long enough, and it is quite time somebody held him in control for his deeds; and I don't know but God might as well appoint me as anybody else. I think He shows wisdom in appointing somebody that knew him well, and I knew him clear through. He succeeded in deceiving me here, but he can't do it now, and he'll find out it is so, before long, and I won't do anything wrong, neither."

Talk about magnetism! I think when a man feels himself injured by a party on earth, it is the strongest kind of magnetism you can conceive of. My God! I think I'm doing a service to the public. I don't think I was ever so near the way of right as I am now. It's a good deal better than rum-selling, and the profits are larger, a good deal—especially when you have such an infernal scoundrel sucking round you as — was to me. I want him to understand I'm commander of the strongest party now. He led the van while I was here, but he can't do it now; and whoever lives to see what his condition will be in three years from now, will see that this is true; for I will as sure whip him into the ring as that he is a mortal.

I belong to the detective faculty now, and I style myself commander-in-chief.

I come this afternoon just to let him and his friends know that I am not dead, or asleep, or off duty, but am following him up full as close as it will do, so keep from treading on his heels too quick. I wish you, or some of you, would cure me of this habit of stammering.

[The spirit stammered badly.]

I want you to tell him, for me, that the sooner he knocks under, and confesses his rascality, and does about right, the sooner I'll leave him; but if he holds out, I'll show him that I ain't forgotten him, and that in a summary manner. I'll give him to understand that he can't get away for nothing. I'm going to cut a nice little figure for him, in about three months from this time. I'll give him notice, so he'll have a little sea-sore. I'm going to corner him upon a new point. Better business, following him up, than drinking rum—gives better satisfaction. Oct. 28.

Stephen Willey.

My Son, you have a mighty field of labor before you; therefore rise up early in the morning, and work well while the day lasts, and you shall reap a goodly harvest. Oct. 28.

A Youthful Medium.

E. C. WOODWORTH, ELIZABETH, N. Y.—Miss Elizabeth Low, of Leon, Chautauque Co., N. Y., only seventeen years of age, is developed as a very interesting speaking medium. Her development and manner appear very much like that of Mrs. Cora L. Hatch. Her voice is clear and fine, and her medium powers are very uncommon. The people who hear her, say there must be something in Spiritualism, for this girl cannot speak for herself as she does speak. She mentions the clergy, and says to them, "Come, let us reason together;" and she puts them to silence by her answers and her reasoning. Her education is only that of a common school, but her inspiration is above that of our theological schools.

Envy increases in exact proportion with fame; the man that makes a character makes enemies. A radiant genius calls forth swarms of peevish, biting, stinging insects, just as the sunshine awakens a world of flies.

No man ever prospered in business without the co-operation of his wife.

Written for the Banner of Light. PASS ON, DEAR MOTHER.

To the Memory of Mrs. Deborah Fenner, Providence, R. I. BY LIZA H. BARNBY.

Pass on, dear mother, with the angel, Death, To thy soul hath tolled with lab'ring breath; For we've watched and waited, worked and prayed in vain, For all our hopes are risen now in twain— Thy weary spirit seeks the gates of day, Then plume thy wings, dear mother—pass away.

We faint would bind thee to our loving heart, But fell disease hath poisoned with its dart; If bloom of health to thee must be denied, We would not, selfish, keep thee at our side; Thou wilt have lived thy mission in thy day, Then plume thy wings, dear mother—pass away.

An angel daughter comes with words of cheer, Unto the sorrowing circle gathered here; She tells us of the loving ones that bend To cheer the spirit-longings of our friend, To show the visions of unending day, And bid thee plume thy wings, and fly away.

Yet, go not far, dear mother, for we need Thy friendly counsels all our steps to heed; Upon thy wisdom might we safely rely, And, oh, deny it not, if thou must die, But tell us of thy spirit's new-born day, When thou hast plumed thy wings, and flown away.

Pass on, dear mother, through the gathering haze, That bars thy straining sight from onward gaze, Beyond the fields of mist is Heaven's pure air, And flowers, and music, and loved friends are there; Our heart-strings quiver at thy shortening stay, Yet plume thy wings, dear mother—pass away!

"My wings they are plumed, and my earth course is run, And a bright, happy spirit, I soar to the sun, My new life commenced, all my sufferings o'er, Why should you lament that you see me no more? Like true-hearted ones, you have watched my decay, And hoped and despaired with each alternate day; Ye kept by my side through my last night of pain, And now, oh, how gladly, I greet you again! When your sun was rising I left earth's blue dome, Mine soul still more bright in my heavenly home, And a radiant one kissed me, 'Mother,' and smiled, 'Twas my lost one, my Mary, your sister and child.

