VOL. V.

BERRY, COLBY & COMPANY, Publishers.

NEW YORK AND BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1859.

(TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR,) Payable in Advance.

NO. 22.

THE SUNDAY MORNING SERMONS Of Revs. HENRY WARD BEECHER and EDWIN H. New York, and published verbatim every week in this paper. FIFTH AND EIGHTH PAGES-II. W. Beocher's Sermon.

MARRIAGE.

To the Memory of my Husband this tale is dedicated, BY ANN E. PORTER,

Author of "Dora Moore," "Country Neighbors," &c., &c han shirter CHAPTER IV.

I found only Aunt Paul waiting tea for me

"Isn't Mr. Gray in?" I asked.
"No; it is Thursday, the day for the evening meeting at Sorabble, and he most always takes tea with Deacon Abram on that evening."
"Surely! It is strange I had forgotten it!"
Mrs. Dennis arranged her spectacles, (she always

wore them at table, lest she might overlook some speck or fly in her food,) folded her hands, and looked steadily at me. I knew what it meant-1 must ask a blessing on the food. I trembled, and was troubled how to do. I had never been thus situated before, and young girls of eighteen are easily disconcerted. After an awkward pause, I made out to say, "Mrs. Dennis, will you ask the blessing?" Most heartily, as if she enjoyed it, did she respond to my request, but was more lengthy than the occasion demanded. "Shall I ever be able to do my daty?" I again asked myself.

After tea I took a walk in our little garden. It was October, and the frosts had marred the beauty of most of the flowers in Helen's little parterre; but there were a few chrisanthemums and china-asters still fresh, and the faithful, ever blooming tri color violets were blossoming still, in spite of cold winds and frosts, and there were gay marigolds, and the put pitchers on them, or so narrow I can't turn my loving myrtle, so that I made a very respectable boquet. At the foot of our garden, and the end of the alley, was a small arbor, and turn stile leading to the grounds attached to a very beautiful residence. I had wandered over these grounds with Helen, and admired the lawns, the graperies and the conservatory, and especially the house, which was a large. stone cottage, evidently built under the direction of an artist, for the proportions and oranaments were in excellent taste, and forming, with the grounds, a very sweet picture.

The place had been unoccupied now for two or land. I had met Mrs. Green often, for she was a member of Mr. Gray's parish, and frequently came, in a neighborly way, bringing flowers, vegetables and spied me, and came out. After the usual salutation.

Aunt Paul's yeast; she always has good luck with hers, and I want to make some extra nice bread. My husband has had a letter from Mr. Gomez, and he will be here to morrow to see about altering and repairing the house inside. He will have it all done is so impatient that she can hardly be induced to wait till spring. She is such a delicate little thing, that one week of our winter weather would kill her, as surely as it would one of John's white innonions if he should put it into the open ground at that time of the year. I do n't think she had better come till June, for we have so many cold days in May; but I suppose it would n't do any good to give advice, for when she's set upon doing anything, she will have her own way in spite of everybody. It is strange that such a delicate little thing as she is, should have so strong a will; but John says that the choicest vines have very tough stems, sometimes. Then Miss Lillie has always had her own way over since she was old enough to tell what she wanted. I thought it would be different when she married. You know, Mrs. Gray, wo wives can't always have our own way, sometimes, even, when our way is the right; and Lillie's husband had such a noble, commanding look about him, as if he could lead an army, that I thought to myself, she'll have to give in now. But I lost my guess for once; he was more indulgent, even, than her father, and never crossed her slightest wish. But then, I believe it is true, as Aunt Paul says, that the smallest pattern of men are the most arbitrary; you never see a little bit of man but is glad he is n't a woman. I know there are exceptions, and when you find a man of small stature that has respect for woman, you find a noble heart. But, as I was saying, Miss Lillie wants to open to-morrow morning for the workmen, and, if come in May, and May it will be, if the snow lies two feet thick on the lawn. There is Saunders, the carpenter, going to the house now. I have the keys. and must wait upon him. I'll leave my pitcher you have never been inside of the house."

and entered a side door that led us into the dining- in the garret, I arranged the boxes and old chairs

. I room. This was paneled with oak, and ornamented with a few choice pictures. The furniture was rich but plain, consisting of an antique side board curiously carved, arm-chairs to correspond, and a long mahogany table, the rich, dark wood bearing witness to its age. The twaight forbade a good examination of the pictures, and I passed on to the drawingroom, which was fitted up in modern style, but with exquisite taste-green and gold the only colors in the thick tapestry carpet and in the rich curtains. There were alabaster and marble flower-vases, so curiously wrought in vines and flowers that the work seemed too rare and delicate for human hands; every article on the stage was a beautiful specimen of human skill, or a rare natural curiosity. The furniture was all covered in linen wrappings, and the same concenled the bow-window; but I drew it aside slightly, and stepped in. There was just light enough to command one of the finest prospects in this part of the country; and the trees in the lawn had been so planted, and those in the grove yonder cut away, as to give the beholder the best possible view, of the distant fields and mountains beyond. I was enchanted, and only longed for the light of a setting sun to gild the picture.

The coming darkness reminded me that my time was short, and Mrs. Green coming in just as I was going up stairs, said ...

"I hope you'll excuse me, Mrs. Gray. Saunders needs directions about his work, and perhaps you would like to see the library, while I go with him to show how I wish to have the pantry shelves put up these men never seem to have the least idea of conveniences for women. This very man, who you can see is a real Anak, over six feet high, notually put the hooks in my ward-room as if he was to use it himself; and now every time I want to take down or hang up a dress, I must fetch a chair to stand upon."

I thought this must be a trial, for Mrs. Green was short, thick, plump little woman.

"And now if I don't stand by he'll put the shelves in the pantry so near together that I can't milk-pans down. So, if you please, you can amuse yourself by looking at the library. I'll come in byand by and go home with you. Let me see, here's the key in my pocket, but I'm afraid it will be rather dark there; never mind, I'll light the wax candles in the chandelier, for the room looks beautifully by candle-light."

She led the way, and I followed her into a large, oblong room, divided by an ornamental arch into two apartments. From this hung a rich, heavy curtain, which was now looped up, so that we had a view of the whole room. The books were arranged in arched three years, by the owner, but a tenant lived in a recesses, each devoted to some particular department neat cottage near the carriage road, and, while his of literature—as history, fiction, philosophy, thewife aired the house occasionally, and kept the ology, &c. This I learned afterwards, when I was permitted a more full examination of the library At this time the room was in darkness, but Mrs. Green found some tapers and lighted the candles, as she had proposed, and then left me. I looked round fruit. As I sat upon the steps, near the stile, she in delighted wonder. The wainscoting was of some rich, dark, polished wood, and the curtains crimson, and the carpet crimson and black. There were "I was coming over, this evening, to beg some of pieces of statuary in different parts of the room: one, "The Penitent," that seemed to my unpracticed eye the perfection of art, so sweet and sad, so mute and downcast, that longed to say at once, as did our Lord, "Be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee." In another recess, near a bay window, was a statue in the winter, so that they can come on early in the of Hope, and here the look turned heavenward, and spring. It seems that 'Miss Lillie,' as we always the calm expression, as of a heart at rest, was imcall her, though she is married, wants to come and parted to my own spirit, and involuntarily I repeated the words-" Why art thou cast down, oh my soul? Hope thou in God!" There were other gems of art in the room, a few busts, and a great many small portraits of distinguished men, from Homer to the present time. The place was an earthly Paradise in my eye, and I sank down in one of the luxurious arm chairs, and wished that I could always remain. What a blessed thing is wealth, that can command such pleasures as these! Then I fell to musing upon the young wife, Miss Lillie, as they called her, and wondering if she appreciated these privileges. I had just commenced a survey of the titles of the books in the department of fiction. when Mrs. Green returned.

"I'm afraid you are tired waiting for me," she said. "Somehow or other the house, fine as it is. is very lonely and desolate when the family are gone; but these people that are foud of books say that they should never be lonely in this room."

"Indeed I should not, Mrs. Green; and I think Miss Lillie, as you call her, must be very happy here."

"Why, as to books, they are not much pleasure to her, unless when she likes to look at the pictures; she never was much of a reader; but she sings like a bird, and I love to sit in my room on a summer evening and hear her play upon the piano and sing. Her husband likes it, too, and together they make music fit for the angels to hear. The house will be you wish, you can run over and ramble round. I will open the grand piano, and you can try your hand upon it."

I thanked her for the privilege, and, like a child, I here-or perhaps you would like to go with me, if longed for the morning to come. I said nothing to Mr. Gray that night of my visit to "Elmwood." so This was just what I had been wishing. Many a named, from some noble old elms on the grounds, time I had looked at the ornamented windows, out for I had learned accidentally that Mr. Gomez was a side, and wished I could see the rooms within. We Roman Catholic, and I was almost afraid that I walked up the graveled path and through a covered should be denied the privilege of going. I was up way, the sides of which were festconed with vines, early in the morning, and going first to my corner

I hung a plain white curtain at the window, and them carefully from my husband's eye. "You, Berbrought my Bible, Jeremy Taylor, and one or two other books. Charles Herbert's letters were locked in a small trunk, and carefully concealed in one of the packing boxes. I promised myself a great pleasure, on every Thursday afternoon, when Mr. Gray was gone to "Scrabble" to attend meeting your sin." "They are more precious to you than with Deacon Abram-I would read these letters and write in my journal. I called my little garret corner "Malmaison," in memory of the Empress Josephine's retreat; and I do not think Miss Lillie could be more gratified with her splendid library than was I that morning with my corner. There home and do likewise; and when that is done, raze was a line suspended across the garret, on which hung some old carpets; I altered this line so as to effectually conceal my corner from view; then I ran down and assisted Aunt Paul in the kitchen. I was sure that Mr. Gray would be busy all the morning, so kindly, spoke approval. I saw my guilt in cherfor he was writing a sermon for the next Sunday, from the text: "Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated." I had peeped at the text as the manuscript lay on the table, and I said to myself, " a hard nut to crack, sir !" I ventured to tell Aunt Paul, so that we might have an extra good dinner, for Mr. Gray was very critical upon the cooking when he was writing doctrinal sermons.

"He had better let that verse alone," said Aunt Paul. "Mr. Gray is a pretty smart man on the this alienation of the living. doctrines, but he might as well try to pull up them great white pine tree stumps on the hill side with a clothes-line, as to pull the difficulties out of that and an iron chain to do the business; but, however, to his labor."

I was now free for Elmwood, and the house was up stairs, and after looking at the large guest chambers, I turned into an entry and soon found myself in an apartment that seemed fitted up by fairy hands. The bedstead with its white drapery and its wrought muslin cacopy, falling from a wreath of flowers, and festooned with heavy silk cord and tassels; the furniture, so light and airy looking; the cheerful carnet. with its tiny boquets of flowers; the few choice, horse about the time of our marriage with some elegantly bound volumes; the harp in one corner: the delicately wrought little work-box: the Bohemian vases; the large eval mirror, and the cornice moulded in imitation of the most delicate vines and flowers, were all in harmony, and the whole made ed him, was very restless, and it was almost impossithe room a dwelling place for a fairy. There were but three pictures: two of them were draped, but the one over the mantle, which was uncovered, was Mr. Gray, you would sell Prince and buy a steady the drapery from one of the others. Ay! here was should enjoy it very much." Miss Lillie, the fairy of the enchanted room. No wonder they called her by that name-none could be and purple-hued clouds; the face was fair and deli train him and sell him after awhile for a much larger cate as a little child's, and over the plump, white sum than I gave. shoulders hung light brown curls, that looked as if I said no more, but in great fear seated myself. made to kiss and be kissed.

I stood and gazed in loving admiration. "No wonder, Miss Lillie, that they let you have your It was full of childish grace and sweetness, and I timidity. blamed no man, even if he was " fit to lead an army," as Mrs. Green said, for worshiping such an idol. The strength of the sternest man becomes weakness be safely scated in her little parlor-surely the striped fore such beauty, and no doubt his love guards her tenderly from the rough winds of this world. I could hardly turn away from it, and when I laid the drapery back, it was with a tender, loving hand,

More eagerly, and with the usual feminine curipicture. "Good heavens, how like! It is-it must Paradise; but in my once insane worship I believed you nearer God than angels, if angels can fall."

again, and looked upon the two portraits togeth over me as of old. He had done no wrong; bade the whirlwind cease as try to stop him. there is a mystery, but no faithlessness—strange Mr. Gray was thrown upon the ground, but not what a power that face had over me to deepen that seriously hurt; the carriage was broken, as we could impression !- and as I continued to look, 1 stood easily perceive, for one wheel was left behind, as self-condemned, for I had been faithless to the vows Prince flew down the hill and up the road to the diswhich I had taken. Charles Herbert was the hus tant farmhouses. We could see him, for a long dis-

so that I could read or write very comfortably; then letters, reading them at stated times, and guarding tha Lee," said my conscience, "are the guilty one, and you must now do penance for your sin. Go home and burn all those cherished letters, and those little mementoes of your early love; keep nothing back, lest, like Ananias and Sepphira, you suffer for anything else you possess," said my heart. "So much the better then, for a sacrifice," conscience replied. "The ancient Jews were commanded to bring a lamb without blemish, the best of the fruit, the finest of the wheat, the firstling of the flock. Go all memory of Charles Herbert from your soul, and forget that he ever lived."

There was no sternness in the face looking so serenely down upon me, but the eyes that beamed ishing the memory of another, and I felt unworthy to meet those eyes again.

Slowly and reluctantly I drew the covering over the picture, as I would lay the pall over the corpse of one who had been dear to me in life, but was now to be forever hidden from my sight. Death! it was a more complete separation than death makes, for then memory is permitted to linger upon the past, but now thought was crime. There is no death like

I hastened home. Mr. Gray was still at his sermon, and as I passed the study door, I felt a tenderer feeling toward him, as one whom I had wronged. chapter. I tell you it will take five yoke of oxen Mrs. Dennis was busy fricaseeing the chicken, and I must assist in getting dinner on the table; but I was I'll have a chicken to strengthen him, and good luck so fearful that my courage would fail, that I was impatient of any delay. To my surprise, Mr. Gray was very affable at dinner, praised Aunt Paul's open to my inspection; from the library I wandered cooking, spoke of the beauty of the day, and invited me to ride with him as far as Mount Ararat, to visit Aunt Ruthy.

I consented willingly at first, but when the horse was harnessed I recollected that it was a colt that had never been thoroughly broken, and that even Nellie, who did not lack for courage, pronounced it unsafe to ride after him. Mr. Gray had bought the money my father had given us to buy a complete dining and teaset of china; but as I had inherited my mother's, and our house was very small, we concluded to omit that purchase. "Prince." as we callble for Mr. Gray to hold him at all. "Oh dear!" I exclaimed. "I shall never dare to ride-I do wish, Cupid amid the flowers. I ventured to lay aside family horse that Helen and I can manage; we

"I do not think it suitable or becoming for women to drive horses," said Mr. Gray, " and then I cannot more appropriate. A most beautifully formed head afford to keep such a horse as you mention. I bought and shoulders scemed rising from a mass of gold | Prince cheap because he is so young, and I intend to

a breath would stir them. The dancing blue eye hoping that when we were on the high road, Prince was shaded by long, drooping eye-lashes, and the would sober down a little. But he had no idea of little mouth, with the rich red lips, looked as if sobriety, and ventured upon various exhibitions of his agility, giving us to understand very clearly that he had no fancy for ourb and rein. Mr. Gray had all he could do to manage him, so that our ride was own way; who could resist such a face as that?" a silent one, for I was afraid even to confess my own

> I was rejoiced, at last, when we caught sight of Aunt Ruthy's little red house, and found myself homespun carpet, the white fringed curtains, and the polished cherry table, never looked so inviting before.

The old lady was all hospitality and cheerfulness: she had on her cap, with bright ribbons, and a large as a mother would lay the covering over her beauti. figured delaine, and she stepped about with far more agility than a modern boarding school Miss. We must stay to tea; she could n't think of our coming osity. I now drew aside the covering of the companion to Mount Ararat without taking a cup of tea; she would have it early, so that we could go home before be: no other human being could so resemble him! dark, as I was timid. It was a wonder to me how They are his eyes; I know them, for I feel their she managed, in so short a time, to bring forward influence over me at this moment. I shall faint if I such a variety—the most delicious bread, cake, custurn away; but while they are upon me I am strong. tards, pies, cold meat, etc. To have tasted all the Charles Herbert, how came you here? It cannot specimens of her handiwork would have been too be-no. no, no /-and yet, no wonder; such a face great a task for one person. Her hospitality was as I have been gazing at would draw an angel from enlivened by her busy tongue, that kept moving, giving us a description of her farm, her neighbors, the carly history of the town, all in such a good humor-I hastily drew away the covering from Lillie ed, happy way, without any slander, that it was pleasant to hear her. I was so amused that I forgot er: the perfect feminine grace of the one, and my fears of Prince, and when the time came to go the manly beauty of the other, formed a fine con- home was quite calm, concluding that as he had trast. "Lilian Gomez-Lilian Gomez," I repeated; brought us there safely, he could also take us home. can that be the name of Charles Herbert's wife?" Unfortunately for my hopes, little Jimmy Smith I tried to recall if I had ever heard it; but then I came along just as the carriage was driven to the remembered I had said to my father, "Do n't tell door, with his wheelbarrow, on which was an empty me who he married; I never wish to hear the barrel; now I have always observed that a highname," and the subject had always been studiously spirited horse has as great a dread of a wheelbarrow avoided in my father's family. But then he did not as his master of a ghost, and generally takes the marry in the United States; and how could the fami. same mode of escape. I had come out of the doorly be here in this little country village? I tried to yard gate, and was waiting for a moment, till Mr. think that it was all a mistake-that Miss Lillie was Gray should dispose of a basket containing some of not his wife; but I could n't cheat my own heart. Aunt Ruth's nice cheese, when Jimmy's whistle The portrait I was sure was Charles Herbert's; in caused Prince to prick up his ears, and turn his head that I could not be deceived; and as I continued a little, when lo! the wheelbarrow was discovered. gazing upon it, the same feeling of confidence came. In a second he darted off, and we might as well have

band of another woman, and I was cherishing his tance, and he seemed to go faster and faster, as if he your neighbor, you will feel an interest in her his-

thought the wheelbarrow pursuing him, intent on

Mr. Gray picked himself up; he did not swear. (he was a minister,) but as he brushed the dust from his black coat, his dark eyes flashed fire, and his cone-pressed lips told of wrath within. "I'll teach that horse to be afraid of a wheelbarrow." he muttered between his teeth.

"Bless the Lord for your escape, my dear child!" said Aunt Ruthy, as she clasped me in her arms. "If I had n't happened to think of that cheese just as you went out, you would certainly have been killed. I'll always give a minister a piece of cheese when he comes to see me. Come in now, and when the milking is done. I'll drive you home in the yellow wagon. There's no danger with old Dobbin; he knows what a wheelbarrow is, and is never disturbed by anything, any more than old Mrs. Sloan, who says nothing troubles her now, for her feet are on a rock with edges."

As Aunt Ruthy spoke, a carriage came from toward Mount Ararat, drawn by two large, noble bays. A portly gentleman was driving slowly, as if enjoying the fine sunset, just then visible.

"Ha! there comes Col. James!" said Aunt Ruthy. i just in time; nothing he likes better than to help. the ladies out of trouble."

He stopped, as he saw the group, and on learning our trouble, said that Prince would probably come to a halt at farmer Wood's, where he was raised, and who lived on that road, about two miles from Ararat. By this time, Aunt Ruthy's son and a hired man came to the gate, and they proposed to take Dobbin and go with Mr. Gray, to assist him in getting Prince

"And I shall be most highly honored," said the Colonel, "if Mrs. Gray will take a seat in my car-

Mr. Gray frowned slightly; the arrangement didnot suit him; perhaps he thought I should be safer to ride after Dobbin; but there seemed no alternative, and he bowed stiffly to the colonel as he assisted me into the carriage. The colonel was a fine looking man still, though he had seen three score years; his florid complexion contrasted well with the abundant gray hair and white whiskers; he had sense enough to know that dying said hair and whiskers would mar the artistic beauty of his head and face.

As I sprung into the carriage, he smiled and said: Many a time have I seen your mother spring as lightly as that; she was a gay little body, and very fond of a fine horse and fast riding. I never shall forget her pleasure in riding after my Gray, one of the finest horses I ever owned, all life and mettle. but gentle as a dove, and when I gave her the rein, would fly over the ground like a bird on the wing. I loved to watch your mother's face; her eyes would sparkle, and she could hardly keep quiet for the pleasure. Ah, Mrs. Gray, a lovely woman and a fine horse are two of the most beautiful objects in world !"

"And yet," said I laughingly, "you have taken so much pleasure in the society of the latter, that you have never allowed yourself to be fettered by the former."

At once his hand dropped, and the reins hung listlessly in it, while his countenance assumed a grave, sad expression.

"Mrs. Gray, I might as well tell you at once the great misfortune of my life. Your mother's sister, was my affianced wife-you know the sad story of her early death. It was your Aunt Bertha whose memory is kept green in your family by your name; but no outward token was needed for me. I believe in God, in heaven, in the reunion of kindred souls, or life would have been so great a burden that I should long before this have laid it down."

I was silent, for I had no words for reply. There is something in the constancy of man, in this cherishing of a youthful love amid all the stern realities of a busy life, that appeals with wonderful force to a woman's heart.

We are called more fickle, perhaps with truth; but for that very reason we may value this life-long faith in a man. There was a pause which the colonel was the first to break.

"I have told you this, Mrs. Gray, that you might fully understand the foundation of that friendship which existed between your parents and myself. It is many years since I mentioned her name; it will be as many, perhaps, before I mentioned it again !" and as he spoke he grasped the reins more tightlythe horses understood the sign, and with heads erect they started off at a fine pace. "Allow me to drive you round by the Glen road," said the colonel; "it terminates in a carriage path on my friend Gomez's grounds. I am expecting him to-day, and should like once more to see the stone cettage open."

"Where has he been residing?" I asked timidly. "His home is in Cuba-[ah, me, Cuba had been Charles Herbert's home, I said to myself, -but his daughter, when quite a child, spent some time in this village, and persuaded her father to build here. and sometimes spend his summers in the village. She is a beautiful little tropical flower; lost her mother when an infant, and has been the pet and idel of the household since; can turn her strong self-willed father, and guide him as she wishes. She was married when a mere girl [how I tried to still my beating heart] to Charles Herbert, as noble a fellow as ever trod this earth. I will some day hunt up Gomez's letter, giving an account of Lilian's marriage; it was quite a romantic affair. They became acquainted on board ship, and there was shipwreck and death, and I can't tell you all, but enough to make a modern sensation novel. As she is to be

tory, and I will call and bring that letter with me. Why, yes, indeed you will, for now I remember Charles Herbert was a resident of your own nativo place. I have often heard him speak of your family. Do you remember him?" and the colonel turned quickly toward me.

"Yes, I saw him frequently when we were children."

"How pale you look, Mrs. Gray! [We were riding near the edge of a steep bank.] Don't be niarmed; my bays are perfectly steady, trusty and well-tried friends. I can hardly wonder at your agitation though, for Prince is a vicious animal, and your husband will of course part with him after this overturn."

Poor Prince! for once he was guiltless; I had not thought of him since I entered Colonel James's

#### CHAPTER V.

#### THE RETROSPECT.

Poor Mr. Gray! I pitied him, for he was one of that class that are easily appoved by accidents. The carriage was almost ruined; it would cost him fifty dollars, he said, to have it repaired; the harness was broken, and, as for Prince, he supposed that he would now think he must run for every little rascal with a wheelbarrow. I had some fears about the ending of the sermon, lest the denunciations upon poor Esau would be more full of bitterness than the passage itself warranted, and my fears proved correct, for even Deacon Abram declared that the doctrine was rather "strong meat." Aunt Paul did n't say one word; her silence of late on these matters surprised me. Sunday afternoon I excused myself from attending church, and, of course, was alone in the house. There was an open fire in the sittingroom, and thither I brought my treasures-first, a large package of letters; the little printed notes signed "Charlie," where it was evident the tiny fingers had worked hard to imitate the letters in the spelling-book; then the rude attempts at writing: then the stiff schoolboy hand; and last, the handsome, flowing writing that indicated the man of business. I had indulged myself in reading them once over; and now, though I could hardly read for the tears that blinded my eyes, I opened the last:

"DEAR BERTHA-I leave Boston to-morrow for Cuba. Now that my mother is no more, I have no regret at leaving, save that you are not with me. It will seem very strange to have the ocean between us, will it not—we that have never been more than

thirty miles apart in our lives?

It will be like losing half my own life, when I cannot see or hear from you. There is something singular in our friendship. It has always seemed to me as if I had met you in another world than this, and that we shall live together in the long eternity

Morning .- My employers came in while I was writing this, and we were kept busy all night making out orders. The wind is fair, and the vessel will leave in a few minutes. Farewell, my best friend on CHARLES HERBERT.

This tear-stained letter was added to the group. Then came little toys, boxes, and, hardest of all to part with, were some little wooden temples and chairs, that he had carved with his own hand. My tears were flowing fast, but I looked upon my work as an expiating offering; and though I shed tears enough to have quenched the flames which consumed these treasures, I saw them burn with a grim satisfaction that I was doing my duty; and if I had committed a sin in marrying without that affection which a wife should possess for her husband, I would at least never wrong him, even in thought. These mementoes should have been destroyed before marriage, but the task was then too hard.

A few minutes I sat watching the eager, hungry fire seize my treasures, as a fierce, wild animal deyours its prey-my heart longing to tear them away, but my conscience adding fuel to the flame, lest one stray leaf should escape. I have seen a man at midnight stand helpless as a child, and watch the wrathful fire, leaping and crackling round his home, knowing that in a few moments the gains of a laborious life would be all consumed; and yet he was calm outwardly. And thus I sat amid the wreck of what had once made life so dear.

There was nothing left now but the watch, and a manuscript giving its history. The watch itself was very valuable, but I would have given it in a moment for one of the little boyish letters which I had first destroyed. I dared not destroy it, for Mr. Gray had no watch, and frequently used this. Ay, I have it! I will dedicate it to his use; it shell no longer be a memento for me, but merely a time piece for Mr. Gray. The manuscript I will copy, lest the sight of that familiar handwriting should make my heart swerve one moment from its duty. I carried it at once and hung it over Mr. Gray's writing desk. When I came back, I sat down beside the white ashes on the hearth, weak and exhausted from my self-inflicted torture. I think there was self-righteousness in my heart, for I knelt, and thus I prayed: "Oh, my Father, accept this sacrifice, and enable me to be faithful unto death to "-my husband, I tried to say, but alas! the word died on my lip, and I murmured, "to him to whom I owe affection and duty." Alas, alas! the peace which I sought came not, and my poor heart seemed further than ever from it.

I resolved that, as I was now entering on a new period of life, I would take a retrospect of the past, then look the door, throw the key away, and live for the present. Yes-to-morrow I will write a history of my life thus far, and then commit it to the flames. This review of the past is a sad pleasure, sometimes permitted to the dying.

This garret window is very pleasant. I have washed it, and the little glass panes are clear as crystal, and admit the warm beams of the October sun. I can see the sky, which is very clear and blue to day, and the distant hills. They are little spurs of the Green Mountains, and look blue too, because of their distance, I suppose; and nearer are orchards, where the fruit hangs ripening in the sun, catching the gold and the crimson hues which this great source of light and heat so freely gives, but giving, is not impoverished. I can see, also, many little farmhouses scattered among the hills. I know the faces of some of the dwellers already, for almost all go to my husband's church. I cannot see "Elmwood" from here, and I am very glad, for it would recall thoughts to which I must forbid entrance to my heart. From our guest-chamber below I can see it, and the Fairy room too, and I am not sure but I could even see the picture. That room would not do for me, and I am glad it is consecrated to hospitality.

There is a little gem of a house in a green nook at the foot of a hill, yonder. It is half hidden by trees and shrubbery, but I can see the bow window, filled now with plants in bloom; and in the yard near is a baby's carriage, and a little girl is drawing her prayers."

1.20

baby brother, now and then stopping to give him | "Betsey, do n't you think there is something in flowers. We are invited to visit there to morrow, for the dark over there ?" Mr. Reed, the owner of the pretty place, has just "Lat no, child; it's nothing but one of your brought home a young wife, to cheer his own soll- freeks. There's nothing troubles good children." tude, and be a mother to those two children. Poor That was cold comfort, for I had been told that

for us.

darlings, and incline her heart unto you."

want. He was at once installed as her favorite, and the foot of the bed, and said, "There, lie still : Joe justly too; she seemed pleased to have him by her side, and took great pains to dress him tastefully.

On the other hand, I was kept out of sight as much | had black man come down the chimney?" as possible; the excuse being that I was not well, and needed quiet. She brought with her a domestic who seemed to be completely subservient to her will; -great many birdies lose their mothers, and fall, indeed, my stepmother was one of those strong, im- Go to sleep now, and say what she used to sing: perious natures, requiring perfect submission from those who would live at peace with her. Toward those who would yield their will to hers, she was genial as a summer day; but the least impatience of restraint, the budding of rebellion, was met with the sternest resistance; and she possessed a wonderful facility in torturing those who did not please her.

She had been in the family a few weeks, when some of her relatives came to visit us. I remember well how fretful I had been all day, owing, perhaps. to a headache, which, during the hottest hours, seemed almost insupportable. I needed a very forbearing nurse, and no doubt taxed the patience of my mother, who never had had the care of the children. I could n't cat the supper provided for me, and petu- last night, and I slept with her, and she kissed me." lantly teased for some custards which were prepared "I don't like her a bit," I said. "I hate her, and for my mother's guests. "Take the child to bed." I wish I was buried up in the ground, close to my id my mother, sternly, "she is too naughty a child mother. I won't call her mother any more." to stay with us."

"Come along," said Betsey, as she went up stairs. My sleeping room was in the third story.

"Send Willie, too," I said.

"No, Willie is going to sit up and see the company.".

"I do n't want to go alone," I said, and began to

"No, you are not going now, Willie," said my mother; "run into the other room and see the ladies."

He hesitated, and looked as if he would rather have gone with me. "Obey me," said my mother, with a shade of sternness which Willie's disposition would not allow him to resist. "Now, Betsey, take that child to her room, and let me hear no more from her to-night."

"Why, Mrs. Lee, you never saw such a little scarecrow as that child is; she's afraid of her own shadow. You could n't hire her to go into a dark room by herself, and her aunt told me that she had never been to bed alone."

go hard with you if I am found in your room to tender and gentle with me as any mother with an night."

