

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Written for the Banner of Light.
EVERLASTING.

BY CORA WILSON.

Everlasting! On the hills 'tis written;
Ocean voices bear the solemn song,
To all human souls that, trial-smitten,
The white robes wear that deck the martyr throng.
Everlasting! rolls in ceaseless thunders
From the accusing voices of the Past,
And from the manifold and gracious wonders
Of present uses, to the Future vast.
Everlasting love, the benediction
Of the Omnipotence enthroned in Right,
That, bowing to no human laws restriction,
Its scepter'd justice wields before the light.
Everlasting! On the soul 'tis given,
In adamant characters of truth;
Guardians of life eternal—of the heaven
Resplendent with the first-born dreams of youth.
Everlasting! Joy and Peace and Gladness
Whisper, the heralds from another world,
Soothing the martyr pangs, the pilgrim sadness,
Of hearts whose peace-tent life has never unfurled.
Everlasting! Freedom and love all holy,
To the soul-starved and famine-stricken here—
Ransom, joy, and compensation's glory,
For the tried angels of the heavenly sphere.
Everlasting! gracious bonds of Mercy—
Forgiveness! full, divine, and golden-fraught
With all the aspirations of the seraph—
With all the holiness of Godlike thought.
Everlasting! On the hills 'tis written—
On nature's wide domain, its lasting sign
Tells to the lone, the tried and sorrow-smitten,
Of blessedness eternal, love divine!
Chelsea, Sept., 1860.

Written for the Banner of Light.
THE LORDS OF THE CASTLES.

A TALE OF THE RHINE.

BY MELANAH STRANGE.

CHAPTER VII.—CONCLUDED.

The servant, Bernard, was punctually below. He sat looking in the little skiff just in the shadow of the tower, whose summit looked sheer down into the sullen river. The noise of the rushing stream filled his heart, brave as it felt now, with a peculiar kind of melancholy. In the little embayed spot where his craft slept, the waves were scarcely felt; only the sound of the current invaded its peacefulness.

He kept looking up, till his head swam, and his neck ached with the exertion. There was as yet no object to be seen. Only the shifting masses of clouds passed over, revealing scarce anything of the sky in their closely-knit scales and greaves. He caught the dismal sounds of their imperial throats, away in the gloom and the vast deep of the empyrean; and, over and anon, the flashes of the giant's swords, as they seemed to draw them from the turbid bars in their fierce contest overhead, showed him his own position and that of the castle that beetled above his head. And there he sat and watched with an aching heart and a burning brain.

As for Gertrude, she was all alive to the momentous hour. Her heart was steered to the crisis—such a crisis as never in her short life had she been called to go through. She had carefully scoured one end of the ladder which she had constructed to the inner wall; but, to be doubly sure, it had been additionally tied about certain portions of her bedstead. She mounted to the window, and cautiously dropped her ladder down. Then she looked over the edge, to see if she could tell whether it might not have caught and had in some projection of the wall. She pulled it up and let it down again many times, to be sure that it had found its perpendicular.

And then she knew not how near it came to the water! All her looking and all her calculations could not get her right on that. She was left entirely in the dark, and it was a black darkness indeed.

To call out to Bernard, and ask him if he could reach the rope, was impossible. He could not hear her, either, if she did. Her voice would sound no louder than the weak piping of a sparrow in a storm.

How the wind howled and shrieked, like suffering ghosts, as it cut itself in twain against the ropes she had just let down! Their sounds sent a thrill of horror to her soul.

She looked from her dizzy elevation, to see if perchance she might detect the figure of Bernard in the darkness below. But in vain. Not even the ragged shores of the river met her eyes, though she could distinctly hear the voice of the swollen current, as it rushed with an arrowy speed between them. The clouds that rolled over her head, and the thunders that rumbled their threats against the castle and its inmates, were all that she could distinctly see or hear. She seemed to be enveloped in a field of gloom, on whose darkly bordered ground appeared only now and then a rift of light.

But presently the rain began to beat in all its fury. The mass of clouds had at length broken loose, and discharged themselves with pitiless fury upon the walls and battlements of the castle. Even the distant forest seemed to groan anew with the pellings of the deluging storm.

Gertrude sat perched still in the embrasure of the window, holding on firmly by the rope by which hung her only hope of salvation. Already the driving rain had wetted her garments through in places, but she shivered not. Her hair was some what disheveled even now, and she kept brushing it off her temples and out of her eyes. There was perfect firmness and iron resolution entrenched on her lips, and from her eyes shot out frosts that almost defied the now glancing lightnings.

When, however, she thought of Bernard, her devoted servant and friend, in the boat below, exposed to

the tempestuousness of the night, and drowned, it must be, with the streams that were pouring down over his person, she could brook this delay no longer, but became at once impatient to make the venture. She shook the ladder—it dangled! She then pulled it up a little ways, but no one had hold of it below!

There was nothing else to do. Out into the air must she go, and hang suspended between the heavens and the earth till some sort of relief came to her! Or, if not that, then possibly strength enough might be left her after this encounter to return by the way she came, and climb up to her lonely eyry in the tower once more!

She cautiously crept to the edge of the window, and proceeded to place her foot upon the first round of this frail ladder. She tried its strength, and it promised all she asked of it. Then, turning herself about with great agility, and preserving her self-control perfectly, while the blood rushed rapidly to her excited brain, she seized hold of each side of the ladder and began her perilous descent.

And as she slowly went down, the thought flashed over her that this peril was all on account of the wicked brutality of her father, whose heart must have long ago been seared with the hot brands of crimes far more heinous than this. The lords of castles, in those days, were either very much above humanity, or very much below—and more usually the latter than the former. The Lord of Rosenheim must have had a nature impervious to every good influence.

She kept going down—down. Her hold upon the ropes was like the grasp of death; for she knew that if she should release it, she would instantly be shattered in pieces on the rocks and crags below. How much strength was compacted into those little hands then!

The heavens opened, and revealed the slender form of a young girl, suspended high in air, her limbs writhing, as it were, about a frail rope, her hair blowing out wildly from her in all directions in the wind, her dress fluttering, and a yawning chasm of darkness below! Against the walls of the black castle this striking figure made a most wonderful contrast. It looked like a spirit come out of the heart of the gloom. It would have made one's hair stand on end at witnessing it.

As she descended, slowly and with painful effort, she came to the window of another apartment below her own, through which streamed a light. Her impulse led her to pause where she was, in mid-air, and see who was within.

Strangely enough, as her eyes found their way into the apartment, they fell on the form of her own and inhuman father!

How different were their situations at that moment!

He was sitting not far from a table, slunk within the embracing arms of a heavy oaken chair, and seemed to be very much absorbed in thought. His chin rested on his breast, each hand grasped firmly an arm of the chair in which he sat, and over and anon he brought down one of them with an emphasis below upon the same, as if his very thoughts demanded violent expression.

Gertrude gazed at him a moment, and shuddered. She had proceeded but a step or two further downward, when suddenly she felt the entire rope give way, and herself jerked with a violent motion. It seemed that the fastenings had given out from the wall above, but had held by the bedstead! It was a narrow escape for her.

She was safe, but she felt so weak from her fright that she could scarcely hold on any longer. The accident precipitated her several feet further down than she would otherwise have gone. But it resulted happily at last, by bringing her nearer the point of safety.

A shriek was on her lips, as she felt herself going, but she managed to control it. Had she screamed just at that juncture, it must inevitably have led to her discovery by her father!

Down she still continued to go, nothing doubting. She reached the lower end of the rope. She had placed her foot against the last round of the ladder. Just then, a vivid flash of lightning revealed her figure to the young man who sat watching in breathless suspense below.

"Ah, Mistress Gertrude!" he called, though in a subdued voice.

"Bernard! Bernard! oh, what am I to do?" cried she—"I have reached the end of the rope!"

As she spoke, a gust of wind came driving down the valley, making eddied waves upon the waters, and dashing the pendant form of the girl almost with violence against the castle walls. It was a frightful situation, that she was in. Had she possessed less courage and nerve, she must have lost her life on the rocks beneath her.

"Wait!" cried out Bernard to her from his dancing staff. "Hold on tight!"

"So I do!" she answered him, almost gaily.

"Watch your change!" said he, in the lull of the wind's noise. "When you are directly over the boat, then drop!"

She could make no reply to this, if any were necessary. She looked into the gulch of darkness beneath her, hanging now by her hands alone, having disengaged her feet from the rope altogether.

At that most opportune moment another vivid flash of lightning came over everything, almost burning an impression of the castle and the crags upon her brain.

She dropped, calling out for Bernard to catch her as she fell.

It was a wild chance, and but one possibility in a hundred that she would fall plumb and safe into the skiff. Bernard, however, had been standing with outstretched arms in a braced posture for some time. Happily he caught her as she came, and both sank together in the bottom of the skiff, which rocked

with increased violence from the now shock thus imparted!

It was a miraculous escape.

He plied the oar with all possible vigor, and they shot down the shadowed banks, through the gloom and the storm, into a place of safety.

And the thunders and lightnings became more heavy and vivid, and the winds howled and shrieked as if they were bringing the last day and night along with them.

CHAPTER VIII.
THE LORD OF ROSENHEIM.

It was past the midnight hour now. The Lord of Rosenheim could not sit at peace in his gloomy apartment, while the heavens were thus discharging the rapid and thunderous volleys of their artillery. His mind was unusually troubled. He held on by the arms of his oaken chair with such a grasp that it seemed as if he was trying to hold himself down. There was a severely rigid expression upon his face, that bespoke the unvoluntarily thought that thronged to torture him. He had tossed and tumbled his hair in all ways about his temples, and from his fierce eyes shot dull fires, that looked as though they might come from a forge beneath the ground, so sullen and full of dark threats were they.

A more striking picture of a perfectly wretched man it would be difficult to draw. There was some secret, some wonderful mystery about this wretchedness of his, but what could it be—or who was so acute enough to penetrate to its depths? And it must have been that, instead of persecuting Gertrude as he did, merely from the desire to cramp her young nature or do her a violent wrong, he was but wreaking upon her innocent head the full power of those pent-up feelings from which he must in some way get relief.

A peal of thunder and a simultaneous bolt of the forked lightning brought him to his feet!

He ran his hand through his hair, his eyes appeared almost to be starting from their sockets. A madman could hardly have shown any more signs of insanity.

"Heavens! will you pursue me even here?" shrieked he, peering frenziedly across the floor. "Will you follow me to my own castle? Can you not let me alone? Shall I have no more peace on earth? Get thee gone! Go, I say! Avaunt!"

He kept walking hastily about his apartment and brandishing his arms, as if to drive away some bodiless specter that presented their hateful forms to him.

"I tell you all—go!" he shouted still again.

The thunder rattled from above, and appeared to shake the castle to its very foundations.

"I cannot endure it! I never can! I must go out and find that peace which is denied me here!"

And he made as if he would immediately go out through the doorway. But just as he reached the same, another white glare of the blazing lightning blinded him, and he staggered as if he had been smitten with its destroying fire. Such peals of rattling thunder, leaping from the further shore to the crest of his own castle's tower, sent a thrill of horror through his frame and beget a deadly sickness at his heart.

"Oh, God!" he called aloud, in a voice of agony. "Why not take me at once? Why kill me with suspense? Either let me be alone in peace, or take my life now!"

And he stood still where he was, and fell into a sudden fit of musing.

"But can all this be judgment? Does fate thus pursue me, whichever way I may turn? Is there no such thing for me as escape? Shall I never find rest again?"

Alas! it looked as if the reason of the haughty Lord of Rosenheim had indeed tottered!

"Here, Adolph! Blanche! Antonio! Here—come and help me keep out this sound and fire! I shall be consumed in this terrible blaze! My soul feels the heat of hell already! Where shall I turn? Whither can I go? Come—come on, all of you! Ho! who is to come and help me! Mercy! mercy! mercy!"

As he uttered the last word three times, the lightning and the thunder were playing a truly terrific game about his head. He certainly believed his massive castle walls were tumbling down in ruins over his devoted person. A more severe trial no coward heart was ever put to than his. He quaked as he stood in the middle of the floor. He could hear his own teeth chatter from the fear that had come upon him. His limbs almost refused to bear him up.

"Oh, where shall I go? Where—where?" he called out.

But only the echoes replied to him.

Then he fell to cursing. More horrible oaths rarely, if ever, passed the lips of man. His nature appeared to be turned wrong side out, and the worst side was at the surface. Volleys upon volleys of blasphemous phrases were ejected from his mouth, as if it were a hot and fiery furnace wherein they were melted together.

He sprang for the door at length, unable to endure his imprisonment any longer. Better to dare the open storm—thought he—than this inward tumult, this heated and suffocating atmosphere, and these pent-up reflections that stabbed him like so many daggers.