Oh, mourn not, my husband, repress the sad sigh, Though withdrawn from your sight, I am still ever nigh, When the day-dog is smiling o'er land and o'er sea, Or when the pale moon dimly lights the dark lea; I've known each inquiring, each Thomas-like heart, And Alma shall know, though I've left the earth-home, A mother shall linger where'er she may roam; And, Nelly, my blue-eyed, who clung to my side, When o'er me rolled darkly Death's turbulent tide, With her dark-haired twin-brother with me shall oft stray, And in sweetest communion pass long hours away; And Herbert, my youngest, remember, my boy, To follow my counsels will bring thee true joy, And though thy young heart may feel sad and alone, Thy mother is near—she forgets not her own. Yes, I'll come to you all, and well pleased, with you roam, For the heart's pure affections will cling around home; If I wander the fields of celestial blue, And gather sweet flowers, 'tis to share them with you; If I search my new home, and true pleasures shall find, They shall give of their worth to the friends left behind; And whether in earth-life or Heaven we are met, The wife, and the mother, will never forget!"

Providence, R. I., Oct. 1850.

Written for the Banner of Light. DEALINGS WITH THE DEAD.

NUMBER SEVEN. PARENTHETICAL TO "EPOCH."

DEAR FELLOW VOYAGER ON LIFE'S GREAT JOURNEY—I rejoice that your soul hath been provoked to an amicable challenge, and that in substance you exclaim to me, "Gird up thy loins now like a man, for I will demand of thee. Answer thou me." But, first, a few words by way of preface.

Certainly, dear Epoch; souls are the subjects of number, and are therefore, in this sense, "particled," souls, of course, being plural; yet soul is not, for, although you may subtract forty-eight from forty-nine souls, and leave a remaining unit only, yet that unit is absolutely one, and you (take notice that I now speak of the entire inward man), can no more remember that remaining soul—an exemplar of all souls—as you can a body, than you could find the last particle of a flock of dust upon a midge's wing. Again: "Palpable looseness of thought." In reply, I have two plans; first—brother, I am merely human, earth-bound, untaught, and totally ignorant of grammar and everything else, save so far as taught by spirits, and hence, while being perfectly familiar with hundreds of profound ideas, derived from sources not open to all, for the reason that all will not struggle as I have for the highest light, which will not come unthought; yet I am not familiar with the rules of learning. Remember, dear Epoch, that

"Sometimes the aerial synods bend, And the mighty choirs descend; And the brains of men thenceforth team with unaccustomed thoughts;"

and all the better and more valuable as we are prepared and need them. Thither is a great immortal, and his thoughts were and are clearly understood by myself; but, alas! for reasons stated, I find it impossible to discover language and terms adequate to convey the rich meat to my hungry brethren; for, remember, his intercourse with me was through the silent thought-language in universal use beyond the third region of the starry homes of senseless beings, (concerning which, also, I shall write hereafter.) I therefore do the best I can to convey his meaning. Epoch shall have a talk with the great Egyptian, face to face, either through myself when I am East, or I will impart his signal, and request an interview for Epoch through any proper channel he and a chosen few may select. In the former case, my *incognito* to be inviolably respected by the company.

As an illustration of a portion of the foregoing remarks, I may here state a curious fact or two, one of which is, that I have not even written my great instructor's name right, simply because I found it far easier to call him Thotmer, than Thotmeres, his true title—a name which, as I don't know how to pronounce, I laid aside for the one I now make use of, and which was suggested to me by another spirit through another medium, in answer to the question, "Who is my spiritual tutor?" The answer came thus:

"Thotmer the Great was a monarch sublime— Held the reins of his fate, drove a chariot of time; And won the grand secret by means of the TRINE. Strive, mortal, strive! his lot may be thine!"

Thus much by way of preface; now for the substance itself. Epoch must never lose sight of the great fact, that all material things, animal and vegetable—and the human body, highest and most perfect of all—are nothing more nor less than chemical laboratories, crucibles, retorts, blasts, furnaces, and alembics, for the elaboration of the finer from the grosser elements. Spirit and matter are not identical. Matter is not condensed spirit, but is permeated by elements which, when properly changed by the action of higher elements, yet to be mentioned, becomes transmuted into the deathless thing. There exists not merely four elements—earth, air, water, fire, but twenty-four, in spite of what certain scientists assert. A few of these, in their ascending order, I will here indicate, for nuts to be cracked at leisure by the carbon philosophers—a solution of which mighty question I shall be compelled to offer by-and-by. Premising that duality and de-cussation—male and female, or positive and negative, characterize all things—soul included—the list begins thus: Spheroid (primal aura of Deity), nebula, fire (suns), granite, water, air (oxygen, positive), air (do, negative), electricity, "odylia," magnetism, electricity, magnetism, luminiferous ether, pervasive ether (in which the worlds float), ethylic, and a list beside, up to twenty-four, which, as I am dealing only with a side question, I need not mention at present. The human body is a stomach, whose sole purpose it is to, first, digest the various materials of the elemental kingdoms, assimilate portions thereof to itself for its own sustenance, and change the balance, so that it can be appropriated by the interior man-form or spiritual being within the outward shell, or flesh and bone body. Second, to (in the male), elaborate a fine fluid, and store it away till needed, in very minute sacs. This fluid I shall call by the meaning title, "Geehr." In the female a like office is performed, similar in all respects to the other, with the difference, that the contents of the minute vesicles is of a different color, quality and property. It is called "Keemim."

