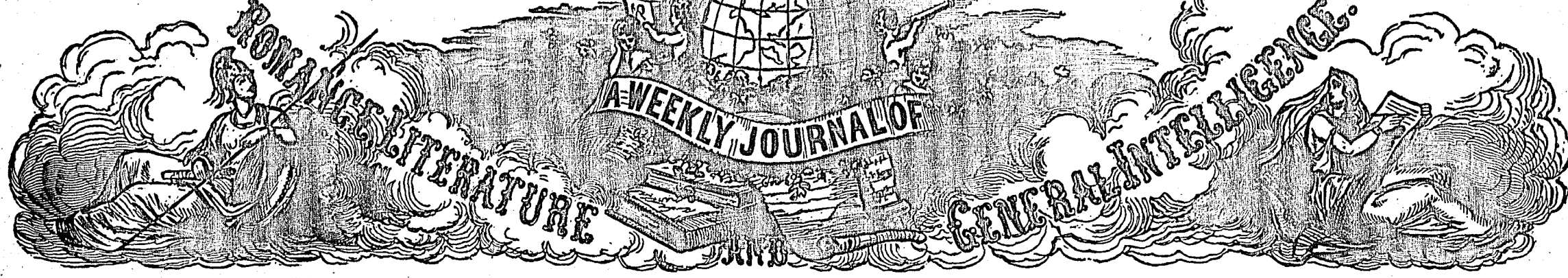


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Translated for the Banner of Light.

THE TRIUMPH OF TRUTH.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FRANZ HOFFMAN.

BY CORA WILBURN.

CHAPTER III.

HELP UNTO HIM THAT AIDS.

All had forgotten the brave boy except the grateful mother, and the gentleman in the brown coat; he, who had offered an hundred louis d'or for the rescue of the child. Neither of them knew Ulrich, but they did not cease their inquiries until they had learnt his place of abode. While all were yet occupied in stemming the progress of the fire, the mother with her child, gained the narrow street where the boy dwelt. She found the house, and entering it, beheld Ulrich sitting by the bedside of his sick mother, and binding up his bleeding hands with strips of linen. She thanked him with all a mother's grateful eloquence, and the child clung to him with a loving trust in his clear eyes.

To conceal the embarrassment that the lady's fervent gratitude occasioned, he praised the little boy's courage in passing untremblingly through the danger, while both were suspended by the frail rope between heaven and earth.

The mother then related how it had occurred that the child was left alone in the burning house. She had gone into the country the day before on urgent business, and had left her boy in the care of the servant girl, who, as she was told by a neighbor, had gone out early that morning, and had not returned, probably out of fear when the alarm of fire was given. The mother's horror may be imagined on returning from her journey to find her house enveloped in flames, and her only child in imminent and immediate peril. She wept anew at the recollection, and with much difficulty Ulrich's mother succeeded in calming her. When she took her leave, she said she would go to the house of her father-in-law, which was in a distant portion of the city.

"There I will await my husband," she said, "whom I expect soon to return from a business journey in France, and he shall thank and reward you, my dear, brave boy, and we will never forget what you suffered for our sakes."

Ulrich insisted upon accompanying her, and carrying the little one to the house of his grandparents. They were received with great joy, but while they were embracing their daughter and covering the rescued child with kisses, he crept silently from the room and hurried home to relate to his mother all the occurrences of the day, in which narration he had been interrupted before. His hands smarted severely, but he gave no signs of pain, and was delighted in the thought of the mother's joyous feelings, and good brought about by his humble instrumentality.

Toward evening he bethought himself of the physician that was needed for the sick woman. He sprang hastily from his seat, and told her that he had an errand to perform. As he stood by the bed he saw that she was more than usually pale, that her breath came short; a sudden apprehension darted through his soul.

"Mother," he said softly, "your hands burn; do you feel worse?"

"Do not be troubled, my kind boy," replied the sufferer, with a languid smile.

"It will soon be over. The fright occasioned by the fire, your bleeding hands—the agitation of the whole day—all has weakened me. But a few hours of sleep will restore me again."

"Yes, sleep and the doctor, mother! I will go and bring one as quickly as possible," said Ulrich. "Only a quarter of an hour's patience, mother, and I shall be back again."

She would have retained him with the assurance that they were too poor to employ a physician, and pay for the costly medicines, but the boy smilingly told her that he hoped they would not lack the means.

He hastened out and wended his footsteps toward a jeweler, who gave him ten shining dollars for his golden chain. Then he sought a doctor, and entreated him to call immediately upon his sick mother, promising him the necessary compensation for his trouble.

The physician, to whom Ulrich applied, was a man of strong, benevolent feelings, and he expressed his willingness to accompany him at once. With hurried steps and loudly throbbing heart, he walked on before, believing in his simplicity, that it was in the power of the medical man to cure every form of disease he encountered, if he were but willing to do so. And he thought not that his mother could be seriously ill, for she chatted with him, ate and drank with him, and was only too weak to arise from her bed and go about her usual tasks. He did not even think that the cough that troubled her was of any dangerous nature, for he had had a worse cough than that, and had recovered from it even without the doctor and his medicines. Now he had obtained money wherewith to pay the services of one of those wonderful magicians, and without doubt she would soon be restored to health. Perhaps on the following morning she would be able to leave her bed.

Ulrich confided his sanguine hopes to his companion, who shook his head, and smilingly remarked that matters could not be brought about so quickly; but he consoled him with the promise of doing all

within his power in saving her life, if it were yet within the range of possibility.

Thus conversing, they came to the wretched domicile, and night having set in, Ulrich was obliged to lead the doctor over the dusky threshold into the still darker room.

"Here I am, mother, and the doctor is with me, too," he said, cheerfully. "You shall see him in a moment, after I light the candle at the coals in the stove."

There was no answer.

"She is sound asleep, sir," said the boy, "and indeed, I don't wonder at it; for she looked so tired before I went out she could scarcely keep her eyes open. Shall I awaken her, sir?"

"Strike a light first, my child, and then we shall see, and know all that is necessary to be done," replied the good man.

Ulrich having succeeded in lighting his candle, handed it to the physician, who approached the bedside of his patient, and held the light before it. It fell upon a pale face with closed eyes. He took the hand and sought for the pulse, but could not find it, for the hand was cold and heavy. He bent over her and held his ear close to the mouth. The breath he waited for had fled forever, and the weary heart was still. While Ulrich had been absent seeking aid for her, the death-angel had summoned away the spirit from the earthly form.

Silent and deeply moved, the physician put down the light upon the table, looked compassionately in the face of the boy, and said, very gently:

"Do not grieve, all too much, poor child, but I have come too late, and am of no further use, here."

Ulrich did not comprehend his meaning.

"Only wait, dear Mr. Doctor, until she wakes up," he entreated. "It will not be very long, for she has not slept well for some years."

"It is no use to deceive you, my dear boy," said the doctor. "Prepare yourself to hear the worst. Out of this sleep your mother will never awake, for she has passed calmly and peacefully away—in death."

Ulrich uttered a piercing cry, flung himself on the floor beside the couch, and taking the ice cold hand, called upon her by every endearing epithet to awake and answer him. When he found that his efforts were in vain, that the warmth and the life returned not, he realized that she was dead, and his sorrow knew no bounds. With loud lamentations he threw his arms around the lifeless body and pressed his filial kisses on the silent mouth that had ever responded so lovingly to his call. It was in vain the physician sought to console him. Ulrich gazed at him with tear-filled eyes, appeared to listen attentively, said yes, yes, or no, to his questions without the slightest consciousness of what he responded to. His entire soul was overwhelmed with grief by the unexpected death of the beloved foster-mother, and he could think of nothing else.

The doctor finally left him alone with the corpse and his first great trial, but he promised to return the next day and do what he could for the poor orphan, helplessly thrown upon the world. He did not observe when he was left alone, but continued to weep and call upon the departed, until his grief found vent in prayer to the good God. What his prayer was, he knew not himself. Perhaps it was the expressed wish of his heart unto the great Father in Heaven, that he, too, might be taken up into his eternal rest; or he may have prayed for strength to bear the stroke of bereavement that had taken from his sight the only being he had loved and revered from childhood.

The poor child! With his foster-mother he had lost all, and it was natural that his deeply wounded spirit should be overwhelmed with pain and sorrow. He was still upon his knees, sobbing and wailing, when a stranger entered the wretched chamber that was then also the place of mourning. At the sight that offered itself there, he started, and then advancing, laid his hand upon Ulrich's shoulder. The boy looked up, and recognized the gentleman in the brown coat, who that day had both blamed and applauded him.

"Oh, dear sir," he exclaimed, "my poor mother is dead!"

"Great God!" cried the stranger. "That is a heavy loss for you, my good boy. Was she a long time ill?"

"Oh, yes, for many years," replied Ulrich, sobbing loudly. "It is a long time since she left her bed, but I thought that the cough was not of much consequence, for she never complained much of pain, and I hoped from day to day that she would get better. Oh! I never thought that she would die, or I would have fetched the doctor long ago, if I had to work my fingers to the bone. And to-day, I went for one, but it was too late."

He burst into another fit of crying, and called upon his mother by the tenderest names to return to life once more.

A deep emotion was visible in the pale features of the stranger, as he gazed upon the lad, and murmured to himself:

"Hem! Such a bold, brave, fearless, and yet so soft and loving a heart! The boy shall not be left to despair as long as old Breitenbach can prevent it. Perhaps—yes, God may have destined him to cheer the evening of my life, and to take the place of that which I forever lost!"

"Listen, Ulrich," he said, taking his hand; "you are quite alone in the world now?"

"Yes," he replied with a deep sigh, "all, all alone, now that my dear, dear mother is gone!"

"Well, then, my boy, you are situated just as I am," said the old man. "How would it be for you to come and live with me? Then we shall be two;

I have you to take care of, and you have me to take the place of your loss."

"Oh, dear, kind sir," said Ulrich, pointing with tear-filled eyes toward the pale, silent mother, "her loss nothing on earth can restore!"

"Right so, my boy. I see that you have truly loved your mother, and I am pleased to hear you speak as you do, and in no other way. But, believe me, that however deep the wounds that trials strike, time will bring healing for them all. I am an old man, and speak from experience, for the Almighty has sent me many tribulations and sorrows, many a dearly beloved one has been torn from my arms. But I repined not, for to murmur against the decrees of God is to sin. Whatever He does is well done; and we may weep and mourn when a loved being is taken from us, but never rebel. Weep as you will, my boy, weep on! But then gather your strength and overcome your pain, even as this morning you conquered danger and fire. See, I came here to give you the hundred louis d'or that I had promised to the deliverer of the little one; but I have now changed my mind. You do not want money at this time; you need a heart, since you have lost the best and nearest. And see, that heart you shall find in me! I will love you and take care of you, not as your mother did, for that is impossible, for a mother's love cannot be replaced by anything on earth. No; but as a father will I love you, and give you a home for the one you have lost. Therefore do not despair; though you may weep, weep away the burning sorrow. So, and now I am ready to go—will you come with me?"

Ulrich shook his head, and again pointed to the bed. The old gentleman knew what he meant to convey.

"You mean that I shall leave you with your mother?" he said. "Very well; remain here. But I will send you some one, that you may not be alone. And now, farewell. I will return to-morrow, and then we can talk the matter over."

He took the boy's hand with hearty, heartfelt sympathy, and then left the house.

When the door had closed, he sat down again by the lifeless clay, and bent his pale, tear-stained face upon the mother's hands. In a short time after the departure of his new-found friend, there appeared an old man, in neat and simple apparel, with a friendly face, that inspired confidence at the first glance. Very quietly he sat down in a corner, unwilling to intrude upon the mourner's grief; and there he remained, sympathizing and silent, and Ulrich was totally unaware of his presence, so mightily was he enwrapped in his sorrow.

But at length the storm of his feelings subsided; his tears ceased to flow so rapidly; his sobs were stilled, and overcome with exhaustion and emotion, he fell asleep upon the bed beside the departed one. Only then did the old man arise from his seat, and taking the light, he held it before the boy's sleeping countenance, which he scanned attentively. Tears glistened upon his long dark eyelashes, and his lips were compressed most painfully. But the old man said:

"Yes, yes, it is a good loving face; and I hope to God that my dear master will find much joy with him."

With these words the old man put the candle in its accustomed place, took Ulrich in his arms like an infant, and laid him on the straw sack, his only and usual bed. He covered him with a woolen coverlet, that he had brought with him, in his foresight, and sat down to listen to his breathing, that was interrupted by gentle sobs, until he rested calmly in a deep, uninterrupted sleep.

"So," he said again to himself, "there is another weary, sorrowful heart cradled into rest by sleep. Oh, how unspeakably good is our Father, who, for every pang, for every trouble, gives us the soothing balm of holy sleep! Sleep on, thou poor bereaved orphan, and dream of thy mother; then in the very midst of sorrow wilt thou be blest and happy, at least for a few short hours."

CHAPTER IV.

THE ADOPTED FATHER.

Herr Breitenbach, the kind protector of the orphan boy, was, in many respects, a peculiar and eccentric man, although no better, more deeply feeling heart could be met with in the wide world. But his kindness and entire sympathy was revealed only to those who deserved it. He was a stern judge for the idle, dissipated, and vicious. "No one is secured against misfortune," he would say; "trials are sent by God, and God is just; but every one can distinguish between right and wrong, who is in possession of his senses. And if any human being commits evil against the voice of his better convictions and that of his conscience, he is not deserving the pity of his fellow beings, and justly incurs their scorn and contempt."

Herr Breitenbach acted upon this principle, and the needy and helpless ever found in him a father, if deemed worthy of his care. But the sluggard, who could, but would not labor, might have succeeded sooner in moving a solid rock, than of touching the otherwise truly benevolent heart. As a natural consequence, therefore, the old gentleman was deeply loved, and as intensely hated and maligned. He was often condemned by an appearance of harshness. But those gifted with sound sense and clear judgment saw and appreciated his motives. The one looked only on the rough side; the other penetrated the mild spirit, and saw its workings for truth and good.

Many called him a miser, because he refused to aid the indolent and the intemperate. But the man

who would give many an honest mechanic hundreds of dollars—give, not lend—surely could not be penurious in disposition. But, judging from the world's standpoint, he gave many reasons for the charge: for Herr Breitenbach, the millionaire, lived so plainly, so frugal and retired, as if he were possessed but of a moderate income. Others in his place would have entered upon a round of festivities and excitements; but he deemed a different course the best. In the suburbs of the city, near the Elbe, he lived, in a small and convenient house, that, beautifully surrounded by a large and well-appointed garden, was yet simple in appearance and in its interior arrangements. He rented his large four-story house in the city. Of carriages, horses, parties, and the like, he thought not, but lived as secluded as a snail within its shell, with no attendant but old Martin, who had spent forty years in his service. Then there was the cook, who was housekeeper also, and who had lived with him for some ten or more years. Her duties were light, for Herr Breitenbach was content with the simplest fare, and never desired more than one dish of any kind of food. In the place of wine, he drank clear cold water; and when the cook remonstrated with him for his style of living, and desired to prove to him her knowledge of her art, he retorted laughingly in praise of the temperance to which he owed his hale and vigorous age.

To this pleasant abode Ulrich was led by the good old Martin, after the funeral of the woman they deemed his own mother. Herr Breitenbach took him by the hand and bade him welcome home; then he had some conversation with him, and particularly enjoined upon him a strict and unvarying adherence to truth.

"The first falsehood that I ever find you guilty of will be the sign of parting between us," said the old gentleman, "for whoever would so far degrade himself as to deny the truth, is unworthy of the friendship or confidence of any honorable man."

Ulrich listened attentively, and promised obedience. Thereupon he was examined as to the extent of his learning, and it was evident that the boy of thirteen was not far advanced in knowledge. He knew nothing of writing or arithmetic, and he could not even read distinctly.

Herr Breitenbach shook his head. "It is time that you came into other hands," he said. "Your mother may have been a very good woman, but she has most shamefully neglected you."

Ulrich's face glowed crimson with indignation. He could have borne everything said or done unto himself, but he could not bear to have the memory of his foster-mother attacked.

"She never neglected me!" he cried with a trembling voice. "When she was well I always went to school, and I went willingly. After she became sick, I could not go, of course; for I had to remain at home and spin, or go out and beg, so that she should not die of hunger. I had to do this for many a year, and so I forgot what little I had learnt. But that is no matter, I can learn again."

"Right, my boy, and I will give you that opportunity," said Herr Breitenbach, who was not sorry to behold the defence of the mother. He took him by the hand, and conducted him up stairs to a little room under the roof that commanded a fine view of the Elbe. It was simply furnished with a bed, table, one chair, and a bookshelf. The bedding consisted of a mattress, a pillow of horse-hair, and a thick woolen coverlet. But Ulrich's eyes sparkled with joy when he was informed that all this was thenceforth his own. He had never been so rich in possessions, at least not to his recollection, and he had not slept in a bed for a long, long time.

"And all this is really for me?" he asked.

"All yours, and yours only as long as you remain good and industrious," said Herr Breitenbach.

The boy resolved to be as good and industrious as possible; and this effect was the very one his benefactor sought to bring about. He was sent to school when he had been freshly and neatly clothed; and as might have been expected, he was placed among the A B C children, which fact caused his face to burn with blushes. But although saddened, he was not angry; but put forth all his energies, and applied himself to his tasks most assiduously.

