

BANNER LIGHT.



VOL. II. [COLBY, FORSTER & COMPANY,] BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1858. [TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR,] NO. 18.
[NO. 17 WASHINGTON STREET.] [PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.]

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HUCKABUCK; AN UP-COUNTRY STORY. A Picture of LIFE IN THE RURAL DISTRICTS.

BY JEREMY LOUD,
AUTHOR OF "DOVECOTE," "GABRIEL VANE," &c.

XXV.

INTRODUCING A FRIEND.

In the course of time, Robert McBride was admitted to the bar, having perused his studies diligently for the period required, and passed the ordeal of an examination at the hands of a legal committee appointed by the Court. As soon as this long-looked-for event was over, he rented an office, and set up for what practice his talents and industry might bring him.

Mr. Byron Banister had from time to time favored Robert, while a student, with occasional visits that were almost the aspect of accidental ones, and gradually strengthened the acquaintance so carelessly entered upon in Huckabuck. But as soon as the young lawyer commenced practice for himself, this acquaintance began to assume—on Mr. Banister's part, at least—the semblance of friendship, and even of intimacy. His visits became more frequent and protracted. He let himself out more freely in conversation. He put off a good part of that affected reserve in which fops and designing men think themselves able to conceal their lack of brains and honesty, and proffered terms of companionship that he knew Robert would not fail to receive as highly flattering.

Few days went by, while Byron Banister was in town, that did not find him in at Robert's office. The man of the world had acquired the art of making himself agreeable if he chose, and in the present instance he exerted all his faculties for the promotion of his design. The first step needed was to fix himself firmly in the young man's confidence. After this, his progress would be comparatively easy. It was not a great while, therefore, before he had reason to conclude that his purpose was in the main highly successful. The urgency with which Robert invited him to come in again, testified as much for it; and the readiness with which the youthful practitioner fell in with his suggestions in relation to a quiet dinner and a glass of wine at the club-rooms, or a few hours' drive out of town by themselves, was a competent witness to as much more. Till one day, Robert drew his feet from the mantel over his little grate, took the cigar from his mouth, and remarked to his friend—

"Banister, I declare you must go out and see my wife! I might have spoken of the thing before; but I never knew how you stood towards the sex, and thought that possibly it might not be so agreeable."

Mr. Banister lifted his glossy hat from his head, bestowed a sunny smile on his friend, and declared that such partiality as that "did him proud." He would be happy to obey the invitation at any time. "To-night, then?" said Robert. "Go and stay with me over night. I'll try to entertain you."

"With all my heart," answered Mr. Banister. I will take the responsibility of entertaining myself. But you must let me run over to my rooms and put my toggery in a little better order first. I would not think of going among ladies as I look now."

Robert told him—"as he pleased," and received his promise, as he went out the door, to be punctual to the moment of starting; for cars waited for nobody, let the business be what it might.

When they entered the house of Mrs. Willows that evening together, Robert was conscious of a feeling of pride as he presented his friend to his wife and mother-in-law, and its manifestation did not escape the quick observation of Mr. Banister, either. Anna received the stranger with unaffected heartiness, because he was the friend of her husband. Mrs. Willows was hardly moved as much by any such consideration, as by the satisfaction his high-colored breeding gave her. He seemed to salute her with a studied politeness and respect, that would have flattered even the least susceptible woman in the world. She felt it in a moment, and remembered it, too; for it was this single trifling thing that immediately purchased her favor.

After tea, they sat down for a little social enjoyment. Mr. Banister naturally directed the larger portion of his remarks to the mother, though his black eyes were busily employed in scanning the beautiful and expressive countenance of the wife of his friend.

"I go out of town so little," said he, "I declare I hardly know there were such pleasant places. You have a delightful situation here, really, Mrs. Willows; I almost envy you. If I could only bring myself to accepting a quiet and rather monotonous life again, I think I should then be ready to settle down in some retired spot myself. But I dare not hope for such a thing. The first part of my life was sleepless enough, conscience knows; I'm afraid it's my destiny to pass the rest of it in nothing but getting it off by a strong contrast. It seems as if I ought to be at peace in such a spot as this is, though."

"Then you have not lived always in cities, Mr. Banister?"

"No, madam; I was born on the island of St. Kitts. In fact, I am an out-and-out ocean bird, and no romance about it, either. My mother, has taken an odd conceit that she can enjoy herself in a sleepy little village up in Connecticut. I beg pardon, McBride; 'tis your native town, I believe—Huckabuck is the name of it."

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Willows; "Huckabuck—I have been there myself. I know something about it, I think."

"Ah, you do! So you do, to be sure!"

"Did you ever think St. Kitts such a dreadfully wide-awake region?" ventured Robert, exchanging a pleasant glance with his wife.

"Why no, I presume not. And yet, as I may say, that is the spot where I first awakened into existence. Every one likes his native place, of course. You do, I suppose?"

"Well, yes. There is a little something to draw me back to Huckabuck."

"Not so very strange, either. We can't quite master our feelings, try as hard as we may. What beautiful birds you have under that vase, Mrs. Willows, with a look of admiration at Anna. "Could those have been produced hereabouts? They resemble the imported ones."

"No," said Mrs. Willows; "they came from a little naturalist's shop in Boston. I ordered them from my own taste. The idea of their arrangement is mine."

"I admire your taste, then," with a prettily executed inclination of his head towards her. "They are really well done, too—well put together. Why, those are some of the choicest birds in the world!"

"I know; and the most delicate plumage, too. I was not willing at first to believe that it could be done so skilfully; but I think I'm prepared now to believe they can do anything in that line you choose to call for."

"Beautiful, indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Banister, again.

"And got up, too," said Robert, "by a poor female Huckabucker!"

"Ah! who is that? I reckon I do not know them all yet."

"Miss Patty Hawkins," answered Robert. "She is an honor to the town she represents. Do not you say so, Anna?"

"I do, indeed; I think she's a lovely girl."

"M!" said Mr. Banister, musingly, looking out of the corners of his eyes. "Do not know her. Seems to me I've heard the name, too. Hawkins?—Hawkins? Why, yes, I do remember! He was the man who was hung several years since for the murder of his wife?"

Robert answered him by a silent nod of his head only. That was an event that seemed to form a clouded part of his own early life, and he had little disposition to call it up again.

"Are you fond of the opera?" Banister began again with Mrs. Willows, to change the topic. "Or are you so situated that you can't be in town always when you would most like to? These cars, I know, must be a great bore. You must go and come with them, or not go and come at all."

"It is so," she continued, "and it is almost the only thing of which I complain. But we are obliged to put up with some hardships. Yes indeed; I would like to spend every winter in doing nothing, else but witnessing and listening to operatic performances; that is, the nights."

"Of course. They are talking just now of a new troupe that will be along in a few weeks. The artists are already engaged, I understand, and the arrangements generally complete. I promise myself a great deal of pleasure during the season."

"Certainly. If such is the case, I shall not fail to profit by the new arrival myself. Music! yes; sometimes I think I could live on nothing else."

"Rather light food, however," put in Robert. "I should think considerably lighter than candles!"

"If we are all going, then," politely suggested Mr. Banister, "what is to prevent our making up a party out of it? My friend Robert and his wife,"—bestowing a glance full of meaning upon Anna,—"

"and, Mrs. Willows, it would give me the greatest pleasure to offer you my escort through the whole season."

than for me to drop in upon Robert in his office, on the days of the performance, and learn just how it is?"

"You could do so," said the mother-in-law. "But it will be so much trouble for you, I fear, Mr. Banister!"

"Oh, not at all; such an office as that would never give me any trouble. Assure yourself, Mrs. Willows, that the delight your society will give me on these occasions, will make me less than thoughtless of any exertions I may put myself to. Then we really have arranged for a pleasant little family party, have we not?"

He kept his eyes fixed on Anna's face, however, as he thus briefly summed up the case.

"Certainly," said Mrs. Willows. "And for one, I know I shall enjoy it."

"So will Anna and myself," added Robert, looking into the sparkling eyes of his wife.

The plan was, for Mr. Banister to accompany Mrs. Willows home on the nights alluded to, and to remain her guest until the next day. A pleasant, and a more feasible scheme could not have been devised, whereby he might acquire a familiarity with Mrs. Willows' household. It seemed to be exactly to his hand.

The next day he took his leave. It was accomplished, however, only after a series of compliments to Anna, and a profusion of high phrases, delicate flatteries, graceful bows, and captivating smiles to her mother.

"I shall certainly be there again soon," he thought with himself, as he stepped on board the morning train that was to carry him back to Boston.

"He seems really pleased with his visit," thought Robert, standing by him. "I'm glad I carried him out. I've got a friend now, who will help make the hours fly faster at home, when they occasionally get heavy."

When Robert came home again from town that night, (I was about saying, from business,) his mother-in-law began upon him forthwith.

"What a real gentleman your friend is, Robert!" said she. "Why have you never invited him out with you before?"

"For the reason that I did not know how agreeable 'would be to him," he answered.

"Nonsense! You might have paid me a higher compliment than that, if you chose."

"And another reason was," he added, "that I hardly felt sufficiently well acquainted with him myself to make such a proposal."

"What! Have not you known him for several years, then?"

"Only very slightly. Not well enough to practise any social familiarities of this sort. Latterly, I have somehow seen more of him. I am glad if you like him, mother."

"Like him! I think you might hunt a long while over Boston, and not find many men who will appear better. This opera plan, now, quite delights me. I don't know but it turns my head a little."

"How much more I shall enjoy it," said her daughter, addressing her husband; "because you are with me, Robert! It will bring me a double pleasure. I am as fond of music as mother; quite as fond; but it makes all the difference with me whether I am alone, or sitting with—"

She did not say with whom, but Robert stepped quickly over to her and pressed her hand. He knew who was meant, and it made him unspeakably happy.

The opera season duly began, and the little company went on with their attendance according to the programme marked out. The scene was brilliant each night, and the singing and acting inspiring. Dictionaries of nothing but words were wasted on criticisms, beginning with the musical writers for the press, and spreading like a Spring freshet over all the nooks and fallow lands of social life. At soirées, in printing offices, on the street, in velvet-cushioned carriages,—everywhere but on 'Change, the character of the acting and the singing was freely discussed. Had war been declared with England, it could not have occasioned more talk. Ladies whose households were hardly of interest enough to occupy all their attention, found in this new town topic just the matter for the most proper display of their superfluous talents. They all said that there could be no civilization without an opera, and they all behaved as if they believed it. As things went, however, there were a few churlish fellows, here and there, who declared they could not see that civilization was very much advanced by the means. But such creatures were not to be minded. Their nonsense was silenced by the patting of gloved palms, and the pounding of gold-headed canes on the floor.

Every week Mr. Byron Banister grew in the esteem of Mrs. Willows. It would be strange, with his manners and his skillfulness, if he did not. Robert, of course, felt the influence of his mother-in-law's opinion very forcibly; and Anna gave in her acquiescence with her usual heartiness and alacrity. So that, all in all, the agreeable man of the world had good reason at last to congratulate himself on the new friendships he had succeeded in forming. To speak the truth, it was what he had been aiming at from the first day he caught a glimpse of Anna's sweet face up in Huckabuck!

XXVI.

THE EVIL EYE.

Having gone so far, Byron Banister determined to go further. His projects certainly seemed to promise him success.

"You have never tried billiards yet, I believe, have you, McBride?" said he in the office, one afternoon.

"No, I'm no player," Robert answered.

"Oh, but then, we must initiate you into a beautiful game like that. It's positively manly. Every gentleman about town plays billiards, and it will hardly do to lag behind. While I live, let me live—is my motto. I consider billiards really a delightful game. Come; what do you say to my showing you the thing?"

"Certainly," assented Robert. "These matters are all new to me, you see, because I've never before had the advantages."

"I understand perfectly. Then if you say so, we'll put on our hats and go round to the rooms this very minute."

Robert turned his key in the lock, and went off down the stairs. In a short time he had not only acquired a knowledge of the game, but even become skilled in it. He happened to be one of those few young men who possess dexterity across the table, and seemed to calculate with mathematical precision the exact effect each blow on a ball would produce. Others stood near to admire the skillfulness of his play. With his Havana in his mouth, and his hat stuck back on his head, he thought of nothing in the world but the excitement that so enthralled him, and walked around the broad tables with the agility of a cat.

Sometimes Byron played against him, and sometimes he excused himself. His later habit was to make an appointment with Robert to be at the rooms at a certain hour, and then come in late himself, certain to find his friend pre-occupied in the game.

Upon these excitements followed others of a rather different nature, and very pleasantly. After long play, a bottle or two of wine was esteemed a good thing; of which the tempter was careful not to partake in too large quantities himself, but which the ardent and impulsive habit of Robert enticed him to employ more liberally than was either safe or good for him. In truth, in this little matter of drinking, one could detect at a glance the difference between the two characters. Robert was much too open, too frank, too generous, and too full of really fine sentiment, to harbor a mean suspicion of his friend; and he therefore suffered himself to be led headlong into snares against which a little more worldly wisdom would have warned him. He saw no danger anywhere. The same bold and ready confidence that he had in the integrity of his own honor, he likewise possessed in the firmness and inviolability of his principles. Being sound and whole at heart, he had no fears that any canker could ever get at it and gnaw its ruddy health away.

"You drink nothing scarcely, McBride!" his friend would often say, pushing the bottle across the table to him, or filling his glass against his will. "Why, I had an idea you was a man of a strong head!"

Such appeals to his pride and sense of manliness, Robert was but ill able to bear. Still, he did not mean to let go his principles; he only thought to assert his ability to cope with anybody and everybody in their own peculiar habits. At first wine had little or no power to seduce him. His soul was haunted by a living dream already, far more beautiful than any the red wine could excite in his brain. The consolations that so many profess to seek in indulgence, as they steep their faculties in the poison they love, it was not necessary for him to seek. The pleasure of that young wife, the recollection of her smile, the lingering echoes of her endearing words,—these kept out wretchedness from his heart, and filled it with emotions of happiness that were indeed tumultuous. What was the joy that intoxication could bring to such a life as his? What misery would it help him to forget? What shadows was it able to chase away from his brilliant future? Was there a single wish of his nature that he could not gratify without the help of this fiend? Did his soul crave one other blessing that might lie concealed in the ruby tide, and that he could hope to find nowhere else in the world?

No, nothing like this. He was as happy as man could hope to be. He had friends; he had wealth; he had a noble profession; and his prospects were highly promising. Yet he felt unwilling to be thought singular by others. He wished to be esteemed a man of the world. He was deluded with the surface-show of things, and had not yet penetrated to their interior meaning. He loved applause. Even his nobler qualities betrayed him; for they led him to place too high an estimate upon his own powers of resistance. He was to buy his experience at a costly rate,—mayhap, at the expense of everything that in this life is considered worth possessing.

Braver young men than Robert McBride have gone the same way. Greater hearts than his have snapped asunder with the agony they have brought on themselves. Finer natures have sunk down into the dread darkness, and no more been seen by those who had hoped almost immortal things of them. But oh! the stings of this poisoned adder! Oh, the cruel mockery of these dancing dreams! Oh, the insanity with which the victim drains the very dregs of his misery, and believes that in all the world there is no other happiness left for him!

Robert's business could not of course be cared for as it deserved, while he bestowed his time in this manner. The office must naturally suffer. His books must go unread. People would come to the door, and find it locked when he should be within. He should be equipping himself for the strife of his professional career, when he was daily casting his hopes and aims recklessly behind him.

What at first was only a fashion with him, or a thoughtless acquiescence in the customs of others, soon grew to be a habit; and a habit is a stern fact. It is a secret power that thrusts its strong hand down into our life and character. It holds the man together, or it tears him body and soul asunder. We can create these habits at the beginning, but they will surely control us in the end. We may invite them in, but they will finally take possession. He came very soon to love his habit, for the excitement it brought him. He eagerly waited for the time of his indulgence to come round. All the while that he belied himself his own master, this friend was silently forging gyves and chains for his freedom, and riveting them firm and strong. He thought that wine was weaving him most delightful visions, whereas it was but paving the way pleasantly to the most terrific realities. And each day he grew familiar with his changed nature, and each day soiled more and more the whiteness of his early innocence!

"This afternoon," said his friend Banister, "we are going to have a dinner party. I have promised my friends that I would bring you. Some of them expressed a desire to make your acquaintance. You'll find a precious lot of noble fellows, and I don't doubt they will please you. What do you say? You can't have so good an opportunity very soon again, and I should advise you to go."

Robert seemed to give the subject a moment's reflection.

"I'm not dressed," said he.

"Foh! A man that always dresses as well as you do, need not fear for his appearance anywhere! I'll agree to assume the responsibility of that part. But what do you want to talk in that way for? Look at that coat of yours! Look at your vest and pants! And your boots!" It is not a genteel dinner-party, by any means; it's only a meeting of a few friends. Somebody's birthday, I believe; or something of that kind."

"Well," said Robert, "as you seem to be so well satisfied with my appearance, I don't know but I ought to be, too. What time?"

"Half after two," answered his friend. "You will be plenty early for the last train out home. I'll guarantee that for you."

And instantly a feeling of joy flooded the young lawyer's heart, and delightful thoughts thrilled his frame. You could detect it in the heightened color of that cheek; in the quickened flash of that eye. He was regaling himself on the pleasures of his promised excitement beforehand! Appetite was thus secretly getting the control of him.

Some half dozen young men were assembled at the table, in one of the apartments of a fine hotel. They were all gay, and bent on enjoyment. To nearly every one of them Robert was a stranger. His friend, however, proved exceedingly attentive, and helped him to put himself at ease in a little while.

The dinner was royal, and remarkably well served. After the cloth was removed, the wines and liquors were brought on. Champagne flowed like water. Corks popped like pistols firing. Servants hurried and bustled about, adding much to the excitement of the scene.