There are holy periods in human life when these two elements, Geehr and Keemim, meet, quiesce, lose their distinct character, and from that instant a spiritual atom, to speak, is in existence, and developing, by its inherent attractive power, a Human, Immortal Spirit, is in being.—And here I read Epoch's mind, and hear his soul ask me a question; it is this: "The same process goes on in animals; why are not they, too, immortal?" Because, dear one, the animal organism does not reach this last result; it only prepares substances to be acted on by higher powers. Substances are not deprived of all their vitality by the animal, nor do the essences they compound reach the unparticled state, as they do in the human; hence, all animals perish when the element "Vif," or life, is separated from them, because it—"Vif"—pertains to body only, while man has a triple life—of body, spirit and soul. The animal spirit, as in man's body, being only material, is particled, and therefore dies. But from the very instant that Geehr and Keemim meet and form a third something, that something is a monad—an unparticled point, a germ of spirit that can never wholly perish; hence all woman-born beings are necessarily immortal, as that number is eternal—and this, too, in spite of countless theories to the contrary. Even the stillborn and idiot live on, and are by Jehovah's great fiat, nursed into life and activity in the "green houses" of the Second Region, whence they are sent to the next below, to suffer and grow strong! (The names Geehr and Keemim are those of two Syrian shrubs, which, growing apart, bloom, but bear not; growing near each other, they produce the celebrated "Berries of Kilmim.")

Spirit is Substance in absolute coalescence. Matter is Substance whose particles never touch; being separated to infinity by interstices, which latter are filled by one or the other of the imponderables which I have named, according to the shape of the particles, which latter always determines the position on the ascending plane. The higher the substance, the higher the fluid, and the more

to supply its own waste, and what goes to build up the spirit. Spirit in turn does the same, and when the supply is needed for soul, we sleep—and the soul-sees for awhile, withdraws from the brain, passes down the backbone, leaves it, and enters the solar plexus, and there arrays itself in garments of pure spirit, or pure fire, which is the same. When the supply is taken, it sometimes reacts awfully, or remains shut out from this world for hours at a time, and we live as vegetables live only—we are in a deathly slumber. At such times the soul is in communion and talking with God, and God is talking to it, and these vague notions flash across the fields of memory, and we have vague notions of having been somewhere else than earth, hell or heaven—and we have—and it seems to us that we have pre-existed—and acted parts before—in some strange world.

A place of mystery, wonder, melody, light, sublime. Not in this world, or heaven, nor space, nor time. At other times the soul cautiously rears its throne, takes advantage of the spirit's slumber and quiescence, and plays many fantastic tricks for its own amusement. Sometimes it overhears the sheets of memory, joyfully mixes them all up together, and forms a patchwork melody, without head, tail, sides, top, bottom, beginning or end. We are dreaming! At other times it takes a flight homeward to the starry vaults; then we have visions. At other times it flies over the earth, leaving spirit behind it, preserving the connection by a fine magnetic film. Then we are lucid, or clairvoyant. I don't like that term—do you, Epoch? It isn't a good one. At still other times the soul arrays itself in robes of its own grand regality, and attends the court of the gods. And here a holy awe steals over me, as I reveal this trait of that awful grand and majestic thing, the Human Soul. And then we prophesy, and become acquainted with things and events yet unborn in time and space. We have gone to the other side of the wall spoken of in one of my first letters. By-and-by we awaken. The soul's magazines are stored full of the needful energies, and it sends them forth to revivify the spirit, and consequently the body, as need demands. Thus comes the blush of love, the inspiration of acting, the fire of oratory, the flames of passion, the brutal vigor of the pugilist, and the blaze of anger. The soul has accumulated a fund of that nerve-aura, sphere, emanation, whatever you choose to call it, which, to the sensitive, tells as much in five minutes' association, of the real character of the person, as others could find out in a dozen years' intimacy; for this sphere is not only impelled, but is also charged with something of the soul itself. We have all felt this; and were I on a lecture committee, I would only engage those speakers who have large spheres of this kind, which can easily be felt, and its character ascertained by shaking hands, and maintaining the grasp for half a minute.

