

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 5.

Written for the Banner of Light.
LAST NIGHT!

BY JOHN W. DAY.

Oh, lone, dim path, by the sea-wave's tone,
That in blackness waits for the rising moon—
Oh, woods, from whose clustering darkness rise
The sounds of Eolian harmonies—
Oh, quiet stars, that are trailing on
O'er the paths you trod in the years long gone:
I see you now, though a Summer day
In its green and gold hath passed away,
For a breath of heaven on my pathway fell,
And the heart shall hold to the mystic spell,
And memory bring from that shadowy plain
A silver link for life's iron chain!

Last night I stood on a silent strand
Where the calm waves lapt o'er the level sand,
And the steel-grey sky, o'er the heaving sea,
Rolled up like a warrior's panoply,
And out mid the jewels flashing bright,
The cloud-dints hung, like the marks of fight!
And melting eyes on my own were turned,
And the warning fire of friendship burned
On the altar-stone so long grown cold,
And its glory streamed, as in days of old,
Till the soul rocked not of the frosty way
That on to the distant mountains lay!

To-night I stand by the guiding wheel,
And the winds with muffled cadence steal,
And the mist hangs down o'er the bending wave
Like a pall, that droops o'er the sailor's grave,
And the fog-bell tolls in the nearing roar
Of surf that foams on a rock-bound shore!
As a weary exile sits in tears
To mourn the home of his childhood's years
By the looming gate, through the long night hours,
Till the watch-lights die in the sentry towers,
So the heart sits down by the time-barred past,
And mourns for the joy that would not last,
And the tale seems true of the Persian lord
Who dare not gaze o'er Abana's ford,
Where the golden streets of Damascus lay
Like clouds that came in the dying day,
Lest the wondrous light of her happy strand
Should be all his share of the Promised Land
For the heart cries out in its lingering lone:
"Were all like the hour so swiftly down
Earth were a heaven, and with sorrowing pain
Thy soul would flit to the parting strain,
For a golden light on the picture lies,
And that was an hour of Paradise!"

Annikum, Mass., Oct. 5, 1860.

THE LORDS OF THE CASTLES. A TALE OF THE RHINE.

BY ELKANAH STRAUSS.

CHAPTER XII.

A SECRET EXPOSED.

The last remark of the Knight seemed so disinterested and generous, that Wilhelm's mind was at once influenced to comply with the former's original request. He could refuse himself to many things other than a generous appeal. When another person threw himself entirely upon his own better nature, there was great danger that Wilhelm could not continue long to withstand the demonstration.

"It's all a little matter, at best," he began; "that is, to anybody but to myself; but I will consent to talk with you about it, for you are my friend."

The Knight acknowledged the compliment very graciously, which served only to flatter the young man the more.

"I trust, at least," said he, with his bow, "that I shall never prove myself unworthy of such a confidence as yours, in any particular."

Wilhelm went on:

"I love a girl who lives in the castle but a little distance from mine. She is the daughter—and the only child, too—of the Lord of Rosenberg Castle. My own castle is that of Grossenberg."

"Yes," swallowed the Knight, with eager avidity, "I understand so far."

"Well, between Gertrude and myself there is nothing but the happiest accord; but her father has conceived a most violent dislike to me—all the more violent because it is entirely baseless."

"Of course—of course."

"He forbade me to come within bowshot of his walls; and for as long a time as I could, I did keep away. But it could hardly be expected that, while my own dear Gertrude was in that castle, I was going to play away from her sight a great while."

"Hardly, I should think," said the Knight, shaking his head.

"One afternoon, therefore—and in this very season, too—I learned that her father had gone out into the forest, with a body of retainers, to hunt; so I determined to take advantage of so fortunate an occurrence, and go over to the castle myself and have an interview with Gertrude."

"Exactly," chimed in his friend.

"And I went. My horse I secured in the edge of the forest, and I went forward myself on foot; for thus I thought I could the better scramble about in the shadow of the trees and walls unperceived. It chanced to be a lovely afternoon, all nature wooing one out to enjoy her delights. And of course, it was but natural that Gertrude should emerge from the thick walls of her castle, and come forth to enjoy what was offered alike to all. As I walked musingly in the little orchard that skirts the castle walls, looking up ever and anon at the embowed structure that contained all I loved on earth, my heart filled with emotions that were new and fresh to it even then, I was suddenly startled by hearing a voice not far from me speak my name."

"Caught, hey? Discovered?" broke in the Knight, impatient from the interest he had lent to the narrative of his friend.

"No, not quite yet; a much pleasanter surprise than that; it was the sweet voice of Gertrude herself!"

"Oh!"

The Knight appeared to feel relieved.

"You may perhaps guess with what delight I made the discovery. She whom I had run this risk just to obtain a glimpse of, was now close at hand! I could set by her side and talk with her unmolested! I declare, Sir Knight, it was the most blessed experience I have known for years."

"So I am willing to believe," said he.

"Well, there we walked in the pleasant shadows of the trees, and there we sat down and talked. What was the secret of my own heart, I imparted to her; and she likewise gave up to me all the secret thoughts of hers. In short, my dear Knight, we felt, after that happy interview, that we understood one another far better than we ever did before. But I need not dwell upon what transpired then and there. The worst remains to be told. While we still sat in the orchard, we heard the clattering hoofs of a party of horsemen, and I had hardly time to look about me, when up rode the leader of the troop, and angrily ordered Gertrude to leave me and go back to the castle. I need not say to you that he was her father!"

"Aha! That is it, is it?"

"Then he turned upon me. We had high words. I resolved not to get angry with what he said, nor to resent anything at all. I remembered that he was the father of my own Gertrude, and it did not become me to deport myself unseemly toward him."

"And that was right, my boy! Give me your hand!"

"He ordered me very abruptly to leave him, and threatened me with direful treatment if I should ever again dare to pollute his grounds with my presence."

The Knight looked round upon his companion, and searched his face with a glance.

"You!" he exclaimed, with real or affected surprise.

"There is a bitterness against me rankling in his heart. What it is I know not, and it is not likely that I shall ever find out. Should he ever get over it, I do not expect it will be in this world; he may be a changed man in some other; let us hope so, at least."

There was a pause here. Finally the Knight brought it to an end by asking if that was the reason for his enlisting in the army of the Emperor.

"No, that was not the whole motive, by any means, but it gave me the final impulse. I wanted only something of this kind to decide me; for I had thought much and long on the subject, and Gertrude had even talked with me upon some method of surprising her father into a better feeling toward me, by my performing some deed that would challenge his admiration. I confess that this crusade offered me an inducement to put forth my courage in the most advantageous manner; and, while I feel that I am, in a measure, seeking to gratify a selfish purpose by taking up arms as I now do, I still enjoy the satisfaction of knowing that it may result in the redemption and continued happiness of the heart I love. Therefore, without any delay of going through the wearisome trial of prolonged adieu, I left my castle in the care of faithful and trusty dependents, and started for the assembling army at Frankfort, on the very next morning."

"You surprise me!"

"Ah, but what was now to be gained by talking about it? Absolutely nothing. On the contrary, it would but serve to weaken my resolution. Therefore all the time I lost was so much strength gone. I resolved to part with none of that, but to set off without delay, leaving all that was dear and precious behind me."

"And let me tell you, too," said the Knight, with an affectionate style of confidence, "that you have done that of which no man who walks the earth need feel ashamed! You have shown yourself the hero—every inch a true hero! I rejoice that fortune threw me in the way of such a man. It will be a fact of which I shall feel proud as long as I live. Few men—let me say to you, my young friend—very few men would act as you have done. And to leave all your lands, your castle, and your faithful and devoted retainers behind you, too!—not to speak—and here he very considerably dropped his voice to the lowest tone above a whisper—"of her whose every thought fills your soul!"

Wilhelm could not trust himself to answer him in words, but merely grasped his hand.

For some little time after this frank and friendly confession on the part of Wilhelm to a man who, till just before, had been a perfect stranger to him, they sat beside each other in the thronged bazaar, and silently watched the figures and the faces of those who passed, but engaged in any occupation save that of thinking of what they saw. Both seemed to be rapt in their own thoughts. The eyes of Wilhelm revealed a sad reflectiveness, that he should have been driven in this hasty manner to leave the side of Gertrude; while those of his friend were chiefly expressive, not so much of passive dreaming and musing over what he had heard, as of an active scheming and plotting over what had just been revealed to him.

After some time had elapsed in this way, the Knight seemed to raise his head with a sudden impulse.

"Gertrude of course is beautiful," said he, looking in the face of his companion.

"I might be partial; but to me she is fairer than any star."

"I like you the more for saying so! Do you know it? But as I was going to travel as far as Frankfort," he added, "perhaps you would like to trouble me with bearing some secret despatches further on,

at the Castle of Rosenberg? I could readily push on beyond Frankfort, and appear at the castle."

"It is just what I had been thinking of," said Wilhelm, "but did not venture to propose to you."

"Ah, then, be not so foolish any longer, my friend, as to decline asking any favors of that kind of me! Nor yet, let me conjure you, refuse to command my services freely anywhere. I shall always be too happy to do your pleasure, for I know that you are quite worthy to be served even by a Knight Templar."

"And will you, then, carry back a message—only a brief message, from me to Gertrude at her castle?"

"You have but to command, and I shall be but too happy to obey."

"Oh, then, I am happy once more!" exclaimed the youthful and ardent lover.

The color mounted to his cheeks, and he almost looked as when he was sitting by the side of Gertrude's own self, pouring his love messages into her ear.

"It will almost be like seeing her again, before I depart!" he exclaimed. "Now will you tell her this from me? Tell her that—but no! you ought not to be asked to go so far out of your way! I have not the heart to ask you!"

"Did you not understand me, then?" said the Knight, grasping his arm, "when I told you that I would most gladly obey your commands? Did you suppose I meant not what I said, or that I could not be in earnest? And I a Knight Templar, too!"

"Forgive me, then!" exclaimed Wilhelm once more. "I did not suspect you for a moment of a want of perfect good faith; I merely felt the hesitancy that is natural to one like myself, about asking a friend to be at so great trouble as you will certainly have to be in this case."

"Were it ten times the trouble," answered the Knight, "I should still be only too eager to be the honored bearer of such a mission. For, you remember, my order is one that professes to discharge its duties to all such as are in wicked straits like yourself; and I should be but an unworthy member of that high order, did I betray even the slightest desire to evade your request. Now be free with me, and let me do as my own heart prompts me."

"Very well, then I will."

"And command me to go anywhere—any distance even, on an errand of this sort, and my life but you shall be faithfully served to the uttermost of your wishes!"

Wilhelm grasped his hand and thanked him.

"Then take to Gertrude this message from me, after you shall have completed your stay in Frankfort; tell her where you first met me, and all the circumstances under which this agreeable and friendly acquaintance began. Say to her that you found me still full of tender and regretful memories—tender because of my love for her, and regretful because I was compelled to tear myself away from her side. Assure her that from the moment my eyes beheld her departing figure in the little orchard, that afternoon, my thoughts have not ceased to be busy with her last words. Let her know, too, that I go into the battle against the infidel with all the eagerness of my impulsive nature, fondly hoping that I may chance to earn a fame that shall help work in my favor with her proud and cruel father. Tell her, too, that my heart is still full to overflowing with love for her, and her alone; and that when I come back, if I ever live to come back, I shall only bring to her a broader and richer experience to enlarge and make still more worthy my affection. Can you carry all this? Can you remember it all?"

"Truly can I, and a thousand times as much, my friend."

"And will you carry it to her?" asked the young lover, with all a youthful lover's eagerness.

"Indeed, indeed I will!" answered the Knight; "and, furthermore, I will take the liberty to embellish it with such feelings of friendship as I entertain for you, so that it will appear to be even a great deal more than what you have now committed to me."

"Oh, I thank you! It is not in my power to thank you sufficiently! Bless heaven, that you should so happily have been thrown in my way, for now I can depart on my march eastward with a lighter heart and a greater strength of will!"

"You know," said the Knight, "that those of my order in good standing, who, from one cause or another, see fit to travel about the country, stopping now at a city or capital, now at a village, and now at some castle that lifts up its walls of welcome, are ever received with peculiar favor; in truth, it is esteemed a peculiar favor to entertain a Knight Templar, and hence all who can do it in a worthy manner are glad to embrace the opportunity. Now know, therefore, that I am welcome wherever I may choose to go."

"But you are going to my own castle first?" interrupted Wilhelm.

"As you say," answered the Knight.

"Why, assuredly; and then, after you find that you feel quite at your ease there, and can go over to the Castle of Rosenberg without exciting the least suspicion, you will do so."

"Yes, I will."

"But remember this: be careful not to let any but my faithful warder know that you have seen me, or it may overthrow the whole plan; for I indeed believe that the father of Gertrude would venture so far as to refuse even a Knight Templar entrance within his castle walls, if he knew that you had come from me with news and messages."

The Knight kept silence, musing upon it. His purpose even then lay dimly defined in his mind.

"Better, then," continued Wilhelm, "keep your secret to yourself till you have an opportunity to confide it to her alone for whom it is intended."

"I will," answered the other.

More passed between them to the same purpose.

Wilhelm seemed unable to say enough; for, now he had so fortunate a chance to send his own warm words direct to his maiden, there was no apparent end to the number of his tender messages.

But the Knight was patient, was even gracious and listened to them all. He proved himself entirely a man of his word, so far, at least, as receiving the various messages went. It was his wish to draw out from the young man all that his free nature was ready to give up to him, and then go about the discharge of his commission in his own good way.

That happy day, for Wilhelm, came to an end, as all such days will. The preparations for the departure of the army now went on at an accelerated pace. The streets of Constantinople resounded with the din of the multitudes, soldiers and officers making the scene motley with its colors and costumes. The crusaders challenged universal attention. Their ranks were imposing enough to awaken the most stirring feelings in the breasts of all beholders, whether Turk, Jew, or Armenian.

Finally the hour for the army's departure came. The Knight sought Wilhelm at his quarters.

"I have but few words, and feeling ones," said the former. "You have my blessing. I know that you will do your duty, and more, too. But never forget what I have told you about your future. Remember that this is but the opening of a proud day for you, indeed!"

Wilhelm received his words with his usual modesty of manner, answering nothing.

Tramp, tramp went the army along the narrow and confused streets, marching out of the city. At all points the rabble followed and crowded around them. The houses on its route were overflowing with people, eager to get a last look at the lines of this splendid force that was going on to rescue the places of the Holy Sepulchre. The roofs, too, bore their loads, dark and frowning; and from the balconies ladies showered down smiles and blessings upon the upturned faces of the self-denying volunteers.

Upon the top of a certain mosque stood the Knight. Here he had taken his position, and to this point he had previously directed Wilhelm to look back after him. As the procession wended its way out from the dense and confused mass of houses, and had reached an open space where a clear view for the first time was possible, Wilhelm turned, as agreed, and gazed up at the top of the structure on which the Knight stood. The latter was waving his handkerchief from the point of his lance, like a gonfalon in the breeze, and it instantly attracted his young friend's attention.

Wilhelm returned the salutation by waving his own handkerchief, and bowing. The recognition was mutual, and both friends were happy.

"Now," murmured Wilhelm to himself, "I shall depart with a lighter heart!"

"And now," said the Knight, "I will be off as soon as I can for the castle where dwells the fair lady in whose smiles I am to bask!"

Thus separated the two friends.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE KNIGHT'S SUCCESS.

A detailed description of the Knight Templar's journey from the Golden Horn to Vienna, and thence through upper Germany, and afterwards down to Frankfort, would be neither interesting nor necessary. He stopped for a short time in Vienna, and was received, as all the members of his honorable order were, with manifestations of welcome by all to whom he presented himself. It cost him very little trouble to find his way into the dwelling of any duke or nobleman, and even princes themselves were but too proud to proffer generous tokens of their personal respect. The fairer and gentler sex, too, were wont to be very lavish in their attentions to all good and gallant Knights who chanced to come in their way, invariably offering them free admission to their halls, their assemblies, and their enchanting society. And they were all the more free with them, because the vow taken by every Knight, on entering upon the discharge of his duties, precluded him from the hope of ever marrying. So that, all things considered, the Knight Templar had a merry time of it, especially when incapacitated by wounds from active employment, and while thus petted and fêted by the people among whom he went.

Our true Knight at length found himself in Frankfort, that ancient German city, with its piles of steep roofs, one above another, its quaint gables that no one could count without losing both his way and his reason, and its busy, active, intelligent, and bustling population, a sight of whom sent new life to the heart of every beholder.

Here he passed many days. He determined to thoroughly recruit himself before riding on down the Rhine, and paying the visit, on which he counted so much, to the castles.

But at length he sallied forth again, with a bounding heart. It was a journey of many days, and through a wild and sparsely peopled country. But the heart of no true Knight was ever shaken by imaginary dangers. Neither the shadows of the frowning forest nor the shrill echoes of the dark night were sufficient to quicken the beating of his heart or pale the color of his cheek.

It was just at the close of a lovely afternoon, as he neared the castle which, from description, he knew to be that of Grossenberg, belonging to his gallant young friend Wilhelm. Riding close enough to take in at one survey all its distinguishing points and features, he sat perfectly still on his horse, and gave himself up to the musings of the moment. Here—thought he—dwell Wilhelm, till his sharp unhappiness drove him out into the world, with his life staked on the point of his spear. Here he was born, and here his happiest hours had been passed. Before his eyes were those various objects that engaged Wil-

helm's attention from his youth up, and to which, from daily association, he had become truly endeared. Would he go in now, and acquaint the old warder who faithfully guarded the gate, with the welcome news that he had seen his young master at Constantinople?

He stood awhile longer, seeming to be engaged in settling some matter in his mind.

But the internal discussion did not continue long, for he suddenly reined up his steed with a firm hand, and turned his head away!