Sentiments were at length proposed, and went round and round the table. When it came Mr. Banister's turn; he looked over to Robert, inclined his head, and begged very graciously to be allowed to propose the health of his beautiful lady. Robert was just flushed enough to receive the compliment with a certain wildness of satisfaction, and filled his glass and tossed it off at a draught.

Finally he was called on himself. He betrayed some slight hesitation at first, but soon commanded his nerves sufficiently to express himself.

"I give you, gentlemen," said he, a little tipsily; "my friend Banister! the last use you can put him to, is to railing!"

"Good! good! hurrah!" cried several, laughing at Banister, winking at their new friend's wit, and draining their long glasses.

From this point they got on rapidly. Robert especially. He was flattered, and he desired, too, to rank as a good fellow with the best of them. Though he knew absolutely nothing of their traits of character, yet he was ambitious of their esteem. It was apparent enough that he used little of that discretion which in a measure marked the conduct of his friends, for he was soon in a state of gross intoxication.

To go home that night to his wife, was an impossibility. He must be provided for where he was. The servants, therefore, assisted Mr. Banister in getting him off to a room by the back way, and he was soon in bed, and unconscious of all that was passing around him. Slipping a piece of money into the servant's hand, Mr. Banister bade him keep watch on his friend's wants and movements through the night; and promised himself to come round in the morning and see him.

When the latter emerged in the open air—it was dusk already. The streets were dark and gloomy.

The next evening Robert went home. His wife came to meet him in the hall, but her step had lost a little of its airy lightness.

"Why, Robert," she gently expostulated; "what made you stay out over night so? I was so frightened! Oh, why did you?"

"Because I missed the last train out," said he. And this was the first falsehood with which he had ever disguised his love.

He stooped down and kissed her forehead, and smoothed away the hair from her temples. At that moment, he would have given anything short of his life, could he have possessed the sweet innocence that belonged to her.

derives his chief inspiration from his own sense of duty.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JAN. 30, 1888.

COLBY, FORSTER & CO. PUBLISHERS.
THOMAS GILES FORSTER, Editor.

Office of Publication No. 17 Washington Street.

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Single copies per year, \$2 00
Six months, 1 00
Three months, 50For club rates, see eighth page.
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TO THE FRIENDS OF THE BANNER.

Our associates, Mr. T. Giles Forster and J. Rollin M. Squire, are now on a tour in the South and West, for the purpose of giving lectures, and presenting the claims of the BANNER OF LIGHT to their citizens.

We trust the friends will prepare themselves for a visit from one or the other of these gentlemen, and give the Banner a helping hand.

DEVOTION OF HUSBAND AND WIFE.

We have received a communication from a lady correspondent, asking us to furnish a reason, if we can, for the manifest falling off of affection on the part of a husband towards his wife, soon after his marriage. Our fair correspondent writes feelingly on the subject, and we have a right to conclude that she has herself been made needlessly unhappy by a neglect such as she so truthfully describes, but which she is totally unable to account for.

It is difficult, of course, to furnish explanations that shall be applicable alike to all cases. Experiences differ widely in this world. The surroundings of every man and woman are distinct and individual. They can be fairly compared with those of no other man and woman. One man falls away in his marital duty, for no reason whatever, so far as he might be able to give one; while another may really seem to have sufficient cause for the abatement of his affection, although he tries hard to conceal such a result from the eyes of the world, and seeks in every honorable and manly way to cover up incongruities and unfortunate occurrences. There is, as we just now said, no possibility of applying any rule to these matters, by which to obtain an explanation; that will work its own way to the surface in its own good time.

The first great difficulty is to be found at the beginning of the end story; the parties, on the closer acquaintance which matrimony furnishes, awake suddenly to fatal mistakes in their previous estimates of one another. The lover, sighing in his solitude, and rhapsodizing every brook, dower, and musical sound that greets him, knows not yet that marriage, to be perfect, must be only a mirroring of souls, and not a mere co-partnership of families, of personal interests, of vanities, or even of fancies. The young man opens his eyes, as it were, to the beauties of an entirely new world. His feelings are all excited beyond what they ever were before. His fancy is tickled. It is a new thing for him to feel that he has a heart, and that somebody else has got a heart, too. Hence the crowd of these little secrets, whisperings, confidences, and the like, that follow; of just no consequence at all in themselves, but magnified into matters of stupendous importance if the two lovers have the good luck to be crossed in the path of their affections.

Both parties fall into a great mistake, which is too apt to prove fatal to their happiness. They expect that the world is all their intoxicated fancy has been painting it; whereas, putting one day by the side of another, it is the most matter-of-fact affair that was ever got up. This bread-and-butter part of the business is, after all, much the biggest part of it. The clothes for the fast coming children, the three meals every day, the house-rent, the pew-rent, the coats, and the hats, and the boots, and the dresses,—these are the things that cost, and cost solid, steady, undivided labor. We do not complain that it is so, be it understood; on the contrary, we rather think it the very best arrangement that could be offered, since in the first place it compels industry, and in the second place fixes our energies and efforts fast upon those, to provide for whom should be an ever-recurring delight and gratification.

Yet in spite of all its practicality, the world, if rightly looked at, is capable of furnishing the most exquisite enjoyment; nay, it is perhaps in consequence of this very practicality. Thus we should endeavor to turn it to account, at all events. But how is it to be done? That is the important question. Many ask it over and over again, but they feel unsatisfied with the answer they get.

In the first place, then, no persons ought to enter into the state of matrimony, unless they have something more than a mere fancy for each other. No match can be a happy one, that is based upon vanity, or policy, or selfishness, or any other superficial and hollow consideration. The attachment should be of the strongest, steadiest, and most thorough character. Love is not to be considered too brittle and fine a fabric for daily handling; on the contrary, it is as tough as the fibres of our own being, as lasting as life itself, unconquerable even at death. Affection should not be thought something too nice for everyday use and enjoyment; it is not a piece of jewelry, to be carefully wrapped up in cotton and laid away in a drawer. And when friends and lovers so understand it, there will not only be more of it, but it will inevitably be found to be the genuine thing.

Marriage between two persons ought certainly to imply the existence of the very closest spiritual relations. Less than this is not marriage; it is only formal and limited copartnership; a temporary and incomplete joining of names and interests. How lightly we all talk of the marriage-rite; certainly the most impressive, unless we except the funeral rite, of any that could be incorporated into the usages and customs of our little lives. Yet if the relation is based upon the fundamental principles of our nature,—if hearts and souls wed, as well as bodies,—if the union is in all senses a complete one,—then the sad objections that are so often brought forward are manifestly obviated, so far as in the present condition of humanity they reasonably can be.

After this comes charity for one another's faults. We all have them in abundance; it is one of the most beautiful, as well as advantageous exercises for a well-disposed human soul, to learn to overlook; to forgive, to bear and forbear in tenderness. More than these things than appears. Life, as we all know, is made up of little things; and it is only

by having a care for all these minor matters, the odds and ends of existence, that we may be said to live at all.

There is no way in which unhappiness between husband and wife can be obviated, but after the laws of forbearance, kindness, and charity. Every other rule fails to cover the matter. There must of course be love, or we can have no jurisdiction of the case. To endeavor to force a man to be tender of his wife, or a wife to be devoted to her husband, is entirely out of the question. The fault in too many marriages is a radical one; there is a mistaken idea, in the heat of early feeling, and the intoxication of fancy, that true and abiding love is there. In many instances, where such a mistake has afterwards been ascertained, it is very possible for tenderness even then to foster love, and increase it. They are noblemen who do thus, and theirs is a reward which they would exchange for no wealth or title the world may have to give them.

RELIGION AND BUSINESS.

Some people have a great idea of "carrying their religion into their business," as they express it, and never omit any opportunity to preach openly on the subject to those whom they think rather more lax than they are themselves. As if, indeed, religion—if it is religion—did not inspire, control, shape, and color every act of its possessor! As if it were, forsooth, something apart from the man, to be employed only as an engine on special occasions, and for particular purposes!

We were so much interested in a paragraph on this subject in the New York Tribune, that we give it to our readers. A person in business in this city, says the Tribune, said to another business man a year ago,—"Sir, you should carry more religion into your business!" To this we do not object. In fact, we rather incline to the same opinion. It was good advice. Let us see how well the adviser follows it himself. He is an employer of sewing women, and like many other employers at the time of the panic, he suspended business. Of course his employees were anxious to be re-employed, for upon their daily labor they depended for daily bread. Of course they prayed for it, but without work it would not come. So seeing the need of the poor creatures, their employer concluded it would be a favorable opportunity to carry more religion into business. He would be charitable, but he would make charity profitable. So he gave the sewing women work. When pay-day came, he did not give them money, but dealt out to them dry goods. Calicoes, such as could be bought for ten cents a yard, he let them have for fifteen; muslins, such as others sell for eight cents, he let these poor, hard-working women, who stitch, stitch, stitch, for their starvation wages, have for twelve cents. Generous, religious, benevolent friend of woman, in her behalf we thank you that you did not charge twenty.

Now, in anticipation of the scores of letters full of indignation that we expect to receive, inquiring, "Sir, did you mean me?" we beg to reply, No; emphatically no. We mean the mean man, who did this mean act. And he is not a Jew, either, or a reputed hard case, but one who makes long prayers, and carries religion into business.

This is, really, very well put. The whole of this mean story—much too common a story, however,—of hypocrisy and wrong, is here in a nutshell. There are men in plenty who are eager enough to advise others how to proceed, but never think to apply their ostentatious advice to themselves. Let such persons look within, instead of without. If they cultivated the true, instead of the false Spiritualism, they would be incapable of such hypocritical transactions. Religion is not always on the tongue. Its home is the heart.

CHEAP AND DEAR.

It is tenth-rate pleasures which are popular and expensive; the healthiest, purest and most inspiring are the cheapest and most neglected.

So remarks a writer in the Boston Transcript. The entire article from which we make the extract is of the same tone and spirit.

But for the popular mistake, that what costs the most money necessarily brings the most enjoyment, a vast deal of happiness would be saved to mankind which is now frittered entirely away. For they who sit down to count the cost, feel at once that they cannot afford it; hence they either give themselves up to despondency, or they seek pleasures of a debasing tendency. One of these two things certainly follows; the human soul never stands still; it either retrogrades, or it advances.

There is no need of a man's feeling that he can't enjoy himself. He can enjoy himself. The more he wants is, a clear conscience. If he keeps his nature sweet and whole, he is on the straight road to the purest happiness there is to be found. There is nothing better than this to be had in heaven; and the happiness of heaven certainly depends on purity of the nature, if it depends upon anything.

We have seen "the beggar dance, the cripple sing," as the old verse has it; they were happy, because the thing was in them; the singing, and the dancing, was in their hearts. A person will pay five dollars—carriage hire included—for a single evening's entertainment at the opera; and he will say that he enjoyed it hugely, if his fashionable friends put him upon his plump answer. But the same person, in the depths of his heart, even while the sweet strains of some entrancing duet carry him away, will go back and live over again some simple memory,—some small bit of homely enjoyment, scarce worth the trouble of repeating to his nearest friend; and in that moment he has been happier than during the rest of that expensive evening together.

"How bitter a thing it is," says Shakespeare, "to look into happiness through another man's eyes!" That is the second fault, and a great one it is. Our eyes are our own, given us for our own souls to look out of. If we clap over them the spectacles—blue, green, or yellow,—of other men, we see only what they see; we are happy when they are happy; if they are morbid, we droop and grow sulk; too; if they are afflicted with jaundice, our skin betrays the yellow likeness. But it is wrong that it is so. More self-reliance would bring more happiness, because it brings out the creative resources in greater abundance. Individualism is what we have a great lack of, not less in our pleasures than our professions and our business.

These purest, and, therefore, cheapest pleasures, are neglected, because they are so easy to the reach. Mankind seem actually perverse, even in the pursuit of their happiness; they refuse to be happy for nothing, and insist on buying it with pain and remorse. What a commentary it is on poor human nature to make, to be sure, that we must needs be galvanized into our enjoyments; that we scarcely know what is good for us to enjoy, as children, don't

know what is good for them to eat, until we are told all about it; that we must put up with the puffing and blowing of itinerant show-men, before we understand where such a vast fund of pleasure lies concealed from us; and that we place the reins in anybody else's hand, rather than be bothered with the management of them ourselves!

Not until we return to the early and simple principles, therefore, shall we be able to find the true source of delight and pleasure. We have wandered away too far from home; we must come back again and dwell at our own hearth, with our own household gods around us. A sixpence may be made, in the matter of happiness, to go farther than an eagle. Who, then, will not sit down and reckon up all his small change carefully?

Written for the Banner of Light.

MY BROTHER.

The merry morn that lingers on the hill,
And drives the darkness from the wide abyss;
That wakes the fragrant flowers beside the rill,
To blush and tremble at his golden kiss,
Is beautiful, but void of harmony,
Unless I mingle some kind thought of thee.

The early day that kisses up the dew,
And gains the plain with steady, silent tread,
Beneath the rays that brightly struggle through
The clouds that veil the sun-king's crested head,
Is beautiful, but void of harmony,
Unless I mingle some kind thought of thee.

The twilight gaily tripping o'er the way,
Where stars are twinkling in their beauty's shine;
That brings the soul to muse upon the day,
While gazing on the mystical decline,
Is beautiful, but void of harmony,
Unless I mingle some kind thought of thee.

Sweet nature's song that greets the evening hour,
And fills with holy throbbings all my breast,
The prayer that all with gentle soothing power
The heart unsatisfied, that longs for rest,
Is beautiful, but void of harmony,
Unless I mingle some kind thought of thee.

THE COURIER AND NAKEDNESS.

From the way the Courier writer harps on the unauthenticated story of Spiritual circles in Boston sitting in a state of perfect nudity, it would be natural to conclude that he prefers to have everything naked; but the truth is, that he chooses to have the privilege of dressing up to suit himself. The Courier copies entire the article we published last week, from the Springfield Republican and New York Tribune, and makes glowing comments in its editorial columns—those same columns in which the plain English language seems hardly nice enough to appear sometimes, and through which everybody is taken to task for the lack of his decency and his grammar.

The Courier "thanks" the Springfield Republican for the "aid it has lent" in offering them this most improper matter for re-publication, plainly evidencing that they wanted something just like this at the present period of stagnation, and considering this particular article a great godsend for the purpose to which they are so eager to apply it.

If all these statements are absolute verities—if every insinuation and innuendo contained in that article were capable of being proved to have a solid foundation—if these improper and indecent circles calling themselves "Spiritual" circles, have been guilty of the gross misconduct with which they stand charged—it all argues nothing in favor of the spirit and temper which prompted the re-publication of the article in question, or of the comments that appear in the "scholarly" columns of that paper which professes and pretends to be at the top of the list for decency. The motive in this is apparent enough. If it is possible to make an assault on the cause of Spiritualism, whether fair or unfair—whether with one kind of weapons or another, then the Courier is after the chance. No opportunity is allowed to slip unimproved by the monomaniac writer on this subject for that paper.

It would be just as fair, and as proper, for Spiritualists to charge all the covert acts of adultery that are committed within the pale of Orthodox churches, to the nature and tendency of the religious creed the members profess, as it is for these men, who care for no religion at all that we know of, to cast reproaches upon Spiritualism by citing such hypothetical cases as they take so deep a delight in publishing. We can only say for them, that if their religious views favor the course they see fit to pursue in this single matter, those views rest on a very slight spiritual basis. They have not yet learned the first and simplest condition of the religion that was promulgated by the Lord Christ.

The writer in the Courier gives his heart needless trouble, when he flatters himself that this "delusion is passing away." If it were a delusion, it would have "passed away" long since; but instead of that, it has been gaining strength from the day it first let in the light upon benighted and becrusted Christendom. Such "delusions" do not "pass away" at all. We rejoice to be assured that multitudes of men and women, of the most cultivated intellects and the highest spiritual aspirations, are becoming converts daily. This "delusion" has taken hold of the best part of society. It works more silently than before, and, on that account, more effectually. Its true philosophy is being studied, and becoming better understood. Its blessed compensations—what have they not been to the many poor souls that until now groped about in the darkness, held under the tyrannical control of their spiritual advisers as rigidly as those who learned in other days to fear the priest, and made a practice of purchasing absolution!

The best we can wish for the Courier writer is, that the light may soon dawn on his soul likewise, and that the day of his redemption may be nigh! He will find that casting off his garments will be the last thing required of him.

THE GRANDMOTHERS.

None of us are apt to think too kindly of these old occupants of the family chimney-corners; sitting so patiently in their high-backed chairs, with snowy caps on their silvered crowns, great round-eyed spectacles across their noses, and that saintly look of resignation on their countenances. We are too apt to think more of ourselves than of them. We hate the past, so wrapped up are we in the visions of the future. The old time we do not allow ourselves the leisure to revive again, even admitting that we had the predilection. All of life with us is comprised in the single word: Drive! Crowd on the steam; we have no time to turn over the back leaves. Life is precious, and there is little of it; and so we ignorantly lose the real life altogether, not knowing any more than the wind, whence it cometh or whither it goeth.

The Rev. Dr. Tyng, of New York, who is one of our most popular pulpit orators, not long since delivered a lecture on "Old Women." An odd subject, one would say, for these days, especially. But the

lecturer treated his subject well and handsomely. "Nothing," said he, "is more respected in a private family than the old grandmother, who sits in the centre of its circle. I would not give up the worth of my children's grandmother in my house, for the best and handsomest young woman in the land!"

Well said, and just in the nick of time, too; when affection for these kind and gentle old souls is dying out so fast, and few hearts warm as they should towards their presence and sacred influence. Blessings on these dear old grandmothers, say we; they have fulfilled their course, and as they approach that mysterious change to which we all alike must come at last, their way should be smoothed by every gentle means we have at our hand. It will not be long, at the longest, ere we shall be between those two seas ourselves.