Her look and voice made me tremble; but in my dread of the solitude, I asked if Willie might come

"No, not to night; I'll find another place for him, and teach you not to be so timid."

If a thunder clap had broken over my head, I could not have been more startled; and at this distance of time the agony those words caused me, comes back to my heart more vividly than almost any other sorrow of my childhood. I was too frightened to shed tears, but stood still, unable to move.

"Go, child; why do you wait?"

I did not stir from my place; her anger, awful as it was, seemed not so bad as a night of solitude. "Take her up, Betsey, and if she resists, I will find a way to make her go by herself."

Betsey's presence, even for a little while, was some comfort, and I lay passive in her arms. She un. a little bed for Willie in your room, and Bertha dressed me, and I said, to prolong the time, "You'll may sleep alone for the present." hear me say my prayers and hymns, wont you, Betвеу ?"

just as well. It will make no difference any way; said, "Joe, I wish I had died with the fever." 'taint likely God will hear naughty children's

mant he really thinks such a thing possible. How I was a bad child, till I sincorely believed there my heart yearns over the little ones! A few years, was n't a naughtier child in the place; but someand other children will fill the house, and she who how, when I tried the hardest to be good I failed. 1 believes that she can gather these motherless ones always had a headache, or my limbs ached, or my to her heart, and love them as her own, will find a teeth troubled me, or my poor feet were swollen with new and strange feeling filling her bosom, and hence- chiliblains-some physical suffering that made me forth she will "strive to do her duty" to these; but irritable and prevish-so that no one had patience alas for children who have not a mother's love to with the but Willie, who always tried to act the part rest upon, in all their little joys and sorrows. I am of comforter. Betsey hurried down stairs, and I told there are good mothers in law in this world. I was left alone. There was no one in the story in believe it, because I know there are angels here in which I slept, nor in the rooms below. The servants disguise. But we see them seldom. Ah me! how were in the basement, my mother and her friends in my memory runs back to one sad night of my own the parlor, and my father in Boston. I thought he childhood. I have a very shadowy, indistinct re might perhaps have befriended me if he were at membrance of the tears and gloom, the dying bed, home, though I had some doubt on that point, for he the weeping friends. I was aroused from sleep—as appeared to yield his own wishes to my mother's was my little brother who slept beside me-and will. It grew quite dark, and the room was peopled taken to my mother, who lay pale and speechless in with all sorts of creatures peering at me from every bed. My father lifted me in his arms, lay my cheek corner; my head ached very hard, and my face was to hers, and she kissed me-oh, so tenderly !- then burning hot. I drew the bed clothes over my face, he gave me to my aunt, and taking my little brother, shut my eyes, and kept saying, " Now I lay me down I heard him say, "Kiss mamma, Willie." And then to sleep." The heat was insufferable, and I breathed his own grief overcame him, and he bowed his head with difficulty; so once in awhile I would raise the and wept. It was all strange to me, end I wondered clothes to admit a little air, and then venture to what it meant; for I was too young to understand peep out to see if those horrible faces were still death; and when all the outward symbols were peering at me, or were coming near. For awhile there, the next day—the darkened room, the coffin, there was perfect stillness, but suddenly there was a the pall, the subdued voices and hushed steps-my rumbling noise in the chimney close to my head; curiosity only was excited; and day after day went my hearing was sharpened, and I listened closely; by, and still I did not understand it. But there there was no mistake-there was the noise again; a came a time when the full agony of a mother's loss beating against the sides of the chimney, as if some came over me; and to this hour I feel my first great one were descending. I remembered my mother's pitiless face, and dared not cry out. "God won't There came a day, when my little brother and my hear naughty children," Betsey had said, so there self were very much delighted because the house was no use in praying. My fever heat passed away, was full of carpenters, and we had plenty of blocks and was succeeded by an icy coldness. For a moto make baby houses, and pretty shavings to pile up ment all was still, and then a sudden noise, a faint in heaps, and the pictures from the old wall paper cry of distress, and a sound as of something falling to cut out, and the pounding of hammers, and whist from the chimney upon the hearth, then a fluttering ling and singing of the men, all afforded fine sport as of wings. I could bear no more, but rushed from my bed down the first flight of stairs: further I did "You are going to have a new mother," said the not venture; for if my mother should send me back, head carpenter to us one day—he was a whitcheaded, what. would become of me? One flight of stairs pleasant looking old man, and he put his hand on led to the hall door, and turned at the first landing, my head, as he spoke, and said: "God bless you, my so that I could secrete myself from the view of any one coming in or going out; here I could hear voices, She was a tall, stately woman, and I shrunk away and felt safe, but I was deathly cold, and shivered from her. No wonder she did not take a fancy to in my night gown as if I had an ague fit. The me, for I was a pale, sickly looking child, inheriting clock struck cleven, and I was still there, leaning a nervous temperament, and a hasty temper. Not my head against the balusters, when cousin Joe so with my brother; he was bright, joyous and came down stairs, and taking me in his arms, whishealthy; and when I ran away and hid myself, and | pered me not to say a word, but carried me back to refused to say, "Mother," insisting upon it that my my room, and covering me with the blankets, said, mother was in the picture up stairs, Willie kissed "Yes, yes-no, no; never mind, Joe is here, he'll her, and took the sugar plums which I said I did not stay :" and taking a chair, he leaned his head upon

> will stay and take care of Sisy." "Joe," I asked, in an earnest whisper, "has the

> "Yes, yes-no, no, Sisy, it is only the chimney swallows; the little birdies have lost their mothers

> > 'Hush, my dear; lie still and slumber; Holy angels guard thy bod.'"

How soothing were those words. I put out my hand for Joe to take, and as he held it I fell asleep. When I awoke the next morning the sun was shining in my room, and I rubbed my eyes and thought. "How glad I am it was a dream ;" but when I looked for Willie, he was not by my side, and then I remembered all the events of the night. Soon Willie came running in and singing-

"Get up, little Sisy; the sun is so bright."

"I don't want to get up," I said. "But mother says get up and come to breakfast. like mother, Sisy; she gave me custards and cake

"Oh, you ugly child, to talk so l" said Betsey, who caught the last words. "You had better mind her,

anyway, and come down, or you'll catch it." "Yes, Sisy, do come," said Willie.

I tried to rise, but my feet had no sooner touched the floor than I fainted. When I came to myself. my mother was rubbing me, and looking a little frightened. The doctor was sent for, who said that "I'll go too, Sisy," said my brother, "only do n't I had the scarlet fever, and must be very carefully watched, for my temperament was such, he feared it would go very hard with me. During the sickness which followed, I had all proper care and attention from my mother; there was little tenderness and no love; but there was no neglect. I took my medicine from my father or Joe. My mother had taken a great dislike to the latter, and wished to exclude him from the room, but I plead so carnestly with my father for Joe, that he was allowed to stay. Willie was sent away for fear of contagion, and Charlie's mother would not let him come. I should have had many lonely hours if Joe had not been there; for a few days, when the fever was at its height, he would come down at midnight and ask my father, "Does she breathe yet?" "Will she die, uncle?" and the "Then it is high time that she was taught better; reply was, "No, Joe, we hope she will not die; the take her to her room, and shut the door when you doctor thinks he can cure her; go back to bed." come out; and, turning to me, she added-"if I hear But he never would go unless they promised him a word from you I shall come up myself; and it will that if I grew worse he should be called. He was infant; and it was an odd sight to see that strange. looking, half idiot boy, smoothing a sick girl's pillow. combing her hair, feeding her with gruel, and as I got better, even playing baby house with me, and dressing the dolls. It was a long time after I was convalescent before I was able to go to school, and during that period my mother said little or nothing to me, allowing me to have my own way when it did not clash with her wishes. This letting alone system did very well; but there was all the time a longing for something which I could not define. I was too young to know that it was my own mother's warm, loving heart that I needed, and her bosom to rest upon. As I grew stronger, one day toward spring my mother said to Betsey-

"I have not forgotten that I have got to cure that child of her foolish fears. She is well enough now, and I mean to begin this very night; you may put

I was playing with my dolls in the kitchen chamber, and heard the remark. I ran out and found "No, I can't stop-you can say 'em by yourself Joe, who was piling wood in the wood house, and

'He dropped his armful of wood, and sitting down on a large log, drew me close to his side.

"Then Jos would die, too!"

" Would you, Joe, certain, true?" "Yes, Joo would."

"Joe, she says I am to sleep all alone now. I'm afraid, Joe-I'm so afraid, I'd rather die i" Joo laughed and rubbed his hands. "Yes, yes-

no, no! Joe will fix it-Sisy keep still!" and he jumped up and went to his work, laughing and saying, "Joo will fix it. Joo will fix it!"

With this assurance, I went to bed, at my mother's command, without any complaint; and as soon as the house was still, Joe made his appearance, and, wrapping himself in a blanket, slept upon the floor. It was so for some nights, and I think my mother was rather disappointed at my non resistance. But alas! Joe had the unfortunate habit of snoring, and Betsey was one of those nervous, tea drinking old maids that could never sleep unless her bed-quilt was squared, her pillow a certain height, her door locked, and the house still. On this night she was awakened by the snoring, and jumping up, full of indignation at this disturbance, she hastened into my room, with the intention, probably, of giving me a sharp, shrill scream awakened the household, and my mother came up to know the cause. Poor Joe was banished to his little kitchen chamber, and was hereafter to be locked in at night.

Oh, those dreary nights that followed! Even now as I write, memory stirs the bitter waters in my soul. I often laid awake till after midnight, listening for every sound, and fancying that I saw strange faces in my chamber. The severe discipline only increased my timidity, and made me turn from a darkened room and a lonely house with terror. The effect was soon evident in the loss of health; I grew pale and thin, and so weak that I could with difficulty ascend the two flights of stairs to my bed room. Children seldom complain unless they suffer actual pain, and I received the severe reproofs of my mother, for my listlessness and neglect, with an indifference that angered her exceedingly. At last the brain began to tell the story of over-excited nerves in severe and protracted headaches-those blinding, crushing headaches that prostrate the whole system, and leave the sufferer a passive object of pity to the hardest heart.

I well remember one of them. I sat in a dark room, in my little chair, leaning my head upon the couch. My mother came in, and seeing me thus,

"The doctor orders an emetic for these headaches and you had better take one this afternoon. I must attend the meeting of the 'Maternal Association,' myself, but Mrs. Towle will take care of you."

I made no reply, for I had found resistance to her will vain, but I longed to plead for a little rest, first, a little delay, till my father came home to watch beside me. Mrs. Towle was a washer-woman, who came to our house once a week to do the family washing, and was then at her task; but at my mother's request, she remained after her work was done, and acted as nurse. At first I felt unwilling to have whisnered to herself. "Poor little lamb! What folks do n't know nothing;" and she sat down in her chair, and took up a stocking which she was knit- keep house." ting for one of her boys.

Here, then, was sympathy; and my heart warmed toward the poor, worn woman who was having a hard struggle with life. After some minutes I turned toward her.

"Mrs. Towle, did you know my mother?"

"Know your mother? Why, la! child, I knowed seemed to be I felt as bad as I did when my own and, to tell the truth, I can't do one of them." darter Jennie was laid in the grave. She was a "But I can," I said, brightening up. "I have pretty creter when she was married-you'll never done every one, and got them right, too." be as handsome as she, and then she always had a smile and a kind word for every one. When the me. I'll run and get uncle's slate, and you'll do minister read and prayed at Jennic's funeral, he re- them for me, wont you, Bertha?" peated a nice varse of poetry, something like this:

'The angels are waiting to welcome her home.' my mind the minute I heard that your mother was know."

her children now?"

The poor woman laid down her knitting, and her eyes filled with tears, as she said:

"Why, darling, I aint certain on that point; sometimes it seems all dark and dreary beyond the grave, and then again there's a streak of light way through the dark valley to a bright world beyond. Sometimes I think it is Jennie that puts such pleasant dreams into my mind nights when I'm very tired, and they rest me so sweetly. She comes and leads me to a pleasant seat amid flowers and trees and brooks, and when I'm resting she says: Now, mother, you need n't wash any more; God will feed and clothe the little ones, and give you rest,' and after that dream I go to sleep again and have peace till morning. I'll say a piece of poetry to you that Jennie copied for me to read before she died. She said: 'Mother, you must think I am saying it to you when I am gone:

Do I forget? Oh, no; For memory's golden chain Shall bind my heart to the hearts below, Till they meet to touch again.'"

I say it over and over sometimes when I'm washing, and it's a great comfort to me; but I never saw Jennie as plain as Mrs. Foster saw her children. Ye see she had buried four children, one after another, and her heart was most broken; but what made it harder to bear was, the doctrine that the minister preached. He believed that little children were lost; that they went right away to the wicked place where bad spirits dwell. Now, ye see, this made Mrs. Fos. ter e'enamost crazy, and she could n't work days nor sleep nights. At last, one night, after she had wept and wept till she had no more tears to shed, she laid down and tried to sleep. It may be she did sleep; most folks think she did, but I do n't know; at any rate, she says that she saw a beautiful angel clothed in white enter her room, leading her four little children. These children were smiling and happy, and came to their mother's bedside and stood a moment with their angel guide, as if to assure her of their happiness, and then vanished. Mrs. Foster was comforted, and did not mourn for her children after this visit. There now, darling, you are pale and weak; shut your eyes and I'll sing one of Jennio's songs to you, and may be you 'll sleep."

CHAPTER VI.

"COUBIN JOE."

Winter passed; my headaches continued and our family physician frankly acknowledged that he had no confidence in the power of drugs in my case. "Bend her to a farm-house in the country." he said: "perhaps a milk diet and fresh air will do more for her than my skill."

Wise man and good doctor! you little thought that in after years, when your powdered head should be lying low in the graveyard on the hill, and your gold-headed cane laid away as an old family relie, that the little pale child whose strange headache puzzled you so much, should live to bless you memory, and thank you from the bottom of her heart for that simple prescription.

Now it happened that Charlie Herbert had an uncle that lived about two miles from Oldbury, on a large farm. Our families had been long acquainted, and I had often visited there with Charlie. Thither my father resolved to send me for the summer. My mother seemed rather pleased than otherwise, though she said I should get such rude ways that her task severe pinch, when she stumbled over poor Joe. Her would be very hard on my return. Willie was to come out once a week, and Charlie said, with a little pomposity in his manner, "he rather thought he should farm it a little during the summer, and should be there often."

It was a large, rambling old house, with a great many rooms, and odd corners and cupboards, and a garret that Charlie and I were never tired of exploring. Charlie came nearly every day, and sometimes he would remain for a week at a time. We fed the chickens, and the two big cats, and the three little kittens, and the cosset lamb, and gave them all names. We had a swing in the barn, and another, made of an old grape vine, suspended from two trees down by the brook; and we had a play-house on some rocks by the pond, and another for rainy days in the high barn where there was plenty of hay.

It was wonderful how fast I gained my health vithout rhubarb or senna, or even sulphur and molasses.

"Why, Bertha, you are growing fat," said Charlie, one day, as we sat together on the door-step eating our bread and milk; "and if you should stay here a long while, perhaps you would look as pretty as Bell Ruby."

"Oh no, Charlie, I shall never be as pretty as Bell Ruby, because she has such bright eyes and red cheeks."

"I don't like to play with her very well," said Charlie, " because she always wants her own way all the time."

"And you want yours, Charlie, and so that makes trouble." "Well, Bertha, it comes natural to boys to want their own way, and they like girls that are not al-

ways wishing to direct them." "But I think if the girls are smarter than the boys, they should direct." I said.

"Now I'll tell you just my notion about these matters," said Charlie. We were sitting on the hay her with me, but when I became much exhausted, in the barn, and I remember he had on his new and lay my head upon the pillow, with my eyes spencer; it was the first he had worn, and it made closed as in sleep, she came near me, and smoothing him look almost like a man, buttoned up so nicely my hair and laying the quilt carefully over me, she with brass buttons, and set off with a white collar and black bow. He had taken off his cap, and his would her blessed mother say? I do n't know about hair was moist, (for we had been playing hard,) and leaving sick children at home, to go to them sewing curied all over his head. "I think boys ought to be meetings and praying circles—seems to me that aint smart, and work, go to sea, fight battles, make roads the right kind of religion; but I suppose we poor and keep the world in motion; and girls ought to be good and pretty, and make nice cake and pies, and

> "Oh dear!" I said to myself, "I am neither good nor pretty, and I do n't think I should like to be cooking all day, like Betsey," and so I said nothing, but kept playing with the hay, and no doubt looking very sedate.

"What makes you look so solemn, Bertha? Your face is as long as mine was when Mr. Page gave me her ever since she was born; and when she died, it three pages of sums in Federal money last night,

" Hurrah !" said Charlies "

"I'll show you, Charlie, and then you can do them yourself. But-but, Charlie, that will be directing And sure as I'm here, those words came right into you. Girls should n't be smarter than boys, you

"Pshaw, Bertha, I was only talking of girls in "Mrs. Towle," I said, as I looked carnestly at her, general. I did n't mean you. You do n't seem like do you believe my mother knows anything about anybody else to me. We've always been together so much, that we do n't care who goes ahead. Now, you see, you are a better scholar than I am. You always got above me in spelling." - -

"I should n't, if you would only listen to me when I whisper to you how to spell the words."

"Catch . me going up in that way! That's trading on borrowed capital, as your father would say. No; I like to have you get up to the head. You always look prettier there, because your little pale cheeks grow so bright, and you look straight down on the floor, so funny! But Bell Ruby, when she gets up, holds her curly head so high, and looks all round, as if she wanted every one to see how smart she is. I believe, after all, I do n't like these handsome girls best, for they are always wanting to show off." And he bounded away into the house, leaving, as he always did, an opiate for any pain he might have inflicted.

He worked hard at his sums, but it was a long time before he could see into decimals, and once or twice he said it was of no use to try; but I was patient, and he conquered. Then we hunted eggs, and I carried my apron and he his cap full into the house, and they gave us each a huge slice of gingerbread and a glass of milk. Then we went down to the brook, and crossed over on the narrow board bridge. Now it was his turn to lead, and he laughed to see me tremble so; but he put his arms round me, and told me he was strong, and if I should fall in he could pull me out. When we came back, he wanted me to try and walk alone.

"Hold your head up, and look straight ahead, and walk on as if you were afraid of nothing. That's the way I'm going through the world."

Encouraged by him, I had no fear. And thus we spent the summer. I was pronounced very much . improved when I went home in September to go to school again; and the doctor said that he should try the same method with other patients.

It was a mild autumn evening when my father came for me, and he was much pleased at my im-provement, but he seemed less sociable than usual. As he lifted me from the carriage and set me down in the hall, he wispered: "Go up very still into your mother's room. You

will find something there that you will like very much to see." TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

#### CORA L. V. HATCH At Dodworth's Hall, New York, Bunday Morning, June 20th, 1859,

[The Ninth of a Series of Ten Discourses by Mrs. Hatch on "The Sciences and Their Philosophy." Reported for the Banner of Light by E. F. Underhill and A. Bowman.]

THE ROMISH CHURCH.

One week ago to day we called your attention to the religion of the Mahometans, in which we pointed out concisely our conception of the rise and progress of the Mahometan religion: We announced as our theme on this occasion what is termed the Roman Catholic Church, and more properly the Romish Church, as no religion is catholic which cannot embody in its tenets the whole world of manking. But ag the world catholic the whole world of mankind. But as the word catholic signifies a universal or the only religion, it of course cannot be applicable to the Romish Church, which is above all others the most isolated. Therefore it is the Romish, or the Roman Catholic Church, if you choose,

Atomish, or the Robinson Catholic Children, if you choose, its Origin, its Influence, and its probable Effects.

Modern history, with which you are all more or less familiarly acquainted, is not what we design to repeat. You are all aware of the present condition of the itomish Church, its influence, its power, its ecclesiastical dynastics, and its control. You all understand the dynastics, and its control. You all understand the resources of its mechanism. Its perfect immovable structure you all understand, as well as the extent of its power in the present. It is not that which we intend to tell you. Its origin perhaps very few, excepting those who have studied ancient history—especially the history of the Christian Church—understand. That it was the first especial ecclesiastical religion. known as Christian, you all know. That its emblem is the cross, you also understand. But whence it was

derived—what is its essential peculiar organization—how and in what manner the cross was introduced, as its fundamental standard, perhaps you do not know.

In the earliest ages of the Christian religion, especially after Jesus and his disciples had passed away, very little of zeal or organization or harmony existed among them. They were divided into sections and different parties, each of whom had a respected apostle, whom they conceived to be the most perfect interpreter. whom they conceived to be the most perfect interpreter of Christ's teachings. But all the apostles chosen by Jesus had each a different version of the Christian religion, and this was extended so far that each person who became a disciple of the Christian religion also became his own interpreter, until books, in great abundance, and manuscripts enough to fill this whole building, were written as interpreters of the Christian doctrine, and of the history and life of Christ. Paul is supposed to be the first apostle who introduced into Rome the Christian religion, and Paul's version of the Christian religion certainly is most perfect as such, and also the most logical, and embodies in its theory and also the most logical, and embodies in 18 theory all the fundamental principles, not only of Christ, but also of ancient Jewish organizations, but avoids the errors of the Jewish religion, introducing in its stead all the perfectness and harmony of Christ's teachings, embellishing his life and character with beauty, perfectness and glory. And Paul himself, though in person diminutive and in presence small, was still the most powerful advocate of the Christian religion. He first visited Rome—of his treatment you are well aware —and organized secretly what were known as Bishoprics, different sects, corresponding to the present secret

Botieties which exist in our own city, if you please.

These were secret, and not known to the general government, or to the musses who were worshipers of the Pagan religion. These first were organized, and in the different departments of the Christian religion in the different departments of the Christian religion they were designed to have a bearing, not only upon the spiritual welfare, but also upon the material departments of life. Councils were in the meantime formed; and in these councils different selections were made of rulers and leaders, who should represent the body of Christians, and who should organize such laws and such restrictions as were required to carry on more successfully their purposes. At last the government permitted them to choose a place or position which should render them a portion of the government, and the object of which was strictly selfish on the part of the rulers then in Rome; for, aside from political ambition, personal aggrandizement was an especial object of that then rulers. To achieve this, they must have some mysterious power aside from the known religion, which could not be introduced, from its nature, into which could not be introduced, from its nature, into

the plan of government.
Therefore, by the strictest policy, Constantine, one Therefore, by the strictest policy, Constantine, one of the holdest monarchs that over ruled in Italy or elsewhere, assumed the Christian religion at the council of Nice, simply to subserve his own; purposes, and by that assumption it became a portion of the government under his reign; and by his casting vote, the present Bible, although it has become modified since, was adopted. The way or manner in which it was done, is this: Although there were many councils from the commencement of the Christian religion, those of Trent and Nice were the most important. To select those and Nice were the most important. To select those writings which would most subserve the purposes of religion, ambition, social and physical welfare, was desirable. Therefore, to gratify the masses, all the writings of the different apostles were thrown together. and the devotees, or bishops, of the Christian religion assembled around to pray that the Father, or Christ, would descend, and cause to be selected such portions or such writings as were most acceptable. The masses believed this; but in the meantime a secret body was sent by the various bishoprics to select, absolutely and personally, from the masses of the various apostolic writings, such as were required to form the Bible. These were especially instructed what portions to select, and what doctrines would be most acceptable to the government and policy of the church.

And thus was organized what is now the great lever of civilization, and an including the second with the simulation.

of civilization, and enlightened society, by the simp caprice of a monarch, or of a few bishoprics. Thus was compiled what is now believed to be the sacred Bible of the Christians, whilst manuscripts, composing enough to fill this entire building, were thrown aside

and considered apocryphal.

Now, we do not understand, by way of parenthesis, why it should be given into the power of a few men, who were supposed to have more inspiration than orwho were supposed to have more inspiration than ordinary men, that of selecting a book which should, from all time to all time, be the standard of men's actions, whilst writings which there is no more doubt of their authenticity or inspiration than those which you have, should be thrown aside, and pronounced un worthy or apocryphal. And we do not understand why the New Testament, with its various chapters and epistles, should be taken as a most perfect standard of Christion religion, when thousands upon thousands of epistles have been written, and thrown aside or depronounced unworthy of the considera-

Again; leaving this theme, we do not design following governmental phases, nor enter into the details or the origin of the Romish church. The council of Nice slone would require a week to explain it, and we simbly use it as an illustration of our general theme. As we said before, the Bible was adopted by the casting vote of Constantine, who, for a most selfish and bloody purpose, caused the Christian religion to be adopted. Then came on ecclesiastical organizations; and not until three hundred years after the death of Christ was the symbol of the cross adopted; and it is believed to have been adopted in consequence of the supposed crucifixion of Jesus of Nazareth, but we think we can most positively prove to every intelligent mind that they neither had that in view, and that the crucifixion

itself is a matter of great uncertainty.

First, it was not the custom of the Jews, Egyptians.

or the Romans, to punish through the cross. The Romans had the scourge. The Jews had other processes of punishment, which were various and torturous, but not that of crucilixion. The Egyptians never had such a process of punishment. We are more in clined to think that the emblem of the cross had it. origin in physical causes, for it is positively known to astronomers that it was a belief in ancient astronomy, that a constellation resembling the shape of the cro appeared for several months in the year, and, at the time of the death of Christ, disappeared for about three months. It is supposed that the story—for we must call it such without trespassing upon your religious prejudices—originated, not in the crucifixion of Christ, but in this symbol of the constellation, and that it was introduced into the Catholic Church the more fully to establish the foundation of their religion. more fully to establish the foundation of their religion, and that the bishops and ancient organizers of the church fabricated the story of the crucifixion; for we have no evidence of it in history, except in Biblical history, and, as the Bible itself was compiled by them and through them, and as you have no possible evidence that its interpreters and interpretations have not been strictly in accordance with the objects and wishes of the government at that time. You cannot possibly blame us for not believing in the crucifixion, though we are by no means denouncing Jesus, his life or exwe are by no means denouncing Jesus, his life or example, nor yet the divinity of his mission, the perfect ample, nor yet the winter of the conditions of his power and his wonders. All that we deny is, the simple story of the crucifixion, to which there is given so much merit, yet which we conceive to be without foundation, from the causes which we have

the whole civilized and enlightened world. We can easily understand how it was named the Catholic religion, and how, in that form of Christianity, everything you have is supposed to have been embodled in it. The Catholic Church embodles in its organization the most perfect mechanism of religion in the world. It has all the rituals and ceremonies of Paganism combined with the mysteries and solicity forces. Chief.

blued with the mysteries and religious fervor of Christianity. It has all the wonder of heathenism, of gods tianity. It has all the wonder of leathenism, of gods and goddesses, the spirits and the emblems that lived in wood and stone, and were carved to represent the ruling powers of Paganism, modified to subserve the purposes of the Christian religion. In St. Peter's Church, or cathedral, in Rome, even the statues are preserved that represented the heathen gods; and the statue of St. Peter, who is said to have the keys of heaven in his keeping, is the very statue of Jupiter preserved, and now changed to represent one of the saints of the Catholic Church. So with all the long line of saints that decorate the walls; they were forline of saints that decorate the walls; they were for-merly the gods of the Pagans, now the saints of the Catholics. It is very wonderful that, with all this power of mockery, with this ceremony of religion, the true spirit of inspiration is forgotten; for, though Christ is deified, and the Virgin Mary worshiped, and all the saints have their respective places in the divine link that unites man or the church to God, there is not one primitive element of the Christian religion pre-served which had not existence in the ceremonics of served which had not existence in the ceremonies of Pagans; and though the counting of beads is attended with a prayer, formerly it was used in ancient Egypt with a prayer, formerly it was used in ancient Egypt as a symbol of their religion, now introduced into the Catholic Church simply as an emblem of Christianity. Really, it is remarkable to trace through the Catholic Church up to the Christian, which we have not time to do at present, the symbols, the emblems, the traditions of the heathen images which have been handed down, and introduced as fundamental elements of the Christian church. First, let us analyze what Christian Christian church. First, let us analyze what Christ taught as embodied absolutely in the Christian Bible, which is accepted as the foundation of all religion. He did not teach eccleviastical organization, he did not teach church government, and did not teach any law which should embody in its fundamental princi ples both the Christian and the Pagan religion; he did not teach the building of cathedrals, or the embodi-ment in one man of all the power of nations and of men; he did not teach that any man should represent

But the Catholic Church, in the selection of its nones or pontiffs, proclaims that that pope or pontiff, or that sacred body, shall represent the person and power of Jesus. Chosen principally among the people, the bishops, the cardinals; chosen principally among those who have been heathers, perhaps; chosen among those whose education and knowledge of Jesus is limited; chosen principally among those who have no power of conception of the truthfulness of the religion which has its origin in the soul—these are said to represent the divine image of Jesus the Christ, before whom all the church, and all the people, and all governments, must do homage—for such was the claim of the Catholic re-

ligion.

Formerly, not only the masses, but the rulers and the monarchs must obey the caprice of the man withthe monarchs must obey the caprice of the man without principle, perhaps, and that in support of religion. It has been frequently known that the most learned and the best monarchs of Europe have been summoned to kiss the feet of the Pope, for some supposed or real violation of the law. Napoleon the First is supposed to be, and is, or was, the first monarch who openly dared to violate a command of the Pope, to place his battalions against the very foundation of the Romish government. He defied his power, and received in conveguence the He defied his power, and received in consequence the denunciation of the Pope. But other monarchs before and since his time, in England, in France, in Spain, have bowed before the caprice, the government and control of the church.

The Romish Church not only embodies all the feelings of religion and the ceremonials which are requisite in the adoption of Romish religion, but also applies to every department of human life. The Romish Church not only understands what is essential for the spiritual welfare of its devotees, but everything connected with their material, social and domestic life, is laid open before the church and preserved sacred in laid open before the church and preserved sacred in the confessional—and hence the great power of that organization, which is the secret wheel in the great mechanism of the Romish Church, is positively the lever by which they move the world. They not only understand the experiences of a person's religious life, but every thought and feeling of the soul, every act in domestic life, every idea, every thought, every conception, must be laid before the church, and the church must sit in judgment upon it, whilst in their own secret conferences they maintain all as most secret, never violating a trust or a confidence. Hence origisecret conterences they maintain all as most secret, never violating a trust or a confidence. Hence originates the wonder and power which is sometimes conceived to be a mystery, existing in the Romish Church. Hence the Romish Church is opposed to all advancement, unless that advancement adds to the church; anything of government, anything of intellect, anything of heart, anything of religion outside of the Romish Church, is denounced and forbidden. Within that church, whatever adds to its power, whatever adds to its mystery, whatever adds to its greatness or

adds to its mystery, whatever adds to its greatness or its prosperity, is accepted and even deified.