Herr Breitenbach smiled his inward satisfaction, for before the year had passed, the boy had taken his place with those of his own age.

In two years afterward he had taken the lead among his school-mates; and in two years more had gone through with all his studies.

From a handsome boy, he had grown to a fine looking and stately youth, whom every one delighted to gaze upon. The roses of health bloomed on his cheeks, and his dark eyes sparkled with candor, spirit and goodness. He loved his adopted father devotedly; and his gratitude toward him was unspeakable. The old gentleman loved him as a son, and the faithful old Martin would have gone through fire and water for the "boy of his heart," as he called him.

On his eighteenth birthday, Herr Breitenbach had a long conversation with his confidential servant; after which the young man was called to his presence, in order to decide upon the future, and the business he would choose through life. It was the desire of his adopted father that he should enter a mercantile house, and old Martin had expressed his full approval; but he did not wish Ulrich to remain in Hamburg, and that for strange and peculiar reasons of his own.

Herr Breitenbach was the proprietor of one of the first merchant houses in Hamburg, but had retired from all active participation in business many years before, and left the charge to the care of a nephew, who gave in his report of all connected with the firm,

once in every week. He had formed his plan for his adopted child in this wise:

"He shall go to my nephew," he said to his man Martin. "He can there learn all he yet needs; for the house is in connection with all parts of the world. And besides, I shall not lose sight of him, and that is an advantage for him and a pleasure to me."

"All right," responded old Martin, and slowly moved his head, as was his custom when matters did not seem all right to him.

"But, sir, I would not send him to the city."

"And why not, you cross old bear?"

"It is n't good for a young man to be under such strict rule all the time," he replied. "He must go out into the world—must stand upon his own feet; and must become acquainted with all sorts of people. I would rather see him in the pepper country than in Hamburg, with your nephew."

"You are a fool, old fellow!" said his master, smiling; "and obvious, into the bargain. You begrudge me the pleasure of the boy's company; you want to be the only favorite. I know you well, old fault-finder."

"God preserve me forever from such bad thoughts and such a disposition!" cried the old man. "God knows that I wish the dear boy everything that is best in the whole world; and that I begrudge you the pleasure of his company, you do not believe at all. No, no; old Martin knows very well what he means, and because he knows, and wants to spare you and the good boy all care and trouble, he says that he would rather see him in the pepper country than here in Hamburg."

"Hem! You do not quite trust my nephew, Martin? Is that it, old one? Tell me the truth."

"Well, then, if you are determined to know, it is so; I don't trust him!" burst forth old Martin. "He has looked at the dear boy with crooked eyes ever since he came into the house; and not once, but a thousand times, have I observed that he looks on him with ill favor. Therefore, sir, it will bring no good to send the boy of our heart to him."

"But I have eyes in my head, too," said Herr Breitenbach; "Why have I not remarked that he looks with ill favor upon Ulrich? No, old Martin, you are under a mistake. Only last week, when my nephew was here, I mentioned to him my intention of sending the boy to the counting house; he seemed very much pleased at the suggestion. He praised the boy, and said I could do him no greater favor than that of placing him under his care. Would he have spoken so, if he held a grudge against him? No, old one, you have miscalculated this time, and are very much mistaken."

"Believe me, sir! Believe me, my dear good master, I am not mistaken," said the faithful old servant, with such appealing earnestness, that Herr Breitenbach was surprised. "If you send the boy into the city, some misfortune will happen before a year is past; and you and I, and the dear boy himself, will be the losers, while other people will be laughing within their sleeves. I will not say anything against Mr. Creeper, your nephew; but the very fact that he desires to have the boy in his charge, makes me distrust him, and have my suspicions."

Herr Breitenbach pondered long over the words of old Martin. His nephew was no favorite of either; yet he knew of no dishonest act that could be brought against him, and as a business man, he was highly esteemed. This was one reason why he would not allow the old man's warnings to influence him; and another reason was, that he could not think of parting with his adopted son, and allowing him to go from home.

"What could happen to him," he reasoned "under my very eyes? If any wrong were done to him I should hear of it; and my nephew would not dare to offer him injury, well knowing that I hold his future in my hand. Creeper has no fortune of his own; and if the old uncle were to withdraw his hand, he would fall into poverty, and lose all his hopes of future success and influence. There is not the slightest danger for Ulrich, and I should deprive myself of one of the greatest joys of my old age, were I to send the boy away, even for a year. Our days are numbered, old Martin! Let us enjoy them, and not embitter them by our own fault. Call the boy in, that we may inform him of our plan."

The old man, who, with well-earned familiarity, joined with the utmost respect, usually displayed the greatest alacrity in obeying the orders of his master and friend; but that day he proved refractory, and would not move from his place. The happiness of Ulrich, his well-beloved master's peace of mind, and lastly, his own, he felt were at stake; and he used every argument at his command; entreaty, prayer, and warning, to dissuade Herr Breitenbach from his favorite project. But when he said that was all of no avail, he spoke thus candidly and with much excitement—

"Well, then, my dear master, if you are determined to run blindfolded into misfortune, do n't ever reproach old Martin for not having given you sufficient warning! Remember what I tell you; Herr Creeper will not rest till he has torn Ulrich away from your heart!—for that is his intention—so that the boy may not inherit a large portion of his uncle's fortune, that he looks upon as his own by right. There, now, I have unburdened my breast of a load; and you may scold or even drive me away, if you will not believe me. I have done my duty toward you and the boy. And that is enough. With me be done what God wills!"

He thought that his master would be indignant, but he was not at all inclined to scold. He sat immersed in thought, leaning his head upon his hands. At length he said:

"Listen, old Martin! You may be right, and you

may be wrong, but the thought of accusing my nephew of plottings and envy, is repugnant to me. Let the boy himself decide! If he desires to leave us, well—he may go! But if he prefers to remain, well—then, old Martin, we will keep our eyes wide open, and leave nothing undone to shield him from every attack. Why, the ten thousand! It would be wonderful indeed, if any one should succeed in deceiving two such old foxes as you and I! No more opposition, Martin; my resolve is taken—bring the boy here."

The old man withdrew, sighing deeply, for he felt that Ulrich, left to the decision himself, was certain to acquiesce in the views of his adopted father.

"Heaven knows how dear the boy is to me," murmured the faithful man as he slowly and reluctantly ascended the stairs. "Though it would almost break my heart to have him go over sea into strange countries, I would rather know him among the Caribbees or Cannibals, than in the care of Herr Creepers, who has no thought for anything but his uncle's bags of money. Well, God grant that his misery may occur through this matter."

"The master wants to speak with you, young gentleman," he said to Ulrich, whom he found poring over his books. "He has something particular to tell you."

"What is it?" demanded Ulrich; "you, of course, know all about it?"

"Yes, I do," said Martin. "The question is, whether you will remain here, or go to a distance. The master wishes you to go to Mr. Creepers."

Ulrich was somewhat surprised, for he too mistrusted the nephew, who had always treated him rudely and contemptuously whenever Herr Breitenbach was absent.

"Is it indeed, your master's wish that I should go there?" he inquired.

"Yes, it is his wish; and I must tell the truth, even if it cost my life," said Martin, impetuously. "But listen to me, dear Mr. Ulrich, and do not act upon that. You shall decide yourself, said Herr Breitenbach; and I advise you rather to go to America than Hamburg. Hamburg is a bad place; the air is not good for you; so take old Martin's advice; he means you well."

Ulrich felt for a moment irresolute. With all his heart he would have followed the old man's warning, and would gladly have embarked for America; but the wish of the man who had so long been his benefactor, was paramount to all other considerations. Ulrich possessed a highly elevated and sensitive feeling of duty, and after a few moments' reflection he resolved to obey the voice of duty only.

"It will not do," he said to old Martin; "Herr Breitenbach's slightest wish is a command to me, and never will I willfully disobey him who has done so much for me."

"But only reflect, dear Mr. Ulrich—" "There is nothing to reflect upon," interrupted the young man quickly; "I know very well that I am as a thorn to Mr. Creepers' eye, because I have obtained so much of his uncle's love and trust. But my benefactor wishes me to go to him, and I am bound to fulfill his wishes. For the rest, I shall always endeavor to do my duty, so that Mr. Creepers will have no just cause of complaint against me. Let us go, Martin."

"Well, indeed, sir, although you are acting against your own interests, I cannot blame you," said Martin, and pressed his hand. "Go, then, go! Perhaps I am over-anxious, and besides, old Martin will keep his eyes open and see that no wrong is done you. Go with God, Mr. Ulrich! Such a grateful, honest heart as yours will be kept from sinking by His Almighty aid! Well, Herr Breitenbach will be pleased to hear of your resolution, and there is always some good out of every evil."

Ulrich told his adopted father of his desire and resolve to fulfill his wishes, and in the many friendly words and numberless little attentions lavished upon him for the succeeding days, the young man reaped the reward of his act of self-denial. This reconciled him to the idea of living for many a year with the, to him, repugnant Mr. Creepers; but he determined to bear up against all that could occur with the sustaining sense of duty, and to suffer all without murmur or repining for the same holy duty's sake.

CHAPTER V.

MR. CREEPER.

From the moment that Ulrich left the quiet home for the business house in the city, a widely different life and varying pursuits opened before him. He could no longer follow his inclination, but was compelled to sit from morning until late before his desk, writing letters, arranging complicated accounts, and keeping the books, all of which he performed with industry and care. At first these tasks were irksome—as all unaccustomed labor is—but in the course of a few weeks he entered upon them all with real pleasure, as if he had practiced the same all his life.

If Ulrich had feared harsh or scornful treatment, he was destined to be most agreeably disappointed. Herr Creepers, it is true, gave him the hardest and most complicated labor, but he favored him with many words of praise, and seemed to prize duly his many efforts. The young man was surprised, and in his heart he apologized to his employer for ever having harbored fear or distrust of him.

One day, about four weeks after Ulrich's admittance to the firm, old Martin came to see him, and to have an hour's chat with him. He looked around the room in astonishment, for he did not think they would have given his favorite such a handsome apartment.

"Ay, ay, but you live here in style, Herr Ulrich," he said. "Silken curtains, a downy divan, a carpet, table and chairs of mahogany. Indeed, Herr Breitenbach with his millions does not live half so well. So, you are well pleased with the city, I suppose, and never think of the old friends?"

Smiling and cordial, Ulrich grasped the old man's hand and looked into his eyes. "You know very well," he said, "that my plain little room with its beautiful prospect of the river, and all its loving memories, is dearer to me than all the pomp and splendor of the world. And then to be accused of forgetting my old friends! Surely, Martin, you are the last one to believe that of me. If Herr Breitenbach himself had not ordained that I must return home only every quarter for a few days, I should have taken my road every evening, despite of the distance, and come to see you every night."

"Yes, yes, I believe it," said old Martin, laughing heartily. "And now, sir, how do you like the city?" "Very much, indeed," he replied. "Indeed, Martin, we have both been unjust in our judgment of Mr. Creepers, when we feared that he would not use me well. He is very kind and indulgent toward

me, and that he gives me so much to do is a proof of his good will."

"Then," murmured the old servant, "it would be wonderful if I should so totally have mistaken the man! Of course, appearances deceive, and perhaps all will be better than we imagined. Wonderful, that whenever Mr. Creepers comes to see us, of course master's first question is: 'How is my boy Ulrich getting along?' And then Mr. Creepers makes no end of praising him, says he never found a better young man, and that his education does him honor. I came to-day to hear from your own lips whether he was as well satisfied with you as he tells us he is, and I hear and see that which astonishes me. Well, well, appearances deceive, and if we have been mistaken in Mr. Creepers, I shall be most glad to find it out, for his sake and your own. But, with all that, be upon your guard, Mr. Ulrich! See, I am an old man, who has seen and experienced much in the world, and I know how the saying that 'appearances deceive' often hits the nail upon the head. It may be we have wrongly judged Mr. Creepers, for 'appearances deceive.' But it is possible, too, that Mr. Creepers may have put on a mask, for 'appearances deceive.' Keep your eyes open, Mr. Ulrich! That hurts no one, and can be of great use to you. Now, we will talk of something else."

It was as the old man had said. Mr. Creepers spoke in the highest terms of praise of the young clerk, and ever after such an interview Herr Breitenbach would glance triumphantly at his old servant, and sometimes would say to him: "Well, Martin, who was right?"

"Until now, you are right, sir," replied the straightforward Martin. "God only grant that you remain right, and I will willingly own myself in the wrong. But we will wait for the end. It is not evening until the day is over, and 'appearances deceive.'"

The old servant never lost the distrust in his soul, nor did he lose sight of his favorite with his eyes, and although he could discover nothing tending to justify his suspicions, he remained ever wakeful and upon his guard. He loved Ulrich so sincerely that he forebode danger, when to all appearance there was the utmost security.

It seemed, however, as if Martin had entirely misunderstood the character of Ulrich's employer. In place of troubling or humiliating the young man, to which his position afforded many opportunities, he treated him with unvarying kindness, and manifested toward him so much signal favor as to create the envy of the other employees. He entrusted him with the most important business matters, and showed the utmost confidence in his honesty and ability; presented him with gifts from time to time, and was unvaryingly cordial and friendly. Sometimes he rebuked him, but always mildly, for not allowing himself any recreation and not seeking some diversion for his mind when business hours were over. For the young man took no other pleasure but that of a short walk; then he shut himself in his room and devoted the time to reading and the acquisition of foreign languages, which branch of study Herr Breitenbach had recommended to him. But his apologies were smilingly refuted by Mr. Creepers.

"It is good and praiseworthy," he replied, "that a young man who is seeking to obtain a position in the world should apply himself and try to obtain all the information in his power, but even in doing good we may run into extremes. Look at that young man of your age, my dear Ulrich; without being indolent or dissipated, they know how to enjoy the pleasures of life, especially of society. You stand alone, and allow your youth, the best time of your life, to pass by without enjoyment. I do not mean that you should become extravagant and fond of pleasure, by no manner of means. But you must go into society, learn to know the world and appreciate it. This is of as much consequence to a merchant as the knowledge of business and of foreign languages, for he cannot do without this knowledge of the world. I mean well with you, and therefore I frankly tell you that I have heard opinions of you that have annoyed as well as saddened me. Those of your own age, your companions in business, think you a reserved, penurious and haughty being. No one knows better than I, that this is unfounded; but it is believed by many, and that must prove disagreeable not only to yourself, but to me and to your kind adopted father. Shame on the calumniators! I cry with you, and yet appearances are against you. Every one knows that you have money at command, as much as you desire, and yet you retire from every one. Indeed, my dear Ulrich, for your own sake you must put an end to such rumors, and that you may come and go unobscured, I give to you the house-key. Go into company sometimes, and once in a while to places of amusement; to the theatre, to balls and concerts; in short, live like other young people, and you will be met with affectionate regard and cordiality; whereas, now, your society is unsought, you are almost avoided, and made sport and calumny of behind your back."

There was some truth in Mr. Creepers' speech, and Ulrich, who had noticed the strange manner of his companions, thanked the merchant for his good advice, and promised to follow it.

Mr. Creepers having added a few more pressing admonitions, returned to his own room, sat down in the comfortable sofa corner, smiled sarcastically and murmured to himself:

"That will do the work! Once driven into the whirlpool of life, surrounded by frivolous and vicious young men, who will soon approach him when they find how much money he has to spend, he cannot long withstand the temptation. Unacquainted with the world and its many baits of folly, he will fall from step to step, if no one is by his side to warn him. The plan is finely conceived and must succeed. My uncle will discard the fellow if he becomes dissipated and vicious, and I, having always shown him kindness and indulgence, I shall stand free and immaculate of his faults, as the only heir of the wealthy Herr Breitenbach!"

Ulrich, meanwhile was too pure-minded and too unsuspicious of evil to see the snare that had been prepared for him. Without a doubt he followed the advice given him, and sought a more friendly intercourse with his companions of the desk and counter. He went into society and tasted the cup of social pleasures; but he only tasted; for his pure heart, pious disposition, and gratitude towards his adopted father, shielded him from all excesses, and from the fall from honor on which Mr. Creepers hoped to exult and gain his point. Often, at the dead of night, the master of the house crept stealthily through the chambers and corridors toward the room in which Ulrich slept. Lifting up a curtain, he would gaze through a small window, with darkening brows. Hoping always to find his bed vacant, he was always disappointed. Ulrich had made it a rule never to be

out after ten o'clock at night; and he slept soundly while Herr Creepers deemed him away among some frivolous and intemperate assembly. He would retrace his way with gnashing teeth; hoping still from day to day for the downfall of the innocent.

Several years passed on without bringing any material change to any of the persons connected with our history. Many a time temptation stood in Ulrich's way, but he as often pointed it steadily away, and Mr. Creepers was convinced that he must plan differently if he would take from the good young man the love and esteem of his worthy uncle.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Written for the Banner of Light. MAN HIS OWN CREATOR.

BY GEORGE G. W. MORGAN.