THE WAYS OF THE GERMANS.

We Yankees have our peculiarities, and of course the Germans, like us and like other people, have theirs. Travelers have written pleasant accounts of their ways of living, how quiet and contented the peasantry are disposed to be, all about their annual fairs, their social life, and so forth. A correspondent of the New York Times has recently written a letter from Frankfort, from which we are tempted to extract.

He says that the women of Northern Germany spin, and the German women everywhere knit, knit forever. They wash so seldom that they need such large quantities of stockings and linen; and "oh," they say, "how can people live and have the fuss of washing every week!" It almost kills them to think of it. But though they have not the fuss of washing every week, they are much more afraid of soiling a great quantity of clothes than those who endure this fuss often. In answer to our inquiries, and in accordance with our experience, the custom is to give each person one clean sheet a month. The upper one is secured to the quilt all round. We have never been furnished with more than a quart of water a day, and one towel a week for personal use. In the same kind of family in America, they furnish a clean sheet every week, and a clean towel every day for the same price.

There is no such class of people in Germany as are scattered all over the hills and valleys of England and America—gentlemen-farmers and tradesmen, whose wives and daughters are ladies, as cultivated and refined as any city ladies, and a little more so! Here, the people who live in the country and in the small villages are all of the peasant class, entirely without culture or polish. When we are among them, we see, every morning, women go forth with hoes and rakes on their shoulders, or driving oxen with the good stick in their hands, and the "haw, buck," and "gee, hiah," in their mouths. They look more toil-worn and degraded than Indian women, of whom they often remind us, and Southern slaves can have no worse lot except in the slave-mart and the tearing of heart-strings which the buying and selling impose. Here, they cannot even hope for this change. They cannot pass from one little province to the other, without paying a sum larger than is required to pay their passage to America. A man born in Nassau may go to America and have something left to begin with there, for what he would have to pay to make him a citizen of Frankfort, twenty miles from his birth-place. If he is rich enough to go there and live fifty years without business, and his children are born there, it makes no difference, they must pay the price before they are admitted to the marvellous privileges of the free city of Frankfort!

THE POET BRYANT IN SPAIN.

Every item of intelligence touching our literary men, especially our poets, is of interest to the people of the country at large. It is not generally understood how close is the sympathy between the class we call readers, and that other class styled authors. Yet it stands confessed, over and over again, that it is not possible for the former to do without the latter, though they deny themselves a part of their food in the effort to enjoy them.

Bryant is too truly the poet, as he is the child, of Nature, for us all not to love his pure verses. No man can sketch a landscape better than he; and even when a godd with there might be a trifle less of hardness in the outline, or a trifle more of color and warmth in the filling up, the conviction nevertheless abides that the soul of the poet is married to all the beauties and glories of the outer world. He has caught its spirit. He walks down by braid, brooks with you in June, or wanders dreamily off into the grand October woods, charming you with the effect of his descriptive rhymes.

He is at present in Spain, where a great deal of attention seems to be paid him. A translation of an article lately published in a paper at Madrid, made for the Musical World of New York, contains the following, which it delights us to copy:—

William Cullen Bryant, one of the greatest poets of the age, and undoubtedly the first among the Anglo-American poets, has arrived in Madrid.

It is impossible to see this person without feelings of the deepest affection and respect. His face, whose long beard has that soft whiteness that light hair lends to age in the North, wears a certain expression that is only met with in beings equally endowed with genius and sensibility. There is in his sweet smile a slight tinge of bitterness, which reveals at once the struggle that goodness and wisdom have always sustained with malice and ignorance.

There is something sad in his look, which shows the martyrdom of a spirit launched into the midst of the material enterprises of this manufacturing and commercial age.

The poems of Mr. Bryant might be classed with those of Rioja. They are few in number, and all are of the first order.

The nobleness of his thoughts, the turn of his descriptions, the delicacy and tenderness of his affections, are only equalled by Rioja.

Welcome to our country be this son of the New World, and God grant that these climes, where his active intelligence comes to seek new impressions, may be propitious.

MRS. CONANT.

Our "Messenger" department has been menage for two weeks past, on account of the illness of this lady. It is now four weeks since she has been able to attend to her duties, and we have been obliged to husband our stock of communications. From present appearances, we shall not be troubled in this manner again; as her health rests upon a better foundation than it has since we commenced our enterprise. We have of late drawn from some old manifestations we have on hand; but as we have resumed our sittings, shall not resort to old minutes for our next paper.

It is safer to be humble with one talent, than proud with ten.

THE MELODEON LECTURES.

In the afternoon, after the singing, Mrs. Henderson offered a prayer for the protection of the spirit of spirits. She announced for her text the words of Isaiah,—"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings—that publisheth peace."

She said that people look upon their religious teachers as the servants of God—as chosen ones, inspired to become his messengers. To get away from such prejudices, we must take a new ground, and ask what is inspiration, and why one person may not be inspired as well as another. God has breathed into man the spirit of life, and inspiration is God's breath. It is not exclusively one man's but is common property. This inspiration is given to man, to distinguish him from and enable him to move above the brutes around him.

It is absurd to say that all God's inspiration is bound between the covers of a book. God inspires man, not through a bible, but through nature. Men receive inspiration differently. Every man draws in that inspiration fitted to his condition; just as the gross man will partake of grosser food than the man more spiritualized.

Men went to the prophets for religious instructions in the olden times; but you, who have dove deep down into the ocean of mystery, and brought up with you the gems found at its bottom, will no longer look upon the ordained clergyman as if the God of all had chosen for His instrument one who had no especial claims, to the exclusion of the rest of mankind. But even as man bowed down to prophets in the olden time, so do many bow down to the ministers of to-day.

Let man do his own worship, and reason for himself, and the lights of inspiration will be opened.

To-day there are teachers, and all men are chosen,—one to one work, and one to another. The old prophets were men, and God spake to them as he speaks to all men; but they were good, inasmuch as they taught others to do good. Christ was more than any other the instrument of God.

There are inspired ministers to-day. Let them know their responsibility. Let them go forth clothed with meekness and humility as with a garment, and let their words be words of truth and purity. Let the world see them as truly spiritual, nor find a fault wherewith to mock them, so that men cannot but say—"How beautiful on the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings—that publisheth peace."

She closed with an improvisation, which we regret our limits prevent us from publishing.

After another prayer, she announced herself ready to answer questions, as is customary.

Q.—Describe death, and the first consciousness of spirit after death.

A.—The condition of the soul after dissolution is in a great measure owing to the condition of the dying. Death has been called the king of terrors; but to one who has made a right use of life, it comes as a peaceful messenger. The contortions you often see are the struggles between the spirit to escape from the body, and the body to detain the spirit. The spirit which on earth was learned in his after state, and delighted in spiritual works, found joy immediately, because the joys of the spirit life are pure and holy. But the spirit who sought pleasure from impure fountains on earth found no such fountains to draw from. He knew nothing of the reality of spiritual life, and hence for a time he might be unconscious.

Q.—Are we to suppose the ten commandments came from God?

A.—Truth, coming from God, always corresponds with reason. We cannot accept them as coming directly from Him. The people needed laws for their government, and those filled well their mission, as such.

Q.—Do they not exist in the very nature of things, and, if so, are they not from God?

A.—We believe that they were, like all inspirations, tainted by the mediumship through which they came. How much in keeping with pure divinity, to speak of the great Father of us all as a jealous God! on how consistent with his character is the setting apart of one day in the week for doing good. He in truth teaches us that we should do good on all days.

Q.—How do you control the medium to speak to us?

A.—We act upon the medium by a combined influence. The ideas you receive come from a band of spirits.

Q.—Does the medium remember her lectures after she is out of the trance influence?

A.—She remembers nothing; but when they are spoken of afterwards, the ideas are recalled to her like the events of a dream.

Q.—Are ministers of the Gospel, of different sects, called of God to preach? If so, why does God inspire them to preach error?

A.—Their faculties and reason have been perverted by the teachings of a pernicious theology; they are hired to support a certain dogma or chain of dogmas; yet they preach truth according to their best conception of it.

Q.—Can spirits foretell coming events?

A.—Some can, judging from the past; and with highly-developed spirits it is carried to a great perfection. But it is not our mission to prophesy, or yours to seek it.

Q.—Is progress the law of the spirit life?

A.—Most certainly. Progress is the law of nature, in every condition, in the spirit life as well as in the mortal sphere.

Q.—Does God act otherwise than through fixed laws?

A.—Never. Man is constantly changing; God never changes.

The topic selected by the audience for the evening lecture was, "Was the crucifixion of Jesus essential to the salvation of the world? and, if so, was not Judas an instrument for carrying out the fore-established will of God?"

The controlling power said, in order to give an idea upon this subject, we must go back to the teaching of the old theology. Redemption has always been a prominent doctrine of theology, with the Christian Church. They believed that man was steeped in iniquity, and that Christ was sent as a scapegoat, to take upon himself the sins of the world, and that in his death mankind was to escape eternal doom. Christ is looked upon as the Son of God. The Jews prophesied of his coming, and yet denied him when he came, and they are still looking for the coming of the Messiah. If he died to save all who would believe on him, what is to become of the millions who lived and died before his birth? It may be said faith would save them; but the bible

says faith without works is dead. If we allow that it was by preconcerted arrangement that Christ died, then we can but admit that Jesus fulfilled his destiny by betraying him; but we look upon the matter in no such light. His death was the result of circumstances over which he had no control—and, in betraying him, Jesus was simply an instrument of evil. Why was Christ in such agony on the cross, if he knew his office was to die?

When he was condemned, the religious teachers of that day were the first to cry out, "Away with him! Crucify him! Crucify him!"

It is not his death, but his life, that makes him the Saviour of the world. It was necessary that man should have a guide to teach him to escape from the consequences of sin by escaping from sinning; and that guide was Christ. It is taught that man must repent and believe before he can be saved. Simply the belief that Christ lived, will save no man. He must rather follow out the example of His life. The doctrine of atonement is a fiction. Not every one that says "Lord! Lord!" shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. With Christ the thought of doing good was all.

What tempts man to do evil—is it the outward body, or the human nature within? It is the spirit; so how can the body of Christ atone for a sin of the soul—how can the finite atone for the infinite?

What a beautiful theory to present to the world is that, that Christ, the Son of God, and one of the trinity, took upon himself the form of man, and suffered a horrid death, to appease the holy wrath of his Father, and turn it away from its object! Suppose we come down to an earth-parent, who has five children, one is pure and innocent, while the others are guilty and prone to do evil. The father is angry, and threatens vengeance. The world is so elevated, that it tells him:—"Don't allow yourself to be angry, but rather learn your children to do right by the power of your example." The man will not be pacified, but still clamors for revenge! You would scorn a man with such feelings as those, yet you attribute them to the Almighty Father of us all!

We can understand no such thing as holy revenge, or divine wrath. Revenge and wrath are evil attributes, and cannot emanate from the fountain of all that is good and holy.

What a horrid doctrine it is, that the children of God are condemned to a burning lake, and that angels in heaven cast their eyes on the writhing victims, and sing louder songs of rejoicing, at the justice and mercy of God!

You must do away with this pernicious doctrine of redemption. If you can find satisfaction in it, we must say you dwell deeply in the dead past. Your ideas should revolt at it. A thousand Christs might have died, and man not be saved, unless he fully realized the merit of His life.

We know we may shock some, to whom these ideas are new; but we know a shock sometimes purifies the atmosphere—so let the shock come.

Every man must work out his own salvation. There can be no sin on earth, but that which is committed against your own natures. You cannot injure God. You bring pain on yourself, but you cannot injure God.

We believe in the divinity of Christ, and in the divinity of all God's children: How can they be human lest they be divine? Men prefer to build themselves a hell, than tread the narrow road to happiness. The idea of hell is foreign to the nature of God. You have no record of God's ever making such a place. It is simply a condition, and that, too, a negative one.

The following questions were then asked, and the subjoined answers received:—

Question.—We talk of families being united in heaven. How are we to suppose that one who has led a degraded life here, should be on an equal plane with one of the same family who had led a life of purity, and had passed away a series of years previous. How can such be united?

Answer.—When they enter into spirit, life, they cannot be united any more than they were on earth. One becomes the teacher of another, but there can never be an equality. It would be inharmonious. But they can meet and converse, even as they do on earth.

Q.—Have you any means of knowing how man was placed on this earth, or from what he sprang—whether he was made direct from the ground, or is a higher development of the animal creation? If the latter, what animal does he succeed?

A.—We cannot conceive of the time when man was a beast, or when the beast was a plant; but the particles in each warrant a belief that such was the system of progression. We cannot see that man was placed on the earth as he is now. God did not make simply one man, or one tribe of men. He is Father of us all.

Q.—Is not God a distinct acting agent outside of nature, in his existence or personal form, in directing and controlling the action of the universe in its mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms, and also a distinct agent out of man in governing the physical, mental, and moral laws of his being?

A.—We cannot conceive of God as an agent; he is the ruler of all, not the agent. We look upon him as the centre of all mind. He is over all and in all.

Q.—Did the laws of nature originally, and do they at the present time, lead and attract man to all goodness of action, and were man's faculties in this primitive state actuated and controlled by nature's laws? If so, how came man to sin?

A.—The world is governed by laws, fixed and unchangeable. We do not believe that man ever fell—we cannot think that men to-day are lower than Adam. To be sure, as man advances in years, he loses the purity and innocence of childhood, in contact with the world; but that is no argument in favor of the belief in the fall of man.

Q.—Can you inform me if the spirit of man is conscious of its condition at the time of separation from the body; if so, will you give your own experiences from the time you left the body until settled in the spirit land? What I mean is, the sensations you felt.

A.—Different spirits experience different sensations. The condition of death is owing to the development of the spirit. Some dying persons are conscious of spirits around them before their own spirit is loosed from the body; though it is not so with all.

Q.—Can you explain the two passages of the New Testament—the one found in 1st Thessalonians, 4th chapter, 12th to 17th verses, and the other in 2d Peter, 3d chapter, 8d to 10th verses—as much as refers to the second coming of Christ?

A.—In the first selection, we have the doctrine of a coming on earth. The writer of that chapter

looked forward to a day of resurrection, believing that man lay dormant in his grave till then. We believe Paul was honest in his opinion, but his idea does not accord with our experience. In the last named selection we have the opinion of another man, and we must say the same of Peter as of Paul, that he was probably honest, but had a mistaken idea. Those passages cited are simply opinions of men. Inspiration cannot flow to man in purity, because he is impure.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

What are called "liberal subscriptions" for foreign missions were taken up in Boston, a couple of Sundays ago, and the papers report that at the Essex Street Church (Rev. Dr. Adams') the amount taken in and pledged in a single afternoon was upwards of six thousand dollars! The same church gave, last year, \$5,304. This is so strong a testimonial in that direction, that special mention is made of it; and we should think it would be.

Query for serious people: Would it not be a thousand times more sensible to take that six thousand dollars and feed and clothe the suffering at home? Is it so difficult to see the heathen right around us, and so much easier to see the heathen at Borrioboola-Gha? Where is the sense, or right sentiment, in throwing away one's money on we know not what, when our brothers and sisters, companions in the same civilization, are laboring in the shadows of heathendom quite as dark and gross as that which afflicts those parts of the world with which we have no practical sympathy?

Of course we do not presume to make any complaint against a man for bestowing his money where it best suits his judgment, provided he acts from some sense of conscience; but we do insist on the right and privilege of a candid criticism of the objects to which that benevolence is applied; and thus criticising, we consider that they overlook the first duty of true brotherhood in this age of the world, who consent to overlook the wants of those right around them. "Telescopic philanthropy" is not quite the thing. Our duties, of all sorts, begin at home. Those nearest us have a right to our sympathy first; indeed, if we give it not, we only betray our insincerity in our more ostentatious offerings, through church boxes, for the unknown and little cared-for heathen abroad.

THE SWEDENBORGIAN.

The New Church Association has issued No. 1 of a monthly Journal, which number is before us. We have selected from its pages an article head, "Trust in Providence," which we have printed upon our sixth page, and of which we cannot speak in too high terms. It will commend itself to every Spiritualist who has carefully studied the phenomena of the intercourse of spirits with mortals, and has made that study bear its fruits in his life. This paper alone is worth the price of the number, and if the same useful and truthful lesson appear in its succeeding numbers, it will certainly repay the small price of subscription. Dr. Barrett is the editor, a man whose name stands high in the Swedenborgian Church, from whose great founder, those who believe themselves to be in communion with the spirit world, may learn much which will serve them as beacon lights, illuminating the sometimes dark pathway they tread. Other articles in this number are equally interesting and instructive, among which are "Wordsworth's poetry in the New Church Light and Art Life." On our eighth page will be found an advertisement of this new Journal, with its terms.

NEW MUSIC.

From Ditson & Co., 272 Washington street, the publishers, we have received the following new music: SYRACUSE POLKA, composed by J. A. Fowler; BORDS DU MOHAWK MAZURKA, for the Piano, by John B. Marsh; NATIONAL CHANT, by Ford Deyer; SONG, "We would not have you come back, Mary," words by Ellen Alice Moriarty, music by Edgar J. Spinney; "Vocal Beauties of the Rose of Castile." By Balfe, is the title under which Ditson publishes the airs in that opera. Two are received, "Though fortune darkly o'er me frowns," and the "Muleteer's Song, or Clio Chac."

INAUGURATION MARCH AND QUICKSTEP, performed by Brigade Band, and dedicated to N. P. Banks, published by Russell & Richardson, 291 Washington street, has been received from the enterprising publishers.

CHRISTMAS.