This is the process of saint-making, Whenever a wonderful tale was related as belonging to the spiritual experience of any devotee to the Cathollo Church, the ancient bishops nominated a committee whose duty it should be to investigate that matter, and if they found it to have a shadow of foundation, record it as one of the miracles of the church. Thus originated all the line of saints, from the first to the latest, which has for the foundation of the Romish Church, built up the

spiritual power of that organization.

Why, just think of it! When you enter a Romish Church, in its full beauty and splendor of architecture. surrounded with its images of art and power, you are almost impelled to become a devotee. Whatever may be the character of your proclivity, that is gratified. If you are fond of music, the sublimest and most perfect that can be obtained is found there. If you are fond of that can be obtained is found there. If you are found art, statury and painting of the most perfect workmanship are there found. If you are fond of order and ceremony, that is found in the most perfect degree. Everything is done by order, everything is mathematical, everything is strictly mechanical; and to the mind which has for its foundation a conception of order in religion, there it is to be gratified. If you are fond of eloquence, it is found there. If you are fond of any-thing which appeals to the intellect, the senses, or the love of the beautiful, all exists in the Romish Church. Therefore the vastness of its power, the number of its devotees, and, even to the present day, the number of its converts. For, aside from the claims of Protestant Christianity, and its absolute advancement, the Romish Church, to this day, has the most influence, and is adcontrol, to this day, has the most inducate, and is advancing rapidly, positively, not with governments, but opposed to them; not with science, but opposed to it; not with any progressive theory or doctrine of the present age, but absolutely opposed to it. Hence all who are conservative, and witness the ordinary progress of religion, and art, and science, outside of the Church, because diagranted and islant the Reman Church. You become disgusted and join the Roman Church. You very seldom have seen a converted Roman Catholic converted to Protestantism. It is an every-day occurrence that Protestants become Catholics. Why? We will toll you. There is so much radicalism in the present Protestant Christian Church, so little conservatism, and the Episcopal Church comes so near to the Catholic, that those who do not choose to become radical. prefer the extreme conservative to that which is half way between, and join the Romish Church. Whenever persons become dissatisfied with even the most liberal persons become dissatisfied with even the most liberal religion which you have, they then commence to the opposite extreme, and become Catholics. You frequently hear of Universalists joining the Catholic Church. You frequently hear of those who have gone beyond Universalism, to an ism which nobody knows what it is, becoming Catholics. Why? Because one extreme follows another. They have gone to the end of the line, and come to the jumping-off place; therefore they must go back and commence over again.

Such is the power and such the claims of the Catholic Church. The very ism, the very doctrine, the very

Church. The very ism, the very doctrine, the very theory, the very experience which helps to aid in its power—that is pronounced sacred by the Church, that is emblazoued as one of its miracles, that is pronounced one of its most sacred results. Pius VII. was imprisoned for several years by Napoleon, and from that time the withdrawal of the Catholic religion in monarchical countries became very apparent. Under the reign of countries became very apparent. Under the reign of Henry XIII., in England, another step was taken to overthrow the power of the Romish Church. And although Protestantism is now the accepted religion of England; although France can scarcely be called Prot estant or Catholic; although it has not for its founda-tion either the power of the Pope or the freedom of the Protestant Church, it still is in such a position as to defy, if necessary, the power and claims of the Catholic Church. Therefore Catholicism must make its progress, not by what it merits, but through the secret, subtle genius of the means which it has in its possession. It must first operate upon the senses; second sion. It must first operate upon the senses; second upon the intellect; and third, and lastly, upon the re-

is given so much merit, yet which we conceive to be without foundation, from the causes which we have explained.

The Catholic Church was so called, as we have said before, from its embracing or meaning the only or universal religion, as there was no other Christian organization, and as the Christian religion superseded in the government of Rome or Italy all Pagan religions, and government of Rome or Italy all Pagan religions, and it was supposed in Rome that it would extend over

of the Catholic Church is also a great item; for when persons are made to believe that if they wish to be saved they must pay for their salvation, they consider it of a great deal more importance than if it is given to them free. Catholics cannot get to heaven free, nor can they purchase a ticket in the commencement which will care them they are the same as the care in the commencement which will carry them through. They must make payments on the route every day, and favor is granted by Delty, by Christ, by the Church. Those who ask the favor must give some pains for it. The reason is obvious; because it is so valuable they prize it more highly; the sins which they commit are more terrible to them, and the confession more easily obtained. We will guaran-tee that if the masses of thinking Protestants could not read for themselves, could not understand why or wherefore they were Protestants, but were obliged not only to have a translator, but also a confessor, whom they were to pay allegiance and money for their souls' salvation, there would be much more sincerity than there now is. For they have been taught by the Protestant religion, that by joining the church they can purchase a ticket through to heaven, without any effort afterwards to obtain salvation. However much the Romish church may bind the soul, prevent the aspirations from attaining their highest development, forbid the possibility of cutertaining higher truths or conceptions of truths in religion, all must acknowledge, intellectually, that the mechanism is most wondrously only to have a translator, but also a confessor, whom tellectually, that the mechanism is most wondrously perfect, and that if you have a religion of forms, a religion which demands ceremonies as its positive evidences of existence, the Romish church is the Church; the Catholic religion, so called, is the religion. For if the soul must have images to represent its conception of Deity, if each conception of religion must be embodied in a form, and each idea of worship must correspond to some positive symbol, and each idea of heaven must be embodied in the emblems of the church, the Romish church is the church of symbols, the church of emblems, the church of positive representations of religion. The devotees at the Romish church have no religion; they have the symbols of religion; have no idea of God but the Pope; have no conception of the Trinity but the various images, and forms, and symbols. and incensed altars, and guilded temples which they enter, before which they bow; have no idea of purga-tory save excommunication from the church. Hence originates the great power. The church is the govern-ment; the church is the controller of every act, every thought, every feeling, every position in life. We are sorry, but it is so, that any religion, or any conception of religion, should be made subservient to, and absolutely superseded by, forms of religion which are life

less.

The Romish Church is like a golden temple of ice, perfect in its architecture, brilliant when the sun's rays shine upon it, transparent in its beauty, perfect in the sun's rays shine upon it, transparent in its beauty, perfect in the sun's in its symmetry, yet lifeless, cold and still—nor yet can it be compared to ice, for the sun's rays will melt that; but to the coldest and rudest of granite, which, being made into a temple, cannot be destroyed—yet, until men and women do their own thinking, till Reuntil men and women do their own thinking, till Republican governments and Protestant religion are made to unite, till the religion of the country and its political conceptions are made to correspond, till Church and State shall be absolutely one, will the Romish Church decrease in power. When men do their own thinking, instead of hiring it done; when men mark out their own way to confession, instead of paying for a passage there; when men understand that by their own thoughts, and not the thoughts of others they own thoughts, and not the thoughts of others, they can obtain salvation; when they understand that for their own deeds they are responsible, and no one else, their own deeds they are responsible, and no one else, to God; when they understand that no atonement—no power of atonement—can wash away the effects of the sins for which they must be responsible; but when, through their conception of the Christian religion. Christ shall be made perfect, beautiful, as he was, his example of humility followed, and his teachings believed and practiced, then alone will the Protestant Church become the church of the world, and the Christian religion he established upon its true foundation. tian religion be established upon its true foundation. Till then Christianized Paganism, in the formation of the Romish Church, will wield its power, and though not openly, will defy the governments of the world in their secret control.

Though the Americans profess to be free; though England professes to be Protestant; though France claims to be independent, the Romish Church has yet more influence in all of these countries than the Protes tant Church, in the power of government on individu tant Church, in the power of government of individuals, blended into one. To-day your city, your government, your country, is controlled by the Romish Church secretly. Its influence is great, its power greater. It is absolutely in force, in government, in control—not as a political institution, not as a portion of your professed government, but by its secret influence upon men, and influence upon the circumstances which shall control your future destiny. This the Romish Church understands, by its most subtle genius; and what it cannot fathom is not worth knowing: and what it cannot fathom is not worth knowing what it has not in its power to fulfill, from its secret knowledge, and means of obtaining knowledge, is not worth knowing. Positive, mechanical, mathematical organization, is essential to the prosperity of every political or religious institution. Such is requisite in the Protestant Church, such is absolutely needed, and such there shall be; and religion, which shall satisfy such there shall be; and religion, which shall satisfy not only the vast masses of truth-seekers and progressive minds, but also those who have attained to a high standard of moral perfection, yet have no religion to correspond. Until Protestantism shall develop such a religion, the Romish Church will hold its sway and power. We are not speaking of this to detract from your government, for it is the most perfect in the world; to detract from your religion, for better have a religion which is living aven though it is not perfect religion which is living, even though it is not perfect, than one which is dead; better have a soul without a body, than a body without a soul.

in this present discourse, is the idea that the power of government that has existed, must exist so long as the Roman Catholic Church remains an organization, an institution. What the result of revolutions and changes that are occurring now will be, no one pretends to foretell or prophecy. We are not prophetic, though we may fancy ourselves, for the time being, to stand upon the pedestal of prophecy, and proclaim that neither the power of the Romish Church, nor the ambition of selish monarchs, or rulers, or emperors, can ever thwarf nsn monarcus, or rulers, or emperors, can ever thwart the purposes of universal advancement. All war must now be brief, all political combinations must be divi-ded, and all absolute tyranny must, from the very necessity of its existence, cease to exist. Though am-bition may take the place of virtue and justice, and though speculation, and aggrandizement of self-love, of power-love, of prosperity, may animate the bosoms of those who are now contending for nothing, the result will be just the achievement of nothing; whilst liberty, and justice, and Christianity, with its highest and holiest ends, will march up the steep of time, bearing all nations in its train, and bid them look upward, and higher, still higher, for universal freedom, religion and salvation.

Written for the Banner of Light. A MEDIUM'S PRAYER.

BY GRANVILLE HARRIS.

Sphere, where my Spirit dwells, thy influx give, And permeate my being, while I live Here on this dull, cold earth, where troubles mar, And keep the fluctuant minds of men ajar.

Give of your love, give of your wisdom too, That I may clearly see my passage through The labyrinths of errors that give birth To all the sorrows of this darksome earth.

Spirits of that bright sphere, where mine may soar Whon time and flesh with me shall be no more, Attend, and guide me with your purer light, While here a wanderer with Time and Night.

Teach me while here such love as you enjoy. Which lust and selfishness cannot annoy; That love by which all nature's works are swayed-Love for all creatures that were ever made.

Teach me to aid the sick, to lead the poor From dire oppression up to plenty's door; To lift the fallen ones from low desires. To where the purest soul of earth aspires.

Teach me to cheer the hearts of those who greive. And say farewell to loved ones when they leave The dark abodes of earth; teach me the way To make them know their loved ones live for aye.

Sphere, where my Sphit dwells, your influx give. Spirits of that bright sphere around me live, And through me send that light around the earth, Which speaks to mortals of a higher birth.

Let your light shine through me while I am here: And when my soul shall go to your bright sphere. Where now my spirit dwells, your "will be done On earth " as now, through a more worthy one.

It is idle to talk of drowning care; we do bu sharpen the sting of the scorpion we carry within Written for the Banner of Light. MRS., EMILY CLARE.

BY J. ROLLIN M. SQUIRE.

Oh, I saw you, Mrs. Emily Clare, As you rodo yesterday down Broadway, And I saw the predestrians stop and stare, As your splendld equipage rolled away.

On your lip I marked the withering scorn, Which I knew you left for the moving tide. And I thought myself how the lawly born Were pulled by wealth to unfortunate pride,

You saw me too, as your carriage rolled by, And gasped for breath, Mrs. Emily Clare; Is happiness yours, with the memory Of having been false for glitter and glare? Porhaps you remember the lowly cot

That stands alone at the foot of the hill? Ah me, I know that you have n't forgot, For memory with me is clamoring still ! Can you recall how you solemnly swore Faith to a love which was then and there told?

But your heart was all tinsel, tinsel, no more, And now you are living a lie for gold! I'll go my way-Oh, I pity your care-

And you go yours, in your splondid carriage; God give you strength, Mrs. Emily Clare, To face the fate of a leveless marriage.

Oh, I saw you, Mrs. Emily Clare, As you rode yesterday down Broadway, And I saw the pedestrians stop and stare, As your splondid equipage relied away.

#### INDIAN WARS.

A meeting to consider the condition of the Indians in our Territories, was held in the Old South Church on the 11th ult., at which, after an address by Mr. John Beeson, a committee was appointed to prepare a report upon the subject for publication. The following is the report prepared in accordance with the vote of the meeting. It is signed by W. H. Pillow as chairman, and Benj. F. Nutting as secretary.

REPORT It is generally assumed that border wars are attributable to the savage nature of the Indians. But some who are well acquainted with their character, believe that if they were fairly dealt with, there would be no difficulty. The late Dr. McLaughlin, of Oregon, assured one of the committee that during a period of fifty years as an Indian trader, twentythree of them passed as Superintendent of the Hudson Bay Company, he had seen no trouble with the Indians but what was promptly settled on principles of equity; that their distinguishing characteristic is a love of justice, and that even their retaliations arise from their belief that the Great Spirit requires that the wrong doer should suffer.

Webster, under the word savage, says that our American Indians are remarkable for their hospitality to strangers and for their fidelity to friends." Thus it seems that the vulgar idea in regard to the savage nature of the Indian is a mistake. We are assured of this, also, by the historic fact, that under the administration of Wm. Penn and his followers there were no Indian wars, and that not a drop of Quaker blood shed by an Indian has ever moistened the soil of this continent. And in one of the reports of the Indian Superintendent, it is said that "the Indians have never been the first to break a treaty." With a people who are thus characterized for their hospitality, fidelity, and love of justice, it may well be asked, how are Indian wars begun? We have the answer in the report of Commissioner Manypenny for 1857, as follows:

"They (the Indians) have been left herotofore comparatively "Thisy (the Indians) have been left heretofore comparatively unprotected from volonce and wrong, inflicted upon them by unprincipled white men under the influence of unbridled passion, or in pursuit of their own venal ends, by such as are unworthy the name. They are often cruelly beaten in mere wantonness. The revenge that follows becomes the general thome, unaccompanied by the circumstances of the cruel provocations which gave it birth; a border war springs up between the resident tribes and the pioneer settlers, who are really trespassers upon their lands, and the strong arm of government being invoked, wars are carried on at vust expense, and sometimes to the annihilation of entire tribes."

This explains the whole matter.

This explains the whole matter. The Indians are not regarded as having any claim to respectful treatment, or to a home in the place of their birth; and so destitute of humanity do some who go among them appear to be, that they think of the Indians only as objects upon whom to gratify their avarice and their lowest propensities.

Hence we read in a despatch from Gen. Wool, during the late war in Oregon, that a family of seven Indians, consisting of a father and son, son's wife and four children, in company with Colonel Meek, being sent with despatches from Fort Vancouver to Fort Dallas, on the way they were met by a company of volunteer troops, who, in spite of the re of Colonel Meek, put them all to death under circumstances of extreme cruelty. And we learn from a late Oregon paper, that three industrious and civilized Indians, who had for several years maintained their families by farming, were shot by white men, their families driven away, and their improved land taken possession of by their murderers.

We have also another account in an Oregon paper, which shows that these barbarities have the sanction of government, or at least of government officials. The Oregon Argus says that a band of seventy Indians were induced to put themselves under the care of the sub-Agent, by his offer to protect them on their way to the reservation; but instead of doing so, he engaged a number of armed men to place themselves on the opposite side of a river which they had to ford, and while the Indians were crossing it, the command was given to fire, by which all the men, to the number of thirty, were either shot dead or drowned. The writer adds that it was heartrending to see the misery and wretchedness of these forty women and children, thus cruelly made to witness the massacre of their husbands and fathers.

In the Boston Ledger of Monday, July 20, a Texas correspondent gives an account of an Indian who was plied with "fire-water," then scalped, and his "arms fastened behind him with an oak stick thrust through the fleshy parts," and in this horrible condition was sent back to his tribe. The writer of the letter boasts of having been an actor in the deed.

When men claiming a Christian civilization, and calling themselves American citizens, can thus glory in their shame, it is time to stop speaking of the In dians as "the savages."

Those who properly appreciate the Indian character, know well how keenly he feels the insult and injustice of such treatment. For though he may be naked and penniless, he nevertheless is the possessor of noble qualities and conscious dignity. If ignorance of arts and science constitute the savage, then a large portion of our own people are "savages;" and it is indisputable that if a ferocious and cruel conduct are the distinguishing traits of the savage, then we have in the foregoing facts the strongest evidence, that whether Indians are or are not savages, the barbarous perpetrators of the cruelties above described deserve the name. But it does not follow that because of the defective organization or education of our fellow citizens who thus manifest more of the brute than the human creature, that they should be therefore treated as outcasts, and excluded from the sympathy and protection of mankind. And it is equally clear that the Indians, even though they were the only savages, should not be thus excluded from all that is generous and good.

These considerations are of vital importance, because it is mainly owing to a want of knowledge and appreciation of the true character and condition of the Indians that our frontiers are so frequently involved in war. The Indians are beaten, robbed outraged, and murdered, by reckless men, and when they turn upon their oppressors, as the worm turns upon the foot that crushes it, the provocations are not thought of, while the resistance is proclaimed throughout the country as a savage outbreak; and, instead of giving them redress, mistaken writers add insult to outrage by such articles as the follow-

ing which we take from the Cincinnati Railroad Recorder and Commercial Advertiser of a recont date. After speaking of the Indians as "hell hounds," the article says that "they have nothing but what is held in common with the wolf, and the conner government deals with them as it deals with that worthless animal, the better."

worthless animal, the better."

A correspondent of the Newburyport (Mass.)
Herald, says, "that it is impossible to humanize or
Christianize them, and that the only baptism which
they deserve, is the baptism of the sword."

It is no wonder that the purer instinct of the Indian repudiates such Christianity as these writers
seem to possess. Their language indicates a depth
of depravity, only equalled by that shown by those
who commit the enormities which they advise, and
it is to be regretted that sentiments so opposed to it is to be regretted that sentiments so opposed to that religion which is full of mercy, and which works no ill to its neighbor, should find utterance through such mediums. Because, assuming as they do to speak in the name of religion and humanity, they mislead and prejudice the minds of such as do not see their perversions and falsehood, and there is no doubt, that the outrages upon the Indian and the consequent wars, are encouraged by such publi-As the Indians have no organ through which they

can tell their wrongs or answer their traducers, it is only just that the press of the country should plead their cause. This should be done, because the position of this country as being so superior in power as a nation, makes it their natural guardian. And when the public sentiment of this country is rightly formed, it will recognize the condition of the Indians as a reflection of its own. If they sink into lower depravity, or perish from the land, it will be through our neglect. And, on the other hand, when the mag-nanimity of our people is called out, there will be no more difficulty in protecting the Indians within their proper limits, than there is in preserving the old elm and its family of squirrels on Boston Common. The measures necessary to stop Indian wars are the same as are used to stop other evils. Agitation through the press, public discussions, but above all, a national convention. The evils are of long standng, and affect the most vital interests of the country, and are moreover of such importance as to demand the special consideration of the best minds as well as the most wise legislation of the nation. Nothing short of this can change and elevate the common sentiment so as to sustain the necessary measures. The object of the convention should therefore be to consider the propriety of designating a territory which shall be exclusively Indian, with such settlers only as will voluntarily co-operate with them in the development of their resources, and in sustaining such laws and government as will be best adapted for their improvement and protection. A convention for this purpose would probably be able to draw up a plan which would meet with the approbation of longress as well as that of the people at large, and thus a foundation would be laid for lasting peace and mutual good will between the races, to be broken no more forever.

# HUMBOLDT.

We copy the following from the Boston Post of June 21st :--

At the Bulfinch Street Church, last Sunday, Rev. Mr. Alger repeated his splendid eulogy of Humboldt. It was an excellent production, and well delivered before a full house. The audience were very attentive during the entire hour it occupied. The ong-lived sage, philosopher and traveler, now on a longer journey than he has just completed among us, was deservedly complimented for sustaining, without interruption, through ninety years, a blameless, or rather an exemplary reputation. It is very clear that Humboldt was a great man; and no less clear that he was a good man, a philanthropistthat he had a large and generous heart, as well as an indomitable and energetic will and a capacious intellect; that his mind was too deeply absorbed in the external operations of Nature, to spare time or trouble on theologic dogmas. He was a model cosmopolite-a human lens whereby Nature concentrated specimens of her various works for a panoramic spectacle to mankind. His Cosmes is the catalogue and directory of those items. That catalogue should be accompanied by another volume containing the pictorial sketches and maps drafted by him on his multifarious routes. It would add much to its value and interest.

There is quite a variance at once between the Courier and Dr. Douai, as to the religious views of Humboldt. The one deems him a Materialist, a disbeliever in a theologic God, the other claims him as Christian. Mr. Alger rather agrees with the Doctor, who can read unbelief "between the lines." He pronounces him a Materialist, and then asks if Humboldt is in hell? It seems that some Orthodox friend has called Mr. A. to account for intimating that the Orthodox creed would doom so great and good man to that nondescript volcanic region. How-ever, Mr. Alger expressed the opinion that, if he had gone thither, he would have a great deal of good company, such as Socrates, Locke, Newton, Lavoisier, Franklin, &c., &c.

Still he inclined to believe, in one sense, as the Courier does, that he was a species of Christian since he practiced the golden rule and the second commandment, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." Had he styled him a dignified, irreproachable, prac-tical moralist, he would have hit quite as near the mark; for the golden rule was promulgated by the Chinese Confucius and Greek Isocrates, in common with the founder of Christianity; and the second commandment is Jewish, recorded in Leviticus, xix. 18, as well as in Matthew. These principles of morality are universal, and belong to the race. Indeed, it is a matter of wonder, in the contest between claimants of the really great and good man. who was reproached in Europe by ecclesiastics for his liberal principles, that they do not espy the parallel of celibacy between Humboldt and the sublime Jesus, and cite that as a proof of his Christianity, though celibacy and morality were both practiced as well before as after the Advent.

But the discourse of Mr. Alger was superior in its tone and substance. It should be delivered again and again, here, there, in all directions. It would edify the people anywhere. Humboldt is up, up, far above the storms and clouds of controversy, religious or political, as are the snowy peaks of the mountains he has so laboriously climbed and faithfully delineated. He is of the superior society, qualified to preside over it. Thales, Archimedes, Pythagoras, Solon, Socrates, Pliny—all the nobles of antiquity are with him. Moderns also of eminence he will find congenial to his taste. Humboldt's tendency was upward for ninety years; nor did it waver, or indicate a cant downward. He had acquired too much headway for that. Mankind would not vote such a paragon of God's mechanism to such a cheerless place as a theologic hell. He and his associates would metamorphose that region, as did Jesus the ignominious cross; they would make it too respect. ble for reprobates. Humboldt is now the property of our race; and they will see that he is not monopolized by sect or class, nor maligned by bigotry or envy.

### THE HEBREW WOMAN.

During the prosperous era of the Hebrew nation. voman occupied but a subordinate position in society. Oriental climates and characteristics are not favorable to a development of woman's humanitarian aspirations. The Hebrew woman, although born under far more auspicious circumstances than her sisters of Egypt, Persia, Arabia, and Turkey, could not altogether escape from the sensualizing effect of Eastern influences; and hence, excepting a few sainted women, who took a heroic part in the Jewish and afterwards in the Christian dispensation, we find but rare glimpses of excellence outside of the domestic circle in the ancient womanhood of Israel.

Written for the Banner of Light. MAN AND HIS RELATIONS.

BY B. D. BRITTAN.

CHAPTER IX.

MENTAL AND VITAL POWERS OF RESISTANCE.

For what the Eternal Maker has ordained The powers of man: we feel within ourselves lits energy divine."

In the external economy of Human Nature, in its best estate, we are presented with the most majestic and beautiful earthly form; with vital forces and organic instruments the most subtile and complicated, and with functions of being the most delicate, mysterions and wonderful. Nevertheless, we should be wanting in the most significant and convincing illustrations of the Divine wisdom and benevolence, if Man, with his exquisite susceptibility and transcendent powers, were surrounded by distinctive agents, whose presence he was unfitted to perceive, and against whose secret assaults he could oppose no adequate resistance. But we are not thus defenceless. On the contrary, there exists no outward cause of vital derangement for which Nature has not provided a sufficient inward protection. Man has only to comprehend his nature and relations, and to wisely apply the forces at his command, to insure his personal safety. When his latent powers are fairly called into the outward arena, being normally exercised and rightly directed, he will be strong in the integrity of his nature, and may walk forth amidst a thousand dangers, with none to make him afraid.

Many persons seem to entertain the idea that diseases have an independent existence, and that they are individualized in the atmosphere. Those unphilosophical observers, in whose uncultured minds idle fancies and the most improbable conjectures assume the dignity and authority of an enlightened judgment and scientific conclusions, may readily imagine that the vital air is but the broad highway through which invisible forms of Evil-the ministers of infection and disease-go down to the carnival of death; and that an indignant Providence unchains the viewless winds, arms them with numberless poison shafts, and sends them forth to smite and to destroy. Such notions evince as little reason as reverence. The truth is, disease is only a deranged state of the vital forces and functions, or a temporary condition of an organic form, induced by an infringement of some existing law. As disease has no separate existence outside of organic forms and relations, but is wholly dependent on the violation of vital physiological or other laws for its development, it follows, that to escape disease, we have but to live and act with a wise reference to the laws of our common nature. Neglect those laws, and earth has no asylum where the enemy will not find and punish the offender.

But are there no conditions of the earth, and especially of the atmosphere, that may diminish the vital forces of the human body, or otherwise derange the organic action? Obviously such conditions are liable to occur, at all seasons and in every part of the world. But when the body is in a perfectly normal state, it so readily accommodates itself to the electrical and atmospheric changes, that it suffers no injury from their occurrence. Occasionally a person lives eighty or one hundred years, in the enjoyment of complete and uninterrupted health. Such men must inevitably have been exposed, more or less, to the influence of the elements, and to all the ordinary vicissitudes of life; and yet they are strangers to the physical infirmities of mankind. The examples of this class may not be very numerous, but they indicate with sufficient clearness the inherent capacities of Man. The powers necessary to vital harmony and a protracted existence—still latent in the great body of Humanity-are here and there obscurely revenled in individuals, as prophecies of still nobler achievements for the Race, as we go forward to realize the great destiny and the sublime possibilities of human nature on earth and in the heavens.

The capacity to resist the outward causes of disease mainly depends on the positive nature and relation of man, as compared with the unorganized elements, and the surrounding forms of the organic creation. The human body is perpetually generating and disengaging the vital electric element that constitutes the circulating medium of the nervous system, and the vital motive power. 'The several processes of respiration, digestion, circulation, secretion, and all the powers of molecular attraction, chemical affinity and muscular motion, are all employed in the evolution of the subtile principle, which is constantly passing off from the healthy body in inappreciable currents to pervade the material elements and objective powers of the external world. As processes are uninterrupted in the healthy body, the gradual waste is constantly supplied; and so long as the inward forces and subtile elements continue to flow out from the vital centres to the circumference of our being, we cannot be injured by the outward agents that induce disease. This determination of the electrie forces from the centre to the surface, not only carries the effete matter out of the body-thus cleansing. the channels and purifying the elements of the circulation-but so long as this flow of the vital tide is not interrupted, the agents that disturb the electrical equilibrium, and the organic movement, are driven away, and the normal condition of the body is preserved. It is only when the vital forces are diminished at the scat of life, or when the electric currents set back from the external to the internal surfaces, that the avenues leading to the citadel are left open and defenceless.

This point will admit of a clearer elucidation. When two bodies in opposite electrical conditions, sustaining positive and negative relations, are brought together, there is an instantaneous effort on the part of Nature to establish an equilibrium between them. The subtile fluid emanates from the positive body, and goes out to pervade the other. If the bodies be composed of homogeneous elements, in similar proportions, and hence have equal capacity as conductors, they will be reduced to the same electrical condition. If we charge a leydon jar, and a negative body that will serve as a conductor be placed in suitable relations to the same. the accumulated electricity will be discharged from the jar to the body thus presented. Now, in a less sensible, though not less certain manner, the same phenomenon is constantly recurring from the contact of the human body with external objects. But the discharges occur on the conductive principle, and are not, therefore, perceptible, as in the disruptive discharge from the jar, or from the clouds, when summer showers are accompanied by electrical phenomena.

It has been observed that the human body, while in a healthy state, is positive to the inorganic substances, and, I may add, to the forms of organized existence below man. I need not pause here to discuss the na. ture of the outward agents and specific conditions which induce disease in any given case; but it may be clearly shown, that while the system preserves its natural or positive relation to the external elements, it cannot be materially injured by their action. So long, for example, as the body continues to sustain this relation to the atmospheric changes, we cannot take cold. nor are we liable to suffer from exposure to contagion. The invisible arrows of the destroyer fall without the walls of the fortress in which the forces of life are entrenched. The enemy is kept at bay by virtue of the resistance which his positive relation enables man to exercise. While the normal condition is preserved, he is perpetually sending out electrical emanations, which pervade the surrounding atmosphere and the objects with which he is most intimately connected. On the contrary, when the relation is changed-when the body becomes negative in the sphere of its outward relations -the corporeal organs and their functions may be impaired and deranged by the general state of the ele- Mountains-Fremont was always resolute and always even the minute as well the general and the great; for

forms and substances.

Agreeably to this positive relation of living bodies. we find that the skin and other membranes are adapted to the exhalation rather than the inhalation or absorption of particles. It was Dutrochet who demonstrated, by his experiments in Endosmose and Exosmose, the great exhaling capacity of the membranes of animal bodies. At the same time his scientific investigations render it equally evident that the outward elements do not enter the body through the cutaneous envelop. While substances in a liquid state would

readlly pass out, or from the inner to the outer surface. through the pores of the skin, no similar hydraulic pressure would suffice to force them through the perspiratory ducts in the opposite direction. The result of the experiment suggests the cause of this difference. When the force is applied from within, the valves of the epidermis are naturally thrown open; but when the pressure is on the external surface, the oblique valvular openings-numbering some 2500 or 3000 to every square inch of the surface of the body—are closed, as a means of protection. I am aware that some authors have maintained that certain substances in solution can be introduced into the system through the cuticle; and it is even asserted that life has been preserved for some time by the absorption of nutrition. But these statements must be regarded as extremely improbable in the light of Dutrochet's experiments; at the same time other scientific observations contribute to estabish the fact, that the absorbing power of the membranes bears no proportion to their exhaling capacity.