The door, heavy as it was, flew open as by magic at the touch of his nerve and powerful arm. He strode out into the hall, and pursued his way down the cavernous stairs. All was silence around him. No light fell on his path. No person met him by the way. There was not a voice that greeted his ear. Such a sense of utter loneliness and desolation only produced a void that ached intensely within his heart.

He paused. It occurred to him that he would like

to go up, at this strange, wild time, and behold his child Gertrude in her prison above him!

No sooner did the thought strike him than he darted up the flight of stone stairs again, and he hastened to unbar her door.

He opened and swung it back on its hinges.

"Here! Gertrude, come here to me!" called he, in a voice gruff and heavy with passion.

But not a syllable in response. Only the wild career of the wind about the roof of the tower, the echoes of the waves of the river now lashed into fury, and the dull sound of his own unwelcome voice—to none so unwelcome as to himself.

"Here, Gertrude! Where are you? Why do you not answer me?"

Still no answer.

With a curse and a quick stamp of his foot, he dashed about the room with all possible impetuosity, and commenced groping his way rapidly with his outstretched hand against the cold stone wall.

He came to where her bed stood. It had been drawn toward the window, that the ladder might be tied to its frame, and he stumbled and fell prone upon it. Muttering blasphemy still, he felt all around to find if she was there.

How his anger rose to a very tempest, as he discovered that his prisoner had escaped him! How he gnashed his teeth, and tore his hair, and blasphemed even more violently than before!

Not yet satisfied, however, he rose quickly to his feet and groped blindly around the rest of the apartment. Now he was at last satisfied, indeed. Gertrude was not there, and she must have escaped.

But how? Where? With whose connivance?

Back to the bed he wended his way, and thence to the window. As he approached the aperture, his feet caught against the ladder that strained across, and the discovery was made. By a ladder she had descended on the outside!

As he leaned for support against the embrasure of the window, another burning flash of lightning blazed over the sky, enveloping the castle, the river, the woods and all surrounding objects in its bowdlering fire. He was himself blinded momentarily with its brightness. Instinctively he stepped back from his position, and put both of his hands to his head. Had he cried aloud it would have been some relief; but either the lightning's flash or the sudden discovery of his daughter's escape, seemed to stun him for a time beyond recovery.

"Gertrude!" he called once more. It was, however, almost with agony in the tone.

As he got no voice in reply, he lost not a moment further, but, springing out through the still open door, he dashed down the several flights of steps at a speed that threatened the safety of his limbs and life. On his lips all the way was nothing but the name of Gertrude. Yet his words excited no vassal to come to his aid, even if they were heard. Slumber held all the inmates of the castle in its close embrace.

He found his way outside the walls, and came to the lodge of the warder. The draw was up, as was the strict rule at night; but he impatiently called forth the terrified warder, who came out at his hasty command, and threw down the bridge for him that spanned the ditch. The vassal ventured not to ask a question, albeit his heart was filled with wonder and astonishment. He performed the work he was bidden, scarcely daring the while to meet the look of his half-savage lord, who, on his part, was all the while muttering and mumbling incoherent words.

The moment the bridge fell, the feet of the Lord of Rosenheim were upon it, pressing down upon the chain. And away beyond the outer walls, into the darkness of the dread night, only fitfully and partially revealed by the sudden blaze of the lightnings, he departed, striding with the gait of a madman, in the direction of the forest.

"What was it all mean?" was all the warder could ejaculate.

He wandered on, he knew not whither—in truth, he cared not. A controlling passion had him, soul and body, in its grips. His feet stumbled and staggered about over the stones and stumps, sometimes nearly throwing him to the ground. Then he would stand and try to see where he had gone, where he was, and whether he was likely to wander. But all the while he continued talking to himself, muttering words that must have had deep and mysterious significances with him, but would have passed untranslatable to any one else.

The woods, upon the edge of which he had already arrived, were as black and frowning as Erebus. To plunge into them, at such a time of night, would seem to be next to madness itself. It on he went, for all that. He heeded not darkness or gloom.

Hardly had he passed across the threshold, as it were, of the forest, when a gleam of light revealed to him a human form. He started in affright. He felt his very hair stand on end, while his blood curdled and his flesh crept with mortal fear.

He gave involuntary utterance to a shriek:

"Who—who are you?"

It was no human voice that made that cry, but one inspired with the dread imaginings of guilty terror.

"Rosenheim!"

The response came from a female. It was a thin, shrill voice, that pierced like a poniard to his heart.

"Avaunt, hag! Why do you approach me at such an hour as this?" said he, struggling to keep his courage up.

But it was apparent that he was already overcome with a sort of supernatural fear. A female coming upon his lonely path, in the dead of the night, in the forest! It was what he was not looking for—it was enough to make any one start with affright.

"Oh, you haughty, you proud, you cruel man, you!" screamed the other, in a shrill tone that rose

above even the howlings of the wind in the forest.

"Why are you walking about on such a night as this? Can't you sleep in your bed? Can't you keep your head quiet on your pillow?"

"You beldames—you fiend! Begone from my sight!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" she mockingly laughed; "think you it is so easy for your eyes to see me now? Ha—ha—ha!"

"I tell you, away! Shall I raise my arm and strike you to the earth?"

"No, not as you do to others," she returned. "I would not have you kill me, too, after that you have killed already!"

What she meant, if indeed she meant anything in particular, could not be told; but if the daylight had revealed his posture and action just then, it would have betrayed him, striking madly on in all directions from him, apparently determined to destroy his enemy with a blow.

As if she saw, or had some secret intelligence of what he was doing, she mocked him for his impetuosity with her most shrill and scornful laughs. These only exasperated him the more.

"Fiend! dragon spawn of the Evil One!" he shouted; "come forth within the reach of my arm, if you dare, and your doom is sealed!"

"That's just what I've no mind to do, my great Lord!" returned she; and forthwith set up her wicked and tantalizing laugh again.

It was too much for his temper to bear.

"You shall die for this, old hag! Yes, die! Let me hear of you again within bow-shot of my castle walls! Your days are numbered! Remember!"

"Is killing such an easy thing for you, then?" she asked. "Hark! would you add still another to your victims?"

"Begone!" he shouted, in a voice of thunder.

She must have touched a sensitive chord in his heart, for this roaring about certainly betrayed it.

"Ah, my big Lord," she continued, "do you suppose I wander night and day through this drear forest, living on such means as I can collect from day to day with my own hands, and knowing who lives here and who lives there, without finding out a great many, great many secrets?"

"Old Mahala!" he called to her, for she was retreating from him and continually changing her position, "why do people call you the Devil? Is it not because you are the Evil One yourself? Now I know that you are, for you say you find out secrets. What secrets do you know, you old hideous hag? Tell us a single secret, if you can! What do you know that everybody doesn't know? Come, tell me a single thing, now!"

"I could tell you that," responded she, in a low but distinct voice that thrilled him through and through—"I could tell you that which would make your blood creep."

"What is it, then, hag? I do not believe you! You lie, you vile impostor!"

"An I could, I could tell you who was by when somebody else was murdered, one night, not very far from this very spot, either?"

"Fiend!" he shrieked, "you lie in your throat!"

"Aha!" then I touch you tenderly, did I so? You'd better not ask me to try it again. I could give you a good many more things, if I would; but better that innocent folks know no wicked secrets, and so sleep the sounder at night in their beds!"

A flash of lightning, that enveloped all things, revealed her gaunt and skinny form between a couple of tall tree-trunks at a little distance from him, gesticulating with great violence, and pointing at him with a reproachful emphasis that told more effect than if her words were every one of them daggers.

He saw that hateful form by the momentary light, and instantly made a rush forward to the spot where it stood; but when he reached it, she had fitted, like an owl, to another quarter, and could be heard hooting at him again with her shrill voice.

He stood and cursed her with all the burning passion his heart could hold.

"Don't be angry, I pray you!" she croaked at him still. "It helps on a man none at all for him to be mad. Your wicked heart would n't be so pricked with your conscience, either, if you had mastered your temper better, once upon a time! Do ye remember? Do ye, now?"

He walked slowly to where the voice appeared to come from, and, suddenly changing his tone and manner, spoke thus:

"Mahala! come here nearer to me, and tell me what you mean! Come, old Mahala! Don't tantalize a body in this way, and not let him understand you, after all. Come; if you have a secret to tell, confide it to me, now! You know you was always welcome at my castle, and was treated well there. Were you ever turned away hungry or cold? Did any of my vassals ever send you out into the cold?"

"I have made no complaints of your hard usage," returned the old woman. "Wait till I have."

"Then why not let me come nearer to you? I have something that I would much like to tell you."

"Ah, but I feel so much safer when there is distance between us!"

"Then you put no confidence in me?"

"I had rather be out of every great man's power; I would not put my head in the jaws of the lion!"

"But you would not be harmed," he persisted.

"I am no wild beast, woman. I am no lion. Come, old Mahala! I would hear what you may say, as well as tell you something myself!"

And while he groped with extended hands in one direction, he caught the sound of her shrill, hoarse laugh in quite the opposite one, which really disheartened him. She eluded him, like a gust of wind that was come and gone, that was now here and now there, in the same moment.

He stopped where he was, and groaned aloud. A woman had outwitted him. First she had collected him with a profound curiosity than he thought it possible for any one to have.

Truly she was incomprehensible. If he carried a mystery about with him, no less did she wear the same veil likewise.

He left the spot, and with the gradual pull in the storm, returned to the outside and the privacy of his own apartment. But he brought back a heavier burden on his heart than he had carried out.

CHAPTER IX. A PLACE OF SAFETY.

It would not have been safe for Bernard to have attempted to ferry his precious freight across the Rhine, that night, even if it had been necessary; it was fortunate, therefore, that it was not necessary.

He directed the course of his skiff a little way down the bank of the river, which was bold and bluff along there at almost every point, until he reached a little cove, or embayed recess, with which he seemed perfectly familiar.

"Now, dear Mistress Gertrude," said he, cheerfully, "if you can step on shore here and go with me a little way into the forest, I think we shall soon be in a place of safety. And besides, you must be wet to the skin with this drenching rain!"

"Oh, I am able to follow you anywhere you choose to conduct me, Bernard!" she responded, with genuine gaiety, though her garments were even then dripping in the rain, and her whole frame was relaxed from the almost superhuman exertions in letting herself down from her lofty tower window.

He assisted her to land, and lent her his arm, as a true and gallant knight would his lady. She accepted it more because she was obliged to than otherwise, though she would herself have been the last person to refuse so gracious a token of his courtesy.

They walked straight back into the forest. It still continued to rain, and the play of the white lightning over the vast woods, and up and down its arches, aisles and recesses, furnished them with the light they needed by which to pilot their way.

This was a picture of genuine romance; the lady of a castle eloping with her servant, poor as a mouse, and fleeing in the dead of night to the covert of a dense wood. It would require but little imagination to invest this very scene with all the high-colored sentiment that attaches to the stories of lords and ladies crossed in love and fleeing for their lives from their persecutors.

But, in this case, a faithful servant was rescuing his mistress from the tyrannical clutches of a cruel parent, and conducting her in the darkness of night, at the risk of his own personal safety, to a refuge where she might temporarily be at rest.

Gertrude knew nothing whether he was conducting her, nor did she think proper to put any questions. Having once entrusted her rescue to his hands, she reposed a confidence in him that he would act with prudence and discretion.

She leaned heavily on him, because of her fatigue after such wonderful exertion. And all the way on, as they stumbled against rock and tree and stump, she kept speaking her gratitude for her final delivery, and her especial thanks to Bernard for his faithfulness and truth.

After perhaps half an hour's walking, they reached a steep declivity, much of the appearance of a mountain. Rocks began to present themselves plentifully. The torrents of rain had already washed gullies and miniature chasms between the rocks, making the footing still more insecure and precarious.

But they stumbled on, and Bernard at length stopped suddenly. "Stand here, good Mistress Gertrude," said he, "I'll go forward and look about me for a minute."

"It is I," said he, "Do not be afraid. The place is secure, mistress. I will lead you forward at once." She again accepted his proffered assistance, and they went on to the spot indicated.

Reaching a couple of projecting rocks, Bernard wound around the base of one and found a secret entrance, or mouth, to what proved itself to be a capacious cavern. Entering this crumbled passage, he half dragged—though with ever so much gentleness—his fair companion along after him, encouraging her to proceed and trust implicitly in him with cheerful words. She offered no questions, and did not even express a doubt, but groped her way in silence along the crooked and low passage.