The following stanzas were given through the "table tipplings" which some affect to be so vulgar. The medium was the daughter of a gentleman in Fall River. At the close of Christmas day, a party sat viewing the golden hues of the western sky, a short time after sunset. One of the gentlemen remarked upon the beautiful scene opened to them, when the table at which his daughter sat evinced signs of animation, and their spirit friend tipped this message letter by letter.

"As angels from the starry sky,
In voices sweet and low,
Echoed on earth Heaven's symphonies
Two thousand years ago—
So we, the lesser angels, come
With joy, and peace, and love,
Dear benedictions from the home
Serene and fair above.
And through this soft and mellow light,
The anthem rings again—
Let peace be on the earth to-night,
And all good will to men."

MRS. PARTINGTON.

B. P. Shilliter, Esq., delivered a poem before the Franklin Literary Association, East Somerville, last Wednesday evening, 20th inst., to a full house. He said the poem was

"A leaf or two,
Torn almost at random of humanity,
From the great volume of humanity."

The audience was chained in silence while it beheld the clear and vivid pictures of real life painted on these random leaves. The poem was full of sparkling thought—full of buds and blossoms fragrant to the appreciative soul.

We would call the attention of our readers to the discussion inserted on the sixth page, on the subject of "self possession." This subject is now exciting considerable interest in various directions. In this discussion, judge ye whether our friend, Dr. Child, who is well known as a Spiritualist, rejects the teachings of Christ more than those who take the opposite ground in the argument, who are not Spiritualists.

A couple of Germans have been arrested in New York for making dog-meat sausages.

SOCIETY FOR THE RELIEF OF THE POOR.

A society of ladies, who are Spiritualists, meet at 14 Bromfield street every Friday afternoon, each one doing all in her power with her needle, and contributions from her purse, to lessen the sufferings of the poor. This society was formed early in the present season; since which time many suffering persons, adults and children, have been provided with food, clothing and fuel; and in cases of sickness have been provided with medicine and medical advice; have been nursed and made comfortable. The number of ladies who attend these meetings is from twenty-five to fifty. It is hoped that more ladies will feel interested, and join their efforts in this truly Christian undertaking. And it is hoped that gentlemen, too, who have the means, and love to lessen the sum of human suffering, will contribute something to these ladies, and help them on in their work of love and kindness.

Dramatic.

BOSTON THEATRE.—The famous old Ravel Troupe are at the Boston Theatre, playing their farewell engagement before disbanding and retiring into private life. We hear high encomiums on Mlle. Zanfretta, as a tight-rope dancer. Our ablest theatrical critics pronounce her superior to any like performer who ever before smiled on a Boston audience. Mlle. Rolla, the danseuse, receives many plaudits. It is needless to waste our ink in specific allusion to the remainder of this talented company. "None but themselves can be their parallel." Go and see them.

BOSTON MUSEUM.—Every night for more than a fortnight, the "Golden Horse" has been brought out with great success. We wish they would make a point of selecting plays better adapted to the genius of Warren, who stands head and shoulders above any other actor in his line, in America. Yet crowded houses testify to his popularity every night. They have new plays in preparation, we are told, which are to be brought out soon.

NATIONAL THEATRE.—This old establishment, at which many distinguished actors have made their debut "in the days of auld lang syne," is still patronized by its usual peculiarly appreciative audiences. Mr. Foster is still there, giving much satisfaction, and the two sisters, Lucille and Helen win new laurels every night. "Napoleon" is on the bills this week.

HOWARD TEMPLE.—A peculiarly unique performance is announced in this place, this week, to wit—the play of Othello, by a band of aspiring colored actors. No one doubts that a crowd will be drawn, to witness such an arabesque performance. Just think of a colored Desdemona, and then stay away if you can!

Late Foreign Items.

The English mail steamship Europa, which left Liverpool about 2.30 P. M., of the 9th inst., arrived at New York, on the morning of January 24th.

The Europa arrived out at Liverpool on the 3d inst., at 11 P. M., and the screw steamer Anglo Saxon, from Portland, reached the same port at 3 A. M., on the 7th.

The steamship Persia, from New York, for Liverpool, was passed January 14th in Lon. 22 42, lat 50 58. Also on the 16th, lat 40 41, lon. 35 48, passed a steamer, big armed, with two funnels; bound east, (doubtless the Arago).

The U. S. frigate Powhatan was at Madeira on the 13th of December.

INDIA.—The semi-monthly mail from India arrived at Suez on the 1st of January, with later dates from Calcutta and Bombay.

General Havelock died on the 25th of November, of dysentery, brought on by exposure and anxiety.

On the 7th of November an engagement took place near Cawnpore, between Gen. Windham's division and the Gwallor mutineers, in which the British troops were repulsed, with the total loss of the tents of the three regiments, 3000 in number, which were burnt by the enemy. The 64th regiment is reported to have been nearly cut up in the encounter. The Gwallor mutineers number more than 8000 men, completely organized and equipped. Sir Colin Campbell, hearing of this disaster, quitted Lucknow for Cawnpore. On the 7th of December he came up to the Gwallor mutineers, and totally defeated them, capturing 16 guns, 26 carriages, and an immense quantity of ammunition, stores, etc., and the whole of their baggage. The British loss in this action was insignificant, only one officer being killed.

All the women and children, sick, etc., from Lucknow, had arrived in safety at Allahabad.

The official report of the defence of Lucknow is published, and shows the privations endured by the heroic garrison, and particularly by the ladies, to have been fearful.

Troop ships continue to arrive at Calcutta, and among them the celebrated American clipper ship Lightning had arrived out in a passage of 87 days from the Downs.

Exchange at Calcutta 2 a 2 1/4 d.

GREAT BRITAIN.—Operations were renewed upon the Leviathan on the 6th inst., with success, the vessel being moved several feet. The proceedings were continued daily up to the departure of the Europa, the progress each day amounting to 8 or 10 feet. The evening before the Europa sailed the ship had only 64 feet more to be moved.

It is understood that a bill authorizing the East India Company to raise a loan in England will be introduced immediately upon the assembling of parliament.

The returns of employment in the cotton mills of Manchester show a gratifying improvement, the number of hands working full time being largely on the increase.

The Daily News says that Lord Palmerston's forthcoming India bill will transfer the direct management of the political affairs of India to a cabinet minister, who, it is understood, shall be a peer, and in whom all patronage, with one exception, is to be vested. This member of the cabinet is to be president of a council of six, to whom simply consultative functions are to be trusted. The European portion of the Indian army is to be greatly augmented, and all regulations regarding it are to emanate from the Horse Guards, the same journal intimates.

The London money market continued to grow easier, and there was still a daily influx of gold to the Bank of England. Under these influences a further reduction in the rate of discount from 8 to 6 per cent. took place on the 7th inst. The funds were generally firm throughout the week, although some depression was caused by the unfavorable news from India.

FRANCE.—Mlle. Rachel, the great tragedienne, died January 8d, at her estate in Cannes. Her last professional performances were those which took place in the United States.

Great increase of confidence in commercial circles in Paris is reported. Among the measures of relief, a negotiation is spoken of as going on between the Bank of France and the National District Office, for the advance of 60,000,000 francs to the Paris merchants, on security of goods in store. Very little business was doing in brandies, and prices generally had a downward tendency. Trade at Lyons had begun to revive.

Considerable sensation had been created in Paris by the publication of an article in the Speculateur, in which it is asserted that a secret treaty has recently been negotiated between England and Austria. Semi-official contradictions had appeared in the government journals.

SPAIN.—The España, of Madrid, in the course of a long article on President Buchanan's message, expresses an opinion that the Spanish government will continue firm in its refusal to give satisfaction to the United States, in the affair of the Dorado, since no insult has been committed, and that it will energetically reject the insulting proposition relative to Cuba.

CHINA.—The steamer Adelaide, with the last detachment of 500 marines on board, passed on from Singapore on the 2d of December, and an attack on Canton was expected to take place on her arrival.

The Paris correspondent of the London Times is positively informed that after the squadrons shall have taken position before Canton, a final summons shall be addressed to the Chinese government. The accomplishment of this formality was to commence on the 16th of November.

A dispatch from Paris, in the Independence Belge, asserts that instructions have been sent to the French admiral to prevent the French troops in China from acting in concert with the English, and that the 500 men recently sent out are in reality intended for a demonstration against Coochin China. It is also said that Spain will certainly take part in this expedition.

AUSTRALIA.—The steamer City of Sidney arrived at Suez on the 27th of December, with dates from Melbourne to November 17, and 995,567 in gold.

Trade in Melbourne continued depressed. Flour had declined 5 a 6s per ton.

The Busy World.

FUN AND FACT.

We shall print in our next number an amusing sketch of "Jonathan Plummer, Jr.," who flourished many years ago in Newburyport, he being poet-laureate to "Lord Timothy Dexter."

It is said that the Committee on Foreign Relations have agreed unanimously in favor of maintaining the neutrality law intact. Six or seven will report in favor of constructing it so as to cover the right to pursue its violators on the high sea. It is also stated that Senator Douglas will oppose this strenuously.

A lady, complaining how rapidly time stole away said: "Alas! I am near thirty." Scarron, who was present, and knew her age, said: "Do not fret at it, Madam, for you will get further from that frightful epoch every day."

A dispatch from Albany announces the arrest of the Westfield murderer, Stoub. It will be remembered that this person, some weeks ago, killed his wife and two children.

An administrator on the estate of a deceased female, in New Hampshire, advertises for sale at auction "The wearing apparel of Mrs. A. — O —, deceased, consisting of one bed, two carpets, and one sleigh."

Two counterfeiters have been arrested in Worcester.

It is said that the early bird picks up the worm; but gentlemen who smoke, and ladies who dance till three or four o'clock in the morning, will do well to consider that the worm also picks up the early bird.

Crawford's Equestrian Statue of Washington was safely elevated to its pedestal, at Richmond, on Thursday.

Promises made in time of affliction require a better memory than mankind commonly possess.

CONFIRMATIONS.—Fayette McMullen, as Governor of Washington Territory, Abraham Rencher, as Governor of the Territory of New Mexico, and Alfred Cumming, as Governor of Utah.

AN ESCAPE.—Lord Braxford was an eccentric Scotch Judge, with a bad tempered wife. His butler determined to leave, because Lady Braxford was always scolding him.

"Why," exclaimed the old Judge, "ye're little to complain; ye may be thankful ye're no married to her!"

Gen. Scott will start for California next week with full powers from Government to organize in that State an army for the invasion of Utah, if the latest advices from Salt Lake City, which he shall receive in California, are such as will warrant the prosecution of hostilities. In that case he will employ the regulars now on the Pacific side, and will also call on the Governor of California for volunteers.

"Well, Mr. Snow, I want to ax you one question."

"Propel it, den."

"Why am a grog shop like a counterfeit dollar?"

"Well, Ginger, I gibs dat right up."

"Does you give it up? *Kashyou can't pass it.*"

"Yah! yah! yah! nigger, you talk so much 'bout your centif dollars, Jest succeed to deform me why a counterfeit dollar is like an apple pie?"

"Oh, I drops de subject, and does n't know nothing 'bout."

"Kase it is n't current."

"Oh, what a nigger? Why am your head like a bag ob dollars?"

"Go away from me—why am it?"

"Kase dere's no sense (cents) in it."

"Well, you always was ob bracket nigger I neber seed—you always will hab de last word."

"Perhaps, sir," said the man, "you do not work on your knee!"

A clergyman observing a poor man by the roadside breaking stones with a pickaxe, and kneeling to get at his work better, made this remark: "Ah! John, I wish I could break the stony hearts of my hearers as easily as you are breaking these stones."

"Young America," and between sixty and seventy of the oldest students signed a "declaration," and left for their various homes in Maryland, Pennsylvania, Texas, Cuba and other distant points.

WHAT NEXT?—The Gazette says a man may sit for his likeness and in fifteen minutes receive a proof impression of his frontispiece, copied to the life, with all his amiabilities embalmed in printing ink at the establishment of Cutting & Turner.

"Pompey, did you take that note to Mr. Jones?"

"Ea, massa."

"Did you see him?"

"Ea, massa, me did."

"How did he look?"

"Why, massa, he looked pooty well, 'sidering he's so blind."

"Blind! what do you mean by that?"

"Why, massa, when I was in de room gibbin de paper, he axed me whar my hat was, and goinarity, perhaps you won't believe me, but, massa, he war on de top of my head de hull time."

The Post is a little green in endorsing the libels against Spiritualists which occasionally appear in a Springfield paper—in our opinion.

Can any philosopher explain to us how it is that brokers and others who deal in notes, mortgages, &c., consider those articles of merchandise valueless, when they are cancelled? What we want to know is, why they cannot sell that which they cancel?

"Ah!" said Scraphino Angelico, speaking on some subject in which her feelings were warmly enlisted, "how gladly I would embrace an opportunity." "Would I were an opportunity!" interrupted her bashful lover.

It is estimated at the Treasury Department that, by the end of this week, Treasury notes to the amount of three millions of dollars, of all denominations will have been issued. Army and Navy warrants to the amount of two millions and a half have accumulated, and will be met by Treasury issues.

A lady, very modest and submissive before marriage, was observed to use her tongue pretty freely after. "There was a time when I almost imagined she had none."

"Yes," said her husband, "but it's very long since."

Jones has lately taken unto himself a valet. Jones handed him his coat the other day, and said, "Come, brush," which he did so well, that neither he, the coat, nor Jones's silver spoons, have been seen since.

Special Notices.

T. W. HIGGINSON ON THE CAMBRIDGE INVESTIGATION.

The undersigned is prepared to devote a small portion of his time to lecturing on "Spiritualism."

His object is to present an impartial and careful statement of the facts and arguments on the subject, as they now stand, with especial reference to the Cambridge investigations.

For further information as to his mode of treating the subject, he would refer to those who have heard his recent lectures in Portland, Portsmouth, Montreal, and elsewhere. Jan 23 1847 T. W. HIGGINSON, Worcester.

INSURANCE.

The readers of the Banner of Light, who wish for Insurance on Life, or against loss by Fire, are invited to apply to M. Mun Bean, No. 76 State street, Boston, Mass., who effects insurance in the best Stock and Mutual Companies, at equitable rates. Dec. 1.

ROOMS FOR MEDIUMS.

To let, at No. 9 Warren Square, two parlors, furnished in handsome style. Will be leased singly or together. Also an office on the first floor, suitable for a healing medium, and several chambers. Jan. 16.

SPIRITUALISTS' MEETINGS.

Mrs. HENDERSON speaks this week on Tuesday night at Franklin, Wednesday night at Lowell, Friday night at Woburn, Sunday in Boston (which closes her present engagement here); and next week on Tuesday night at Hingham, Wednesday night at Weymouth, and Friday night at North Easton.

A weekly Conference of Spiritualists will be held at Spiritualists' Hall, No. 14 Bromfield street, every Thursday evening during the winter. The public are invited to attend.

SPIRITUALISTS' MEETINGS will be held every Sunday afternoon, at No. 14 Bromfield Street. Speaker, Rev. D. F. Goulden. Admission free.

A Circle for Medium Development and Spiritual Manifestations will be held every Sunday morning and evening, at No. 14 Bromfield Street. Admission 5 cents.

THE LADIES ASSOCIATION in aid of the Poor—entitled the "Harmonical Band of Love and Charity"—will hold weekly meetings in the Spiritualists' Reading Room, No. 14 Bromfield street, every Friday afternoon, at 8 o'clock. All interested in this benevolent work are invited to attend.

CHARLESTOWN.—Meetings in Evening Star Hall, No. 69 Main street, every Sunday morning, afternoon and evening. The meetings will be occupied by circles, the afternoons devoted to the free discussion of questions pertaining to Spiritualism, and the evenings to speaking by Loring Moody. Hours of meeting, 10 A. M. and 2 P. M. and 7 o'clock, P. M.

MEETINGS IN CHURCH, on Sundays, morning and evening, at GUILD HALL, Westminster street. D. F. GOULDEN, regular speaker. Seats free.

CAMBRIDGEPORT.—Meetings at Washington Hall Main street, every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 8 and 7 o'clock.

QUINCY.—Spiritualists' meetings are held in Marlboro Hall every Sunday morning and afternoon.

SALEM.—Meetings are held in Croomer's Hall, Essex street Sunday afternoon and evening. Circle in the morning.

Miss S. A. MAGOUN will lecture at East Fobxboro' on Sunday, January 24th. Also at Lowell, on Sunday, January 31st.

MANCHESTER, N. H.—Regular Sunday Meetings in Court Room Hall, City Hall Building, at the usual hours.

LIST OF MEDIUMS.

Under this head we shall be pleased to notice those persons who devote their time to the dissemination of the truths of Spiritualism in its various departments.

Miss Sarah A. MAGOUN, Trance-speaking Medium, will answer calls to speak on the Sabbath, and at any other time the friends may wish. Address her at No. 7 North Fourth street, East Cambridge, Mass. Jan 23

Miss ROSA T. AMELT, 32 Allen street, Boston, Trance Speaking Medium, will answer calls for speaking on the Sabbath and at any other time the friends may desire. Address her at No. 32 Allen street, Boston. 23

DISCUSSION
BEFORE THE "FRANKLIN LITERARY ASSOCIATION,"
EAST BOSTONVILLE, ON MONDAY EVENING LAST.

Question.—Do the teachings of the New Testament justify us in holding in our possession property defined as our own?

The opening on the affirmative, by request, we do not publish, which we regret, for it was an ingenious and able argument, interspersed with numerous quotations from the gospels and epistles. Other remarks are likewise omitted by request. Dr. Child, on the negative, spoke as follows:—

We keep gunpowder and bayonets to defend self-rights. We make iron bars and locks to protect our earthly treasures, not from the invasion of the beasts of the field but from our brothers; and if our brothers break through and steal, we lock them up in prison. We sometimes give a tithe of our possessions; as Pollock says:

— with one hand we put
A penny in the urn of poverty,
And with the other take a shilling out.