On this peculiarity in the membraneous structure and functions of the skin, the natural power of the living body to resist the outward causes of disease nust in a great measure depend; for not only is it thus qualified to expel-in a summary manner-the impurities that would otherwise remain and generate discase, but it is likewise enabled to resist the influx of foreign elements that might impair the organic functions and render life insecure. Thus the body is fitted by Nature to expel disease, rather than to imbibe the elements that generate the evil. So long, therefore, as the normal condition is faithfully preserved and man sustains proper relations to the elements and forms of the physical world, he is invulnerable to cold, to miasma, and to all the subtile agents of infection.

It is well known that there are certain mental states that greatly increase and others that materially diminish our susceptibility to sensational impressions, and to the influence of such agents as are liable to disturb the organic harmony. The activity of the mind is not merely an indispensable condition of its own growth. but it is necessary to physical health, inasmuch as the body is liable to become negative when the mind is wholly inactive. A proper mental excitement imparts an additional stimulus to the organic functions. In the hours of rest we are entirely passive or negative. hence the increased liability during sleep, to take cold or imbibe disease from contagion. Whatever renders the body negative, in the sense here implied, exposes it to injury from outward causes. But as the mind is capable of sending the electrical forces to every part of the system, it follows that the walls which surround the powers of life may be strongly fortified. When the whole surface is electrically charged there is no opportunity for the admission-from external sourcesof the elements which produce disease. They are driven off, and the body is protected by the spontaneous flow of the elective forces from the centre toward the circumference of our physical being.

The phenomenal illustrations of this part of my subject are as significant and forcible as they are numerous and diversified. The timid watcher who goes reluctantly to the bedside of a sick friend-filled with the apprehension of a mortal danger-will so withdraw the electro-nervous forces by the recoiling action of his mind, that every avenue leading to the seat of vital power will be left open, and he will almost inevitably fall a victim. On the contrary, the physician who, with a firm purpose and unshaken nerves, walks through the wards of the hospital, is seldom injured by the foul atmosphere of disease and death. The Sisters of Charity, whose devotion to the interests of Humanity and the claims of their Religion, prompts them to brave the secret agents of destruction, are very rarely sacrificed to the Southern pestilence. Let a negative man sit still for two hours on a cold stone. where the autumn winds chill the blood as they hvmn their requiem to the dying year, and he may lose his own life in consequence; at the same time, a life-member of the Democratic party—if under the influence of formally, and in a state of mind such as we never instrong political excitement-may stand at the corner of the street and quarrel with a Republican all night, worked well enough for particular and personal ends, without suffering from exposure to the frosts and and is still continued where the religious principle of agitation of mind occasioned by the startling intelliflercest action of the elements with impunity. The strong impulse of the soul sends the forces to the extremities, and so diffuses the electric aura over the whole surface of the body as to furnish a complete

protection. The power to resist Frost chiefly depends on the condition and action of the mind. The chemical elements in all human bodies are essentially the same, and, when mental and vital motion are suspended, they will freeze at about the same temperature. Nevertheless, among living men one may be invulnerable—with respect to a closely united exertion of the will and the desires. cold—while others are doomed to perish. It would not be safe to baptize a faithless man having small fort of a man is a prayer, though it may be to a low or vital powers—in the winter; but the young convert all glowing with the enthusiasm of his first love—with the fire of a deep and carnest devotion burning in his heart and warming his whole being, may experience no injury from immersion in the icy flood. We have n striking illustration of this point in the case of Dr. Kane, whose explorations have contributed so much lasting fame. If he was not endowed by Nature with robust health and great powers of physical endurance. he doubtless possessed gifts which invest the individual mind and character with something more than kingly power-he possessed an enlightened mind, a strong will, and withal a magnanimity of soul that rose with the dignity of his purpose, and was equal to the necessities of the most trying emergency. Through the long Arctic night he braved the tempests that velled the boreal heavens and swept the glacier steeps around him. Others, less resolute and noble, were entombed in icy sepulchres; but the eternal frosts of the polar regions could not chill the blood that was quickened by a passion for adventure, warmed by an enthusiastic love of knowledge, and impelled by the strong incentives of a lofty and a worthy ambition.

I find other illustrative examples-not less instructive and convincing-in the history of Col. Frement's expeditions. When his less ambitious companions froze their limbs and their faces, gave up in despair and perished, from cold, hunger and fatigue; when others-rendered insane by long suffering-wandered away from the party and were lost; and even the hardy mules-huddling together-one after another froze. inmbled down, and were buried in the deep snows among the tributaries of the Rio Del Norte, the brave leader of the party was unharmed by the frost. Whether encamped among the snowy peaks and dangerous passes

ments, or by the specific properties of surrounding safe; and through all the exhausting labors, intenso sufferings, and hair-breadth escapes, of his five expeditions across the continent, he seems to have been shielded by an armor more impenetrable than steel. The soul is mightler for than strength of nerve and muscle, armed with all the implements of war; and the hero who first unfurled the banner of his country from the loftiest summits of the Great Sierra and the Rocky Mountain ranges, was strong in spirit; he was illuminated by a conscious inspiration and armed with the all-conquering forces of his own unyielding will.

Thus the active, the resolute, the positive man-the man who walks forth with a firm step, and an intrepid spirit, is invested with an armor more invulnerable than the heavy mail of the days of chivalry. The dangers which have proved fatal to others, leave him unharmed. If he meets his enemies in the way, they retreat before him. The miasmatic exhalations which sometimes pervade the atmosphere are powerless to invade the walled citadel of his being. He walks with the pestilence, but an invisible protecting power is around, above, and beneath him.

Nothing, therefore, can be more essential to healthmore deeply inwrought with all that renders life securo and pleasurable—than the preservation of the relation which Nature has assigned to Man. To this end, dear reader, observe the laws which govern the human organization. Be free in thought; be firm in purpose; be energetic in action. If you are beset with dangers, never-as you value health and life-relinquish your self-possession. If fortune frowns, be calm and you will conquer. The man of great physical and moral courage, if guided by wisdom, is well nigh immortal now. The negative man-the coward-dies a thousand deaths, while the brave man dies but once!

On one occasion when Col. Fremont was encamped among the rugged mountain passes, 12,000 feet above the sea, it became necessary to send several of his men to the Spanish settlements of New Mexico to obtain provisions, and Spaulsh settlements of New Mexico to obtain provisions, and also to purchase mules to aid in the transportation of his baggage. After the departure of his men he became anxious for their safety, and with several of his brave companious for their safety, and with several of his brave companious traveled 160 miles, in the snow and on foot. At length, on the evening of the tenth day—when the four men who had undertaken to reach the Spaulsh settlements had been out twenty-two days—he found three of them exhausted and ready to perish; King, the leader of them exhausted and ready to perish; King, the leader of the little band, having already expired from hunger and fatigue. In speaking of this incident, Colonel Freemont says:—"I look upon the anxiety which induced me to set out from the camp as an inspiration. Had I remained their waiting the arrival of the party which induced me to get out from the camp as an inspiration. Had I remained their waiting the arrival of the party which had been sent in, every man of us would probably have perished."—Upham's Life of Fremont, p. 287.

# Banner of Light.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1859.

PUBLICATION OFFICES: 3 1-2 Brattle St., Boston: 143 Fulton St., New York.

All letters must be addressed, BANNER OF LIGHT, Boston, Mass.

EDITORS:

WILLIAM BERRY, LUTHER COLBY, J. R. M. SQUIRE.

THOS. GALES FORSTER, CORRESPONDING EDITOR.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

Bingle copies per year, \$2 00

" six months, 100

" three months, 50

All subscriptions must be paid in advance, and the paper will be discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for, of which due notice will be given.

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TAKE NOTICE.

No Circles, this week, at this office.

# PRAYER

All true life is one continuous prayer. Priests have taught us to fall on our knees in fear, and tremble while we asked favors of the God that was ever more ready to destroy than to help us; to indulge in these timid and unnatural petitions at certain stated periods. dulge in at any other time. This system has apparently storms of winter. A delicate and susceptible lady the petitioner is nothing more than the tumultuous who would take cold from a moment's contact with excitement of momentary feeling; for the individual is the damp ground, or from a slight exposure to the in that case perfectly willing to do as his adviser dinight air, when the mind is in a state of repose, may rects, and becomes exalted contagiously, and in proscape unharmed when she is under the influence of portion to the exaltation of his priest or teacher. But intense mental excitoment. Let her be told, for ex. the true and real relation of the human soul to God is ample, that her child has fallen into the river, and the that of one to one. There are no go-betweens, no make-weights, in a matter of so divine a character. It gence will enable her to expose her person to the need not be—in truth, it should not be an excitement. whether more or less continued, but rather a daily, hourly life, whose close relations are never broken, but grow more and more close with every effort and

every day. Prayer ought to be as common as breathing. If the soul is kept at one with God, it would ever be so. Proper prayers, and effective ones, are not spasmodic, petitions put up for a particular end or some private good, but deep and carnest aspirations, efforts of the soul to reach out and take hold on some higher good, All nature prays. Every sincere and self-forgetful efmean end, owing to the blindness in which his ignorance envelops him. The farmer prays, when he hoes his corn in the faith that God will give the final increase. The fisherman prays, when he casts his nets, relying on the hope with which his present action is coupled, that it will produce him three and five hundred fold. We all pray, in truth, when we put ourto science and to secure for himself an honorable and selves in that attitude, whether spiritually or physically, in which the divine currents are suffered to flow through us with the least hindrance or interruption. Some of it exalts more than some other kinds of prayer; but all alike is true and good of its kind.

Rituals and litanies may be well, and probably are, especially to those infantile natures that cannot go alone as yet, trusting to some kind supporting hand to lift them up as often as they stumble among their own uncertainties; but when they set themselves up as primary, as conditional to the soul's progress, and as essential instead of stimulating and merely preliminary, they claim to be what they in no sense can be considered—they hinder the soul's real advancement they conceal the true by interposing a sentimental and flimsy substitute-and they assist in the gradual erecion and strengthening of authoritative ecclesiasticism, instead of the development of genuine religion.

The close-shutting creeds have educated us to go before God and ask him for some special favor, as if, perchance, he might be tempted, by our importunities, to grant us what he would not grant to anybody else. Hence, we have listened, from childhood up, to the carnest prayers of the clergy for more rain, or for less of it; from deliverance from the effects of a plague, or a pestilence, when no pains are taken to remove the causes; for success to our armies and navies; for good crops; and for other, and still more personal good and benefit. In holding this style of prayer at much less of the Sierra Nevada, or exposed to the remorseless than its popularly estimated value, we do not intend fury of the wintry storms—as they swept over the lofty to weaken, in any one's mind, the iden of a special and ummits and through the deep defiles of the Rocky particular Providence, that takes care of the small and

the one most naturally depends upon and consists with the other: but we would do what we can to banish from the human mind the false notion that God is more -that he may be importuned to do special and particucreatures to their highest development by offering them rewards and bribes, as some parent spell their children with promises of sugar-plums or pleasant rides.

Prayer, considered rightly, is the very highest exaltation of the soul. That state of soul, too, may exist when the man is about his honest daily avocations, as well as when he is upon his knees in his bed-room. It aught, at all events, to be thought as possible in one hour of the day as another, as accessible in this place as in that. If we fall into the habit of trusting too much to our surroundings, whether they happen to consist of the place, the time of day, the accidental discover that these surroundings have come to usurp the first place, and that we are dependent on them altogether; nay, that they, the mere aids, and suggesstand for the objects and aims they were employed to suggest, and that we have contented ourselves finally with the husks instead of the ripened corn. We must tutor ourselves to set everything at its true valueneither more, nor less; so shall we in time come to more highly than all. And then our prayers will but interpret the growth that continually goes on in our

Our prayers are generally too mean and low. They convey the insinuation that things would not be best arranged if left entirely to the divine will, but might possibly be bettered by the adoption of finite and human suggestions. They are filled with the news of the trates the intellectual and spiritual character of the author. day, with the local and social gossip, or the preferences and prejudices of the party offering them. They are after the ancient Jewish pattern-" Oh, Lord, strengthen our side, but dishearten and demolish all who set world; but we are persuaded that those things which a man themselves up against us." They are well illustrated can do best, he does spontaneously; and if there is any effort by the supplications of the archbishops and priests on the French and Austrian sides, in the war recently brought to a sudden termination I each prayed to the same Lord for help against the other! Such praying is, to say no more about it, farcial and debasing. It debases, because it lowers our conception of God and his attributes, and imparts its own influence to our actions accordingly.

True prayer is not begging and cringing: it is rather the highest possible state, in this life, of the soul's exaltation. It is lifting one's self up to heights he never reached before, from which are to be seen ineffable visions of the glories that are, and are to come. It is the act of sustaining one's self in the purest spiritual atmosphere, and breathing the airs that blow upon the spirit directly from Heaven. There is no thing mean about it—nothing groveling; on the contrary, the soul grows big and exultant with the consciousness of putting itself in such close relations with God: it feels the influx of divine influences indeed, and becomes necessarily greater instead of smaller, breathes deeper and freer, scans a wider landscape, gazes into further deeps than ever, and is conscious of knowing beforehand the grandeur of its final destiny.

We might all live, if we would, in an atmosphere of prayer—such prayer as this—continually. The creeds and their priestly expounders, to be sure, have sought to give to the act, or the spiritual attitude of prayer, a formul, constrained, and altogether uringual character. itual atmosphere and breathing the airs that blow

formal, constrained, and altogether unusual character, teaching that one must needs pass under a low-browed spiritual porch into a dark realm of unnatural solemnity, before he is fitted to draw close to God; as if God were not at all times about us, and so ought at all imes to be within us also. But as the creeds crumble, the closer they are examined, and the superior enlightenment of the present day orders their removal, just as it has ordered the removal of stocks and whippingposts for physical restraint and punishment, the plainer, newer, and more living becomes the fact—a universal and an everlasting fact—that our souls continually bathe themselves in the great spiritual ocean, which momently fills us full of the divine breathings from the Creator.

It is a mistake for us to suppose that God is in any way changed in his purposes, or that his eternal laws are subject to any modification, in consequence of any halting and short-sighted petitions of our own. That were to convict Deity of a finite nature, and to impeach his very divinity itself. With such a reflection constantly in sight, we can see at once how preposterous it is to solicit private and particular favors in our prayers, which is no more, in fact, than the heathen are condemned for. The most we may crave is, that God's real kingdom may come, and his will be done on earth -that is, by men-as it is done in heaven, by the spirits of the just that are made perfect. The good old hymn, that sounds through the chambers of so many truly Christian hearts—

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire"tells the exact truth. Prayer can be nothing more than the soul's desire, and not a begging of selfishness, of ambition, or of the passions. Prayer elevates, ex-

ilts, strengthens, and purifies; it never seeks to drag the Almighty, or his attributes, down. Prayer bathes our immortal parts in a flood of living waters, and we emerge reinvigorated and refreshed. The pores of love begin at once to open. The sympathics widen. Charity becomes active and healthy. The whole life takes new start, receives a new impulse, and draws in the strength of a fresh inspiration. Did men know of a truth what a might and power lies in fervent, secret, unknown supplications—did they generally understand what additional and unmeasured strength they receive from continual and habitual conference with the Divine Spirit that created and sustains them, there is not a throw itself wholly and entirely into the arms of the

Prayer, in truth, is a necessity of our being. As often as we feel our dependence on a being that is altogether independent, it is a silent suggestion to prayer. We confess to the need of it daily, and even hourly, We can never be above it—ah, would that we all knew what a strength it brings to the nature that habitually practices it! In neglecting this great spiritual privifeet for the very purposes for which they were made. Through the agency of prayer we draw directly from the exhausticss storehouse of Heaven.

ever-loving and all-provident Father.

### Ignorance of the Traveller.

The editor of the above paper, in answer to our paragroph of last week, avers that he copied the sermon of Mr. Beecher rom a country paper, and did not know that we were in the for the editor, since we have advertised the fact in hundreds of newspapers all over the country, and in the leading dailies of Boston, besides exchanging regularly with his own paper. However, we accept the editor's apology, for "ignorance overs a multitude of sins."

### To Correspondents.

G. L. B., Columbus, O.—We do not doubt your honor, friend Our critic thought favorably of the piece, and suggested the dea that it was too good to emanate from a modern poet ence the note you refer to. Editors are often imposed upon by plagiarists, as you probably well know; and the utmost care in this particular is requisite. Again: we have known rom some one of the classics, although she had nover seen or heard them read. She consequently believed that they were original with her. Yet they were not.

"The Vision of a Child" is a fine production. You of remuneration. What terms do you propose?

"Ruth Partington."

Mrs. Ruth Partington, relict of the deceased Paul Partington, and aunt and special guardian of the immerial Ikoa father to one than to another—that he can be partial friend of "Lion," in particular, and of all other capable degate general—has long ago become a household word in America. lar favors—and that he would lead out the souls of his ings, spiced with her quaint and droll humorf-her fresistible cacophony, that shakes out a laugh from the reader oven when it goes a wfully against the grain—her simple, but most sincere and Christian meditations-her homespun, but profound philosophy—and, above all, her habit of taking rappee, tapping her box, as she does so, with a grace that could be borrowed from none but the ways of the "old school" itself-all these have given a name and a fame to Ruth Partington, and brought her home to the affections of every family, and every member of every family, in the land.

The spirit behind the name of Damo Partington is that of our, and everybody's, friend, MR. B. P. SHILLABER. He is a Boston gentleman, with a heart as tender as that of any woman, and a humor as broad and gental as sunshine itself. mood, or some other circumstance, we shall ere long Mrs. Partington's last book is called "Knirting-Work," and a most taking collection it is, too, of the best sayings and doings of the kind old lady, and of her mischievous Ike; also of the wise and witty, the profound and bathetic obsertions, and stimulants, and externalities, have come to vations of Dr. Spooner, Old Roger, and Wideswarth. In fine, this new volume of Mr. Shillaber's, now fresh from the press of Messrs, Brown, Taggard & Chase, of this city, contains some of the best, the most poetic, the most genial, and the most humorous of the writings of its author, who has already made a permanent home for himself in so many hearts. We are not at all surprised that it achieved a sale of eleven thousand value our own souls, their efforts and their aspirations, copies at the very first "go-off," and that the orders for it keep coming in overwhelmingly.

"Knitting Work," perhaps, furnishes, on the whole, a better illustration of the peculiar genius-bright and sunny as it is-of Mr. Shillaber, than any of his previous publications. Here the reader may find him in his various moods and attitudes of thought; the humor, the pathes, the gentle spirit of caricature, the poetry, and the serious strain of reflection, each offers a fresh side to the mind of the reader, and illus-Perhaps Mr. Shillaber may himself think that a more ambitious effort, accompanied more by his will to produce an impression, might better express his interior nuture to the about it, it is all absorbed and swallowed up in the love that inspires him to his work. The writings of a humorist, a poet, and a philosopher, like Mr. Shillaber, will never lack for readers so long as there human hearts are to be made better.

#### Literature of Spiritualism.

THE PROVIDENCE DAILY JOURNAL, under the head "Literature of Spiritualism," makes some very honest and sensible remarks, from which we extract the following:

If we are to judge of the progress of modern Spiritualism by its literature, we would say that it is making great advances, not only in the United States, but in Europe, and other parts of the world. In one of our exchanges, the Spiritual Telegraph, a weekly journal printed in New York, we notice long lists of books exclusively devoted to the new philosophy. Indeed, we have counted about a hundred different works of this class, some of which are in two or more valumes. Basides there seems leaved the results are the results are the counter and the results are the counter and the results are the counter and the counter are the counter are the counter and the counter are the count

the attention of believers in the doctrines of modern spiritualists, the journals referred to contain philosophical papers, which are well worth the perusal of all deep-thinkers. Among these is a series of papers, in the "Bannan," by Prof. S. Brittan, entitled "Man and his Relations," which are attracting much attention, and are among the best that have appeared on the subject. The lecture system is also extensively employed by the spiritualists to discerninate their principles, and may be considered an index of the progress they are making. The last number of the Bannan or Lionar contains the names and address of forty-two lectures, together with the places where many of them are already engaged to lecture. engaged to lecture.

The Journal is wisely beginning to do what all other secular journals will sooner or later be compelled to do, by demand of the popular taste, viz.: to publish facts in regard to Spiritualism instead of lies and slanderous falsehoods with which the masses have been surfeited, and which they are which is God, and that the best and truest life is that sick of. Spiritualism is too big and too powerful to be influenced or injured, extinguished or killed, by slander or falsehood. No one has any just conception of the amount of influence that the unseen power of Spiritualism has already had upon the deeper affections of the masses. Words speak it not. Every soul in its deeper longings has already devoloped a love for the beauties of Spiritualism, which beauties are nowhere else to be found.

# OUR OWN SWEET THOUGHTS.

Our own sweet thoughts, they come and go Like angel visits to the soul; They round our hearts in gladness flow.

And all our acts control. They memories bring of early days. Of childhood's loved and gentle hours When life was young, and all our ways Were strown with buds and flowers.

Our own sweet thoughts we only share With those we love and love to bless ; We breathe them only when and where They fall on tenderness.

They are to us of far more worth Than glittering gems of purest ray; The dearest things of all on earth-Our own sweet thoughts to-day. Hillside, W. R.

Boston Common on Sunday.

The Young Men's Christian Association of this city have exhibited a great deal of tact and enterprise in obtaining from the city government the privilege of creeting a tent on the Common, under which they have, every Bunday afternoon, preaching from some one of the trusty evangelists of the city. The move is a good one on their part, and we wish them all success, for there are thousands who have need of just such preaching. But we hope, and are confident, that human heart in the universe but would straightway in another summer efforts will be made to have preaching of a liberal character maintained in the same way-for the Common is large enough to hold more than one audience, and then not interfere with those who don't wish to be presched to. And we hope soon that the public sentiment of our city will so expand, that the municipal government will employ bands of music to play there in the early Sunday evenings; for they could make selections from Beethoven, Mozart, Handel, and other old composers—to say nothing of modern ones—of such music as would tend more to religionize the listeners than the preaching of all the Eddys, Coolidges and Kirks in Modege, it is as if a man refused to use his arms or his ern Athens. It has been truly said that "he who loves good music can never be a very bad man."

# The Wise Letter.

Politics are getting into a "muddle," indeed. The letter written (in confidence) by Gov. Wise, of Virginia, to a politician in New York, but which was unluckily, or dishonestly, published in the newspapers, has already inaugurated a quarrel between the Virginia and the New York democracy, and it looks as if it would be transferred to Charleston, and there habit of reporting them. We hardly think this speaks well take the dimensions of a sectional feud. What is in the future, we know not; but every circumstance now seems to forewarn us of the approach of some grand convulsion in our politics, which may lead, we sincerely trust, to their decided purification. The friends of Douglas in the North, soem to be as strongly attached to their leader as those of the South are to Wise; and when the issue is set up between the two,-saying nothing about the other candidates in the field,-it is a question if the country is not shaken to its very centre with excitement. The clouds are on the horizon

### Correction.

Mr. A. E. Newton writes us that he did not say, at the Plymouth Convention, "In all the external world I can see trance-medium to recite several stanzas of choice poetry the revelation of God; but more eminently is God revealed to me in my own soul." He says the report should read, "Pre-eminently is God revealed to me in the human soul." He further says that he has no recollection of saying that truth must embrace not only what we call truth, but what we call error; for all error is the effect of truth."

Another "Professor" Exposing Spiritualism.

A man, calling himself Professor Spencer, has been lectur ing against Spiritualism in Somorsworth and Dover. N. H. to the great disatisfaction of those, even, who oppose Spiritwallsm. The Dover Gazette and the Great Falls Advertiser are "down" on him with severity. They think he don't understand his business—and say he falls to pay his bills.

[The "Oracle" will please copy.]

Cora L. V. Hatch.

Should Mrs. Hatch's health permit her to lecture in Boston on next Sabbath, due notice of the fact will appear in the daily prints of Saturday.

A Coincidence, at least.

The New York Herald of August 2d contained the following

paragraph: PHE IN THE NEW YORK MEDICAL COLLEGE IN EAST THIR-THENTH STREET.—About 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon a fire occurred on the roof of the New York Medical College, No. occurred on the roof of the New York Medical College, No. 00 East Thirteeth street. The firemen were promptly on hand, and soon extinguished the fire. The building is damaged by fire and water about \$400; fully covered by insurance. Fortunately there was no injury done to the museum. From appearances, the fire originated from a spark from the chimney flue connected with a steam engine in the adjoining building.

A friend sent it to us, with the following comments:

"It is not known how the fire originated. Do you not remember that a communication was published in the Banner. member that a communication was published in the BANNEH, Ro. 9, vol. 4, purporting to come from the spirit of Margaret Lewis, in which she states that she died on the Five Points, at the house of 'Old Johnson;' that they carried her body to a certain building, and there cut it up; that she would burn that building? I took the trouble to find out about some of that building? I took the trouble to find out about a the statements she made, and found them to be true."

#### ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

The substance of the cloquent address of Bro. J. S. LOYELAND, delivered before the Convention at Plymouth Bunday evening, Aug. 7th, will be found on our sixth page.

Cora L. V. Hatch's Ninth Discourse, (of the series of ten.) at Dodworth's Hall, New York, June 26th, is on the third page of the BANNER. Subject: "The Romish Church."

A meeting to consider the condition of the Indians in our Territories, was held at the Old South Church on the 11th ult. A Report was prepared in accordance with the vote of the meeting, which we print on our third page. We see that Mr. John Beeson, who is deeply interested in

the welfare of the Red man, has a long communication in the Daily Bee of Aug. 20th, giving his views in full, and also spirit messages from William Penn and Red Jacket, upon this subject. We shall print Mr. B.'s communication in a future lasue.

We bid all those engaged in this humanitary enterprise God-speed, for the wrongs of the Indian must be righted, and that speedily, or the American nation will have to drink deep of sorrow's cup.

The article entitled "Dealings with the Dead," that we intended to print in this number of the BANNER, we are compelled to omit until our next, owing to the press of other matter,

The "Test," by "Voritas," on our seventh page, should have been dated "Newburyport, Mass."

THAT GREEK "FLY-Speck."—An old adage says, "Straws show which way the wind blows." We were palpably reminded of this truism by scoing a paragraph in the New York Tribune recently in regard to the Greek word Gee, misprinted by us "Geo," in Mrs. Hatch's lecture on "Geology," said paragraph being copied into the New York Post, Boston Journal, Herald, and many other papers; but not one of said journals has had the munifices to allude to our explanation, in last week's Banner, of the "fly-speck" error the Tribune has made so much ado about.

To become slandered—edit a paper, and tell the truth.

"Set about doing good to somebody; put on your hat and go visit the sick and the poor; inquire into their wants, and minister to thom. I have often tried this method, and have always found it the best medicine for a heavy heart." -Anonymous.

Children are none the worse for being told that of every action God is the witness; men would be all the botter if they never forgot such instruction.

It is said to be a settled fact that Charles Dickons will visit the United States next winter, to give a course of read ings, and pick up data for future romances.

Be noble i and the nobleness that lies In other men, sleeping but nover dead, Will rise in majesty to meet thine own.—Lowell.

The latest news from Theodore Parker report him at Mon trieux, Switzerland, on the 20th of July, where he had as companions several members of the Apthorp family of Boston who had been residents of the place for about two years. His distressing cough had nearly disappeared, though a slight cold caught during a journey upon the Lake had retarded his recovery. He scenes sanguine that his health will be fully restored.

SPIRITUALISM NOT DEAD .- D. B. H., Bucksport .- I notice by the Postmaster's list, that there are nineteen copies of the Guardian, five of the Spiritual Age, and twenty-five of the Banner of Light, taken in this place. Some evidence that Spiritualism is not quite dead yet, as often declared by our opponents .- Bangor Spir.t Guardian.

A Sign, or Process.-The Journal advertises for a Boston firm "Rye and Bourbon whiskey, from the celebrated Salt River Distilleries." There is some hope for poor humanity. sure, when distillers of "liquid damnation" hall from Sait River. We were not before aware that any but defeated politicians occupied that locality.

a A hald-headed old contleman in Cincinnati, hearing that burdock leaves carried in the hat would prevent sun-stroke. gathered a lot which he supposed to be such, and were them during one of the hottest days last week; but what was his surprise the next morning on finding his scalp drawn into a mammoth blister, he having in mistake taken the leaves of the horse-radish.

H. S. BROWN, NORTH CLARENDON, VT., has circulated petition throughout the State for signatures to be presented to the next session of the General Court of Vermont the chief aim of which is to command for woman equal legal rights with man.

It isn't all in "bringing up,"
Let folks say what they will;
To silver scour a powter cup—
It will be pewter still.
E'on he of cid, wise Solomon,
Who sald "train up a child,"
If I mistake not, had a son
Prove rattle-brained and wild.

"My works follow me," said a shoemaker, who was kicked

out of a grocery by one of his customers.

The first literary journal over published was issued a Paris, on the 30th of May, 1666, by Dennis de Sailo, Ecclesi astical Counsellor to the Parisian Parliament. Its title is Journal des Savans. This work met with a favorable recep tion, and was soon imitated throughout Europe. Its author had the gratification of seeing it translated into several languages.

CLEAR AS MUD .- "Pray, Mr. Harvard Professor, what is periphrasis?"

"Madam, it is simply a circumfocutory and pleonastic evel of oratorical sonorosity, circumscribing an atom of ideality, lost in a verbal profundity."

" Thank you, Bir."

80 35 344

Hurry & Cunning are the two apprentices of Dispatch and Skill, but neither of these ever learn their master's trade. The Revue Spirite, of Parls, states that a despatch has been

received from Humboldt, informing his friends that he was welcomed into the spirit-world by his friend M. Arago, who was the first to take him by the hand. The wheat crop of the United Statest, this year, is estimated at 200,000,000 bushels.

A QUERY.

Who first taught souls enslav'd and realms undone, Th' enormous faith of many made for one; That proud exception to all Nature's laws, That proud exception to all Nature's laws,
T invert the world and counteract its cause?
Force first made conquest, that conquest, law,
Till supersition taught the tyrant awe.
Then shar'd the tyranny, then lent it aid;
And gods of conquerors, slaves of subjects made,
Pore.

Be moderate, and always avoid extremes. Forbear resent ing injuries so much as you think they deserve. Tiffany's Monthly has not been received. The BANNER is

preach in the streets, not only on Bunday, but on the other days of the week.

Philosophens.-The Duke do Duras, observing Descartes scated one day at a luxurious table, cried out, "What, do philosophers indulge in dainties?" "Why not?" replied Descartes; "do you think that Nature produced all her good things for fools?"

Some Journals of Modern Civilization Have wonderful cause for folicitation—
That the paper they rob with the "hardest cheek"
Is published as often as "Once a Week,"
Were it published but once a month—no more,
They'd be driven to make—what all would deploreThe chara was intended for the mendiding of New York -what all would deplore-

The above was intended for the meridian of New York, but it will answer quite as well for Boston-as we have ample reason of knowing.