This letter is nearly finished, and it is the last I shall write at present. When I return, (I am about to make a journey of some hundreds of miles from my home toward Boston,) I shall continue the series, and answer more questions, if they shall be asked, I will not argue any point, with anybody, till I complete my list as originally intended. Some of my former letters were written in such a wretched manner, that the printers made me say things I never intended, in my third and fifth letters—the first fifth; for two were numbered alike, through mistake. The fault was mine, in not taking more pains to write plainly, and by no means the printers'. Of course, I feel sorry, but the difficulty will not occur again, I humbly trust. I am going to lecture in Maine, and all letters sent to Boston, care of Banner of Light, will reach me in December. I shall, when opportunity occurs, pen my best thoughts for the BANNER, (long may it wave.) If what has already been written shall have made even one soul feel somewhat more of its own value, destiny, dignity and worth; if a little more light has been let in upon the darkest, deepest and profoundest subject that can interest a human being, I shall be well paid for the labor undertaken; and, assuring my faithful voyagers that even yet we have but started on our magnificent journey; that yet we have to climb the steep slopes of Time, and, aided by Thotmer, challenge new creations for an answer to the questions, What is Man—his nature, destiny? and, What and where is God? I remain, as ever, the friend of of truth,

LE ROSCROFT.

An objection may be urged here, viz., "That animals dream. Dogs bark in their sleep, and manifest all the phenomena of dreaming. Has the dog, therefore, got a soul that premeditates and goes abroad, &c.?" I reply to this—I am not sure that dogs, &c., do really dream. At least, no dog has ever told me what he dreamed, and till one does so, I shall conclude that the phenomenon exhibited is the result of more nervous excitement.

For the Banner of Light. SPIRITUAL COMMUNICATION.—NO. 1.

THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. A. B. HALL.

Blessed be thy name, oh God, for thou hast exalted thy truth, and the heart of man responds to thy call! Truth, like an arrow, is already dividing the joints and the marrow. The human soul, is sickening of error and conventionalities, and is seeking the true manna of principles. It turns from the hollowness of past creeds and formulas, feels its own individual elements of life, and would live its own doctrine. God it would worship, in His own image, without the help of Church or State. It would lay upon the altar of its own temple its affections purified through sorrow, its joys concentrated in love, its sins softened by suffering, and the sacrifice of a broken and contrite heart, hoping for forgiveness. It needs an individual realization of God's power and presence to inspire its progression. It is conscious that there is no safety or reliance in man-worship; it must have God, in the almightiness of His wisdom and love, to fill its immortal longings.

Earthly wisdom, with pride and pomp, has arrayed itself with splendor and power to attract, and for a time has blinded the true instincts of humanity. But childhood, in spirit, is passing, and manhood, in its strength and beauty, must have truth and holiness for its refuge. Looking one to another, for a solution of this new desire, spirit-whispers are heard, saying, "Turn in hither; here is the well-spring of eternal life, waiting but the effort of will to gush forth, fertilizing thy whole existence."

Look no longer one to another, but study thyself; for in thee are the issues of life. Spirit identity, liberty and action, are all concealed within thy hidden depths. The whole length and breadth of God's government, in motive and design, are involved in thine own being. Stretch out before thee the chart of thine own soul; study its laws; become master of thine own salvation, physician of thy disease, redeemer of thine own soul. Christ is before thee, an example. He took the thorny path of self-sacrifice and self-humiliation, to inspire thee with confidence and hope. The crown of peace now rests upon his brow, to be reflected on all who, like him, toil and are made whole.

Errors and follies are folded deep in the constitution of man; but, because thus embodied in the soul, are they forever to keep out the true glories of God's kingdom in the mental and spiritual world? Shall the germs of goodness never blossom to perfect God's glory, as nature robes herself in beauty and profusion, testifying the boundlessness of His provident care? The earthquake and tornado are fearful, as they ravage and overturn the face of nature, but they are the upheaving of mighty powers, whose saving grace after generations will bless and enjoy. So the whirlwinds of thought, which now rend the moral and physical world, will give entrance, freedom and life to many struggling emotions and desires, which in the smooth current of repose would never have breathed themselves into being, even in the privacy of seclusion.

Principles and dogmas, both in and out of the church, whose sacredness has long been shielded even from question, are attacked with holy and unholy hands, until the devout believer often feels upon the ocean of thought without chart or compass. Long and severe the struggle, ere, through the energy and spirituality of their own souls, they can place God at the helm, and accept, as His active agent of salvation, their own powers, as they are developed into His image through their own vitality and life. This is the desired result of spirit intercourse and reunion—to rend the veil between God and man—to bring him into divine and heartfelt nearness to the Great Source of all being—to make pride and ambition bow to truth and holiness, and to expand the soul, like a beautiful flower, into the universe of thought and feeling.