Man is his own Creator, and can be whatever he listeth, and whatever he craves. He may attain—if he pursues the course decreed since first the world from Chaos sprung. And Order reigned supreme; but there is a price affixed to all things here, and he whose soul will bear the cost may win and wear the prize. There's law for each and rules for all to learn; Who studies and obeys them will be sure To gain the guerdon that he hungers for.

Who would be wise is diligent to learn, Forswearing all things else, with other aims. Life is an art that is not often learned—The world's a school where Want's omnipotent, And rules with prickly rods of steel—like spurs Drawn out, and punishments for slight mistakes With vigorous arm; whose blow retains the smart, Which often lasts the utmost stretch of life; And he who would avoid it, needs must learn His lesson well and perform his task. His gifts he sets on Himalayan peaks; Who stumbles as he walks most often falls, And he who falls is lost; who stands may rise; What has been done may be achieved again. No matter who performed the wondrous task; For still the ledge he stood upon remains, And others may ascend to where he stood—Perhaps gain higher ground than has been reached. For where is he who hath performed a feat Who has received the world's applause therefor, That has not in his heart, at least, declared, If 'twere to do again he could improve Upon it, and excel his first attempt. Who climb high hills will often see beyond Others still higher left them to ascend.

Let him who covets wealth adopt the rules Laid down to gain it; they're as plainly drawn As sun at noontide on a summer's day. They stare at honey oft that may not sip. Who dream of pleasure may not feast upon it. But those whose souls are fainting for a draught From out the blessed cup of Life Eternal, Must labor earnestly; must sweat and toil, Like those who delve for gold, or dive for pearls; And like a valiant soldier be content To bear ungrudgingly a soldier's woe; Must bear the brunt of many hard fought fields, And show a dauntless men, calm, undismayed 'Gainst all the shapes that Evil may assume.

Though every rose is studded round with thorns And roads filled full of jagged rocks and stones And every stream polluted with rank weeds, Yet those whose souls are worthy of the prize: The fountain of sweet peace and calm content, Will bear all barriers down which block their paths And scoff exultant at the feeble thralls That bound their souls and hemmed or hedged them in The miry slough of listless lethargy; Will tread those who're weak in faith, nor dare aspire To reach the heights their panting souls survey, Will still remain like timid sheep pent up In crazy folds, worm-eaten and decayed, And beat incessantly in piteous moans, For the rich pastures which they see beyond, But dare not venture to break down and gain.

UP HIGHER.

"Down again!" I heard remarked, in a half-pitying, half-complaining way.

"Martin?"

"Yes; he's tripped again."

"So I heard this morning."

"Tripped, and gone down with a heavy fall; so heavy that I doubt if he ever recover himself again."

"I'm sorry for Martin," said the other. "He has always impressed me as a well-meaning man."

"Yes, well-meaning enough; but something more than well-meaning is required for success in this world."

"A spice of cunning and shrewdness, not to speak of roguery."

"Shrewdness is required, and forethought, and a number of other qualities not possessed, I think, in a high degree by Martin. As to the cunning and roguery, they may succeed for a time, but they always follow themselves in the end."

"Poor fellow! Be the cause what it may, I pity him. He's tried hard to keep up. No man could have been more faithful to business, so far as the devotion of his time and his active attention were concerned. He deserves a better fate."

"How will his affairs settle?"

"Not particularly well, I hear."

"Does he show a hand?"

"Oh yes." The answer was without hesitation.

"I might have known that from what I know of the man."

"I don't believe Martin would hold anything back. He always impressed me as a man who would pay to the uttermost farthing. Poor fellow! I'm sorry the fortunes of war are against him, and that he has gone down in the heat of battle, unvictorious."

"Yes, gone down, gone down, unvictorious," was responded in a tone of pity.

It was the first intimation I had of Martin's failure in business, and I was pained to hear of his misfortune. I knew him very well, and held him, as a friend in high personal regard. The testimony which had been borne in favor of his integrity was in agreement with my own estimate of his character.

Intelligence of this failure soon spread through all the business circles in which Martin was known, and for two or three days almost every other person you met had something to say about it. The ordinary way of referring to the subject was in these words: "Poor Martin, I hear, has gone down again." And not a few responded, "He's reached the bottom of the hill this time, sure." Some pitied; some blamed; and some spoke harshly and angrily—the latter were of those who lost by the failure. I felt grieved for Martin. It was a sad ordeal for a man of right feelings to pass through.

I did not meet him, except casually in the street, for some time after his failure. But passing his store one day, and seeing it closed, as a sign that he had given up business, I felt it a duty that I should not hold myself aloof in this his day of trouble. So I called at his house one evening. When I grasped

his hand and looked in his face, I saw that he had not come through this trial without great suffering. He had the appearance of a man who had come recently from a bed of sickness.

"How are you, my friend?" I asked, as we sat down together.

"As well as could be hoped for," he replied, a feeble smile touching his lips with a ray of light.

"Fast down, but not forsaken."

"Not forsaken, I trust," he answered in a firmer voice.

"This is one of the troubles that is hard to bear," said I.

"Yes, but, as in all other troubles, our strength is as our day."

"I am pleased to hear you say that," I remarked.

"I should be sorry, indeed, if I could not say it," he answered, still gaining steadiness of manner.

"We look forward to great trials with a shuddering sense of fear, because we are conscious only of the feeble power of endurance that may be called our own. But when the trial comes, and we go down amidst the rushing waters, in fear and shuddering lest they overwhelm us, we find an arm to lean upon that is unseen but full of strength."

"And so your strength has been as your day," said I.

"Yes; or I should have perished among the floods. That I sit here, and talk with you as a man to his friend, clothed and in my right mind, makes the fact evident."

"Could you not have prevented this disaster?" I asked, during our conversation.

"Yes," he replied, with such confidence in his voice that I said, with some earnestness,

"Then why did you not use the means?"

"Simply because I could not satisfy myself that they were the right means. You shall hear and judge for yourself."

Two months ago one of my customers, to whom I had sold rather more freely than my judgment afterward approved, failed. It was only a few days before the notes which I had received in payment, came due. These notes had been discounted, and I was thrown upon the street as a borrower, on most disadvantageous terms. Another loss, following quickly on this one, alarmed and bewildered me. Twice before I failed in business, and now this dreaded ordeal, more painful than death in my imagination, looked me in the face again, and I grew faint with heart-sickness. I looked eagerly this way and that. Caught at one expedient and then another; dropping each in turn as of little promise, or as indefensible on the score of honest dealings.

While sitting at my desk one day, searching about in my thoughts for a way of escape from the difficulties that environed me like a steadily approaching wall of fire, a real estate agent, with whom I was well acquainted, came in and said to me, in a confidential way:

"I know where some money is to be gained, Mr. Martin."

"Money is a very desirable thing," I answered.

"And not always to be picked up in the street," said he.

"Not so far as my experience is concerned."

"Or mine either. Well, as I was saying, he went on, 'I know where some money is to be made. Would you like to join me in making it?'"

I answered yes, without hesitation; of all things, money was what I then most wanted; and asked for a statement of the ways and means required.

"In the first place," said he, "can you raise three or four thousand dollars within a week?"

I said yes, if the amount was only needed temporarily; as for permanent investment, no.

"It will only be needed temporarily," he answered, "as bait for taking a big fish." And he smiled in a way that did not strike me as pleasant.

"Explain yourself fully," I now said, and he went on.

"There is a piece of wild land in the interior of this State, which has been owned for years by two elderly maiden sisters, who long ago were sick of paying taxes on property that yielded no income. The tract includes nearly two thousand acres, and was bought originally at one dollar and a half an acre. It can be had to-day for three dollars an acre. I know the parties who own it, and they are now, as they have been for years, anxious to turn this property into money, which can be invested and insure an annual interest. They are advancing in life, and prefer a present certainty to large hopes in future. I have known of the existence of this property for some time, and have had itching fingers toward it, because I felt certain from its location that it must contain valuable mineral deposits—coal or iron. Last week I ran up into the region where it was situated, and getting a skilled man in the neighborhood, spent two days in a careful examination of the entire tract. The result more than confirmed my expectation. Coal crops out in many places, specimens of which I brought away. It proves, on testing, to be of superior quality. Moreover, a railroad is now in the course of construction, which will pass within three miles of the land. Why, Mr. Martin, this whole tract could be sold for a hundred thousand dollars in an hour, if its value was known in the market as I know it. Now what I require, to gain possession, is the money. But, unfortunately, I am poor. I know twenty men who would clutch at the opportunity of joining me in the purchase and put down the cash at word; but I'm afraid to trust them with my secret. And this is why I come to you. If you can furnish the means required, one half the land is yours. I have already seen the old ladies, and they are ready to sell the property for six thousand dollars; one half cash, and the balance in six and twelve months' payments. The thing must be done quickly, or they may get an inkling of the truth. What do you say, Mr. Martin? You can sell out your interest in a week for fifty thousand dollars!"

Now this man was not a scheming visionary, who got rich on paper twenty times a year, but a cool, shrewd person, who understood entirely what he was about. If he had spent two days on the property referred to, in company with an expert, the report he made as to coal deposits might be fully relied upon. Here, then, was a way of escape made plain to me. I had but to raise the sum of three thousand dollars, which my credit would enable me to do, and hold my portion of this land until we could make its value known. I was on the point of thanking him for the offer of a share in so promising an enterprise, and saying that I would go in with him of course, when this question came into my mind:

"Is it right to take advantage of the ignorance of these old ladies, and get possession of their property at a mere tithe of its real worth?"

The question disturbed me considerably, and I endeavored to put it out of my mind. But it kept

repeating itself, and growing more and more intrusive every moment.

"What do you say?" asked the man, breaking in upon my long, hesitating silence.

"In one hour I will give you an answer," said I.

This would afford me time to look at the subject on all sides. The temptation, under the dreadful pressure of my circumstances, was very great. In either of the previous ordeals through which I passed I would have yielded with scarcely a struggle. But I could not see, now, that a way of escape like this was defensible in any clear aspect of Christian morality. It was taking advantage of my better information to obtain valuable property for a most trifling consideration. Would this be in harmony with the Golden Rule? Would there be justice and judgment in the act? Was it a deed that any good conscience could bear onward to the closing of life, and not feel its pressure as a burden growing heavier and heavier? As I dwelt on the subject my mind grew excited and eager. On the one hand was inevitable ruin—my affairs were so near a crisis that hope had given way; on the other, a fortune as large as I had ever asked for lay within my reach, and I had only to put forth my hand and take it—only to put forth my hand and save myself from disaster and my creditors from loss. Then came my additional argument that my refusal to accept the advantage would not prevent the old ladies from losing this property. Some other person would be found to take my place in furnishing the cash required, and so the land would pass to new owners. But this did not satisfy me. It was the old false argument in favor of appropriating another's goods because they were doomed to be stolen by somebody.

In an hour my tempter returned.

"What's the word, Mr. Martin?" he asked, looking at me so confidently that I saw he was in no doubt about my acceptance of his proposal. I had settled the question, after a severe struggle, and was prepared to answer without hesitation.

"The thing seems promising enough," said I; "but I have concluded against becoming a party in the transaction."

"Why not?" he asked, looking disappointed.

"Plainly," was my answer, "because it has n't a fair look. Advantage will be taken of another's ignorance."

The man's face betrayed an instant angry movement of his feelings, and he muttered something in an undertone, in which my ears seemed to detect the words, "Stupid fool!"

"And you are really in earnest?" said he, scarcely seeking to hide a look of contempt that was rising to his face.

"I am," was my firm answer.

"Good morning!"

He threw the words at me with an impatient impulse, and left me on the instant.

"Did he find a less scrupulous individual to join him?" I asked.

"Yes; and what is more, the purchase of the land was made, and it has since been sold to a company for some fabulous sum—two or three hundred thousand dollars, I believe."

"Half of which would have been yours?" said I.

"Yes," he answered, without change of tone or manner.

"And instead of being down in this low, dim valley, you would now be on the sunny heights of prosperity."

He looked at me for a little while without answering.

"Have you, at any time, regretted that decision?" I asked.

"Not for a single instant," he replied. "After the temptation was over, and my mind was able to rise into a clearer region, I saw the transaction in such a hideous aspect, that I almost shuddered in thinking of my escape. Ah, sir, there are greater evils than poverty, and higher good than riches. With that sin upon my conscience, I would have gone down into regions of doubt and darkness, and maybe lost my way, never to find it again. It is better, far better, I think, to walk in the right way, even if it be with naked feet, than to tread on soft velvet in passing, along the road that leads to destruction at last."

"Better? Yes, a thousand times better!" said I, with ardor. "This fall, then—this 'going down,' again, as the common saying is—cannot in one sense, be called a misfortune, but a trial in which there might come a death of something evil and selfish in your soul, and thence a new birth of higher and more heavenly principles. You were brought into a strong temptation, in which good gained a victory over evil; and you are a truer man for the fierce struggle and contest."

"I know not how that may be," he answered. "I only know that I have a clear conscience; that in the fire through which I have been required to pass, I have not let truth or justice go to the flames." "How think you, reader? Had that man gone down lower or up higher? What would you have done under circumstances of like trial? Would you have clutched eagerly at the golden opportunity which came with such tempting smiles? or, like Martin, risked the fire? If you are a man looking heavenward—and doubtless this is so—let the question come home; it may give you a new consciousness of your own state. In the mirror of his scrupulous action you may see a reflection of yourself."

My Creed.

The great ruling principles in Nature are electricity and magnetism, which are not only the Father and Mother of the universe, but the all-creating, sustaining and protecting power of the wondrous and innumerable worlds which roll in perfected majesty and sublimity in illimitable space, this mighty power being manifest in every material atom in the universe, and the spirit of that power only in man, the great God-representative. The only religion for man is that given by the "medium," Jesus of Nazareth, which is comprised in acts as well as faith; in loving truth and righteousness with all the heart, mind and strength, and our neighbor as ourself; always abounding in charity toward our fellow man, forgiving his trespasses against us; and whatever we would that others should do to us we should do even so to them—the highest perfection of character in man being the only acknowledged Divinity, and from which all perceptible goodness flows.

Boston, Sept. 26, 1861.

Good intentions, as they do not justify misconduct, so neither do they excuse or even palliate it. It is not enough for a man that has done wrong to say, "My intentions were good." If they were, how came you to be doing wrong? If your intentions were right, how does it happen that you did not do right? You have been deceived, blinded, and led wrong, or else your intentions were not right.—L. W. Beecher.

Written for the Banner of Light. THE MUMURING BROOK.

BY LITA H. BARNETT.

It sings to me the same old song it sang in days gone by,
When life was but a pleasure-song upon its lullaby,
And though within the years since fled full many
Changes be,
Yet now it sings the same old song that then it sang
To me.

Its gurgling waters take me back to days of merry youth,
When all of life was diamond-bright with stones of
sparkling truth,
And in my future I could see no signs of gathering
storm,
But thought the world would always hold me to a
bosom warm.

I pilled its pebbly, laughing way, with chip, and stick,
and stones,
And frolicked with companion gay, to see them hurried
on;
Just so, since then, I've often dammed my own life's
channel up,
But life is onward; every day fills up its own deep cup.

Flow on, sweet brook, thou bring'st to me both mem-
ories sad and sweet,
But for the sake of olden days thy merry sound I greet;
I'll lay upon thy grassy banks beneath the beechen tree,
And glory in the happy songs that thou shalt sing to me.

Pittsford, Conn., Sept., 1861.

SPIRITUALISM:

SCIENTIFIC RATHER THAN THEOLOGICAL, THE DEMAND OF THE AGE.

An Address delivered by J. H. W. Tooley, before
"The National Convention of Spiritualistic Lec-
turers," held in Oswego, N. Y., August 16th, 1861.

Friends and Co-Workers—Experience in testing the
sincerity of Spiritualists and Agitators, has demon-
strated again and anew the need of converting "the-
ology" to Science, and "religion" to Civilization.
The progress and results of our popular education
have also convinced many that it is not enough to ac-
quaint the people with the facts of Spiritualism—see-
ing the age is disordered with, and disorganized by
multitudinous issues. These and kindred convic-
tions have brought us together, that we may
strengthen the bonds of fellowship, enlarge our con-
ceptions of Spiritualism, and improve our methods
for its popularization.

These demands grow out of the fundamentals of
the "spiritual philosophy," for, having learned the
wisdom of "death," the mind is anxious to know
the value of life. "The people," too, demand a phi-
losophy as catholic as the sun, as positive as the
laws of Nature, and as practical as the needs of
daily experience. A philosophy thus constructive will
enable us to teach, and man and womanhood to en-
joy the benefits of science, the delights of freedom,
and the transports of social harmony.

Encouraged by previous labors, and enriched by
the aspirations of the mind, the ministry of spirits,
the progress of ideas and the integrity of reformers,
we may, without being presumptuous, hope for fur-
ther and more harmonious progress. To effect this,
we can labor individually in the social circle for the cor-
rection of the "unfinished work of our fathers,"
and, as members of society, we may live in tolerant
intercourse with many of our so-called "religious"
teachers; but as reformers and *libers* of the truth,
we need a gospel of positive, practical knowledge.
Many of the sins of our ancestors (both of omission
and commission) may be excused, as they knew
next to nothing of the earthly splendors of a healthy
and harmonious life; but we, seeing the evils of their
ignorance, must free ourselves, and, as far as possi-
ble, the minds of others from all theological bondage.
To this end we must work, as well as think, and
educate the body as well as the mind, though to do
so is neither easy nor convenient at all times. Tempta-
tions to compromise with "public opinion" grow
up with our surroundings; while a desire to concili-
ate a popular church and a more popular theology,
meets the mind and too often corrupts the spirit in
the every-day relations of life. Too often the love
of fame, and the desire to succeed in business, mars
the otherwise fair proportions of the spirit, to our
great hurt and the injury of the cause we love.