LATE FOREIGN ITEMS,-The Congress of Zurich met on the 8th inst. The efficial authorities of the city had given to the ambassadors a warm welcome, and were to entertain them to a public dinner on the 11th. Nothing had transpired of the proceedings. Sardinia was represented.

The completion of the steamship Great Eastern was formally celebrated on the 8th of August by a banquet given on board, which was attended by a large number of distin-

guished men. The ship is almost ready for sea. The Emperor Napoleon was on a visit to the camp at Chalons witnessing the manœuvres of the troops

In England the Parliament was still debating the Italian question, but in a subdued tone. The London Times has an article on the stipulations in the

treaty alleged to have been arranged between Mr. McLano and Juarez at Vera Cruz. Although it thinks the treaty would be beneficial to Mexico itself as well as to the world, it yet fears it would result in injury to the interests of foreign bondholders

The Grand Duke Constantine of Russia had arrived at Spit head in a Russian vessel of war.

The London papers publish the provisions of Mr. Sidney Herbert's new bill for organizing a military reserve force. Mazzini publishes in several London journals an article under the caption of "The European Coup d'Etat."

#### HENRY WARD BEECHER

THE SECOND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, PEEKS-KILL, NEW YORK.

Sunday Morning, August 14th, 1859.

REPORTED FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT, BY T. J. ELLINWOOD.

TEXT-" Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you."—1 Peren, v, 7.

This same sentiment the apostle Paul frequently

This same sentiment the apostic Fau Inquest, urges. He declares, in the thirty-second verse of the seventh chapter of first Corinthians, 'I would have you without carefulness"—that is, according to the original, "I would have you without irksome, fretful, anxious care." Nor can any one conversant with the Evangelists be in doubt as to whence all the apostles derived their sentiments on this subject. The passage which contains the fullest statement of Christ relative to it, is found in the sixth chapter of Matthew, com-mencing with the twenty-fifth verse; and it is one of the most memorable passages in the whole Bible. It

"Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment? Behold the fowls of the air: for

body than raiment? Benote the fowls of the air; for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?"

You will observe that Christ, in respect to things on which life itself stands, says, "You must not allow yourselves to be distressed of mind, or to become anxious?" and the reaper which he were in the God's. yourselves to be distressed of mind, or to become anxious;" and the reason which he urges is, because God's hand is under you. And then, although the Bible never assumes the form of logic, the next passages give another reason why we must not allow ourselves to be distressed of mind or anxious; namely, that it does no good. You can fret, you can worry yourself, you can be auxious about matters and things; and then where are you? Are you any further away from the evil, or any nearer to the good, than you would have been if you had not fretted and worried and been anxious?

One of the passages referred to is the following:

Which of you by taking thought can add one cubic unto his stature? And why take ye thought for rai-

After speaking many more words to the same effect, Christ adds:

"Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righte "Seek ye arest the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you. Take, therefore, no thought for the morrow; for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

I need not stop to show you that this is not a dissuasion from enterprise, from prudence, or from forethought, but simply a dissuasion from fretful, painful anxiety and care.

In regard to this important doctrine of being free from care, cheerful, hopeful, trustful in God, I remark,

from care, cheerful, hopeful, trustful in God, I remark, that it is not generally understood by Christians; that therefore, it is but very little believed by them; and that still less does it enter into their daily practice. They believe that they must repent of sin; they think that they must walk in a holy way; but the idea that they must be radiant with cheerfulness, and free from anxiety and care, does not, in their view, belong to the necessary evidences of piety. Indeed, a great many persons think that the fact that they are at last unhappy, is one of the evidences that they are at last unhappy, is one of the evidences that they are Christians. They used to be cheerful and hopeful and gay, but they have now come to have such a deep sense of sin, that they are all the time bowed down like bulrushes, thinking about themselves and their transgressions. They think that the state of mind which they are in under such circumstances is one of the elements of piety. They think that their feeling so bad is a sign that they are good. It is no such thing. There is nothing in the Word of God which warrants such a bound to be a wide to be a window of the bound of the warrants. thought. No man has evidence that he has inware plety until he begins to have it in his radiancy. The evidences of the possession of the spirit of God, are joy and peace, as well as faith. Peace and joy are component elements of a true Christian character. There are few Christians, therefore, that avail thom-

selves of the uses of the truth I have been presenting, selves of the uses of the truth I have been presenting, except on occasional trials. When they are urged to despair, they try to find some way out by trust in God. They seldom, however, carry this truth into the minute experiences of every day life, so that it forms a constitutional element of their character. I find a hundred conscientious Christians where I find one cheerful one. I find five hundred anxious Christians where I. one. I find five hundred anxious Christians where one. I that not address a third as Carlstans where a find one who has a Christ on whom he can cast not only himself, but his ten thousand petty cares in this world. One of the rarest things I meet with, as a Christian minister, is a man that has a Saviour who is

Christian minister, is a man that has a Saviour who is anything more than a final rewarder.

In consequence, we see, in daily life, very little of the peculiar blessing and power of the Gospel among men. There are few who live in such a different manner from others, in this regard, as to excite the attention of their fellow men, and to lead them to perceive the seculiar houself which Christ between when he die. the peculiar benefits which Christ betows upon his dis-ciples. And, besides all this, Christian men are worn ciples. And, besides all this, Christian men are worn and chafed with perpetual troubles, which may be borne by Divine help, with great cheerfulness, and even with pleasure. And yet, they profess before the world, to have a reason for confidence, and for comfort, and for good cheer, that nobody else has. I have found men worn and chafed by troubles while yet they were singing the hymn, and while yet the prayer was fresh on their lip. Christians will rise up in the midst of their brethren and descant, in strong terms, upon the blessings flowing from hope and trust in Christ Jesus—and I think, that for the time, what they say is real to them—but as soon as they leave the church, or the conthem—but as soon as they leave the church, or the conference room, or the class meeting, and go into the shop, or the store, or the office, or the nursery where there is a sick child, they are bowed down with care and anxiety, just as other people are under like cir-cumstances. All their trust was church trust, and all cumstances. All their trust was church trust, and all their confidence was conference room and prayer-meeting confidence. Now their trust and confidence are interested to the confidence are confidence. ing confidence. Now their trust and confidence, when they go into life, where men meet real burdens and trials, they bow down under those burdens and trials, and fret in respect to them, just as other men

Now this ought not to be so. You have a better birthright than a life of fretfulness. If I provide my child with ample raiment, and he will not open his trunk and clothe himself with clean linen and whole garments, but persists in going with his apparel soiled and ragged, he does not do himself half as much harm mailed regularly.

Kissing a pretty girl down South, a young gentleman asked her: "What makes you so sweet?" "Oh," she repled in utter innecence, "my father is a sugar planter.

BTRRET PREAGMING.—At a meeting of evangelical ministers, and religious friends of different denominations, recently held in Cincinnati, it was decided to commence preaching in the open air. Steps are to be taken immediately to district the city, and to appoint persons, clergymen and laymen, to

Care is a spirit of fear, or anxiety, as distinguished from a spirit of hopefulness, and of cheerfulness. In the nature of things, fear is painful. It was meant to be. In low degrees, running through dally life, fear excites simply uneasiness; or, sometimes, it amounts only to by inordinate worldliness. This is wrong. No man a kind of negative of enjoyment, or preventive of it. its sharper forms, of piercing the soul with the most poignant of all its sensations. Now man is a creature of more various receptivities

than any other. God has made more faculties in him than any other creature possesses. The uses of his faculties are more varied than are the uses of the faculties of any other created thing. In this world there are ten thousand influences which surround us, and are work thousand influences which surround us, and are working at every one of our faculties. The natural world has its relations to the mind. Human society has its relations to the mind. Human society has its relations to the mind. All these things are perpetually stirring up the different parts of our mind, and drawing out our faculties, and leading us to employ them. It is to the last degree important, therefore, that we see to it that every touch which the world makes upon our minds shall be a musical touch, and not a discordant one. We should learn the art of carrying our every faculty so that it shall impart cheerfulrying our every faculty so that it shall impart cheerful-

ness, and not sadness, to our life.

Let us note, then, some of the more common forms of care. One, which is quite general, is a tremulous and restless anxiety about one's own personal success in life. Now there is a great distinction between a proper sense of our responsibilities in life, or of the manly obligations which devolve upon us in our intercourse with men, and a dreading, timorous, vague fear concerning we know not what. like that experienced by a child on going through a dark room. Men, often-times, when brought to the threshold of life, are very times, when brought to the threshold of life, are very much exercised because they do not know what the morrow will bring upon them. They continually dread the future, lest it may bring some evil to them. A man may have enough of this feeling to make him prudent, and to lead him to employ all the resources he has got in a judicious manner, but not a bit more. The moment a man has a willingness to be diligent, and desires to employ the powers of his being in the way in which he can make them the most useful—the moment he says, "I am not indolent; I am willing to exert myself like a man"—that moment he has all the care that he has a right to have, or that it is wholesome for him the has a right to have, or that it is wholesome for him to have. Whatever of care a man has more than this, is back-water on the wheel of life, and makes things go hard and heavy. It not only does not help, but it hin-ders the even flow of events. I think men oftentimes exhaust their energies more by fretting and worrying for fear that some evil will befall them, than by struggling with the evil which actually does befall them. As unbroken horses, frequently, by chafing and dancing,

unbroken horses, frequently, by chating and dancing, and capering along the road, use up much more spirit than they expend in drawing the whole load, so men often wear out more of their power in useless anxiety, than would be necessary to enable them to carry the whole burden of life along.

Now the future is God's future. God is not in heaven any more than he is on earth. He is not in the past and present any more than he is in the future. The same God who took care of the earth thousands of years before you were hore, who brought you into life, and before you were born, who brought you into life, and who has taken care of you every day of your existence, will still take care of you to the end of the world. Ho says to you, in respect to all coming time, "Trust in me, and do good. Verily, thou shalt be cared for. Take no thought (anxlously) of what shall be the successes of your life."

Are you young, with a life of uncertainty before you?
You may as well smile as cry. Are you beginning an enterprise which will either wreck your family or place them on a firm foundation in this world? You will work better and more effectually if you take a hopeful view of your prospects. Are you anxious as to what a day, or a month, or a year, may bring forth? What good does it do you to be so? Is Anxiety your God? Do you cherish it, an pray to it, and trust in it? The Father of us all stands in the future of every man, to care for him. As the mother, walking through the house, sings and calls to her child, saying, "Come here—come here," causing the child to go from room to room in search of her; so God, from day to day, from week to week, and from month to month, moves week to week, and from month to month, moves through the universe, calling to his creatures, saying, "Have no anxiety or fear. "I am with you alway." 'I will never leave you nor forsake you." What do you do with your God, that you are so uneasy about the things which await you in the future?

Secondly: Care in relation to our families is very common; and it is generally felt in respect to those things which touch the affections. And there is a nice distinction made between feelings of care which relate to the family, and those which relate to the family, and those which relate to the family. sert you. And yet, how many there are who think it virtue in them to be solicitous about their is almost a virtue in them to be solicitous about their family! How many parents there are who distress their mind in regard to every child they have, for fear that something dreadful will happen to it! Is the child healthy? Well, it may be sick. Is it a little sick? Well, it may be worse. Is it quite unwell? It is surely going to die. Is the husband away from home? Of course he will be brought back dead. Every calamity that can be conjured up by the fortile and unsanctified imagination of such persons, as possi-ble to occur to one of their own household, they make pile to occur to one of their own household, they make the subject of great anxiety. Endless forebodings of future ovil cluster around their heart. There have been more martyrs burned in fires kindled through fear of troubles in the family that never came, than were ever burned at the stake! Fagot after fagot has been supplied by the restless, anxious mind, so that there has been policies of field to feel the devouring flamour.

been no lack of fuel to feed the devouring flames. has been no lack of fuel to feed the devouring liames.

I have known women, saintly in other respects, to
walk forty years, as it were girded with sackcloth, on
account of anticipatory troubles in respectato their
children. It seemed as if they fed each child, in its enturen. It seemed as if they led each child, in its turn, on their own anxieties, all the way up from infancy to mature life. Now I think that under such circumstances children get up to manhood and womanhood in spite of their parents, and not by their help. Fear, apprehensiveness, is not good food for children to grow on, but hopefulness and courage are. And if the parent sate before the shill from the beginning of Fear, apprehensiveness, is not good food for children to grow on, but hopefulness and courage are. And if the parent sets before the child, from the beginning of its life, an example of confidence in an overruling Providence, saying, "I trust in God, with my hand, with my head, and with my heart; he will never leave me nor forsake me; and all things shall work together for good to them that love the Lord," he cannot but inspire that child with a feeling of reliance upon the Divine Being. Do you suppose the child that hears such sentiments as these from its parents, morning and noon and night; do you suppose the child that sees father and mother rise above trouble like a ship over a wave, instead of being overwhelmed by it; do you suppose the child that hears is over him, and he cannot go astray. The mighty insolve him, and he cannot go astray. The mighty influences which are operating to raise him above all that is low and debasing will surely keep him in the right path. Even the gates of hell shall not prevail against my darling"—do you 'suppose that child will not be better brought up than the child that hears from its parents no expressions of confidence in God's power, but that hears from them, continually, expressions of fear that it will be led into temptation, and be destroyed by sin? Hope is good education to every child; fear is bad education to every child; and God does not permit us to educate our children in the former, but enjoins upon us the duty of educating them in the latter.

In the case of not a few, real trouble is the best thing that can happen to them. Many men are like old past turns hand not like to be plowed, but the usefulness of which, as is shown by the crops they produce, is materially increased by their being turned over to the depth of affect in ches or by their being turned over to the depth of affect in ches or so. Many men do not like to have their cold soddy lives plowed, by their being turned over to the depth of affect in ches or so. Many men do not like to have their cold s ormer, but enjoins upon us the duty of educating

former, but enjoins upon them in the latter.

I will next speak of the cares of business. A great many persons think that care is a necessary part of business. Well, it is the part of business that friction

burdens and anxieties that I have, besides having burdens and anxieties that I do not have." And there is too much truth in their assertion when they say this.

Now let us see if we cannot, this morning, instead of listening to the sermon from a motive of curiosity, listen to it from a higher motive, so that we can go away from this place feeling that we have received some real, practical instruction, with reference to right living. I purpose to address you on the subject of Care. I shall speak of the nature of it, the effects of it, the guilt of it, and the method of casting it upon God, so that we may be free from it. a firm integrity. Those men who are buoyant and happy are far more apt to succeed in life than those

In higher degrees, fear becomes more painful, and it can do easily. You have no more right to overtax becomes a source of more positive suffering. Often-times, in the ordinary affairs of life, fear is capable, in would think it cruel indeed to burden a poor animal

beyond its strength. A merciful man is merciful to his beast—to his own body.

Excessive addiction to business not only perplexes and harases the mind, but unbalances it. It gives a man no time for the culture of his social and moral man no time for the culture of his social and moral powers. It wears out his mental susceptibility, so that at fifty, if he breaks down at all, he is apt to break down discouraged. Or, if he is rich at fifty, he has used up all his susceptibility to, light and joy, and drags out a miserable existence, or is forced upon the tread-mill of business again, for dreary recreation. Excessive addiction to business, then, oftentimes wears a man out; or, if it does not wear him out, unfits him for enjoyment.

him for enjoyment. Another form of business care is that connected with the execution of the common duties of life, and consists in our going to our daily tasks with a desponding temper—with solicitude and doubting; not with courage, not with contentment, not with trust in God; but

age, not with contentment, not with trust in God; but with a seeming determination to make everything as heavy as possible, and to take nothing till it has been well flavored with anxiety.

An equally prevalent form of business care is that of anticipation. A great many persons are always full of forebodings of evil in respect to their secular affairs. They are never satisfied to take a hopeful view of the fature. If there is some slight disturbance in the commercial world thay imagine the worst condition commercial world, they imagine the worst condition of things which could possibly exist, and look upon all sorts of disasters as likely to be visited upon them. They say, "If it should turn out so and so, I should be ruined, and my family would come to want, and I should lose my standing in society, and Mr. A. who has been trying to get the upper hand of me, would triumph over me, and Mr. B. who has long wished to see me fall, would rejoice over my calamity!' and thus they go through the whole catalogue of misfortunes that could be brought about by the most unpropitious turn that events could possibly take; and after all they are not bankrupt, so that they have all their anxiety for nothing. How many men are there that, at least once a week, wash their hands in the turbid waters of despair, seeming to think that if there is a possible way in which they can look at the future so that it will bring them more trouble, it will do them good to look at it in that way! The man who thus worsten himself with fear decrease his carrier of his worries himself with fear, destroys his capacity of being either wise or efficient. His mind is in a continual ing etters wise or emerent. His mind is na continual state of anxiety, which prevents its normal action, and through over-exertion and a loss of sleep and appetite, his physical powers become deranged and enfeebled. I am ashamed of any man that carries himself through life in this hard and heavy way. I should be ashamed to care enough about anything in this world to let it become my master, and exercise a destantic mover over me

potic power over me.

I think there is a form of pride which is divine. mean that pride which causes a man to feel that God made him superior to everything else in this world—superior to farms, and banks, and stocks, and money, and honors. Men should have such a sense of their value above everything else by which they are surrounded on this globe, as to feel that if they lose as that that they possess outside of themselves, they still have that which is more valuable than what they have lost. A man is rich so long as he keeps his integrity; but if that is gone; if his moral nature is soiled; if his hands are impure; if he has broken pact with his conscience; are impure; if he has broken pact with his conscience; then, when he loses his worldly possessions, his all is gone—his soul as well as his goods! A man, if he would be a man, must feel, "I su master of my affairs, and I will not be dragged down by anxieties and cares on account of them. I value my liberty too much to let secular matters domineer over me. The morning is wing the near is union and the night is mine. No mine, the noon is mine, and the night is mine. No bargains, no speculations, no anxieties concerning the future, shall take away one hour of my sleep. These things shall not invade me; for I am a child of God." I think that in this way a man's pride should be his bulwark against anxieties and cares

You shall find that where men are addicted to cares those arising from the two extreme conditions of so-ciety—poverty and wealth—are about equally distress-ing. One man is full of frets and cares, and caning. One man is full of frets and cares, and cannot get along, because he cannot get money; and his neighbor over the way is full of frets and cares, and cannot get along, because he has got so much money. And thus we see opposite conditions playing all through life. One frets because he has no family; another frets because he has so large a family that he cannot take care of them. things which touch the affections. And there is a nice distinction made between feelings of care which relate to the family, and those which relate to other things. There are many men that would be ashamed to fret about their plow, their horses, their business, and matters of this nature, and would think it unworthy of them to do so, who yet say, "When trouble comes into a man's family—when, for instance, his child is sick—he cannot help being worried and feeling anxious." Indeed! Why can he not? There is the command of God, that you should cast all your care upon him. And his promise that he will take care of you is not a half-way promise. He does not say that he will to with you in the store, in the shop, in the office, and in matters pertaining to external life, and them leave you when troubles press upon you the most grievously. Christ does not say that he will stand by you till your affections come to be assailed—the very place where after the related to the same to harbor such a disposition. It is disgraceful to your manhood, and dishonators come to be assailed—the very place where const does not say that he will set a sailed—the very place where you are least able to bear trouble, and where, more than anywhere else, you need Divine belp, and faith in the promises of God to men—and that then he will demonstrate the sole navigators in this world. How many there are who go out upon the sea of life with no the promises of God to men—and that then he will demonstrate the sole navigators in this world. How many there are who go out upon the sea of life with no the promises of God to men—and that the promises of God to men—and that then he will demonstrate the sole navigators in this world. How many there are who go out upon the sea of life with no Christ in the ship, with no Christ in the storm, with no Christ anywhere; or, at any rate, with no Christ-

except when they do not need one at all! There are cares, also, which, in multitudes of instances, are bred by luxury, over-indulgence and vanity. There are many whose cares, if you could ascertain their source, would be found to exist in consequence of their superfluities. They do not arise from fears of evil, but from the fear of a restless ambition, lest it shall not obtain some desired end. Their troubles are not real troubles, but perplexities growing out of vanity, selfishness, avarice, and the lower feelings generally. If men would notice what things nettle them most, they would find, oftentimes, that they were the most unessential things. Hence real trouble frequently makes men much happier than they were in prosperity. I have seen men that were very unhap-py in prosperity, who, as soon as they had become bankrupt, and everything had been taken from them, were happy enough. So long as their trouble was imaginary they were perfectly miserable, but when real trouble came upon them it brought them to their bearings, and guabled them thereafter to steer their bark aright. Some men are like empty ships, which dance and toss about like egg-shells on the water, but which, if you load them, and sink them down to the deck, will ride steadily through the waves. Many men have to experience real trouble before they will carry on even keel; and then they make good voyages.

he is pleasing God or not—for a man to carry with him-self a certain kind of anxiety which makes him feel that he wants to be a Christian, but that he does not know whether he is one or not; and which makes him feel that he wants to be on good foundations, but that is of machinery, which friction the engineer is always trying to diminish, by pouring in oil wherever he ean. I have noticed how much pains engineers on railways take to overcome the friction of the locomotive. At rather becoming. They think that this feeling of

auxiety respecting one's state gives solidity to his religious experience. They think a man is not apt to be deceived when he has a great deal of solicitude about the reality of his prety; but that he is presumptuous and in a dangerous position if he is confident that he is a Christian. Whatever may be your theory on this subject, you never got such ideas as these from the New Testament. There is not a word there which forbids our feeling confident that wa expected of God bids our feeling confident that we are accepted of God.
We are taught to trust in the grace of the Lord Jesus
Christ shed abroad in our hearts. And if we find no
evidence of piety in ourselves, we are not to place ourselves in a fretting condition of mind, and go about lamenting our low estate, but we are to mount up into a higher atmosphere, and take truer views of our relations to God, and quench our thirst for a pure life, so that we shall be able to say something confidently in repect to what we have done for ourselves, and what Christ has done for us. If our hope for the future stood in our actual attainments, we might well feel anxious about our ability to obtain galvation; but as it stands in the glorious power of God over us and about us, what possible chance can there be that it will

about us, what possible chance can there be that it will fail? God being for us, nothing can be against us.

"But," some will say, "ought not men to anticipate evil? Ought not men to provide against evil?! Fear is a spur good for laziness, I will admit, but generally lazy men are the very ones that never feel it. And where a man is not lazy, he does not need a spur. In neither case, therefore, is it of any account. An enterprising man has motives to draw him forward: the needs none to drive him. Lazy men are nudriven. he needs none to drive him. Lazy men are undriven by them. "But," it may be asked, "can a man re-verse his constitution? If a man is made so, must he not be so?" We not unfrequently hear men say, "It is easy for you, who have a good constitution and a happy temperament, and who are agreeably circumstanced, to do thus and so; but if you were as billous as I am; if you were as sick as I am; if you had to contend with such trials at home as I have to; if you were a business man, and you had such a harassing business about your heels as I have about mine, you would then have as much anxiety as I have, and you would fret as much as I do. It is very easy to preach—much easier than it is to practice." I have found that out—that it is a great deal easier to preach than it is to practice; but it is nevertheless our duty to practice. God does not exempt you from performing all duties except those which you can perform down hill. He says, "Here is the way; walk in it." You may say that it is harder for you to walk in the way God has set before men, than it is for others. Perhaps it is; but that does not alter the fact that it is your duty to walk in it. You undoubtedly have some troubles which other men do not have, but because they have not got them as well as you, does not exonerate you from bearing them in a manly, Christian way. Unan, who perhaps needs to restrain his hopefulness, says, ... I am naturally so confident that I am easily led nto imprudent courses of conduct;" and I say to him,
There is where you have got to carry your burden." Another man, of a different character, says, "I am so Another man, of a diefection character, says, "I am so ascetic and melancholy in my nature, that I am predis-posed to look on the dark side of things;" and I say to posed to look on the dark side of things;" and I say to him, "There is where you have got to carry your burden." Every man, according to his nature and circumstances, has got his peculiar burdens to bear. If one man has an ungovernable temper, there is where he has got to carry his burden. If another man has a business that it is difficult to manage, there is where he has got to carry his burden. Our burdens lie where our natures are most defective, and where we are most exposed to tempation. It is our duty to be chearful exposed to temptation. It is our duty to be cheerful and hopeful, in this world; and if I am bilious, and ascelic, and gloomy, naturally, it is hard for me to be-come buoyant and conlident. I cannot become so some buoyant and couldent. I cannot become so without exercising a great deal of vigilance and determination; but the harder it is for me to become what I ought to be, the more virtue there is in my doing it. If you perform merely those duties which it is easier to erform than not to perform, there is no great credit ue you for it. You deserve credit for the performance of duties in proportion to the obstacles you overcome n performing them.

I will now say a few words as to the effects of care."

First, it destroys tranquility and peace—a state of mind almost as needful to well-being, as the equilibration of scales is to just weighing. Perfect health, you know, is that state in which we are unconscious that know is that state in which we are unconscious that we have a body. The moment a man becomes conscious that he has a physical structure, something is wrong with him. To be in perfect health, one must be in such a condition that he does not know that there is anything of him. Now suppose a man is sound in every organ, but that in the morning he goes through a nettle-hedge, what effect does it have upon him? Why, although he is in good health—although his lungs are vight, and his perfus are vight, and his perfus as in the suppose a man is some vight, and his heart is right, and his perfus are are right, and his heart is right, and his nerves are right, and exery other part of his body is right—yet, all day long he is chafed, and fretted, and irritated, just because in the morning he went through that nettle-hedge. Well, care is to the mind what nettles are tle-hedge. Well, care is to the mind what nettles are to the body; and some persons who are all right in every other respect, allow their minds to be so fretted, and chafed, and irritated by care, that it takes away from them that calmness of temper which is indispenable to wisdom in life.

Care also destroys that natural buoyancy—that springing, hoping disposition—which God gave to man on purpose to make him float easily on the ductuations of his earthly experience. People often think this buoyof his carriny experience. People often thank this budy-ancy is a dangerous element in children, and that it ought to be repressed; but you might as well the up their blood-vessels as to repress it. The more budyant and hopeful your children are, the more you should bless God. If you have a sluggish, unspringing child, bless God. If you have a sluggish, unspringing child, you should try to produce activity and sprightliness in it. Let children be lively; let them be joyous; let them be playful; there is life and hope and promise in it. And you that are older than they—you that are out of your childhood—woe is you if you have lost that buoyancy, that cheerfulness, that up-springing sensibility, which was implanted in your being that you might triumph over life! I think that he is the last work how the weet how in him, not the most best man who has the most boy in him: not the most boyishness, for there is a sense in which we are to put away childish things; but that is the best man who has the most simplicity of character, the most trustfulness, the greatest tendency to take a hopeful view of life, and to see bright things where there are bright things
—in short, the most of that disposition to which I suppose Christ referred, when he said, "Except ye become

pose Christ referred, when he said, "Except ye become as little children, ye shall not enter the kingdom of heaven." That man or woman is deeply to be pitied who has lost this youthful up-springing, which care has so great a tendency to wear out.

Care likewise destroys cheerfulness; that is, the expression of hope, and of good-nature, and of happiness. Every man was made to beam cheerfulness, just as a lamp is made to show light, just as a flower is made to exhale doe, just as a picture is made to exhibit color. exhale odor, just as a picture is made to exhibit color. It is not optional with us whether we shall be cheerful or not. It is a Christian duty for every man to be uniformly cheerful; and no man can be thus cheerful who allows himself to be harassed and fretted by care.

With tranquility, and buoyancy, and cheerfulness, care of course destroys happiness. And I hold that the true doctrine of the Word of God is this—that it is

the Christian duty of every man to be, not in constant ecstacy, but uniformly happy: not merely when circumstances make him so, but without regard to circumstances. Every man should say to himself this:
I will be happy. If circumstances do not help me, I will help them. I will receive the light from them if will help them. I will receive the light from them if they afford it to me, but if not I will carry a lamp in my own heart that shall light my path. It is my priv-

my own heart that shall light my path. It is my privilege and my duty to be happy.

Moreover, care exercises a very evil effect upon the disposition. I know that some persons can bear care without being spoiled. There are men whom it seems almost impossible to spoil; but there are not many of them. Generally we are too easily spoiled. And nothing injures the disposition more than low, brooding care. How pettish it makes us!—how morose, how impostent, how unloying, how unloyely!

impatient, how unloving, how unlovely!

Furthermore, care is a hindrance to success in life.
The very reason why men take it up and carry it is because it seems to help on their business; but its effect is to make their minds restless and feverish, and to unfit them for wise planning or wise execution. Life itself will bear testimony to the fact that those Life itself will bear testimony to the fact that those who are the most cool, the most even-minded, are the best able to steer their course through all the quick-sands of business; while those who fret, and chafe, worry themselves into a kind of fever, in which their judgments are unsound, their energies are wasted, and their time is as much occupied with their own feelings as with their business.

as with their business.

I need not speak of the guilt of care under such circumstances. Every word I have spoken concerning its effects, is an exhibition of the guilt of it.

I pass to speak, in the last place, of casting care upon God. The doctrine of God's concern in human affairs is one of the most comforting of all the doctrines of the New Testament. The aboutd, and yet insidious idea which exists respective. God's returners and his of the New Jestament. The absurd, and yet instances idea which exists respecting God's vastness, and his occupation with worlds, systems, realms, and laws of nature, has become the foundation of a kind of skepticism or infidelity. There are a great many men who seem to think that God will take care of worlds, but that he will not condescend to take care of those little things which concern men here below. I have heard people ridicule the idea of God's caring for such things as whether we pay our rent or not, whether we get CONTINUED ON THE EIGHTH PAGE.

# The Messenger.

Each article in this department of the Banner we claim
J. II. Comart, Trance Medium. They are not published on
account of literary merit, but as tests of spirit communion
to those friends to whom they are addressed.
We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of
their earth life to that beyond, and do away with the erroneous idea that they are more than riving beings. We believe the public should know of the spirit world as it is—
should learn that, there is evil as well as good in it, and not
expect that purity alone shall flow from spirits to mortals.
We ask the reader to receive no dectrine put forth by spirits,
a these columns, that does not comport with his reason.
Each expresses so much of truth as he perceives—no more.
Each can speak of his own condition with truth, while he
gives opinions merely, relative to things not experienced.

Wisitors Admitted.—Our sittings are free to any one who may desire to attend. They are held at our office every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday afternoon, commencing at HALF-FAST Two o'clock; after which time there will be no admittance. They are closed usually at half-past four, and visitors are expected to remain until dispissed.

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

July 16.—James Lucas, Charlestown; Evil Influences of Spirits over Mortals.