He would not enter there. At any other time he would be just as welcome!

Perhaps he proceeded, slowly and thoughtfully still, a distance of a quarter of a mile, when he overtook some peasant women and girls. He stopped when he came up to them, and began to question them. On their part they gazed at a man in that strange dress with feelings approaching awe.

"Good folks," saluted he, with his visor down, "will you be gracious enough to tell me who is a stranger, and who comes from a far distance, where is the castle of Rosenberg?"

Several of them eagerly made haste to inform him that it was not much more than half a mile off, and that the course he was pursuing would take him directly there!

"Ah, yes," responded he; "then I am not at all wrong! I feared I might be! Accept my thanks, good people, for guiding my horse's feet, and know that I shall ever remain your debtor!"

And he spurred on his steed, and gallantly rode away.

The peasantry were not wont to be addressed in so kind a manner by those whom they deemed their superiors; therefore they began to talk volubly among themselves, after the Knight's disappearance, of his noble mien and his lordly character. They could not say enough in praise of him.

One there was in that little group, whose keen and restless eyes had taken in everything. She studied the bearing of the stranger with all possible care. And yet there was no reason—why she should, more than the impression the Knight's martial appearance made on her imagination. It was Jean—the little maid Jean, the loved one of Bernard, and altogether devoted to her sweet young mistress, Gertrude!

The horseman was not long in overcoming the distance between this little party and the castle. When he came to the moat, and undertook to cross the draw, seeing the castle-warder in waiting for the approach of all strangers, as was his wont, said he to the latter, reigning in his horse—

"My friend and servant! You behold before you a member of the honored order of the Knights Templars! I have served with them, even in the Holy Land, whence I have but recently returned to this country. You well know that all of that order are made welcome to whatever town, city or castle they chance to come, and that the first dignitaries of every land are ever ready to open their hearts to them. I demand to know, then, in the first place, if this be the castle of Rosenberg!"

"It is," answered the warder, doing proper abstinence as he spoke.

"Is the lord of this proud castle within its walls?"

"At present, he is," said the warder.

"Send word to him, then, that a true and trusty Knight is at his gate, and craves permission to appear in his hall, and at his table, by virtue of the noble respect he has always felt for the order!"

"Sir Knight," answered the faithful vassal, "I will myself undertake to do your bidding."

"And here will I remain," rejoined the Knight, "till you return to bring me word of the good pleasure of our noble master."

And he settled himself more proudly in his saddle, with his visor still up, his lance erect, and his steed pawing the turf, which hardly seemed good enough for hoofs that had trod the sacred soil of Palestine.

Before long, the warder returned.

"My noble master bids me desire you to cross the bridge without delay," said he, "and present yourself at the great entrance, at which he will immediately appear himself."

"Well said!" returned the Knight, "and I thank you!"

He rode on without further pause, the warder offering him humble salutation as he passed his well-guarded post.

As he slowly paced up through the castle yard, his eyes, accustomed to note every object of interest that presented itself to them, searched the entire enclosure and took in the whole scene. This—thought he to himself—was a castle indeed; not huge and warlike, like some of those enormous piles that would seem to defy time itself, but altogether sufficient for the defence and protection of any single lord and his ordinary retinue.

Thus making a half circuit around the enclosure, the Knight at length rode up before the great door, or entrance, of the castle, and calmly and dignifiedly awaited the coming out of its master. Nor was he long now in making his appearance. While the Knight fixed his eye intently upon the spacious oaken hall, and saw with inward delight the many evidences of a hearty life and good cheer at hand, out came the haughty Lord of Rosenberg, and placed his erect form exactly in the middle of the passage.

"Sir Knight!" saluted he, in a loud and distinct voice, which sufficiently attested the pride he took in the occurrence. "I hear that you design offering my castle the honor of your company. I know well the high order to which your very dress proves that you belong. I hold a Knight Templar in the very highest esteem, as do all lords, and ladies as well. Therefore I freely extend to you the fullest hospitality I have it in my power to bestow. Dismount, most noble Knight, and show that you have a gen-

erous confidence in the Lord of Rosenheim, as well as that you are ready to accept the attentions of all his castle's inmates!"

The stranger saluted him, taking off his cap, and bowing low, even to the flowing mane of his horse. Forthwith he proceeded to signify his acceptance of the generous offer extended him, by dismounting from his horse and advancing to meet the castle's lord, extending his hand, from which he had drawn off the glove with its corset, he said to the Lord of Rosenheim, who had by this time come forth to greet him in like manner:

"Your noble hospitality is duly appreciated. To refuse its acceptance on such terms, would do despite to my own nature and the order whose name I bear. I shall enter this castle with a grateful heart; and when I cross its threshold to depart again, may it be with a heart overrunning with a sense of all the generous bounties it has received!"

Upon this, each took the other's hand. The pressure was cordial in the extreme. When this form of salutation was over, the Lord of Rosenheim turned and conducted his new guest within the walls, himself leading the way.

After the Knight had fairly found his way inside—his horse having already been taken and properly cared for by a vassal—he could not but feel a degree of surprise at the excellent condition of things. "I cannot have made any miscalculation," said he to himself, "in coming here and quartering, rather than taking up my abode in the castle of my young friend Wilhelm. But hush! I must not even permit myself to think of him here, lest in some unguarded moment I may come to think aloud!"

The lord of the castle led him, with pleasant though stately talk by the way, up a flight of winding stone stairs, and ushered him into the large hall wherein all the guests of the castle were wont to assemble. The hall was silent and vacant; but at any hour the lord knew very well that he could fill it with company that would prolong the boisterous revels far into the night.

Here the two men proceeded to sit down. Whereupon the master called out with a loud voice for a servant to fetch wine and other refreshments, and these were soon set upon the board.

"Now let us pledge our longer and better acquaintance!" said the master; and raised the wine cup to drink it off.

The Knight received the friendly sentiment with all due grace, and silently responded by quaffing the ruby current at a single hearty draught.

"I fear you are exhausted with long riding," ventured the master. "Pray, be not backward in partaking of such things as we have before us, and gladden my heart, if not your own, with partaking bountifully."

"I will do justice to your hospitality, never doubt me," answered the Knight. But it belongs to me to say, that, in the whole extent of my journeyings—and they have been both many and far—I never fell in with a man whose heart seemed any more generous. Why, good master, your name must speedily be known everywhere among Knights Templars, and I shall only fear for you that your castle will become a sort of hostelry for their sole accommodation."

"Ah, be not afraid for that, I beg you," responded he. "I assure you, I would like nothing better than to be honored, as frequently as they choose, with their company. And as often as you chance to meet one, a wanderer like yourself, on your travels, you will do me a favor by begging him to extend his journey this way. These of your stamp will ever be welcome within these walls."

The Knight bowed, and said:

"I thank you, sir, on behalf of my worthy brethren, as well as on my own. Your kind command shall be obeyed by me. And now, with your permission, I will proceed to satisfy my hunger; for I have come far this day, and a faint stomach lends its owner but little courage, at the best."

So the valiant Knight fell to, and began to do justice to the viands set before him. He of course said but little while satiating his appetite, but left the talking altogether to his generous host. And the latter did not fail to both interest and amuse the stranger with what he said.

Let us explain to the reader, at this point—for this is the proper one in the present narrative—that not long after the last interview between the Lord of Rosenheim and Old Mahala, the former had frankly consented to abide by any terms the old witch might impose, if his child were only brought back into the castle. Therefore, one day soon succeeding, the witch made her appearance in the apartment of the master, bringing the girl along with her.

"I have kept my word," said the old woman; "now fall to keep yours, upon the peril of your soul!"

The lord rose from his seat, thunderstruck with surprise.

"Gertrude!" he exclaimed, in a loud voice.

"Stop right there, now!" broke in the witch. "Don't get excited about it! This is myself, and that is your daughter. You understand me and I understand you. It never 'll do for either of us to try to deceive the other. Now promise me all over again, clear and complete, what you did the other day, or she and I go out of that door quicker 'n we went in! Will you do it?"

"Yes—yes! I do!"

"Then we 're all right. Now I give up this young lady into your charge. But, so long as you live, never question her care of her, nor where she came from now! Do you promise?"

"Certainly! I am too glad to find her safe in these walls again!" quickly answered her father.

"If anything happens," added the old woman, "you may be dreadful certain I shall hear on 't. Nothing hereabouts escapes me; I know all that goes on. You can't keep it from me, and you need n't try. So just be careful!"

And with this injunction, Old Mahala went out of the room, after taking a long, last look at Gertrude.

Thus did the runaway child of this haughty man come back to him again. He was sorely humiliated, but he knew that if she would brave such terror as she freely had for the sake of obtaining her liberty, she would do as much at any other time. Therefore it behooved him to be quiet. Though he was beaten in the contest, there was something worse than that, which was the loss of his daughter altogether.

Having returned again to the castle, Gertrude began to compose herself. Her position was a very strange one, and quite different from what it had been before. Though in a sense victorious over her cruel father, she was still a sort of prisoner within his walls of stone; at liberty, and yet not at liberty; apparently happy, but really miserable; granted the show of every privilege, but in fact so closely watched and guarded that scarce any privilege practically remained to her.

In this condition was she, at the time the stranger Knight's arrival at Rosenheim. Her father had become reconciled, to appearance, to her presence, nor

had he ventured to open the old sore of her escape, or his cruel and barbarous confinement of her. And thus, with a sort of toleration on his part and silent compliance on hers, she remained under his watchful eye and guardianship.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

Written for the Banner of Light.

HE DIED!

Can he be dead? then what is dying? sleeping? Without the power to dream, to think, to move? The eyelids closed, unused to smiles or weeping. The heart's pulse stilled, and stilled the tones of love? Is this the last of life, and love, and glory? Momentous life—a cradle and a grave! A monument, a brief yet thrilling story. And time moves on, with its unceasing wave!

And yet his legacy we find immortal—The matchless thoughts engendered in his brain; And has the giver passed beyond the portal, To sing no more, to ne'er be known again?

Talk not to me of death, annihilation, Of dreamless slumber, chaos of the mind. Is life a short and meaningless probation? Then hope is mockery, and Reason blind!

The very stars are gleams of the Eternal! Man's innate yearnings is a proof revealed! That gifted child walks in the aisles supernal. Else life 's a dream—else Nature's doom is sealed!

September, 1860.

INNEN.

Original Essays.

WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT, AND FREE AGENCY.

Can this declaration of the Poet be accepted as true, be reconciled with the theory that man is a Free Agent in any sense of this phrase? I think it can, though from the published discussions of this question by the New York and Boston Conferences, I infer the contrary opinion was generally held. With your permission I will try to show that both propositions are true, asking of those who differ from me, a patient, candid hearing; and with this accorded, cheerfully referring to these criticisms the rationale of my views. I assume there is somewhere an authority governing the material universe, including man. Some will call this Nature. I recognize it as being located in and exerted by a personal intelligence, Deity, or God. But all will agree that all forms of organized, identified life, including man, are results or products of this exerted power or authority wherever located or whatever may be the nature of its being. Therefore, to solve the question involved, we have only to, correctly apprehend the true constitution of man, and his relations to this authority above and around him. Man is conceded to be constitutionally a physical, an intellectual and a moral being. There is a fixed economy addressing and governing each of these departments to which he is constitutionally subject; but on examination we will find a marked and wide difference between that relating to his physical and intellectual, and that by which his moral nature is governed. It is to this difference, and the fair inferences to be drawn therefrom, that I invite the attention of my readers.

If we put our finger in the fire we incur the penalty of disobedience to the law governing our physical being. This penalty is inflicted alike on the philosopher and the infant babe. It is the same whether we voluntarily or involuntarily commit the offending act. The law pays no difference to the knowledge, and makes no allowance for the ignorance of the offending party, whether he be a savant of an infant.

From this, I infer the law assumes to be above the wisdom or the will of the subject it acts upon and governs. In doing so it repudiates and ignores the idea of man being, in his physical nature, a free agent.

If our savans, seeking to extend a knowledge of truth, adopt erroneous premises as a standard to reason from, the law governing them as intellectual beings, inflicts its penalty of error in their conclusions, however logical and earnestly sincere they may be in the conclusions they arrive at. The law pays no difference to the purity of their desires to find truth, or the sincerity of their beliefs as to their premises and conclusions. It thus assumes to be above their wisdom or the purity of their desires, and in doing so, alike repudiates and ignores the idea that man, as an intellectual being, is a free agent. I submit, therefore, that the leading and fundamental principle manifested in the economy governing the health and growth of man's physical and intellectual nature is this, that obedience, whether knowingly or unknowingly rendered, receives its reward alike, and disobedience, whether willfully or ignorantly committed, alike incurs the law's penalty. The fact that the law thus absolutely asserts its power to govern, and uncompromisingly executes itself upon us as physical and intellectual beings, implies on our part a dependence that of itself disproves any free agency being recognized therein, while it also implies that the economy to which we are thus subject is founded on a wisdom above ours, and such as will warrant our concluding whatever occurs under its action is right.

But the law governing our moral being is not founded on this basis of disregard to our knowledge or ignorance in obeying or disobeying its requirements. A different economy governs in its rewards and penalties, an economy so directly opposite as to imply that we have constitutionally the power and wisdom to attain our moral growth and preserve our moral health only through our voluntary obedience, and that this is equally true of the so-called ignorant masses as of the educated savans. The principle prominently operative in the law governing our moral being seems to be "The integrity of the motive determines the character of the act," and according to the purity of the motive, rather than the intelligence of the judgment, will be the degree of its rewards for obedience. If this is true, there must be a corresponding wisdom embodied in the law. It substantially implies that because man, as a moral being, is a free agent, or in other words, constitutionally endowed with power of his own volition to determine whether he will yield to surrounding conditions and be governed by them absolutely, or whether he will govern them by conforming to such only as he regards to be good, and rejecting such as he deems to be harmful; therefore the measure of his reward or his moral growth shall depend on his knowing and willing obedience, and not as in the law of his physical and intellectual nature, the reward follow obedience, whether knowingly or ignorantly rendered. If I am right in this distinction, then I feel safe in claiming that there is a sense in which man can be truly said to be a free agent, and that it is for him, and for himself alone, "to work out his own salvation" as an immortal spirit.

But it will also then follow, that the phrase "What-

ever is, is right," is only true when applied to the immutable economy governing in the material universe, including man as a physical and intellectual being or product of nature. If we extend its application so as to embrace all our actions, affecting the condition and destiny of the divine within us, we must, in fact, ignore, the wisdom of the law governing our moral nature. This may be better seen by an illustration. We live in the natural world, are destined to be inhabitants of a spirit world. The condition of our being when entering thereon, will depend on the degree and harmony of our intellectual and moral growth attained here. Though we will there live under a law through which we may continue to progress—or in other words, grow intellectually and morally, (for such I apprehend is literally the progression we hear so much of) still our ability to thus grow, will depend much—very much—upon the degree of growth we had here attained before our transition through death. If we concede that all spirits are drawn into association with those they harmonize with, thus constituting spheres or communities of the most opposite opinions and tastes, the fair inference is, that progression in that inner world is almost "infinitely" slower than in ours. It is very difficult to reclaim an inebriate whose whole time is spent in the society of his pot companions here. It will, in principle, be equally hard to progress there—where we are surrounded with individuals of kindred bigotries and tastes with our own. If I am right in this, it follows that if my neighbor, prompted by passion, avarice or malice, takes my life while I am engrossed with prejudices or sensual appetites from which I am slowly being emancipated, he sends me into the inner world, thus enslaved, and I must there incur such increased difficulties to be overcome in my intellectual growth out of error, and my moral growth out of sensualism. Who can estimate or define the extent of such increased difficulties? It is very well that there is, as here, a law of progressive growth; but it may be well to remember that while "threescore years and ten" is a general period allotted for such growth here—an eternity is the allotted time there. Progression there may be, and I believe is, a very slow growth, according to our ideas of time and progress.

But the point I wish to present, is this: My neighbor has thus done me a harm, which is, throughout eternity, irreparable, because the degree of my progress in the inner world will be measured by the condition of growth attained when I entered it. According to my condition, there will be my desire and my ability to attain further growth or progression. Thus my condition millions of years hence will be affected thereby, though I have during these ages attained a great advance in my condition as an intellectual and moral being.

If this view is sound, it seems to me clearly to follow that there is a sense in which we must deny that "Whatever is, is right."

In the case stated I am, by the act of my neighbor, eternally harmed, and my neighbor being unable to repair the wrong done me, by his own act, will forever have the sin at his door unatoned for. Will he not be alike eternally harmed thereby?

The theory, by some asserted, that all will be merely overruled and made tributary to a great ultimate of perfect good, etc., is based on the assumption that both he and I will in time become "perfect as God is perfect;" but this assumption implies an end to our progression, which no man has any data for asserting. The distinction in our law governing the different departments of our nature, seems to me to consist in this—that the nutrition needed for our health and growth as physical and intellectual beings is obtained from sources external to ourselves, and the economy providing our supplies is absolute in determining our relations thereto and uses thereof. But the nutrition of our moral being is inherent, though latent in ourselves, and our moral growth consists in developing this inhering germ of love, wisdom and truth. Hence the economy governing this department is operative or suspended according to our action on ourselves. If our public teachers will only consider and present us with a tangible definition of the distinction in the constitution of the immortal and divine selfhood within man, and that of the living and conscious animal identity or man, in which or whom this alleged divine selfhood is said to indwell, we may better comprehend why the law of our intellectual is so opposite to that of our moral being in its economy of rewards and penalties. Will not some of them do so?

PHILADELPHIA.

PHRENOLOGY AND WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.

QUERIES BY E. H. FAINE.