A few steps farther on led them to the secret cave itself. There was a lamp dimly burning in its yonder corner, and the place looked like the cell of a genuine hermit—a man who had abjured the world and all its trivialities, and was determined to lead henceforth a life of the most rigid virtue. Gertrude was not at all shocked, or even chilled, with what she beheld, for her own recent hard fare had quite reconciled her to the thought of any lot whatever. She only looked about her to take in the characteristics of the place, and immediately sank, rather than sat, down upon the ground.

"I wonder where old Mahala can have gone, at this late hour!" exclaimed Bernard, as he bustled about with a view of fanning his charge as comfortable as possible.

"Is it any more strange that she should be wandering about, on such a night, than that we should?" half jocularly returned Gertrude.

"Yes," answered Bernard, "I think it is; for she has no waywardness; but we are here from necessity."

"True," said Gertrude, and began to look musingly about the curious apartment.

"Is this, then," she asked, "this the place where the old witch of the forest dwells? Surely, I never expected to see the inside of her cell."

"Nor did I, either, mistress Gertrude; but I found I must get her to help me in rescuing you, or I could find nobody that would. I very well know that she could keep a secret of this kind—that she could help me, if she would—and that nobody would suspect her. I thought she was sent to my thoughts by favor of Heaven. The instant I told her of your being shut up in the tower, a prisoner, and how badly your father treated you, she spoke up as loud

as if she was mad at hearing it, and told me to bring you straight to her; and she showed me how to find the spot."

"I always took her for a hag, a sort of a half-fairy, Bernard; but now I believe I can learn to love her. I can feel grateful to her, at any rate." But this was not advancing matters as Bernard intended. He made himself active in kindling up a fresh fire from the few embers that slept on the hearth, and immediately the smoke began to ascend along the side of the rock and draw up through the natural crevice by which it was intended to pass out.

The sight of the fire at least made things look a little more cheerful. The honest blaze reflected itself in Gertrude's face, which showed pale and over-veiled with anxiety and exertion.

"Alas, Mistress Gertrude!" he exclaimed, "you are still suffering! I wish I could go out and find Mahala. It seems so odd that she should be gone just at this time. I declare, if she is indeed a witch, as some people say she is, she would be roaming about in the forest on just such a night as this. But let me look about and see if she has not left something for you to make yourself comfortable with."

"How could she?" exclaimed Gertrude, in reply, "when she has scarcely anything of her own? No, Bernard, let me make myself as comfortable as I can, and perhaps she will be back before morning." He thereupon fell to replenishing the fire, making the cavern almost as hot as an oven. Gertrude meanwhile occupied herself with looking about.

There was, of course, little or nothing like furniture of any kind in the cavern, for persons in old Mahala's condition thought but slightly of such articles, nor were they able to secure them, either. She made seats out of pieces of rock, upon which were coverings of moss. The walls were dark, smoky and dreary. No light could by any chance find its straggling way into the place, except the few threads that shot through the crevices; and by these alone she saw through the long days of her hermit life. But even this had a compensation, for by the darkness she was chiefly protected. Had any inquisitive eyes found their curious way to the inside of this cave, they would have withdrawn themselves again with the conviction that it was a cheerless spot, untenanted by any human being.

Gertrude, also, could now see the low hole which answered for a door; and she understood how its dimensions compelled her to bow and bend so much on entering. No table, no chair, no sign of domestic life was to be seen. All was bald, chilling and repulsive. There was a dampness and foul odor, too, about the spot, that imparted to it peculiar characteristics of repulsiveness.

Yet was Gertrude for the time contented there. She made up her mind to make the best of it. To stay here was indeed imprisonment, and of a very foul description; but better this, to her mind, than perpetual confinement by her own father in the corner of that cheerless tower of the castle.

White Bernard was bustling about with all the industry and eagerness of a natural house-maid, doing more than he ever thought he could make matters look pleasant and his dear mistress feel comfortable—and Gertrude was thus employed in the work of drying her wet garments and gazing about the walls of the confined little cabin—a sound of feet was to be heard on the outside.

Bernard stood perfectly still before the fire, holding up his right hand as a signal for silence. The color had left his face entirely.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

THE WHITE HILLS.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

We devoted Sunday to an ascent of the mountains. It was a warm, still Sabbath morn, and although we saw the white vapor gather on the brows of the tall peaks, yet there was hope of a fine view of the nether world by the time we should reach the summit.

We were deposited at Gorham, by the cars of the Grand Trunk Railroad, in the evening, and when we walked out in the morning, the grand scenery around the Alpine House broke suddenly upon us. Crag on crag, peak above peak, with the moving vapor lifted half way up their summits, still waiting more urgent orders from the morning sun.

Gorham is a small village, an outgrowth of the railroad, situated on the northeast side of Mount Washington, almost diametrically opposite the Crawford House. The ascent from this place has advantages over that from the latter, in being shorter, and a much better road. In fact, there is a good carriage road to within two miles and a half of the summit of Mount Washington, and the remaining distance is being rapidly graded.

So far for preface—now for the real ascent. A fine drive in the bracing morning air of six miles, and we alight at the stables. Here each takes a nag of his or her own to manage, or manages, as best pleases, or displeases. Those ladies who are wise return to nature by detaching themselves of their crinolines, and those who are not, persevere in being fashionable, though they die for it. Our horses were hardy French ponies, long trained in mountain service; well fed, well handled, they were faultless of their kind. Three stout girls condescended, but even then the saddle would get loose, for the ponies, like certain bilious reformers, are enemies to tight-lacing, and when the girth is tightened, draw in their breath, and the moment you mount, they exhale, and your saddle loosens.

After some delay, our party of a dozen are mounted, and with a sage guide set off like a band of highland banditti, each at such a gait as he is doomed to by the unbending proclivities of the beast of his choice. I was blessed with a coal black pony, very free and docile, being that most amiable gait, a rack—not pleasant to see, but delightful to feel. Fourteen miles were ahead of us, fourteen miles of mountain scenery, so wild and magnificent that fatigue would be forgotten in the thrill of its beauty. We soon passed the Glen House, wedged in among the mountains, a beautiful retreat, and began a slow ascent. The road is very good, and safe for carriages; the ascent not being more than is often met with on common highways.

Up, up! Far down through the trees we catch glimpses of quiet valleys, streams and lakelets, representing like gems set in the dark green frames of evergreen forests. But the valleys all sleep in a blue haze, which seems to be a vestige left of night lingering yet, and loth to depart. On the peaks to our right—not as high as we are—the clouds are crushed against the pines; but none obstruct our path. Up, up! On our right, Mounts Clay, Madison, Adams and Jefferson—all peaks rivaling the one we are ascending, in height—stand like Titanic sentinels of these fastnesses; some of them clothed to their summits with dark evergreens, others jutting up bold peaks of grey granite, clothed with ever-changing

clothing. Bare tracks are scattered here and there, some of them extending far up the flanks of the mountains, where the forests have been destroyed by fire. We are just entering such an area. The trees are not charred, but killed. The bark has fallen from the limbs, which, with the trunks, bleached by the weather, are white as marble. Every particle of moss is burned from the whitened rocks. Not a green thing appears, except here and there a tuft of dwarf-hemlock. The vast masses of rock, loosely piled, or, rather, thrown together, tower above us a thousand feet; beneath us, down until the head grows giddy, is a valley; the desolate forest, white as snow, is around us; by the side of the road, a rude hut serves to lighten the desolation.

As we stand, lonely, dreary, sick and faint at heart at the appalling scene, a cold wind comes down the mountain, a bank of clouds rolls over us. Never shall I forget the sensations of that scene! The fog seemed to adhere to the branches of the trees, and the winds would twist and pull it away. Until the cloud passed, I stood motionless. I think I must have held my breath, so intense the excitement.

Up again, with Mount Jefferson bleak and barren on our right, and on our left, and before us, the rugged steep of Washington. The carriage road terminates. Here came the "tug of war." No more talking nor laughing. In single file we follow our guide, each striving to do the best for himself possible. The mountain before us now is a pile of huge boulders, clothed only with moss and a struggling evergreen. The path is the best place up this stairway of rocks to be found, but at best is as bad as a horse will follow. The ponies were sure-footed. Sometimes they would bray and slide over a smooth rock; then they would rear their forward feet upon a huge fragment, and then bring up their hind feet—a mode of progression calling on the dexterity of the rider. Up we climbed, over fragments, over rattling stones, over smooth and slippery places.

For diversion, the ladies screamed, said they should die, believed 't would be the death of them; and one fell off, and the rock proving very hard, received a no very laughable scorch, bringing camphor and a harsher bottle in requisition.

Like ants we toiled up the steep, catching through the interstices of the clouds, enchanting vapors, or looking down on the snowy stratum of vapor which concealed the abyss below, from view. Shawls were drawn closer, coats buttoned, and collars turned up, gloves brought in requisition, for the air grew keen, and the wind sharp and frosty. The warm August morning, gone rise to a wintry noon. The sun shone brightly, but without warmth, and the clouds seemed like volumes of snow. The thin air produced a strange exhilaration, like exhilarating gas, or more like the magnetic trance. I at first referred this to the lightness of the air, but now consider it a magnetic effect, produced by the locality. Few of our party seemed to feel it.

The monument erected to the memory of Lizzie Bourne, interests the attention. She, with her father, attempted to ascend the mount, one beautiful July day, three years ago. But as they came to the region of desolation, a dense fog came on; they lost their way, and, wandering till night, were obliged to rest on the bleak fragments. The horn was blown by the people of the Summit House, but they heard it not, though a very short distance below; and though in the direct path, they knew it not. Chilled by the penetrating fog, Lizzie lay down on the rugged rock, while her aged parent sat by her side. In the night he felt her shiver, he heard the death groan, and rattle, as her spirit passed upward, but he strove in vain to penetrate the thick darkness, and gaze on the features of the beloved. When the morning gilled the tops of the tall peaks, and trimmed with silver lace the rolling clouds, they who, early rising, came down from the summit, found Lizzie sleeping the wakeful slumber, and her aged parent weeping by her side. She slept; her head pillowed on her mother's hair, wet with cold dew, her blue and rigid features, contrasting with its darkness; her eyes fixed and gazing upward into the calm heavens, like vacant windows through which the imprisoned soul had fled homeward. A pile of stones is her simple monument, around which the path turns; and if the traveler takes the guide its meaning, he will receive the pathetic tale.

When we gained the summit, the sun was shining brightly, and the grandest prospect imaginable broke at once upon us. The top is comparatively level, and perhaps contains forty acres. It is a mass of scattered fragments, wholly destitute of vegetation, except mosses. In every direction nothing but mountains meet the eye. Directly miles to the east the indistinct level of the ocean appears; far northward Monadnock, and its congeners, the high hills of Maine, arise in indistinct outline; westward, far away over Champlain, mountain towers above mountain; and southward it is the same. Not one level spot appears. Here a meandering stream winds like a silver thread, then a lakelet flashes in the sun. A sea of peaks rolls beneath, like a rough ocean frozen, and the eye tires of their uniformity. Vast islands of clouds here and there obstruct the view—now rolling far beneath us; now drifting against the sides of a neighboring peak. The effect they produced was unexpectably grand. Here we were at the very source of the lightnings, the thunders, hail, wind, rain, snow, the real cave of the wind god. From the surface of the plain the clouds appear to move slow, but viewed from their home, they rush onward with startling velocity, writhing in fantastic contortions; rolling, tumbling, like floods of water, or blown into thin whips like spray.

We had scarcely completed the circuit of vision, before a bank of clouds poured down from some invisible height like a vast cascade. The winds were loosed in almost a hurricane, and in a moment everything was blotted out, and we seemed bound onward by the dense current. The damp wind penetrated to the very bones, and half frozen we sought the Summit House, to warm by a glowing fire, and devour like starving Esquimaux the smoking dinner. The Summit House is a blessed institution, constructed of loose blocks of stone, roofed with oil cloth, and done off inside with white cotton cloth tacked over the rough walls. Here two months of the year, July and August, the enterprising proprietors keep good fires and dinners. At the table we met many who had arrived from the other side of the mountain, who related an equally dismal tale as ourselves. Dinner over we had nothing further than to commence the descent. Mrs. Emma, preparing to walk down to the carriage road, basted your correspondent for a foot race, and made the distance, two miles and a half over the worst road in Christendom, in less than thirty minutes.

Late at night we arrived at the Alpine, very tired and very hungry.

Alpine House, N. H.

A pleasant and cheerful mind sometimes grows upon an old and worn-out body, like mistletoe upon a dead tree.

THE BOND OF LIVES III.

By CONNIE BAZILL.

Dear mother, listen to my song, It thrills me very sore, I feel that I shall pass away, While you are growing old; But, mother, do not weep for me, While waiting here below; I shall return to breathe my love— The angels told me so!"