July 19.—Wm. Rundlett, Exeter, N. H.; John Henry Wilson and Albert Wilson, Clucinnati; Capt. Wm. Elliott, Machias, Mo.; Charlotte D. Tileston, Boston; Charles Gould, Banger,

Joseph Young. ly 20—F. G. Welch; Elizabeth Campbell, Boston; Thomas

July 20—F. G. Weich; Elizabeth Campbell, Boston; Thomas Lang, Providence; "Who are God's Elect?" July 21—John Waters; Nehemlah Hudson, Lynn; Maria Ellinwood; Charles Jenness, Boston. July 22—Henry Stevens, Boston; Daniel Rhoades, Boston; Margaret Wilmot, New York; Alexis Friedman, Pittsburgh; Charles L. Hayes, Cloveland. July 23—Ben Morgan, Boston; Lucy (servant), Boston; Joseph Chipman; William Laws, New York; Jonathan, to

Leary, New York.

July 30—Emeline L. Swazey, New York; Preston S.
Brooks; Timothy Guild, Michigan; Mary Vesheldt, New

Brooks; Timothy Gulld, Michigan; Mary Vesheldt, Now York.

August 2—Lemuel Rychurg; Nathaniel Morton, Taunton; Barah L. Hale, Boston; W. F. Johnson, (actor).

August 3—A. Rose, Block Island; Mary Williams; Pat Murphy, Dover; Lawsin Spirit-Life,

August 4—Mary Weeks, Boston; George Palmer, Bangor; William Clarkson; Alice Mason, Cincinnut,

August 5—Stophen Willmot, Cherry Valloy; Samuel Wilson, Mobile; Charles Hallock, Springfield, N. Y.; Mary Thayer; Joseph Gray, Boston; Don Jose Retancoate.

Aug. 6—Jenny Harris, New Orleans; William Buck, Buckville, Ala.; Wm. Harris, Saco, Me.; Mary Aun Lester, Nashua, N. H.; Edgar Halliburton, Philadelphia; Charles Brown, Providence, R. I.; John King.

Aug. 9—Samuel Ricker, Rochester, Ill.; "Why are all men born in sin?" Margaret Jane Moore, London, Eug.; James Walker, Boston.

born in sin?" Margaret Jane Moore, London, Eng., vanion Walker, Boston.

Aug. 10—Peter Valkendahll, New York; William Pelby, Boston; Michael Clary, Boston; Virginto Stewart, New York; Lyman S. Posse, Ogdensburg.

Aug. 11—Thomas Clark, Hallinx, N. S.; Simon Gales, New York; Jacob Parkhurst, Plymouth; Mary McDonald, Edinburg; Charles M. Dresser, Albany; Lydia Fisher.

Aug. 12—Joseph White, Concord, N. H.; "Why do men die?"

John Tucker.-The Miser's Influences. I used to live in Marblehead. My name was John Ticker.

I want fishing; learned the rope makers' trade, but did n't like it very well; then I turned to shoe-making, but it was too quiet. I worked at it in winter, and in bad weather, when I could n't do anything else. But I carned more money fishing than in any other way. I was drowned. I was sick at the time, and do n't suppose I ought to have gone out.

gone out.
I've got a brother William, and I have a wife and two children, and I should like to know of some way in which

cautaren, and 1 should like to know of some way in which I can talk to them.

I was out in a squall; the boat did n't exactly capsize, but I did. I ought not to have been out that day, for I was sick; and I undertook to do semething, and fell over.

What year is it now? 1850? Oh, you are mistaken, aint you? Then I have been dead cleven years. I could tell pretty nigh, but I should have said it was about eight years; I died in '48. We don't reckon time as you do.

I was called Jack, always; I told you John was my name, but they always called me Jack. I have got folks all around the country; but I never wrote to them when I was here; now I should like to let them know I can talk.

I had the cramp when I first went over, but that was all the pain I had. When I first know I was dead I saw my imother; then I know I was dead. Oh, I thought I should die, for I could not swim.

the pain I had. When I that know I was dead I saw my imother; then I know I was dead. Oh, I thought I should die, for I could not swim.

It is easy for us to talk, if we know just what to do—and they always toil us. They told me to put my left hand on the head of the medium, and then throw all my thoughts toward the spirit of the medium, and try to make it understand that I wanted it to leave. They said, "If you have put your thoughts strong enough on the spirit of the medium, she will soon leave; and the first you know, you will think you want to move a hand, and it will move—think you want to speak, and the first you know you are talking." That was the way with me,

I don't know exactly what to say. Guess you better ask the folks to let me have a chance to talk to them.

My little boy—they are thinking about sending him away from home. He mother thinks he is too old for her to take care of. He was between two and three years old when I left. I don't know about sending children so young away from home—I don't like it; I should talk pretty hard, if I could talk at home; but it's no use talking it here for the public to see.

We do not have all that we want here. If we get Ans. We do not have all that we want here. If we get anything here, we must work for it. We know each other here, and all about each other, by the colors we appear in. Our inside creates the outside. I see some of the smart ones here, whose outside clothing looks very bright; others, who are affectionate, look like the faintest kind of a rose color. Those who like to be loved very much, and love others much, look like a brilliant gold color. I look grey, for everything is very misty with me. My mother is a long way higher than me, and prettler than I am; but then, I should know her anywhere. Men who are very intelligent, but are not good.

mo, and prettier than I am; but then, I should know her anywhere. Men who are very intelligent, but are not good, look like a rock full of little shining spots. Did you never see a rock all mixed with black and sliver shining spots? Well, they look like that. They tell me that in time all these black spots will disappear, and bright ones will take their place, when they shall have got rid of the evil in them. Ans. You must ask for anything here, if you want it nobody offers you anything here. I saw the old fellow that told me to come here, and I wanted to know something; but he did n't say a word. By-and-by I directed my thoughts very strongly to him, and then he told me what I wanted to know. I asked him if he did n't know that I wanted to know about it before I asked him, and he said, Yes; but if I wanted anything here, I must ask for it—nobody would offer to give me thing here, I must ask for it-nobedy would offer to give me

thing here, I must ask for it—nobody would effer to give me advice.

I saw an old man here—a miser; I used to know him; his name was Hardwick, and he was a hard old thing, too. He originated in Marbichead, and used to come there occasionally, and then I used to see him at a friend of my wife's—Clark. (My wife's name was Clark.) He used to go round to folks' houses to get his victuals, and he d sit all day waiting to be asked to eat. Well, he 's dead now; and if that old cuss aint trying to get money here just as much as on earth! He tells me he couldn't be happy if he didn't work to get money. He tells me he has got a chap here in Massachusetts that is some like him, and he is with him all the time. He says this chap has got \$7,000 laid up now, and he says it is his as much as the chap's that thinks it his. He is so near alike to that chap that he can influence him to get money, and he does not know it; it is one-half the power of the old miser that gets the money, and one-half the fellow's onearth.

I was a Universalist, but did n't get to church once in a dog's age. We aint anything here. Some of the Baptists and Orthodox are fighting about going to God, and the more they fight, the further off they get from Ilim. I guess God is a person that lets you do pretty much as you want to. If you prefer to stay still, he lets you; and when you want to move, he helps you, I guess.

July 13.

# Henry Woodbury.

I wish to communicate with one by the name of Woodbury, baker by trade, at Chelsea, Vt. Will you be kind enough to say that Henry Woodbury wishes to communicate with Samuel Woodbury?

When last they met on earth, Samuel was a baker in Chel-Thave been dead between eight and nine years, and I have much to say to Samuel that will be of importance to him, but I cannot say it here.

I don't know as I shall beceive any kind of a welcome. If

I was sure of being well received, I should be very likely to give something more hered, but as I am not sure of it, so I will wait until I meet him alt some time or place convenient to him.

July 13.

# William Follett.

Every one, I suppose, has his own way of communicating—are allowed to please themselves, are they not? Well, I shall begin by saying that I have been impatient to come for the last six years; have tried many strings, but all have failed. Now I have come here, hoping to do something; if I do not, I shall be no more disappointed than I have been before.

fore.
My name was William Folicit. I died in Boston, in the My name was William Foliett. I died in Boston, in the year 1850. I have a mother, I suppose, in Boston, and I have two sisters. I had some slight knowledge of this thing before I went away, and I thought I should be able to come right back. They told me, when I came here, that I must wait. I waited three years, and then began to get auxious. I have been trying this one and that one ever since, with little success. My mother and sisters do not believe in these things, and they will not be likely to believe that I have come here. But I will give them enough to set them to thinking; and then, if they think hard enough, they will perhaps ask me to come again.

haps ask me to come again.

I was a machinist by trade; the last place I worked at was at Hopworth's, in Boston. I died of small pox; but how I ever got it is more than I can tell. My mother and sisters feel, or did feel, very bad because they could not be with me when I was sick, and could not hear what I wished to

say before I died. But I am as good as ever now, and can tell them better than when I was sick; for I could hardly talk, and could not have seen them at all it they had come to me. If my folks will go to that medium I told them about be fore I died—that I went to see—I will go there; and if they are there, I know I can communicate with them. I know he is in New York; and if they think as much of me as they used to, they will go there. No, I don't know anybody else. If they see fit to go to anybody else, I'll try to commune with them, and if I can, I will; but I'll choose him, at any rate. I would tell them some things as to how I am situated here, but they would n't understand it if I should. I am happy enough—just as happy as I need to be; but I can't understand all things here—I can't see through all.

Some church members I knew on earth, and who then believed in a resurrection, believe in it now. I don't see how they can believe it, but they do expect to take their old bodies, and live on earth. My mother is one—believes the same, and will know who I mean. I ured to make sport of it to her, and I should now if she was here. If anybody wants my old body to come back here with, they are welcome to R. I don't want it, for I should be afraid it would get sick sometimes. I do n't think I have anything more to say. If any of them will go to Redman's, let them think pretty strong about it, and I shall know it, and meet them there. If they are not a mind to go, let them do the next thing—stay away. I used to tell them if they would not, I did not care—it did me no harm. I say the same now; if they will go, it will be well for them; if they do not, I don't care; they alone will suffer for it. They will be sure to do that, whether they will or not, if they do not give me a chance to speak with them.

July 14.

#### Stephen Ridgeley.

Eight years ago this very day I died, away from my friends; and, should I attempt to picture the horrors of that hour, I should fail. No man need picture a more bitter hell than I experienced at the time when I knew I must die, away from a I loved so well.

those I loved so well.

During all the years I have been in spirit-life, I have been unhappy, because I desire to speak with my wife and little ones; and now, as God has opened a way for me, why may I not avail myself of the blessed privilege and seek to commune with those I so dearly love?

I died of fever at San Juan, or on the way to California. I was taken sick going up the San Juan river, by eating some decayed fruit, I suppose. For many days I lay quite insensible—most of the time—and I was almost an entire stranger to all around me decoupent mon their humanity.

some decayed fruit, I suppose. For many days I lay quite insensible—most of the time—and I was almost an entire stranger to all around me, dependent upon their humanity for care. Most of them had all they could well do to take care of themselves, and I suppose I was not well taken care of themselves, and I suppose I was not well taken care of when I was first taken sick, clse I night have lived.

I left a wife and two little ones in Whitehall, New York State. They did not hear of my death until six months after I had left earth. Then my poor wife was taken sick, and for many hours I expected she would come to me; but it seems a wise Providence ordered it otherwise, and she is still on earth, while I am here to-day striving to get into communication with her, if I can.

I have two brothers—one in Australia, and the other down South—I cannot tell you where; but I do not care to commune with my wife, and let her know I can come to her. I wish to tell her about the children, and about what little property I left. She is but a child in business matters, and I see overything is about as much unsettled as when I died.

Oh, if she were here to-day I'd be in heaven. But I must wait—wait—wait perhaps another seven years—but I hope not. It is a long road that has no turn, and there must be some avenue leading off from the road I have traveled, not far about extents.

is a long road that has no turn, and there must be some avenue leading off from the road I have traveled, not far

avenue leading off from the road I have traveled, not far shead certainly.

I was a dentist by profession—perhaps these little items will be needed to prove my presence here to-day. I am a little agitated, excited, thinking what I should say if my folks were only here.

You who are always at home, surrounded by those you love and who love you, can hardly realise the condition of one who is away from home among strangers, with death starling him in the face—a thousand thoughts crowding upon him, and not able to utter one—to say even a good-by to the friends he has. Well, these things are perhaps the necessities of life—they tell mu so. I sometimes doubt the goodness of God when I see how happy some are, and how miserable are others. I left my home that I might better care for my own; that I might get cough to care for my wife—my little ones. I did not go on my account, but because I wished them well. I find others have gone out, made enough to make them happy, returned, and are now with those they love.

make them happy, returned, and are now with those they love.

I sometimes think that Fato has placed a mark upon some. But when I think as I should think, I know that God is good, and that I am here by his will, and not my own or others'. And I am here to-day by his will, and it is right for me to speak. I do not believe he has opened the doors between the two worlds, and forbidden us to enter. Oh, no; I believe it is his will for me to come. My wife stands, or did stand, in fear of death, and I suppose she has the same fear now. I have often heard her say that if she were sick and knew she was to die, she should be perfectly miscrable. Now if I can come and convince her that the spirit-world is not the dark place she has been taught to think—that there is a better life beyond earth for all, I shall do a good work.

If my wife, Maria Louisa, will only furnish me with sultable means to commune through with her, I shall be one of the happlest spirita that ever left earth. I have full confidence that she will give me an opportunity of doing so. I shall wait patiently until hear from her. If it is only a wish that I come again, I shall be satisfied.

"My name was Stephen Ridgoley. I do not think any one can inistake me. I do not think I have given aught but truth, which I have desired to keep at my right hand.

William Falls to Rey. J. V. Himes

William Falls, to Rev. J. V. Himes.

By what method do you send messages to the friends of hose who visit you? I wish to communicate with Joshua Himes, of Boston.

I wish to communicate with Joshua Himes, of Boston. Yes, he has a middle name, and if it is necessary you may annex a V.; but I know him as Joshua Himes.

I wish to communicate with him in relation to the creation, the development, and the final great change of the earth plane. I think I can give him more solid truth, more substantial light in one half hour's time, than he could gain in any other way during his natural life.

I know he is strictly conscientious, and highly developed in morality; but I know also that he is being led astray theologically. And I have long believed it to be my duty to communication, that I may remove some of the stubble from his path; that I may remove some of the stubble from his path; that I may remove some of the stubble from his path; that I may remove some of the stubble from his path; that I may remove some of the stubble from his path; that I may remove some of the stubble from his path; that I may remove as more of the Past, and give him the light of the dresent.

The Past will furnish no knowledge of the Present or the Pature. He needs the light of to-day; and that he has not. Fourteen years ago I, too, was deluded by referring to the Past; fourteen years ago I know Joshua Himes; I then be. Past; fourteen years ago I know Joshua Himes; I then be. I can find out what is wanted of me, I shall be leasted to ensayed any question addressed to me, but I shall be added to ensayed any question addressed to me, but I shall be added to ensayed any question addressed to me, but I shall be added to ensayed any question addressed to me, but I shall be added to ensayed any question addressed to me, but I shall be addressed to me, but I shall be added to ensayed any question addressed to me, but I shall be added to ensayed any question addressed to me, but I shall be added to ensayed any question addressed to me, but I shall be addressed to me.

Rourteen years ago I, too, was deluded by referring to the Promised Land, and I can soo by what I am surrounded, and I can soo by what I am surrounded, and I can soo by what I am surrounded, and I can soo by what I nave passed through; and in some conditions am able to assertian the whoreabouts of my friends. And being I many Edgewood.

able to ascertain the whereabouts of my friends. And being an inhabitant, as I am, of that Promised Land, that now heaven, that place of rest, I deem myself competent to give

heaven, that place of rest, I deem myself competent to give some intelligence therefrom.

The man Joshun is endowed with no small degree of intelligence; he is capable of making rapid progress, but he has confined himself too closely with the Past. But as Jehovah has endowed him with certain choice gifts which are tying idle, I deem it my duty, as it is my pleasure, to come here, as I cannot go elsewhere, to tell him he is not using his Godgiven talents in the right direction.

I well know that the votaries of Spiritualism have not much to beast of, for they are all, as a class, clinging to their idols; and, instead of following the divine precepts of those who come to them from time to time, they are following the evil devices of their own evil natures, and are thus shadows, instead of lights to the multitude. Yet the man Joshua should not stand in the back-ground because the professors of this new light are not found in the way of their duty; because they, many of them, see fit to use the light which hath been given to them from the upper spheres for a cover nath been given to them from the upper spheres for a cover for their sins, a shade for their iniquities.

The day is not far distant when those who stand in the

The day is not far distant when those who stand in the new light shall be seen and recognized fully for their own good, and the stains upon their garments shall not be hidden from the sight of the people by the robes of Spiritualism; but they shall be seen as they are, and shall be washed in the pure waters of humility, and come up redeemed from the Past.

Now the man Joshua would do well to end his sejourn in the valley of Darkness; and he would do well, also, to come out upon the plain, for God is there; and, as he is there, will he not bless him upon the common highway, as well as within the precincts of the church?

I pray that he may see and realize the voice of his God in

within the precincts of the church?

I pray that he may see and realize the voice of his God in my coming; and if he would try me and know me, to see whether I be true or false, let him go to some suitable source, and call for one William Falls, who will be glad to meet him and give him the light he bath gained in spirit

ite.

I bid you, scribe, a kind good day, hoping and expecting
to meet you again.

July 14.

# Albert Hadoc.

Hurrah! all aboard! A gallant ship and a gallant crew; myself commander in-chief. What a lucky dog I am! There is a gal standing side of me, who thought to get in before I, but she happened to be the weaker vessel and I

There's a gal standing side of me, who thought to get in before I, but she happened to be the weaker vessel and I the fastest sailer, so she'll come after me. She wants to talk to the church; that 's a craft I never belonged to.
Oh, she's left, because I 'm not exactly the class to suit her. Well, I 'm matter, of all I survey.
I'm in port a little sooner than I expected to be, and in a little different rig; but never mind, so I am here. And I am a point or two beyond my reckoning. I made sail for Now York, and here I am at anchor in Buston.
My name was Albert Hadoc—do n't put in too many letter d's. I was able seaman on board the ship Almeda, owned in New York, and I 've been dend since—it's now July, is it?—then I died the 27th day of the vary last June, 1859. I was twenty-four years old. I was pretty well on the passage out; we went from New York to London, and from thence to Calcutta; there I was put on the sick list, and there I died. The vessel is now homeward bound, and if nothing happens, will be in port in a short time, with the news of my unlucky departure. But I'm ahead of all sailing craft that ever sailed in the waters of this lower globe, if I was n't I should n't be here to-day. She sailed shorily after I died. The captain's name was Slevens. God bless you, I can't tell you how to spell it.

I took a short tip round here to-day for the purpose of

spell it.

I took a short trip round here to day for the purpose of letting my wife know that I am anchored on the other side.

She lives in New York with her mother. I am quite happy,

but I should be happier if I had some Jolly companions with

but I should be happier if I had some jolly companions with inc. You can't get a cigar or a glass of grag for love or mency here. Mohey I have not got, love I never knew much about, and so they would n't be of much use to me.

I died of fever and inflammation of the lungs. Come, you landshaft, speak to me.

Oh, you must take me for what I am. That old fellow who just talked to you, is a smart old chap in his way, and I am smart in my way. I can go aloft faster than he can, I guess. I am not in a vay. I can go aloft faster than he can, I guess. I am not in a vay. I can go aloft faster than he can, I guess. I am not in a vay. I can go aloft faster than he can, I guess. I am not fin auch a straight to talk to my wife as that other chap was, but I'd like to well enough, and if she 'il go to some of these craft like thie, I'll prove myself to her; if I do n't, it wont be because I do n't act like myself.

I am not drunk now. My wife told me six months after I got spilced, that I'd kill myself drinking.

"Well, then," said I, "if I do, I'll drink on the other side."
You can tell her that I do n't get any brandy here, so I'm all right now.

all right now.

Ans.—Oh, no, I don't want it when I 'm in spirit-life; but here, while I have control of this body, if anybody 's a miled to

treat, I'll drink. Well, square off, skipper, for I 'm going to make sall. July 14.

Mary Ushaine. This was given in imperfect English, which we cannot con-

vey on paper:

vey on paper:

I should like for you to send a letter to Leopold Ushaine, of New York city. I died four years ago. My name was Mary Ushaine. I got two children—small, little children. I was ask for to come here to speak—likes to have letter from me. You'll tell me what I say—I don't know. I die with infammation of the bowels.

I wants Leopold to mind good the children, and come eo I will speak to him. It's have small place—he sells clothes, down by the Battery—way down. He was burn out two year before I go. He is not in the same place now, but lower down. He ask me to come, and I likes to talk more with him; do not like to talk so—all strangers here. I was twentycight, and a little more. My children names are Leopold and Mary. The boy was most four week old when I die. I goes to see him sometime, and beek of the min say, "Go to Boston, where many goes, and speak, and tells me what I do." I do no care to tell before 's ranguers. I'll speak to him when he come where I can speak.

I came from Germany about seventeen year ago. Leopold was here and the twenty year.

I came from Germany about seventeen year ago. Leopoid was here about twenty year. He was older than me. He seen forty or a little more year. I do n't like to speak before strangers. Will you write this, and say so? I do no want to come here no more. I like to come when I can speak with July 15.

#### Betsey Maloon.

I wish to speak with some of my friends, but I do not see any of them here. My name was Betsey Maloon, and I lived in Newcastle, Maine. I do not care to speak much here, but I am very anxious to speak at home.

My people do not know of this thing, nor that I can come, and I am anxious they should know I can speak to them. I do not know why I have such a strong desire to return to carth, but I think I shall feel better for it. I wish you to tell them I can come to thom. I think I have been dead about nineteen years. I judge from the seasons; for when the atmosphere is mild and clear, I can return easier, and see my friends hetter; and I think I have been eighteen seasons to earth. I have no children in New Castle now, but I have to say where I came from, else they would not know it was me, July 15.

#### William Hallock.

Am I to proceed without any questions being asked? Can I be allowed to ask a fow questions? Provided I give a communication here, what do you intend doing with it? I have heard to heard something about it, but I have not made myself acquainted with it. I have heard that many have come here and communed with their friends, but I do not care to give a detail of my life, or my affairs, or those of my friends. Are you strictly conscientious in these affairs? Are you honest?

ost?

I am not theroughly acquainted with the manner of communicating with earth. I learned shortly after 1 came to spirit life that I could commune if I desired to, but I did not desire to do so at that time. I have seen many coming hither to commune with their friends, but I have not informed

or to commune with their friends, but I have not informed myself altogether upon this point.

Now I suppose it is necessary for me to furnish you with my name, age and place of residence, and other facts which will tend to establish my identity to my friends.

My name was William Hallock. I was born in New York; I died in New Orleans. In youth I studied medicine, but found I was not strictly adapted to that department of life; and therefore I alandoned it, after throwing away about two years. After a proper length of time—perhaps a year or little in nore—I ongaged myself as book-keeper in an establishment in New York. During the time of my service there, which was a year and a half, I received the sum of \$3,400 from a relative who passed from earth from Straffordshire, England.

from a relative who passed from earth from Straffordshire, England.

With that I opened business for myself, and continued in trade, in such artices as ladies wear—dry goods—for fourteen years. During that time, I was married; was blessed with three children, two of whom are now living. One is following, or trying to follow, the profession I thought I would follow in my youth. To him I wish to speak, but I do not care to speak in this public way; I profer to speak in private, giving what I have to give in a private way. I do not wish to be confined to the limits of any locality. If he seeks me in one place, and does not find me, let him seek in another proventies of the power to manifest to him, I shall prove myself to him.

in the one piace, and does not find me, let him seek in another place, and when I do have the power to manifest to him, I have seen much of life in your sphere, and in my new abode, and I find the mind of man is always greedy of gain. It is like a locomotive; needs to be fed constantly in order to be kept in motion. And I well know that God has provided a variety of ways and means whereby his children may be brought to light. But I do not deem it to be my duty to give what I desire to, to be gazed upon by a curious mulitude, and I don't care to feed curiosity; I should be a poor worker to satisfy the curious. I hope my son will not seek from curiosity, but from an honest purpose, that any light he may gain, may be the foundation whereon a temple of future. Iffo may be builded, which will be lasting.

I may be questioned as to why I desire to commune with one child in particular; and in answer I will say, I have a reason, and a very good reason, for so doing.

Now sir, I shall place as much confidence in you as you have placed in me, by being willing to take down the communication of a stranger, and shall hope to receive the fruit of my labors in due time.

William Three

Oh, tell them I am home, safe at home! in the bright land f promise, where hope never dies; and the songs of the cedones are about me, and the arms of him who leadeth us

of promise, where hope nover dies; and the songs of the freed ones are about me, and the arms of him who leaded to us into green pastures and still waters.

I would not come to earth again to dwell, were I possessed of all her gems of beauty and wealth, for now I am free, and death and disease have no more claim upon me.

I hear sighs and words filled with sorrow, coming from the friends I left on earth; they are not sunbeams to me, and I would not hear them, for now I am at rest. Now disease and pale death have gone from me, why should my friends mourn? They mourn because they cannot hear me or see me. Because their religion has taught them I am gone far off; that they may see me no more on earth. I come hore to day to give them a new religion that shall heal all their wounds, and make them to know I can return to them.

That religion is a knowledge of the immortal world; that religion is communion with its inhabitants. It comes like the clive branch, bringing peace; it shines like a star at midnight to guide the traveler home. I find its light is not for one alone, but for all, and I for one will ask my dear friends to be warmed by it, to be strengthened by it, for sorrow is not an angel, that it should be thus courted; but Joy and Peace are angels that are over welcome. And this new star shall bring to all who court its rays these angels, and light and love from the eternal world shall burst upon them.

They say I am dead—gone far away to rest. No, not dead—not far away, but living and near them, watching daily for an opportunity when I may commune with thom, and do away with the past, and give them something of the future. Be calm, ye troubled rouls! eat of the fruits of peace, and not of wild despair, for the Father giveth the one to soothe, and the evil elements of the world force the other upon you. Court the one and reject the other, and you need not go mourning because one hath been taken from humanity.

From Mary Edgowo'd, who died in New York city, May the 11th, 1859, aged twenty-one years.

July 15.

# Joseph Ladd.

The following was written, the Spirit not being able to control the vocal organs to speak :

My name was Joseph Ladd. I died of tetanus, in New York city, May the 6th, 1856. I have a mother there. I was sixteen years old. I should like to speak to her. I cut my foot in January last. It healed ever, and they thought it cured; but it broke out again the first of May, and I died the sixth. Now I am here, writing through a medium, and I feel funny, I can tell you.

# William Parsons.

It is now nearly sixteen years since I was in Boston in the

It is now nearly sixteen years since I was in Boston in the form. A strange sensation seems to be passing over my spirite—a great multitude of thoughts, most of them pertaining to the past, very few reaching into the future.

My name was William Parsons. I was lost at sea, between fifteen and sixteen years ago. I commonly sailed out of New York, but made my last voyage from Boston, and lett a wife hero, to whom I had been married a few months. She is now married again, and settled in New York State; so I suppose I should be an unwelcome visitor there, nor would any communication from me be acceptable, perhaps, now that she has fermed new relations, and considers me dead.

However, if she would like to hear from me, I should be glad to commune with her; If she does not, I certainly shall not crowd myself upon her.

and to commune with her; it she does not, I certainly shall not crowd myself upon her.

I have two brothers; one is settled in New York city, and the other is traveling agent for some company—I know not where he is. I shall be glad to speak with my brothers, if they wish to speak with me, or any of my acquaintances who will not think it disreputable to converse with a friend out of the body. That which they saw, and knew, has long since

passed out of sight beneath the wave; that which controlled in and gave it life, is the same as it used to be, and would like to continue with them. But it does not desire to crowd itself upon any one, any more now than it used to do when it controlled a body that was its own.

I was forty-eight years old when I died; followed the sea about fourteen years, (a little more, perhaps.) I lived as honest as most sailors do, made no profession of religion, and find myself as well off as those are who did. I had no time even to say my prayers before I died; but I find I am just as well off this side, as if I had prayed ever so long and ever so loud.

ever so loud.

I have spent the most of my time since I have been aloft, in enjoying myself as best I could—looking around. For a time I was unhappy, but am not disposed to cry at what I cannot help; so when I understood I was dead, I determined to be happy. Now the time has come to work. I am inclined to think that what I am about to do will not place me in an enviable position, for I have determined to make myself known. I shall not, however, force myself upon any one.

My brother Natured to think about as I did; we used to make myself when any and I had one not disagree with my this

My brother Natured to think mooth as I did; we used to spree pretty well; and if he does not disagree with me this time. I may be of some service to him.

I have not asked your name, nor do I care to know. I presume you understand your business, and if I do not understand mine, it is none of your fault. I have nothing more to give, except to bid you good afternoon.

July 16.

#### Written for the Banner of Light. PEACE! ...

BY JOHN WM. DAY.

Fair Peace, like a Scraph-queen, bends low O'er our war-crowned France, once more-Hushed is the rear of the conflict's flow. By the Garda's trembling shore! Oh, brave Zouave, let us hear the tale Of the stormy right again-How the stelld German's check turned pale When your bayonets reaped the plain!

Speak-for the tide of a nation's tears Is hushed, as the storm rolls by-And hope's bright gleam, like a rainbow, cheers The hearts that in darkness sigh. Speak, that the soul. like an eagle free May soar 'mid the gallant band Whose dying eyes through the smoke-wreaths see

The smile of their native land! "Ohi down by Ticino's crimsoned wave Sank the Austrian's blazing star! And Palestro heard the shout we gave-From the Kahrl-land afar-We dashed 'neath Magenta's black-veiled sky Like a torrent, rolling wide-And wild Cavrlana saw on high

The Imperial cagles ride!

Ah! high doth the warrior-spirit swell, When the drum rolls down the line-And victory weaveth the magic spell Which in after years shall shine! And the rocking earth in slumber shrouds Her sons who their death have found .. Where swift war-bolts, through the low-hung clouds, From the springing cannon bound!"

Oh, warrior! thy words are high and bold. But what do we reck for king. Or creed, or priestoraft, or system old? Time wearies the souring wing! When winds how! florce round old Jura's crest, Doth the vale's free tenant care? But swift as the lauwine breaks his rest Comes strife o'er the homestead fair !

Yes, soldier! flowers on the field may bloom-When a year hath passed away-Where the sheeny ranks with waving plume Spread out in their stein array. So peace o'er the grief-torn bosom smiles When stayed is war's flory car-Will it bring us back the lengthened files By the Death-king lured afar?