Will Dr. Child please explain through the columns of the BANNER or LIGHT, how the "Whatever is, is Right" doctrine can be made to harmonize with the science of Phrenology? As I understand his theory, an indulging in what I should term misdirected passions, serves to elevate us upon the ladder of progression; or in other words, it is throwing off the base passions and fitting us for a higher plane of development. I am not presuming to contend, but am simply inquiring for more light. I understand Phrenology to teach that by practicing or indulging in any propensity, whether good or evil, it necessarily augments that passion or organ, and therefore impedes our progress in the direction we most earnestly pursue.

DR. CHILD'S REPLY TO THE ABOVE.

The science of Phrenology is right and in its place. It deals with effects as does philosophy and what is popularly called religion, both of which are also right, and are in their places. Phrenology deals with matter, through which it goes to find mind. All the bumps of the human cranium are products of the spirit of man, and are servants that obey the soul's bidding; they are channels through which the soul throws off the manifestations that characterize human intelligence and human propensities. The current of these manifestations flows freest and fullest through the largest channels. Each organ of the brain has lying in its back ground the germ of unmeasurable development. Some organs, like some buds on the rose-bush, expand earlier, others later. Did they all expand together the manifestations of human life would be symmetrical and beautifully harmonious to the perception of senseless vision. Every organ of the brain is unfolded by life that lies behind, and all the faculties of every brain, by this life, will sometime be unfolded to make in each one a perfect individualized existence of harmony and beauty. We cannot judge of this life, which is the soul's life, by its fractional manifestations made, but imperfectly at first, through the material organism of the bumps of the brain, by the uncertain standard of material perception. Every organ of the human brain is the product of a faculty of the soul. And in the recognition of soul faculties, I know not one that is "evil," "low," "base," or that is "misdirected." Every faculty of the soul, like every rose that blows, is rich

in fragrance and in beauty. The soul has no misdirected passions; they are all right and true in the performance of their missions. Not one is evil, low or base. I cannot do less than conclude that in the production and exercise of every organ of the brain, and in every manifestation of life that comes therefrom, there lies behind even the most trivial deed an unseen and unrecognized power that is ruled and governed by wisdom. I do not see wherein the talking to a man has any more influence upon his souls development, in making the bumps of the head big or little, than does the idle wind, blowing upon rose-buds, make them bloom early or later. Neither can I see the primal cause that develops certain faculties in external influences. The cause of Phrenological development lies deeper than talk and further back than human hands have reached. It is a mightier power than that of passionate indulgence or restraint that elevates "us on the ladder of progression."

And I would here say that the ladder of progression, now recognized by humanity, is a ladder every step of which is made of degrees of material advancement. All that which sensible eyes see and call spiritual progression, is only advancement in the beauties and glories of the material world, all of which will crumble to the dust before the clear vision of the soul. The cross, on which Christ was crucified, stands low in material glory. And spiritual elevation, if elevation it may be called, is down at the foot of the cross of Christ—a place too low in material beauty and glory for progressed folks to recognize yet.

It is the power of the soul that produces indulgence and "misdirected passions;" and it is this power, too, that produces restraint, well directed efforts, and a lawful use of the passions. All credit for every manifestation of life is due this unseen power of the soul, which is active, ever, and is under the guidance of wisdom. Do we think that we can misdirect one passion, or cultivate the faculties of the soul to that end? The thought is vanity. What we call misdirected passions would be as painful to me as any other one, yet I must conclude that they are far the best and wisest ends, for the reason that God rules both in magnitude and in minutia—in what we call evil no less than in goodness.

It is the unseen soul in its unfolding that fits us for, and carries us to, a "higher plane" of existence—not the truely teaching of human tongues, or the puny efforts of human hands, or our fleeting resolutions, that break like bubbles almost as soon as made.

The actions of men are always the products of the soul, by which actions the faculties of the soul are in no degree influenced, developed or retarded. The organs of the brain are the mortal servants of the faculties of the soul. The faculties of the soul dictate, and the organs of the brain subserve their dictation. All our passions and propensities, our hands and our feet, are the servants of our souls, and obey the bidding of our souls, without any antagonism save that of matter. And behind the soul there surely lies the Almighty Power and Wisdom that is the Governor of all life—which power and wisdom we but feebly recognize yet.

There is nothing fundamental but the soul and its government. There is nothing in human existence that endures but the soul and the power that rules it. And in the soul we find the cause that produces all the exhibitions, all the efforts of human life; and among these efforts, all of which are lawful and right, phrenology has a place, and it is right; and thus it harmonizes with the "all right doctrine."

So far as my own experience goes in naughty actions, I have found that a very limited progress in my waywardness in what is called evil propensities showed to me so much of hell and suffering, that I have been cloyed with disgust and sickened repulsion, and have, like the prodigal son, turned back for other pursuits, ever wiser for sad experience. And I know not why it may not be the same with all others who have been left free to follow the bent of natural inclinations. Such experience, it may be said, contradicts the claims of phrenology. I do not mean to contradict the claims of phrenology, but rather would say that its claims are lawful to the conditions of life that have given them birth; that the science of phrenology dabbles with effects, which effects to the soul, in its deeper unfoldings, are cast-off trash.

No one loves suffering—no one, after being left free to taste the bitter effects of what are called evil pursuits, will thus continue long. It is restraint that makes people think that they would not act like the devil if they had a chance. Many think, and say, that what I have written tends to wipe out human restraint, and give self righteous folks unbridled liberty to act just as their desires would seem to direct. I have said no such thing, and mean no such thing; but have claimed that restraint was right, was a necessary effect of the soul, and was necessary to its place and condition; that it was absolutely a lawful counterpart of self-righteousness.

When the scales of self-righteousness fall off from the soul, then I cannot see the necessity of restraint, for then we shall see as we are seen, and know as we are known; more interior goodness comes forth without disguise to produce every action; we shall gather fragrant flowers of everlasting truth, instead of fighting the thorns that wound and tear our already bleeding flesh. What we call evil is right to its condition, and opposition to what we call evil is right and necessary to the condition where it exists. But there is a condition where the recognition of evil ceases; then opposition to evil is no longer necessary. This is the peace of heaven; the former is the warfare of hell. Hell is as necessary as heaven is. Phrenology is right in hell, but it is not needed in heaven.

Suppose a man, that has a propensity to steal, was allowed unbridled liberty in the direction of theft, how long think you that he would pursue the unmanly business? Restraint with the thief only stimulates the propensity to steal. Licentiousness restrained is only stimulated by the restraint—not lessened or destroyed. Naughtiness in the human heart, if dammed up by restraint, will burst forth with great power sooner or later. I have seen enough of human life to learn the fact, that the condemnation and restraint of evil propensities, so called, affect nothing in the reformation of the souls of men. The teachings of phrenology, which claim that the "bad" propensities, or the good propensities of men, are made bigger by unrestrained development, are teachings that reason from effect to random, not from unseen causes to effects; are teachings deduced from material results, not from spiritual causes. But the teachings of phrenology are right to the vision that sees not the unseen causes that produce the science of phrenology.

No one knows it is a fact, that the progress of the soul is impeded by indulgence in a propensity that curses our earthly existence. Every one that indulges in what are called evil pursuits, acts against common sense and reason; against all the available causes of earthly happiness. Consequently, I con-

clude that the "evil" door is moved by an unseen power, over which his common sense, his reason and his will, have no control; and I cannot but conclude that the power that does this work is nothing under the immediate guidance of wisdom; and, for aught we know, with the aid of our feeble powers of perception, yet, through "evil" and its consequent affliction the progress of the soul, which we most earnestly pursue, is thereby sooner gained.

WARREN CHASE IN OHIOAGO.

Fifth Sunday—Ninth and tenth lectures—last of the Course—stormy day—sawery in the evening—shaken audience. Morning discourse on Spiritualism. Spiritualism was a practical and scientific demonstration of a great truth long believed but never before known to be a truth. It was not a new religious sect, and never could organize with articles of belief as a sect—it could only organize for investigation, on a mathematical basis, as other corporate bodies for banking or other purposes, but never as a praying or praying institution. Itinerary was the order of its priesthood; every effort to settle ministers and establish worship had failed, and must, if it is a practical science and demonstrates what it teaches, as we claim it does. While it is in harmony with the mediumistic teachings and manifestations of Jesus and his disciples, it is at variance with every creed of Christendom, and is not, like them, based upon the Bible, and is not claimed as true because it agrees with a portion of it. Spiritualism is positive to Christianity and negative to Nature. The Jesus portion of the Bible is proved to be true because it harmonizes with the facts of Spiritualism, and Spiritualism is proved true because it harmonizes with Nature, thus the three come into line and leave Moses and the churches all out. The facts of Spiritualism were not discovered by praying nor by reading the Bible or its commentaries, nor by listening to preaching, but they were "truths by trial yielded"—an extension of scientific research, without authority of clergy or college, into the region of soul and soul life. Atheists (if there were any) could become Spiritualists, and might find spirits and not find God. Many Spiritualists do not believe in eternal life. But while they know that persons live and communicate after the bodies are gone to decay, still they cannot know, and do not believe that life is eternal. Some persons do not believe that any portion of the Bible harmonizes with Spiritualism; others claim it all does. The latter have too much marvelousness and ought to have their Bibles labeled Book of Fables—the former make up their opinions from the marvelous and supernatural claims set up for it by its worshippers—rationalists sort it and blow away the chaff and save the wheat. The fact of man's mental identity—psychological and affectional power after death, is now completely established, although most of the churches are ignorant of the fact, and perversely insist on remaining ignorant of it—only Spiritualists have the precious truth, and some of them do not make good use of it. Knowledge is only valuable when it leads to wisdom—wisdom valuable only when it leads to happiness. Spiritualism is the shire that breaks up and scatters all the sects and creeds, and puts an end to the mockery prayers that pray Parker to the grave, Victoria into power, and Popes into Heaven—that mumble pety over armies, navies, congress, and legislatures—that thank God for giving babes to the poor and taking them away from those who have an abundance of food and love to nourish them. It calls us back to nature, to common sense, and ushers in an age of Reason to succeed and cover up the dark ages of religious bigotry and superstition—buries the Christian gods, whether with three heads or no head with the Pagan gods, and calls people out of all forms of idolatry, to a true life of harmony with nature and her laws; sending back the monstrous lie of total depravity, and exculpating the God of Nature from the blasphemy of ages. Clergymen may pray—Professors may sneer, and the stupid and ignorant may bark and echo, but the work goes steadily on and no power on earth is now able to arrest it—we conquer, is its motto, and institutions and men may as well clear the track and get out of the way—the bell has rung—the whistle blown, and the car moves.

"Men of might, men of action, clear the way." It was no use praying any more about Spiritualism. It had set up for itself and become a living institution among men, standing out in bold relief on the face of history, already shaping our literature and bending our business to its aims, with more intellect already in its ranks, than all the Christian sects of our country can boast, and more numbers than any three of them can count as strictly within their creeds.

The evening was very stormy, and shut off most of the ladies, still a respectable audience assembled to hear the concluding lecture of the course on the Age and Philosophy of Harmony. Text, the white water-lily, with its three signs of growth in the mire, the water, and the air—a thing of beauty and fragrance only when it had reached the ultimate, and opened its petals to the shine and dew, and was inspired from above. When its principal draughts were upon the sphere above the one to which it was anchored, then it became delicious to the senses of man. So man, as an individual or a race, has his roots in the mire of sensuality or body life, feeding and growing there in childhood, which in some persons lasts till death, even at "three score years and ten," and in some nations runs through nearly all its business and literature, bonding them to its dark and cold strata of life. Our nation and a respectable portion of its citizens had arisen to the water, and were expanding in form and power, but without fragrance, (which in human beings is the fraternal expression of love.) We were in the intellectual phase of expression, seeking the keenest, shrewdest, smartest men, and mounting them on our hobby-horses, and driving them to places of power and trust, both in Church and State. The smart men, intellectual men, are the great men of our day—not, as in a former time, the men who can eat and drink the most in a given time, but the men who can think the most in a given time—not the "tun bellies," but the tun brains. The tallest man is Mayor of Chicago, not the thickest man—the man with highest head; and Lincoln, not Douglas, will be President, for he is tallest, although both belong to the Sucker State.

There will be an age of harmony sometime. It is hastening through the many inventions of this intellectual age, when machinery does all the work, and liberates men and women, as it is now liberating horses and oxen—as city railroads dispose of horses and carriages, and the rich and poor take passage together, for a half dime. So wash-tubs and cook-stoves will pass away, and cooks, servants, and misers, and masters, will dine and sup together, for half a dime, on the best the market affords. Tobacco, whiskey, pork and coffee will no longer use up the talent, the brains or the health of our race, and the vast amount expended on them and the equally useless churches will be used to secure homes for

families; fruit and flowers, music and enjoyment, and all shall know happiness, from the least to the greatest. The poor little ragged and dirty children who cannot now get to the free schools for want of food—no breakfast to eat, no dinner to carry—want of clothes—"nothing to wear"—will then be born into the lap of abundance, and health and wealth, the lot of all. None will steal, rob or murder, for their wants will be supplied from the abundance for all, and man will know God as his Father (in Nature), and love man as his brother—as himself. The kingdom of heaven will be on earth, and the spirit-world blended with our world; man walk and talk with the angels, and drawing from above his spiritual food, open the petals of his heart and "love all;" harmonized to nature, to his fellow-beings, and to God.

Spiritualists should labor to hasten this day—not wait and pray—but watch and work. Look up the causes of inharmonious, and kindly remove them; seek the good of all, the injury of none; and, first of all, look after the interest and welfare of the little ones who are thrown upon our care helpless and entirely dependent on our kindness for support of body and mind. The day is dawning; it broke in the raps of spirits, and lights in the inspiration of the spheres, and we are recipients. Let us use and not abuse it, and be blessed in blessing others. Farewell.

Chicago, Oct. 1, 1880.

THE WANT OF THE AGE.

Every man's conception of Duty is but a hyperbolic exaggeration of himself; therefore, whatever influences the mental and psychological condition of an individual, materially affects his theological views. It is a fact that the physical governs the spiritual to a great extent; but the public mind is not quite ready to respond to the assertion that whatever most perfectly develops the physical man is most conducive to the interests of the spiritual, and that whatever depraves and degrades the one, at the same time drags down and lessens the capacity of the other. Notwithstanding that absurd doctrine, still energetically promulgated by a Boston M.D., and his friends or co-thinkers, that there is no evil—that the more degraded and polluted the body, the more elevated and pure the soul; and the more devilish the acts of the former, the more is the latter "progressed"—physical and spiritual depravity go hand in hand.

No man can quiet the voice of a dyspepsia long enough to repeat the Lord's Prayer with any kind of sincerity, nor can eyes set in a saffron-colored cornea, perceive the true shade of a theological assumption.

The moral views of that individual who is constantly haunted by the upbraidings of a guilty conscience, are as far from a healthy theology as is his liver from its normal duty; and when we hear doleful prayers and solemn misgivings from the lips of any one, whether wearing clerical robes, and familiar with the dead past of classic lore, or in the garb of a mendicant, eating the stinky bread of ignorance, we may be sure he is suffering from heartburn, or that his supper, besides being undigested, is absolutely indigestible.

The penalties of violated physical law are as inevitable as those of outraged moral law; for God's laws are all moral, and one is as sacred and immutable as another. Disregard this fact as we may, and ridicule the efforts of those who are so thoughtlessly laboring in the cause of physical reform, much as we will, yet ignorance, opposition and ridicule, combined, will never defer a penalty.

It is questioned whether there can be performed a preliminary act of moral purification more important or more sanctifying than that of purifying our physical bodies. They are the caskets in which are enshrined our spiritual natures—if we all possess such—and through which those natures must not and receive all light; and it would be as rational for one to pronounce the world blue or yellow because he happened to view it through stained-glass windows, as for a soul enshrined in a bilious body to determine the real import of a moral truth.

Different individuals must have different ideas concerning the nature and attributes of Duty; but the temporary condition of the digestive apparatus ought not to determine a man's creed.

The prevalent theology of to-day owes many of its absurd characteristics to the morbid physical condition of mankind; and the latter has become morbid, to a great extent at least, through the teachings and ministrations of so-called medical science.

What the world needs at present is physiology, not theology, for the latter has already been modified, and will eventually be superseded by a more rational one, only through a gradual modification of the popular idea concerning physical laws and medical science; and that idea is the want of any idea, rather than the belief of a false one, for the most distinguished philosopher and metaphysician in America has said: "It is not because we have any faith in him that we send for a physician, but because we have no faith in ourselves."

The popular schools of medicine ignore the action of the internal, vital forces of the human system—the only curative agents in the universe—and corresponding to this, popular theology denies the dignity and authority of the human soul. The former, forgetting the patent fact—which stares every eye in science in the face, on every threshold of his investigations—that lifeless, inorganic matter has not the least power of self-action, but must ever be acted upon, forgetting at once that spirit is above matter, have taught man to trust the interests of his physical man to the tender mercies of the chemist's laboratory; to submit the Divine Image as a test machine, by which apothecaries and sharp-nosed quacks may determine the relative potency of their various concoctions. The latter teaches him to rely on forms and ceremonies, and to trust his spiritual salvation to other hands. The one teaches that man's physical system is, by nature, corrupt, that the seeds of disease lie concealed in every pore and ramification of his body, ready to spring forth at any moment—providing permission—and produce a harvest of destruction and death.

While men believe this foolish assumption, must they cling to its counterpart in theology—that unchristian and abominable doctrine of "Total Depravity?"

We do not all look from the same standpoint, and our observations will never be exactly alike; but it is not necessary that the moral dyspepsia of one, whose "sorrows and afflictions" were brought upon him by a foolish and cowardly surrender of spirit to flesh, should throw its own shadow of faithlessness over the fastidious of others, nor that any one should indict his own morbid views on the minds of those over whom he wields a potent influence. S. S. W.