I have a little sister dear, In yonder spirit home; She's looking o'er the battlements, And beck'ning me to come; So, when the angels call for me, I certainly must go; She wants her brother with her there— The angels told me so."

And, mother, when your looks are grey, And father's eyes grow dim, When you shall hear the music play From Heaven's seraphim, We'll come down like a spirit lark, When you are called to go, And lead you o'er the river dark— The angels told me so."

Thatchwood Cottage, Sept., 1860.

Original Essays.

ANCIENT GLIMPSSES OF THE SPIRIT LAND.

NUMBER EIGHTEEN.—CONCLUDED.

For such "Liberal Christians" as find too much light hurtful to weak eyes, Dr. Bellows is on the wing to blow and pioneer them to the "Broad Church" of the ancient shades. Thus "Ephraim is joined to his idols," to lull the worshippers with milk for babes, instead of "forking over" the stronger meat for men.

This "Broad Church," in the biblical circumscription, squeezes the soul to death. Having pronounced the Bible to be the Word of God in an exclusive, infallible sense, the pronouncement will never be recalled, says Dr. Bellows. Against this killing of the soul we protest. It is simply the language of that vanity and "pride to pampered priesthood" whose "sacredotal gain, but general loss," is perpetuated in these infantile boundaries of the religious mind. Never within such circumscribed routine is the healthy unfolding of the soul. Never yet has it been permitted a free outgrowth, to see and to walk alone; and hence it resembles those weak and wretched babies who are so often swaddled and strangled to death in their cradles. So, too, with religious impressions and opiates. They can only medicine the soul to that unsof sleep which must, sooner or later, awake in the bitterness of coelestia.

The Rev. Rowland Williams, formerly Tutor of King's College, and Professor of Hebrew, would cure by a different, and far more beautiful surgery. In the aforesaid "Collection" of Dr. Noyes, the English Teacher says, "We have learnt that neither the citations usually made in our theological systems, nor even those adduced from the Old Testament in the New, are any certain guide to the sense of the original text. The entire question of prophecy requires to be opened again from its very foundation. Hence, to the student who is compelled to dwell on such things, comes often the distress of glaring contradictions; and with some the intellect is clouded, while the faith of others is waxed cold. If the secret religious history of the last twenty years could be written, (even setting aside every instance of apostasy, through waywardness of mind, or through sensuality of life,) there would remain a page over which angels might weep. So long, indeed, as such difficulties are thought absolutely to militate against Christianity, the strong necessity which the best men feel for Christian sentiment will induce them to keep the whole subject in abeyance. Yet, surely, the time must come when God will mercifully bring our spirit into harmony with our understanding. Perhaps a greatness and a peace not far from the apostles in the kingdom of heaven may be reserved for some one, who, in true holiness and humility of heart, shall be privileged to accomplish this work. We can almost sympathize with that romantic though erroneous faith, which has made some men attempt to roll back the stream of human knowledge, and to take refuge from doubts in a dream of living infallibility. But all such attempts must fail; for the God of truth will make them fail. He who dwells in light eternal does not promote his kingdom by darkness; and He whose name is Faithful and True is not served by falsehood. If knowledge has wounded us, the same spear must heal our wound. Who would not be serious in observing how many men's hops of heaven is bound up with belief in the infallibility of a book. Or who is so blind as to think the cause of eternal truth should be defended by sophistries, of which a special pleader would be ashamed? Of those "who are over-dreading the consequences to which the first outlet of the waters of freedom may tend," he says: "But may God in His mercy teach them that nothing can be so dangerous as to build on a false foundation. The question, how far we would go, will best be answered by experience. Only it never will be safe to stop short of the truth." The most precious testament of Jesus and the apostles was, not that I give you the Bible, but I send you the Comforter, even the Spirit of truth. The common charge against the early Christians was—with Jews, infidelity; with Gentiles, Atheism. It is morally certain that the books of Joshua and of Daniel are each four hundred years later than the date ordinarily ascribed to each; and this fact leads to inferences which it would be wise to meet practically, by modifying our cycle of Old Testament lessons."

Not so would say the apostles of darkness rather than light. "Lay low and keep dark." The church has pronounced the Bible the Word of God; and the open vision has discovered this Word to be very obliquely akin in some of its phases, and only the reflex of the ancient planes with every variety of contradictory shade, yet we cannot afford to let it slide, or travel with it on any otherwise than as the infallible Word of God; so the cycle of its phases must be continued in the lessons of the Sunday schools to be afterwards painfully rooted out, if the scholars should ever rise above that plane of intellect which forms the staple of Fourth of July orations.

Benjamin Jowett, Professor of Greek in the University of Oxford, in his summing up of the mission of St. Paul, says: "To separate the Old Testament into two parts, to throw away one half, and make the other the means of conveying the Gospel to the minds of his hearers, to bring forth from his treasury things new and old, and to harmonize all in one spirit, is a part of his appointed mission." Again, in his character of St. Paul, it would appear as if the Apostle was not quite infallible in his inspiration. "In his manner of teaching," says the Pro-

phet, "the waters between opposite views or precepts in successive verses. He is ever feeling, if haply he may find them, after the hearts of men. He is carried away by sympathy, at times, even for his opponents. He is struggling to express what is in process of revelation to him." In other words, he was a Medium for the various inflowing from the spirit world, and, according to the status of unfolding, was the measure of the Word under the same law, under the same conditions as Mediums in the counterpart of to-day. Again, says the Professor, "He seemed to fall asunder at times into two parts, the flesh and the spirit; and the world to be divided into two hemispheres, the one of the rulers of darkness, the other bright with that inward presence which should one day be revealed. In this twilight he lived. What to us is far off, both in time and place, if such an expression may be allowed, to him was near and present, separated by a thin film from the world we see, ever ready to break forth and gather into itself the frame of nature. That some of the invisible, which to most men is so difficult to impart, was like a second nature to St. Paul. He walked by faith and not by sight; what was strange to him was the life he now led, which, in his often repeated language, was death rather than life—the place of shadows and not of realities. Could we expect this to be otherwise when we look back to the manner of his conversion? Could he have looked upon the world with the same eyes that we do, or heard its many voices with the same ears, who had been caught up into the seventh heaven, whether in the body or out of the body, he could not tell? Must not his whole life have seemed to him like a gradual revelation, an inspiration, an ecstasy? Once he had looked upon the face of Christ, and heard him speak from heaven."

Here we see the interloper relations of the two worlds through the Mediumistic Paul, who had large capacity for the inflowing from the spiritual fountain of Holy Ghost; and he could sometimes take an influx from the lower strata, as when he would use the *anathema maranatha* to curse and not to bless, as when Alexander the Coppersmith did him much harm, and the Lord was invoked to scour him for the same. There were also in Paul's case, as in other Mediums, influxes from the intermediate spheres between the lower deep and third heaven, where he saw things not possible to utter. Along that somewhat trackless ocean, Paul sometimes saw with rather oblique vision, caused doubtless by the refrangibility of the different rays in passing the mediumistic prism. Thus Paul, at times, saw "through a glass darkly," and "men as trees walking," and not always in the Christian radiance of the seventh heaven. Upon the whole, however, Paul received largely of the higher light, for which we all are striving according to the measure of our growth.

Mr. Jowett says, "That in the Clementine Homilies, A. D. 100, though a work otherwise orthodox, St. Paul is covertly introduced under the name of Simon Magus, as the enemy who had pretended visions and revelations, and who 'withstood' and 'blamed Peter.'" It would appear from this that in the early ages of Christianity, St. Paul himself was deemed a sorcerer, and "child of the devil," perverting the right ways of the Lord; and doing wonders and performing miracles of magic and witchcraft; and had he lived in the times of Saul, or Cotton Mather, he would have been put out of the land as a wizard. On the same wise, also, do our modern Christian Jews measure the visions and revelations of Spiritualism, as if after Moses and the prophets, the heavens were closed forever. With one phase of the early Christian unfolding, it was an awful heresy that Paul should claim to have communion with the spirit-world, and for this and other matters, according to Mr. Jowett, it appears to have been resolved with "one determination to root out the Apostle and his doctrine from the Christian church."

Nor did this early church escape the darker spheres out of which so much of ultimate good seemed destined to be born. Notwithstanding the pure teachings of Paul, it would appear that the tares and the wheat were almost inextricably together in one bundle. "Licentiousness was the besetting sin of the Roman world," says Mr. Jowett, and, "except by miracle, it was impossible that the new converts could be at once and wholly freed from it. It lingered in the flesh when the spirit had cast it off. The same impulse which led them to the Gospel would lead them also to bridge the Gulf which separated them from their purer morality. Many may have sinned, and repented again, and again, unable to stand themselves in the general corruption, yet unable to cast aside utterly the image of innocence and goodness which the Apostle had set before them. There were, these, again, who conscientiously sought to lead the double life, and imagined themselves to have found in licentiousness the true freedom of the Gospel."

We are now done with Dr. Noyes's "Collection" from the advancing Evangelists of England. This work is a valuable one, as showing the progressive phases of "Liberal Christianity," and as showing that while the Episcopacy of England is casting its ancient slough, Dr. Bellows and others are striving to rehabilitate themselves in this very mantle whose departed virtue leaves it but little else than being a sarcophagus or skeleton in armor, made up of bones from whitened sepulchres. Our retrograde Unitarians would fondly believe that the ancient bones may put on a living virtue like those of Ezekiel, or those of Elisha, when the dead man "stood upon his feet," by contact with the prophet's bones. But, alas! for our old mortalities. Modern chemistry is so heretical as to make no bones of hurrying the ancient relics into phosphate of lime, as the most fitting food for a turnip crop.

In place of all this dreary waste of materialism, how much more beautiful the upwelling fountain of the living present, where all may drink from the ever living God through the loving ministry of his angels. How sweet this sparkling nectar compared to the dead ossuaries of the ancient ages. If the heavens be closed, and their fountains no longer flow, and we may only drink from the stagnant pools that sufficed for the wilderness of old time, then weary, and sad, and faint, must remain the soul who can only quench from living waters, and dies if confined to the Asphaltic streams from the old Dead Sea.

What has the more advanced of the old theologues—the better phase of "Liberal Christianity," to offer for the more pressing spiritual needs, so long as it confines itself to the "pastboard barriers of the Bible?" What scope had Moses and the prophets of the spirit-land? Where have they answered the question, that "if a man die shall he live again?" If Solomon was the wisest of Hebrews, then Sadderism was the outwitted height of its wisdom. Though we may see from our modern status how the Jewish prophets were influenced from the spirit-world, they themselves appear to have no knowledge of the how nor the whence, save in the vague designation of the Lord, for all the varied mesmeric or odic phases in mundane or transmundane manifestations.

Nor did they appear to realize from this a trans-

The Christian unfolding, so beautiful in its moral

unless you chance to be anchored to a' creed which

True, "Liberal Christianity" allows you more

ESSAY ON LABOR.

The following Essay was written by a deaf mute,

Labor is an exertion of muscular energies, either

Labor is the price of hearty appetite—sweet sleep

great blessing yet in all things, it should be dignified

The sweetest moments of leisure which we do enjoy

Oh, happy! the laborer who is so situated as to taste

A little act of goodness, produced by free manual

Labor is the price of hearty appetite—sweet sleep

alist not evil" and "love your enemies." Now, how

If my neighbor treats me badly, and without a

Dr. Child has taken a bold position—a position

Take this vital and glorious truth from me, and you

HELL AND HEAVEN.

BY A. B. CHILD, M. D.

Hell is of earth alone; it is earth's bondage, ant-

Every human being hungers and thirsts for

How unutterably beautiful are the ways, all the

Earth is in the place where heaven is, or is to be,

Where is heaven? It is always in the place where

Where is hell? It is where antagonism is; it is

Is it strange that when a man or a woman exists

What sort of religion is right? To the soul that

Is the Bible true? To the soul of heaven it is

Are all men good? To the eyes of the soul that

The soul of hell whose work is suffering is active

yet, sees that almost all men are bad; sees human-

The idea of a future hell for the bad men and

While a man is in hell, his own existence is so

I cannot-but indulge in the pleasant hope that the

Oh, God, forbid, while now in the sunshine of thy

I must repeat, that all the hell there is, or is to be,

I cannot doubt that the guardian angels of earth

How unutterably beautiful are the ways, all the

Written for the Banner of Light.

SEPTEMBER.

BY JOSEPH GRANT.

No lovelier month is grided

Long years ago, when thou wast here

On Fovor's fiercely burning pyre

In vain thy volute olives hung

With pearl-gemmed urns of amber light

Resplendent robes the woodlands decked;

The green earth seemed a danger floor.

Darker and darker grew the night;

Why sittest thou in dull despair.

That heart whose true and tender love

He stands where to the Father's Throne

Back rolled the curtained folds of gloom.