Say, then, before the world, ye who have tasted and known that the way of our God is good—of the beauty of His requirements, of the peace of His law. Live the purity this faith inspires, and the weary, homesick soul will gladly fold itself in the wings of your love. Ye know not, as we do, the many desires which tend to you only for relief. It is the suppressed hope of myriads of aching hearts that spirit communion and spirit life are indeed true; that other fathers, after the advent of this, become weak and puerile to calm the surges of sorrow. Bear, then, the ark of the Lord with holy hands, firm and unflinching. The waves of doubt, sail and suffering, are rolling heavily beneath you—but the rainbow of God's truth and promise reflecting on your hearts, shall guide you to eternal peace, and its whitened track leave forever an open pathway for spiritual and mortal reunion. Ye

are the light of the world; let your light so shine that darkness be overcome. Sorrow and sighing have long enough brooded over this fair heritage of God; let the dawn of hope gild the morning and radiate the evening, that purity and peace may walk the noonday of life, to the glory of God and the salvation of man.

Do earnest, humble, faithful with thyself, not only in the hour of consecrated communion, but in all the hours and acts of life. So shall truth be established, mercy and love vindicated, and the law of progress be defined in exact and distinct lines, that the wayfarer, though blighted, shall feel God's light and love through you.

Truth has been draped in sackcloth and ashes; mysticism and phantasy have been about her, for she sought only through discolored, diseased channels of thought, and her impress was feeble and vitiated. The thunders of Sinai were needed to arouse the dreamers of conservatism, and shake the materialism that reason and doubt have engendered. These ceased with the physical age which developed them; but the inmost sanctuary of thought and feeling ago now invaded. A band of noiseless guests have entered their silent chambers; their walls are hung with pictures of the past, and the present, and the future, filled with emotions and hopes that God and eternity can amply fulfill. The chords of affection are stirred with melody and music, and the long-cherished doubts of life beyond the grave dissolve in their mystic presence. So God is a reality, death his messenger, the grave the awakening to life eternal, hid forever in His boundless love. All things have a voice of praise; the warring leaf shows design; the flower, a day-spring of hope and blessing. Life, death and the grave, the circumstances of a being, begun in weakness, raised in power, glorified in immortality. Each the feature of an eternal design wrought in the wisdom of God, before the foundations of the world, to be perfected through the fulfillment of his own laws, both spiritual and natural.

Man may waver and doubt, filling his soul with confusion and death; but the great, immutable plan of existence goes steadily on. God the Father is at the helm of all government. His spirit pervades all law; and as soon as man educates himself up to the divine standard, harmony will bring peace and salvation to the soul. Whether in this or any other sphere, he must be the arbiter of his own individual advancement—the will-power, the channel of many deep waters. Love may be around, waiting to aid and bless; but if met with coldness and insensibility, its light is absorbed by some needy recipient ready for the blessing, for in the provident wisdom of God nothing is inactive or lost. If the cup proffered in affection is refused, its draught is quickly quaffed by the thirsty wayfarer, and perhaps the stranger or alien will supply what love once offered.

Laws are operating for great and general results. Individual exertion is alone blessed with individual progression. Spirits are bending over you with the goblet of truth, its waters beaming with eternal life. They say to all, "Taste and be made whole." The self-righteous and the Pharisee, as of old, they cannot reach; for, clothed with their own righteousness, all else is as filthy rags. But the day of their poverty will come, when they will earnestly seek what they now despise.

God is in all His works. Spirits are now suing for mortal ear, either for their own or mortal gratification. They are here, because the laws of God, in their adapted progression, demand that they should mingle with humanity, learn its weakness and sin, study its diseases, that knowledge might illumine with truth the dark places of its understanding; that a new element of principle, thought and action, might invigorate the old, worn-out soil of morality. "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," is its living code. The Saviour taught, "Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you." But this is the morality preaching, not the practice of action. There is ever a yearning for this divine principle, and a hope that the far-off realms of the future might unveil its beauties. Glances of its excellence have warmed the heart of aspiration, but the cold frost of selfishness has nipped its flowers, and pride and ambition have desolated its beauty. It must some day reign and fulfill its glory; for it is the law of God; exemplified through His Son, and not one jot of that law will pass unfulfilled. Spirits, with their natural and spiritual experience, are permitted to enforce that law upon the lives and consciences of men. They know that earthly life is unsatisfactory and false; that spiritual joys are marred by mortal sin and sorrow. They have read their own pages of history; its acts are daguerrotyped in eternal pictures, real to the senses, and sorrowing to the soul. These they would soften and purify for future generations, to reflect through their lightened shades the glory and love of God, rather than the sin and sorrow of man.