Shall the Austrian wife, by Elbe's bright wave, Or the Inn of Tyrol's tide, Clase to her breast the unwavering brave Who fell for old Hapsburg's pride? Will it cheer the homes for France made lone 'Mid the battle's stormy roar. From the tear-gemmed banks of winding Rhone

Not never may come a lasting peace On this dark and sadd'ning sphere: Though the warrior's rending thunder cease, The soul must through conflict steer. For ill is linked to its earthly course, And away it may not fly Till it leap through the sounding breakers hoarse To its Father's home on high!

To the Biscay's mouning shore?

Annisquam, July 30th. 1859.

# PROGRESSION.

Substance of an Address, at the late Convention at Plymouth on Sunday Evening, Aug. 7th, 1859.

BY J. B. LOVELAND.

During the lapse of those swiftly flying years what mighty changes have occurred—not only upon earth's smiling face out upon the social and governmental aspect of the race.

A Nation, unparalleled in its progress, unequalled in its of Jove, and stands, today, the exponent of humanity's loftiest ideal and dearest hope. Nor shall that ideal prove a myth, or that hope a sad delusion. America, with all her imperfecegenerator of the nations of the earth. But, if the changes have been great since that auspicious hour, what have been the number and magnitude of those changes, which the woutorn from its position in the primal crystalization of earth's the magnetic centres of the numerous planetary systems of this universe were formed in the unmeasured infinitude of mately became the planetary bodies, were formed within the sphere of the original or sun centres. The volatile fire-mist. ondensed and particled, formed at first vast globes of liquid. flery matter, and at length the solid granite crust, from which our Plymouth Rock was rent. How vast, how inconceivable these mutations; yet all this change is progress, and progression is our evening's theme. Though some may think all change is not progress, still there can be no progress withrom less to more perfect conditions. In physical substance, it is the combination of primary substances into a secondary unity, which unity is an "E Pluribus Unum" of primitive, indivisible unities, and also of new functions or qualities, gress-it is the fact-the law of the universe; it is the phiwonder-the mystery of the universe, that the combination

But in the progressive changes everywhere seen, written, not only on earth's rocky tablets, but upon all grades of exstence, up to man's intellectual and spiritual nature, we are not able to perceive what might seem to us strict logical order. Progress appears uneven, fragmentary, and disconnected. Indeed there is apparent retrogression, as well as adrancement. In the life of nationalities, some excellence will beam out with sunlight radiance for a time, then darkness will hide it in apparent extinguishment. Greece perfected culpture, Italy painting, so that we are too happy if we succeed in cleverly imitating the ancient masters. So, also, was Greece the mistress in elequence. Nowhere else had a people, enervated by wealth and luxury, been stung by the eloquence of one man to such passionate outbursts of patriotic rage. Rome was the nursery of the most lefty patriotism. 'Not that I loved Casar less, but that I loved Rome more,' of Regulus the highest type of its manifestation. Some nations and some ages have led in the spiritual-some in the philosophical-others in the esthetic, and others still in other branches of human progress. If the light of inspiration shone upon the plains of Hindostan, among the magi of anciont Porsia and Chaldes, and older still, perhaps in the far less sharp than they were. I thank God and all hely intel-

enescifout of sight beneath the wave; that which controlled famed valley of the Nile, its brightest glories crowned the hills and illumed the quiet vales of Palestine. Yen, all the glaries of the ages wove themselves into one eternal-diadem of transcendent beauty, which placed itself upon the brow of Calvary's wondrous victim. Equally unlike is the present aspect of nations. Germany gives us profound philosophy: Italy is the sunny land of song ; France excels in nicety and accuracy of scientific expression, and others in different ways. But in this new nation, (America,) all the progress of other nations and ages is concentrated; and the two centuries and a halfinst past have witnessed, as the present still witnesses , a nan mar past may of the manity's light and greatness in this last born of the nations. Here is to be the culmination of national life and greatness. As is the race, in its essential attributes, so is the individual; and as is the progress of the race, so is the progress of the individual, and vice versa; the one reflects the other. And as the race, unitarily considered, progresses by, and only by, the seemingly fragmentary and tangental progress of different nations and ages, so in the individual, progress is by the manifestation, in different eras of existence; of the varied attributes of man's wonderfully comulex nature.

> And, notwithstanding this apparent confusion, this progress is harmonic. The earth is part of one unitary system, inseparably bound thereto in origin and in destiny. But not more vitally is earth wedded to sister planets, and central sun than is each human personality to all others, in the law of its unfolding. Man is a child of earth. From it, as a mother, he had his birth, and hence, in the teachings of a divine analogy, we have this further formula: as is the pregress of the earth, so is that of man, sprung therefrom. Hence, in the seethings of primitive chaos-in the wild and terrible war of chemical change-in the stupendous, inconceivable, and almost omnipotent upheavals and revolutions of geologic catastrophe, as well as in the more mild and beautiful changes of earth's substance and structure, we see the type of man's life,

> progress and destiny,
>
> Nor could one of those changes be dispensed with, or one of the elements, constituting the primitive factors which make up the sum of being, be eliminated, without making a total wreck of this grand universe of delile life and beauty. Each motion in substance has been the inevitable resultant of the potencies and conditions, as they exist in the system of Infinite Order. Nor, in the operation of these so-called materia; forces, is it possible that anything should be different, either in time or quality. So, in the progress of nations, one event has depended on another, and all are inseparably connected

> This nation is the child of all that have preceded it in the world's history, and could not be what it is if the past had been aught but what it has been. Every revolution and changeovery despetism and rebellion every war and peace, have been influences operating to form us as we are. The institutions of which we boast so much, are the blossoms on plants, which have been watered by the tears of ages-yea, they are the crystalized prayers and aspirations of all humanity that has ever lived.

> The same law of inevitability applies to the individual as to humanity at large. The same principle must be applicable to the parts as to the whole. And, though I am not here to say there is no distinction between good and evil, truth and falsehood, yet I do say that the one is just as inevitable, and hence just as necessary, as the other. But you ask me if all the sin, misery and wrong of earth are indispensable? Yes; the effervescent foam, which caps old Ocean's wayes, is just as necessary as the rolling billow itself; and all the froth and foam of human passion, which crests the heaving surges of passing generations, is part and parcel thereof, and as imperiously necessary as existence itself—as much so as that earth should have been chaotic in all the interminable ages of the past. Whatever may be our opinion as to the creation of forms, will not, in the slightest degree, affect this. Whether all has been evolved by the concurrent action of vital forces immanent in matter, or whether a Supreme, Personal Intelligence planned and made this system of changing things and events, matters not to the thinking mind; for, in the one case, we have the order of an immutable principle, or nature, and in the other, the order of an Immutable Person ; and, in both cases, that order is Progress; and in both, also, that order is based upon Necessity. In the one case it is necessity which flows from or is based upon the nature of things; and, in the other, it is the necessity of Perfect Wis-

Creation began at the lowest plane of the scale of possibility, in order that it may go up forever through the endless series of progressive unfolding. Any one of these eras, however, judged of by itself, would seem unmeaning or monstrous. Who could have appreciated the carboniferous ora, had human existence been possible then? It is only now, as we exhume the buried treasures of a thousand ages gone—the limestone and the coal—that the full-orbed glory beams forth in the consclousness of man. And, whon the pent-up power of earth's molton centre burst forth in terrible, volcanic action, rending the solid crust like gossamer, and pilling up the Andean chains of mountain heights, and otherwise conterling the surface of the earth; and when, in addition to this, the agitated sea rushed down through those frightful fissures upon the angry fire ocean beneath, what wild disorder then ensued! "Wind warred with wind, and thunder answered thunder" in horrid diu, as though old Chaos had resumed his throne, and reigned sole monarch over all.

But the sublimity that elevates, the grandeur that awes.

and the beauty which charms us to-day, in the external ap-Nearly two centuries and a half have passed since the soll- poarance of our mother earth, is the product of those changes. tary rock of Plymouth harbor was pressed by Pilgrim feet. Nor is the principle less true when applied to nations and inand its sandy shore hallowed by Pilgrim prayers and tears. dividuals. I have said that progress is fragmentary. It Greece excelled in sculpture and elequence, she lacked in that which made the Romans great; and everywhere great virtues and great vices have mingled in the nation's life. Greatness and littleness, strength and weakness, beauty and nergy, freedom, spiritual and material power, has sprung deformity, have walked side by side in human progress. The into being, like Minerva, full-armed from the teeming brain | brightest picture has its dark shadings; the leveliest blending of nature's primal hues is on the dark creat of the fleeing storm-cloud, as the loftiest virtues of nations and individuals are fast held in the settings of weakness and sin. But all ions and mistops, shall still shine on, the pride, the joy, the these scattered glories are to be concentrated in the harmonic age. They are focalizing themselves in this nation, in this age. It is too great a stretch for human reason to gather up these fragmentary gleams of, light, which have wandered dering earth has witnessed, since that granite boulder was wildly through the darkened conturies, seemingly aimless of unity of use, and concentrate them in one harmonic sun of rocky skeleton, and borne in some huge leeberg from the fre- truth and love. That sun is rising on man. Its herald zen North, and deposited on this consecrated spot! And, so beams have faintly tipped the mountain tops of the distant far as physical change is concerned, how much grander those ages; but now, deep down in lowest vale and darkest gien of changes which occured anterior to that stormy era of geologic human love and hate, the heavenly sunlight shineth, and catastrophy. In that vast period of inconceivable duration, gold and gems and precious stones reflect the beaming glery of the golden age. Man, in his own conception, has been "half saint, and sinner half-commixture strange of heaven orimal chaos; and subsequently lessor centres, which ulti- and earth and hell!" But if the beauty and glory of earth is the product of that dire confusion of past cras-if the lofty, position of our favored nation is the concentration of all past national lives, so also, from all the warring discords of contending passion, will be born the angel man. All progress is with struggle-all highest pleasure is born of agony-all divinest joys are the crystalized pangs of crucifixion. All this we have demonstrated in our own experience. We know the sweetest nectar ever pressed to our thirsty lips was distilled out change. Progress is change from lower to higher, or from experiences of intensest bitterness. For myself, in retrespecting the past-in counting o'er its sorrows, and measuring out its tears, I do not regret-nor, taking in the wider view, do I regret for humanity, one pang of anguish, one tear of soul-deep sorrow. No. no: for a universe of material which, previous to this union, were non-existent. This de- good, I would not have the cup of sorrow less bitter, or the velopment, or creation of new functional capacities, is pro- thrill of agony less intense; but I would rather pray that they might be more extreme, for the grand results would be losophy of God-the mode of Divine Expression. This is the more intensified. Do you believe a higher and happier sphere of life has spoken to you? And have you learned of two, or more primitive elements, forms a composite unity, from thence, as well as from your own souls, that the highest having nothing of functional capacity in common with its joy grows upon sympathy and pity toward others? Is not the factors, but possessed of entirely new, varied and surpassing loy of the spirit-world its work? And is not that work in the expressed sympathy and pity for those struggling up the steeps of sin and sorrow? But how could there be sampathy If there were no anguish? How could there be mercy and pity if there were no sin? Nay; how could any of the multitudinous sufferings of the race exist, unless evil, or sin, exsted ? And if they were non-existents, then where were our

lovs? How, then, can we say evil is not necessary? With enthushastic rapture we talk of ascending the "spiral pathway of progress" in the wasteless ages of the future. But how could we ascend, if we had not, first, been low down in the scale of excellence? Human life, without evil, created in the fullness of all possible finite perfectness, would have been a dead level of tiresome sameness, which, in the lapse of time, would have become so intolerable that we should pray for hell, to give us a new sensation. Sin is, and has been. necessary as a primal basis for holiness. When I stand in was the matchless formula of its expression, and the conduct the true light of man's destiny, I am glad he came into existence with the imperfection we term evil, attaching to his nature and actions. And when we look back upon the rocky pathway of our sorrowful experience, where we have walked with lacorated and bleeding feet, we shall not wish there had been one jagged point less, or that they had been,

igences, that I have been a sinner. I thank God for all life to enable her to reproduce. The existence of one part of it is. Having had the same temptations in a measurehaving experienced the same essential trials-learned the pulsations of the common heart of man, when I meet a tried and weary brother, in the great struggle of life, I can speak the word of sympathy and love, which, hearing, he shall take heart again. Kindred joys are evolved by kindred life-experionces here. To whom do we go when our hearts are sad, our spirits tired in the "march of life?" Not to the young and thoughtless-not to those who have walked an easy road, -but we seek those whose life has been most like our own. Those who have had the same experiences will find a similar bliss from common sympathy. In our blindness we repine against things as they are, and vainly wish we could teach the Maker of the universe to make them better,

But, in this, we forget that its realization would unsettle the world's sweetest hope, and annihilate its dearest joy. But for sin there could have been no Jesus-no salvation; but for sin there could have been no possible manifestation of essential justice. But, most of all, there could be no mercy. The most glorious attributes of God must have been forever manifested. The possibilities of Divine manifesta tion are only measured by sin as a gage. So, also, the possibility of human progress and perfectness could never be appreciated but by the same standard. Who, that has ever mingled in Christian worship, has not heard these thoughts a thousand times expressed. "T was great to speak a world from nought; 't was greater to redeem.' "Our troubles and with blood, and finally drives him to insanity or suicide? If our trials here will only make us richer there," are some of your dectrines were promulgated and universally embraced the expressions uttering this same thought. Again, how by mankind in their present state, would not every law, both often has the ecstatic Christian protested that he would not change places with the tallest archangel around the throne of God. Why? Angels, he says, have never been redeemed -they have never sinned. To ignore sin is to silence the songs of heaven-is to destroy the conditions indispensable to the production of the loftlest greatness—the sweetest joy the most immaculate holiness, and the brightest glory. As there is no morn so still and Eden-like as that which follows the night of wildest, fiercest storm, and as the loveliest sunset is born from the darkest storm-cloud, and as no beauty equals that which bathes the earth in its richness of jewel and of jem boneath the lightning-flashes of that retreating cloud, so heaven is built on hell. The priceless pearls of its wondrous gates and starry crowns are crystalized in the fearful depths of hell's rayless gloom; and the transparent gold which paves the streets of the one, was melted and refined in the dark furnaces of the other. Yea, the very fragrances which permeate the ecstacy-inspiring breezes of Paradise, are distilled from the noisome stench which rises like a fog of doom over the lake of fire. Everywhere Progression is God's unchanging method. The wrath of man praises him as truly as his holinesss, for both are alike inevitable; and both necessary in order that progression should be possible.

# Correspondence.

#### Tobacco Views.

I fully accept the views of my good and faithful brother Warren Chase, as published in the last issue of the BANNER on tobacco. Also, the views of another good brother, X Walter, of Davenport, Iowa; and another, Nathaniel Randall of St. Johnsbury, Vt.; and also, Stephen Young, of Poplar Bridge, N. Y.; and also, my own views on the same subject, as published in a previous issue of the Bannen. The views of each are legitimate and right. They are the effect of working laws, which laws are natural, stern, and inevitable The views of each on this subject, and the various views of ten thousand other persons on the same subject, unexpressed by words, are the necessary and inevitable effect of conditions All conditions are the outgrowth of nature, and are subserv ient to no laws except the laws of nature. Thus there are no views on any subject, no doctrines, creeds or belief which I could or would reject. I accept them all in total All these are the product of conditions, and no condition is or can be, influenced by them.

Bents, Bosron.—"Dr. Coles says that the American church consumo five million dellars' worth of tobacco annually Now the church go against tobacco, write against and preach against it; and after all the opposition to its use in the church, it is still used there as much, and more in proportion to the number of people, as it is outside the church. Why is this, Mr. Editor ?"

#### Evil.

That there is a vast amount of evil in the world, and tha the proofs of its existence are everywhere self-evident, is the almost universal belief of mankind. 'Tis true, there are a limited number of persons who hold an adverse theory, and the writer concurs in the sentiment, "Nature has done all things well;" and that all animated beings, and inanimate creation, are subject to, and controlled by, natural laws, and indeed, form a part of Nature herself; and, of course, it would be presumptuous folly to suppose that Nature could violate her own laws. Consequently we contend that no absolute evil ever did take place, in the whole history of the world.

God, as the creator and progenitor of the universe, infused and breathed life and motion into all things, from his own person, and has left the impress of his hand and mind on all his works, and so they all reflect their Author. And in no particular does the infinite wisdom of the Creator more strikingly shine forth, than the great variety with which he has nertment o

Narrow and unthinking minds will pronounce these views as the veriest nonsense and wildest folly; and it is only the unprejudiced, philosophical, and comprehensive mind, that can fathom the subject in all its various bearings, and trace the beauty, harmony and beneficence that pervade all nature and reign throughout the entire universe.

Now we behold that man—related as he is, socially and fraternally, to his fellow-man and to all nature around him-le just precisely such a creature as he ought to be, physically, mentally, and morally; and that without his inclinations tastes, dispositions, feelings, wants, desires, and passions, h would be imperfect.

We hear it asserted, in tones of despendency, that here w are subject to pain and toil; that here we must know sorrow and become acquainted with grief, doomed to disease an death; and we assert that where there is no pain or toll there is of necessity no pleasure nor rest; and if there were no sorrow or grief, the exhilerating influence of joy and gladness would never be felt; and without disease and death there would be no health or life. If our physical nature die not require nourishment and food, and make its wants known, we could not partake and enjoy the luxuries which nature furnishes to supply those wants with that sweet relish we do. If we were not susceptible to fatigue and weariness how could we enjoy the refreshing influences of slumber and rest? And so it is with every feeling and faculty of mun were it not so, we would be mere passive, stationary, lifeles substances.

For the purpose of illustrating our position more fully, we will take up the traits in the human character that are al most universally condemned.

Belfishness is everywhere denounced; but all will admithat we ought to possess the principle to a limited extent, in order to the protection, preservation and comfort of ourselves and those dependent upon us; and who is competent t mark the precise point to which our selfishness shall extend We say no one, because the judgments of men disagree; and ever-varying circumstances will render any fixed rule of action impracticable. Hence let this emotion in man's nature be governed by opposing traits in his own character, or the sentiments of his fellows, and the laws of the land in which he lives. So it is with hatred. No sane man would desire its entire eradication from the human breast. Hatred and discontent are great auxiliaries to the advancement the world. We hate and dislike men, customs and deeds that are not compatible with our notions of right, and our Influence controls and changes them to a certain degree Discontent is simply a desire to acquire more knowledge o happiness than we already possess, and has been prominently exhibited in all the great men that have left their mark in the world.

Revenge is a Heaven-born principle that God has ingrafted in every living thing beneath the sun; and all, from the huge mastoden of the forest and the mighty leviation of the watery deep, to the smallest microscopic animalcule that floats through the air or sea, have their means and weapons of aggression and defence, and wise Nature teaches them when, where and how to make use of them for their own safety and defence.

Revenge also holds up to the view of mankind the punishment that vicious acts merit and receive, and thereby published at Montpeller, Vt., from which I make this exchecks, restrains, and prevents their too oft recurrence.

But to sum up all; murder, according to general belief, is the highest grade of crime. Spiritualism has demonstrated the fact that man lives after he leaves the body. The destruction or decomposition of the body and in feet clil me. struction or decomposition of the body, and, in fact, all material substances, is necessary for the ecuperation of Nature,

creation depends upon the destruction of another. The life of one is brought forth and nourished by another's death. "Big fish live on little fish." Nature accommodates herself to all her wants. It is necessary for man's own existence and happiness, that he should die. Man's life in the body is terminated variously, and we hold that he cannot die an unnatural death. Sometimes by pain and sickness, cold and heat, famine and gluttony, earthquakes and storms, wars and postflence, and sometimes by the hand of the assassin. We challenge the world to prove, that the ultimate good and happiness of a single individual has over been blasted by any of these agencies that have deprived any of the human family of their earthly existence. We believe it is for their present and future good. This is especially apparent to believers in the dectrine of departed friends, returning as guardian spirits to watch over those left behind.

I will endeavor to answer the most prominent queries and objections usually put forth by believers in man's antural depravity, against the positions here assumed, as briefly and pointedly as I can. I am asked if I advocate and believe murder is right? and, if it is no crime, is it not wrong to punish the murderer, and folly to preach reformation to man, or endeavor to correct his ways? If the assassin is only acting in conformity with the laws of nature, which you say are right, how is it that guilt and fear take possession of him, and remorse causes him to fancy that his forehead is stained with blood, and finally drives him to insanity or suicide? If human and divine, be disregarded and trampled upon, and violence and crime. In all their most hideous forms, stalk forth unchecked, with a Satonic smile of triumph upon their brutal lips, and run riot, until all would become maddened and frenzied with blood; and every species of crime, at which the heart of humanity sickens and fears to contemplate, be perpetrated, and devastation and ruin overspread our happy land; and from every corner of the globe, where now reigns comparative peace and order, be heard the wallings of un

I answer, I do not advocate murder, neither do I believe it positive ovil; I judge the punishment or penalty affixed thereto. By the same law, it would be irrational to make an exception in favor of the criminal. Nature regulates her government by wise provisions; one act follows another in natural order. I believe it right and proper to preach and teach what we believe, and endeavor to reform our race, for the very reason that nature makes use of these means to accomplish her purposes, and her own advancement, there fore. I do not consider that a Christ, a Mahomet, a Napoeon, a Wesley, a Washington, or a Beecher, are exceptions in nature, or that they have lived in vain. Man, by nature through education, the laws and opinions of the people among whom he lives, forms opinions in his own mind of right. If he acts contrary to those convictions, nature, true to herself, will nunish the actor, for his own benefit, as well as to deter him and others from going further than she wills.

Before answering the last query, permit me to digress a moment, in order that my ideas may be more fully understood. The varied and transitory character of nature is everywhere conspicuous; she has adorned the earth with every concelvable color, and everywhere we behold her passing beauties. We behold the lefty mountains and broad valleys, the mighty forests and barron deserts, the bubbling fount and mighty ocean, the calm and the storm, summer's heat and winter's cold, sunshine and rain, night and day, And as the phrenologist decides in regard to a nicely balanced head, that the development of one organ rules another. we contend all heads are rightly balanced; and individuals, and even nations, may be considered as bumps on creation's cranium, where the fingers of the Deity move with unerring wisdom. The universe is a vast machine, guided by a master hand; and mankind, like unskilled mechanics looking at a complicated and perfect piece of machinery, are not able, at present, to comprehend the whole, or know the design of all its workings or its parts.

All men are similar in their construction; yet, among the many millions that inhabit the globe, no two could be found so much alike that they could not be distinguished. We will leave the active mind of the reader to determine the disastrous results that would inevitably ensue, in all the relations of life, if man's identity were lost. Therefore, if man's varied physical construction is necessary to his own wellbeing, it is equally so in regard to his moral, intellectual, and spiritual composition; hence every diversity of opinion prevalls among mankind. We do not think, feel, believe, and act alike; and, indeed, there is not to be found among the whole human race two persons whose opinions are precisely alike on all subjects; therefore we rationally conclude that the principles we here inculcate will not be universally adopted. Conturies may clapse before the world will be far enough advanced to receive them; but when (if ever) it does, the most happy results must certainly follow,

But I might give a more practical answer, by saving that all the vicious, degraded, and criminal of our country, disbelieve the principles here laid down, while those believing thom (as far as my knowledge extends.) are persons whose characters ought to be hold up by all Christendom, as patterns worthy of imitation by all lovers of virtue, good order, and peace. It is therefore apparent that the prevalence of these sentiments would banish from the earth ignorance, and intolorance, its handmald, which is certainly un end to be devoutly wished for. . A. P. McCombs. Jarrettsville, Md., Aug. 13th, 1859.

# God's Body and Mind.

MESSES, EDITORS-I am highly pleased with the BANKER. take so much interest in it that I mail each number, after I have read it to some friend, with a few remarks in relation to its truthful and philosophical contents; and would suggest that all others who feel interested in the spread of trutl and righteousness would do the same. There is one subject connected with the teachings of

Spiritualism that I cannot understand in the light in which It is represented; that is, the Deity is always represented as ossessing the attributes of mind in an infinite degree of perfection, with an immutability of purpose. We cannot form a conception of mind without there being a body connected with it. Nature is represented as being God's body, and God's mind as being the mind of nature. It appears to me that this is not good philosophy, nor is it in harmony with reason. If God is immutable, his immutability belongs equally to his mind and his person. What we call nature, is not immutable; it is constantly changing, and that change is not only a change in its constituent elements, but it is a change of structure, and a production of new and heretefore unknown objects and beings. We can conceive of a time when what we call nature had no existence, but we cannot conceive of a time when God did not exist. If we reason at all about a Divine Being our reasoning must be demonstrated by analytical indications, harmonizing with philosophical truths. If nature is God's body, and mind is an ultimate of unfolded and developed matter, where was God's mind and body before nature was formed?

It appears to me that this method of reasoning about a Divine Reing is conjugatent to denving his existence. It certainly implies that there was no Divine Being before nature existed; by nature I mean the spiritual and material worlds, with all things that belong to them.

I ask for more light on this subject, with a hope that some of your able correspondents, either from the spirit world or on this mundane sphere, will give a more philosophical view of the subject, and oblige an inquirer and investigator.

Graysville, Aug. 3.

### Facts and Queries.

MESSRS. EDITORS-Can spirits see and foretell future events? And if so, will some one please explain by what law it is done?

On Monday evening last, Mr. W. B. Mills of this village saw psychologically, or otherwise, a railroad accident, corresponding exactly with the one that did occur on the next night, twenty-four hours afterwards, between Troy and Rutland, and described it at that time to the family.

A similar view Mr. M. had this morning, as we were taking scats at the breakfast table. He was selzed with this well known influence, and his eyes closed, and he distinctly saw a Mr. Walter Little, an old acquaintance of his, and a resident of Montpelier, Vt., whom we all supposed living Mr. L. came in at the door, accompanied by a former wife and little boy. Mr. Mills was perfectly conscious at this time, and described them minutely. The figures remained about five minutes, and then vanished or melted away. Thirty minutes afterwards I procured a copy of the "Christian Repository,"

Yours for truth. Saratoga Springs, N. Y., Aug. 8th, 1859.

#### Cultivated Religion.

the churches of sectarian Christians, declaring their utter inability to believe in the dectrines which are there preached, although they had always cherished an ardent desire to be-

It is not at all surprising to an unprejudiced mind, that has fairly investigated the truths and the pretended truths of Christianity, to hear such doubts expressed. If investigators ded to lay the matter seriously before Bolonion Staples, in the did not express such doubts, they would evince an utter stu pidity, believing without reason, and exercising only a blind partaken of cream-toast, stowed peaches, and, I must add, a and valuless faith. The great opposing difficulty lies in the cup of fragrant black tea, I told him what I had heard, and fact that Christianity, and the absurd creeds connected therewith by sectarians, are entirely distinct-the one pure and true, the other a mass of falsities and absurdities, which time and authority have fastened on to actual Christianity, as polsoning to its simple purity as the ivy entwining the oak The actual teachings of Christ, that pure and benign mediator, which were intended to reconcile man to God, breathe naught but soul felt love and benevolence to every animate and inanimate object, to every plant and flower, and to al the minutize of the mighty universe. Be soothing, so harmonious are his kindly teachings, that every bosom inhales them as a heavenly response to the aspirations of the soul. But sectarianism at an early day entwined itself around this pure Christianity; and simultaneously with the first codifica-tion of these Divine teachings, we find the Arian and Athenasian factions warring against each other, and giving the most contrary constructions to the mission of Christ, as the test of the Christian faith. The passions and avarice of man during eighteen hundred years have extended this partisan variare of priesthood, until we now have seven hundred sects calling themselves Christians, although differing in sentiment as widely as the poles, often exercising jealous animosities, their aim being most conspicuous toward the attainment o worldly prominence and pecuniary advancement, yet all uniing on one point—the utter annihilation of all those loves and fellowships which constitute the actual basis of the religion of he Saviour.

The great obstacle, therefore, to the belief in what we now call Christianity, is, that the erroneous views existing anteedent to the coming of Christ, and a mass of corruptions vhich have arisen since, and a false explanation of his actual mission, surrounding that event with the most ridiculous absurdities and revolting pretensions, have been and are still nourly perpetrated, and forced upon the minds of men, as the onditions of salvation.

The authoritative tales of an angry God, a God of vencance, who will judge and punish man, the mere creature of his hand, the incipient being he has ushered into existence. with a relentless justice, testing human frailty by his own perfection; and of a Devil, who has counteracted at the creation, and will hereafter counteract, in an eminent degree, the beneficence of the Delty; and also of an interminable Hell of torment, where hope can never penetrate, are in themselve so utterly abhorront to the pure conceptions of reflective minds, that it is in no wise astonishing that they are rejected by the wise, and that imbecile minds alone yield them a tacit adieslon.

Thus a religion omanating from God, and breathing nought out the purest love and fellowship, is transformed by man into a "Religion of Terror," where mental conviction is alone subservient to fear. To think of soliciting the prayers of Christians, that we may be induced to believe such a mass of absurd, revolting, and inconsistent doctrines, these crazed maginings of disordered minds, so utteerly repugnant to the pure principles of Christianity, as inculcated by the Saviour, s among the grossest of all fallacies. Ask of no man to teach you, for man is utterly incapable; but rise on the morn, and walk forth over the hill and the valley, and survey on all sides the beauteous works of nature. Consider well the order, wisdom, harmony, and love, evinced in the heavens and throughout the earth by the omnipotent Creator; and thus ecognizing the beneficent Doity everywhere in his works, with the soul rising up from nature to nature's God, send forth your aspirations to the eternal source of wisdom, love and harmony combined. No creed nor sectarian ritual is reonired: indeed, such are worse than useless, as they may supervene and render tortuous the electric chain of love and narmony which extends from the throne of divine mercy to every heart that in purity and simplicity communes with the great source of benevolence. WM. R. PRINCE. Flushing, Long Island.

#### The Vegetarian.

MR. EDITOR—The other day I heard a person of quite ex-tensive observation, make the remark, that "Grahamites were stupid people." Well, I was thunderstruck. Allow me to tell you, (confidentially,) Mr. Editor, that my

husband, Solomon Staples, Esq., is a philosopher and a radical, and you may believe he has not allowed so important a subject as that of diet to be neglected in his family. For many years he has been a Vegetarian in theory.