The bowers grow beauty-haunted;

And when thou comest, now, glad month.

Pride hath ruined its millions.

A Victim's Heart-Feelings.

I fancy no one can engage in the aludous but not

Such is the lack of organization, that I find my-

There are many minds in these places who joy-

We need the means for the more thorough dis-

I cannot doubt that the guardian angels of earth

How unutterably beautiful are the ways, all the

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THE MEN OF THE HOUR.

We observe that our old friend and co-laborer, Henry Ward Beecher, who has taught the small fry of preachers how to cease from foolishly aspiring for the degree of Doctor of Divinity, has also been having something fresh and good to say about the conflict going on in Europe, as well as some transactions nearer home, down in the region of Central America. He thinks fit to speak of Garibaldi, Kossuth, William Walker and the youthful Prince of Wales as the principal characters, big and little, that usurp public attention to-day. So they are, and from considerations totally different and distinct. It strikes one as not a little odd, if not incongruous, that the name of the Prince of Wales should be placed in collocation with that of Garibaldi; but nothing is more certain, humanly speaking, than that the future is to open a vista of conditions and situations in Europe, in which the youthful heir of the throne of England and the ardent and inspired liberator of the Italian peninsula may be found in very close political proximity. England must, in the future, consent to exert a new and more vigorous influence over the state of affairs in Europe, through which she will properly respond to those great and vital ideas that are popularly accounted to embody the spirit of the age. She cannot always remain neutral and passive, but if she would live, must exert a living influence. The day for a general renovation on the Continent has already dawned. France has made herself powerfully felt already; the fates themselves will not permit England always to remain a silent and thoughtful observer.

Two men in Europe are to-day awakening the popular attention, to ideas that are larger than the old, subtle and effete ideas clothed in the maxims of diplomacy; and those men are Garibaldi and Kossuth. How strangely it must all come up to the minds of Kings and Emperors, when they think on the past of these twain, and now behold the active and even destructive power they are known to hold in their hands. They go straight to the popular ear, and make appeal from the inhuman practices and exactions of dynasties that have ruled with a rod of tyranny so long. Forthwith the people listen and respond. All along through the dreary period of their apparent lethargy they have been pondering and pondering, now speechless under the deep excitement of their indignation, now sullen and angry at tyranny which they knew not how to bring to an end; and all the time preparing to answer with fire and sword to any unmistakable call for them to come out of the dark prison-house of their degradation and misery; until, at last, the right voice has sounded out of the darkness and clouds, and their shouts of welcome have already driven one tyrant, through sheer fear, into perpetual exile, and shaken the great spiritual Head of the Romish Church on his proud seat at the Vatican. The clouds break with but the louder thunder that they have been so long gathering. The low mutterings of this expressive thunder have been heard so long that many had ceased to consider them significant, or even to heed them at all. And now the lurid lightnings of the bursting storm are darting in every direction over the sky, and from the Quirinal, the highest of the seven immortal hills of Rome, it has been proclaimed by Garibaldi that he will publish to the civilized world the total and entire freedom of Italy.

Victor Emmanuel has had, and still has, much to do with the progressing revolution in the Italian States; but he is not the leading mind, nor the magnetizing power. Louis Napoleon is a strongly-marked representative man, too, and is, politically considered, the foremost man in Europe at the present day. But the reins are not now in his hands, so far as Italy is concerned, and probably never will be again. He has simply aided the Italians in lifting the heavy yoke of Austrian authority from their necks, and, once lightened of their burden, they are prepared to advance for and by themselves. Mazzini has wrought efficiently in his way, inciting the people to resistance, at first through secret means, and then with the open boldness of very desperation; all his preaching and teaching has been for good, and resulted in good, for it was necessary that some such Peter the Hermit should go on his crusade, in order to prepare the way for the brave and experienced man, Garibaldi, who was to come after him. But, after all, neither Victor Emmanuel, nor Napoleon, nor Mazzini, could have supplied the place that was all the while, making ready for Garibaldi. He is the man for the work, whatever others may have done for its preparation; and, as such, he ranks at the head of the great patriotic revolutionists and reformers of the present century.

Kossuth still consumes himself with thought, impatient as a bound in the leash for action. Perhaps he does not possess the executive energy of Garibaldi, for it is not to be expected that the gifts of any two men born shall be alike; but he is the soul of his beloved Hungary, and when all things are ready and ripe, he will be found grasping the only weapon by whose help nations are, under God, freed from the rule of tyrants. We all of us believe that this strange man will be permitted to live to see the final and

complete redemption of his nation; to his he believed himself, through good fortune and evil, and that has doubtless contributed to his length of days under the afflictions he has been called to endure. His star has not set, though it may have gone down a little way below the horizon; we shall see it emerge again, to shine with a steadier light and a more resplendent splendor. Kossuth has been going through his discipline, just as Garibaldi went through his before him; out of it he will extract all those solid and enduring qualifications that betoken statesmanship and the character of a brave and energetic leader. Louis Napoleon, likewise, went through his; a long life, running even into middle age, full of deprivation, of anxiety, of solitary thought, and the slow formation of purpose. All three of these wonderful men have landed on our shores, and each, from his own stand point, has observed the workings of our institutions; there was a design in the education thus received, and its results will be marked through many generations of politicians as well as men. America has proved a school-house for Europe in a great many particulars.

Poor William Walker—the grey-eyed man of destiny—has gone to his long home. But it is quite likely that his violent death will effect as wide a work as did his deeds in life, if not a wider. A class will now take up the cause that seemed ready to die for want of support, and at least avenge his death, if, by the very means, it is not providentially intended also that a better civilization shall be carried into the heart of the languishing and distracted States of Central America. Grant that the man was a filibuster, a mere patriot in the garb; greater results may come of his uneasy incursions into Central America than are suspected. At all events, along with the liberal movements making in Southern and Central Europe, it is not altogether untimely that an awakening be felt among the nominal republics that he piled up in such seeming disarray to the south of us. The time has not come when the people of that region are ready to ball their deliverance; these are but the symptomatic throes that presage what may in time be looked for; it is only through multiplied failures that any result is ever reached.

The Prince of Wales is personally of importance in connection with the others whom we have mentioned, chiefly because he may be said to represent the future—we cannot tell how distant—of England. In the character of England's fortunes and influence many of our own profoundest sympathies are imbedded, and the representative, even nominally, of that character must necessarily be received by us with all the respect possible. Let him come and be welcome; he has a great deal to learn, and, if teachable, will be likely to learn it here among the sovereigns of America. All things seem to indicate that our experience in self government is destined to furnish the old world with many a valuable suggestion, which the nations will be ready to improve at the right time in the right way.

A New Invention.

The public know through what distress and misery all great inventors, and benefactors generally, are obliged to pass before securing the hard-earned success that so dazzles other men's eyes, and there is little doubt that poverty and suffering will be the lot of such persons, until there shall be no more need of inventions at all. The Scientific American thus details the circumstances of an individual in New York, whose name is, apparently, to supersede that of Morse himself, the original inventor of the electric telegraph:

"Under the naked rafters in the upper story of a house in Pine street, in this city, is the room of a man who is a very fair specimen of an American inventor. His beard is long, his hair is uncut, his person is neglected; but his mind is as clear as crystal. He has that accurate and positive knowledge of the properties of matter, which is gained by those who come in actual contact with them, either in original investigations of physical science, or in personal practice of the mechanical arts. The stock in trade of this man, including his clothes, wash-basin, and a hand-saw, would not sell for two dollars, even at a Chatham street auction, with Mrs. Toodles one of the bidders. This man lives within himself, on less than one dollar a week, and yet he is developing an invention which will quadruple the value of the magnetic telegraph, whose value to the commercial community can only be estimated by hundreds of millions. The inventor referred to is thoroughly posted in electricity. He has lately devised a plan for the more rapid transmission and recording of the signals which constitute the Morse alphabet at present in use, by which he is enabled to transmit fifteen thousand words in one hour, instead of two thousand, the highest number previously reached. On removing the apparatus from his own room, however, and applying it to the line between New York and Washington, he found that the rapidity of the operation was limited by the action of the relay magnets. Accordingly laying aside all other matters, he has devoted several months to improvements in this simple little apparatus. He has at last been crowned with success, and is now enabled to present to the world a machine that will telegraph fifteen thousand words an hour. This is an increase of seven hundred per cent. In other words, the new idea will send as many words over a wire in a day as is now done in a week. Who will undertake to limit the value of this invention?"

William Walker.

So this unhappy man has perished. The newspapers furnish the particulars of his death, which go to show that he died in a remarkably courageous manner, protesting, however, that he had done wrong to the natives whose soil he invaded, and that he died a Roman Catholic. What immediate effect his violent death will produce through the extreme Southern and Southwestern States, where are thousands of persons who closely sympathized with his movements, it is not easy to say; he will undoubtedly be canonized as a hero now, whereas, had he been turned admit, these same sympathizers would have condemned him for his foolhardiness. We should not be surprised to learn that his death had created a feeling in favor of open and undisguised filibustering through the South, and that the schemes he has just laid down with his life were taken up where he left them, and his death avenged in the most vindictive manner, as was once the massacre of the Alamo.

Truth in a Dream.

A lady residing near this city, dreamed that a neighbor who had been sick for some time, met her and remarked that she was rejoiced to find herself recovered from sickness and able to call upon her, as she had long desired to do so. She then conducted the dreamer through a cemetery, directing her attention to a tomb which she said her family had recently purchased. A day or two subsequently the lady who experienced the dream was informed that the neighbor, whose presence she so fully recognized, passed from this life on the very night of the dream. The only solution of this seems to be that the latter was conscious of her freedom from the sickness of the body, but not conscious of being free from the body itself, and that her spirit and the spirit of the dreamer really met and conversed.

About Eating. We all eat too fast, and we eat too much. More than that, we go at it as if we were on a wager, or were at serious work, and couldn't afford to lose time. If, when a family come around the table, each member was inclined to talk and laugh, and even to jabber, which would be a great deal better than this sour demureness which is so common—there would be less eaten, it would receive better mastication, it would digest more thoroughly, and the whole body would immediately feel the beneficial effects of the change. Eating in silence, without any talking, except what is sufficient barely for the needs of the meal, is about as bad as not eating at all. We should practice better things, and learn to take more time at our meals, besides sprinkling in good fat layers of laugh and talk. It is the lack of this that makes us such a sallow, lantern-jawed, least-stomached race of men and women. An observant writer says with much point:—

"Children in good health, if left to themselves at the table, become, after a few mouthfuls, garrulous and noisy; but if within at all reasonable or bearable bounds, it is better to let them alone; they eat less, because they do not eat so rapidly as if compelled to keep silent, while the very exhilaration of spirits quickens the circulation of the vital fluids, and energizes digestion and assimilation. The extremes of society curiously meet in this regard. The tables of the rich and noble of England are models of mirth, wit, and bonhomie; it takes hours to get through a repast, and they live long. If anybody will look in upon the negroes of a well-to-do family in Kentucky, while at their meals, they cannot but be impressed with the perfect absence of jabber, declamation, and mirth; it seems as if they could talk all day, and they live long. It follows, then, that at the family table all should meet, and do it habitually, and make a common interchange of high bred courtesies, of warm affections, of cheering mirthfulness, and that generosity of nature which lifts us above the brutish which perish, promotive as these things are of good digestion, high health and long life."

Mr. H. H. the P. of W.

These obolistic letters—which merely mean the name of the eldest son of Queen Victoria—are all the rage. People in the cities where this nineteenth-year-old gentleman is expected to arrive, are in perfect spasms of excitement over the event, the principal point and aim being to secure a ticket for the public entertainments at which he is to make his appearance. The chief struggle among the ladies, however, is to receive the ever memorable honor of being invited to dance with him; many ladies having become so much exorcised in their feelings over the prospects of securing this coveted honor, and many others having become equally so in consequence of just falling short of their aim, that there is no telling whether lives even may not finally be made a willing sacrifice to so august an occasion. The coming of the Prince pretty clearly demonstrates one thing, at any rate; and that is, that we are, as a people, not much better democrats than they are abroad. We run after titles as if they were the most desirable things on earth; and the simple republican realities we let slide as if they had nothing to do with our present national prosperity.

SONNET—TO D. H. B.

Days have been in the ancient, early time— We read of them on many a burdened page, Well sanctified in with tales of reckless crime, Beighted reason and religious rage, And ignorance which chained our blooming earth With theories and fables to the dust— When little more was thought of woman's worth Than we think now of cattle-herds; and just And labor brought the "better half" of man Down to a plane offensive and tame. For years her spirit rusted 'neath the ban; But love and knowledge to her rescue came. Oh, God be praised! for now so changed is her condition, She seems like a young angel on an earthly mission!