Two things, well considered, would prevent many quarrels: first, to have well ascertained whether we are not disputing about terms, rather than things; and secondly, to examine whether that on which we differ is worth contending about.

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE.

A LECTURE DELIVERED BY
MRS. CORA L. V. HATCH,
AT DODWORTH HALL, NEW YORK.

[REPORTED FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT.]

Our theme to-night is the Science of Life—a very general one, we admit, but which we will endeavor to render particular. Science signifies the power of embodying through absolute knowledge the principles of any known living existence. The science of astronomy means the science of the stars. Everything that belongs to the stars, as embodied in that science—their movements, the laws which control them, their size, density, temperature, everything, is embodied in the science of astronomy. The science of geology belongs to the record of the past history of the earth, and everything which refers to that of its present condition is embodied in the science of geology. The science of chemistry, as an especial, particular department of geology, belongs to the analysis of the component or elementary principles in matter. The science of life is the science of everything that appertains to animated nature.

Particular science of life, or the sciences of any particular form of life, are—first, the principles that embody its creation or existence; secondly, their uses and destinies. Every department of animated nature, therefore, has its own life. For life means, to be, to exist. Inanimate life belongs to the mineral kingdom; animated life belongs to the vegetable and animal kingdoms. General life belongs to everything which has form or shape or substance. Therefore there is no particle of matter in all this vast universe of matter that has not life. There is no place, no condition, no power, no principle, no creation, that has not life. Death is said to have existence in nature. Decay, destruction, annihilation, all these are relative terms, and do not belong to the vocabulary of positive sciences. There is no such thing as death. There is no such principle as annihilation. There is no such power as decay. There is one positive principle of life, and that is change. Where death exists there is no growth, no change; and if there was a place in all God's universe where death resided, there would be a place where there would be no change. And if there was such a place, its influence would be diffused throughout the whole, and in all that is now called living, breathing, substance, in all of matter, there would be no motion, no life, no existence. This is life. Now for the especial departments of life. We shall refer, in our present theme, not to mineral life, which belongs to the sphere of geology—not to the past history of the earth, which also belongs to that science—not to the history of birds, animals or trees, except as illustrations.

Our theme to-night is the Science of Human Life. Not physiology, which treats of the form, of the muscles, of the nerves—tells how many bones you have in your bodies, where originates the circulation of the blood, what its mission is, that the power is in the system. This the sciences of particular physiology and anatomy tell you. But the science of human life, that consciousness in human existence which prompts it to understand and know that itself is alive. Life evidences, first, a power or cause of life; secondly, a thing to live; thirdly, an object to live for. The cause of life is called Deity, but what he is no one since time began has been enabled to understand or tell or solve. What his dwelling-place, his name, his form, is, no one can tell. He is called God, Deity, Lord, Jehovah, the embodiment of all life. He, or the spirit of life, everywhere present in the human form, he can never be separated from which we shall speak to-night. That life is mentally conscious—that is, you know that you are alive, you say. Then how do you know it? Why, you have five senses which tell you so. Are these five senses reliable? Can you understand from them any more of life than what the surrounding substances will give you? How do you know these substances are alive? If you touch them, they are material; if you touch them, they may give some evidence of life; if you see them, they may move. You see the trees grow, the animals move, you see all animated nature alive. How do you know that they live? How do you know that you are alive here to-night—that you think, and breathe, and move, and exist? How can you prove that you ever were created as living, breathing things, or that you will ever change or pass away, or that there is the slightest shadow of reality in your present existence? Now it may be supposed by you that we are venturing into the transcendental; but we are not, for we are dealing with the conditions of matter, that unless there is the principle of human life outside or superior to matter, you do not exist. What is matter? A substance which is known to exist by you, through the evidence of your senses, controlled by the intellect.

What is inanimate life? A condition of physical substance or matter which exists without any shape, form or object but to form the great masses of the earth's surface. What is animate life? The result and outgrowth of inanimate life—so say philosophers—the result and outgrowth of inanimate life, which exists in consequence of the progression of atomic principles and powers, and is arranged in a higher condition of created existence. What is human life? The scientific man will tell you human life is the apex of your creation, the combined elements of all principles that have existed beneath man, the result of physical progression. If animated life is the result of inanimate life, there is an inconsistency in the order of creation; for there is any form in nature, any form of the mineral kingdom, which is not animated with life, no animal life can grow out of it, there can be no production of animated life. Life can never proceed from death.

There is no such thing as one principle producing a second principle which is not in accordance with it. If animated nature is dead, you are dead; you are not alive; you do not think, and breathe, and live; you have not five senses; you have not physical form, muscles, sinews, nerves; you have not thoughts or feelings; you have not the brain; you have not the heart which beats; you cannot think; you are not here to-night; you are dead; you never were; all this vast universe is not in existence; you are dreaming; it is not a reality; you cannot be alive. If what is called inanimate nature lives, has embodied in its existence principles of life—if matter is really alive as matter, and exists from virtue of that life—then all outgrowths of matter are alive, and every condition of life is alive, and every change of matter is but another form of life, and every production of matter is constantly increasing perfect life. And you, as human beings, are alive, in your veins throbbing the pulse of life, in your heart is the motor-power of life, in your brain is the thought of life, in your soul is the comprehension, the exaltation, the aspiration of life.

You are all alive. The science of inanimate life is a silent yet constant reproduction of itself. The science of animated nature is a perfect, constant reproduction and advancement of itself. Wherever you see animated life, or organized life, there you will see reproduction. Wherever there is reproduction there is intelligence or consciousness. Wherever there is consciousness there is power of conceiving of the condition of its life. The wild flower which seems to grow from the absolute necessities of its condition, has consciousness, intelligence, power of life, and positive science of life, which strictly belongs to itself, and which in its own nature, it understands. Let us see. The small seed which is wafted by the winds from shore to shore, or is planted in the soil, seems to have no life. It is dead to all appearance. Place it within the soil, exclude the atmosphere from coming in contact with it, and presently the tiny seed will unfold and seem to die, whilst from its heart will spring a tiny shoot that stretches out toward the light, that parts the soil from above it, and catches the gleams of sunlight; then absorbing the sun's rays, the chemical properties of the atmosphere and the strength of the soil, it grows upward and upward until it reaches its blossom. Then forth from that tiny shoot, that green stem and leaf which seems to have no elements of blossom or bloom in its nature, there springs a beautiful flower, radiant with rays absorbed through the sunshine, perfect, more perfect than any artist's pencillings, beautiful, divine, glorious. But when the leaves drop, the flower fades away, the perfume vanishes;

yet in that small calyx is left not one seed, but a hundred, which when planted, when the Springing again comes, will produce not one flower of its kind, but one hundred, or one thousand flowers. Is not that a science, a power of life, a philosophy of life, an intelligence which causes that flower strictly to understand and comprehend itself and its purpose—all the conditions by which it is surrounded? A stone planted there never would grow. There is nothing in the soil that will make the stone grow, nothing in the sunshine that will make it grow into a flower.

There must have been some intelligence in the germ of that little seed, that caused it to spring forth and bud and blossom and yield a fruit in its own kind. So in animated nature. The bird of the forest, which seems to have no intelligence and instinct to control its action, first has a desire for protection, and next the protection of its offspring; and all the ingenious devices which an intelligent mother could conceive, are adopted by the bird, to protect her young. Shelter and food are all prepared. There is intelligence—intelligence of life adapted to the condition in which it lives, resulting from its own inherent life, and not from any outside condition. The leaves of the forest tree do not give the bird intelligence. The rain, the sunshine, and all the conditions which surround it, do not give it intelligence. These exist for everybody and everything. But the bird has in its own constitution an original stock of intelligence which belongs exclusively to itself, which it appropriates to its own purposes, uses and destinies. That is the science of bird life.

We follow, then, the vegetable and animal kingdoms through each and every department, and we find this chain of life, this link in the great, vast chain of universal life-principle in every department. We find that it is all traceable to intelligence and not to matter. We find that it is all traceable to a self-existent condition of life, and not to the materials through which life manifests itself. We find that birds and trees do not grow alike, though both birds and trees have sunshine and rain. We find that no two species or classes of plants or animals grow alike, though all have the sunshine, and all have the rain, and all have the broad, green earth, as their mother. They do not grow alike, and why? Because each and every separate and distinct department has a distinct and separate quality of life or intelligence in it. For each and every class of animal and vegetable and forest trees, for each and every class of substances that dwell upon the earth, there is a distinctive, a positive power of life, a science of life which belongs to itself and itself alone. Now this is applicable to human life. It is useless for men of science to endeavor to trace similarities between the human form and that of any animal; it is useless for them to see that the human race has originated in some class of animals similar to the ape or monkey. Why do not some animals originate now? Why, if there is not a distinctive and positive element of life in man that belongs exclusively to himself, why does not every department of the animal kingdom emerge itself into humanity, and there be apes or monkeys changing into man now, though we see many men that resemble them. We see no separate species of life merging one into the other; we do not see animals starting forth from trees and stalking abroad. We do not see any form of vegetable life changing into an animal. Therefore we do contend that for each and every distinct class or species of animated nature, there has always been a distinct class. There has never been a creation, one merging into the other. And we do contend, therefore, that the science of life is not understood, its present standard is not a true standard, it has not for its fundamental principle even the foundation of an absolute fact.

Therefore, as we have said before, human life in all its distinctive departments, with all the perfectness of its power, with all its principles of thought, with all the suggestions of its existence, belongs to our theme to-night. Human life is not the apex of the whole creation, but is a vast embodiment of the power, intelligence and principles that exist in the whole, a separate, distinctive, positive life, which ever has and ever will exist; which if once created must some time die; which if never was created will never die. There is one of these two propositions correct, and you may accept that which is most pleasing to you, though we will tell you which one we believe to be true. You have never seen a form of manufactured life that has not some time had an end, you have never seen a condition of creation that has not some time changed. Now if there has ever been a time when all the matter which is in existence was not in existence, there will also be a time when all that is now in existence will cease to be. If there has ever been a time when the absolute conditions that exist in the human mind or in the human creation were merged into the animal kingdom or belonged to the animal and thence into the mineral, there will be a time, as we said on a previous occasion, when man will cease to be, animals will cease to be, and annihilation ensue. But if there never has been a creation, then there never can have been an advancement in the universe. This is objectionable to you who are philosophers, you who are spiritualists, you who are progressives, because the idea of progression is the great idea of your faith; but it is not true. A flower may be said to progress when the seed which has blended in the soil grows up into existence, buds, blossoms, yields again its fruit, a flower, that has progressed; but every other flower which follows will be precisely of the same type. Therefore there is no progression in its kind, and no progression in its existence, for it has gone back to its previous condition.

Now we do contend that for every germ in nature there is a bud, a blossom, a fruit, but that each successful fruit will always be like its predecessor; that each successive principle in nature which produces a result will always produce the same result; therefore that humanity, that matter, that the universe as a creation, is not progressive. Why? Because no new particles of matter have ever been added to the universe; it is all full; there is no place to take from; there is no God outside that has a storehouse of matter to add it to this universe. There is no God within businesses; there has none been taken away. How then can it ever progress? It may change its form relatively to itself, and that may be one of advancement. Your life may not always have been as it now is—of course it never was—and still there was a time in its past history when it was just as perfect as it now is. There will be a time in its future history when it will go back to its germ, and then be recognized again. The successive course of nature is, first, a germ; second, the bud; next, the blossom, and then the fruit. When it yields its fruit, there is nothing more for it to do but commence over again. This you will at once perceive is correct, though it may be at variance with science and with theories, both mental, physical and theological. It is nevertheless true, according to the absolute reasonings of science. Therefore we do say that there has never been an Absolute progress, no member, you who are not as your forefathers were. You are not as your successors will be. But we do mean to say that when the present race of humanity has reached the highest degree of development of which it is capable, it will commence to decline, and that after it has commenced to decline it will decay,

and will in turn give rise to another which shall repeat through the same process the growth which you have been through.

We do pretend to say that for every period of development in the earth, which may embody thousands or millions of ages in its development, there is a germ, there is a bud, there is a blossom, there is a fruit; and when it has reached the ultimate of its condition, it cannot go beyond it. To illustrate: a man in infancy is imperfect, his limbs are feeble and cannot move rapidly, he has not strength, he has not reached his full stature of growth, his mind is feeble in proportion. He grows up to think, and still is not a man, has not reached the height of his perfection; he is in the bud of his existence, in early manhood; then, like the blossom in midday age or blessed manhood, the fruit begins to ripen; in old age the seed is fully matured, and the form, the man, all that makes up the physical, dies. Now that man cannot be any more than a fully perfected man. There is nothing beyond that condition to which he can attain, in physical life. There is no power, no condition of matter which can cause a flower when it has once produced seed to blossom again, until the seed has been replanted. So, we do say, that for each successive development of human life there must be a positive new commencement, there must be a perfection of what has existed previously. And thus each and every development of human life is predicated upon the absolute condition of all material life.

Now you may say that there is something beyond this, that there is intelligence in man, that there is soul, and that there is immortality. That belongs to the sphere of theology. We are treating absolutely of human life. There is intelligence, but we do submit that there is no more intelligence than is absolutely required to perfect the conditions of the life in which men live. None of you have too much intelligence. None of you have any intelligence to spare. You could not live as you do live, you could not conform to the conditions of life in which you exist, you could not perfect the design which you have in view, with any less intelligence. The very conditions by which you are surrounded call forth that intelligence from you. If you are required to do the thing which you do not understand, your intelligence at once sets to work for itself some new standard by which you can perform that thing. This is the way human intelligence has advanced. Look at science; what has that done? For each thought of humanity there has been a demand in the physical world; for each invention in science there has been a demand in the commercial world; for each desire and thought in religion there has been a demand in the moral world; for each invention of the human intellect there has been an absolute condition requiring its existence. Then that intelligence and that power and that principle which in man causes him to grow up from childhood to youth, from youth to manhood, and from manhood to decline and old age, is the same kind of intelligence that causes the flower to unfold, to bud, to blossom and yield its fruit. The only difference is that in man there is a greater quantity of intelligence than there is in the flower; not a difference of quality—for the same kind of intelligence produces always the same kind or class of results. If the flower had a different kind of intelligence from what man has, it would blossom first, without growing up, without being planted in the soil. But there must always be a commencement from the germ, and that germ must grow up and mature gradually. It must perfect itself according to the conditions of life by which it is surrounded, which are inherent, and for each and every distinct department of animated life there is some kind of intelligence. And it is that kind of intelligence which exists in the bird, the same kind which exists in the lion, the monkey, and the same kind which exists in man—but in man it is greater in quantity. In man there is a greater amount of intelligence, consequently there are more perfect results. These propositions may not seem in accordance with the known developments of science, yet we know them to be true.

We know that the intelligence in man as an absolute, self-existent principle, does not at all differ from the intelligence which exists in the sandstone, which neither seems to live, nor move, nor exist, excepting as an inanimate substance. We know that the same power of life which exists in the rock, the tree, the shrub, or the animal, exists in man. We know that the same science which will analyze the life in the one, will by positive necessity of its own existence analyze the life of the whole. We know that if man understands the science of his own life by positive analysis, he knows the whole science of all life. We know that, from the same principle, you may analyze one grain of sand from the seashore and know the properties of the whole. So you may understand from each kind of material in nature the properties of every material. Astronomers, through this principle, judge the planets; not by things which they know and have seen, but by things which they infer from what they have seen. All their speculations, and all their revelations, and all their advancements and calculations, are made with strict reference to what they have observed upon your earth, what they know of your own planet, and by comparison they know or infer what must exist with other planets. Therefore you may understand that the science of human life is that which applies to the conception of distinctive departments or classes of intelligence, but to a distinctive application of the same kind of intelligence that exists in all created things.

The object, as we have reasoned, of every kind of life, is to perfect as fully as it is possible its own kind. The object of the flower is to perfect as fully as is possible the seed, or germ which shall reproduce itself. The object of human life has always been, and always will be, to perfect as fully and entirely as is possible in any condition, the greatest qualities of which it is capable. There is no other object in your existence. You are not here as toys and play, things. You are not here to waste away your time, to be idle, and then pass away. But you are to perfect yourselves, your own race, your own spheres. You are here in the great economy of nature for the purpose of unfolding to the greatest possible extent of unfoldment the power of intelligence that is embodied within you. The object of all human life seems to be to happiness, but there has, as yet, been a universal failure in the achievement of that happiness, as happiness is simply a relative, not a positive condition of the mind, something which you may conceive of relatively, but which you do not know exists positively.

Now the true science of human life is the greatest amount of good to the greatest number of beings, whether man, animal, inanimate, or otherwise. But the great science of human, positive life, as applying to itself, is the greatest amount of good to the greatest number of human beings. Hence if one individual is happier than his fellow men, he is so at the expense of all the rest. If one man is more prosperous than another in business, he is so at the expense of somebody else. If one man is more successful in any achievement that belongs to human life, he is so by robbing somebody. But if all men are happy in their own absolute equity of life, they must be so from the absolute equity of the life which governs them. Understand this. We have said that the true science of life, or human life, is the greatest amount of good to the greatest number of people. This is proven in the history of all nations wherever there has been the most moral and virtuous, wherever there has been the greatest and truest religions, wherever art and science have been the most successful. There you will always see that the principles of government are in strict and equal principles belonging to the absolute elements of justice, that the greatest good to the greatest number is the motto, that individuals must sacrifice and must understand that they are a part of the whole, not living all alone. This is why republicanism is the government of your country. This is why universal equity is a law in its fundamental basis. This is why religion, Christian religion, is more perfect than other religions. The Christian religion teaches the greatest good to the greatest number of people. It presents things which the highest may understand, and which the lowest may hope for. It places kings on a level or below a peasant. It places rulers and tyrants on a level with humanity. It makes of every man a self-existent being. It makes of every human being a positive embodiment of his own kind. It makes of every

thought of goodness, whether it came from the lowest or the highest, a positive principle. It makes of every condition of life something to carry out the purposes of the divine mind.