Our devotion for self-gain creates a sacrifice of.

— ease, peace,
Truth, faith, integrity; good conscience, friends,
Love, charity, benevolence, and all
The sweet and tender sympathies of life.

And more—it makes us almost forgetful that we have souls created for a long eternity of love and happiness for the places that Christ has gone to prepare for us in his Father's house.

The salesman tells lies; the buyer does the same. No confidence exists in either. The machinations of trade are behind a curtain, in secret; the operators keep the outside of the cup and platter clean, and they often stand up in a conspicuous place and thank God that they are not cheats and liars.

A popular man carries his bread on a checker-board; he lugs up what he does not consume, and makes it safe with iron doors and complicated locks; others, in consequence, go hungry, while his great pile of bread grows mouldy.

Men speculate on right and wrong; see merit in themselves and demerit in all others. Our preachers think themselves ever safe, and many, many others are in danger. By actions, men speak unconsciously their thoughts. They think—that time, the first second of eternity, is all there is of life, and write their deeds, their notes, their drafts, for selfish rights, for time, and lay in store accordingly.

If we listen, we can hear orphans' sighs, the agonies of the poor, the wails of the destitute. And we can hear, too, the sighs, the agonies, the groans of disease, that is the fruit of excesses, surfeiting gluttony, dissipation, and drunkenness.

Are such manifestations of life as these the fruit of obedience to the New Testament teachings? St. Paul tells us that all these evils, and many more, are supported by the love of money. "Mammon sits before a million firesides, while Christ is bolted out of every house. Mammon is the friendly guest of every heart, and Christ is an alien."

In childhood we are made to acquire a love to lay up treasures for ourselves, and we cherish this love till death closes the period of our earthly existence. Socially and politically, publicly and privately, we are taught that it is a lawful necessity, to have and to hold the treasures of earth, bounded by the right of self-possession. In all our institutions of learning, from the common school to the sacred desk, we are taught that it is a virtue to hold in our possession a competency that the rich man can go to heaven as easy as the poor man, if he does not set his affection on riches; that it is right to hold in our possession property defined as our own. But from whom do these teachings come? Do they come from Christ, or from man? Are they the teachings of the New Testament? This is the question before us. Lucifer says to Festus:—

"Gold hath the hue of hell flames, and it is a brilliant and delicious lure to men; it plunges them into my arms in hell. By gold-light men do their chiefest deeds; and in this light shine unto each other, and mainly, vainly strive each other to outshine. And were it not for this gold-light, with purposes unchanged, man would grope in utter darkness, for he loves no other light but gold-light."

Christ speaks, but we hear not; he comes in spirit, but we see not. We weigh our opinions in the balance against his written words, and think and believe that our opinions weigh more; but if the record be true, and it means what it says, we weigh bubbles against the Rock of eternal ages. Time will prove to us whether our opinions are more valuable, or the precepts of Christ, which are given so plain that we can run and read, and err not in our understanding.

The devil took Jesus up on the mountain, and offered him a large amount of property to hold in his own possession. He offered him all the kingdoms of the earth, provided he would worship him. The same devil has made a like offer to each one of us, provided we will worship him. Can this devil what we please—Mammon, a symbol of error, an embodiment of evil, a personification of sin, a real creature—it matters but little. The word devil means something, or the New Testament representation of him means nothing.

Jesus resisted this offer of property—this temptation. He did not receive it, but refused and rejected it; he would not—he did not worship the devil, as a consideration of a right to, and the possession of, earthly treasures; but, instead, said:—"Get thee hence, Satan: it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve." Now, is Christ our example to imitate, when tempted by this devil? He says in another place that he is:—"One is your master, even Christ." But we should hardly suppose that Christ really intended to be our example and master, particularly in regard to the extravagant offers the devil makes us of earthly property, for we have all caught his bait—we have all bit the devil's hook, and the consequence is, the devil has us.

We worship the devil if we accept his possessions, and God is by us unworshipped and unserved if we do not do as Christ has done.

Angels came and administered unto Christ after he renounced the possession of property—the devil's temptation; but they do not come and administer unto us. We do not see them, and we do not hear them, as Christ did. Can we expect to, while we resist not the devil, but accept his offer?—while we seek to claim the treasures of earth as our own possessions, reach for them with ambition, grasp them with a delirious delight, and hug them with the frenzy of a madman? Can we expect the administration of the angels of Christ, while we are willing subjects to the administration of the devil? Our guardian spirits must be of a kindred nature to the great pretending administrator of earthly goods.

There is a deep longing in every soul that is unfed by self-possession; and this longing will sometimes

call the soul upward to truth, to Christ, and to ANOMIA, where it shall mingle with elements kindred to its most holy desires; where it shall love to obey the teachings of the New Testament.

The record says:—Peter, Andrew, James and John, at the single call of Jesus, left all their property, their self-possession, to worship and serve the Lord their God.

Christ says, Pray without ceasing; and he has taught us how to pray, to say: "Give us this day our daily bread." Why should we pray for bread to-day, when we have it already, and enough laid in store for many days? Dives had bread in store for many days, and Lazarus picked up the crumbs and eat them, as his hunger demanded. Lazarus laid no property up for himself; and when he died, he was happy in Abraham's bosom. Dives laid up property for himself, and when he died he was unhappy, and the only reason given why one was happy after death, and the other unhappy, was, one laid up treasures on earth for himself, the other laid up no treasures on earth for himself. One held property defined as his own, the other had none.

In the parable of the sower, Christ compares possession of property to thorns that choke the word, and make it unfruitful.

Again Christ says, the merchant man who was seeking goodly pearls, when he found the pearl of great price, the kingdom of heaven, went and sold all that he had; dispossessed himself of all earthly goods.

Jesus said to the young man who had kept all the commands from his youth up, and still asked what he should do to inherit eternal life, "sell all that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasures in heaven." And when the young man turned away at this instruction, as we do now turn away from Christ, Jesus turned to his disciples, and said: "Verily I say unto you, a rich man shall hardly enter into the kingdom of heaven." "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God."

And if the apostles could see us loving property as we do to-day, which love in spirit is the same as possession, we might suppose that they would be amazed, and say, as they did then, "who can be saved?"

Jesus said that every one that hath forsaken houses and lands, etc., for my sake, shall receive a hundred fold, and shall inherit eternal life.

Buying and selling could not exist were there no self-possession of property. Jesus presents buyers and sellers of merchandise as thieves. And the man to-day who understands the anatomy and physiology of trade, is almost persuaded that buyers and sellers are thieves now, as they were in the days of Christ; that trade is so intimately associated with legal theft, that they cannot be separated.

Judas was the only apostle that coveted for property for the right of self-possession, and that was for the consideration of the blood of him who loved us, came for us, lived for us, and died for us. This act of self-possession was associated with dissemblance and treachery, of which Judas, even Judas, repented before he died.

Christ commanded his twelve, when he sent them forth to preach the kingdom of God, and heal the sick,—to take neither scrip, bread, purse, or money.

Christ commands his followers to sell what they have, and give alms; he says: "Every one that doth not renounce all that he possesseth, cannot be my disciple." I ask, is it not the purpose of the New Testament to make us the disciples of Christ?

How worthily did Jesus commend the deed of the poor woman who gave all her self-possession into the treasury, only two mites. And would his approval and commendation be any less, should a rich man now give all his merchandise, his gold, his houses and lands, for the one pearl of great price; and would the deed be greater than that of the poor woman, to give all his self-possession on earth away and lay all his treasures up in heaven? No. But to do so is only obeying the teachings of Christ. But should a man believe in Christ, and obey these teachings in this age of light and reason, he would be branded with the inscription of an infatuated fool; he would be expunged and cast out of the society of a fashionable world and the popular church. He would lose his life to material perspiration. But thanks be added to thanks, he would thereby be born again to a new life; a new heaven and a new earth would be adorned with beauty and power, transcending the beauty and power of the material world, that he so much loves. He would be unfettered by the love of self-possession, and be a disciple of the unselfish love of Christ. He would inherit all earthly possessions. He could do the work that Christ has done, and greater. He could, in the name of Christ, say to a mountain be removed, and it should be removed.

Soon after Christ ascended, and immediately after the extraordinary manifestation of spirit power on the day of Pentecost; when Christian love filled the hearts of the followers of Jesus more, perhaps, than at any time before or since, no one held any property in his possession defined as his own who then professed to be a follower, save Ananias and Sapphira, and they thought that they would keep back a little for a rainy day, or in case of sickness. Thought it would be better to tell a lie than to be entirely without possessions of their own. They had not quite faith enough to trust in Christ's word.

The other brethren sought the kingdom of God first—they tried to obey the command of Christ and love one another, as Christ had loved them. They continued steadfast in prayer, and had all things in common, as God had given them. Each one that had houses or lands, sold them and laid the avails at the apostles' feet, to be given and distributed to those who had need. Have we a desire to convert, to reject this glowing manifestation of the love that Christ taught, given and recorded of his true followers, by arguing that they acted contrary to the whole tenor of the gospel teachings?

That the conduct of these brethren in relation to self-possession was strictly in keeping with Christ's teaching, in the name of Christ, I ask, how can you deny?

Jesus commands us to love our neighbor as we love ourselves. Should this ever happen with us, do you suppose it possible to love your neighbor as yourself, and still hold in your possession property that is not your neighbor's as much as it is yours? He commands us to love so well as to lay our lives down for our neighbor; but it is quite evident we do not love well enough to lay our money all down for our neighbor yet, and we would give our property up before we would give our lives up. And to comply with this command of love, our love of self-possession becomes extinct; and if our love, then our claim, for it is our love that makes our claim.

Mr. Wm. H. Saunders said:—The illustrations on

the negative are pretty and pleasing, and are well adapted to that side of the questions; but the argument carries with it a selfish tone. Christ, being God, his teachings commenced in the Old Testament, where we have teachings in abundance to justify the right of self-possession. To have all things in common is not practicable; experience teaches this, in the history of the present and the past. The gospel, by means of property, has been sent to all nations and all countries. It is not reasonable to think that a little property is a stumbling-block in the way to the kingdom of heaven.

Deacon E. Davis said:—The question is one of great importance, and should be looked at with all seriousness.

The liberal, generous and sincere feelings manifested in the negative argument is truly laudable, and I would that the theory advocated could be carried into practice.

Do the teachings of the New Testament justify me in holding the coat I have on my back in my possession? If this is the question, I feel that I must advocate the affirmative.

The Bible, as a whole, teaches us not to be over-anxious about not to set our affections too much on the things of earth. God has placed in our hands the good things of this world to hold in trust and be faithful with; we are to be faithful to ourselves and to our families, to our neighbors and to all men.

Mr. Seaver said:—The argument of the affirmative is based on the genius and ability of the disputants, not on the naked Scripture. The general tone and character of the teachings of Jesus are in favor of the negative; he did not teach men to make money, or to hold it; he was poor; he had not where to lay his head.

Money has no influence upon men but to curse them. We all have the evidence that the poor of this earth are happier than the rich. If all self-claims to money were swept forever away from the earth to-day, it would be better for humanity.

Men who serve mammon, are men who don't serve anything else. "Ye cannot serve God and mammon." If there be one thing more than anything else that stands out in the character of Christ, it is the disregard of property. There is certainly a great inconsistency in men, professing to follow Jesus, and at the same time rejecting his precepts.

Written for the Banner of Light.

COME BACK!

"Come back!" the little child wept over her favorite bird, and with dimpled fingers stirred its still plumage, and peered into its glassy eye, as she cried with childish sorrow, wondering that her pet responded not: "Oh, Minnie, come back and sing for me; come back, my darling Minnie!" But the dead favorite responded not. "Come back!" said the loving maiden to her departing lover; and he smiled assurance, and kissed her pure brow, murmuring a fond farewell. And for a long time fear and hope warred in her bosom; till the dread news went forth, and she knew that he lay where pearls lie deep, with the tangled seaweed twining in his hair. He will not return, save in spirit, but she will go to him; and so she lives in faith and hope, preparing her spirit worthily to inhabit a mansion in the skies.

"Come back!" sighs a wounded heart, one that has waited faithfully for the absent; weaving a tissue of fairest dreams. He returned, with the accumulated wealth of years; and pouring her humble affection, has wedded a grand, stern dame, with whom he lives a life of torture; while she, the deserted and faithful one, sighs for the wasted years of life, and prays for the restoration of that peace and confidence that once was hers; she calls to hope and love, "Come back; oh! bless my weary heart once more!"

"Come back! ye glorious imaginings of the Future; ye dazzling visions that once led me on! ye bright, delusive gleams of fame and power!" Thus cries the disappointed, ambitious man, whose gigantic projects have crumbled to the dust from whence they sprang.

"Come back! sweet confidence of my early life! beautiful faith in humanity; belief in my brother's truth and goodness; return, oh! saving faith, for I am as naught without thee." Thus cries the disenchanted wanderer, who deemed life so beautiful and true in its every revelation.

"Come back! oh, healing friendship! return, oh soothing love!" is the heart-cry of the wretched dreamer, suddenly awakened to a sense of desolation and desertion—alone amid the world's arid waste, and unsympathizing crowd.

"Come back! oh, my mother," wails the soul of the orphan. Thanks be unto God, that cry is responded to; and the saving presence comes to soothe the throbbing brain, and calm the tortured mind. No longer do we call in vain for the loved departed; they are near; and dear are we unto them, as of yore.

"Leave me not without thy counsel! Angel father guide me!" implores the struggling, tempted heart; and the pitying spirit, endowed with all a father's yearning, unfolds the weary sufferer and whispers "peace!"

"Come back!" trusting faith of childhood, girlhood's sweet aspirations, manhood's lofty dreams! Return, thou bewitching sense of life, thou poetic charm, thou magic lullaby—sweet dream-faculty, idealizing power of the soul! Gift of eternal youth, and unchanged feeling; fount of inspiration! ever-swelling spring of peace! land of future promise, appear in the distant heavens! And angelic voices reply, "We bring the gifts ye pray for; arise, and worship the Father. For life and love are eternal, and every pure thought is immortal."

The gates of heaven unclose, and the sorrows of earth are still beneath the beneficent touch of angel powers. Beside the bed of death no spectral shadows linger, no despairing heart-cries—"Come back, come back, beloved!"

Know me not that you are beside us, angel parents, cherished friends, beloved guardians! feel we not the electric touches of their spirit fingers, the showered inspirations of their lofty minds, the noble promptings of their pure unselfish souls? Do not revelations crowd upon us, that the spirit-land is nigh, that God is truly a loving father, that we need no longer cry, "come back," to our loved ones gone before? For they are with us, often are we call; and progression's stairway leads to where their mansion gleam amid the untold loveliness of supernal worlds.

SPIRITUALISM.—We were one of the small audience that last night attended the lecture of Professor Britton on the subject of Spiritualism. The Professor is a good speaker; has good command of language, full of descriptive abilities, and reasons very logically. His skill in handling his subject evidences that he has well studied it in all its bearings—made himself master of its mysteries, and qualified

himself to enlighten his audience. He did not advance any idea nor offer any proposition which might not rest for a basis upon reason, philosophy, and nature; and so far as we could judge, did at least establish the possibility of his theory, if not its probability.—Louisville (Ky.) Democrat.

Written for the Banner of Light.
POETRY IN ITS EFFECTS.

BY DR. C. BONNIE.

Hail Poetry! that art divine,
That opens to the eyes
The glories of the upper realm,
The gates of Paradise;
Unfolding to the human mind
The upper temple's light,
Its consecrated flowers and streams,
Its pillars and its might,
And while it burnishes our thoughts,
It also gives them wings—
It opens our ears that we may hear
The new song angels sing.
It fills the soul with utterance
That language ne'er can tell,
And wraps the mind in ecstasies,
Our very bosoms swell;
Disclosing to our utmost soul
Whatever's in earth and air;
Create and uncreate in worlds
Of beautiful and fair.
The universe above, around,
Of pleasures and of joy;
Attendant wait on its command,
With little to annoy.
Its home is 'mid the suns and stars
Of higher realms spheres;
Where only happy spirits meet,
Above this vale of tears.
Indeed, it is a ray divine,
A circling radiance given—
A flower, a spark from glowing domes,
That breathe and tell of heaven.
CHARLESTOWN, Jan., 1888.

TRUST IN PROVIDENCE.

"One adequate support
For the calamities of mortal life
Exists, one only: an assured belief
That the procession of our fate, however
Sad or disturbed, is ordered by a Being
Of infinite benevolence and power,
Whose overruling purposes embrace
All accidents, converting them to good."
—Wendell Phillips.

To trust in Providence is the same as to trust in the Lord; for the Divine Providence is none other than the government of the Lord's love and wisdom.

But man, in his natural or unregenerate state, is not inclined to trust in the Lord. He is more inclined to trust in himself. He regards his wisdom and his power and disposition to do good, as his own, and self-derived. He has a will of his own, which is quite opposite to the will of the Lord; and he loves only to do his own will. He relies wholly upon his own prudence, and thinks the Divine Providence nothing. And whenever he is thwarted in any of his purposes, he does not recognize the hand of infinite love and wisdom in his defeat, and yield a willing and cheerful acquiescence; but a spirit of rebellion rises up within him. His heart is arrayed in hostility against the Most High. He feels angry because some cherished plan of his own has been frustrated—because he has been prevented from doing his own will. He does not acknowledge that there is One who knows better than he what will be the most conducive to his eternal good. His supreme love of himself, and his supreme confidence in himself, blind him to the perception even of this great truth: Therefore his own will is at war with the will of the Lord.

We seldom think that our lack of trust in the Lord is the precise measure of our distance from Him; yet nothing is more true. It shows conclusively how far we are from being the children of our Father in the heavens. It shows how far we are from that state of blissful conjunction with the Lord, which allies us with the angels, and brings us into spiritual nearness and consecration with them.