The Woman's Library.

Another of those blessings that are the fruit and product of this thoughtful age, called a Library for Women, has just gone into successful operation in New York. A Jubilee was held over its christening, the other evening, at which progressive and benevolent men like Ward Beecher and E. H. Chapin made pleasant and appropriate speeches. The whole thing appears to strike New York sentiment with much favor. It was originated in the sympathetic brain of an unmarried woman, who felt the want, in connection with thousands of others of her sex, of just such privileges as this library is calculated to supply. The public libraries scarcely allow the gentler and better sex any chance at all; they are really crowded to the wall; they dislike to have to run such a gauntlet as many times they are forced to in order to secure a volume, and often deny themselves altogether rather than endure the trials necessary to obtain what they want. The Woman's Library answers exactly to their need. It is a happy idea, and we are heartily glad to chronicle its perfect success. New ideas cannot be too plentiful.

The Root Pope.

Pius IX has got through. He may, perhaps, now be able to look back and review those liberal promises which he made to the people of Italy in 1848, and to remember, likewise, the plaudits that were showered on him by the civilized world because of the advance steps he saw fit to take on behalf of the people. But he faltered and fell back. He is now thrown out of account entirely. It is even possible that the destruction of his wide temporal authority will result in that of his spiritual authority likewise; not being able to sustain the one, he may die out in the other also. This is but the result of the march of events—a purely moral result, against which no defence with arms of any carnal sort could have been effectual. The Napoleon Pamphlet killed his temporal authority, and now Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi—one or both—will cause his very spiritual power to fade out, too. What a strange spectacle even for this stirring age—the complete destruction and fading out of the great Popedom of the world! Verily, we do live in wonderful times.

Regular Meetings.

Miss Fanny Davis will lecture in the Trance State, in Allston Hall, (Bumstead Place,) on Sunday, Oct. 14th, at 2.45 and 7.15 o'clock, P. M. Admittance 10 cents.

Somerville.

Dr. O. H. Wellington will speak in this place on Sunday, Oct. 14th, at 3 and 7 P. M. Subject—The government of children in families and schools.

THE QUEEN OF THE GRAVE.—When H. Ingram, Esq., the proprietor of the London Illustrated News, left the party in attendance on the Prince of Montreal, he said he wanted to go where it was more quiet. He found that quiet on board the ill-fated Lady Elgin.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

FOR NEW YORK.—There is no better way of crossing the Sound for New York than by the popular Norwich and Worcester route, of which C. PRATT, JR., Esq., is the efficient Boston agent. He supplies all the reasonable wants of travelers, secures them excellent sleeping accommodations, and aids them on their journey in every possible way. The cars on this route are elegant and easy, fitted expressly for night travel, and the boats are not surpassed by any that tempt the waters of Long Island Sound. Mr. Pratt's office is at 84 Washington street, in this city. Remember what we say about the Norwich route to New York.

We shall print a report of a discourse by Cora L. V. Hatch in our next number.

BALISBURY BEACH.—Of all the watering-places on the Atlantic coast, we consider this the most preferable. The beach is nine miles in extent, smooth and hard, and perfectly safe for bathers. It has been much resorted to the past summer. We counted there in one day five hundred carriages. A hotel has been created at the mouth of the Merrimac, opposite Plum Island; but the location about one mile to the eastward is more frequented. A hotel is to be erected there next year. Wm. H. Alley, Esq., was the presiding genius at this watering-place the present season, and considering the inconveniences he was subjected to by not having more spacious accommodations for his customers, he won for himself the commendations of all visitors. He is the right man in the right place—a model landlord.

"My friend," said a hotel keeper to an over-voracious boarder, "you eat so much I shall charge you an extra half dollar." Replied the boarder, with his countenance the very picture of pain, "For goodness sake don't do that! I'm almost dead now eating three dollars' worth, and if you put on an extra half dollar, I shall burst!"

Parson Brownlow, after holding his horses for a long time, thus relieves his mind in regard to the much-abused fourth estate:—"There is no interest on the face of this green earth that is expected to give as much to society, without pay or thanks, as the newspaper press of this country. The little-souled man, who inserts in your columns a fifteen-shilling advertisement, expects you to write him at least five dollars' worth of editorial notices. And the obscure and bigly-gardly man you have written into a position of importance far beyond his merits, considers that his name adorns your columns and gives circulation to your journal."

BLACK EYES AND BLUE.

Black eyes most dazzle at a ball; Blue eyes most please at evening fall. Black a conquest soonest gains; Or at least not so high that you may not have the pleasure of telling your children "all about the Prince."

THE ANCESTOR (Mo.) Herald states that Rev. L. Morse, a Methodist minister, having been detected in an intrigue with a married woman, fled the town to escape arrest. He was burned in effigy on the 6th ult.

TO LADIES WHO HAVE DANCED WITH THE PRINCE.—What an event among opium-eaters!—to have danced with the Prince of Wales! We are afraid he will have much to answer for. Young men who were formerly considered paragons of perfection by these same young ladies, will doubtless be snubbed incontinently. A hand that has been grasped by a live Prince, will not be bestowed on every chance comer, depend upon it. Have a care, girls! do not carry your heads too high, or at least not so high that you may not have the pleasure of telling your children "all about the Prince."

A tailor on Broadway won \$15,000 by betting on "Planet" at the late race. He will now probably "cut" the shop instead of pantaloons.

IS THE PRINCE PLUCKY?—Well, he faced Niagara like a man, but he quailed on the prairies.—N. Y. Daybook.

Rembrandt Peale, the eminent painter, died at Philadelphia, Oct. 4th, aged 83 years.

The first snow-storm of the season at the White Mountains occurred on Friday of last week.

CONGRATULATIONS, Sept. 12.—According to advices from Beyrout, Fud Pasha, after having consulted the chiefs of the Metualis, and prohibited their giving any refuge to the Druses. It was said that military operations would commence after the hot weather. It was asserted that Fud Pasha had prevented the outbreak of an insurrection at Nabulus.

Always be as witty as you can with your parting bow—your last speech is the one remembered.

Mrs. Partridge, O. W. Holmes, and a good many others, are thought to be very witty; but there is a Quaker poet in Massachusetts who is Just as Good, and W(h)ittier.

The wholesale dealers in Chicago are selling more goods in the daytime than they can pack at night, as a result of the heavy crops now coming in.

The British Mechanic's Magazine gives the following facts regarding the sewing machine.—The wages of females engaged on plain sewing do not average 6s. a week, while those employed on machines earn on an average 12s.

A shocking fluid lamp explosion occurred at Branchburg, Somerset County, N. J., on Thursday week. While Mrs. Derrick Mattis was in the act of filling a lamp with burning, the flame communicated with the fluid in the can, and a terrific explosion was the consequence. Her clothes, as well as those of four of her children, were in flames in an instant. Three of them have died from their injuries, and herself and a niece lie at the point of death. Their screams while burning, it is said, could be heard half a mile.

Altered \$10 notes on the Agawam Bank, Mass., are being circulated in Philadelphia.

His Satanic Majesty, N. E. Rùm, is again murdering his legions. The disaffiliates are running night and day.

A SINGULAR PRESENTIMENT.—The Schenectady News ventures for the truth of the following:—"A very remarkable case of presentiment, bordering on the supernatural, has just been told us by a gentleman nearly related to the person concerned.

Mr. W., who resides in Schenectady County, in the town of Niskayuna, about three weeks ago, was awakened from his sleep by an unusual noise, which he thought proceeded from the adjoining room. He was surprised then alarmed, he lighted a candle and went into the apartment, which was used as a spare bedroom. As he opened the door his light went out with the current of air, and he was in total darkness. Presently, however, as he turned to grope his way back, the room grew light as a cellar on a rainy afternoon, through a ground glass overhead, and Mr. W., dimly saw his eldest son on the bed, clad in the habiliments of death, and the coffin beside him, resting on two chairs across the foot end. In a moment the illusion vanished, and Mr. W., returned to his own room and struck another match, and again entered the spare bedroom, but everything seemed natural as usual.

Little was thought of the optical illusion, but last week the eldest son of Mr. W. was taken ill, and he died last Friday. He was a bright boy of some ten summers. We think the case worthy of a place in Robert Dale Owen's Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World."

A telescope of extraordinary power is in course of erection at the Paris Observatory. It is said to have magnifying powers of twenty thousand.

The Pekin Visitor says:—"Coming home a few mornings since, we met a man attempting to walk on both sides of the street. By a skillful manoeuvre we passed between him."

Thanksgiving day in New York has been appointed for November 29th.

New York Department.

G. B. Britton, Resident Editor. OFFICE, NO. 143 FULTON STREET.

PROPHETIC DREAMS AND VISIONS.

"Coming events cast their shadows before."

Among the problems that have puzzled the brains of the metaphysicians, the frequent cases of Prevision are among the last, in their judgment, to admit of a satisfactory solution. These occasionally happen to certain spiritually minded persons while they are awake; but they occur far more frequently in sleep. To the mind of the Seer not only the Past is present, but the great Future may be comprehended within the field of his mysterious vision, long before Time has unrolled the panorama of coming events. This is no mere speculation of ingenious individuals. Wide as the sphere of intelligent existence, and the arena of our spiritual activities; deep as the springs of life, and high as the latent capabilities of the aspiring mind, is this faith in these sublime possibilities of human nature. There are illuminated souls who stand within the veil, while they break the seals of the book of fate and unfold our destiny. We have political seers who anticipate the rise and fall of nations; and the chiefs of many prophetic occupy the common Pantheon of all Religions.

A dream consists of an indefinite number of thoughts, occurring in immediate succession, during the hours of sleep; though we very naturally limit the application of the term to such acts or operations of the mind as occupy a place and preserve their relations in the waking memory. A vision is a dream in which the sense of sight is excited by the mind's action, or otherwise by subjective causes, so that by its cooperation it embodies and represents the images of whatever is comprehended in the mental conception and process. In sleep the soul wanders abroad free from the physical restraints it is accustomed to recognize in the waking life; and the occurrence of circumstances and events which Reason would regard as utterly impossible, seldom excite the least astonishment in the mind of the dreamer. Time and space are annihilated, and remote periods and distant objects appear to be present. If one could sleep for months or years, without interruption, he would not, on waking, be able to form any proper conception of the lapse of time. Mary Lyall slept five weeks, and on being restored to a state of normal consciousness, supposed that her profound slumber had been limited to a single night. The fact that we often make long and laborious journeys in one hour, and have a conscious experience, diversified by all the thrilling realities of pleasure and pain—apparently requiring several days or weeks for the accomplishment of the whole train of events—is not less significant in its bearing on this particular point. Do Quincy saw objects immensely enlarged and otherwise exaggerated in his dreams. Estimating time by the number of sensorial changes or mental impressions, and the vastness of his experience while under the influence of opium, he occasionally felt that he had lived a century between sunset and dawn. Moonish, in his work on Sleep, assures us that he made a voyage to India, spending several days in Calcutta; that he subsequently continued his journey to Egypt, visiting the catacombs and pyramids of the Nile; and, moreover, that he had confidential interviews with Nebuchadnezzar, Cleopatra and Saladin. The whole of this remarkable experience—though it appeared to the dreamer to extend through a period of many months, may possibly have occupied a single hour. Such facts plainly indicate that the mind in sleep sustains no arbitrary or fixed relations, either to time or space; and hence, in attempting to solve the problem involved in prophetic dreaming, we must not conceive of the faculties of the mind as being subject to mundane laws and limitations.

When the external avenues of sensation are closed and the mind is measurably released from corporeal restraints, it readily associates with the homogeneous elements in all things for which it has a natural affinity. If in the waking condition, it holds direct relations with external objects and physical phenomena, it may, in sleep, be no less intimately associated with their interior principles and essential laws. Thus our dual nature and corresponding two-fold life, alternately bring us into relations with the visible and invisible realms of being. The periodical interposition of the faculties, which occurs at night—or in the seasons of slumber—and the shadowy suggestions of our microcosmic existence, all point to a sphere of inward realities; and they lead the rational soul to the contemplation of a far more glorious World than the great Macrocosm that stands revealed to our organic perceptions in the clear light of day.

Now as all things—in the most essential sense—have a permanent existence, extending backward through the long chain of causation and forward through the unlimited succession of immediate effects and remote consequences; and as all events exist, or really occur on the plane of their causes before they actually transpire in the outward world of effects, it naturally follows that whenever the mind—by whatever means—is uplifted to the proper moral and spiritual altitude, it perceives the event before it occurs in the sphere of phenomenal manifestation. The man gifted with prevision foresees what will happen, because he is able to discover the operative causes which already exist, and must inevitably develop the apprehended results. Thus our premonitions; the visions of future occurrences; every prophetic impulse; and all the shadows of impending events, may be subject to law and susceptible of a rational explanation.