Exceptional individuals indeed rise occasionally in
the native strength and majesty of their spirits, or-
dained, though self-elected, to the work of teaching.
They are the "representative men" of human his-
tory, and stand mentally and spiritually above the
millions of the age, as the physical mountains rise
up from their surrounding earth. Affinity of spirit
and comprehensiveness of mind, bring them into
nearness and dearness of relationship with Nature
and its infinite soul! They catch the first glances
of the new era, and retain longest the best phases of
the old dispensation; like the tops of the tallest
mountains, that glow with the golden light of the
morning sun, they reflect the splendors of "the
heavens" on the thoughtless man in the valleys of
life. As such, they have a local habitation and a
name among the stars of Humanity—being spirits
of beauty and joys forever—witnesses for the past
and prophets of the future!

Many of us will come between these extremes of
character, being neither "the heaven-heavenly,"
nor "of the earth—earthly," but children of the age,
and learners one of another. For in emulating the
good, we correct the bad, and in receiving from the
rich, we bestow upon the poor, hoping to equalize
extremes. And thus we will have to re-act and
spiritualize the assumptions of the "saint," the con-
cepts of the reformer, and the "loves" of the world-
ling. The desire to do this may give us place in the
school of reform; but nothing short of its actualiza-
tion will make us an active power among the con-
trolling and constructive forces of civilization. To
be in the vanguard of equalizing and constructive
right, is a pre-eminence to be obtained only by con-
secration of toil to heroic and reformatory labor.

Aspirations thus broad and comprehensive may
be deemed presumptuous, by detracting men and not
over wise women; but the truly educated Spiritualist,
knowing the Infinite writes its approval on the spirit
of the daring doer, "hopes on, toils on"—the more,
since on the earth and in the spheres all honest and
sincere efforts work together for good.

It is not presumption, therefore, but a noble ne-
cessity, that prompts the mind to emulate "the
good," and improve upon their labors, however in-
ferior the matter and manner of the teacher may
be. "We change to angels by degrees" and rise to the
dignity of wisely knowing and rightly doing, only
by virtue of education and experience.

These general reflections are pertinent to the pur-
poses of these meetings, if I comprehend the inten-
tions of the Committees. The published "call" in-
forms us, that "the present agitated state of the
public mind in relation to Social and Political Insti-
tutions, as well as to Religious and Theological Ideas,
marks a transitional period in the world's history of
no ordinary moment. The Old is passing away; the
New is struggling into birth. It therefore behooves
those who are called to be Spiritual Teachers, that
they be qualified to lead the way to a new age of
Wisdom and of Harmony—to the inauguration of
both a more vital and practical Religion, and a more
just and fraternal Civilization. Anything less than
these will fail to meet the demand of the time and
the promise of the opening era."

Thus, from general and particular standpoints, we
are brought face to face with the age and its issues,
all of which are significant to some individuals—if
not fundamental to progress. This being so, I ask,
Who among us is qualified for these things? Who
is able to classify the wants of the age, and capable
of supplying the demand? Or where shall the as-
pirant commence, how proceed, and when leave off?
To these questions many and conflicting answers
might be given, but the members of a reformatory

Convention may be excused, if remembering the
crimes and cruelties of "church and state"—and
with an honest dislike of "authority"—they think and
say, let each individual answer to, and for himself,
and divine for his own well-being! Each mind
should be a law unto itself, the spirit being rich in
good gifts. But if not, let those who are "weak,"
seek the aid of ministering and guardian spirits,
whose manifestations and inspirations make vital
and vocal the intuitions of the mind, tranquilizing
the affections, in softening the issues of life.

The frequency with which these and kindred re-
sponses are uttered by members of the spiritualistic
family, fully attest the supposed resources and
strength of such persons, giving sweet assurance of
sympathy and friendly aid in the hour of need; but
they do not meet the issue, nor suggest the method
for educating the harmonious and constructive teacher.
Inspiration may aid intuition, and for a time illu-
minate the mind; but, without knowledge, fallibility
and uncertainty must ever accompany the judgments
of men. Ignorance may be naive, but it must be
eradicable; for certainty and rest attend the devel-
opment of positive knowledge. Evidence accumu-
lates from every department of society and life, de-
monstrating the need of knowledge. The ages, too,
after nursing into life, gifted and enthusiastically
commissioned teachers, testify for knowledge! And
last, but not least, the hopes and sorrows of the
mind; the health and sickness of "the race"—like
the revolutions of nations and the rise and fall of
empires—attest the insufficiency of inspiration,
"Revelation," and testify for knowledge!

Sincerity will stimulate thought, and enthusiasm
will strengthen resolution, making the mind subor-
dinate to circumstances; but neither can save the mind
from being ignorant, nor the body from the conse-
quences of wrong doing. Feeling, though oftentimes
near akin to inspiration, knows nothing of the calm
and harmonious order of Nature; and though it
prompts the sensitive to do and dare, it is but to re-
pent and suffer. And thus it must continue to be,
so long as the mind believes in and relies on "the-
ological providences"—so long as the mind is led by
"impression," and not fed by knowledge!

A brief survey of our "religious" experiences
will illustrate the evil of believing exclusively in the
wisdom of spiritual agencies, for belief has been the
watchword of all religious associations, and is still
deemed the only reliable bond of fellowship. A
blind veneration and an ignorant conceit, not knowl-
edge, have authorized this assumption, and vitalized
like the worst and the best phases of "religious
worship." Their prominence in human experience
has colored the past, and still keeps in being cere-
monies no longer real. They demand for this end
one seventh of all time, and nominally set it apart
in the interests of "theology" and the Church.

Protestantism, with a ministry of thirty thousand
men, and Romanism, with a priesthood more power-
ful, (though nominally less in this country,) vindicate
their claims, magnify their importance, and
enforce the forms they have developed. If inter-
rogated as to the significance and value of those alms
and pretensions, "the Church" gives differing and
conflicting answers.

Thus, the Roman Catholic being primitive, prides
itself on being apostolic! It is exclusive and au-
thoritative; and if the priests are to be believed, the
only reliable form of "historic Christianity." It is
content to be stationary in time, because a finality
"in Heaven." It ignores progress and assumes per-
fection! It punishes all dissent, by virtue of "the
Holy Roman Catholic Church." It makes obedience
the first, and devotion the second virtue, the intel-
lect nor science having "neither part nor lot in the
matter." To doubt the authority of the Church, the
purity of its officers, or the wisdom of its cere-
monies, is a crime—if not "a mortal sin"—for which
atonement must be made. The intellect being "cor-
rupted," philosophy is profane; both needing regenera-
tion and saving grace, to free them from the taint
of "Nature." Are these dogmas considered unwor-
thy "revelation" and beneath human dignity? For
all such, it has ceremonies most imposing and
dramatic. The language of its songs and prayers
is earnest, emotional, and reverent; while Art
ministers to, and makes its "forms" resplendent—
all of which invests architecture, music, painting,
statuary and dress with a sacredness not their own
—making them ministering spirits in the service of
the marvelous! But "the conclusion of the whole
matter" is prayer and confession: atoning for imagi-
nary sins, and growing vain over imaginary virtues
—thus making progress in Science, Philosophy and
general Reform, impossible!

Protestantism is both a protest against, and an
improvement upon phases of this "religious" de-
velopment. Nevertheless, the "Orthodox" Protestant,
like the Roman Catholic, derives his authority from
the Holy Bible, and the Ancient days. Professing
to respect individual convictions, the Protestant
minister condescends to address the intellect, and
preaches in behalf of the rights of private judgment.
A sanctified logic is used, which, rather than faith,
hope, or charity, suggests the "articles of belief," and
authorizes the "creed." Confessedly, this logic has
little in common with science or philosophy. History
or life being "not of this world," but by way of com-
pensation, it is all powerful in dogmatic theology.
It develops mystery and culminates in paradox; for,
while professing to explain and vindicate the ways of
God to man, it ignores the authority of Reason and
quarrels with the conclusions of Science. It preaches
modesty, but oscillates between catechisms and dog-
matism—being over-wise in its own conceit.

The Church, accordingly, is the only reliable me-
dium of progress, and the Bible, the creator of civil
and religious liberty. Assumption is bad argument,
but a necessary policy, when the interests of theology
require the minister to magnify his office—the
more, since Jesus declared the person to be "a thief
and a robber," who should shoo any other medium
of salvation than the Church—a judgment consid-
ered true and righteous by the Protestant par excel-
lence, as well as the Roman Catholicism.

Thus Protestantism, like Romanism, culminates
in a mythical church, an aristocratic priesthood, and
a dogmatic creed—and all by virtue of a preternat-
ural theology, which, while it had the power to in-
jure, misled the judgment, perverted the affections,
and hurt the moral sense. No wonder the church-
man is anti-natural, anti-progressive, and supersti-
tious. No wonder persecution and crime have mark-
ed the legislation and government of these religious
bodies. No wonder cant and hypocrisy mix with
the better convictions of the saint, since superstitions
fears afflict the imagination and enfeeble the mind.

If Spiritualists and reformers have learned to de-
plore these results, it is because progress has gone
on outside of the Church, and in defiance of the
priesthood. Earnest men and thoughtful women
were forced to respect Nature and doubt theology by
virtue of intuition and their own experiences. The
one is native to, and talismanic of the aspiring mind;
the other grows with time and expands into knowl-
edge, and both unite in Truth. The former affini-
ties with Inspiration and Religion—the latter with
Nature and Science, and all harmonize in Wisdom.

These elements of a Catholic Anthropology spoke
to and through minds thus educated, until each gen-
eration acknowledged their power. Facts and ideas
passed from individual to national appreciation, and
became the acknowledged teachers of the mind.
Working for good, they established the immutability
of truth. Tolerance sprung into life for differences
of opinion, and made enthrone the understanding.
Knowledge thus became a power, and men learned
to love the true, the beautiful and the good. Ex-
panding thought developed ennobling connections,
and modern knowledge became more serviceable than
ancient conceits. The relations of time, rather than
the "things of eternity," became significant ex-
perience having authorized the conviction, that "the
natural was first, after that the spiritual."

Thus growing, the mind ignored an arbitrary
God and "a depraved human nature," as abortions
in an orderly universe. Time and the Ages became
sacred, rather than particular dispensations. Each
generation came orderly and equitably into history.
Orderly, as the labor of the time, was for the learner

of the day. Equitably, because work was for all,
and none should be pensioners upon the dead.

For this growth and expansion of thought, we are
indebted to scholars, philosophers, men of science,
and men of letters, many of whom were considered,
in their day and generation, infidels, atheists and
worldlings; to printing-presses, steamboats, rail-
roads and telegraphs—the genius that invented, and
the energy that keeps them in motion. Thanks to
all, and other unmentioned, but not forgotten agents
and members of the secular army, whose workings
and pleadings have enriched life and established the
power of civilization, while doing the will of trade,
business and commerce. Thanks to the propaganda
of Anti-slavery, Woman's Rights and Socialism; for
all have added in liberating the mind, establishing
Equity and making Liberty a power in the land.

Into an Age thus enriched, blessed and liberalized,
Spiritualism has come, to add to the culture of the
most liberal of nations, and the most practical of
people. In the order of Nature and "the course
of human events," it appears in behalf of Progress,
as the exponent of the Past, the harmonizer of the
Present, and the herald of the Future. Its students
and ministering spirits teach in the name of Nature,
and by the authority of Law. They are positive by
virtue of facts, and universal because of principles.
They feel grateful to the Past while deploring its
errors, and honor Religion while separating it from
the Bible and theologies of erring men. Working
as Protestants, they believe in the real Catholic
Church, and make Protestantism consistent with
philosophy, science and progress. They place the in-
dividual above bibles, creeds and institutions, the
spirit being progressive and immortal.

The popularization of fundamentals like these,
sufficiently indicate how far we have removed from
the theologies of "the Fathers,"—but does not indi-
cate the affinities of Spiritualism, for the detail and
minutia of science. And it is just here our philoso-
phy is weak, and our teaching defective. We need,
therefore to be critical with and among ourselves,
for vain conceits and crude individualisms often
characterize the teachings and practices of the so-
called "spiritual philosopher." An egotistic Spiritu-
alist is no better than a dogmatic Saint. Both
may be the natural expressions of their times, but
like all over ripe fruit, both should be got rid of as
soon as possible.

To correct these phases of character, Education
must practicalize the suggestions of intuition and the
dictations of inspiration. Together they give bal-
ance to the mind, as the hands and feet give
proportion to the body, but, divorced, extreme follows,
and they antagonize each other. Thus the ascetic
lover of God is often a good hater of Humanity; the
worshiper believing the soul depraved, declares
"natural goodness" "filthy rags." The atheist,
seeing nothing of an "Almighty" in Nature, often
finds "gods" among men. This hater of worshiper
loves Humanity, and is oft devoted to the interests
of reform. The Churchman ignores science, and
calls its philosophy materialism; while the scien-
tist repudiates the Church, and declares theology
a superstition. And yet these extremes are but the
natural proportions of the grand idea, when united
and made whole.

The Spiritualist, like his ancestors, has the weak-
ness of extreme, for the majority still delight in the
wonderful and the marvelous, to the disgrace of
science, and the injury of progress. True, the Spiritu-
alist, unlike the Churchman, can plant youth, in-
experience and defective education. We know the
majority of them have been too busy in vindicating
the facts of spirit-intercourse, to develop systemati-
cally and in detail the application of principles.
Time and opportunity are necessary to study the
science of forces and the adaptation of things.

These extensions, though proper in their place,
should not blind the mind, nor make it insensible to
present needs. So thinking, I ask what is the rem-
edy, and where are we to look for the Saviour? I
answer, first, in the capacity and energy of the in-
dividual; second, in the power of knowledge to edu-
cate; and third, in science, the infallible guardian
of the mind. These, when harmonized in the spirit,
and organized in the life, become the Saviour of the
individual. And be it remembered, that in this con-
centration and unity of mind and knowledge, every
kind and quality of experience is comprehended; it
being alike friendly to human nature, the ministry
of spirits, and the many phased expressions of life.

The importance attached to individual capacity
and education of character, by most Spiritualists,
renders it unnecessary to urge the value of the one,
or the necessity of the other; but when we ask, who
shall be our Teachers and Educators? there is need
for a better understanding. Many will have it that
the Spirits are the only competent guides; and not a few
mediums have represented their spirit-friends as
prohibiting them from reading books, attending lec-
tures, and in every way preventing the use of other
means of education.

Now without calling in question the sincerity of
the persons making these statements, and with no
intention to undervalue the power of spirits in their
ministry of Love, I must say we need very much
more and a great deal better evidence than we now
possess to sustain the assumption. And until such
evidence is presented, there is no rest for the in-
quiring mind on these points outside of the certainties
of Science.

Am I asked what I mean by Science? I answer,
Science, in a comprehensive sense, is classified knowl-
edge and demonstrated truth. Its foundations are
facts; its fundamentals, principles; and its finalities,
laws. It commences with "the infinite little," and
ends with the Infinite good. Its head is cool, but
it judges with a righteous judgment; its heart is
non-personal, but it loves with an impartial affec-
tion. In its right hand is justice, and in its left in-
tegrity. Its movements are equitable, for its goings
forth are on the legs of utility and economy. Its
affinities are self-educative, and are best represented
in astronomy, geology, chemistry, physiology and
phenology. It is mineral, vegetable, animal, human
and spiritual, and ever truthful in all. Nothing can
corrupt it—not even the priesthood. It will not lie
for "the Bible," nor bear false witness against a
"sinner." "It is the same to-day, yesterday and
forever."

In brief and in general, science is thus significant
and reliable to all acquainted with its teachings, and
should therefore be the standard of appeal in all dis-
putes. But in order to strengthen the inducement, I
ask your attention to a review of some of our habits
and teachings.

1st. "God"—It is "no new thing under the sun"
for the reformer to be accused of irreverence, inas-
much as he or she comes to transform the deformed,
and correct, rather than venerate, existing insti-
tutions and customs. The Spiritualist, therefore, in
common with other innovators, is more "the victim
of circumstances" than an intentional offender. In
order, however, that Wisdom may be approved of her
children, all such should be consistent with their
own teaching, the more, as the Spiritualist is expected
to incorporate the best phases of religious cul-
ture with the most truthful revelations of science
and philosophy.

If the teacher therefore believes in an Infinite
Intelligence, and uses the word "God" as a syno-
nym, there should be no confounding of terms, as it
leads to confusion of thought. Without this correc-
tive there will be "gods many and lords many," but
no Infinite, Positive Intelligence. The more, since
Man tends to make "God" in his own image—a gen-
eralized individuality. History in every age and
nation illustrates this anthropological fact, and by
virtue of the same law, every generation improves
upon its predecessor and corrects in part or in whole
the misconceptions it finds. The teacher may be
supposed to know the difference between personal
conceits and logically defined ideas, but here, as else-
where, capacity and genius fashion, and education
colors the idea.