What is commerce for? What is all the trade that exists in your city for? What all the international laws; what all the vast merchandise; what all the social laws that combine you so intimately together; what all the domestic life that comes nearer to your soul; what all the religious laws that seem to bind humanity all together? They are for the purpose of outworking the science of human life. You say you do not know how to live. You do know how. It is an absolute condition of life, your existence that you know how. The very fact of your living at all proves that you know how. Everybody knows how to live, but the greatest difficulty is, that everybody lives for himself, and does not live for anybody else. The greatest difficulty is, that everybody thinks he is the only person in the world that wants to live, or who lets live. Everybody thinks that his life, and his existence, and his social position, and his religion, is the greatest and the best in the world.

Wherever you may go, into whatever country, into whatever nation, city or street, there are human beings like yourselves, having a soul or principle of life—each one existing in its own condition of life; each one possessing thoughts, and feelings, and principles, and mind, and power, like yourselves; each one having an origin and destiny, and means of accomplishing the latter; each one depending upon his own resources and the conditions which surround him for his success in life; each one absorbing from the vast masses for his own existence, giving off something in return that may influence some other person; and all interblended closely together, belonging to each one, they make a part of one brotherhood, a portion of one creation. Why not live by eating and drinking and dissipation, by luxury and revelry and splendor? That is not life. What is eating for? To sustain life; but that is not living. What is drinking for? To add to the powers of life; but the drinking is not living. What is comfort for? To help to protect and sustain life; but physical splendor and luxury is not life. The things are not life that you sit upon, or recline upon, or which dazzle your eyes. They are not your life, but adapt them to your own condition, and they are simply to subserve the purpose of your life. Then luxury, and splendor, and wealth, and intelligence, and eating and drinking, and all the various departments of what is called human life, are not human life—they do not belong to human life—they are simply conditions which help to cause human life, but do not constitute it. You would be alive if you did not live in a splendid house; you would be alive if you were not surrounded with all the luxuries that you now are. You could live upon the simplest possible food, and by drinking clear cold water, without any wine, you could live in the simplest possible manner, with clothes to protect you from the inclemency of the weather. But you can live better and higher and truer by knowing more of the conditions of matter, and by adapting it to your conditions in life, by appropriating all these various forms and classes of life which exist around you to the requirements of human life.

Now the object of every science is to facilitate the means of life. The object of every theory, of every speculation, every business—so the business world say—is, that men may live. But while the few that revel in luxury are living a dead life, the masses, who are poor, are dying of starvation. While you are living in marble palaces, with velvet carpets that give back no sound of the footsteps, with luxurious couches with delicious viands that you do not require, and with which your appetite is satiated, the poor, who cannot live because you will not let them live, are starving for a morsel of bread. That is the science of your life. Your present science of human life is, first, to make all the money you can honestly—that is, do not rob anybody, unless it is necessary; but if you must, rob him—but get money; secondly, to keep all the money you get, or its equivalent in luxury; and, thirdly, satiate the physical body, whilst the mind is dying for want of food.

There is absolutely much more life in the poor, degraded man, who is drunk from force of society, who is desperate from force of human science, of social law, who is a drunkard, and has died a drunkard—but within him is a soul, a consciousness, a power of mind—than there is in the wealthy millionaire who revels in luxury, and trends his life under feet. But there is more human life, more soul, more positive life, in the mother who is starving with her babe, who is the wife of that drunkard, who watches until the lamp has burnt out, until the last candle dies in its socket—watches her babe dying for want of food, food which the millionaire has robbed her of, or which he will not let her have, or which he withholds from her—which is equal to robbery. There is more human life in that mother's life, in that mother's watchfulness, in that mother's trust, in that mother's hope and faith, than there is in all the tinsel luxury of the palaces of the revelry, which even the millionaire himself does not enjoy.

Now we always thought that if men made money, they would do it for the purpose of doing good. If you rob anybody, please to rob those who cannot or will not make a good use of the money they have. If you want to make money, get it from those who probably like yourselves least all they get, and get it for good. When you die, which you must sometime, you cannot take the money with you; and house, and carriage, and splendor, you cannot take any of these with you. Somebody will have it when you leave. All you want is to live, to exist, and that comfortably. All the rest of the money, and which will let other people live, the lands upon which they can live, with which they can produce the means of subsistence, money with which they can feed their minds in schools and colleges that are closed to them—all, all that excess of money, you should let other people have and live with. What do you live for? The greatest amount of good to the greatest number of people. What is government for? That all the laws in the moral and social and political standard of the nation shall be administered justly. What is social law for? That each and every member of society may enjoy the fullest benefits of the social institutions of your country. What is domestic law for? That each and every man may enjoy the full benefits of his own private conditions of life. Then what are all laws for? That each and every individual may realize the benefits of that administration—and the administration is first based upon a principle that there is something which requires to be controlled. Therefore in all departments of life, the great and only fundamental principle is, that everybody must live until death comes. If you live better than your neighbor, we do not mean that you are good or virtuous, or are more truthful than he is. But if you have more luxury than he has, if you have more splendor than he has, if you have any more wealth than he has, if you have any more comfortable substance, you are a robber, unless you design, in the acquisition of that wealth, to make it subservient to the great masses that have no money. Now there is enough food, enough land, enough space, enough money in all this vast country to feed, to clothe, to shelter, to give everybody a home, to give everybody the privilege of living.

Yet a few who are not living in soul, and do not wish any body else to live, cause death everywhere to exist around you. Live! that your lives may shine as brightly as the morning sun which beams for all; like the dewdrop which sheds its life upon the petal of flower, and lives that it may cause the flower to live; like the rain which is exhaled from summer skies, and is there distilled that it may, come again and refresh the earth and beautify the plants and trees; live so that in your life you may make some other life more bright and happy and radiant with the consciousness of joy and hope and love. Live to perfect each and every part of your own existence; live to shed the brightness of your radiance wherever you may go; live, that in your life you may not be dead, but thinking, acting, doing, yet all the while that others may live, too. What is the sun for? Do you suppose the sun would be in existence if there were no other planets, no other systems, no other orbs in existence excepting that one great sun, to live and shine there all alone for no other purpose than the exclusively selfish pleasure of shining? By no means. The sun exists as a

positive central thing in itself. In consequence of its existence and through virtue of that, various small planets revolve around it, each of which is more or less dependent upon another, and upon the sun exclusively, for its light and warmth. Therefore the sun exists there as the great benevolent centre of this vast solar system.

Do you suppose that you, as an individual, provided you could live upon the earth without any other human beings, do you suppose that you would ever have been created? What is the object of human life? Not exclusive, selfish, individual perfection, but absolute universal positive happiness. Therefore let every science and every philosophy and every law be subservient to this one great condition and problem of human life. Do good to somebody, do good to as many as you can. Do the greatest amount of good to the greatest number of people that is possible, and you will know more of true life, true enjoyment, and true science of life, than you have ever understood or thought of, or dreamed of before.

We have finished our discourse. We have only to thank the audience for their kind attention. And allow us to say that whilst some of our ideas may have been in antagonism to those which you have previously entertained, we have not designed them to injure. If any new idea, or new conception of life, of science, of the vast wonders which exist in creation, has been added to your minds, we are satisfied. If you have derived any benefit, any conception of goodness, any higher standard of virtue or moral excellence, any brighter ray of religion, of truth, then we are but the simple means, the instrument in the hands of that great Source of all intelligence, for bringing it to you.

Banner of Light.

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FRAUD IN BUSINESS.

It should be a perfect anomaly, that a people styling themselves pre-eminently Christian, are addicted to gross practices in the course of ordinary business intercourse that would disgrace a very tribe of Heathen. If the Christian principles have truly taken so strong a hold as is pretended, and their free force is felt in all the ramifications of the social structure, then, manifestly, a worthy proof of so desirable a fact ought somewhere and somehow to betray itself, and not always its melancholy and deplorable contrary.

Just let us look at the record. Hunt's *Merchant's Magazine*, a high and every way reliable authority in such statistical statements, avers in a late issue that when people read that the gold watches they buy have really very little gold in them, that the jewelry they purchase is one half of it bogus, and their gold and silver ware is not worth a fifth of the value set upon it, they are struck with the enormity of the fraud practiced upon them by dishonest dealers; but there are other frauds, which, though less extensive in single instances, are far greater in the aggregate, of which they are the daily victims. Shopkeepers frequently find their goods short in the specified numbers of yards in the piece. It was proven in an English court, quite recently, that a very distinguished maker of sewing cotton made up short spoils for certain markets. In the articles of sewing silk and knitting zephyr, we are informed, there is the same kind of fraud perpetrated, and, considering the enormity and universal use of sewing silk, this fraud must prove a very profitable one to the dealers. The standard weight of sewing silk is sixteen ounces to the pound. Custom has reduced this to twelve ounces. The practice of dishonest dealers is to put up five ounces to the pound instead of six, and in some cases four ounces, and even two ounce packages have been offered to retailers in this city to be sold as four ounce packages, with the assurance that this was becoming the common practice. In retailing sewing silk, weights are used which contain only twelve drachms to the ounce instead of sixteen, and some have as low as eight drachms only, the half and quarter ounces being proportionately reduced.

Here, now, is something, in the fashion of a statement of facts, that ought to stagger Christian credulity; yet we shall discover no signs either of astonishment or mortification at the publication of so thoroughly shameful a record, but rather, in their place, a sly and secret chuckle of delight that the eye teeth (as fraud is called) of men have begun to come through. This statement touches but a single and small branch of the subject; we might add others, still more disgraceful, of frauds in sugars, flour, meats, pickles in vinegar, wine, and all spirituous liquors even for domestic and occasional use—in every one of the necessary articles of life, beginning with the letter A, and not stopping till we reached the last letter of a long alphabet—in buying and selling, in promises and pledges, in representations, inducements, reasons and arguments—in modes of living and professions of respectability and honor—and, in fine, in all matters that at all concern or have to do with the common and uncommon transactions of the present social life which we are pleased to call civilized. It is an unfortunate inventory of acts, arts and practices, that publish only the fallen estate of our common humanity, and the showing should be given rather in sorrow than with indignation and in anger.

It has really reached that pitch where it is a ridiculous matter for a man to be so singular as to openly protest against this order of things, and one is even laughed and hooted at if he presumes to go

in any other way than the wide way that is at the present time so popular. A person who should openly declaim against the iniquity of this wholesale system of cheating, especially for the reason that public morals and character were sapped and destroyed by the practices engendered by it, would be accounted more odd and ridiculous than the man who would dress in a white suit of linen and a straw hat in the middle of January; so general has become the system of fraud in its daily operations, and so readily have men's consciences become hardened to the toleration of actual practices which they still continue to revolt at in theory. A man is called a fool who will not improve his advantage—as it is called—when he has it; and if he will not sand his sugar, nor water his liquors, nor come short in his weights and measurements, when he might just as well do so as not, for all of its being discovered and proclaimed, he is set down as a person who never will know how to grow rich, nor even to use his money to a profit if he should become so.

It is even thought singular—so far has this disease spread, and so deeply does it taint the morals of business—that a person should consider himself held by his word, if he can get away from that word's obligations by any ordinary twist of language, motive, or memory! The times are gone by when a man's word is thought reliable if it is only as good as his bond; now, it should be nothing at all, unless the bond gives it significance and character; and even the bond is skillfully got rid of when that is possible. So that, if we really wished to give ourselves the most extensive advertising for business purposes, in this day, we should simply do as we agreed, sell what we professed to sell, and deal uprightly with all men who come to us with their proposals. Such a character, once established—and it soon would be—would form the solidest advertisement possible to conceive of, because it would be entirely unique, nobody would interfere with it—a spade, at that place, would mean a spade, and a yard a yard.

The reason of this falling away in public morality is simply because low and unworthy motives are presented to men to be upright and honest, honorable and pure. They are virtually told that it is best to become so, because so it pays best; but the moment they discover a way that they think will pay better, they discard the homilies, and cut across lots to the profitable practice. If, however, a clean and clear character were proposed to all men, as worthiest their aim for its own sake—virtue being its own highest and purest reward, and riches or poverty, silver plate or homespun, having nothing to do with it—we should ere long find that morals had touched a solid rock bottom below these shifting quicksands, and that men would soon become what they profess, and even that everything like profusion was unnecessary.

USE AND ABUSE OF ORGANIZATION.

Any movement to be widely effective, for either good or evil, must be the result of organic combination and action. On this subject we may derive many instructive lessons from Nature. The wonderful phenomena of Life, Sensation and Intelligence, are only developed within the domain of organized existence. Plants, animals and men, all have their organs; every organ has its functions, and on the proper development, the true relations, and reciprocal action of these, the perfection of organized existence is made to depend. But a body that exhibits none of the phenomena of natural life—that being imperfect in structure and action, is not productive of the legitimate results of organized beings—a body that presents at best but a feverish and ghastly imitation of life, like the horrible contortions and spasmodic movements produced by galvanic action on a lifeless form—only the outward organisms which answer this description, would we lay quietly down to rest in the grave that opens to receive them.

The social, political and religious world, is—at least in part—peopled with these distorted and miserable forms of life. They are the unnatural and monstrous conceptions of ignorance and cruelty. The present social order is disorderly in its arrangements, and unsocial in its spirit; political institutions become the engines of oppression; while the popular Religion—all unnatural or supernatural—instead of promoting the true life and normal growth of the whole man, becomes a disease, alternately consuming the soul with intense fires, and anon driving it shivering away from God into a region that is cold and dark. If it be indeed to strike at these mere abortions of disorderly and undeveloped minds, then is Nature herself infidel, for she works by an invariable law the dissolution of all such organic forms as do not answer the natural purpose of their existence.

Some conscientious men are constrained to oppose the civil and political institution under which they live; not, however, because they are wanting in a just appreciation of the benefits of law and order; but it may be because the Government is arrayed against the laws of Nature and subversive of the rights and interests of Humanity. If they oppose the outward Church, it is not for the reason that they are irreligious in any proper sense, but rather because the institution itself is too narrow, earthly and sectarian in its organic structure, and its essential spirit, to promote the ends of a truly religious life.

We need not labor to preserve the old form in which Religion has been enshrined, but rather to lay hold of the risen Divinity that is going out of it. "The spirit quickeneth, the body profiteth nothing." It is far better to fall short, or to go beyond the acknowledged standard of opinion, than to be faithless at heart, and infidel in life. It is not Religion that we oppose, but a dogmatic sectarianism; and if we witness against the Church, it is not because the institution is religious, in a truly Christian sense, but because, in our judgment, it is not.

Moreover, we are not opposed to organized effort, when it is directed to wise and beneficent ends. And is it not possible to unite men in deed, to enlist them in a nobler service, and to animate them by a purer and loftier spirit, such as has never characterized the sectarian theologies of the world? Why may not the same powers and instrumentalities, so long employed in drawing division lines, in the erection of denominational barriers, and in fostering an obstinate dogmatism, be directed to the development of body and mind, to the elevation of the world? Such a work is really worthy of the unreserved consecration of all our powers. Whenever the Societies are ready to unite for such purposes; in short, when we find them actually striving together—in a fraternal spirit and regardless of party names and sectarian distinctions—to further the great humanitarian enterprises of the age, we shall not only approve of their objects, but it will be our privilege to rejoice in the fruits of their united labor. Moreover, we shall be happy to work with them, and esteem it an honor to occupy the humblest position which the wisdom of the Living Age may be pleased to assign to us.

NEW BOOKS.

THE WORKS OF CHARLES LAMB. In Four Volumes. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lea & Co.

In these elegantly printed volumes are contained the complete works—poems, dramas, and essays—of Charles Lamb, together with a Life of the unique and genial author, from the pen of his truly sympathetic and loving admirer, Thomas Noon Talford. We could not speak of the mechanism of these volumes save in terms of the highest praise; their neat and classic sumptuousness is as completely in keeping with their contents as any devout friend or devoted reader could desire.

It is late to present any estimate of Lamb, either as a man or a man of letters. There was a deep strain of philosophy both in his character and his occasional productions, that requires a corresponding spirit to measure and treat it. He remains to us one of those shadows in literary realms, that once gave the very profession of letters a half-superstitious sacredness, and shies and skulks away between piles of great tomes like the very ghost of a volume himself. Our childish reverence for that class of men has long ago passed, but still we love to look back after those half-familiar, half-supernatural characters, called authors, and recognize the shriveled figure of Lamb, his simple and Quakerish dress, as one of the most conspicuous of them.

We have no other writer in the tongue just like Lamb, nor one scarcely approaching him. Goldsmith had imitators, and loving students who copied his genial strokes and labored to perfect their expression after his incomparable pattern; and some there were, who, like our own Irving, betrayed their close relationship naturally and in an unmistakable way; but of Lamb, there are few even partially successful copyists, and fewer still who have entered into the state of literary or spiritual harmony with the man. He was, in a sense, bizarre at all points; his very humor, which was his strongest quality, being rich and yet unique, natural and still constrained almost to the limit of unnaturalness. He was not satisfied with giving you the pure ore of his fancy, or thought, but must needs fetch a proportion of the surrounding dirt and dross along with it in his hand, and moralize, in a funny way—sometimes droll, and sometimes pathetic, now witty, and now philosophic—on the strange incongruities that exist in all thought and action. Lamb presaged the coming of the more profoundly spiritual school of popular writers—men like Brookden Brown, and Hawthorne, and Poe; not altogether spiritual himself, yet hinting of what was in the future, as gold flakes on the soil betray the wealth of solid ore below. But he was a simple and true heart, after all; so full of fun and sadness, each so mysteriously married to the other—so witching in his style, quaint and semi-antique as it is, a style that creates even those thoughts that occurred to its author in reading—so thoroughly scholastic and literary, with a sensibility to learning as fine as Gray's, and yet as universal and coarse in his sympathies as any butcher's boy in a blue frock—enjoying everything possible to the human spirit, converting his very words into sources of delight for others if not for himself, making personal confessions that bring you at once into the friendliest, and even the saddest relations—and, as a whole, unsurpassed by any other writer in his native tongue, whose grace and whose strength he knew equally well, and under whose magic hand it has been made to express emotions that hitherto had but dimly and distantly drifted on the tossed seas of the human heart.