Many cases of prophecy are doubtless to be referred to this perception—by the present mind—of existing principles and laws which are yet to find an ultimate expression in cosmical changes and human affairs. The forces and faculties of simple elements and organized forms, are superior to the mere material processes and organic functions which result from their action. In like manner all causes precede their effects in rank and in the order of time. If we can perceive existing causes, we may anticipate future results, with a degree of precision—in respect to time—only equal to the clearness of our perception, and the accuracy of the judgment employed in estimating the operation of inward principles in the production of external developments. We may predict that the tree will decay if we can perceive the omnivorous worm at its root. Political prophets foresee the decline and fall of empires in and through the existing causes of national weakness and degeneracy. If the measure of life on earth be determined by the strength of the life-principle in the individual, and otherwise by the operation of undeviating laws, it may be possible for an

For an authentic statement of the facts in this case, the reader is referred to the eighth volume of the "Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh."

Illuminated mind to perceive the measure of the vital force, and to comprehend those laws which determine the limits of physical endurance.

The facts in this particular department, which suggest the greatest possible difficulties, are those that appear to be fortuitous. The destruction of property and life is often casual, and many other circumstances and occurrences appear to be accidental.

It may not be our peculiar province to trace out the most obscure and intricate lines in the complex web of existence; or to determine in what manner natural (physical) principles and moral laws coalesce in the economy of human life.

Walking in the Spirit-Work. GEORGE B. MALLORY departed this life from the home of his parents, in Bridgeport, Conn., Sept. 6th, 1860, aged 25 years and 10 months.

When the latter was a child, his sanguine temperament and nervous susceptibility rendered him extremely active and highly impressionable.

It is worthy of remark, that, for several months, during the progress of his insidious disease (consumption) he was daily—at his own particular request—left alone for some time, generally in the morning.

from pain—considering the nature of his disease—during the period of his illness; and it was said that the close of life would occur in an untroubled sleep.

Judge Edmunds and the Recorder. The Republican Judicial Convention recently nominated Hon. J. W. Edmunds, for the important office of City Recorder.

LETTER FROM JUDGE EDMUNDS. New York, Sept. 28, 1860.

TO HIRSH BARNET, Esq.—Dear Sir—During my recent attendance in the Court of Appeals I learned that I had been put in nomination for the office of Recorder by the Republican Judicial Convention, and I avail myself of the moment of my return to town, through you, to address the Convention on the subject.

A few days before you met I was told that Mr. Bonney declined to be a candidate for Justice of the Supreme Court, and I was asked if I would take it. I promptly answered no, under no circumstances; that the office had nearly killed me when I was in it, and to take it now, when its duties had so largely increased, would soon finish me.

In reply to my rather curt refusal, some remark was made about the duty each one owed to the public. I acknowledged that, but did not see how that duty should point to this position; if there was any that I would take it would be that of Recorder, because there I could do so much good.

Out of this remark I discovered that an inference had been drawn that I would accept the post, and I endeavored to correct that impression at once. Still, I have been nominated, and that under circumstances that awaken in me the liveliest sense of the respect paid to me.

The office of Recorder of this city is the most important judicial position in the State, and is the best paid. It can properly be filled only by one possessed of unapproachable integrity, of profound legal knowledge and great judicial sagacity, for the Court over which the Recorder presides is the most important criminal court on this continent, and can exert greater influence on the public peace and the lives and liberty of our citizens than all the other courts in the city put together, and I appreciate the confidence reposed in me by deeming me worthy of so responsible a position.

But still I do not see how I can accept it. If I could be assured that I should be defeated at the election, I would cheerfully consent to be your candidate; but I am afraid I should be elected, and it is out of that fear that my refusal springs.

I am aware how much good I could do in the office; but it would take time to place the court in the condition which I should aim to give it, and I am persuaded that that time would not be afforded me.

While on the bench, of course I should be withdrawn from political action, and could not resort to the usual means to secure my continuance in it; while on the other hand, ambitious aspirants for the position would be restrained by no such consideration, and would easily outstep me long before I could give any permanency to the character I should aim to give my court.

It is owing to this cause, doubtless, that since our adoption of the practice of judicial elections, not a single Justice of the Supreme Court has been re-elected in this city; out of fourteen Justices of the Superior Court, only four have been re-elected, and a Recorder never. I could expect no exemption in my case from this seemingly inevitable fate of the judiciary in this city, and I must calculate on being removed long before attaining the end—the prospect of which could alone induce me to take the office.

being disposed to visit this city for the purpose of a more thorough course of treatment than it may be convenient to pursue at a distance, can be accommodated with very pleasant apartments, together with board and treatment at the Doctor's residence, where we are sure they will be politely entertained, and their cases treated in a judicious and effective manner.

Psychography, or Mental Pictures. No word of recent origin is more significant than the term Psychometry, signifying mental measurement, or a description of man's internal nature. The means by which this is done is most singular to those who have no experience in its practical application.

ITALY.—The latest foreign advices inform us that the Sardeinians continued to advance into the Papal States. The fortress of Santo Leo surrendered after some hours' firing, and was occupied by the Sardeinians.

ONLY A FEW PLANTS LEFT OF THE CELEBRATED ALBANY SEEDLING STRAWBERRY. If you want a luxury next Summer, set out these plants now.

THE RUBICON IS PASSED! This is the title of a pamphlet which explains a new discovery in science, that is of unparalleled importance to the world.

DR. J. BOVEE DOD'S IMPERIAL WINE BITTERS. Are universally acknowledged superior to all others now before the public; being composed of Barbary, Spikard, Wild Cherry, Tree Bark, Chamomile Flowers, Gentian, Solomon's Seal and Cinnamon.

FOR SORE THROAT. So common among the clergy and other public speakers, it is so like a charm.

A DISCOURSE ON Faith, Hope and Love. DELIVERED in New York, Sunday, April 23d, 1857—

A REPORT OF A PHILOSOPHICAL INVESTIGATION OF THE NATURE OF MEDIUMSHIP. Photographically reported by M. A. Clancy. Price 10 cts., postage paid.

A PRINTING OFFICE FOR \$10. The invention of this press supplies a want long felt by printers and others of a cheap and good printing press.

LOWE'S PATENT Printing and Letter-Copying Press. The invention of this press supplies a want long felt by printers and others of a cheap and good printing press.

LECTURERS' CONVENTION. The public Lecturers on Spiritualism, and on all Reforms growing out of, or connected with the Spiritual Movement of the day, are hereby invited to attend the Convention which will be held in the Town Hall, Quincy, Mass., on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, Oct. 23d, 24th, and 25th, 1860.

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Dr. J. W. Crowell, Medical Medium, Room No. 213 BRATTLE STREET, BOSTON. (Corner of Light Building.)

TO THE AFFLICTED! CHARLES H. CROWELL, Medical Medium, Room No. 213 BRATTLE STREET, BOSTON. (Corner of Light Building.)

Mr. C. is controlled by a circle of reliable Spirit Physicians, who will examine patients, give diagnosis of all diseases, and prescribe for the same. Those who reside at a distance and cannot conveniently visit his rooms, may have their cases attended to just as well by transmitting a lock of hair by mail, by which method the physician will come into magnetic rapport with them.

GRACE I. DEAN, TRANSCRIBER AND WRITING MEDIUM, No. 8 Lo Grange Place. Public Citations for Tests on Wednesday and Friday evenings. Admittance 25 cts. Oct. 13.

PSYCHOGRAPH, OR DELINEATION OF THE INTELLECTUAL, MORAL AND SPIRITUAL CHARACTERISTICS. Terms—Two dollars, fully written out. Address with autograph, R. P. WILSON, Boston, Mass. Oct. 13.

MRS. RACHEL LUKENS, Clairvoyant and Writing Medium. Rooms at 601 North Tenth st., above Wallace, Philadelphia. Oct. 13.

BOARD FOR YOUNG CHILDREN—Infants and young children can be accommodated with board, and careful attention, on application to Mrs. J. M. Spear, No. 1 Newland street, out of Methuen street, Boston. Terms reasonable. Oct. 13.

ONLY A FEW PLANTS LEFT OF THE CELEBRATED ALBANY SEEDLING STRAWBERRY. If you want a luxury next Summer, set out these plants now.

PLANTS of this extraordinary productive and fine flavored Strawberry will be for sale at \$5 per 100, or \$1 per 100. They are perfect plants, bearing without admixture of other berries, two to four inches in circumference. A single plant has yielded 100 berries, filling four boxes. Now is the time to set them out.

MRS. SMITH, No. 4 Drimmer Place, Essex street, sees spirits and describes them; has great healing powers, holds circles Sunday, Wednesday, and Friday evening. Terms moderate. 1100. Oct. 6.

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WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.

BY A. B. CHILD, M. D., NOW READY.

We present the following extracts from notices of this book, which will serve to convey some idea of its novel and interesting contents:

The author of this book before us has brought to bear upon his subject the full powers of a mind, such as few men possess—a mind more evenly balanced than usually falls to the lot of men. We feel when we read his sentences, that an emotion of love prompted each; for without this pleasing passion no one could write as he has written, or think as he has thought so long.

We have in this book a long line of footprints set down from the old beaten road; they lead us out of the languid and chilly shades of the trees of old theology. I cannot too strongly recommend all to read this book—for it will arouse energetic thought, weaken superstition, individualize manhood, and prove a mighty lever by which the world will be moved to a higher plane of action than that which it has hitherto occupied.

Form it me to congratulate the public in their possession of so rich a book, filled with treasures so valuable, and all inhaled with the spirit of truth.—A. Paige, M. D.

The argument of this book is carried out at great length, and in an able and interesting manner, proving the author to be a thinker of no ordinary depth and capacity.—Boston Forecaster.

This book is fresh and vigorous. The whole book is a presentation of the doctrine that all existence is precisely as it was meant to be by Infinite Wisdom; and therefore that all is good and right. Strangely as this may seem, there is an overwhelming logic in it.—Provincetown Banner.

I keep this book as my Bible, and when disposed I open it and read where I open, and I have been richly rewarded for the reading. It matters not how many times the same page, or pages, have been perused. I cannot, perhaps, give a better expression of my views in regard to the contents of the book, than by quoting from its preface, viz: "It teaches a doctrine, if doctrine it may be called," that has "an ineffably beautiful and unutterably grand."—Laura de Forca.

It is a remarkable book, outstripping human conception in the unfolding of Divine Law to our understanding, as no work has ever done before.—Skeetian.

This book has and will receive a severity of treatment from the author's friends that is almost unparalleled. A member of almost any religious sect will publish a book, and all the members of that sect will receive and approve it—but here it is different. ••• There is more in this book than its opponents credit to it.—Mr. Burke.

This is a very singular and interesting book. ••• It will not find much sympathy except with strong minds.—Horse Seaver.

Strong and fearless men will not shrink from a perusal of the doctrine contained in this book. Most people will find more sympathy with it than they will dare express.—Mr. Rice.

Some time ago who read this book will see the beauty and the glory of the doctrine therein contained.—Mr. Tuttle.

This book is not the result of a tedious process of reasoning, but it is the result of a highly progressed and unfolded soul. It looks through the froth and bubbles that float on the surface, and sees the interior principle, the real cause that produces all life. I regard this as the text-book of the age in which we live. It is replete with fresh and immortal truths; its utterances are bold, manly and vigorous.—Ezra Silas Tyrrell.

This is an original work in every sense of the word; it is the greatest literary lever of the nineteenth century—its fulcrum is common sense. Probably no work of its bulk contains so much that is suggestive, so much that is provocative of thought. No one can sit down to it perusal without being refreshed thereby; nor can he rise from the delightful task, without feeling that he is both a wiser and a better man than when he began it.—P. B. Randolph.

A book of extraordinary value is before us. It is unlike all the creeds of Christendom. ••• We herein find some of the purest aphorisms, and some of the largest hints at eternal principles of truth.—Herald of Progress, A. J. Davis, Ed.

Every person who is not afraid to think, who is not led by a creed, will obtain his work and find abundant food for thought.—Spirit Guardian.

We can commend the book as an earnest, candid, and fearless expression of the convictions of the author upon a subject which has agitated the world more than all other subjects.—National Standard, Salem, N. J.

A single copy sent by mail, postage paid, for \$1. PUBLISHED BY—BERRY, COLBY & CO., 31-3 Brattle street Boston.

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN, VOLUME ONE OF A SERIES OF STORIES FOR THE YOUNG.