Naturally enough therefore, some Spiritualists
wishing to get rid of a "theological god" and a
"Man Deity," have gone so far as to ignore "the
Divine Personality," and speak and write of Deity
as a "Grand Principle." But this, with many lib-
eral thinkers, is both unphilosophical and irreverent

—the former in substituting the mechanical forces of
nature for the Divine Mind, the latter in presenting
such substitution as worthy of adoration. The cor-
rection intended has this good, however: It divests
Deity of exclaim and partiality, two mental abortions,
commonly united thereto.

The error is an old one, and when Theodore Par-
ker was yet a young man, feeling the absurdity of
making Deity masculine, and wishing to correct the
common custom of religionists, he wrote of and ad-
dressed the Deity in prayer as "our great Father
and Mother." The change, however, is hardly an
improvement, since it is neither consistent nor logi-
cal to reject a "Trinity" and accept a Duality—when
Science and Philosophy require a Unity. A. J.
Davis, following Mr. Parker, attempts a further im-
provement in the well known saying of "Father God
and Mother Nature," which is deemed defective for
the same reasons.

Indeed, it seems impossible to apply pet phrases to
the Infinite, without dissent from the thinker and
scientific inquirer, in sight of which difficulty Ralph
Waldo Emerson suggested wisely when he said "the
Infinitesimal Rectitude should be imagined present, and
not addressed as spoken of."

2d. Nature—Theologians having always had a poor
and rather rascally opinion of our earth, were expect-
ed to write and speak of Nature in loose, slippery and
disrespectful terms; but something better is expect-
ed from "Philosophers" and Reformers. As yet the
progress has been slow, and the improvement superfi-
cial, for Nature—life-giving, life-supporting, and
life-protecting Nature—is pressed into the service of
every thinking—thinker, world-mender and world-
bender—that appears on the reform platform. The
frequent and conflicting uses made of Nature in
much of our lecturing and writing has created a de-
mand for fixed conceptions and clearer definitions.
Without this, correct thinking is at an end, and actual
knowledge impossible.

Having seen the folly of declaiming about "God,"
it will be a good if we abstain from a like weakness
in the name of Nature. Old foes often reappear with
new faces, and are all the more injurious for being
new. So it is hoped that Spiritualists and reforma-
tory lecturers will speak and write of that much
abused feminine with more discrimination and in-
creased practical respect. The house of Nature, like
the house in Heaven, has "many mansions," each
department of which has its own particular excel-
lence, and should be spoken of accordingly. Nature
no doubt is "perfect," but this general conviction
should not seduce the mind from observing phenom-
ena, and thinking deeply on the habits of "Things,"
for (to use the significant language of Dr. Rush)
Nature in this high pattern capacity eludes the
power of definition, and like liberty with a patriot,
or orthodoxy with a sectarian, experiences with a
physician, and right with a moralist, she shows as
many faces as there are tongues that take her name
in vain. If Nature is to be the Canaan, she must be
so by the single instance she produces. If her ex-
cellencies are scattered over the species, it is Art
(and Science) that must collect them into individuals.

3d. Authority—It may be owing to "the inso-
lence of office, the law's delay," and the tyranny of
Church and State, that Spiritualists generally are
sensitive to leadership and government; but whether
owing to these or other causes, no class of persons
can be found more quick to resent any and all as-
sumptions of secular authority; and yet when dealing
with Spirits and Mediums there is a tolerance and
passiveness to their dictations, which in many, many
cases would be mirth provoking, were it not for con-
sequences. Even when the Circle is cheerful, and the
interrogator is on "easy terms" with the com-
municating Spirit, the questions asked and the man-
ner of interrogating too plainly show the presence
and power of authority. And naturally enough it is
so, considering the nature and tendency of new loves
and old habits. The *theologic spirit* has been so pre-
valent in popular education, it would be wonderful
indeed if the mind outgrew the power of credulity in
one generation. Nevertheless, correction must come,
for very many need emancipation from the authority
of spirits, as they previously did from the tyranny of
"the Church." It is needed to prevent confusion of
thought here and worse consequences hereafter; for if
the life we now live has to do with our future pro-
gress and happiness, none but the wisest and best
influences should be permitted to color and fashion it.

That this life is fundamental to the next we are
nearly all agreed; that this argument is predicated
on the general testimony of spirits and mortals is
well known; and yet how poorly we estimate the
mission of the earth life! The growing sense, how-
ever, affirms all "influence," "authority" and "con-
trol" injurious and pernicious that weakens the
general health. This expression of sense is owing to
the fact that delicate and sensitive women becoming
mediums and public speakers, are often taxed be-
yond their strength. They are expected to talk in
private circles, travel, and fill public engagements
under every variety of condition and circumstance.
Men as well as women become victims to over-work
—to the great injury of their physical integrity
and general usefulness. Doubtless the desire to
please "the friends" and the ambition to aid pro-
gress, with other personal peculiarities, help to de-
velop this condition of things, but after making full
allowance for these and other idiosyncrasies of mind
and body, much must remain with the spirits and
the control and authority they exercise over their
subject.

I say this *advisedly*, having learned from trance
mediums and other speakers that their much labor
was authorized by spirits, because the spirit friends
of said speakers had concluded to take them to the
"Summer Land" in one, two or more years. And
yet I must think there is some mistake as to the
true source of this and kindred assumptions, for,
conceding that spirits do teach such doctrine, it is by
no means self-evident they are either right or wise in
so doing. Nor is it consistent that such dogmas be
tolerated by those who have repudiated a "Calvinistic
God," with his power to foreordain, decree and damn.

But these theoretical and more intellectual con-
victions must give way when we consider the "defec-
tive health" and almost confirmed sickness of many
of our prominent speakers and lecturers, for it is
difficult to conceive how any body of men and women
can teach a life healing and life sustaining gospel—
themselves being sick! The more since "we are now
looking for men and women who will tell us to wor-
ship God with our bodies as well as our souls. Only
the healthy man and woman can make a true theo-
logy. Life will not be a dreary tale, an everlasting
shadow, if our nerves and muscles are as God intended
them to be. Many a bad theology has been made
out of a diseased system. Many a dark doctrine has
had its origin in disturbed functions in stomach or
liver. We cannot help throwing our diseases into
our thoughts. If we are to have a religion that
shall be entirely, freshly natural, its first requisition
must be—that men obey God's physical laws, and
present themselves at his altar with physical integ-
rity."²⁰

4th. Proof vs. Assumption—Notwithstanding
the suggestive sense of these statements, many there
are who will persist in ignoring the possibility of
error or ignorance in the teachings of their "spirit
friends," who will insist on being sick and going
to the "spirit world," "scarce half made up," be-
cause as yet they have not learned the value of the
earth life, nor the power of civilization to correct the
ills from which they suffer. For the benefit of all
such, the following facts and figures are submitted.

"Three score years and ten" were promised by a
"wise man" to the moderns for a normal lifetime;
the ancients having lived, according to *moist* calcu-
lation, from ninety to one hundred and eighty years.
The extreme number it is true belonged to the Pa-
triarchs and Heroes of the Jewish Nation, who, ac-
cording to report, were favored in more things than
"length of years." But leaving the Patriarchs and
the Ancients for the Moderns, I learn from Huf-
land, a learned German physiologist, and Erasmus
*Rev. Mr. Hepworth, of Boston.

Wilson, his English editor,* that the majority of
poets, philosophers, physicians, historians, musicians,
artists, men of science and men of letters, lived var-
iously between the extremes of fifty-one and one
hundred and seven years.

This evidence suggests the strangest possibilities
for enlarging and lengthening the volume of life, as
it testifies to what has been attained under the ex-
tremes of brain culture. It shows, too, that, with-
out much science, life has been prolonged from fif-
teen to twenty-five years beyond "three score and
ten." Generalizing on a few facts, however, has
been abandoned by the more thoughtful students of
history, for the more cautious conclusions of "aver-
ages;" so I submit the following estimates and sta-
tistics of longevity to help individual judgment.

M. Flourens, a French Academiologist, thinks peo-
ple should live one hundred years; while a learned
writer in the Edinburgh Review thinks eighty years
a more justifiable limit. In Scotland, however, in
1810, there were 2,800 persons living, aged over one
hundred years. In Prussia in 1841, the population
was 12,000,000; the number of persons who died at
ninety years and upwards, was 1,676. In Russia,
in 1842, in a population of 60,000,000, there were
ten thousand deaths of persons over ninety years.
In Austria, in 1842, the population was 11,900,000;
four hundred and forty-six persons died over one
hundred years. In Norway, in 1845, in a population
of 1,200,000, forty-one persons were living whose
age was rising one hundred years. In England and
Wales, in 1853, with a population of 18,500,000,
ninety-three persons died over one hundred; and in
the United States, in 1855, in a population of 26-
000,000, forty-three white persons died aged over
one hundred years.

These must be taken as "extreme cases," when
compared with average duration, (which is from
twenty-eight to thirty-three years the world over,)
but they prove, nevertheless, the possibility of pro-
longing life. Should these figures be deemed insuf-
ficient to warrant the conclusion of M. Flourens, or
indeed can be multiplied to favor it. For instance,
the Quakers of Great Britain, (according to late
English census returns) live fifty-one years, two
months and twenty-one days," while the more ir-
regular and reckless "of the population die before
reaching the age of twenty-one." Quotlet (an emi-
nent French statistician) "gives statistics, more or
less reliable, from every nation of Northern Europe,
showing a gain of ten to twenty-five per cent. during
the last century. Where the tables are most care-
fully prepared, the result is least equivocal. Thus,
in Geneva, where accurate registers have been kept
for three hundred years, it seems that from 1600 to
1600 the average lifetime of the citizens was twenty-
one years and two months; in the next century,
twenty-five years and nine months; in the century
following, thirty-two years and nine months; and in
the year 1833, forty years and five months; thus
nearly doubling the average of man in Geneva with-
in those three centuries of social progress." In
France, it is estimated, that in spite of revolutions
and Napoleons, human life has been gaining at the
rate of two months a year for nearly a century.
In England the progress has been far more rapid,
the rate of mortality at present being one in sixty
—the healthiest condition in Europe—while in half-
barbarous Russia the rate of mortality is one in
twenty-seven."

These facts and figures are valuable in themselves,
as evidences of progress and the beneficent genius of
civilization—the more so in educating the mind, they
disprove assumptions, which make spirits the execu-
tioners, rather than the guardians of men and women,
a doctrine as repugnant to refined sense, as it is in-
consistent with the "loving kindness" of minister-
ing spirits.

6th. RESULTS AND NECESSITIES—It is not, however,
to fortify the intellect against, nor strengthen an al-
ready existing skepticism of spirit-intercourse, that
these facts and suggestions are given, but to demon-
strate the need of making Spiritualism scientific and
practical, rather than *theologic* and fanciful. In
theory we are free and radical—but, in fact, much
remains to be accomplished, ere we are emancipated
from the power of habit and the authority of cus-
tom. Nor can we hope for better success, so long as
a defective education wastes the energies of the mind
and perverts the functions of the body. So long as
Angiology is separated from Biology, and men and
women conform to bad social conditions, so long will
the results be injurious mental, moral, and devotion-
al culture, general disease and sickness, with a
few marked and radical exceptions.

The remedy, however, is in the individual, and the
ability of

How brightly do little joys beam upon a soul which stands on a ground darkened by clouds of sorrow! So do stars come forth from the empty sky when we look up to them from a deep well.

THE REBELLION—ITS CAUSE AND CURE.

A Lecture by Hon. Warren Chase, at Alston Hall, Boston, on Sunday Afternoon, Sept. 22, 1861.

According to announcement, this distinguished orator and reformer occupied the desk at Alston Hall to-day. The attendance was much larger than the rain would warrant one in predicting. His subject was, "The Present Crisis of American Affairs."

The lecturer thought that in this, the great crisis of our country, we should view the matters it suggested dispassionately and calmly. He declared this to be less a warfare between slavery and freedom, than between democracy and aristocracy, and not this country would be the battle ground alone, but this contest and its results would be felt among the aristocrats and democrats of England and of the world.

The question is, whether an aristocracy or a democracy shall govern the country; and whether it shall be divided into little homesteads for the many, or into cumbersome plantations for the few; whether wealth, education and the soil of the country shall be monopolized, or whether everything that man holds dear shall be free, including religion.

Our forefathers fled from an aristocracy to establish a democracy. Industry became respectable then; and it has never yet become disreputable in the New England States, or north of Mason and Dixon's line. With this influx of hardy industry came the desire for education, and in the olden time it was a part of the duty of the preachers to educate the children on week days, in the houses or rooms in which meeting was held on Sunday. Thus was sowed the seeds of democracy; and chattelism, though allowed by law, receded from these States, because it was not profitable, and could not be sustained beside free labor.

On the other hand, in the Cotton States the people hold large tracts of land; they monopolize the soil there, as they do not do in New England; and they have their labor done by persons whom they own; and the poor white population have no provision made for them. Thus they are kept poor, weak and ignorant. If you find school houses at the South, you find them closed to the poor. The rich are as intelligent, generous, and noble as any of the people of the New England States, but these traits extend no further than to that class.

The question of to-day is Aristocracy and Democracy. Shall we go back to the feudal ages? The Barons in the feudal ages built themselves in with massive walls, and put their piket guards around them to keep away their enemies or marauders. The plantations of the South are hedged around with slave shanties, and the negroes are made to guard them against the poor white thieves of the South—for the institutions of the South allow them to be no better.

Now shall we extend the principles cherished in the free States over the whole nation, or shall we allow the breach to be made wider than now, between civilization and barbarism? School houses have crowded into Western Virginia, hence you find the people are loyal; in parts of Maryland, Kentucky and Missouri, Northern institutions have been carried—hence manhood is respected, and the people are working to sustain the government.

But down in South Carolina and the Gulf States, respectability is coupled with the ownership of property, and the poor man is a criminal. Now shall education, labor and industry be allowed to extend downward over the South, or shall they be allowed to go no further?

General education brings peace and prosperity. Our muskets here had grown rusty, and our cannons were turned into pots and kettles. Masters were only boys' play, and we had made war disreputable. Hence we allowed a Secretary of War to ship our munitions South, for we didn't want them any longer. We felt secure and easy, and had almost succeeded in annihilating the mob spirit; and under the work of education, loafers and rowdies would soon be unknown. We were wearing away the mob material, and were using up the strength of men in the factories and on the farm, instead of in warfare, and were lulled into security. But we have been suddenly aroused. The South felt, because we allowed them to steal our war-munitions, that we had grown correspondingly weak. They felt they would not have a serious time in subjugating us. But they have been greatly disappointed, and it is well for us and our children that they have been.

The English government has kept up foreign wars to dispose of their surplus poor white males, or sent them off into colonies where they die of disease. But we have bought new land, where our emigrants and our poor whites have been sent, and they have built up the same institutions they learnt from us. But the poor whites of the South have been increasing, and instead of drifting westward and improving land, they have remained in the large cities, worth less except for mobs, or by lynch-law, and now the scheming politicians of the South have made use of them, and like hired assassins they are marching up to the Potomac, and up the Mississippi. We have got to meet them, and conquer them, for the good of humanity, for the cause of civilization. It is no consequence how many of them are killed, and so there is no need of making reports of the lost; they are of no consequence save for warfare or aggression, and their officers look upon them as men rather than their slaves. What are they going to fight for? They have no home or principles at stake. If they conquer, they will receive no benefit. But the men of the North have something to fight for—for the soil that is theirs and the institutions they were born under.

If the principles of the North and its institutions were made known to the soldiers of the Southern army, every regiment in the South would disband in twenty-four hours. They have been prejudiced against the North and they have been taught we are their enemies, and would place the negroes over them. They have been deceived, cheated, defrauded; for if the truth were known to them, they would be with us at once. We are to pity them—not despise them.

Now what if the Cotton States were to succeed—to maintain their positions, and obtain a separation from the Northern States? Immigration would not centre thitherward; the slaves would, by natural law, increase ten times as fast as the whites. The rich white population there are growing weaker and more imbecile, and from intermarriage, will become weaker still; and the slaves, increasing physically, intellectually and numerically, would soon overturn the country, and set up a government of their own; and if they did, they would be recognized

by all the nations of Europe and by us, for they would have earned the country they would hold. Charity demands that we attend to the white population of the South, and that we should spread our institutions over them, and gradually erect our school-houses and our northern elements of society; and we owe it to Europe as well as ourselves, to put down this rebellion; and it is the duty of every true citizen, to be faithful to his country, and the arm of every strong man is demanded in support of the government and its institutions. We look back and read the pages of history, and the blood pulses faster in our veins as we read of the patriot blood of the revolution; and the blood of our grandchildren will spring as eagerly when they read of the deeds of those who poured out their blood to stay this mad rebellion of the slaveholders.

I would there were none here at the North who would be willing to leave a tory's reputation and name upon the page of time—become torises to humanity and traitors to their country. If not for themselves, let them preserve their own children from such a lasting disgrace. Let them not sacrifice millions for the illusory good of the few; let them not be false to their God, to humanity, to their own souls.