All lovers of English literature will desire to read, over and over again, the not altogether impartial, but the thoroughly generous and appreciative biography of Lamb, by Talford, who was well qualified to understand his subject. He has truthfully portrayed the patience, and long suffering, and silent heroism of the man who wrote the "Essays of Elia," and his sketch forms not the least of the attractions of these otherwise very attractive volumes.

THE CHRISTIAN MAN IN POLITICS.—A Discourse delivered in the Warren street Universalist Church, by Rev. T. B. Thayer, Boston; Abel Tompkins.

This is an earnest appeal to all men to give power heed to the demands of Politics, and not let matters pass into the hands of irresponsible persons. It is vigorous and able, candid and thorough. Mr. Thayer enjoys too wide a reputation to need any further mention in our columns.

THE WILL OF GOD TO THE INVALID, as revealed in the Scriptures. God's way of Preserving Health, and Restoring it when Lost. By W. Washington Evans, London.

The above title gives a complete idea of the purpose of this little pamphlet. The author is a physician of thirty years' practice, whose view is that true Religion keeps the body in health and the soul in perfect peace. It is full of excellent precepts and valuable suggestions, all in harmony with the great principles of health.

Miss Prescott's publishers, the Messrs. Tilton, announce a new book. In press, by the author of Sir Rohan's Ghost. A new edition of that remarkable book has just been issued.

Speak Freely.

If there are hypocrites in Zion who fear and tremble when a strong and unfettered spirit treads the courts of the temple, so there are intrepid souls who love truth and righteousness, and who will speak to encourage the weak and to rebuke the unworthy. It has long been the custom to write such men down as enemies because they speak the truth about the church, as well as to the church. Those daring teachers of men who fearlessly expose the corruptions that have fastened on its vitals, and all who have labored to check the disease that is festering at the springs of its life, have generally been branded as infidels, and the most erroneous and improbable statements respecting their views and practices have been freely propagated, in order to justify an unrighteous and senseless crusade against the liberty of thought and speech.

"Speak all thy thoughts, oh thinker, however'er Thou flout the speculations of the age, Its pet conceits or fantasies; speak on; Marish thy thought like phalanxes of horse; Scatter the idle dreamers of the time. The phantom hosts of popular ignorance Shall strike their cloudy tides, and silently Shrink to their own nonentity again."

Robert Chambers.

This one of two noted brothers, both authors and publishers, who have done so much good in their days as any two men in the wide world; recently received an invitation from several admiring friends in Philadelphia to partake of a dinner; but he modestly declined the proffered compliment, for sufficient reasons. These brothers have made Edinburgh famous for their valuable publications, "Chambers's Journal" is known everywhere. Mr. Chambers was in our office, but a short time since, and expressed himself much delighted with the new country he was for the first time visiting.

The Union of Italy.

In the progress of all great movements in the world, whether strictly religious, social, or political, there are times when, by some seeming accident, the entire action appears to be delayed, or, at least, to be turned out of its regular channel and made to subserve a very different design from the one originally aimed at. Such might be the present state of things in Italy. It looks as if some sort of conflict between Garibaldi and the powers of Sardinia were imminent, in which the entire hopes of Italy, thus far advanced on the road to political freedom, were fatally involved. And it may be so; politicians in these times are at no better advantage for casting future events than are the common people who possess ordinary intelligence, and what they pretend to predict is not much more likely to come to pass than what enters the guessing room of other men's brains.

It is, of course, to be devoutly hoped by all whose sympathies have been called out on behalf of Italy, that no such trial of will and brute strength will be entered upon between Garibaldi and the King of Sardinia; but even if such should be the case, it is not proper to say that it would necessarily result unhappily, for nothing does so result in the grand arrangement of Providence. "Whatever is, is Right," we know, viewed from the lofty standpoint of Almighty Power and Presence; but if man thus accepted it in its passing, bowing without a will or an endeavor to whatever he considered Fate itself, manifestly he would develop no individual power, nor become possessed of individual perception, nor cultivate individual conscience, nor make effort in any direction, nor be, do, dare, or plan, trusting to the shoulder of this Hercules of Fate to lift him over out of the mud.

Garibaldi is the hero of Italy—that must be conceded, just as Washington was of America. Napoleon did good, soldierly work for the people, and Victor Emmanuel has done still better; but both of them may be called boys, who were sent on in advance of the triumphant coming of the man Garibaldi. That occasional murmurings should be heard against the latter, only proves that it is our poor common nature with which he has to deal, and proves, likewise, that he is but a man among men long kept discontented and miserable. But the grand and general results will form the compendium of the story, and they alone are to be regarded. Perhaps a conflict between this bold popular leader, who answers so fully to the people's call, and the cabinet of Victor Emmanuel may be necessary, at this juncture, in order to fix in the popular mind a safe and consistent class of ideas respecting the value and meaning of popular liberty, and to prevent that which in itself is excellent, from degenerating into something even more fanatical and drunken than that vain semblance which made dizzy the mad mob of Paris, at the close of the last century. We do not believe that any such movements ever go backward, or ever can; if they appear for a moment to pause in their progress, it is that they may acquire fresh momentum, take hold deeper on the convictions and consciences of a people, and carry along all the elements in a progressive harmony to the consummation to be desired. We believe that Italy will yet govern herself altogether, and become a united, as well as a free, nation.

Unitarian Discouraging.

At the late Autumnal Convention of the Unitarians in New Bedford, a very lucid and convincing discourse was preached by Dr. Hedge, of Brookline, some of the points of which were as follows:—The earliest controversies in the Christian Church, it was assumed, were for the emancipation of the intellect from ecclesiastical rule, and these had been continued down to the present time. The rationalistic side was the side of faith. Opposition to authority was only the greater fidelity to Christianity. The genius of Christianity inclined to reason. By the term rationalism was not included that which rejected religion altogether, and for this negative term for unbelief, some other name should be provided. It was further said, Protestantism is historically and theoretically in contact with authority. The Bible in the course of time came to occupy in the minds of the people the same place which the Church had occupied, and the assertion of its infallibility in every word was as full as that of the infallibility of the Church. This authority of Scripture was incomplete without the examination of reason. Should he be asked, Was there, then, no infallible oracle out of the human breast; the consciousness of each one was the high tribunal of the last appeal. It was not necessary that we should be infallible. The absolute was not for man. Reason was the cause of faith, the necessary correlative of faith; in its proper nature identical with the truth of faith. In this he was far from maintaining that reason was a substitute for faith. Reason was not a discovery, but a verification of truth, designed to strike out human additions and corruptions mingled with the objects of faith.

Dancing and Calisthenics.

W. ARNOLD KNIGHT has recently opened three schools in this city and its vicinity, for instruction in the above useful accomplishments. His system of tuition in both branches has been highly commended by a very large number of our most influential families, and gentlemen interested in a true and healthy development of the young, including the school committees of several towns. In furtherance of his plans, and for the purpose of laying before the public the advantages arising from a study and practice of Calisthenics, Mr. Knight has issued a pamphlet containing the views of the most eminent writers of ancient and modern times. We cannot too strongly urge upon our readers, especially those who have children to care for, the importance of attention to this subject. Aside from the recreation—so important to the young—imparted, a course of lessons at Mr. Knight's schools will prove of incalculable benefit in giving health to the body, and ease and grace to its motions. A copy of the pamphlet may be obtained, without cost, at the Academy, Concord Hall, in this city; Lyceum Hall, Brookline; or at Elliot Hall, Jamaica Plain.

Photographs from the Sky.

Mr. Black, a well known photographic artist of this city, has recently taken two fine pictures of Boston at an elevation of twelve hundred feet, and with perfect success. We are now able to add another important item to the list of those bearing on the advancement of science, and to predict that this latest experiment will work out results in science, as in art, not at present expected.

Lecture Appointments.

S. B. Britton will lecture in Lowell on the first and second Sundays in November, and also on two evenings in the course of the intervening week. He will also speak in New Haven, Conn., on the third Sunday, (Nov. 18th), and in Williamstown the first Sunday in December.

The User.

Man is not free when he is given up to corrupt desires and vicious pleasures. Ignorance is slavery; every vice habit is a chain; and the bosom heaving with the excess of passion is the dungeon of the soul. Ah, how many dwell in this darkness, and attempt to hobble through the world with these shackles! If it be an outrage against nature to fetter a horse, why will Man endure a bondage that is more degrading? O Man, thou art a child of God! If even the brutes spurn their chains, be admonished to rise, in the dignity and consciousness of thy manhood, and be free. The exhortation of our spiritual poet (T. L. Harris) is more vigorous and impressive than the language of our command, and we copy the following from his "Gospel of Freedom":

"From the Pleasures that woo with their azure-veined arms,
But fetter the Soul in its sleep;
From the Shams that lurk in the wine-cup's red charms,
Like sea snakes far down in the deep;
From the sloth that doth eat and the flies that tear
The strength and the splendor from thee,
Arise as the lion springs forth from his lair,
In the strength of thy Manhood, be Free!
From the wolfish Ambition that learns thee to rear
O'er thy Brother's crushed spirit a throne;
From the thirstings for gold that would learn thee to fear
Thy warm heart till it hardens to stone;
From the darling distrust that would drive thee afar
From the natures all kindred to thee,
Come forth, as from Night comes the Morn's golden star,
In thy holiness come, and be FREE!"

Leaders and Followers.

It has been a mistaken idea with the advocates of various political and religious systems, and with almost all Reformers, that their respective theories have embodied all that either human or Divine Wisdom can devise for the world's advancement. Each in his turn has regarded his own idea or system as the incarnation of all conceivable excellence, and, perhaps, as involving the utmost limit of human progress. To say nothing of the absurd pretensions of political parties and factions, there is scarcely a religious organization in all Christendom that has not virtually assumed this position. This is apparent from the vain and arrogant manner in which they assert and defend their dogmas. The followers of Calvin, Luther, Wesley, Swedenborg and Morry, all appear to presume that their respective leaders accomplished the whole work of the Reformation, and that it only remains for them to follow their guides with an unquestioning confidence. We entertain the opinion that the Reformation will not be finished until Humanity is perfected; and it may be a long time first, if those who should be leaders are satisfied to be followers. The man who makes a discovery in science, or gives a practical form to a new idea,

Leads the great host; while those who simply talk
Of what men did, are laggards in the rear."

A New Medium in the Field.

Mrs. Isaac Thomas, of Bucksport, Maine, is a medium of much promise. She is but twenty years of age, and has spoken publicly but fourteen times. She recently delivered four lectures before the Spiritualists of Bangor, and acquitted herself nobly. She speaks in the wholly unconscious state, with closed eyes. She has a remarkable flow of language, and speaks rapidly during the whole of some of her lectures. In her four lectures, she represented four distinct characters; each one being an improvement upon the last, thus showing that she is easily controlled; also undergoing development; and she has the promise that she will speak with open eyes in a few months. So far as I am able to judge, I hesitate not to say, that she is bound to be one of the brightest stars in the line of trance lecturing mediums. I wish her much success.

A. W. BROWN.

The Prince at Richmond.

They say the Prince of Wales was used very roughly at Richmond, Va. The correspondent of the New York Herald writes that, "while examining the Houdon statue of Washington, the crowd surrounded the royal party, and annoyed them beyond endurance, while they insulted them with such remarks as he (Washington) 'socked it into you at the Revolution!' 'He gave you English squirts the cholera!' 'We reckon you do love Washington—oh, certain!'—until young Davis, the artist, turned upon them, and, aided by two reporters, managed to stop their insolence for awhile. But as the party walked toward the Senate Chamber, the crowd started on a run, and actually pushed them inside of the door."

A Message Veiled.

We have received the following note in reference to a communication published in No. 2, vol. 8, of the Banner:

LEVENETT, Oct. 14, 1860.

Messrs Editors—In the Banner of August 6th, there is a message from Thomas Lord, which is, or seems to be true. Thomas Lord was guardian for a relative of his (who is now in Levenett) during the last seven years of his minority. He says that Thomas Lord lived in Roxbury; owned a fine house, which was burnt, and he did a few weeks after. Thomas says that he is accused of injustice—he loved money too well. So this relative says.

Yours for the truth, ALDEN ADAMS.

Dr. Spring, of the "Old Brick," New York.

The New York correspondent of the Journal writes that the members of this venerable clergyman's (Presbyterian) parish have presented their pastor with a massive silver service, consisting of two immense solid salvers, two massive pitchers, and twelve silver goblets which are suitably inscribed. On one of the salvers is a fine engraving of the old brick church, and on the other an engraving of the new church. The whole is done in the best style of New Black & Co., and cost about \$33,300.

"Divine Art."

We are in receipt every two or three days of a package from Painesville, Vt., containing a "mess of nonsense," which we have not heretofore taken any notice of. If the party writing is honest, we advise him at once to stop wasting paper, ink, and time. If he has any other motive in sending them to us, we still advise him to use his time to better advantage. We do not say this in the spirit of unkindness, but to benefit the writer, whoever he may be.

Lizzie Doten in Boston.

Our friends will be glad to welcome this eloquent speaker and estimable lady again before a Boston audience. She is to speak in Allston Hall, the next three Sabbaths. Her subject for the first lecture—next Sunday—was recently written through her hand, as follows: "The Physiology of Sin," based on the text: "And you hath he quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sin." The lecture will illustrate the true art of healing.

whose acquisitions are of the earth elings to that sphere in which they can be best displayed, and will be most fully understood and rewarded. But when the influence of the angelic host is felt—when the avenues are widened and the channels are deepened through which thought can descend from the celestial home—when man can feel the breath of the loved ones who have passed from his sight, like gentle zephyrs wafted over his brow—when the tones of angelic voices come like the distant music of a harp, filling the ear with sweetest melody—when benedictions of spirit life do greet his quickened vision, then will the soul leap for joy—then will the purifiable things of earth divide into their relative insignificance—then will the aspirations for the higher flow in spiral waves from the lowliest child of earth to the Omnipotent Ruler of the heavens—then will man rise in his divine humanity, and claim his birthright with his brethren of the skies.

No longer a weary deliver in the dark workshops of earth, he will, on wings of thought, pass into the ethereal realm, and there gather in strength and vigor while contemplating the unspendable grandeur of that home which is eternal. He will then learn that the labors of earth are but the awakeners of his dormant faculties—that the trials of earth are but the quickeners of his intellectual powers—that the pleasures of earth are but the shadowy foretaste of the joys that await him. He will then not turn with disgust from the materialities which surround him, but, understanding their uses, will gratefully accept whatever experiences attend his earthly pilgrimage.

In all the past the power of Jehovah has been felt and feared; in the coming future the love and wisdom of the Father will be seen and acknowledged. While man deems his earth-life but a term of probation, to be followed by speedy judgment and sentence that may consign him to endless and infernal torture, we do not wonder that he looks with dread upon his judge, and with fear and trembling to the doom which, perhaps, awaits him. But when the trials of earth are seen to be only the primary lessons of the immortal spirit—which, like the worm which draws nourishment from the leaf on which it crawls, only to give vitality and beauty to the ethereal suture that wings its way among the flowers—when the earth-life is used only to bring into activity and blend into harmony all the many faculties with which man has been endowed, then will fear vanish, perfect love will be the inmate of his bosom, and, like the birdling which, when ignorant of its powers, made timid flights of limited extent, but, when grown, soars high into the blue empyrean, soaring songs of praise, his outpouring tribute to the creative power, so will man rise, with aspiration strong, to reveal amid the golden glories of the morning land.

Not by vain and specious interpolation, not by solemn ruses nor gaudy spectacles, nor by pompous ceremonies nor unmeaning professions, will man arise. This can only come from the direct action of divine law. The same force that binds man to earth lifts him into the heavens. Attraction is the universal law of nature, and when man casts his thought above the grosser world, the magnetic currents from his brain ascend and meet the flow of angelic thought, which ever streams in living radiance from the celestial home.

The brightest angel in the home of love cannot, however, penetrate with his thought-essence that mind whose action lies within the basis portion of the brain. Where only lower aims are cherished, where the acquisitive or the sensual organs only are brought into exercise, the spiritual faculties of the man lie dormant, and consequently impenetrable to the descending influence. The law asserts its power. The man grows strong for the time, in the sphere of his material labors; but the hour comes when earthly pulsations will not sustain immortality, when the indwelling spirit must seek its food in other fields—then, with vigorous effort, it awakens the latent functions of the brain.

As the newly aroused organs are brought into activity, scintillations, as it were, of light are projected into the atmosphere above the superior portions of the cerebral structure, and, being more subtle, more refined than the surrounding air, rise into the regions beyond, and there, as shining harbingers, are welcomed by those who are ever prompt to impart that knowledge which has been transmitted to themselves. These mental emanations from mortals are distinctly visible to spirits, and, like the electrical spark which clicks into the ear of the telegraphist the wants of some distant one, so do these glistening thought-sparks carry to the dwellers of the eternal land the desire of the pilgrim below, for knowledge of that home to which he is hastening—for knowledge of that God from whose creative hand he came. Man lives but in his thought, and thus do angels live. Thought answers thought, and from the radiant heights descend the currents of magnetic fire, which, falling upon the now sensitive brain, implant rich, glowing images of spirit-life.