The inmost soul desires our approach and intercourse; but pride, fashion and public opinion frown, and frivolity covers, as with a shroud, those yearning emotions; but each must uncover their own record, and re-read the tablets of today. They are more firmly traced than Mosaic code, for the living soul graves its indentures deeper than those on a marble column. This will crumble; but God's life, enshrined in temples of flesh, lives forever in His law and love, and its light and shadow fall not in curved lines, but cause and effect, in hold relief, trace their superscription, never to be effaced, till the spirit, through the requirements of God's law, is perfected in its own organism.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

STEPHEN J. FINNEY AT ORDWAY HALL, Boston, November 6, 1859.

Stephen J. Finney, of Ohio, spoke at Ordway Hall, Boston, on the afternoon and evening of Nov. 6th. Mr. Finney, as he briefly explained, speaks under spirit-influence only in the sense that, after some years of ordinary mediumship, the spirits having informed him that he had become sufficiently impressed with the genuineness of the doctrine of inspiration, and that they advised him, in the future, to speak in his own individuality, promising that if he kept his mind and body pure, they would afford him such assistance as would by natural laws flow from them to him while he should be in the normal state, he had thenceforth acted upon their suggestion, and they had absolved their pledge.

Mr. Finney's philosophy, as evinced in his discourses, is identical with that of Victor Cousin, the French metaphysician, as developed in his various works, and, more especially, his History of Philosophy. The subject of the afternoon discourse was "The Great Spiritual Idea." The world of facts is, in sum-total, only a symbolical world. All the phenomena of nature are only so many representatives of an internal energy. In every event of history we see the evidence of some great interior force. How shall we find and know this force? To begin, we must get a standpoint of observation. That is contained in the motto of Socrates, Know thyself. This is the beginning of all wisdom. As Spiritualists, indeed, we begin with objective facts; but as Spiritual philosophers we begin with principles. The lecturer then proceeded to unfold Cousin's theory of fundamental ideas. All philosophy begins with human consciousness. It is impossible that we should obtain knowledge from any other source. The fundamental condition of all thought is the recognition of three great principles. The commencement of intelligent human existence is the demonstration of the truth of these fundamental ideas. They are, the idea of the Infinite, the idea of the Finite, and the idea of the relation of the two. These three underlie all life. In no phase of history can be discovered the presence of any fundamental idea distinct from these. At man's first appearance on the earth, we find him standing rapt in wonder at the mighty secret of the world, and yet not totally absorbed by it; for to his sensuous vision are presented appearances, symbols of internal ideas. The child begins by discovering himself; but, in doing that, by the very occasions which reveal to him his own existence, he discovers there is something that is not himself. The idea, then, first suggested to him, is that he is limited, and, by virtue of the fact of his existence, that the outside, also, is limited. The idea of the Finite, then, in the chronological order, comes first. Then arises the idea of the Infinite. For it is impossible to think of the Finite without the Infinite, the Relative without the Absolute, Plurality without Unity. But the idea of the Infinite is the first in the logical order; for the Finite must develop, logically, out of the Infinite. The Infinite is at the foundation of all thought.

Shall we, then, say that that which thus lies at the foundation of all things is a mere chimera? The universe is built upon the abstract.

In America, we see two classes of minds. First, the party that trusts human nature, the party that plants its standard on the unshaking consciousness of the divine sentiments of the inward being, the fundamental idea of the Infinite in the human soul, the party that says that man was not made for institutions, but institutions for man. On the other hand, is the party of precedents, the party that would justify tyranny because our fathers were pirates, the party that has the rights of its principles outside the consciousness and in the teeth of the inherent sentiments of man. Suppose we take the view, that we must distrust ourselves, to begin with. The principle that human nature is not to be trusted, has its

representative in both Church and State. The supernaturalistic party, which has got hold of the reins of government, in both, say that we can get at man only by researches in the dusty path of past history. On the other hand, there are the naturalists, who deny the existence of God, and of the great spiritual ideas which have their origin in the fundamental idea of the Infinite. The first tell us that we know nothing of God without revelation. Do we know anything of Him with it? How can the existence of the Deity be revealed, if in the being to which He is to be revealed, there is no recognition of a divine nature. They say, indeed, that man has natural ability to understand the being of God. But if there is no correspondent divinity there, you can no more give him an idea of God than you can teach mathematics to a reindeer. If God can be at all revealed to man, it must be to the divinity in man; He cannot be revealed simply as an objective reality. When, indeed, He is thus revealed to the divine nature of man, the man may then see divinity glimmering in the stars, and listen, with the senses of his soul, to the mighty harmonies of an infinite universe singing the Te Deum of an eternal God.