If any such there are, let them remember that their treachery will leave a black spot upon their souls that cannot be wiped out—like the spot of ink told of by poor Lippard, on the hand of Calhoun.

[A more lengthy report of his evening lecture upon the same subject will appear next week.]

Personal.

MR. CHARLES H. FOSTER.—Ninety-nine out of a hundred of Mr. Foster's spiritual manifestations are incontrovertable tests, which show to the world the fact that "dead" folks talk with folks that are not yet "dead."

F. L. Wadsworth, we are pleased to know, has recovered from his recent illness—or, at least, so nearly recovered that he called on us Thursday on his way home to Maine.

Prof. Clarence Butler will lecture in Foxboro' on Sunday, Oct. 6th. The Professor is an eloquent speaker, and our friends there must not lose the opportunity of hearing him.

We understand that Ada L. Coan the test writing and rapping medium, is doing a great work in Chicago, Ill. Thousands visit her rooms as skeptics, and go away believers, the proofs being so palpable of spirit-presence that they are obliged to admit the fact. Thus the work goes bravely on.

Dr. M. G. Smith has this summer been endeavoring to use his leisure time for the improvement of some of the street boys and other children in his neighborhood, says the Newburyport Herald. He has had meetings on most of the evenings, collected from thirty to two hundred persons, whom he has induced to learn and recite passages of Scripture and hymns, and to whom he has lectured on familiar topics, and among whom he has distributed papers and tracts. Quite an interest has thus been awakened, and the children have as anxiously sought him day after day as they have their homes at night. Recently the doctor has several times taken them to the beach. On Monday, his party, consisting of about two hundred, took passage in the horse-boats. They were of different nations and classes—the school-children and those who never go to school, the well-dressed and the ragged; but they all fraternized readily, and went in for having a good time. A good sail they did have; a good run upon the beach; a good wash in the surf; and they all eat down to a good dinner of green corn and potatoes, and afterwards to a nice clam chowder for supper.

Father Beeson and the Indians. While the Pike of Arkansas is stirring up the Cherokee to join the Confederates in a war upon the United States, good "Father Beeson" is working with all his might to influence the United States Government to deal justly and generously with them. It is a striking contrast of occupations. We observe, from the Harrisburg (Pa.) Union, that Mr. Beeson has been holding a public meeting on his favorite subject in that city, at which a regularly appointed Committee reported upon the condition and claims of all the Indian Tribes within the limits of the United States. The report, which quotes liberally from a previous statement made by Mr. Beeson, brings to light a mass of corrupt dealing, fraud, treachery, lying and deceit, practiced upon the Indians by the overpaid agents of the Government, that ought to put a civilized nation to shame and confusion. We hope Father Beeson will continue his public advocacy of the rights of the poor Indian, till it shall come about that this exiled race enjoy all the privileges—few enough—which have been guaranteed them, and for which they freely consented to their own removal.

To Correspondents.

Owing to the extreme length of Bro. Tooley's address, we have been obliged to omit much interesting correspondence intended for this issue. We shall try and accommodate some of our friends in this respect in our next number.

M. S. T.—You labor under a strange impression. You are ever welcome; but you must know that so few short columns as the BANNER contains, cannot hold all the matter forwarded to us; hence each must abide his turn, and each one's turn will come.

ELAM MICKLEW, BINGHAMPTON, PA.—Walt Whitman never published any volume save his "Leaves of Grass." He has other works ready for publication, as soon as the times warrant it. You can address him at New York City. As to circles in Pittsburgh, Pa. you had better make inquiries of some one there. We are not informed.

ANAGRAMS.—Anagrams are formed by the transposition of the letters of words, or sentences, or names of persons, so as to produce a word or sentence of pertinent, or of widely different meaning. This may be converted into a highly interesting game for a social circle. A large number of letters of the alphabet should be procured, and when the word is selected, should be transposed by the company. For instance: Let the word be *Astronomers*. These letters rightly placed will make: No more stars. Immediately: I met my Dolla. Catalogues: Got a clue. Elegant: Neat leg. Old England: Golden land. Pariahioners: I hire parsons. Parliament: Partial men. Revolution: To love ruin. Penitentiary: Nay, I repeat. Midshipman: Mind his map. Matrimony: Into my arm. Sweetheart: There we sat. Presbyterian: Best in prayer. Telegraphs: Great helps.

While faith has nothing doubtful, yet in reason there is nothing positive.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

A correspondent and subscriber says he doesn't want us to say anything about politics; another doesn't want us to say anything about slavery, pro or con; another doesn't want us to say anything about temperance or intemperance—and so on, *ad infinitum*. Gentleman, *Spiritualism* stands way up above, and covers all other *isms*. If one is a true Spiritualist, he must necessarily be a true Reformer, and if he be a true reformer, he is a blessing to the human race. We shall try to be a true Spiritualist.

RAISE STRAWBERRIES.—There is no more pleasant or profitable occupation than raising strawberries. A few plants set out now will yield you a choice lot of the delicious fruit next summer, and the season following ten times as much more. Whether you have ten square feet of ground or ten acres, try your hand at the berries, and, our word for it, you will thank us for the suggestion—and by all means try the extra plants advertised in another column. They are all they are recommended to be—we have tried them, and know.

The pressure of the times has left but two spiritual papers in existence in this country—the Banner of Light and the Herald of Progress.—*Boston Transcript*.

True, Mr. Transcript; but the Banner and Herald are more powerful for good in consequence, for they will soon have a more extensive circulation—as TAVIR prevails—and then, the field being larger, new spiritual papers will start up, and all be amply supported.

INTOLERABLE BORES.—Loafers in editorial sanctums.

DR. PERRY, THE DERMATOLOGIST.—This gentleman, who has an office at 29 Winter street, for the treatment of diseased scalps, loss of hair, &c., offers in our columns the most satisfactory testimony of his skill and success in his treatment of capillary diseases. The doctor came to Boston with a good reputation, socially and professionally, from physicians and others in every city where he had practiced. He has not only sustained his reputation, but added to it since he came here. Many of our citizens wished for endorsements of his success from those they knew, and we have no hesitation in saying that his list of Boston references are of the most reliable character.

We are sorry to say that the Sunday Spiritual meetings at Cambridgeport have been suspended for the present.

We have received two letters from California of too personal a nature to make public—at least until we hear "the other side" of the story. More especially so, as one of the letters is anonymous, and the two conflict materially in their statements. It grieves us, as journalists, to be made conversant with transactions so unbecomingly belittling of our beautiful faith. It is better to forgive those who err, however, than by casting them off, sink them deeper in hell.

A pretty girl was lately complaining to a Quaker friend that she had a cold and was sadly plagued in the lips by chaps. "Friend," said Obadiah, "these should never let the chaps come near thy lips."

A FLORAL GIFT.—We are indebted to J. S. Keith, of Cambridgeport, for a beautiful arrangement of flowers, tastefully preserved and pressed, making at once a bouquet and a picture, giving us

"The fragrance of Summer when Summer is gone."

There is no policy like politeness; and a good manner is the best thing in all the world either to get a good name or supply the want of it.

INSANITY. "O! what a noble mind is here o'erthrown! The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword! The observant of all observers! quite, quite down! And I now see that noble and most sovereign reason, like sweet bells jangled out of tune and harsh; That unmatched form and feature of blown youth, Blasted with ecstasy! O! woe is me! To have seen what I have seen, to see what I see!" [Shakespeare.]

The excellent Catholic journal, the N. Y. Tablet, has some very sensible observations on the present mode of providing pupils for the Military Academy at West Point. It says:

"Give those youths who are neither politicians nor the sons of politicians a chance. Let admittance to the Military Academy of the Great Republic be based upon democratic principles. Let a boy's own intelligence, genius, moral worth, be the needed qualifications, and not his father's wire-pulling talents, or the number of votes he can control. Let a board of examiners be appointed in every Congressional District, and let all youths between certain ages be enabled to present themselves for examination, and the most worthy be selected."

The eye of the common house-fly is fixed so as to enable its prominent organs of vision to view accurately the objects around in every direction; it is furnished with eight thousand hexagonal faces, all calculated to convey perfect images to the optic nerve, all slightly convex, all acting as so many corners—eight thousand included within a space no larger than the head of a pin! all hexagonal—all of the best possible form to prevent a waste of space! This is so wonderful, that it would stagger belief, if not vouched for by being the result of the inter-scopical researches of such men as Lewenboeck, and others equally eminent.

"The execution of that song by Miss Clyde was very difficult," said a lady to Dr. Johnson, once. "Difficult!" shouted the doctor, "I wish it was impossible!"

A DEARTHFUL CUSTOM.—It was formerly the custom at Rheims, on Christmas morning, in the cathedral of that city, to loose birds out of a cage, as emblems of what Christ does for the soul, in freeing its hopes and aspirations from imprisonment by despair and sin.—*Religious Paper*.

Yes, a beautiful custom, perhaps, but we hardly think it carried out the simile. December is a chilly cold month to us, and it must be so to the emaciated songsters; and how many poor birds have died of cold and fright, in pursuance of this priestly form. We trust He who numbers the hairs of our head, keeps a reckoning of.

We frequently receive letters from different persons complaining that they have written to this or that medium, without receiving any answer. We would suggest to such, to consider whether they have written their name and address plainly, and that of the medium also. We have more complaints from mediums who cannot decipher the address of their correspondents, than we do from the other class.

Woman is, we grant, the "weaker vessel," but she is moulded of finer clay.

Benjamin Franklin tells us, in one of his letters, that when he was a boy, a little book fell into his hands, entitled "Essays to do Good," by Cotton Mather. It was tattered and torn, and several leaves were missing. "But the remainder," he

says, "gave me such a turn of thinking, as to have no influence on my conduct through life; for I have always set a greater value on the character of a doer of good, than any other kind of a reputation; and if I have been a useful citizen, the public owes all the advantages of it to the little book."

Quartermaster General Melgs is understood to be making provision for the comfort of our troops during the coming winter, by providing portable stoves to be used in tents. During the Crimean war, Napoleon had over three thousand stoves sent to the army besieging Sebastopol, and nearly the same number of wooden "huts" were also provided. While it is to be hoped that many of our troops will pass the winter in the "sunny South," those who may be exposed to the variable temperature of the Middle States should be provided with comfortable quarters, and an abundance of warm clothing.

Inducement to Subscribers.

To any one who will send us three dollars, with the names of three new subscribers for the BANNER OF LIGHT, for six months, we will send a copy of either, *WHAT EVER IS, IS RIGHT*, by Dr. Child, *THE ARCANA OF NATURE*, by Hudson Tuttle, or, *TWELVE LECTURES*, by Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch, with a splendid steel engraving of Mrs. Hatch. These works are all published for one dollar each, and this is an offer worthy the immediate attention of our readers, for we shall continue it in force only two months.

The Arcana of Nature.

This volume, by Hudson Tuttle, Esq., is one of the best scientific books of the present age. Did the reading public understand this fact fully, they would have the work without delay. By reference to the seventh page of this paper, last column, the reader will find an enumeration of its contents. This work has found its way into Germany, been translated into the German language by a gentleman well known to the scientific world, and has been extensively sold in that country. We will send the book by mail to any part of the United States, on the receipt of \$1.00.

A Card from Dr. Griswold.

It is due the subscribers to the Sunbeam to state that having reluctantly been induced to suspend its publication altogether. For a month previous to the last issue, not a single subscription was received for it. I was compelled to feel that, with the exception of a few, it was not wanted. Whatever communication I shall have in the future with the public upon the subject of Spiritualism, will be through the medium of the *Banner of Light*. The only one now open for me, or likely to be, is the *Banner of Light*, to the support of which I would earnestly urge all who feel an interest in religious reform, to exert their utmost influence. My work for a time to come will be in connection with the army, where all my sympathies for suffering humanity will find a demand. Spiritualism may be falling beneath the shadows of dark ages, but it will arise again more than ever resplendent in beauty when the earth shall have been purified by the revolution that is now already begun.

C. D. GRISWOLD.

Friends of Progress in Indiana.

The next annual meeting of the Friends of Progress will be held in Richmond, Ind., on Saturday and Sunday, October 19 and 20.

All friends are cordially invited to attend. Speakers from a distance who may journey in this direction will be welcomed to our meetings.

By order of the Committee of Arrangements, OWEN THOMAS, Secretary.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

As this paper circulates largely in all parts of the country, it is a capital medium through which advertisers can reach customers. Our terms are moderate.

MEDICAL TREATMENT—NUTRITIVE PRINCIPLE.

DR. ALFRED G. HALL, M. D., PROFESSOR OF PHYSIOLOGY, author of the *New Theory of Medical Practice* on the Nutritive Principle, may be consulted on the treatment of every form of humor, weakness and disease, in person or by letter, from any part of the country. It is restorative in its effects, reliable in the most prostrate cases, and justly worthy of the confidence of the afflicted. All the Medicines used are purely vegetable. No 250 Washington Street, Boston Mass. April 6.

Choice Strawberry Plants.

"WILSON'S ALBANY SEEDLING" is the most prolific Strawberry known. Single Plants have yielded 370 Berries in a Season! EVERY PLANT IS PERFECT AND BEARS FRUIT, which is of EXCELLENT FLAVOR and often measures Four to Five Inches in Circumference! Persons having a large or small piece of land which they desire to cultivate,

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Extra sized strong and vigorous plants will be supplied at the following rates:—5000 Plants, \$25; 1000 Plants, \$5; 500 Plants, \$3. Any less number, \$1 per hundred.

Full directions for setting out the plants and cultivation will given with every order. It is restorative in its effects, reliable in the most prostrate cases, and justly worthy of the confidence of the afflicted. All the Medicines used are purely vegetable. No 250 Washington Street, Boston Mass. April 6.

Orders sent to DR. CHILD, 18 Tremont Street, Boston, or J. E. ADAMS, West Roxbury, Mass., will be promptly answered. Oct. 5.

New Books.

Essays on Various Subjects.

INTENDED to elucidate the Causes of the Changes coming upon all the Earth at the present time; and the Nature of the Calamities that are so rapidly approaching, &c., by Joshua, Cuvier, Franklin, Washington, Paine, &c., given in French, a Latin who wrote "Communications," and "Further Communications from the World of Spirits."

Price 50 cents; paper. When sent by mail 10 cents in addition for postage.

Further Communications from the World of Spirits, on subjects highly important to the human family, by Joshua, Solomon and others, given through a lady. Price 50 cents in cloth—10 cents addition for postage, when sent by mail.

Communications from the Spirit World, on God, the Departed, Sabbath Day, Death, Crime, Harmony, Medicine, Love, Marriage, &c., &c., given by Lorenzo Dow and others, through a lady. Price 25 cents, paper.

The Rights of Man, by George Fox, given through a lady. Price 6 cents.

The above works are for sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, No. 158 Washington Street, Boston, Mass. Oct. 5.

A NEW BOOK.

AN extraordinary book has made its appearance, published at Indianapolis, Ind. The following is the title:

AN EYE-OPENER;

OR, CATHOLICISM UNMASKED.

BY A CATHOLIC PRIEST.

Containing—"Doubts of Infidels," embodying thirty important Questions to the Clergy; also, forty Close Questions to the Doctors of Divinity, by ZEPH; a curious and interesting work, entitled, *Le Beau*, and much other matter, both amusing and instructive.

This book will cause a greater excitement than anything of the kind ever printed in the English language.

Unprecedentedly electrical and astounding, that the Clergy, in conversation, proposed by the copyright and first edition for the purpose of suppressing this extraordinary production. The work was finally submitted to the Rev. Mr. West, for his opinion, who returned for answer, that the Book submitted for his examination, threatened, it was true, the demolition of all creeds, nevertheless, in his opinion, nothing would be gained by its suppression. Said he, let truth and error struggle.

The "Eye-Opener" should be in the hands of all who desire to think for themselves. The trade furnished on liberal terms. For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 158 Washington St., Boston. Oct. 5.

"WHAT EVER IS, IS RIGHT" VINDICATED.

By A. P. McQUEEN. A Pamphlet of twenty-four pages, containing a full and complete refutation of the doctrine of the *ALL RIGHT* doctrine, and a perfect overthrow of the claims in opposition to this doctrine as set forth by Cynthia Thorne, in a pamphlet entitled, "Is *Is* *ALL RIGHT*?"

For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 158 Washington Street, Boston. Price, 10 cents. Oct. 5.

DERMATOLOGY!

DR. B. C. PERRY,

DERMATOLOGIST,

OFFICE

29 WINTER STREET, BOSTON,

TREATS SUCCESSFULLY

All Diseases of the Scalp, Loss of Hair, and Premature Blanching.

Dr. PERRY would respectfully inform the citizens of Boston and vicinity, that, having practiced for the past eight months in Boston with the most gratifying success, the question of his ability to cure Diseases of the Scalp, restore lost Hair, and stay Blanching, is no longer a matter of speculation, but a fixed fact, as the Testimonials he will offer can attest beyond the possibility of a doubt.

The question often asked, "What Boston references have you?" is satisfactorily answered. Dr. Perry would call attention to the following Certificates, as to his success in treating all Diseases of the Scalp, which ought to inspire confidence in the most skeptical mind. The Doctor might fill a book with testimonials of the cures he has performed in his specialty; but he only offers a few Certificates of cures in aggravated cases, many of which had defied the best medical skill in Boston.