If we reflect a little upon this subject, we may be able to discern more clearly both the duty and benefits of trusting in Providence. The revelations made for the use of the New Church, or the Word of God as explained by these revelations, teach us that the Lord is love itself and wisdom itself; therefore it is impossible for Him ever to act otherwise than from purest love, and according to perfect wisdom; in the government of the universe, and in all His dealings with the children of men. They teach us, further, that the Lord's end in creating man was, that a heaven of angelic beings might be formed from the human race, who should forever be the happy recipients of love and wisdom from Himself. And the same disposition which the Lord had toward man when He first created him, He has towards him still; and He can never have any different disposition. He still has in view the same heavenly destination for which He originally designed him, and can never have in view any other. His Divine Providence, which is the government of His love and wisdom, extends to all the minutest particulars of our lives. No calamity overtakes us—no occurrence befalls us, which is not permitted and overruled for our best and eternal good. Every moment, from the cradle to the grave, the hand of a merciful and loving Father is outstretched towards us, and steadily exerting itself to lead us to heaven. "Not a sparrow falleth to the ground without His notice, and even the very hairs of our head are all numbered."

The same revelations further teach us that the Divine Providence, in all its progression with man, has regard to his eternal state. It looks especially to his reformation and regeneration; and thus to his salvation. For, since heaven is the end for which we were created, and since heaven exists for the regenerate, therefore the Divine Providence has supreme regard to our regeneration in all its government and operations.

Now, to be regenerated is to be internally and spiritually conjoined to the Lord. And what is it to be thus conjoined to the Lord, but to have those selfish and evil dispositions which separate between us and Him, subdued and put away? When this is done, our wills are brought into harmony with the Divine will—we are at one with the Lord. Therefore, the Divine Providence, in its dealings with men, has regard mainly to the subjugation of their evils; for this is to regard their regeneration, and thus their eternal state.

In our unregenerate state, we are full of all kinds of evil inclinations, originating in the supreme love of self and the world. And the evils of no two individuals are precisely the same, either in kind or degree. Nor is the work of overcoming our evil an easy work, or one to be speedily accomplished. It cannot be performed without many internal conflicts—many hard struggles with the hosts of hell. It is a long and weary task—the process whereby we lose our own life for the Lord's sake. And this must needs be a painful process. Nevertheless, it is necessary to the securing of true human life—the life of

heaven from the Divine Humanity. Hence the Lord says, "He that loathes his life for my sake, shall find it."

Now, it is given to no human being to know beforehand what course of discipline on earth will promote his soul's best welfare. We none of us know how many or how severe trials are needed to weaken the power of certain evil affections within us—to detach our hearts from the things we are naturally inclined to love too devotedly—to give to spiritual principles, the ascendancy over natural affections, and finally secure for us an entrance into the kingdom of heaven. We none of us know what train of outward circumstances and events, what successes or disappointments, or how much of this world's goods, will be most conducive to our spiritual prosperity and growth. We may know what would most gratify the desires of our own hearts. But how often might the very things we most earnestly crave, prove, if obtained, our greatest curse! They might be the greatest obstacles to our regeneration. They might feed and foster the very affections which it most behooves us to deny and overcome. Though seeming to contribute to our earthly enjoyment, they might rob us of heaven at last, and multiply our sorrows for the world to come. And the more ardently we desire them, and the more devoted we are in the pursuit of them, so much the more injurious might they be to our spiritual and eternal state. At the same time our failure to obtain them, or our loss of them when secured, must be the more painful to our natural feelings in proportion to the ardor of our attachment to them.

We often hear people express their gratitude to God for events commonly deemed prosperous, and such as are peculiarly gratifying to the desires and feelings of the natural heart. As if any events of the Lord's disposing were not ordered in infinite love and mercy to man, and directed according to infinite wisdom! Or, as if some events were more wisely and mercifully ordered than others! Could we see into futurity as the Lord sees—could we trace, as He can, the endless progression of cause and effect—or were we as desirous of going to heaven as He is to have us go there, we might often, perhaps, find more cause for gratitude in events commonly deemed calamitous, and which are painful to the natural feelings, than in those which are most agreeable, and therefore called fortunate.

Sometimes a near and dear relative—a friend to whom we are devotedly attached—is suddenly removed to the spiritual world, and our natural affections are sorely pained by the bereavement. It is as if a limb were wrenched from our body, and the heart bleeds on account of the disruption. It looks to us like a dark providence, because we do not see the good of such an event. But He who sees the end from the beginning, and whose wisdom cannot err, may see that the removal of our friend to the spirit land will contribute to the spiritual and eternal welfare of us both. Perhaps He sees that, if both of us were permitted to remain longer on earth, we should mutually blind each other to evils which it is important we should see and put away. Or, perhaps He has some different and more important use for our friend to perform in the other world. Perhaps He sees that there he may be more useful to us; that, being transferred to a more interior sphere of existence, he may operate with more power upon the interiors of our minds, and so render us more effectual service than he otherwise could in confirming and strengthening heavenly principles within us. His removal to the other world may be a means of withdrawing our minds from the things of time and sense, and fixing them more steadfastly on the things of heaven. It may help to open a higher heaven within our souls, and render us thereby receptive of purer good and truth from the Lord. And at the same time our friend may be to us a better medium of these goods and truths than he could have been had he remained in this lower sphere.

Perhaps the eye of Infinite Wisdom may see that all, and more than all, these results will follow from the removal of our friend to the spiritual world. And if any one of them should flow from it, we can see that it would be sufficient reason for his removal, with One who regards chiefly what is eternal with man.

Again: In our natural or unregenerate state, we have an inordinate love of the world. Impelled by this love, we struggle to amass great possessions for ourselves and our children. This is the ruling desire of our hearts; and we think we should be quite happy if this wish could be gratified. But possibly the Lord may see that this would be a great injury to our spiritual state. Possibly He may see it to be the very thing which would shut us out of the kingdom of heaven, and thus deprive us of the happiness which it is His will we should enjoy. He may see that our love of the world would so increase by being gratified, that in the end it would become an absorbing passion, and destroy within us every good principle—suffocate every pure and holy affection. In view of such a result, it would not be agreeable to the purposes of Infinite Love to grant our desire.

All our plans, therefore, however admirable and well-conceived, would be defeated in ways that human wisdom could not foresee. All our excellent schemes for amassing wealth would be rendered abortive. We should find ourselves struggling incessantly against the Divine Providence. Or, if we were permitted to succeed in our efforts for a time, the wealth we might accumulate would by and by be swept from us in some unexpected manner—and this, for the blessed purpose of weakening our love of the world, by depriving it of the food it so intensely craves. However painful to the natural feelings our disappointments and losses might be, they would be permitted by the Divine Providence, if it were foreseen that their permission would in any way tend to give to the spiritual man the ascendancy over the natural, and thus subserve our eternal interests.

So in respect to bodily pain and suffering, and all the misfortunes, sorrows, and anxieties, of life. Though evil in themselves, and from an evil source, they are all permitted and overruled for our eternal good. The hand of Infinite Love and Wisdom is in them all. Their purpose is—and this also is their tendency—to subdue in some measure the life of our pleasures and lusts, and to determine our thoughts toward heavenly themes.

"Spiritual temptations," says Swedenborg, "are at this day little known, not being permitted in the manner they formerly were. Instead of temptations, other circumstances, such as calamities, sorrows, and anxieties, which arise from natural and corporeal causes, and bodily pains and ailments, serve to subdue and break in some degree the life of man's pleasures and lusts, and determine and elevate the thoughts to heavenly and spiritual things."

however, are not spiritual temptations, such being experienced only by those who have received a conscience of truth and good from the Lord." (A. C. 762.)

Although they exist in consequence of our alienation from God, they are designed to bring us back to the house of our Father in heaven. They are a means of bringing out and manifesting our evils, and, at the same time, weakening their power. They are among the instrumentalities whereby the Lord ever seeks "to humble us, and to prove us, to know what is in our hearts, whether we will keep his commandments or not." It is impossible for any one to say how much more proud, selfish, avaricious, and vain-glorious he would have been than he now is—how much farther removed from the Lord and the things of heaven, had it not been for the sickness, disappointments, trials, and sore bereavements he has been called to suffer, and all the various ways in which his own purposes have been thwarted by the Divine Providence. Hence the reason why calamities, or the things which we so denounce, often befall the best of people, in order to prevent them from claiming merit to themselves, and from imagining that they are exempt from the ordinary trials of life, on account of their peculiar goodness.

"I have conversed with angelic spirits," says Swedenborg, "concerning the misfortunes and distresses which befall the faithful, who, it is known, suffer in some cases as much as, and even more than, the wicked. The reason why some of them are thus let into temptations, was stated to be, this—that they might not attribute good to themselves; for if they were exempted, they would attribute such exemption to their own goodness, and thus claim merit and righteousness to themselves. And that this may be prevented, misfortunes and distresses are permitted to come over them, that they may perish as to that life, and also as to the (inordinate love of) wealth and possessions." (S. D. 4630.)

And the misfortunes which befall the evil, and such as will never become regenerated, are likewise made subservient to their eternal good. They are permitted as a means of preventing them from falling into grosser evils, and thus plunging themselves into a deeper hell. For the mercy of the Lord is such, that it continually endeavors to prevent those whom it cannot save, from plunging into a more grievous hell. His love never forsakes the worst of men—no, nor even the worst spirits in hell—and never ceases to exert for them its saving power. He foresees the future life of all, and arranges every circumstance in a manner most conducive to their eternal well-being. Swedenborg, speaking of a certain evil spirit whom he met on one occasion, says:—

"He was reduced to the state of his infancy, and it was shown by the Lord to the angels what his quality was at that time, and also on this occasion what was the quality of his future life, which was foreseen; and that all the things of his life had been under the Lord's guidance; and that otherwise he would have plunged himself into the most grievous hell, if the continual providence of the Lord had ceased for a moment." (A. C. 6484.)

Thus the Divine Providence is in every event of our lives, and permits nothing to befall us which will not in some way subserve our spiritual and eternal interests. Or in the language of the heavenly Arcana, "All things, yea the smallest things of all, to the smallest things of the smallest things, are directed the providence of the Lord, even as to the very steps." (A. C. 6493.) And when the sphere of hell prevails, which is contrary to that of the Lord's love and wisdom, and which gives birth to unfortunate circumstances, even in this there is a permissive providence; for every smallest circumstance of our lives, whether fortunate or unfortunate, pleasant or unpleasant, is overruled by the Lord, and in the end made to subserve our highest good. According to the new theology, "there is not given any such thing as chance; and apparent accident, or fortune, is Providence in the ultimates of order, in which all things are respectively inconstant." (A. C. ib.)

We may mark out for ourselves a course of life, and pursue it. We may form plans according to our own wisdom and prudence, and endeavor to execute them. This is commendable and right. But what is our wisdom compared with the wisdom of God? And what is human prudence, compared with the Divine Providence? It is as a drop to the ocean—nay, as an atom to the universe.

"I have discoursed," says Swedenborg, "with good spirits concerning the Divine Providence, and concerning man's own proper prudence; and they instructed me on the subject by a representative familiar amongst them, viz., by a mote scattered and rare in the atmosphere, saying that man's own proper prudence is to the Divine Providence, as that mote is to the universal atmosphere, which mote is respectively nothing, and falls down. They added, that they who attribute all things to their own proper prudence are like those who wander in thick forests, and do not know the way out, and if they find it they attribute it either to their own prudence or to fortune. They further said, that all contingencies are of Providence, and that Providence acts silently and secretly for several reasons; if it acted openly, that man could not in any case be reformed." (A. C. 6486.)

This doctrine concerning the Divine Providence is full of the sweetest consolation. It assures us of the Lord's infinite goodness and mercy in all that we are called to suffer, as well as in what we are permitted to enjoy, in this sublunary sphere. It teaches us that He looks over at our eternal state; and if He suffers us to be afflicted in time, it is that we may thereby be purified from evil, and so be happier to eternity. It teaches that His infinite love pursues us through all our wanderings—that it arranges or permits every minutest circumstance of our lives, and that His infinite wisdom overrules all for our eternal good. And since we do not know what discipline we require to purify and fit us for Heaven, but this is known only to the Lord, therefore we should, as the Psalmist says, "trust in Him at all times." To trust in Him is to feel confident that whatever we may be called upon to suffer here on earth, is ordered or permitted in infinite love towards us; that, however dark and thorny the path in which we may be led, it is the best path for us—perhaps the only path in which we can be led to our final home in the heavens. Whenever we are brought into circumstances trying to our natural feelings, if we will but look to the Lord with humble acknowledgment of His love and wisdom in the ordering of those circumstances—mindful of the truth concerning His Divine Providence, and the nothingness of our own prudence—the gates of Heaven will soon be opened within us, and we shall receive the strengthening and comforting influences of the Divine Love. Our minds being brought into harmony with the angels, we shall receive the strength of the angelic heavens, and experience their supporting and tranquillizing influence.

But there are those—some, it may be, in the New Church—who are unrepentant to their lot in life—who repine at events over which they have no control—who are often at war with circumstances, and feel rebellion in their hearts as often as their own selfish purposes are defeated—who fret and murmur at the ways of Providence, as if they knew better

than the Lord what would best promote their eternal welfare. Such persons have no real trust in Providence. Their trust is in themselves. Their own prudence is everything, and the Divine Providence nothing. Hence their want of inward strength and serenity—of calm and heavenly repose. They are like the troubled sea, which cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt. But "they that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth forever." "Blessed is the man that maketh the Lord his trust."

Let it also be remembered that no one can enjoy a genuine and sustaining trust in Providence, unless he cherish the disposition, and be in the effort, to do the Lord's commandments. How can we trust in One whose will we disregard—whose Word we neglect and disobey? If we are indifferent about keeping the precepts of the Lord, it must be because we do not love His precepts. And if we do not love His precepts, we cannot love Him from whom these precepts came, and whose spirit dwelleth in them as the soul within the body. And it is impossible to trust in One whom we do not really love.

Therefore—to cite the language of an eloquent and pious author—"In all thy business rely wholly upon God's providence, by which alone thy designs must prosper. Labor, nevertheless, discreetly on thy part to co-operate with it; and then believe that, if thou trust entirely to God, the success which followeth shall always be the most profitable for thee, seem it to thee good or bad according to thy particular judgment. Do as little children, who with one hand hold fast by their father, and with the other gather strawberries or mulberries along the hedges; so thou, gathering and managing the affairs of this world with one hand, with the other hold always fast to the laws of thy Heavenly Father, turning thyself towards Him from time to time, to see if thy employments be pleasing to Him. And take heed, above all things, that thou let not go His hand and His protection, thinking to gather more; for if He forsake thee thou wilt not be able to go a step without falling to the ground."—Swedenborgian for January.

From the Cleveland Spiritualist. SPIRIT COMMUNICATION.

In this age of reform, commotion and agitation, be not carried away by excitement of any kind; go not to either extreme. You who are mediums, keep your hearts pure and humble; be willing to learn as well as to teach. Place your standard high, and try to attain unto it. Be not content with what you now are, but seek for higher, better things, day by day. Thankfully accept the gifts already bestowed, and use them for your own good and the highest good of those around you. Bring not down their high, holy gifts to your own level, but seek rather to elevate yourselves. Degrade not yourselves, or these heavenly powers to gold-digging, money hunting, fortune-telling, or any other low, vulgar, and unworthy use. Let intelligent spirit influences be to your side; for the lower order of spirits are better fitted for such work.

We give you advice in worldly matters when we see the need of it. We warn you of danger; we counsel you in business matters; but bind not yourselves down to these things, or to those who are constantly inquiring concerning them. This is not the work we are sent to perform; it is not the work you are called to do. We come to bring you tidings from the spirit-world; we come to tell you there is a better home than earth; that the spirit perishes not with the body; that those you loved and lost, (as you term it), live and love you still. We come to bring you light and truth. Long have you wandered in darkness, error and superstition, groping your way through life, and going you knew not where. Those whose faith was strongest could only say, we hope to go to Heaven. But, do the best you could, you might not reach it after all; there was no surety, only a hope. And yet again, one might live all his life in sin, wronging himself and his fellow-men until the last moment of life, and then be forgiven, and be perfectly happy in heaven, with no opportunity to undo the wrong. We come to tell you of a God of Love, who has prepared a home for all His children. The better and purer your life on earth, the better are you fitted to enter on the spirital life, for the same spirit enters that sphere that left the earth, possessing the same affinities, loves and desires. You cannot become good and pure in a moment; you must grow out of the evil into the good; thus, if you commence the work on earth, you have less to undo and outgrow after you have passed to another sphere. You must learn the way to Heaven for yourselves, and walk in it. Another cannot do the work for you. Not only must the outward life be good, but the motives, the desires of the heart must be pure. The way is open—the path is pointed out before you. Angels are waiting to guide you. Choose for yourselves, of your own free will must you follow or tarry behind. They come not to drive men, but are ministering spirits, commissioned by the God of Love to bring the truth—to light the path, and win the loved of earth to Heaven. Oh, children of earth! bow your heads! With humble thanks accept the richest boon that God has given. The love and gentle guidance of a spirit band—the loved ones from your own fireside He sends to guide you through life—to receive the spirit as it passes away from its earthly form, and to bear it company to its brighter home. Earthly friends may love you and go with you through life—care for and attend you in sickness; but when the hour of separation comes, and you most need their support, they are powerless to aid. They can only look on and weep. You who have stood by the bedside of loved ones passing away, know the agony of that hour. But fear not. Not alone did the dear one go. Angels were waiting to bear it company to its eternal home. God's love is mightier than man's love. He provides for and fully supplies the spiritual wants of man. He loves His children, and provides for the highest happiness of all. And yet some would try to win men to the love of God, by placing before their minds the idea of an everlasting punishment, in a Hell which the mind of man alone could conjure up from the deepest depths of hate and wrath.