BY MRS. L. M. WILLIS. ILLUSTRATED BY MORAL AND RELIGIOUS STORIES, FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

The Little Peacemaker, Wishes, The Golden Rule, Let Me Hear the Gentle Child's Prayer, Let Me Hear the Gentle Little Mary, Voices, Harry Marshall, Fifi the Duly, Unfading Flowers, The Dream, Evening Hymn.

Bound in Mullin. Price 25 cents, postage paid. 25 Volumes two, containing a choice collection of Tales, will be issued shortly. BERRY, COLBY & CO., 31-3 BRATTLE STREET, BOSTON, July 7.

BOOKSELLERS' AND NEWS-VENDERS' AGENCY ROSS & TOUSEY, 121 Nassau Street, New York, General Agents for the BANNER OF LIGHT.

Would respectfully invite the attention of Booksellers, Dealers in Cheap Publications, and Periodicals, to their unequalled facilities for packing and forwarding everything in their line to all parts of the Union, with the utmost promptness and dispatch. Orders solicited.

MEDICAL TREATMENT—NUTRITIVE PRINCIPLE. Dr. A. B. CHILD, M. D., PROFESSOR OF PNEUMONIC MEDICINE, is the author of the Nutritive Principle, a Theory of Medical Practice on the Nutritive Principle, may be consulted on the treatment of every form of humor, weakness and disease, in person or by letter, from any part of the country. It is restorative in its effects, reliable in the most protracted cases, and justly worthy of the confidence of the allied professions. All the Medicines used are purely vegetable. No 18 Temple Place Boston Mass. Oct. 1.

JOB PRINTING, OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, NEATLY AND PROMPTLY EXECUTED AT HIS OFFICE.

MRS. H. F. M. BROWN, 288 SUPERIOR STREET, 288 A few doors east of the Public Square, CLEVELAND, OHIO.

FOR sale the complete Works of THEODORE PARKER, ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, BARON BOLLINGBROUGH, REV. ROBERT TAYLOR, ROBERT BALE, OWEN, HENRY G. WRIGHT, THOMAS L. HARRIS, L. MARIA CHILD, and other Reformatory Books. A printed catalogue sent to those wishing it. Sept. 2.

MY EXPERIENCE! Footprints of a Freshyriter to Spiritualism. BY FRANCIS H. SMITH, author of "MY EXPERIENCE." Price 50 cents, bound in cloth. Sent, postage free, on receiving the price in stamps, by the author, or by July 7. BERRY, COLBY & CO., Boston.

MRS. W. H. HAYDEN, TEST MEDIUM AND MEDICAL CLAIRVOYANT, No. 64 East 23d street, New York. Examinations for disease when present, \$2.00; by a lock of hair, verbally, \$3.00; when written, \$5.00. Sittings two dollars per hour for one or two persons. Sept. 22.

SELF-CONTRADICTIONS OF THE BIBLE.—Third edition. Says a correspondent of the Herald of Progress: "The most studious reader of the Bible will be amazed and overwhelmed at every step in going over these pages; to find how numerous and plain-like are the contradictions." Price 15 cents, post paid—eight for a dollar. A. J. DAVIS & CO., 274 Canal street, N. Y. August 18. 1st

IF PERSONS SUFFERING FROM DISEASE WILL SEND their address to 143 Court street, I will endeavor to cure them by spirit power. If no relief is given, no pay will be expected. Oct. 6. EDWARD HAWLEY.

The Messenger.

Each message in this department of the BANNER we claim to be spoken by the spirit who has been heard, through Mrs. J. H. ...

We hope to show that spirit who carries the character of their faith-life to that beyond, and away with the erroneous idea that they are more than mere beings.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine but faith by spirit, and to express so much of truth as he receives—no more.

Answers of Letters.—An omnium modum in no way suffice to answer the letters we should have sent to you, as we undertake this branch of the spiritual phenomena, we cannot attempt to pay attention to letters addressed to us.

Visitors Admitted.—Our sittings are free to any one who may desire to attend. They are held at our office, No. 51 1/2 ...

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. 2242 to No. 2270. Thursday, Sept. 6.—Why did Christ say to the invalid, "I have healed thee—go thy way?" David Leary, Boston; Samuel S. Holyday, Utica; Christine B. Ross. Friday, Sept. 7.—The Mosaic law—was it of God or man? Thomas Gentry, Philadelphia; Henry A. ...

Invocation.—Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, once more we thank thee for the gift we receive by thy hands at this hour. Once more we thank thee for the form of mortality, that we may offer praises unto thee as the Author of our being, the finisher of our salvation.

We can but praise thee in harmony with all thou hast created, seeing thou hast so abundantly blessed us.

Oh, God, we thank thee for this glorious star of the nineteenth century, for that which is liberating souls from darkness, for that which is blessing the souls who have dwelt in the confines of hell.

Oh, make us the ministering angels of thy love, that they who are slumbering in death may come forth at the sound of thy voice.

And while we wander among the children of humanity, give us to know that thy own power will uphold them, as they are of thy own divine body.

Oh, give us to know that thou art wandering in hell as thou reignest in heaven, and art blessing thy children in every avenue of life.

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creative intelligence they call God. The Christian worship the Christ; personified in and through him to their God; and so it is with every other sect of religionists.

Jesus Christ, we affirm to have been a superior intelligence to all he came in contact with.

Jesus said, "If I pray to my Father, he will send me twelve legions of angels." Yet he did not. And why? Because the element of good will never lifts fringes upon the element of evil in such a way.

Divinity sits enthroned everywhere. What is Divinity? It is but the law of Progress, which is the law natural.

Oh, then, seek wisdom, not only as found among the children of past ages, but as speaking to you today in the morning of the nineteenth century.

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After married, and she went to the western country fifteen years ago. When I saw I was being my health, and had no prospect before me, I went west to my sister, and she sent for me to come to her at ...

I wish the friends they are with would take these children where I can speak to them. I learn that they think of moving to Dayton, Ohio.

My name, sir, was Rebecca Hawkins. Oh, I hope my children will get this. But I'll not expect too much, for disappointment is the lot of us all.

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I don't think I belong to that class of people spoken of in the Bible, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." "Yes," said the spirit, "for henceforth they shall rest from their labor." That is it, is it not? Well, I suppose I don't belong to that class, for I have to come here and work.

An old friend of mine wishes me to come back and tell him where I last saw him, and what I said. Some people think we can do anything they wish us to, and that we are in duty bound to do it.

Well, when did I see him last? At the American House, Hanover street, Boston. I had some conversation with him about crops in the Western country.

He said, "Bill, go there, and be careful not to give my name." I've a good mind to give it, though.

Charlotte Faber.—I am daughter of Mary and Samuel Faber, of New Haven. I was ten years and four months old. I died of inflammation of the throat. It was in March, 1857.

Dr. J. Thayer.—I would have been much pleased to have spoken through your medium, but do not as yet find myself having power enough; hope to have soon. Praise God the highest for the freedom he has given to all his children.

THE EQUINOX.—How like the Churchman's doubts and fears, This sunshine and these dripping tears; They sin to-day, repent to-morrow, Putting off their day of sorrow— Hope to enjoy this present life, Not thinking of their day of strife, Trusting that their "Mighty Lord" Will save them by his "Holy Word."

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is difficult to tell which is of least value, the "lip-tap," or rapt; but of which, if Jesus told the truth, in the next world the habits will have the advantage, and the Lazaruses will find protection and rest. Churches in our country pander to all the organic sins or popular vices of society, and only defend or advocate the forms that are popular in the locality where they exist, and organize as slaveholders in the South and as abolitionists in the North; but the more popular sin of lying can be tolerated in both ends of the country, and any preacher can slander, abuse or lie about Thomas Paine, Abner Kneeland or Fanny Wright, or A. J. Davis, without being turned out or discredited in his church; and any Democratic church-member can slander his Republican neighbors, and the Republican can pay it back in the same base coin, and both to respectable in the church; and all are fully licensed, and even expected to misrepresent and scorn Spiritualists. Brotherhood talk not of brotherhood in a creed-church of Christendom—no, there, not there is the precious gem to be found. It was because they are not of the Jesus school that they distract, oppress and plunder the people. Sectarian pride and religious bigotry were never learned of him nor his disciples.

The evening discourse was upon the religion of Jesus, in which he reviewed the sermon on the mount, and the instructions of Jesus to his twelve disciples, as found in Matthew, where he gives them directions what, when, and how to preach and work, in all of which he contended there was not one word that could be construed to defend a single cardinal principle of evangelical Christianity—nothing about the Holy Trinity, the Holy Virgin, total depravity, a vicarious atonement, salvation through the blood of Christ, baptism as a saving ordinance, resurrection of the bodies, general judgment, and final settlement of all things, and endless misery of the unbelieving. Jesus and his disciples were itinerating, healing and preaching medicines—were never educated or ordained as preachers, and never wrote a creed or organized a church, but were forbidden to compass sea and land to make proselytes, as all believers are forbidden to pray in public, "to be seen and heard of men." The sermon on the mount began and ended in blessings, and no doubt gave instruction on all subjects which he considered important, and yet nothing that would go to support any of our creeds. With all this teaching Spiritualism is in harmony, and yet at variance with every creed and church organization, but not more so than Jesus was to similar creeds and authorities in his day. Spiritualism also harmonized with the leading or apparent object of Jesus and his mission, which was to declare, and prove, that we can separate from our bodies and "still live;" and can, under certain circumstances, make our presence known to friends in the body after we leave ours. According to the record, he taught it and proved it, convincing his disciples and many others. Spiritualists teach and demonstrate the same, not by miraculous assistance, but by and through natural law, which was always adequate to the phenomena, but never till now understood, and still holds many unrevealed secrets of operation. Scientific experiments have now reached the region of soul, mind and spirit, and are bringing out results similar to those so long considered miraculous, which occurred about Jesus and his disciples, and which have so long been misunderstood and perverted to worldly uses, and the most wicked and corrupt organizations. Thus Spiritualism is not at variance in phenomenal facts, or religious and moral precepts, with primitive Christianity or the religion of Jesus. As the great body of the American people are not believers in any of the creeds, and are believers in the precepts and practices of Jesus, and as Spiritualism harmonizes with them, therefore a majority of the people, when they understand it, will find in belief they are already Spiritualists.

Many sharp points and acute angles in the discourses, and much interesting and original matter, entirely escapes my recollection, as my notes are not taken in the hall at the time of delivery, and the speaker uses no notes, not even headings, to his subjects. W. Chicago, Sept. 24, 1850.

Memoranda of Travel.—Mrs. Cooley and myself left Charlestown, Mass. to visit the Convention at South Royalton, a brief account of which you have published, from the hand of that noble vivacious brother, S. B. Nichols, of Burlington, Vt. Although there are but few Spiritualists at South Royalton, yet, by the yearly consecration, one susceptible can readily feel the divine influence of that hallowed place. Our spirit perceptions seemed to be opened new and glorious. Not feeling at ease in a Hotel, we obtained excellent accommodation with a Mrs. Bosworth, who received many tests of the presence of spirit friends through our medium powers; and during the recesses of the Convention, our room was crowded with anxious investigators, nearly all the time, often till late at night. The meetings of the Convention, were generally very harmonious. H. C. Wright appeared to be one of the positive, and Daniel Tarbell, of the World's Paper, the negative elements. I was most fully pleased with the gathering at Providence. I would like to touch upon the position assumed by Bro. Wright, but it would take too much space.

Northfield Falls.—On Monday, Aug. 27; by invitation of that fine Spiritualist, J. M. Mills, we went to his residence, as above, and spent some time very pleasantly, and I hope usefully. There, for the first time, I had my vision opened so as to see and describe a spirit out doors. She was recognized by a young man from Canada, as having been a school-teacher, with whom he had formerly corresponded. At the Falls, I delivered three lectures: Aug. 29th, Subject—Spiritualism and Christianity. 31st—Spirit Communication. Sept. 2nd—Man: Past, Present and Future. These lectures called out the Rev. Mr. Thompson, an Advent teacher. He chose the evening of Sept. 5th for the review; and we stopped to hear it. I had no reply to make. Never did man more completely use himself up. He said, "his strongest argument was, that the doctrine of Spiritualism made folks too HAPPY." He left the house like one crazy, not even waiting for the company of his wife! During our week's sojourn there, we visited Montpelier, during the great State muster; but we took little interest in those barbaric demonstrations. With the politeness of our friend, Daniel Baldwin, we visited the new State House. It is truly a splendid edifice, most gorgeously furnished. It is said to be the finest furnished State House in the Union. But we were most interested with specimens and relics, found in Vermont; among which were every conceivable shade and color of marble—a chair made from oak taken from "Old Ironsides," the battle ship Constitution, part of an elephant's tusk, and the skeleton of a large whale found near the banks of Lake Champlain, and a vast variety of minerals.

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