People should always bear in mind that the loss of hair and premature blanching is caused by some disease of the scalp, or disarrangement of the capillary organization, and consequently no remedy applied to the hair, of itself, will be of use, until the cause is removed by a proper course of treatment. Dr. Perry having devoted the greater portion of his life to the study of Disease of the Scalp, Loss of Hair, and Premature Whiting, both theoretically and practically, and the universal success that has attended his efforts wherever he has practiced he feels confident in saying that he can treat successfully all Diseases of the Scalp, Loss of Hair, and Premature Whiting.

All communications should be addressed "B. C. PERRY, Box 2837, Boston, Mass."

BOSTON TESTIMONIALS.

Boston, June, 1861.

Dr. B. C. PERRY—Dear Sir:—In reply to the many inquiries respecting the success of your system of treating diseases of the scalp, and loss of hair, we present you with this written assurance of the satisfactory results attending your treatment of capillary difficulties. Acknowledging your entire success in our own cases, we cheerfully recommend you to the confidence of the public.

A. A. KEEN, Professor Tufts College.

JOSHUA A. BROADHEAD, residence, Pavilion, Tremont St.

WM. HAMLET, Ed. M. & M. Magazine, Boston.

A. A. ALDEN, Boston Post Office, residence 61 Indiana Place.

L. A. PRATT, Nurse, Mason, & Co's Agricultural Ware-rooms, Quincy Hall.

J. D. MORTON, 107 State street.

E. H. BRAINARD, Carriage Maker, South Boston.

S. B. CHANEY.

L. W. FREEMAN, Proprietor Tri-Mountain House, 845 Hancock street.

C. J. ANDERSON, Piano Maker, 289 Cambridge street, corner Charles.

JOSEPH T. BROWN, Apothecary, corner Bedford and Washington streets.

E. G. BROOKS, Granite Bank, 86 State street, residence 50 Union Park.

W. S. BAKER, Arch street.

J. E. ROBINSON, 80 State street.

OLIVER H. HAY, Charlestown.

From the Rev. Austin H. Bowell, a well known Baptist Clergyman.

For several months I have been afflicted with a disagreeable and very annoying difficulty of the scalp, manifesting itself in eruptions and a heavy deposit of scurf, which baffled all remedies which I had used. After receiving treatment from Dr. Perry for a few weeks, my head has assumed a perfectly healthy condition, which is to be attributed to his skillful management of the case. His thorough knowledge of the scalp diseases is only equalled by his polite and considerate devotion to his patients. I wish strongly to recommend all my clerical and other friends, who are thus troubled, to try his professional ability. There is healing for you.

A. H. STOWELL,

Fourth Street Baptist Church, Boston.

From W. S. Whitney, firm of Winsor & Whitney, No. 13 Commercial Wharf.

Boston, June 23, 1861.

Dr. B. C. PERRY—Dear Sir:—I wish to state, to those who are losing their hair from any disease of the scalp, that my hair had fallen off to such an extent that the top of my head had become nearly bald, and in the meantime my head was incessantly covered with a heavy scurf; but since receiving your treatment my head has become as healthy as ever, and a new growth of thick hair is fast supplying the place of that which was lost. Respectfully yours,

WM. S. WHITNEY, 13 Commercial Wharf.

From the Rev. John T. Sargent.

Boston, June 24, 1861.

I cheerfully add my own to the many other testimonials as to the efficacy of Dr. Perry's method of treating capillary diseases. In many other cases besides mine, which was an aggravated one, I have witnessed the skill and success with which he has arrested the tendency to premature blanching, and even loss of the hair.

JOHN T. SARGENT,

No. 70 Dorset street.

From John H. Butler, Esq., 27 Court street, residence No. 9 Florence street.

1. The first step in the process is to identify the problem or issue that needs to be addressed. This involves gathering information and understanding the context of the problem.

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Spiritual & Reform Publications

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Pearls.

And quoted also, and jewels five words long,
That on the stretched forefinger of all time
Sparkle forever."

A SONG.

Summer is sweet—aye, summer is sweet—
Minnæ mine with her brown, brown eyes;
Red are the roses under his feet.
Clear the blue of his windless skies,
Pleasant it is in a boat to glide.
On a star whose ripples to ocean haste,
With indolent fingers fretting the tide,
And an indolent arm round a darling waist,
And to see as the western purple dies,
Hesper mirrored in brown, brown eyes.

Summer is sweet—aye, summer is sweet—
Minnæ mine with her brown, brown eyes;
Onward travel his flying feet,
And the mystical colors of autumn rise.
Clouds will gather round evening's star—
Sorrow may silence our first gay rhyme
The river's sweet ripples flow tardier far
Than the golden minutes of love's sweet time;
But to me, whom omnipotent love makes wise,
There's no end to summer in brown, brown eyes.

We do not want men that will change, like the vases
of our steeples, with the course of the wind, but men
who, like mountains, will change the course of the
wind.

SLAVERY.

Slavery's jaws are death—
Ay, worse than death—a living sepulchre!
Born in an age of darkness, crime and blood,
A child of Passion, by Ignorance nursed;
It grew a monster hideous and grim,
With ulcerating limbs and viper breath;
The very earth loathed its slimy tread;
The fertile fields changed to a sterile waste,
O'er which an incubus of night revealed
War's red-tongued lightning, and his thunder's boom.
Crime stalked beside it unabashed; lust joined
Its train; religion fled. The slave became
A brute; the master was transformed to fiend;
And, as two wretches sinking in the tide,
Each other grasping, died in that embrace.
So the enslaved and those who held them so,
Each sank the other in the Stygian pool.

[Hudson Tuttle.]

People seldom improve when they have no better
models than themselves to copy after.

THROUGH THE PORTAL.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors;
A mid these earthly dangers
What seem to us but sad funeral tapers,
May be Heaven's distant lamps.
There is no death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb to the life elysian,
Whose portal we call death.—Longfellow.

Pride is as the ice of winter; the season will surely
come when it must melt.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

BOSTON SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE,
TUESDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 24, 1861.

QUESTION.—Affinity.

MR. EDSON.—I know of no belief so pernicious in its tendency as the belief that there exists in the material or spiritual universe an unfound hall of ourselves—some other soul that is our true affinity, and must be found before we can be happy. Such a belief constitutes the believer's affinity; seekers seeking that which cannot be found by sensory perception. The conduct of such believers has brought the doctrine of free love and affinities into bad repute. I am a believer in the doctrine of free love and affinities, as I understand them. I believe this doctrine to be the only doctrine or means calculated to unfold the substance of things hoped for in ourselves and others. I have canvassed the ground, and know by experience and observation the dangers which threaten the timid soul who lacks faith in God and his providences. I have seen the workings of freedom in the affections of the unregenerated, and the painful regenerating processes which follow. I do not now fear, as formerly, freedom from external law and long-cherished conventionalities, though it threaten the destruction of all that the literalist thinks worth preserving. Supposing material and spiritual wars, pestilence and famine, do come, or are upon us, and with them such distress as the world has never witnessed—to the Spiritualist who is born of the water and the spirit, it can but destroy old forms. It can but unfold the growing grain, and reveal the ripening corn—its golden ear, freed from the husks. It seems to me that the field is about ready for the harvest, and that Spiritualism is calculated to do an important work—to unfold the beauty of the inner life; the divine use of affinities and that freedom of the affections which makes man superior to the beast. I grant that the Spiritualists may have had among them spiritual wolves, who presume to be shepherds in Israel; mouthpieces to the spiritual world—who devour, in the only sense it is possible, the "lamb of the flock." Undoubtedly there have been and still are, what may be called spiritual leeches, (I may be one, and be ignorant of the fact,) which fasten themselves within the affections of unsuspecting souls, unconsciously coiling, like designing serpents, around the hearts of the divinely fair, the spiritually beautiful, absorbing, like a sponge, the vital forces of the choicest souls, leaving them apparently friendless among thieves. Individuals believing in what they call free love and affinities, who do not distinguish love from lust, thinking they have no control over their love and affection, may continue to seek affinities, to exploit in the mud of animalism and mar the otherwise fair face of God in Nature, until its receding efforts shall sting their sleeping consciences into active life, where they may perceive the self-afflicted wounds and scars that may never be outgrown. I do not condemn such souls, for they have a mission to perform in their own peculiar way. The innocent may suffer for a season—it is necessary it should be so; but there is a compensating principle in the law of love or affinity which will sooner or later separate the chaff from the wheat, the dross from the gold. Affinity or free love, as revealed by God in his Providences, opens the divine sight of the soul; the judgment day within its consciousness, in which, each must see himself as the Gods see him. Jesus, the spiritual Shepherd, in whom the Christ, the true affinity obtained, said, "If I be lifted up I will draw all men unto me. It is being done through the law of love, or affinity; it is to unfold the Church, that is or is to be. The disciples of free love, or true affinity, chosen out of the world through the execution of the law, and sent forth as sheep among wolves by the coming Christ, are not deceived; they know the Shepherd's voice, having entered at the door of the fold, having the Christ, the magnet of true affinity formed or forming within them, so as to be guided by the spirit of love in the spheres of charity, cannot be lost or led astray. I believe our true affinity, if found at all, will be found to be the eternal cause in the spiritual universe; the essence called the word, or working of affinities, which rays through all its innumerable beginnings. Come, let us make man in our own image. The working of this law called affinity, is to me the most satisfactory evidence I can find of a future and eternal existence. The law and the Lawgiver, which are inseparably connected, speak to the soul through the "dissolving circle" of chemical or elective affinity, saying, "I can create and I can destroy."

It is God's word of operation in the social and moral world which speaks through our spiritual perception, saying, "There is no permanent peace to the wicked;" "to the unprossessed, the unregenerated affections," "Come up higher;" for there is a home for the spirit that attracts, and is attracted; "it is eternal in the Heavens." There is a spiritual state, or

condition of internal mentality, which moves the machinery of life, where perfect rest is perfect action. There, all is love, joy and peace; it is the eternal day that has begun to dawn in the hearts and consciences of the race.

DR. CHILD.—What is my affinity? What is your affinity? What is the affinity of every man and every woman? All to me that is beautiful, all to me that is lovely, all that nourishes and sustains me, all that draws and holds me, all that commands my admiration and love, is in affinity with my soul—is my soul's affinity, made manifest to me through the mediumship of this falling, material world—is the other half of my being, that is inseparably blended with my own forever.

All to me that is hateful and devilish, that is wrong and evil, that is repulsive and discordant, that is oppressive and destructive, all that does not draw and hold me, that does not command my admiration and love, that does not call me onward from good to better, is the absence of a recognition of my soul's affinity—is the attraction of matter, that draws and holds me for awhile at first. With the creation of every human being in the physical world, the spirit half of that being had creation in the spiritual world at the same time. It is of the necessity that my soul and its counterpart had creation at the same moment; and so of every soul that lives on earth; one to range through the conflicts of matter, the other to live in spirit and counterpoise and sustain the spiritual. Yes, there is a soul affinity in the spiritual world for every earthly wanderer here. There are no odd halves made in creation; everything has its counterpart which is made at the time of its own creation. A man is but half a circle; but half of a perfect thing, and woman is the other half of that circle; the other half of the perfect man.

I do not know that it is necessary, and I believe that it is not, that the other half of my being should be born in matter to gain identity. Neither can I believe that my identity in the spirit-world could be sustained without the identity of my spirit-half abiding there.

I cannot do less than re-affirm that there is not a soul created without its corresponding half; and that the creation of both halves must be simultaneous. There is no life in the material world that is not allied to its counterpart in the spiritual world. One spirit is made to begin its journey in matter, and the other to go with it in spirit. The alliance of the two is eternal. This we do not know at first; the knowledge of that which really exists is kept from us. It is wise; it is well that this dark veil of conflict and repulsion should, for a time, obscure this beautiful truth which is the prerogative of each; and which, when seen, is to the soul the blazony of heaven's brightness—the concord and fruition of heaven's love for us; and it is for each one, too; it is for all; it is not for one more, and for another less. When we come to meet our counterparts in recognition, which is nothing sensuous or sensual, but entirely spiritual, all existence shall be a round of harmony, and without a single exception all the things of creation shall then be unutterably lovely, and our attractions to this falling world of conflict will cease to hold, and our affinity for the spiritual world of beauty will come before our recognition. In this union is felt all the brilliancy of the "bright and morning star," the fruit of the "Tree of Life;" the fullness of the Church of God; the Alpha and Omega of existence—and an infinite world of beauty lies within the circle of two souls blended. It is the harmony and perfection of self that makes the world around harmonious and perfect.

So the perception of hateful, evil things, are changed for the perception of lovely things; for then all things as they exist, are rounded into a perfect symmetry—a perfect harmony and love, for in every thing we behold the manifestation of our own soul's affinity—our own soul desires throughout all creation; for it is that atmosphere of blended love which makes the perfection of harmony for us, and all things are lovely to us. This is the recognition of our soul's affinity—our other half.

Christ, two thousand years ago, perceived and intuited this, but did not tell it. He saw many things he did not tell. Christ was in perception of this mighty power, affinity, which brought him in rapport with humanity to see and recognize this awful reality sweeping from end to end, and holding our existence; he saw that it covered the awful area of infinite love to each one.

Christ has been a great comforter to humanity. But he said there shall be another comforter that shall abide forever; this is the soul's affinity, which the world could not then receive, because it saw it not. This comforter is the Holy Spirit; the spirit of truth. Truth to each one; for each one's self; the recognition of the soul's affinity that abides with it forever. The comforter shall testify of me, says Christ. He who sees and recognizes this view of affinity, will see that Christ recognized it, and will testify of him by saying that he recognized it.

The affinity of Christ was his bride, which bride was to him the beautiful Church of God in spirit. Was not Christ a perfect man? And who should his bride be but a perfect woman? And what is the true Church of God on earth or in heaven, to man, better than the true and faithful bride of his soul. A great multitude of spirit voices speak in Revelation and say: "The marriage of the Lamb is come, and his wife hath made herself ready." And an angel says: "Come hither, and I will show thee the bride, the Lamb's wife." Christ says, and well and truly it was said in the perfect harmony of souls united, "I am the Alpha and the Omega, the first and the last." "The spirit and the bride say, come." Say to all men and women, come on to the same development of love and harmony; come to the recognition of your own eternal affinity.

By this view of affinity not one single tie that is precious and sacred to the soul, is out asunder. All the ties of affection and love that exist between two souls with or without earthly marriage, are but the manifestations of the spiritual affinities of each, through earthly organizations, which may not and can never be broken.

MR. TRAYER.—Some of Dr. Child's remarks are to me very beautiful; those in particular which claim that there has no half been made to live alone; that no child which God has made is left to wander in solitude and alone, but holds its own counterpart in eternal alliance. This, to me, is a very pleasant thought. Could it be recognized, the world would be less selfish, more generous, more noble, better and happier. It is necessary that woman should be conjoined with man, to make man perfect. God did not finish man till woman was made: God made man in his own image, male and female. The man and the woman that are made for each other, are conjoined forever in true love. This is the true affinity. To do the will of my Father, comes within this circle of this affinity, is to act my true affinity.

MR. PACKARD requested that nothing which he said should be published.

MR. WETHERBEE.—What Dr. Child has said was moonshine to me; I must confess that I do not understand him; yet I was pleased with what he said; his language was very beautiful, and so I applauded him with the rest. I rise now, as much as anything, to switch this question on to the track. I like not succeed. Looking around me, I see those I like and those I dislike, and some I like at first I like less afterwards, and those often that I am not attracted to at first, I like, upon a further acquaintance. Some people are so organized as to like everybody, and everybody likes them, and some, it would seem, hardly belong to the brotherhood of man. This is the surface view. There is something behind all this—the fountain from which it proceeds—from from these proceed the union, the marriage, and the associations of life. The more the parts of our several personalities affiliate, the happier and more enduring the tie that binds. Affinity is a suggestive word, and every one will have his own peculiar definition. As the brother said, very few know what it is meant by the word. By its results or effects, we see something in the social aggregations and unions. We are hardly able to probe it; but we see the principle in Nature as plainly as we do the principle of nerve-action exemplified in the foot of a dissected frog.

We see this affinity, our affinity in all the lower forms of life, even in dead atoms, so-called. We see the operation of laws patent in us, in our bodies, demonstrated in our souls by inference, with such precision as to amount to demonstration. By the operations, this law of affinity, "all nature's differences, makes all nature's peace." By the law of affinity we develop our bodies, and so by a similar law our souls, though not from the same source. When Nature teaches, it is the voice of God, though we may not understand the lesson; but one of the main objects of life is to do so, and incorporate the knowledge into our souls. I think souls are made up of an aggregation of thoughts, as the body is of cells or atoms. The soul of the individual is an atom of God, and affiliates, by a law analogous to affinity, to other souls or atoms of God, and from such grow the unions and associations of life of every kind, social, political, instructive, financial, religious, and the world is beginning to get light in this direction, and future generations will be benefited by it.

DR. CHILD.—Mr. Wetherbee, will you lay aside your modesty, for a moment, and tell the congregation truly to what heavenly luminary your emanations of light may be compared? You say that mine are "moonshine." Can yours be less than sunshine?