God is Love! How sweetly fall these words from angel lips! Listen to it; repeat it to yourselves. Say it to others, till it fills your own heart with love to Him and to all mankind. God is Love! God is Love! Is He not worthy of the love of all? Do not blindly follow the teachings that come from the spirit-land. Reason and judgment were given you to use. See to it that you use them faithfully. Separate the wheat from the chaff—hold on to that which is good—but put away the evil from you. Investigate the subject for yourselves. It concerns every one individually to know whether it is true or false. If false, expose and overthrow it—if true, follow its teachings—be guided by its counsels; for it leads you to God and to Heaven. Truth is mightier than Error and will prevail; for it had its existence from

God, and cannot be destroyed. Oh, could you view the angel forms that are ever by your side, seeking by their pure love to draw you from evil, and win you to the good, you could not turn coldly from them, but would give them a loving welcome, and would gladly say, "Stay with and love us, and we will follow in your path!"

Let Truth be your watchword—Angels your guides—God your Father—Heaven your home.

The love and blessings of God and angels rest on you all, forever, saith the spirit of Dr. Emerson.

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.

It was night. Jerusalem slept as quietly amid her hills as a child on the bosom of its mother. The noiseless sentinel stood like a statue at his post, and the philosopher's lamp burnt dimly in the recess of his chamber.

But alas, dark night was now abroad upon the earth! A moral darkness involved the nations in its benighted shadows. Reason sheds a faint glimmering over the mind of man, like the cold, inefficient shining of a distant star. The immortality of man's spiritual nature was unknown, his path to heaven undiscovered, and his future destiny obscured in a cloud of mystery.

It was at this period, two forms of ethereal mould hovered over the land of God's people. They seemed like sister angels sent to the earth on some embassy of love. The one was of majestic stature, and with well-formed limbs which her snowy drapery hardly concealed, as she impressively pointed upwards, where night appeared to have placed her darkest pavilion, while on her left reposed her delicate companion, in form and countenance the contrast of the other, for she was drooping like the flower when moistened by refreshing dews, and her bright but troubled eyes squinted the air with ardent but varying glances. Suddenly a light like the sun flashed out from Heaven, and Faith and Hope hailed with exultant songs the ascending star of Bethlehem.

Years rolled away, and a stranger was seen in Jerusalem. He was a meek, unassuming man, whose whole happiness seemed to consist in acts of benevolence to the human race. There were traces of sorrow on his countenance, though no one knew why he grieved, for he lived in the practice of every virtue, and was loved by all the good and wise. By-and-by it was rumored that the stranger worked miracles—that the blind saw, the dumb spoke, and the dead leaped to life at his touch!—that when he commanded, ocean moderated its chafing tide, and the very thunders articulated, He is the Son of God! Envy assailed him with the charge of sorcery, and the voice of impious judges condemned him to death. Slowly and thickly guarded, he ascended the hill of Calvary. A heavy cross bent him to the earth. But Faith leaned upon his arm, and Hope, dipping her pinions in his blood, mounted to the skies.

DREAM-LAND.

Our life is not wholly made up of the time while we are awake. Perhaps we actually live as much while asleep; for it is well known that we often dream over hours, and sometimes days and weeks, in a few moments. But of all that part of our existence we are very ignorant. What wonderful, interesting, or appalling adventures we pass through in the dead watches of the night, is known only in those profound recesses of the soul which lie beyond the ken of consciousness, and out of the reach of memory. We can bring away from the land of dreams but fragmentary recollections of strange adventures that probably happened to us just as we were repassing the boundary between it and the dull world of wakefulness. Yet, these are sufficient to show, that however choked our ordinary life may be, it is quite tame and devoid of incident in comparison with that which lies beyond the curtain of sleep.

A PHENOMENON.

The Baltimore Sun says: Whoever lives to see the evening before the full moon of this month, if he sits up till midnight, may see, if the night be clear, an astronomical phenomenon, which will not occur again for nineteen years, when two-thirds of the people now upon earth have passed to their final rest. At twelve o'clock that night, the moon, so near the full as to appear a perfect orb, will approach within ten degrees of the meridian—five degrees nearer to it than the sun comes on the 21st of June. Seen from an elevated position, commanding the whole horizon, it will be a splendid sight. The moon will seem almost in the zenith, the ten degrees being much diminished in appearance at that far height.

The Messenger.

Under this head we shall publish such communications as may be given us through the mediumship of Mrs. J. H. GOWAN, whose services are engaged exclusively for the Banner of Light.

The object of this Department is, as its head partially implies, the conveyance of messages from departed spirits to their friends and relatives on earth.

Good Advice.

This communication was given at the close of a conversation, the result of a statement to us that a Spiritualist had been sent to an Insane Asylum. The statement in regard to his business matters was found to be true. The advice given needs no corroboration, and is always in good time.

Yes, it is true. I have been listening to your conversation, and I trust I have profited by it. There are quicksands at every step, and you must step lightly or you are lost. Don't let a weight of sin make your tread heavy, and carry you down. Now the evil forces seem to be bringing up a strong array, on every hand. Another one of our noble intellects has laid down his armor for a time, and consequently another door has been opened for skeptics to walk in and become sole masters of the house. Yes, skeptics say Spiritualism caused his insanity, never looking for any other cause. They put nothing else into the scale to try to see which weighed him down.

Oh, we are fighting a hard battle, but we are sure, in time, to be victorious, if our soldiers are only valiant. It was so in Jesus' time, and these trials must come now.

Repeated attempts have been made by spirits to open the door of heaven to mortals, and they have all been baffled. There must be reform in the spirit world. There are two forces battling, and some must fall on both sides. But, after all, are not mortals to blame for these mishaps? If one finds himself all bound down by harassing financial embarrassments, don't meddle with Spiritualism. If your business troubles you, don't meddle with this, until the waters are at rest. These mortal forms have got to be taken care of, and if spirits come and tell you to drop earthly concerns, and attend only to spiritual matters, tell that spirit he is a false teacher. All nature tells you so. You have both material and spiritual bodies, and the Bible tells you that He that does not provide for his own household, is worse than an infidel. I tell you that he that travels out after spirit-

ual food, to the neglect of natural, is worse than an infidel. Never run after spirits, so long as your natural wants are in danger of being out short of a supply of material to provide for them; if you do, you will fall.

Another thing I have always tried hard to establish, is this. Never put down your own individuality, but another's up. Never let spirit power put its foot on your neck, and cheat you of your own right to control your own self. Receive what you get put in one side of the balance, and then weigh it by your own judgment, and if that outweighs spirit matter, cast the latter aside without any hesitation. Another thing—when you get anything from spirits which they wish you to put forth before the world, prove it first by material proof, else it will not stand. But if spiritual and material go together, I'll defy the powers of darkness to overthrow your truth. Spiritualists are not what they should be in this respect; many of them bring all they have, and cast it at the feet of spirits, and pray them to use them just as they please.

This is insanity—fanaticism, and I tell you such will fall. Take us for what we are worth, and use your own judgment to ascertain our worth. That is a proved measure, which every man has, and although some may have a wider judgment than others, no man should go against his own judgment to please mortal or spirit.

Now in case of our brother, whose brain has so lately been overwhelmed by over-exertion, let me tell you something. He was a man of great intellectual powers, he had a brain fitted to grasp and digest almost any amount of matter. But he had a world of business upon him. He had a large amount of stocks, which he could not, or did not, dispose of, and his affairs were complicated. He should have straightened these out first. But instead of doing so, he crowded his brain with everything; sat night after night poring over books, when the hours should have been passed in rest to the brain. It could not be expected to stand. The body and brain must have time to recuperate the energies they expend in the day. Now if a spirit should come and tell you to throw your garments into the fire, that you had no need of them, would you do it? If I should tell you to give up your business, would you do that? So long as a man is carried about by spirit power, he will be sure to fall. Man's first duty is to himself as a mortal power, next to his neighbor and his God. Yet the duty to his God is first, because man, in doing his duty to himself, is obeying God's laws, and showing his love for Him by doing so. It is first and last.

Now perhaps some will say this spirit is telling you to live a life of devotion to earth, and things of earth. They will point you to Christ's words, "Behold the lilies of the field," &c., and say you should take no thought for the morrow. Christ was speaking to his disciples, and to none other, then. They were sustained by power greater than you have at the present day, and, besides, everything around them was vastly different. They went from place to place, from house to house. It was the custom for strangers thus to go, and the host entertained them. They did not require much. Now everything around you is different, and would give these teachings the lie. If you sit down with arms folded in idleness, will God come down from his throne and feed you?

Another thing I have to say to you. Never get angry, or excited. Never get nervous in discussions of any subject. If you find you are getting excited, stop—don't go another step. It is a hint from the higher power that you are trespassing on the very laws of your nature, and you may not do it with impunity.

In conclusion, never overtax your powers on any one thing. Keep an even balance, remembering that there is a time to laugh, when the wisest man loves merriment. Amusement, too, is proper—recreation is indispensable to develop a healthy mind. And there is a time for spirits to minister to you, according to what is laid down above, but all must be in its proper time, and one duty must not trespass upon the other.

Fanaticism.

Whether this be found in the different religious societies, in Spiritualism, Mormonism, Millerism, or any other ism, it only serves to show a weak or disorganized brain. Be reasonable and calm in whatever you undertake; let not your judgment be biased, because a thing is more agreeable to your feelings, though there is much in the world that could be made better; it cannot be done in a moment; the transformation must be gradual and slow.

Because one may say the world is coming to an end, is it any reason why you should destroy what you have, and make yourself homeless and houseless? Is it a reason, because you have wedded unhappily, that you must leave your wife unprotected and unprotected? Is it not your fault, as much as hers? Then bear and forbear, for let you marry as many times as you may, you will still find faults to forgive, still have them to be forgiven. Then do your duty to those around you, and though you might have been thrown in a more congenial sphere, yet comfort yourself in the thought, that the law of affinity, sooner or later, will bring you to your proper place. There are people in all classes who will be fanatics, will go to extremes, and they truly do a great deal of harm; they are a mark for the finger of scorn. Mortals, try to be calm and reasonable; the world was not made in six days, nor can its course be changed in a short period. God does not leave his work unfinished, therefore have no fears for the end; submit yourselves to bide his time, doing the most good you can in whatever sphere you find yourselves, and you will one day be as happy as you deserve and wish. LORENZO DOW.

James Black, to Mrs. K.—

I come to you to communicate, for you remember me, and also know my children. I have much to say to them respecting the future life. To E.—in particular, I address these lines, for her mind is less prejudiced, and would be better prepared to receive the truth. She has passed through much trial on earth, and received little compensation. I would tell her that the earthly is not the real, lasting and substantial life; it is the rude, rough soil, where the seed is sown, and allowed to sprout, in order to be transplanted to a richer and purer soil, where it shall put forth its leaves, and thrive, and bud, and blossom forever. The earthly life is not the real, for it passeth away. The spiritual is the true and tangible, for it endures forever. Though the root of the young plant encounter rocks and other rough substances to impede its growth and progress; though the winds of earth are cold and bleak, yet if it survive all this, how much more hardy and thrifty it will be when put into good soil, and how pleased will be the great Gardener of the Universe. I feel much for E.—in particular; her mother is with her much. I hope my children may all do well; the world is hard for the orphan, and if they sometimes go astray, there is much to be considered, much to be forgiven; where little is received, little will be required. At some other time I would like to say more.

John Murray.

It is indeed a happy day for mankind that is now dawning upon them, for they will be taught to feel, and will feel as we now do, the law of love, which has, it is true, been often on the lips, but has found the heart too closely surrounded by materialism to be able to penetrate it. That obstacle is now being destroyed. The great law of love will enter there—and will show itself forth in greater regard for the happiness of each other, in the suppression of that selfishness which has so long cast its dark pall over man's life on earth—and will teach men by the best of all possible lessons, that of experience, to know how much he will add to his happiness—even on earth—as well as his happiness hereafter. Our hearts have yearned to open to mankind the realities of the holy communion of spirits—for we know that thus they too shall be elevated to a nearer approach to us—and through us to a nearer approach to their Creator! Our hearts now yearn to enable them to see the light which is now pouring in such glorious floods upon the world to dispel the darkness which

has so long brooded over the minds of men, and to light them to a way, to a life eternal in its duration and its happiness. Man must not be confined to thoughts alone. Man must develop his own happiness in himself—in the progress which his spirit makes in sending its search through all creation, material and immaterial. Man must judge of God by his works, and learn that he is a spirit full of love and mercy—and that he partakes of the glorious attributes of His spirit; then how much does it behoove him to act as well as think—act in relation to what he knows is his duty. Man's relation with this world must bring him into daily contact with those for whom he might work for good—he may develop in the humblest mind those instrumentalities which shall add to his own happiness as well as the eternal interests of itself. Therefore, let all mortals feel that their part is to act, to work, to live—an example of what they profess, and thus to execute the earnest inquiry of all men, Are these things indeed true?

Spiritual Phenomena.

Preparations had been made previous to January 10th, of the past year, to collect together sufficient medium power to have powerful physical manifestations, such as lifting ponderous weights, &c. But the most which prompted this was the desire expressed through a medium that we would do so by a spirit purporting to be that of Franklin, the philosopher, whose identity is as well proved, as he appears to us, as that of any spirit can be. He wished, he said, above all, to show us spirit lights, or in other words to light up a dark room with electrical lights, made or produced by spirits. This was suggested, as some of the persons who composed the circle had seen nothing of physical manifestations, and our spirit friends wished to blend amusement with instruction.

The efforts to procure the attendance of some of the mediums whose presence was desired, failed, and so did our spirit friends, who relied upon them.

It is true that they were able to form certain lights, resembling balls of fire and stars—that flashes of light resembling in a manner the forked lightning one sees in summer, though not so intense, were visible at times to all, from a mere child to the adult of mature age, who did not know what was designed to be done by the spirits in attendance. But still, after two hours of sitting, with the exceptions above named, nothing was produced—the room was not lighted.

Early the next morning, a writing medium called on us, and the following was written:—

"I was sorry I did not succeed last night, because this [Jan. 17th] is the anniversary of my birth day, and I desired to give you some powerful experiments to remember it by, and to show you that I had not eschewed the science which interested me on earth, but was at liberty to pursue the investigation of it in a world where progress in knowledge is as feasible as in your own."

It did not occur to us at the time that the day on which this was written was the anniversary of the birth of Franklin. We remarked, "It must be nearly a century and a half since Franklin's birth"—and as a test said, "Will you not inform me?" "Get this morning's Dec," was the response, written mechanically through the medium's hand. We sent for a copy, and on opening it found an article, in the first column on the editorial page, headed—"Franklin's Birth Day," and commencing with, "Today is the 160th anniversary of the birthday of Franklin," and occupying about a fourth of a column in enumeration of his talents and his virtues.

After dinner we were again visited by this spirit, who requested us to call on a trance medium, through whom he has since frequently spoken, and where he said he would be.

On reaching the residence of the medium, she said she was engaged for the afternoon, and could not sit for us. We however went in, and sat at the table. The mind of the medium was so anxious about the arrival of those who had engaged the time, that it was impossible any spirit could entrance her under that excitement. Seeing this, another spirit seized her hand and wrote:—

"My friends will not be here till three o'clock—they are delayed by unforeseen circumstances. —DAVID."

This the medium saw was the name of the spirit who usually communicated to the party she expected, and this allayed her anxiety, thus producing harmony, and her entrancement was immediately effected. We will here say that it subsequently turned out as David had written—the party who had engaged the afternoon, from two o'clock, were detained by an accident, and did not arrive until after three—which was a fine test, and beat the modern electric telegraph as a means of obtaining information rapidly. After the medium was entranced, Franklin spoke nearly as follows:—

"FRIENDS—Today is the anniversary of what? Of the birth of Franklin, say you? Yes—on such a day as this, the germ of my being was ushered into your sphere. Man is born of water and spirit—behold my first birth on such a day as this. But I come not to talk of this now, but to implore you, if you wish to celebrate the day, to commence by thanking the Giver of all Good for the tender mercies He has showered upon you.

I love to come again to the land of my birth. Yes, this spirit is Franklin still; he still lives, and still loves to play with the electric fluid which he once drew from the clouds. I have added much to my knowledge of its power, and will yet give you many experiments to please and instruct you; but you must learn to persevere, and never let one failure daunt you.

Perseverance is a good law to govern you. Be not weary in well doing. Many long tedious months—not days, nor weeks, but months—did I rack my weary brain in devising means to draw this element of life from the place where it had been hidden from man. At last it came! and my name has been handed down to this generation, and will continue to be for many generations to come, through all time. I do not speak of this to boast of it, but simply as an example of perseverance in well-doing, which it will not harm you to follow.

Sons of earth, write PERSEVERANCE on your minds. I know it is there now, but it is written only in pencil, and it may be easily effaced. I would have you write it with Franklin's ink. Persevere, I say again, in well-doing.

Each night when you lay down to rest, ask "What have I done to-day to advance this great cause, to benefit man, and to glorify God? Each morning let it be the first thing you do to ask Him to keep you from temptation.

As I before said, my spirit is still fond of its old hobby. True, not as once it was, and not as it is in your lower sphere delight in it. You can hear from afar-off friends through this power, and it pleases you; but Franklin delights to toy with it, because on its wings messages of glad tidings from the Throne of God are wafted to his brother spirits in the form. Through its agency, my friends, Spiritualism has made what progress it has on earth, and by its agency all mankind is destined to come within its folds. God bless you, children of earth. I will come and commune with you often."

Since this sitting, we have conversed freely with Franklin (he has no question of his identity), upon electricity, its laws as understood by man, and those which are yet unknown to him; and gathered much valuable information respecting the science of spirit communication, which would not be in place here.