We, the Spiritualists, said the lecturer, are diametrically opposed to each of these parties. It is said that Spiritualists have no God. We have a practical idea of God. When it takes possession of man, man's will flows away from his nature; the statute-books of Almighty God will open their pages to his internal vision; he will read his duty, and his duty is the cause of his destiny. Begin, as does the one of these two parties, with assuming that man is altogether evil, and you make him almost altogether evil. If a child is taught that he is wicked, how can he but act wickedly? Are we better off when we take the negative position? Take August Comte's philosophy, grand and beautiful, perhaps, but cold and freezing. He grants, to start with, that but for the spiritual idea with which man began the world, he would always have revolved in a vicious circle. Yet, at the last, he proclaims it all to be a delusion. When we look upon the world, from that standpoint, what do we see? Plenty of falling empires and crushed hopes, and all to no purpose. When the French Republic fell, the lecturer asked, in an eloquent quotation from a French author, why did not the hopes of man fall with it? But forgetting its defeat, the soul of man leaves the broken hope of an ideal republic, and looks, once more with renewed expectation to the Westward. Why does the conscience haunt man through his life? Why, but that it is a part of his nature, which he cannot stifle or destroy? Without the recognition of some great, infinite principle in nature, without the spiritual nature of man, men are but as the little puppets of pith that dance up and down between the plates of a galvanic battery.

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Our report thus far has been of the afternoon discourse. The evening lecture was devoted to a further development of the same idea.

After a brief recapitulation of the views expressed in the afternoon, he proceeded to examine the relation between the great Spiritual Idea and the manifestations of modern Spiritualism. It is admitted, even by the negative school of philosophy, that man began his existence with a question which has been re-echoed down the ages to the present, and is today absorbing the contemplations of the deepest minds of the age. That primal question is, What and where is God? Without wearying the patience of his auditory by a statement of all the answers to this question which had been given by the various schools of religion in history, Mr. F. said he would only affirm this, that not one, taken by itself, is satisfactory; and not one, taken by itself, that will be given for the next million of ages, will be satisfactory. And nowhere, this side the embrace of Infinite Intelligence, Life and Power, can we rest on a solution of that mighty problem. It is indispensable that we be kept loose, in search of its solution. One idea there is, which, through all the changing philosophies and religions of earth, through all mutations of empire, has survived, triumphant. He meant the genius, the soul of the world. Who believes it has none? In the commonest newspaper, we find talk of "the spirit of the age." The greatest men in history have been but the embodiment of this spirit of their age. Caesar, Cromwell, Napoleon, could not have been what they were at any era save that at which they appeared.

With this illustration of the universal manifestation and recognition of this principle, the lecturer went on to examine the answers which man has made to the great question. Beginning with fetishism, the race has progressed, through polytheism, into theism. The idea of the oneness of the Infinite has developed itself only in the later ages of the world. It was not made clear until the vague primal consciousness was made a positive declaration. It required the experience of centuries to have man's spiritual vision opened to its more perfect apprehension. The lower brain held dominion at the first, then the front brain; now the top brain begins its rule. To this grand spiritual idea, science itself is indebted for its existence. Chemistry and astronomy had their origin in the aspirations of alchemy and astrology. And in its present search into physical nature, science was fast driving the world upon the rocks and shoals of materialism. Nothing has saved it but the coming of the modern Spiritual Idea. Philosophical minds had long since discovered that there is no reasoning upon the supernatural hypothesis. Whence should arise the spiritual light that should save us from a barren atheism? Some few prophetic souls had seen it in all ages; but it felt shining was reserved for the gospel of spiritual communication. Man came into the world naked; but he came with powers that bore in themselves the possibilities of all instruments. These powers, working in the history of the race, have gradually attenuated and refined the material organism, till it has become fitted, in some measure, for visible and ocular communication with the Land of the free and the pure, and, through the refinement of the physical nature, the magnetic communication between this and the other world, and between the souls of those yet on earth, becomes more perfect and intimate, and approaches, if it does not yet fully realize, as it yet shall, that grand idea of the Mystics, a unitary consciousness of the race, a perfect communion of all the life of the universe.

But all social communion, beautiful though it may be, all spiritual sympathies, grand though they are, are comparatively little, because that mighty, mysterious sympathy which holds the souls of men in rapport with the heart of God. Place a believer in the Orthodox creed at the throne of his Deity—let him gaze upon the objective glory of that God, without subjective sympathy with that God—how long would he stay there? Not twenty-four hours. The glitter of an objective heaven would become the merest trash to his human heart. The God whom alone the spirit of man can love and adore, with whom alone he can commune, is that Infinite Perfection whose image is part of his own essential being.

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From the Home and School Journal.

THE MAGIC WAND.

BY AMEND.