This chain comes of itself, with every link complete, is the bright ladder which the ancient Hebrew saw, with angels passing to and from the gates, and ascending between the heavens and the earth; and Jacob's dream was but a prophecy of that which now is fact.

Not by miracle—not by special interpolation of the Divine will—but by the unceasing action of this constant principle of Deity—by the force of this immutable law of attraction, which is ever drawing the weaker unto the stronger, the lower unto the higher, and with resistless power is ever molding in forms of beauty the crude material which nature offers to her God for the adornment of that vast temple of the Infinite—ILLUMINABLE SPACE.

Written for the Banner of Light.

TRANSCENDENT MUSIC.

Gently stealing o'er the senses,
Wafted from the spirit-land,
O'er the heart delicious mists
Wrought by some angel hand.

And I listen, rapt and joyous,
For I know that pensile strain
Comes from one who loves me fondly,
Sent to soothe my aching brain.

Like the touch of some sweet angel,
Falls it on my troubled breast,
Filling all my soul with gladness,
Gently moving me to rest.

Sometimes, in the solemn midnight,
Comes it, floating on the breeze,
Peeping like a distant organ,
Moaning saddest symphonies.

And anon, in gushing sweetness,
Joyous as a Seraph's song,
Sings it, like the lark in morning,
Glancing merrily along.

Up and down, before and after,
On the earth and in the cloud,
Now like mirthful maidens' laughter,
Now like trumpet, clear and loud.

And my very soul seems blending
With its mystic, heavenly strains,
Till, of all life's cares and sorrows,
No sad memory remains.

Then a trance-like, blissful feeling
Through my being elds and flows,
And immortal longings thrill me,
And my heart with rapture glows.

All I see I may not tell thee,
All I feel I may not speak,
But a spirit mouth is printing
Kisses on my glowing cheek.

Softest eyes are beaming on me,
Hands I loved are clasping mine,
And a voice of sweetest music
Murmurs, "Ever, ever thine."

And I know this blessed spirit,
From her glorious home on high,
With her welcome and such music
Will receive me when I die.

MOVEMENTS OF LECTURERS.

Parties noticed under this head are at liberty to receive subscriptions to the BANNER, and are requested to call attention to it during their lecturing tours. Sample copies sent free. Lecturers named below are requested to give notice of any change of their arrangements, in order that the list may be as correct as possible.

Mrs. AMANDA M. HARRISON will lecture in Quincy, 4 Sundays in Oct.—Cambridgeport, 4 Sundays in Dec. Philadelphia, 4 Sundays in Jan.—Providence, 4 Sundays in Feb. Taunton, four Sundays in May. Address, the above places, or New York City.

Mrs. EMMA HARRISON will lecture in Milwaukee, Chicago, and several places during October. Address care of Zion Day, Milwaukee, and Russell Street, New York City. In November in St. Louis. Address care of A. M. H. Harrington, East December in Terre Haute, Columbus and Cincinnati. January and February in Mason, Georgia, and other Southern cities. In March and the following months in Boston and the East. General post office address, No. 8 North Avenue, New York.

VANDEBILT Lectures the third and fourth Sundays of Oct. in St. Louis, and second and third Sundays of November, in Detroit, Mich. From Nov. 13th to 16th, in Delphi, Ind. From Nov. 20th to 25th, in Atlanta, Indiana. From Nov. 27th to Dec. 3d, in Richmond, Ind. Second, third and fourth Sundays of Dec. in Detroit, Chicago, and St. Paul. He will receive subscriptions for the BANNER at Club prices.

Dr. L. K. COONLEY, and wife, will soon return West and South, and desire to go by way of New York City, Philadelphia, through Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and thence down the Ohio River. Friends on this route wishing their services as clairvoyants, and lecturers, or as a trance speaker, are requested to address him at the BANNER or Light Office, or to call on him at No. 10 G. Street, New York City.

M. B. STOKES will fill the following engagements, and the intervening Sundays can be engaged at any place not too far distant from those announced, by application to him at New Haven, Conn., or at the following places: in Boston and Baltimore, Md.; two first Sundays in Jan. 1891, at Portland, Me.; two first Sundays in April at Providence, R. I.

JOHN H. RANDALL, announces to the friends of reform and liberal sentiment, in the West, that he designs making a trip through the Western States, and will be glad to communicate with the friends who desire to have an opening on railroad routes, to get ahead. Address, for the present, Cambridge, Pa.

Mrs. J. W. GARDNER will lecture in Oct. at Oswego, N. Y.; in Nov. at Oneida, N. Y.; in Dec. at Milwaukee, Wis.; in Jan. at Lyons, Mich.; in Feb. at Elkhart, Ind.; in March at St. Louis. She will return to the East in April. Applications for engagements should be made early. Address Box 315, Lowell, Mass., or at above.

Mrs. ROSA T. ANDREX will lecture in Birmingham, N. Y., during the month of October; Troy, N. Y., during the month of November; after which she will return to her home in New York City. All letters addressed her will be received due attention.

Mrs. B. E. WARDEN's post office address during the month of October will be No. 10 G. Street, New York City. In Nov. in Toledo, Ohio, the four Sundays of November; in Elkhart, Ind., five Sundays in Dec. Those who wish to secure her services for winter and spring of 1891, will address her as above, or at St. Louis, Mo.

N. FRANK WHITE will lecture in Toledo, Ohio, Oct. 21st, and 28th; Lyons, Mich., through Nov.; Chicago, Ill., Dec. 21st and 28th; Detroit, Wis., 18th; Janesville, Wis., 23rd and 30th; Milwaukee, Wis., throughout January. For week engagements made in advance will be attended to.

Mrs. FANNIE DUBANK FELTON will lecture in Hartford, Conn., on Sundays Oct. 21st, and 28th; in Milford, Ct., Nov. 4th and 11th; in New Haven, Conn., Nov. 18th and 25th; in Putnam, Conn., Dec. 2nd, 9th and 16th; in New York City, Dec. 23rd and 30th. Address as above, or at Northampton, Mass.

Mrs. M. L. MILLER will speak in Lowell, Oct. 21st and 28th; in Portland, Me., Nov. 4th and 11th; in Taunton, Nov. 18th and 25th; in Weymouth, Mass., Dec. 23rd and 30th; in Boston, Dec. 31st. She will answer calls to lecture week engagements. Address, Hartford, Ct., or at above.

Mrs. L. E. DEANE lectures at Grand Rapids, Wis., Oct. 24th, 31st and 7th; in Milwaukee, Wis., Nov. 1st, 8th, 15th, 22nd, 29th, 5th, 12th, 19th, 26th, and 3rd; in La Crosse, and Decatur, Iowa, Nov. 1st, 8th, 15th, 22nd, 29th, 5th, 12th, 19th, 26th, and 3rd. Will receive calls to lecture in the South during the winter. Address as above.

GEORGE M. JACOBSON, trance speaker, of West Watervort, N. Y., will speak at Watervort, N. Y., the second Sunday in Oct. at Northville, N. Y., the third Sunday in Nov. Friends in Central New York wishing his services will please address accordingly.

E. WILSON's address is Detroit, Mich. He will receive calls to lecture on Spiritualism, in Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, and Canada West. Mr. Wilson is agent for the sale of the Miller and Grimes' discourses; also that of Loveland and Grimes.

Mrs. ELIZABETH LOW, trance speaker, of Leon, Ontario, Canada, will lecture at Elkhart and Ruggs' Corners, (Ontario, Can.) every fourth Sabbath. She will answer calls to lecture in Ontario, New York, and other places. Address, as above.

Mrs. H. M. MILLER will devote one half her time to lecturing wherever she may have calls; she is engaged permanently one half the time for the coming year. Address, Ashabula Co., Ohio.

Mrs. A. W. SPENCER will speak at Watervort, fourth Sunday in Oct. at Watervort, the first three Sundays in Nov. at Watervort, fourth Sunday in Nov. at Watervort, through Dec. at Watervort, through Jan.

CHARLES T. HENRI, intends to labor in New Hampshire and Vermont, this winter, and (requesting his services) will address him at Watervort, N. Y., the first Sunday in Nov. at Watervort, the second Sunday in Nov. at Watervort, the third Sunday in Nov. at Watervort, the fourth Sunday in Nov. at Watervort, the fifth Sunday in Nov. at Watervort, the sixth Sunday in Nov. at Watervort, the seventh Sunday in Nov. at Watervort, the eighth Sunday in Nov. at Watervort, the ninth Sunday in Nov. at Watervort, the tenth Sunday in Nov. at Watervort, the eleventh Sunday in Nov. at Watervort, the twelfth Sunday in Nov. at Watervort, the thirteenth Sunday in Nov. at Watervort, the fourteenth Sunday in Nov. at Watervort, the fifteenth Sunday in Nov. at Watervort, the sixteenth Sunday in Nov. at Watervort, the seventeenth Sunday in Nov. at Watervort, the eighteenth Sunday in Nov. at Watervort, the nineteenth Sunday in Nov. at Watervort, the twentieth Sunday in Nov. at Watervort, the twenty-first Sunday in Nov. at Watervort, the twenty-second Sunday in Nov. at Watervort, the twenty-third Sunday in Nov. at Watervort, the twenty-fourth Sunday in 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Pearls.

And quoted only, and few live words long,
That on the stretched forefinger of all time,
Sparkle forever."

Between ourselves and our desires, too oft
We build a wall impregnable. We turn
By futile artifice what honest skill
In either world alone effect. Struggle on
And up the mountain, heavenward lift,
Should be the chosen path, however far
The goal may be; to reach it wants but will
To trust in God, and patient courage drawn
From honorable purposes. Hard may be
The track, and steep the climb, but walls are none
Of mortal clay, but only eyes are so.
These words of truth light-written in the sun—
"The path of duty runs up the hill."

Philosophy alone is the remedy for all the infirmities and all the diseases of the mind.

October skies are misty, cool and grey,
The stubbles emptied of their latest sheaf,
The meadow of its mounds; a noble grief
Has beautified the woods in their decay;
How many colors on the falling leaf
Encouraging our solemn life to-day,
Whose afternoon is hushed and wintry brief,
Only a rosin dews from any spray,
And Night needs her pale cold moon, and spills
White mist around the hollows of the hills,
Phantoms of earth or lake; the peasant sees
His cot and stackyard, with the homestead trees,
In-lanquid; but no vain terror thrills
His perfect harvesting; he sleeps at ease.

(William Allingham.)

If we exhaust our income in schemes of ambition, we shall purchase disappointment; if in law, vexation; if in luxury, disease.

"It is sweet to see the smiling buds forsake
Their burial urn, and every flower awake;
All things renew themselves for Love's sweet sake.
Germ of the Spirit, sown, for ages long,
In human hearts, with prophecy and song,
To shall awaken, too—a shining throng."

T. L. Harris.

It has been truly said that worry kills more than work. It is not a conflict with the actual evils of life that exhausts us, but our conflict with imaginary evils.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

BOSTON SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE,
TUESDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 16.

QUESTION.—"What effects can intoxicating agents have upon the spirit and soul of man?"

LYNDEN BROOKS, Esq., in the chair.

JACOB EYSON.—The human soul is an offspring, an outbirth, embodying in proportion to its degree of unfoldment the power that begot its conception and bore it into being. It is an organized form, composed of material and spiritual substance, including the life and its means of manifestation. There is within the human soul an infinite depth of mentality and spiritual wealth; but this interior substance is not affected by the human soul. It is perfect in a sense that cannot be affected by any conditional being or influence, but affects each and every condition or influence in proportion to their susceptibility. This indwelling regent is not the human spirit, though it permeates each department of our triune being, affecting our spirits, souls and bodies. The divine essence or absolute being within is no more a part or parcel of the human soul before it is individualized or unfolded than the future oak is a part and parcel of the bursting acorn that is beginning to be. The human soul, like the growing oak, is dependent upon the inmost cause of its existence, its interior and external self-surroundings and influences for what it is and is to be. Every act, desire or thought affects the soul. Every idea of truth, accepted by the soul, affects its love element. Everything within the soul's sphere affects it for good or evil; is a saviour of life unto life, or of death unto death. There are ideas of truth that exalt in excellence our most interior capacity to perceive. Not being born into these spheres of good or spiritual perception, we cannot apprehend them, and are not affected by them beyond our receptivity or capacity to aspire. There are external conditions of being from which we feel repelled. We would not combat against these conditions. We would not combat, or in any manner injure the souls in them. If we are progressed beyond these souls, above those conditions, they cannot injure us; we cannot be affected to our injury by them. If we are not progressed beyond and above them, we need their effects to spur us on to more interior activities.

There are literal or external ideas of good and truth, that do not affect the progressed soul, which affect other souls (equally good by nature) not unfolded beyond their sphere of infection. The progressed soul does not contend against the means used by others. It does not combat the unground soul that uses pork, tobacco, opium or hashish; that drinks tea, coffee or alcohol. The progressed, spiritually-minded soul distinguishes between the crime and the criminal; loves the one, though repelled by the other.

Temperance (not total abstinence) is the great virtue that permits charity the greater to manifest itself. We honor the man who, from conscientious scruples, eats no more meat, lest he cause his brother to offend. We see in such a soul a moral element that is prophetic of superlative goodness which, blended by hope, faith and charity, must unfold a star in the spiritual firmament. Alcohol, opium or hashish, may induce conditions that permit the spirit to see into the future; to perceive the spiritual beauty or interior blessedness that awaits the patient, practical soul, which attaches his affections, his guidelines of life, through receptive aspirational desires, upon the most interior conceptions of good. Artificial stimulants may break down the barrier which hides the garden of Eden, and enable the soul to look into the future, to perceive the beauty of the land it does not possess, and cannot reach by any kind of artificial climbing. This process of breaking down the barrier that hides the future from our view, involves dangerous and destructive experiments. Millions of souls have gone over the dam into the yawning gulf of deep and dark despair, who do not wait to be summoned from their infernal abodes to testify upon the subject. They come, uncalled, to participate with the libertine, and warn him of his danger. Each participation in these unnatural inducements exhausts the power of the soul to obtain the good perceived. It excites and unfolds the animal passions, weakens the spiritual capacities and develops the animal, the brutish proclivities. Such experiments continued, kindle in the soul the fires of hell, which must burn on and on, until we quench the evil by stopping the supply.

Alcohol, as a medicine, judiciously administered, may be one of the greatest blessings given to man. As a beverage, in any of its forms, it is a seething scourge that sweeps over the individual like a flood of liquid damnation, perverting the channels of life, sweeping away the fairest plants that ever blossomed in the human soul, leaving its mentality a moral

wreck, a barren waste; its affections an inflaming flame; its heart a mental cavern, a polluted pool, a cage of unclean and creeping things, associates for the worm that can never die.

DA. CHILDS.—Human desires govern human actions. Human appliances are only dams built across the river of human life, made up of desires on which we sail to heaven. Reform societies are dam builders, that try to stop the flow of natural desires.

I find that the cause of all diseases lies in the obstruction of natural desires. Let a human desire be thwarted or obstructed, and a ripple is made on the surface of the river of life. This ripple is disease, and it is produced by opposition, by restraint. Were there no antagonisms to the flow of natural desires, there would be no such thing as disease; either physical or moral. But this opposition, and restraint is a necessity to our present condition of life, so disease is right and is in its place; it helps us on to heaven. Intoxication is disease. Temperance reforms, it is believed, lessens the prevalence of drunkenness. This may be so for a time. But I cannot doubt that all temperance movements, that have restrained appetites for drunkenness, have in blindness sowed the seeds that will spring forth in the future, and do spring forth now, bearing the fruits of drunkenness. Temperance efforts have blindly done more to produce and continue drunkenness than all other causes. This conclusion is based upon facts, one of which is, excessive drunkenness is always the effect of previous abstinence from drinking. Build a dam across the Merrimack river, and thereby the waters may be for a time impeded in their flow. Build the dam of temperance reform across the current of human desires, made of resolutions and pledges, and the currents will be impeded in their flow for a time. But anon, how the accumulated waters will bear upon the dam; how they will rush and fall over it with foaming, surging fury. So it is, so it was, and so it will be, when the currents of natural desires are dammed and restrained.

Intemperance is but the dashing and foaming fury of dammed up desires finding an outlet somewhere. Water will run, and desires will flow in defiance of all that men can do. The laws of nature govern in spite of all human efforts. Desires will run the same as waters do. The great temperance movement that has been, is a dam that dams natural desires, and is now, and has been, producing terrible falls and splashes of inebriety. This is all well, and right, for the stream of time flows not with an even, peaceful flow, always. There are long meadows of beauty through which it flows; and there are what we call "dangerous" falls over which it runs in rapid fury, unbroken. The soul of man sails on this stream of time; and each soul is a mariner; and its captain of its own bark; and an angel pilot is aboard of each; and God himself hold the rudder. The dashing falls of intemperance bear the soul on to the great ocean of eternity certainly no less rapidly than the temperate sober flow where the waters almost run stagnant with peace, and in their flow become turbid with mud and slime. It is the glistening drops of agitated waters that reflect the sun flashes of intuition brightest; that glisten the purest from mud and slime in the pure light of heaven. Running waters reflect the light of heaven clearer than stagnant, slimy pools. A running desire is spirit awake, alive; a turbid desire is spirit inactive, asleep. Groans of condemnation come from turbid desires; never from running desires. Intuitive souls don't condemn. Condemnation is but the audible dreams of sleeping men, and we say that dreams are most always but the delirium of animal life—while the soul without our knowledge wanders with angels in paradise, for education. Intoxication makes the running desires of humanity run clear of mud and slime, and glisten brighter in the pure light of intuition.

Now you need not say that what I say influences intoxication, for so long as the soul of man needs the mud of earth to germinate in, so long an unseen power will hold him there. So long as man needs to sleep in the fog of swamps and meadows where desires run sluggishly—so long he will do so.