Pearls.

And quoted odes, and jewels five words-long,
That on the stretched forefinger of Time,
Sparkle forever."

God! do not let my loved one die,
But rather wait until the time
That I am grown in purity
Enough to enter thy pure clime.
Then take me, I will gladly go,
So that my love remain below!
Oh, let her stay! She is by birth
What I through death must learn to be;
We need her more on our poor earth,
Than thou canst need in heaven with thee:
She hath her wings already, I
Must burst this earthly shell ere I fly.
Then, God, take her! We shall be near,
More near than ever, each to each:
Her angel ears will find me clear,
My heavenly heart will find thy speech:
And still as I draw nigh to thee,
Her soul and mine shall closer be.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

It is not wisdom, but ignorance, which teaches men pre-
sumption. Genius may be sometimes arrogant, but nothing
is so dull as knowledge.

Life is sad, because we know it.
Death, because we know it not;
But we will not fret or mourn—
Every man must bear his lot.
Coward hearts, who shrink and fly,
Are not fit to live or die!
Knowing Life, we should not fear it,
Neither Death, for that's unknown;
Courage, Patience—these are virtues
Which for many sins atone:
Who has these—and have not I?
He is fit to live and die!

Look not mournfully into the past. It comes not back again.
Widely improve the present. It is thine. Go forward
to meet the shadowy future without fear, and with a
manly heart.—LORD BYRON.

The miser counts his hoard of worldly gain,
And seeks therein the gem of true content;
But all the glittering ore doth not contain
The priceless gift of Heaven's chosen ment,
Where bonds of avarice enchain the heart—
And, closer yet, on each successive day,
It grows more painful 'neath the iron sway—
The fragile cords of virtue rudely part;
True life's brief remnant then the wretch doth plod,
Enslaved, degraded, by his Mammon God,
No voice of earth's treasure never yet was stern
The hailing balm for every mental weal
Possessed by the redeemed of Christ alone.

The regulations of the nineteenth century will one day be
quoted to prove its barbarism.—R. W. EMERSON.

I saw a strange, beautiful city arise
On an island of light, in the sapphire skies,
When the sun in his Trian drapery drest,
Laid a shadow of gold, floated down to the west.
A city of clouds, in a moment it grew
A city of pearl, in an ocean of blue,
And spirits of twilight entwined me to stray
Through these palaces reared from the ruins of day.

One hour of justice is worth seventy years of prayer.—
EPIGRAM.

JAMES WATT.

The following extract from "The Story of Steam,"
published in the January number of Emerson's
Magazine, will be read with interest by all. It is
told in charming style, and the reader will be struck
with the learning to the phenomena of spiritualism
which the writer evinces in his description of Watt's
"glowering" at the fire. The vision, "Intellect
warring with the Elements" is one of the passages
we speak of.

On the night of the 19th of January, 1736, just
one hundred and twenty-two years ago, beneath
the low roof of an humble but honest tradesman's
greenock, in Scotland, a child was born. There is
nothing in this circumstance of itself which is of
efficient moment to arrest the attention of the
grave historian; nor was there anything in the
antecedents of that child of such a nature as would
entitle the simple name of Watt to be enrolled upon
the great record of those who never die. Yet around
that humble cradle were gathered the unseen minis-
ters who were to guide its unconscious occupant to a
mission so far beyond the conception of not only his
natural parents, but of all the then existing world,
that if it had been half revealed to them they
would have grieved that the good Father had given
them only an innocent. How little did they dream
that the first cry of their little one was the voice of
a new era; or that from his bud of brain would be
evolved, in the full blossom of its maturity, a science
which would revolutionize the world!

The story of Watt presents a beautiful picture of
the care of a great Providence, shielding the little
one from the world, and protecting the casket from
every harm till its hidden treasure was ripe for its
great purposes. The childhood of James Watt was
not an unhappy one. He had his playmates and his
boyish pleasures; and if his thrifty parents, strug-
gling in their simple way "to turn an honest penny,"
were somewhat too prone to call the little "Jamie" a
"ne'er do well," and to bestow upon him occasional
castigations, it was done more in sorrow than in
anger, for they loved the lad, and only feared that
his boyish abstractions and dreamy foregoings
would bring him a manhood of penury, and leave
him, when he should be most useful, to drag out a
thriftless and unprofitable life.

The fears of the parents, although they added
nothing to the comfort or peace of the child, unques-
tionably acted as strong incentives when the oppor-
tunity for congenial occupation and employment
was presented. His early indisposition to study
was simply an evidence that the brain's growth
within itself was too active, and that it needed all
the rest which nature could give it to obtain a
healthy maturity. Hard study would have killed
the child, or dwarfed the intellect. The father would
come home from his shop, and find "Jamie" beside
the fire, gazing intently upon the hissing steam
as the tea-kettle piped its note of preparation for
the evening meal. He would question him upon his
occupations of the day: "Had he been to school—
had he learned anything?" "No, nothing." "Would
he ever study, would he ever learn anything?" "Yes."
"When?" "By-and-by." And the father and the
child would gaze together upon the hissing steam
from the tea-kettle upon the fire. The parent had
no dreams beyond the fragrant odor of the steaming
tea—but what the boy saw, it has taken the world
a century to fully understand.

We are told that the elder Watt thought frequently
of apprenticing his son to some hard manual trade,
as he said, "to work the lads down out of the boy."
What might have been the effect if the fine organiza-
tion of that child, both mentally and physically,

had been subjected to such a test? Herein we say
that a great Providence protected the germing mind
of the young inventor, and kept him in the only
channel which resulted in the matured intellect
whose one great conception was the Steam-Engine.

How many a fine intellect has been wasted, how
many a noble destiny defeated, because we, who are
responsible for the undeveloped souls of the children
which God has intrusted to our keeping, are not
equal to our trust, and forget the beauty and hol-
iness of the relation, and that we stand here in the
light of a Providence till the infant mind can fully
understand all that is within itself! Think of this,
fathers, amid your daily avocations, and remember
that your daughters are yet to fill your places, and
that the proper culture of one single mind, the giving
the true bent to a single longing soul, will over-
balance a million of the little things to which you
attach so much importance.

To the great majority of minds, there is nothing
more suggestive in a tea-kettle than the still-life
picture which Wordsworth has so sweetly drawn in
one of his sonnets:—

"I am not one who much or oft delight
To reason my thoughts with personal talk.
Or friends who live within an easy walk,
Or neighbors, daily, weekly in my sight;
And for my chance acquaintance, ladies bright,
Sons, mothers, maidens whirling on the stalk,
These all year out of me like forms, with chalk
Painted on rich men's doors for one faint night.
Better than such discourse doth silence, long,
Long, barren silence, square with my desire;
To sit without emotion, hope or aim,
In the lone presence of my cottage fire,
And listen to the rattling of the steam,
Or kettle whispering its faint under-song."

Others of us, perhaps, to whom the still-life
picture is just as sweet and just as soothing as to
them,—

"Can hear a voice they cannot hear,"

in the "low whispering" of the kettle upon the fire;
and, in the upsurging steam, can trace pictures
which they can never see.

The tea-kettle upon the fire, sending out its little
jet of steam as the water within it boils, is a very
plain and simple thing; it has been familiar from
childhood, and few of us, although we may have
seen it daily, have ever bestowed upon it a single
thought.

Look from the tea-kettle to the steam-engine, and
think how much the world owes to a great mind;
look from the child in the cradle to the matured
intellect of the inventor, and think how much the
world owes to God!

Let us see what pictures we can trace in the
shadowy vapor pouring from the crooked spout of
the old tea-kettle upon the fire.

We look out upon the sea; the black clouds
darken, and the heavy, sullen waves come rolling
onward before the wind, like remorseless columns of
conquering soldiery. The lightnings flash, and the
electric shafts dart, like winged arrows, in eccentric
angles through the heavens. The spray dashes from
sea to sea, and the winds whistle and moan through
the hurrying air. "Thank God," we say, "no ship
is abroad to-night; for none could live in such a
gale." But, ah! what creature of power is this
which comes up so bravely, breasting the heavy
gale, and riding over the opposing waves as if re-
gardless of the storm? What new power is this
which comes to dispute the mighty elements upon
their eternal fields, and to lord it over them so
proudly? A steamship! And whence came the
steamship, and what is it? Let us go on with our
story of steam, and see what other pictures will
be presented to the eye of our imaginations and
memory in the vapory clouds from the tea-kettle's
spout.

We look back upon a century which is gone; we
see, in the humble parlor of a small house in the
town of Greenock, the tea-board laid out for the
evening meal, and the curtains of the windows closely
drawn.

"A tidy, active matron is bustling about, slicing
the bread and butter, and carefully measuring out
the due modicum of the Chinese leaf, probably upon
the good old principle of "a spoonful per head, and
one for the pot." A blazing fire gleams and roars in
the grate, and curls round the black sides of the ket-
tle which reposes in the midst of it, like waves lash-
ing the sides of a ship at sea; and the fire crackles,
and the water boils with a faintly-heard, popping
sound; and a stream of white vapor comes whirling
out of the spout of the kettle with a shrill, cheery
hiss. Now, the good matron sees nothing particular
in all this—the fire is burning, the kettle boiling,
and that is all; and the fire burns, and the kettle
boils, just that tea might be made, and for no other
purpose or end whatsoever. There is nothing won-
derful either in the one fact or the other. Kettles
have boiled and fires have burned from the begin-
ning, and will probably do so until the end of the
chapter.

But the requisite number of spoonfuls have been
transferred from the caddy to the pot; and as the
matron stoops to place it upon the hob, her eye falls
upon a little urchin seated upon a stool of stunted
dimensions, in the full glare of the blaze—who, prop-
ing his furry head upon his hands, and supporting
both upon his knees, by reclining an elbow against
each, is intently gazing at the fire, and the kettle,
and the steam, swallowing them with his eyes; and
as much absorbed, in fact, as the peri might be sup-
posed to have been in her momentary glance of heav-
en. The boy looks at the fire, and the mother looks
at the boy. "Was there ever sisk an idle ne'er-do-
well in this world as our Jamie?" is the question
which, almost unconsciously, she proposes to herself.
As it rises in her mind, her hand (none of the light-
est) rises in the air; and the next second would have
seen it descend with no contemptible force on the
shoulders of the luckless urchin; but the door opens,
and a neighbor gossip, who has perhaps been invited
to tea, enters. The blow hangs, like Mohammed's
coffin, suspended in mid air; and the tongue is used
instead of the fist. Turning to the visitor, Jamie's
mother says:—

"No, Mistress Balderstone, did you ever see the
likes o' that?"

"The likes o' what, Mistress Watt?"
"Oh, our Jamie; look till the callan—there he'll
sit, woman, glowing at the kettle and the blaze till
ye would think his very een would come out o' his
head. 'Deed, I ken na' what's in the bairn—whiles I
think there's something unlucky in that glower. I
hope nae limmer has been throwing cantrips at him;
but 'deed it's mair nor likely."

"Hout, tout, woman, the bairn's only warm'n
hisel!" replies the worthy Mrs. Balderstone, in a
soothing tone.

"Warm'n hisel!" reiterates her friend; "look
till that glower o' his, and tell me if ye think it's
something blye or auld."

And, truth to tell, there is something peculiar in
the glaze of the boy's eye; there is mind, setting
speaking mind, looking through it. He seems to be

who gazes upon a wondrous vision, and whose every
sense was bound up in the display of gorgeous pag-
entia floating before him. He sits watching the
escaping steam; until the thin, vaporous column ap-
pears to cast itself upward in fantastic changing
shapes. Sometimes the subtle fluid, gathering in
force and quantity, will gently raise one side of
the lid of the kettle, emit a white puff, and then let
the metal fall with a low clanking sound. There is pow-
er, strength in that watery cloud. But still the
spout pours forth its regular volume of white vapor,
shooting over the ribs of the grate, and curling and
rolling in outlines as varying and quaint as those of
a rising mist.

Suddenly, to the eye of the half-dreaming boy, the
steam appears, instead of escaping up the chimney,
to spread itself out in a dense volume before the fire-
place. He gazes intently at the phenomenon; indis-
tinct outlines, like the wavy robes of spectres, show
themselves, float dimly for an instant, then melt into
the shapeless clouds. Again they reappear, and more
distinctly than before; and the spell-bound boy sees
faces—some terrible, and others gentle and mild—
forming, and vanishing, and again reappearing in
that wonderful steam-cloud. He gazes and gazes.
To the faces, fanciful forms, woven from the vapor,
attach themselves and cling. There is something
about them awfully undefined; but they are unde-
fined rather to the mind than the eye. The latter
can see them, but the former cannot grasp or form
an accurate idea of their strange, shadowy propor-
tions. Some are dimly terrible, others calm and se-
rene; back and forth they float, not passing, but
blending with, gliding through, each other, and wav-
ing their misty wings with a slow, undulating mo-
tion. Gradually the fair and gentle steam spirits
seem, as it were, to coalesce, to glide together and
become one, instinct with mild, intellectual grandeur;
and round it gathers a threatening phalanx of the
dark and gloomy spirits, their forms changing to
hideous, undefined, grotesque things, and their faces
fearful to look upon. But the mild spirit gazes
calmly on them, as if in reliance on its innate pow-
er; and, raising its white arms, it waves the evil
spirits back, and as they retire indefinitely they cov-
er their gloomy foreheads with their wings, for a pale
halo of light beams around the long, fair curls of the
master phantom.

But again they rally and rush, dark, evil-minded,
like an undefined horror, and wrestle with the fair,
good form. Here, there, anywhere, their demon
faces, lower and more round the god-moulded face;
and with their pointed claws and swooping wings
they seek to tear the good spirit down, and to exult
over its fall, with looks of bitter, jeering hatred. But
they cannot—the spiritual light, flickering in long
pencils from the forehead and the eye of the mild
spirit, seems, although it is so pale, and apparently
so hopeless, to scorch the wings and shrivel up the
limbs of the assailant spirits; and at length, drawing
up its grand form, it throws its arms abroad, and
with the motion, as though at the waving of a wand,
the mist demons shrink, and shrivel, and writhe in
impotent malice at the feet of their conqueror, who
stands over them, an angel trampling upon fiends!

And as the dreaming boy watches with straining
eyes these strange, bewildering scenes, his little
heart quails within him, till his active brain comes
to its rescue and tells him that these vapor-pictures
are but foreshadowings to him of what in after years
will be very clear, and that the fierce and dreamy
struggle which he has just seen is but symbolic of
INTELLECT WARRING WITH THE ELEMENTS.

Gradually this one idea grows within the mind of
the child—it is not very clear to him, but there is
more comprehension within his little brain than he
is himself aware of.

The clouds still roll upward and upward, the
clanking cover keeps up its steady motion, and the
shadowy forms still hover upon his head. And still
he gazes—and lo! the discomfited demons at the feet
of intellect, overpowered by its might, fade and re-
solve themselves and their writhing motions into the
waves of a mighty, heaving sea. And intellect, in
all its glorious proportions, grows dim, very dim, and
its semblance changes; and lo! it is a ship without
a sail, battling with the fierce seas which come roll-
ing on one after another, throwing their foaming
crests high and higher; but gallantly rides that
lonely ship. Against the fierce wind, against the
rolling waves, against the rushing tide, it battles
sternly. Wind, and waves, and tide do their utmost;
but on, on, with a fearful innate power, moves the
mystic ship, dashing aside the white sparkling spray,
and tearing through waste after waste, till the pow-
ers of the elements feel themselves conquered; and
the wind abates, the waves sink, the tide ceases to
roll, and the low murmur of the settling storm pro-
claims the triumph of the ship of intellect.

"Jamie, Jamie, what's yer thinkin' o'?" cries
a shrill voice.

The vision vanishes; the waves, the ship, melt
away; the steam-cloud dissolves; the old-fashioned
mantelpiece, with quaint carvings and blue painted
tiles, appears, and on the fire is the kettle still his-
sing away, and on the hob sits the tenpot simmer-
ing.

"Ye idle gawky," says the shrill voice again, "if
ever I sin ye sittin' glowering at the fire when ye
might be doing something useful, de'il in it if I
don't gar ye feel the wight o' my han'. Sit in till
yer tea, yer graceless loon, and shak han' with Mis-
tress Balderstone, here."

The boy rises meekly and does as he is told; and
the first dim and indistinct ideas of James Watt
upon steam are laid away in the storehouse of his
childish memory till, in the fullness of time and in
the maturity of his genius, they shall be ripened.
This is one of the pictures which we see in the up-
surging vapor from the spout of the tea-kettle boil-
ing upon the fire; and it reminds us that, perhaps,
in writing the story of steam it would be well for us
to follow the fortunes of this dreamy child of Green-
ock a little further ere we leave the subject.

James Watt continued under the parental roof, at-
tending school and getting along as unappreciated
boys generally do, until his eighteenth year, when he
went up to London to learn the trade of a mathe-
matical instrument maker. He grew exceedingly
fond of this pursuit, for here his natural abilities had
full scope, and applied himself so closely that his
health became impaired, and he was compelled to re-
linquish work and return to Scotland.

We find that his native city brought back again
the glow of health, and within the year he was en-
abled to resume his trade; while a fondness for study
grew upon him to such an extent that his friends
were again apprehensive for his health. His strong
constitution and vigorous intellect carried him, how-
ever, safely through these years of imprudent appli-
cation; and we find him in the blush of manhood, at
the age of twenty-one, holding the honorable position

of Mathematical Instrument Maker to the University
of Glasgow.

For twelve years he devoted himself to the study
of mechanics, and on the 6th of June, 1769, obtained
the first great reward for his labors, in a patent
from the English government for a steam-engine. It
is not essential to our present purpose to follow his
career further than this; but we will state that he
lived to see the full realization of all his early child-
ish dreams, and died at his house, at Heathfield, Staf-
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