In a dim wood, "neath a purple food, There was seen a golden gleam; 'T was a beautiful rod, from the garden of God, That was buried beneath the stream. It was torn from its rest—and the Wand possessed A power like an infant god; For the stars, reproved by its motion, moved, And clustered around the rod. The dark eclipse unsealed its lips When the Wand was waved on high; Its hidden cause and mysterious laws Are revealed to the gazer's eye. It has power to tame the exciting flame That leaps from the clouds above; The lightning stands at its stern command, To obey its missions of love. The forest oak at its touch awakes, For it carries the truth to the perishing youth Of the lands beyond the sea. It awakes the slave, and his heart was brave— He spurred the oppressor's ire; And the tyrant felt that his throne must melt, When touched by his wand of fire. Wouldst know the name of the Wand of flame With the potent mystery fraught? The beautiful rod from the garden of God, Is the MAGIC WAND OF THOUGHT!

representative in both Church and State. The supernaturalistic party, which has got hold of the reins of government, in both, say that we can get at man only by researches in the dusty path of past history. On the other hand, there are the naturalists, who deny the existence of God, and of the great spiritual ideas which have their origin in the fundamental idea of the Infinite. The first tell us that we know nothing of God without revelation. Do we know anything of Him with it? How can the existence of the Deity be revealed, if in the being to which He is to be revealed, there is no recognition of a divine nature. They say, indeed, that man has natural ability to understand the being of God. But if there is no correspondent divinity there, you can no more give him an idea of God than you can teach mathematics to a reindeer. If God can be at all revealed to man, it must be to the divinity in man; He cannot be revealed simply as an objective reality. When, indeed, He is thus revealed to the divine nature of man, the man may then see divinity glimmering in the stars, and listen, with the senses of his soul, to the mighty harmonies of an infinite universe singing the Te Deum of an eternal God.

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THE MAGIC WAND.

BY AMEND.

In a dim wood, "neath a purple food, There was seen a golden gleam; 'T was a beautiful rod, from the garden of God, That was buried beneath the stream. It was torn from its rest—and the Wand possessed A power like an infant god; For the stars, reproved by its motion, moved, And clustered around the rod. The dark eclipse unsealed its lips When the Wand was waved on high; Its hidden cause and mysterious laws Are revealed to the gazer's eye. It has power to tame the exciting flame That leaps from the clouds above; The lightning stands at its stern command, To obey its missions of love. The forest oak at its touch awakes, For it carries the truth to the perishing youth Of the lands beyond the sea. It awakes the slave, and his heart was brave— He spurred the oppressor's ire; And the tyrant felt that his throne must melt, When touched by his wand of fire. Wouldst know the name of the Wand of flame With the potent mystery fraught? The beautiful rod from the garden of God, Is the MAGIC WAND OF THOUGHT!

BETHESDA INSTITUTE.

SPIRITUALISTS, AND OTHERS INTERESTED, are informed that the Bethesda Institute, for the healing of the sick, by the aid of the spirit, and other manifestations of spirit power, called the BETHESDA INSTITUTE AND SPIRITUAL HEALING ROOMS. (John ch. v, 2, 3 and 4.) The great design of the Bethesda Institute is to heal the sick—a great multitude of impotent folk—blind, halt, withered, &c. To this end, mediums of long tried and unassailable healing powers, (two forgetting one) Mrs. MORGAN will be in constant attendance from 9 o'clock A. M. to 9 P. M., daily, whose undivided attention will be given to those who desire aid at the Institute, or who may send some simple token, by which the disease may be understood and healed. Mediums for all other manifestations of spirit-power will be present, to give the friends of the departed rest and spiritual intelligence. The Bethesda Institute and Spiritual Healing Rooms are also designed as a central resort for those in the city or country, where intelligence regarding Spiritualism, Mediums, &c., may be obtained. All the spiritualistic periodicals and papers will be kept on file at the Institute; also, the name and residence of the principal mediums in the city and country, so far as known. The Reading Rooms will be sustained by the gratuitous donations of the friends of a pure Spiritual Philosophy, who may wish them, or remit what they may think proper, on any evening, (Saturday and Sunday excepted), commencing at 7 1/2 o'clock, at which a greater variety of medium power will be manifested than ever before witnessed in Boston, to which a small admission fee will be charged. Location—No. 7 West street, (up stairs), Room No. 6. Meetings on Wednesdays, at 7 1/2 o'clock, P. M. Clairvoyant Examination: Mrs. L. F. HOYDE, Test and Writing; Mrs. R. MITCHELL, (formerly of Portland), France and Business, Nov. 20.

GEORGE ATKINS, CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN, HEALING AND WRITING MEDIUM, No. 3 Winter street, Boston, at the rooms of J. V. Mansfield. Examination, when the patient is present, \$1.00; by a lock of hair, when absent, \$3.00. Also, Healing by the laying on of hands. 3m Oct. 1.

MRS. B. K. LITTLE, THE WELL KNOWN TEST MEDIUM, will leave Boston on the first of December, for the South, to spend the winter. Mrs. L. still continues to give sittings at her Rooms, 35 Beach street. Hours from 9 to 12, and from 2 to 9 P. M. Terms, \$1.00 for one, or two persons each hour; Clairvoyant Examinations \$1.00. 2p Nov. 10.</