The soul's growth and development cannot be measured by the carpenter's square or the salesman's yardstick. It is a foggy idea to think that we can tell what a man's soul is by the appearance of his physical being to our sensual eyes. To say that a man's soul is bad because there are holes in his coat, patches on his trousers; because there are carbuncles and old cleatrics on his skin; because he don't talk as "I" think, is to talk from that vapory standpoint, where human desires flow sluggishly through mud and slime.

The drunkard has passed ordeals that other souls have yet to pass. The drunkard has spiritual unfoldings that the temperate man has not. The control of drunkenness is as much beyond the control of the human will as the power of gravitation is beyond the control of man's agencies. Treat drunkenness in this way and you will cure it—but drunkenness will never be cured by the means that have been heretofore used in temperance reforms.

MR. BAKER.—Dr. Child says, if you dam up desires, you cause disease. I think the gratification of human desire causes more disease than any cramping of desire in the world. Does not the gratification of any faculty—eating, drinking, or anything else, produce disease on the body and soul? If Dr. Child means anything by his argument, he means that gratification of desire cannot affect the soul. But intoxication does injure the soul in this world; and if the soul is anything to the man, it is affected by it hereafter. If it destroys him here, it must be so in the world to come.

RICHARD THAYER followed Mr. Baker; and it may not be amiss for the reporter to remark that Mr. T. is a representative of that class of intellectual pugilists who often frequent this Conference, and are always ready and eager to exhaust the allotted ten minutes in remarks generally rambling and aimless—and often with the prefatory observation that they know nothing of the subject upon which they are to speak. We have, said Mr. T., more important business to attend to, than to criticize Dr. Child's views. I don't feel that I could descend so low as to notice what he has said! It seems to me one of the most deleterious effects of intoxicating forces, is seen in the fact that they very often blind people to the result of their own actions. It used to be believed that liquor increased the physical and moral strength of men. But, thank God, that time has gone by.

DR. T. JOHN LEWIS.—Mind is spirit, spirit is soul, and soul is God; and if the notion of the soul is changed by any outside influence, I believe God must be changed also. I believe Pope wrote "What ever is, is right," because the metre would not allow him to verify the whole idea; but he meant to say that "whatever is right is right, and whatever is wrong is wrong." My experience has taught me that the use of tobacco impeded spiritual influences. When the body is purged of all noxious food, there

will be room enough for spiritual control. Purty produces this result.

RICHARD BURNES.—As to the effects of liquor on the soul hereafter, we have no positive knowledge. All we can know, is by analogy. The most of those who meet here, believe the soul lives hereafter. Let us ask the question if intoxicating liquors affect the soul here. I believe every thoughtful man must admit it, without the need of argument. The day is not very far distant when those who now are here will go hence. What will be the experience of the soul in making that change? The most of those who meet here, believe the brain is the organ of the mind. Can there be any question that intoxicating liquors do affect the mind? You know what fantastic tricks and crimes, even, men are capable of when under the influence of intoxication; and if this is the case here, it seems to me an unavoidable inference that it must be so hereafter. I don't wish to be capricious, though I have been charged with the desire. Dr. Child has much of truth in his remarks. We know that the total prohibition of the use of anything, creates a desire to override the prohibition. I don't believe the tree which bore the forbidden fruit in Eden was any more beautiful than other trees, but the very fact of the prohibition excited the desire to taste the fruit. The human mind cannot in any way be compared to a river, for every human being is influenced or controlled by some other.

S. S. RUSSELL.—I recognize in man only two parts, (and two are more than I can comprehend), the spirit or intelligence, and the body or house. Now, sir, if the spirit and body be distinct parts, (and most of us will admit that), then I hesitate not to say that intoxicating agents have no effect whatever upon the intelligence or spirit of man. You say prove all things. Try to do so; but what may appear evidence to me, of a position, may not appear so to you. I have said that the real man, or spirit, is not affected by rum or any other substance below him, for the reason that everything depends upon his organization. All manifestations which come through the organism of man, whether they be high or low, vicious or good, God-like or animal-like, depend upon the quality, the workmanship, the capacity, and the harmoniousness of the house through which the spirit manifests itself, and not upon the quality of the intelligence or spirit. Spirit, it seems to me, is a substance, the quality of which, is everywhere the same; over active, ever intelligent. It approaches us unasked for, spontaneously, whenever our houses are in order; consequently the quality of the spirit which moved a Gibbs and a Nero, and that which moved a Howard and a Malanthon, is the same.

I shall first try to prove that all mind or spirit is of the same quality, and that everything depends upon the organization. This being done, I will prove that intoxicating agents have no effect on the mind. We live in a neighborhood where the inhabitants are accustomed to using too much of that which is intoxicating; we enter the dwelling of one, and find the head of the family the worse for using this intoxicating agent. How does he appear? He appears ugly and destructive; he begins to whip his children and abuse his wife; in a word, he is more destructive than he was before he partook of this agent. This is enough to say of this man. We enter another dwelling; we find the man in the same situation. How does he appear? He appears silly and good-natured; he would not hurt a hair of your head; in a word, he is more kind than he was previous to this indulgence. We enter the third dwelling, and find the father or head of this family as we found the others. How does this man appear? He appears poetical, or perchance full of music; in a word, he sings more than he did previous to being in this unfortunate state. We enter the fourth dwelling, and witness the same sad condition of the family. What are they doing? The father is continually praying and talking upon the subject of religion; is somewhat delirious upon this subject; in a word, he is more religious than usual. Now, sir, no one will deny these observations, for all have seen the different effects of this agent upon different organizations. Now the question arises, why does not this agent have the same effect upon all? It seems to me that all must admit that it is owing wholly to the difference in organizations. Now, then, if these different manifestations are owing wholly to the different organizations, then it cannot be that these varied manifestations, coming through different organisms, show themselves in consequence of the effect which this agent has upon the mind or spirit. If these different manifestations come in consequence of different organizations, then they come not in consequence of the different quality of spirit. Admitting that these different manifestations take place in consequence of the difference in organizations is proof conclusive to my mind that all spirit is of the same quality, and also that intoxicating agents have no effect upon the mind.

Some may deny that there be any difference in organizations, and contend that these different manifestations are the effects of the different qualities of spirit. My reply to such views are, that the science of phrenology demonstrates that through certain marked or formed heads, similar acts and thoughts are always manifested, proving that it is not the quality of the mind which causes these varied acts and thoughts, but owing wholly to the house through which the spirit acts. Again, we might as well say that the power or the combined forces which give life to the innocent and frolicsome lamb, and the forces which give life and power to the most destructive of all beasts, the lion, are different in quality, as to say that all human mind or spirit is not of the same quality.

The cause of all motion, all change, all growth, is intelligence. Now, in your garden there is corn growing and fast coming to maturity; you commence pouring upon it a small quantity of boiling water, daily; it droops, and by and by becomes lifeless. Now it is no evidence that the intelligence which caused this corn to germinate and grow was affected by this poisoning process of hot water; neither is there any evidence that the intelligence which is the cause of our life and growth can be affected by any poisonous substance which may have caused our premature death.

An unharmonious organization is evidently a state of unhappiness. Now the effect of intoxicating agents upon man is to make his organization more unharmonious; consequently we are more unhappy by its use. A person in whom the animal powers are large—so large as to have all others in subjection, as a general thing—such a person, I say, when under the influence of these intoxicating agents, will appear much more like an animal than when freed from this agent, for the reason that it does bring into excessive exercise all the powers of man; consequently it must make the unharmonious person more imperfect or unharmonious. The same can be said of the man who was found praying, and all other marked organizations. This man had strong

religious faculties, and they governed him altogether when under the influence of this agent, and nearly so when freed from it.

Do all of us now see the philosophy of a good man becoming a better man, (for a certain length of time only), and a wise man a wiser man, and a vicious man more vicious, when under the influence of these intoxicating agents? It is said that Webster was more eloquent and powerful, after drinking his glass of brandy; but this attestation is not lasting; if it is persisted in, destruction of the house is inevitable, and he that was made wiser and more God-like by the first indulgence, will at last become idiotic. Like the fruit tree, it bears more abundantly after the first application of its required stimulus or compost; but if this application be continued year after year, in abundance, death or decomposition of the tree is certain.

MR. CUSHMAN.—That intoxicating liquors have an effect not only on the bodies and minds of men, but their souls, is a fact which seems to be corroborated in every experience. Just in proportion as the mind is affected, the spirit must be, though some are affected in one way, and some in another. Intoxication affects men differently. You say it is the result of a different organization; but this is not so, for one under the influence of liquor is pious at one moment, and delirious and profane the next. The reason is, because the brain is effected in different parts. When a man's brain is diseased, it is impossible for him to reason, correctly on any point. If all intemperate were under a state of intoxication, how could we ever know the manifestation of a sane mind?

Same question next week.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

MISS FANNIE DAVIS, AT ALLESTON HALL,
Sunday, Oct. 14, 1880.

AFTERNOON DISCOURSE.

After the choir had sung an appropriate hymn, and the medium offered an elegant and choice invocation, another hymn was sung, and the medium announced her subject as "The Difference between Intellectual and Spiritual Greatness, and Intellectual and Spiritual Beauty."

She said: The good and beautiful must ever challenge our admiration; and in an age of blessings like ours, our emotions are planted with heavenly seed, and new aims and hopes must spring up where before there was nothing but dim, shadowy thought. Soul consciousness and soul communion are replete with lessons of beauty, for they lead us from the conception of primates to ultimates, and call upon every atom, and question its power and its ultimate destiny. We find in our experience that nature and art never have produced a love or faith in anything else beside itself. All, save man, are inanimate in the trading out of great designs. We see intelligence, philosophy, science, and moral and social truth, in a process of development with him, such as the world had never received before. When men and women can appreciate beauty, they are never satisfied till they can go to the fountain of all beauty.

As the seasons come to the changing year, so comes their counterpart to the human heart. The mind has its spring time, when the ground is tilted and seeds are planted; the summer, when the seeds have grown beauty and fragrance; the autumn harvest time, and the winter of mournful decay. Man has times when his attuned nature feels large enough to explore all God has made, and there is no phase of mind but what he seeks to penetrate. The spiritual nature rises before us, and we question what we are spiritually, intellectually and morally, and what is the destiny of the entire human family. We know that the same God that formed the body made the rose; and the Creator of one human being is the Creator of all. In some ways it is not a virtue to be great or good; for greatness and goodness are as much a part of their spiritual nature as their bones and muscles are of the physical nature. This proves that there is a destiny that shapes the ends of men, and an immutable law of destiny that writes every action in the lexicon of God's truth. Some souls are born with heavenly music in their hearts. Such seem a link between heaven and earth, and seem sometimes better fitted for the smiling gardens of heaven, than the rough passages of earth. Others with less of spirituality, but more of physical strength—with muscles of iron and hearts of fire, buffet the storms of external existence till their hairs are white with the frosts of life's winter time. How often do you see little children with phenomenal developments which excite in you the remark that they are not long for this life! How many times have you seen parental hearts anguish torn at parting with such a child? But in spirit-life that little child is the leader of you harkens into pleasant places, and the giver of holy benedictions to the soul!

Man is gifted with a strong intellect; woman with a tender sympathy. But what will a man not do for the woman he loves? Never till the heavy blow is struck on the anvil of our sensibilities is the strength of that affection often tested. The element may have different forms of manifestation, but it is the selfsame power in all human beings.

The ancients loved and worshiped the beautiful. We find the symbols of their taste in the ruined temples and palaces of the Orient. They had no higher conception of Deity than their own ideas of beauty—and they required none. Their poetry and art were superior to their religion.

It is the ambition of all to become perfect. The artist is never satisfied with his best performances. Andrew Jackson Davis was susceptible to a high and divine power, and under its influence wrote thoughts that set the world on fire. Had it happened eighteen hundred years ago, in the age of Plato, he would have ranked among the world's greatest philosophers; but he lived too near modern times to be appreciated by moderns. We can think of the times when martyrs died at the stake, or were burned at the funeral pyre; and of thousands upon thousands more starving for want of sympathy.

You all have objects you admire and love, and nothing could keep you from loving them. They might have been embodiments of intellect or spirituality, but they claimed your love and appreciation. If our love is in proper channels, we give strength to the world; as Spiritualists, we are the light of the age; and by and by men and women will be affectionally, intellectually and spiritually developed, so that each human soul will have an effect upon every other.

Spiritualism is destined to produce great and singular results in the world. It places a monitor in every man's breast, if not to withhold him from sin, at least to forearm him of its results. It brings men into close communion with one another, though hundreds of miles away. If you are intellectual, it draws to you intellectual influences. We are so human, we see so much deformity and falsehood in humanity, that in our spiritual nature we cannot

half feel the waves of immortality that come redolent with the thoughts from the other shore. Oh, could we but see the glories of light, and hear the whisperings of the angel monitors, we should never more say "I am sad!" Could we tear off all the shackles of distrust in society, how much richer would be our spiritual experiences!

The future will be what we make it. Whatever seeds we plant will spring up and multiply. The soul bears the stamp of immortality, and, whatever circumstances surround us, God is there. And though our garments are worn and tattered, at the throne of God we are just as good as any others who share his bounty, for God's angels read men underneath their disguises.

To night, when the sun sinks to rest, let every man and woman bear in mind that the recording angel has flown to record the deeds not an eternally can wipe out. We may overcome our vices, but the scars will remain. Great natures are only created by the practice of kindness. But if we have only one talent, let us do justly and kindly by that.

The institutions of today tremble, and in time will fall. The educational systems of today are imperfect, because they do not teach the practical lessons of life. The school does not fit men and women for life's active duties. Young men go to college, and come out labeled "ministers" or "lawyers." They have a smattering of the classics, but know nothing of the physiognomy of life. You will rarely find a Whitfield or a Patrick Henry made in your colleges.

You know it is nothing to die, but everything to live. It is well for us to question ourselves—to know what we are made for, and what is the purpose of life—to harmonize with nature, and learn the philosophy of life.

EVENING DISCOURSE.

After the choir had sung the appropriate hymn from the "Psalm of Life," beginning:

"Go forth among the poor,
Thy pathway leadeth there;
Thy gentle voice may soothe their pain,
And blunt the thorns of care.
Go forth with earnest zeal,
Nor from the duty start,
Speak to the words of gracious love—
Most are the pure in heart!"

Miss Davis announced her subject as: "Money—Its Uses and Abuses."

She said: To some, this might seem an unfitting theme for Sabbath contemplation; but when we realize that the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath, we feel at liberty to discuss all subjects, whether Financial, Spiritual or Political.

Wealth has become an essential Christian virtue, while poverty is a disgrace. Love of nature vanishes before the love of wealth and plenty. We gaze upon the sunset, and drink in its radiant splendor, till our own spirit is set on fire with its loveliness and beauty; but when we see the gold eagle of the American mint, we see in it the floating ships, rattling machinery, commercial interests, and the marts of trade; and the impetus of the dollar controls it all.

The farmer sees through the ripening grain the golden dollar coming into his hands by its interchange with the people. The old man, when he sits down to count his few hard earned dollars, reflects: "I'd be a rich man, if I had once known what I now do. I see now where I could have followed the waves of events on to fortune." And instead of gazing into the mine of spiritual wealth before him, he only wishes his young life were again with him.

Does the rich man ever think that the poor man can gaze upon the sun, the stars, and the flowers, and thank God that they do not belong to the rich man, but to the Father of all men? The beauty of the golden grain and greenward are his, though he may have no place to rest his weary head.

When the gold dollar comes to us, let us question it, and ask why it comes—to do us good or ill. If there is a being accursed by God and man, it is the miser, dying in his attic, by his chests of sordid gold. His spiritual nature is burdened down with the passion for ill-gotten gain. Is it strange we have haunted houses when such men go late the future life as they lived on earth? Money has its uses. It is a gift from God, to build up society, civilization, education and religion. So long as we keep it as a slave, it is of use to us; but when it becomes our master, it curses us.

Fathers and mothers aim to have their daughters wealthy rich and respectably. Too many count the worth of man by the standard of American coin. But the man is richest who has nothing but a conscience free, from the hands of God, and the resolution to pave his way to the paths of honor and goodness. A free, honest man has a wealth the world cannot take away from him. The poor men of the world are its greatest benefactors, for they have been the pioneers of art and science, and have reaped the rewards of their labor. Money is disastrous when it promotes idleness. The man who has not an occupation, and who knows not how to labor will never know what it is to enjoy heaven.

Money is abused only as we allow ourselves to become controlled by it. As we look into the bright eagle and half eagle, do we not sometimes see the wild glare of those who toil for it? Yet they will be God's bright angels. The poor seving girls of Boston will be God's brightest seraphs, for they earn their heaven with suffering and toil. Drop the tear of sympathy over the pauper, for he was nursed on a mother's lap as tenderly as any of us. Only he who draws around him the drapery of deeds well done, will obtain heaven.

When money comes to you, question it; ask its mission, but never heard it up, and go into the spirit world a miser, for you must come back here and retrace the steps taken; and it may take thousands of years to cleanse the soul of its moral stains. Oh, if we sought more for the wealth of mind and spirit, how much richer and purer the world would be!

Thank God, there are few rich Spiritualists. This is the secret of our success. If we were rich, we should build our cathedrals and gaudy temples, and starve the soul. In the spirit-world what regret would fill the hearts of the dwellers there, to know one single soul was to be lost eternally. If there was one soul doomed to the fire of hell, the angels would fly to him, and put out the flames with their tears. So you will fly to the aid of the unfortunate, and never feel at rest till all are made happy and better. What is Spiritualism worth if it does not flow into the channels of usefulness, and make men feel the importance of life? We can make it the religion of the next century, or we can kill it with bigotry and intolerance, and let others of God's free thinkers carry on the work we have failed to accomplish.

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