MR. WETHERBEE.—I think that I may be compared to a fixed star, whose rays are only yet visible by the aid of a power that magnifies.

MRS. MIDDLEBROOK.—I imagine there has been heretofore a slight manifestation on the part of some, of a disposition to evade this subject. I do not know why this should be, unless it is because of the ridicule and contempt aimed at us by a certain vulgar-minded class of the outside world, who are prone to scorn everything which they have not seen fit to investigate; or, perhaps, on account of the just indignation of those who, having seen, have been pained to find that our religion too often proves a cloak to cover immorality. If this be the case, I think it becomes us to approach the subject fearlessly, and "beard the lion in his den," and take so decided a stand for right, that even the most timid inquirer after our faith may know where to find us; and not be obliged to see, that in attempting to hold sweet converse with the loved departed, they must meet a monster so hideous, that it is better to retreat than to advance.

I am sure we cannot close our eyes to the fact, that some have been so far possessed by this hideous monster, as to allure the innocent and unsuspecting from the path of virtue, and then leave them to drag out miserable days in repentance and sorrow. Others again boldly avowing their belief in affinity, have given it only the signification of "passional attraction," and in carrying out their evil practices, have brought disrepute upon all those who believe with them in the doctrine of Spiritual intercourse. These things are found in Spiritualism, as well as among the Christians; no more—I hope less. We cannot deny them. I believe there has been many a weak and susceptible, but otherwise innocent female, who has been led on sympathetically, until almost lost to her sense of right; and on the other hand, noble and generous manhood has stooped to those follies that are unfit to grace the sacred hearth-stone of social life. But then the question may be asked, do Spiritualists generally consent to and encourage these things? Oh, no; not generally, in word or deed; but too often by their silence seeming to give consent.

Is there then no truth in the doctrine of Affinities? I hold that there is; but the great difficulty lies in our ignorance of the subject; our unparadoxical and willful ignorance.

We talk about the inner life, and live the outer; we talk about being spiritual, and are sensual; we talk about affinity, and rush on, led by impulse, just as the child, played by the light, thrusts its hand into the flame; and the consequences are about the same—we are burned. I think it is quite probable that those who (to use a popular phrase) follow their attractions, will be very apt to spend their lives here, and a portion of the hereafter, in searching for their affinities. Walker says, "Elective affinity is where one body is formed by the decomposition of another," and is not this often the case in marriage? The husband grows strong and robust on the fast decreasing magnetism and vitality of the wife; and that, too, without knowing the cause; and so the reverse. This, then, cannot be the true marriage affinity. My view of it is as follows:

Man is not an element, but a combination of elements; consequently the attraction of one element of his nature is not sufficient. There should be a union of the affectional, then the intellectual to curb and restrain; and then, as the summit of all, the moral and spiritual, to give aim and object to the united life and love of those thus joined. But how few are united where all of these sentiments blend—how many men there are who feel that their wives are intellectually inferior; how many women who have reason to know that their husbands do not bestow the same amount of affection that they exact, and how often both parties feel that the other has habits that they can never respect. If common sense could govern their attractions before marriage, as well as after, much of the present unhappiness might be spared them.

"But," says the fanatic, "the yearnings of my soul have never been satisfied. I was young and foolish when married, and I know that my companion is not the one that God and nature designed for me. Must I spend my whole life in loneliness and sorrow on account of the strictness of marriage laws?"

I answer, of two evils we may choose the least; it is better to die an honest man or woman, than to live a dishonest one. But be sensible and not die. H. C. Wright says, "We are unloved because we make ourselves unlovely."

I hear a great many talk of the bondage of marriage laws. But did they ever bind a couple without their mutual consent or wish? Do you ever feel bound until you desire to break them? Live up to those vows with as true a heart as you make them, and you will never feel the weight of their chains. Then, again, one says that probably there is no such thing as eternal union or affinity. I do not know, but I have observed that those who live happily, generally wish and believe that their union will be as eternal as the power that formed us. It is not a union if it can be dissolved. There have also been cases where it has been claimed that spirits have given directions for families to separate; but I would say to spirits or mortals—if men or women do not know that they are unhappily united without your assistance, you have no right to interfere. Go home and find better occupation. If such spirits come they find something to attract them.

I am not sure but that, if the demon of discord is entertained in the family, spirits might feel as if their advice in the matter would be welcome, too. But, friends, I could wish that the fair fame of Spiritualism might not be darkened by those practices which some through mistake term the doctrine of affinities. And, in conclusion, let me say that after much observation, these are my sincere convictions, uttered in that charity which would not overlook, but reform—not to be personal in the least, but to advance a principle; and I wish that every Spiritualist would meet this subject as Christ met Satan, saying, "get behind me," and bring no longer disgrace upon a cause as capable and elevating as our own progressive religion. Let us then with heart and tongue protest against that which is unsafe on account of our ignorance of it; and if we are indeed privileged to walk hand in hand with angels, may their light never grow dim in our hearts, and may they never be ashamed of our assistance and co-operation.

DR. BOWKER in early life found his true helpmeet—his perfect affinity. She has been all that a woman could be to him, and she answered all the requirements of a perfect counterpart; and heaven would be hell to him without her presence.

MRS. COOLEY.—I am glad that there is one who is satisfied. Mr. Bowker says that he is. I have been married fifteen years, and I love my husband only from a sense of duty. I know that he is not my soul's affinity; and I know that there cannot be

such a thing in the marriages of the flesh. I will do my duties as an earthly wife the best that I can—faithfully, truly, justly. It is my wish and my prayer that my love may be very free and very universal—not be constrained to the littleness of self. Like the love of Christ, my love to be free love. To please my own desires, my love cannot be too large; but may it ever be tempered with wisdom, sympathy and compassion.

DR. WELLINGTON being called, said that he must repeat briefly the leading ideas of his remarks last week, in order to make himself understood in what he may add on the same subject. To reason well, we must find as many points as possible that we may settle upon as absolutely and undeniably true. He explained the principles of affinity and attraction as operating in the mineral, vegetable, and lower animal kingdoms. It leads the life of the vegetable to seek only certain elements which in all ages are exactly the same. The beet, though by the side of other vegetables, seeks only to repeat itself. It enlarges its size, but does not extend its being or change from age to age. This elective affinity of the vegetable and lower animal life fairly represents or typifies selfishness. It seeks to repeat itself—appropriates only kindred elements.

But when we come to man, we first find the consciousness spiritual element. This seeks something beyond and superior to itself. It delights in inspiration, needs development. It cannot rest, except while unfolding new powers and seeking new life. When apparently resting in present attainment, and selfishly enjoying only that which is in "affinity" with present taste, it manifests its unrest by talking of "going to Heaven." The spiritual always has a need of something out of and beyond itself. We will not attempt to define God, but simply to explain our meaning in quoting certain attributes. All nations and ages represent Deity as conferring benefits. The Christian's God is absolutely unselfish. He creates, that he may have the privilege of blessing. And this creation is the action of one of his divinest attributes.

Procreation is the highest function of animal life, demanding the most full and harmonious use of all its powers. But in the human parent, not only does the soul repeat itself and generate offspring with the same spiritual faculties, but often the spiritual possibilities of the offspring far exceed those of either or both parents. Thus true parentage is a means of development of the race, and this, in proportion to the dissimilarity of parents, if they live in harmony and love and in a divine union, the difference may be the cause of greater happiness.

Marriage is, therefore, the highest human relation. True marriage the nearest to the divine. In such union the husband seeks to bless his wife. The wife desires only to confer happiness on the husband. Each forgets self—desires to bless. This is divine. It is this which makes the essence of the honeymoon, which would be perpetual if the parties forgot self, as God does. Deity seeks more beings to love—cannot be happy unless bestowing. The man seeking his "affinity," is seeking someone to love him especially, is not forgetting self and seeking to bless her to whom God in his providence has united him, and whom he might make so happy, if unselfish, that both shall forget their differences.

A perfect marriage demands spiritual union. The highest happiness flows from the most rapid development and the fullest use of our ability to bless others. The most rapid development is not secured by association with those most like ourselves, though we may feel the most "affinity" for such. But we are most happy when we realize most fully that those who most differ from us, are made to differ by our Heavenly Father. And to develop according to God's ideas of their natures, they must have freedom for these peculiarities. If this is fully appreciated in the marriage relation, and truly lived, it affords the conditions for the highest happiness and greatest development, because such must live most unselfishly, and be constantly stimulated to use new faculties.

DR. GARDNER.—I believe there is a vast difference between affinity and attraction: attraction holds together particles, but those particles may not affiliate. So, many mistakes have occurred in marriage, because circumstances caused an attraction, but not an affinity. The human body is supported upon what it attracts; but I cannot love what seems hateful. I can love all people, but the degree would be opposite to all. I can wish good and happiness to all, but no further with some. The mysteries of the marriage love are the rock on which humanity has split in the past. I want to know the criterion to separate spiritual love from the sensual.

I believe there are those persons living in the marriage relation, who affiliate only on a single point, perhaps on the intellect or some other plane, while they have not a single other feeling in common. Then there is a vacuum, and Nature abhors a vacuum. The real question is, is there such a thing as a perfect marriage between individuals—a perfect union of the sexes. Is the idea that men and women are only half of human beings, and must come together to be made whole, a truth? Perhaps, when we have worked through eternity, we may find our perfect counterpart—not till then.

Subject next week—"Temptation."

Hard Times.

I cannot recollect any time within the scope of my memory that I have not heard some one or many complaining of hard times. When crops are abundant and prices low, the farmer complains of hard times. His produce will hardly pay for raising. When crops are short and prices high, the consumers cry hard times. It costs so much to live. When the shops and mills are all in full time, the owners have hard times to sell the stock and keep the hands paid. When the shops and mills slacken on time and wages, the operatives feel the hard times for which they must prepare in easy times. To the indolent and idle, the times are always hard, and their complaint is always heard. To the prudent, industrious and healthy, the times are seldom or never hard.

Let us examine the causes for the present cry of hard times, which we hear so often, and from so many, and see if there really is any necessity, or if it is only a panic.

First, the scarcity of money is complained of. Is money scarce? Where has it gone? We are not sending it out of the country. Every week for a long time, has brought large importations to New York from Europe and California. It is neither sunk nor locked up, but goes into circulation, and every week increases the specie circulation of the Free States. Money really never was so plenty in the Free States as at this time. True, three or four of the Western States have a depreciated paper currency, based on the bonds of the insolvent Southern States, but that is a trifle; and will be a blessing to them in teaching them wisdom in banking policy. True, the money circulation of the country is changing its channels; less of it is running through the shops and mills and stores, and vastly more through the government and the army and navy, to those who supply them, and labor for them. There has perhaps been no period in our history as a nation, when more money was paid for labor or service than at this time.

The immense drafts of the Government will start many an idle dollar into circulation, and the treasury notes bearing interest will be a safe and secure fund, for if the Government cannot be sustained, the rich will soon be poor, and the deposits soon removed from all who have them. Changing the channels of the circulating medium of the country without discommoding it, cannot impoverish the people, although it may cause some suffering to

a few who depend on catching enough of it to feed on from the channels where it sickens; but they will soon face about and fish for it where it runs.

We have never had two consecutive harvests in this country equal to the years of 1860-61. The country is full of provisions, and even the war cannot raise the prices, a fact seldom if ever known before. The farmers complain of hard times, because the prices are not higher; but they have enough to eat, and can sell enough to pay their taxes and buy all that their health and comfort require, and will get some rum and tobacco beside.

Our commerce is uninterrupted, and our sails still whiten every sea, and even coast along the rebel shores of the Gulf of Mexico. We are fishing and hunting, praying and preying as briskly as ever. God rains and shines and lights and darkens on us as usual. Wherefore, then, the cry of hard times? True, the bales and boxes of New England are filling and accumulating, waiting for the wheat crop of the West, which will soon be after them, or the specie which it will exchange for them. True, some dyspeptic souls, who are always in trouble about what is never to happen, are alarmed lest we should get out of cotton. They would do well to engage a supply of Gens. Butler or Fremont, as they will no doubt find enough of the "contraband of war" to supply this class of sufferers. It may be high. What of it? Then the cloth will be high, and we may have to shirt ourselves at an advance of a dime or two on a shirt.

But the taxes—oh, the terrible taxes! How they will oppress the poor, who have none to pay. The rich, I admit, will feel them some, but if they were not rich they would not feel them, and surely they can afford to sustain the Government with their purses, while others give their lives or labors to defend them and their riches. The middle classes will scarcely know the difference in their taxes for the war.

Lowell, Mass.

WARREN CHASE.

JUST CAUSE FOR ANGER.—A German of the Second Michigan Regiment, in a hospital at Washington, had his arm amputated. His description of the sensation he feels from his fingers which lately belonged to his left arm, causes frequent bursts of merriment from the other patients in the ward. He says: "I feel der tings mit mine vingers ven I knowe Ise got no vingers dare, and it makes me mad ven I feels der tings all der time mit mine vingers ven mine vingers aint dare any more still!"

Obituary Notices.

In Bridgewater, Vt., July 23, 1861, CHARLES E. CURTIS, aged 24 years and 11 months, was freed from earth life, by diphtheria, and passed to that better home among the angel host.

There came a power, unheard, unseen,
Until like midday-blight,
Upon some lovely blooming flower,
It fell like shade of night.

It heeded not the anxious prayers
Of loved and loving ones,
But uninvited, wandered round
Among their happy homes.

And on by one, it snatched away,
Not cared for bleeding heart,
But God sends loving angels back
To soothe the painful smart.

And thus for agony like yours
There is a balm to heal,
For where your earthly habitation
An angel is revealed.

And where his voice once cheered your heart,
By reaching outer ears,
It now is breathed so softly forth
That only spirit hears.

And where his fond embrace once thrilled
Your being with its love,
He folds you closer to his heart
To bear your hopes above.

In the same town and from the same disease, little IDA, daughter of Edward B. and Roxie A. WILLIS, aged 11 months and 22 days.

She grew like a beautiful young rosebud,
Its petals life folded within,
Awaiting for Time's magic finger,
Her Nature's deep secrets to win.

But alas! like the frosts of the Autumn,
That cause the fresh flowers to fade,
She drooped her young life and departed—
Ye see not the place where she stayed.

Ye mourn not like those without comfort,
For the Death angel opened the door;
And when he departed with IDA,
A snubnaw was left on the floor.

And the love of her spirit still lingers
With a glory so wondrously fair,
That for dust ye had once loved so dearly,
An angel immortal is there.

And like stars that shine out on the midnight,
Her beautiful spirit appears,
To cheer you along on your journey
Through life, with its sorrows and tears.

M. S. TOWNSEND.

Left the form, at Ogdensburg, N. Y., on Wednesday July 24th, 1861, DOLLY PAIR SEARLE, wife of B. D. PAIR, caused by disease of the heart. Her departure was instantaneous. Sitting in her chair, conversing with her friends, in apparent usual health, her spirit left without pain, peacefully as though she was in a natural sleep. It had long been her earnest prayer that she might leave in that way, if it was the will of Providence. Death had long since, in her mind, been robbed of the terror that ignorance attaches to it; she viewed it as merely a transition to the more perfect and real state of existence, where she could serve her Creator more perfectly. In the company of her "dear ones" that had gone before, and still be able to guide, comfort and aid those loved ones she had left, through their spiritual organism, as one of the agencies of the Father's Providence to man. For several years past, encouraged and aided by her husband, she has been a devoted Christian Spiritualist, in constant communion with her spirit friends, and she felt that she would not go to them as a stranger. The Gospel of Love, as taught by the "Christ," was beautiful to her; and she relied upon the promise that there was a mansion prepared for her. Besides in her heart, she had a truth, she drew the inspiration of the past and present as means from the same kind Father, to enable us to progress here and hereafter in that happiness of Heaven which she felt belonged of right to her, and to all; and that all would receive it, in proportion to the efforts that they each made to obtain it. "Love one another" was the great command to her. That she made it her rule of conduct, her self-devotion for the happiness of others, will long be attested by all that had the pleasure of knowing her.

Departed this life, Friday, August 23, 1861, ORPHEA, aged 18, only daughter of J. B. and Sophronia TUTTLE, of East Randolph, N. Y.

The funeral was largely attended by friends and neighbors, who listened attentively to sweet words of spiritual truth from our brother G. W. Taylor. The young ladies of the vicinity, dressed in white, carried wreaths and bouquets of flowers, strewing them over the grave—beautiful emblems of the pure spirit that had departed. The bereaved parents are comforted, knowing that their child is still a "lively" one, for during her last days of mortal life she opened a "door through the sky," and she saw the forms of spirit friends. The pure life of her spirit shone brightly to the last. Through life and death she seemed a rich exultant from a fairer clime, and the last rays of receding life left her face lit with the smile of Heaven. Just previous to her departure she wrote these verses, addressed to her friends.

"Listen while I tell to you
How sweet the angels sing;
For I must bid you all adieu,
And join them on the wing.
I am to be an angel blest,
And join the spirit band,
When I shall ever be at rest
In that bright, happy land.
Then, dearest friends, weep not for me,
When I am out of sight;
My spirit will return and be
All clothed in radiant white."

H. O. B.