Many is the trial I've had getting up vegetarian dinners long before "Dr. Frall's Cook Book" made its appearance Soups, with sayory or pepper, unleavened bread, beans and cabbage without pork, and almost without salt. Well, after having given up coffee, mince ples, doughnuts, roast pork, sausages, puil paste, fruit cake, short cake, soda biscuit, and various high-seasoned delicacies, whose mysteries my good mother diligently instructed me in; and having learned to make deliciously light, sweet leaves of yeast bread, without soda-to make Graham mush, boil cracked wheat, and hominy, without burning-to make squash ples without eggs, and ust without lard-you will not wonder if I had co think myself something of a Vegetarian. But were they stupid people? That was the question. Whatever my conclusion might be concerning myself, I knew my husband Solonion Staples, Esq., was anything but stupid. I was about to use his case as an illustration to refute this base calumny on a highly respectable class of persons, when I suddenly remembered that our practice had not been quite so strictly vegetarian as our theory. Certain it was, we had talked often and long about outgrowing, getting above animal food, but by the shade of sundry turkles and chickens, sirloins of beet legs of mutton, and, more than all, an unpaid butcher's bill, I did not feel quite free to say we had got above meat.

I pondered what I had heard. I remembered hearing Grahamism discussed when I was a child. I called up the ghosts of several old school Grahamites I had known; they came-lean, lank, diseased, prematurely old, and without ex ception disagreeable; although I had never before thought of attributing this to their diet.

I called to mind later disciples, and although they num bered scores, I could not remember one pretty, healthy, o agreeable. Surely I must have been unfortunate in my memory. My mind was active to discover all that could be said in favor of a theory so dear to my respected lord and master. At first I was glad he had not been present to hea his favorite theory assailed; though my estimation of his abilities was very high, I doubted whether he would be able to face the fact my intelligent friend had advanced agains Grahamism and Grahamites. I reviewed my (strictly) Vegotarian neighbors, and was surprised to find that not one o them had a healthy or beautiful child.

Poor Mrs. Slim, my next door neighbor, (a strict Vegetarian had, the week previous, buried her baby—a puny little thing from birth. It had struggled hard for life a few weeks, and then dropped off, a withered bud which there had not been life enough in the parent stem to nourish. The mothers of rosy little ones about us, had derisively called it a Graham

I knew that a bit of meat had not entered neighbor Slim' doors for years-that tea, coffee, butter, cheese, and even sugar, were regarded as superfluities, which no economica housekeeper would tolerate on her table. Indeed, she had come to regard the cooking of food as a

needless waste of labor and fuel. She could stir unbolted flour into cakes, and dry them in the sun, or make a good (?) meal of raw wheat and apples.

Mr. Slim had exultingly told my husband that his grocery bills did not amount to more than eight dollars a quarter while ours were full three times that amount. In short, Mrs. Slim had long been held up to me as a pas

tern housekeeper. Well, what did I care, when I saw my chubby little Fred playing about the door, or clasped the sweetest, reslest little baby girl in my arms. I could beat Mrs. Slim raising bables! What if our store bills were a little large! And, too, I could not help thinking Solomon Staples was a little better satisfied with the retund form and smiling face of his own Debby, than he would be with a face and form like that of his neighbor Slim's wife. My reguish brother Ben often likened her face to one of her unleavened cakes, dipped in vinegar.

Then I thought of the Skinners, who had a little girl, five years old, too feeble to play with other children-a little bundle of irritable nerves, looking blue and half starved, always begging for something to eat; but the neighbors were forbidden to give her even a bit of bread, for fear the pan it was haked in had been buttered!

In short, Mr. Editor, I was led to these conclusions in my

tets in many things; they were unsocial—they were not Massas. Thereas. I have noticed repeated communicate charitable; for I had been treasurer of the Aid Seciety long tions, emanating from persons who have habitually attended enough to know that. Their excuse was, that if people would not deny themselves what they considered superfluities, they deserved to be poor! Then they were not healthy, happy, or handsome; and oh, their bables, when they had

any, were the poorest specimens of humanity I ever saw. I confess I began to be frightened, and came near killing my fattest chicken, for suppor; but, upon reflection, I deciovening. So, when he came home from the office, and had my reflections thereupon.

Ho listened attentively, and quietly admitted every point With my head on his shoulder, I waited to hear what he would say. A quiet smile lurked about his mouth, but he kissed me, and said, "Well, Debby, I'll leave the table for you to manage-I 'll pay the bills!' Harmonia, Mich.

#### Clairvovance.

MESSES. EDITORS-As a part of an extract, from the Indeendent, (Mr. Beecher's paper,) published in the Spiritual Telegraph of July 16th, you will find the following sentiment from Mr. H. W. Beecher:

from Mr. H. W. Beecher:

"A great many people there are who do not know what
they believe, on many intricate subjects. There are many,
probably, brought up to believe a great many things which,
if keenly examined, they do not believe. But neither of these
propositions is so perplexing as that of finding one's self believing firmly and religiously what he had always supposed
himself to reject, so that he is living in a double state, running parallel: a state of unconscious belief, and a state of
conscious disbelief, upon the very same subject."

Now sir I propose to place along side of this and before

Now, sir, I propose to place along side of this, and before Mr. B. himself, (not excluding your readers,) the following paragraph, from one of his late sermons, under date of July 3d: "Now it is not possible for any one to make his way through

"Now it is not possible for any one to make his way through this world, and be of good cheer in respect to outward trials and inward experiences, unless he is, in some measure, able to feel that Christ is present, not merely figuratively, but really and personally; unless he is, in some measure, able to feel that Christ is present in the sense that a mother and a father are present in the house where their children are; unless he is, in some measure, able to feel that Christ is present with us as we are present one with another; unless he is, in some measure, able to feel that the Saviour is present with his people, separated from them by nothing except their inability to see him with the senses. It is impossible for a man to be of good cheer with reference to the external and internal troubles of this life, unless he has some realization of the fact that, in real presence, and power, and thought, and feeling, Christ is nearer to his people than they are to each other. The carrying of a consciousness of Christ's presence with us evermore, would itself be the foundation of exceeding great comfort and cheer."

exceeding great comfort and cheer." This awakens the inquiry, at least in my own mind, Is not

Mr. B. preaching-whether consciously or unconsciously, I care not—the great doctrine of clairvoyance? Is he not urging upon his congregation the cultivation of this great inward sense? Presenting as a motive, that it is impossible to suc cessfully contend with the troubles and difficulties of life, unless we can realize the presence of Christ-most certainly in the absence of the outer senses, for Mr. B. contends zealously that Christ is "separated from his people in nothing except their inability to see him with the senses." Yet his effort at analogous illustration of this thought, looks much like a man groping his way in the dark, in search of something, he knows not what. (Wonder if the spirits were not using him somewhat "on the sly" in that mental effort?)

If Christ is present to the people in the sense a parent is present with his children in the house where they dwell, I ask by what means do children know that their parents are present with them? Evidently by the sense of sight; in the absence of that feeling or hearing, (except in those cases where the child is a clairvoyant subject.) It follows, there fore, that Christia not with his people in the sense a parent is with his child in the house, or it is not true, as Mr. B. insists, that Christ is separated from them by nothing except their inability to see him with their senses. But the truth lies in the fact that the presence of Christ is realized by us, as is the presence of our dear departed friends, through the medium of clairvoyance, the only divinely appointed channel of communication out of the body.

Truly "the consciousness of the real (not figurative) presence of Christ with those who are in rapport with him, is itself the foundation of exceeding great comfort and cheer, as such a presence is now to many who ignorantly supposed

they had lost their friends by death.

When the preaching of clairvoyance shall be fully established, and this great sense fully developed in all, which event the past and present foreshadows, then the notion taught by theology, "That we have our part down here in this lower world, our own education, our own burdens, our own duties; and when we have performed this our part, some of us will go up to where God sits and performs his part, and then only shall we know each other; and God, if we have done well, will reward us for it "-will be extinct from the human mind, and be remembered only as the darkness of the past, which has fled before the light of the great day which so many see fast dawning.

THOMAS S. A. POPE. Grand Rapids, Mich., July 31st, 1859.

Written for the Banner of Light. THE GOD OF LOVE. BY G. E. C.

In the shadow of the mountain, there the virgin lilies gro By the rippling crystal fountain, And the streamlet's music flow:

O'er the meadow, where the lark sings, Wind notes murmur as they go: "There is one who ruleth all things !" Echo answers, soft and low:

"There is but one God of glory-He is gentle as the dove!" Faith repeats the cheering story: 'Tis the purest God of Love I Trust no longer to the pages,

Breathing naught but pain and wo: Reason teacheth, through the ages. To the land of life we go ! Heaven, the parted soul inherits-

All may throng the courts above. Shouting, "Holy are the merits Of th' eternal God of Love!"

Oh, ye guides, so blindly leading Man from right's benignant swav-Truth shall reign-your poor impeding, Soon must sink before her sway!

Superstition yet shall vanish. Like the dust before the shower: For the God of Love will banish Prejudice with peace and power! North Bridgeton, Me., Feb. 20th, 1859.

### A Voice from Tennessee.

SAMUEL GILBERT, MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE .- "The great cause of truth with us is still gaining ground, slowly but surely. I hear no one speak of your paper that does not give it the preference over all others. The message department in your paper is to many invaluable; one spirit spoke of his relatives in Natchez and Brownsville, in this State. I called on one of the party with whom I was well acquainted. He said every word was truth. I am still retained in the Methodist church, and no one dare attack me; they know that I can blow them out of the water. The Rev. Dr. Rivers, who is president of the College at Florence, Ala., said he had no doubt that the time would come when good men would talk to spirits in this world in freedom."

#### A Test. MESSRS. EDITORS.—At a recent sitting a test was given

which I think worth publishing. The circle was composed of persons who had never sat together before; the medium was partially controlled, but not enough to speak; and the communication was in writing. After a little preliminary questioning, and the spirit had been identified, he was asked f he had anything to send to his friends. He wrote thus :-One thing I want to say to her. She asked me if I was as strong a believer in Spiritualism as ever; and this was what I wanted to say-'It is too late now to waste my breath in arguing the case." He was asked whom he meant; if his circle had the remotest idea of the conversation, and to test the case, S. B---- was called upon by the writer, and without giving any intimation of what was intended, she was asked if she had had any conversation with Mr. George W. Chase before he died. She sald she asked him one day, just before he died, if he believed as much in Spiritualism as ever, and he answered by saying, " It is too late"-and then review of my Vegetarian acquaintances. They were extreme- his voice failed, and be remainder could not be understood.

Now here was the exact language, word for word, given through a medium who was an utter stranger, and with it the finishing of the answer which the questioner had been unable to get by reason of the weakness of the sick person;

and it was in terfect harmony with what was understood.

Mrs. B——also verified other communications given by the spirit, in reference to other conversations, and she gave the exact language without knowing that we had received it from him. It related to conversations with his friends while

the (Mrs. B---) was present. Mr. Chase, it will be recollected, was a firm Spiritualist. He has frequently manifested himself. He was a very intelligent man, and has shown to us the beneficial effects of his ante-knowledge of the spirit-life.

#### Wheeling, Virginia.

Massas. Epirons-I thought you would like to know what s being done in this place with regard to Spiritualism. We have "circles" regularly, and consequently enjoy on these occasions an uninterrupted intercourse with the departed. Commencing with the so-termed "physical manifestations." ve subsequently communicated by writing, and now we are almost solely confined to listening to the delightful explanations of the spirits through the organism of some of the nediums. These are generally on some theological subjects, either of their own choosing, or such as are propounded by those present. These discourses are given in our mother ongue—the German.

Considerable has of late been done in healing, principally by my wife, who has made some remarkable cures through spirit influence. Nothing is charged for any service rendered, s we are actuated by the Christian principle-"It is more lessed to give than to receive."

Being yet few in number, and unassisted by the American ortion of this vicinity, we conduct our circles in private, peling unable to bear the costs required by public demonsta-Respectfully, etc., J. L. STIFEL. August 12, 1859.

Aversive to Evangelical Religion. At a union prayer meeting in Washington, March 7th, 1859. lev. Mr. Morsell spoke of "the aversion of men of taste and iterature to evangelical religion" that had, according to John Foster, existed heretofore, but says that aversion no

onger exists, and therefore augurs favorably for the complete

success of Christianity. Now, calling Christlanity a religious state of mind toward lod and humanity, he augurs with reason. But at the time hat aversion to evangelical religion was so apparent, evangelical religion meant a belief in hell, devils, eternal punishnent, total depravity, election, infant damnation, an angry and revengeful God, and many other things, abhorrent to all neu-hence that great aversion. Whereas now Christianity, or Bible religion, has become a more telerant belief, and ias dropped many of its abhorrent features; and if it keeps on so improving, it will, after awhile, become good enough, so

hat men of taste and literature may no longer be averse to it. It is Christianity that has changed not men of taste and iterature. They are more averse than ever to what was hen evangelical religion, and their number has vastly inreased; and those ungodly and inhuman dogmas are left schind in the onward march of the religious sentiment of humanity, never to be returned to again.

The Bible stands just as it did then, and, taken as it was then used, it was justly and generally an object of aversion. But now, when it is only nominally the guide, and better men put forth their better and more humane ideas, in place of those formerly derived from it. Christianity becomes less and less an object of aversion. No person demands that a single truth in the Bible should be changed; it is the false . hoods that are in it that they demand should be thrown out Yours truly, ENOS BOUGHTON. Battle Creek, Mich., Aug. 2, 1859.

> Written for the Banner of Light. TO MY FRIEND J. P.

> > BY COUBIN BENJA.

Come sit with me, my gentle friend, Where grows the daisled sod. Where love and truth together blend Among the works of God ! 'Tis here the mock-thrush cliants her lay, From dewy morn till even, As if she drew her music from

The golden harps in heaven! Come sit with me, where music floats, Beneath the greenwood trees, And listen to the merry notes Borne onward by the breeze: Sweet little messengers of love, They wear no gloomy shrouds, But strive to lead our thoughts above, Like angels in the clouds.

Come sit with me beneath the shade, Where flowerets, pure and meck. Start from their green and mossy bed The morning light to greet, And when comes down the sable night, They close their sparkling eyes, As if to woo the gems of light Taat twinkle in the skies.

They bloom in every sunny spot, And where the shadows tread; They dot like stars, the sacred turf "Above the sleeping dead 1" They throw a sunbeam o'er our way, .And bid us bloom and shine, And seek true wisdom while we may In Summer's golden prime. Thachwood Cottage, August, 1859.

### LEUTURERS.

Parties noticed under this head are at liberty to receive subscriptions to the BANNER, and are requested to call attention to it during their lecturing tours. Sample copies sent

WARREN CHASE'S address for September will be Lowell, Mass.; from Aug. 14th to Sept. 1st, Newport, N. H. Mass. A. P. Thourson, Cambridge, Vt. Mas. FANNIE Bunsank Felzon. Address, until September 1st, Willard Barnes Felton, Northampton, Mass.

st, Willard Barnes Felton, Northampton, Mass.
J. H. Currier, Lawrence, Mass.
H. P. Fairfield. Address at Lowell, Mass.
F. L. Wadsworth. Address at Utlea, N. Y.
Mrs. J. W. Currier. Address at Lowell: box 815.
Miss M. Munson. Letters may be addressed to her at this

Mice.
Miss Rosa T. Anedex. Address at No. 32 Allen street. oston, Muss.

Anna M. Middlebnook, (formerly Mrs. Henderson.) Ad-

ANNA AI. MIDDLEBROOK, (IOTMERLY AIRS. HEROGESON.) Address, during August and September, Box 423, Bridgeport, Ct. H. A. Tucken. Address at Foxboro', Mass. Miss A. W. Spracue, after her engagement closes in Oswego, N. Y., will remain in that State a few weeks; after which she will go West.

George Atkins. Address Boston, Mass.

Bry John Purport, will support cells to lecture on Science.

REV. JOHN PIERFONE WIll answer calls to lecture on Spirit-ualism. Address at West Medford, Mass. Miss Sanah A. Magoun. Address No. 33 Winter street,

East Cambridge, Mass. ast Cambridge, Mass. Mas. Mary Maconber, Providence, R. I. Miss Lizzie Dozen may be addressed at Plymouth, Mass. Miss Emma Hardinge. Address No. 8 Fourth Avenue,

H. L. Bowker. Address at Natick, Mass., or 7 Davis street, DENJ. DANFORTH. Address Boston, Mass. Ециан Woodworth. Address at Leslie, Mich., till further

otice. C. T. Irish wishes to travel West this summer. Address

A. B. Whittino. Address at Lyons, Mich.
CHARLES W. BURDESS. Address at West Killingly, Conn.
Mrs. Bertha B. Chase. Address at West Killingly, Conn.
E. R. Young. Address box 85, Quincy, Mass.
George M. Jackson. Address at Pratisburg, N. Y., until

ner notice.
FRANK WHITE. Address, during the month of August,

N. Frank White. Address, during the month of August, at Seymour, Ct.

L. K. Coonley. Address at La Prairie Centre, Ill. Lovell Beede. Address North Ridgeville, Ohio.

Mins. B. Maria Bliss. Address at Springfield, Mass.

E. V. Wilson, Fountain House, Boston.

Prof. J. E. Churchille. Address at No. 202 Franklin street, near Race, Philadelphia.

Mins. J. B. Shith. Address at Concord, N. H.

Dr. C. C. York. Address at Boston, Mass.

Mins. F. O. Hyler. Address, in care of J. H. Blood, Box 346

P. O. St. Louis, Mo.

Miss Susan M. Johnson. Address at North Abington, MRS. AMANDA M. SPENCE. Address at No. 534 Broadway.

Tow York City.

PROF. J. L. D. Oris will spend the months of August and eptember in Connecticut and Rhodo Island. Address at Norwich, Ct.
IRA H. CURTIS. Address at Hartford, Ct.
J. C. HALL, Buffalo, N. Y.
WILLIAM E. Rice. Address at 7 Davis street, Boston.
MISS E. E. GIBSON Address at North Hanson, Mass.

MR. CHARLES RICKER Will lecture on the Sabbath. Address

A. C. Robinson. Address Fall River, Mass. Miss A. F. Pease. Address West Whateley, Mass.

CONTINUED FROM THE FIFTH PAGE.

coal for our fires or not, whether we cat wheat or rye, and whether we wear one kind of clothes or another. Now I aver that Col caves for everything which concerns our well-being. What father does not care for everything that relates to his little babe? It may be little to you whether your child is clothed in called or silk, or whether its garments are one color or another, so long as its welfare does not depend upon these but one thing is certain-nothing can harm that child without harming you more than it does the child. Nothing can touch that child's little finger or child. Nothing can touch that child's little finger or little toe to harm it, without touching your heart to the very quick. And although the affairs of men may seem like little things compared with the greatness of God, yet nothing is little to him which has to do with our peace. It is not so much the affairs themselves in which we are engaged that he cares for, as it is the effects which these affairs produce upon our happiness, both in the present and in the future. We are the sons of God, and heirs of immortality; and Christ has taken us up in his arms to carry us, not with less tenderness than that which we feel toward our children, but with a tenderness compared with which any tenderness than that which we feet toward our children, but with a tenderness compared with which any tenderness we are capable of feeling is rudeness itself. If ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which your children, how much more such your rates in heaven give good things to them that ask him." God is ten thousand times more honorable, more generated by the least the such that are the such and more sensitive than we are: and he is ten thousand times more loving and more considerate to-ward us than we can be toward our children. We feel for our children in their sorrows, and often drop tears of sympathy for them; and God is infinitely more feel-ing and sympathetic toward us than we are toward them. He is not so lifted up above us that he cannot exercise care over us, and uphold when we need to be upheld. Christ never felt such tender compassion for men when he was on earth in the form of man, as he does now. Being emancipated from the thraldom of the flesh, he stands in the fullness of his divine nature, and is far more solicitous for us than we are for ourselves or our children. To the man who says, "God
is such a great being that he does not care for us poor
mortal," I say, "You are such a great fool that you do
not know what God is, even!" To suppose that benot know what God is, even!" To suppose that because a thing is physically small it is of no importance in the sight of God, is a gross mistake. God's greatness lies not in the strength of his right hand, but in the amplitude of his heart, in the sweetness and affluence of his love, in the heighth and depth and breadth f his understanding; and therefore, to him nothing is little which concerns one of his creatures.

We are to cast our care upon God, not only because

We are to cast our care upon too, not only because he has this intimate care for us personally, but also because he has declared that for the very sake of tak-ing care of this world, he extends a particular provi-dence over practical human life, and that our affairs, dence over practical human life, and that our analys, as they are developed from day to day, are under his supreme control and government. I believe in a particular providence—a special providence. I do not believe in this or that philosophy of providence; but I do believe that every day God has a real knowledge of our affairs, and that there is a real exertion on his part to affairs, and that there is a real exertion on his part to take care of us and make provision for us, as there is on our part to take care of our children and provide for them. We cannot see all the things that God does for us. There are ten thousand ways in which he is administering to our wants which we know nothing about. As most of the things which the mother does for the child are done when it is asleep, so that it is ignorant of them; so most of the things which God does for us are concealed behind his providence, so does for us are concealed behind his providence, so that we do not recognize them. The fact is set forth in the Bible, not that we can see how God administers his providence, but that there is a providence of God; and this is held up as the foundation for confidence and hope. Christ invites all his people to stand on this foundation, assuring them that God is concerned sympathetically with everything that concerns them. and that he has an administration in human affairs, by which he takes care of his creatures. On this founda-tion I think every Christian ought to be able to stand and divest himself of all unnecessary care.
We cannot literally transfer our cares to God's hand

—it is not best that we should; nor do I suppose that a man can so transfer his cares to God that he shall not experience some bitterness from them. A man is not made worse by suffering. I would not bring up my child so that he would not know what it was to be tired. I would have him learn what it was by the crack of his own muscles in hard labor. We are always teaching our children how to become robust, how to venture, and how to bear the burdens of life. God does not mean to bring us up effeminately in this world. He means that we shall have some bitter and some relishable experiences. We cannot transfer our anxiety to him. Blessed be his name, he will not take it. It is sinful before him. We cannot transfer our care to him, but we can have and maintain such views of him and his will, as will take off from us entirely the burden of care. We can have and maintain such a sense of the presence of God with us as shall make all our burdens seem light, whatever they may be. We can have and maintain the belief that all things shall can have and maintain the belief that all things shall work together for the good of those who love God. I would rather have the full possession of this belief, than all the property ever donated from foolish father to more foolish son. A man ought to possess it so fully, that if a thing should happen to him, which had the appearance of being evil, he would instantly say. It must be for my good; for all things work together for the good of those who love God. A man ought to possess it so fully that if he should reach up his for the good or those who love code." A find ought to possess it so fully that if he should reach up his hand to take a blessing, and should receive what seemed to him to be a curse, he would instantly say, "I iust be mistaken; it cannot be other ing; for all things work together for the good of those who love God." You know that blessings are oftentimes like chestnuts. The chestnuts themselves are times like chestnuts. The chestnuts themselves are good, but the burs are not so good. There is good meat which you can only get by removing the prickly coverings. Many blessings cannot be enjoyed till they have imparted a certain amount of suffering; and some men will not touch them because they prick their fingers. But I would rather have the disposition which says, "I know in whom I have trusted; I know that he loves me, and watches over me; I know that he loves me, and watches over me; I know that he arranges my affairs for me better than I could arrange them for myself; I know that all things work together for those who love God." I would rather have the disposition that says that, than anything else in this world.

When God gives me a babe, I say, "I thank God for this lamp lit in my family." And when, after it has been a light in my household for one or two years, it pleases God to take it away. I can make the cup bitter or sweet: I can say, "My light is gone out; my heart is sacked; my hopes are desolated; my child is lost—my child is lost!" or I can say, in the spirit of Job, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; bleased be the name of the Lord." It has pleased God to take five children from me, but I never lost one, and never shall. When I have a child that Christ covets, with a divine coveting, and he says to me, in words of tenderness, "Will you not give me the child, and let me take care of it instead of yourself?" my flesh may remonstrate, but my heart says, "Lord, take it, and adopt it." I have lived long enough since the taking away of my children, to find that it is better as it is, than that they should have remained with me. I have seen a great many cares and troubles for a person of my years, but I bear witness that God has put no trials may may belief it has not been good for me to trials upon me which it has not been good for me to

I am preaching out of my own heart-experience to-day. I am not saying what I do not know when I tell you that it is oftentimes better to be afflicted than to be prospered. Indeed, the way to be prospered, often-times, is to be afflicted. The Apostle Paul says, "No chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless, afterward"—oh! what a revolution is in that little word! "afterward"—not in a

Intion is in that little word! 'afterward'—not in a week, not in a month, not in a year, but at last, when it has got its growth and ripened—"afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness."

I plant a little black seed in the ground. It is gone. I cannot find it again. It was so small that after it was in the earth I could not recover it. By-and-by it comes up. I have been told that it would be a splendid plant, but it is only a little, insignificant leaf; so I despise it and go away. Later in the season, I perceive that it has become a stem, and I say, "It has grown more than I thought it would; but still it cannot come to much." It continues to grow through the summer, and it lives through the succeeding winter. The next spring it starts again, and puts forth the summer, and it lives through the succeeding winter. The next spring it starts again, and puts forth
new leaves and stems, and I say, "Well, really, it exceeds my expectations. I supposed it would die before
now." It continues to grow gradually till the third or
fourth year, and by that time I begin to feel encouraged
about it. I then determine to give it a chance to
develop itself, and commence cultivating it. The fifth
year it is large enough to cast some shadaw over my
htad. The sixth year there are some blossoms on the
branches, but no fruit. But the seventh year its boughs
bend down almost to the ground under a load of rich
fruit! Now the apostle says, "Your trouble is like a
little black seed in the ground. It is not at present fruit! Now the aposite eays, "lour trouble is like a little black seed in the ground. It is not at present worth looking at; but in a few years it will have become a luxuriant plant, bearing an abundance of sweet fruit." The tree of life is full of the fruit of men's

troubles that have been sanctified to them.

We can, hourly, and daily, I think, commit everything to the direction and guidance of God, in such a

fense as to feel relief from personal responsibility. And, slon on the minds of men, that to become a Christian. sense as to feel relief from personal responsibility. And, let me say, more particularly. It is the privilege and duty of Christian parents to make such a use of God's promises to them, as to be content, happy, and unanx-lous, not only, but to impress a feeling of reliance in those promises upon the minds of their children. Bringsing up children is supposed to be the greatest thing that ever was in the world—and it is just that. But every father and mother think that their experience in this matter is peculiar. They think there never was just such a case as theirs. No, there never was, There were never two families that were alike. There were never two families that were alike. There were never two families that were alike. There were never two human beings whose history was alike. God never repeated himself on two pages in the whole book of creapeated himself on two pages in the whole book of creation. He means that every man shall be different from every other man, and that every family shall be different from every other family. Your troubles, however, are probably no greater than other people's; but you think they are, because you feel them more than you do those of anybody else. At any rate, I say, whatever may be your trouble, if there is not enough in you to comfort you, there is in God. Is your child a cripple? Is it deaf and dumb? Are your children dull? Are other men's children educated, while yours are not? Are other men's children enabled to start well in life, while yours are not? Whatever may be the circumstances of your children; whether they are well provided for or ill pro-vided for, whether they are well or sick, whether they are educated or ignorant. you have this fact to comfort you—that they are God-watched and God-taken-care of And I think that God takes especial care of those chil dren that are unfortunate in any respect. You do the same thing in your family. If you have a child that is deformed and helpless, you give to it more of your time, nore of your sympathy, more of your life, than you do
to those of your children that are well, and can help
themselves. It seems to me that those who reap the
least advantage from this life, reap the most advantage
from God's providence; and in their case it is a Chris tian duty to be cheerful and serene. I do not like to see wrinkles. I think they are the devil's furrows on the brow, unless age has placed them there. Young people, and middle-aged people, should wear a smooth face. A firm trust in God makes the face fresh and

It is the privilege and duty of Christians, in circum stances of embarrassment, to cast their care on Christ so as not only not to take away their motives of activi-ty, but to multiply and strengthen them, and that with-out painfulness; for in respect to worldly affairs. God out painfulness; for in respect to worldly affairs, God can either cause everything to turn out as we desire; or he can abundantly satisfy us that another way is better; or he can bring us through trouble and sorrow to states of mind thousands of times better than any worldly good. I would to God that I were as rich as some Christians I have seen, who yet had nothing. I have seen paupers walk like princes on the earth; and I have seen men that were surrounded with all the conforts and luxuries which this world can offerd, who were, after luxuries which this world can afford, who were, after all, poor, because they allowed themselves to be so worried, and fretted, and vexed, about their possessions that they could not enjoy them. I pity rich men who do not know how to be happy; and I envy poor, broken down men, who have learned how to appreciate God's blessings. They are the ones who have sweet fruits of satisfaction in life.

Sometimes God sends to a man such a sense of the perishable nature of earthly things as takes away from them all power of harming him. I know men who place a proper value on worldly things, and who yet look upon them as a shipmaster looks upon the wieds and the waves, when he says, "I must put my ship through the sea, and have a good voyage, but after that what do I care for the winds and waves?" I know men that are taking care of large possessions, who are so free from them that if God should say to them. 'Tomorrow, at twelve o'clock, I shall call you from I them," they would say, "Lord, if it is thy desire, that I should walk with them twenty years more I am content to do so; or if it please thee. I will give them up now; I am not bound to them." Paul said he knew both how to abound and how to be abased and suffer need. There are many men who know how to do the out thing, but do not know how to do the other. There are few men that are surrounded with luxuries to-day who, if tomorrow they were cast down to the bottom of life, would be able to say, in their adversity, ... I am superior to in circumstances. I knew how to abound yesterday; I know how to be abased and suffer need to-day. I know how to be happy at the bottom as well as at the top." Every manshould be like a well-tuned instrument. He should be musical. All the faculties of his nature should be in unison. God knows how to shed down such a light from heaven as to make it de testable for a man not to be radiant and happy; and we should seek that light, for it is only by seeking it

that we can obtain it.

It is a striking fact that men of the most eminent genius have usually been those of ordinary circumstances in life; and those who possess the most eminent attainments in Christian life are generally persons belonging to the humbler classes of society—poor widows, orphan children, serving maidens, day laborers, and such as these. In the things which are most royal in God's bounty all men share alike. There is not a man so poor that he cannot get his necessary drink, and his necessary supply of air and sunshine. These are blessings which none can monopolize. God gives them to all without regard to circumstances or condition, so great deal freer than the air or the sunshine; it is ten thousand times more copious than the rain; and it is the privilege of every man, whether high or low, bond or free, rich or poor, black or white, to partake of it. To every one God says, "Trust in me, I will give you the grace you need." Our trust is not to be in our selves, but in him.

Mass., till October 1st.

Mass., til selves, but in him.

I will only detain you to say one word more. I fee the more solicitous on the subject, because it seems to the more solicitous on the subject, because it seems to me there is not one thing that a generous heart may be more affected with than the desire that God should be honored by his disciples. To a true Christian there is nothing more painful than to see those that are called by the name of Christ so demeaning themselves that men, looking at them, say, "I do not desire to be a Christian." A man may call the church whatever names he pleases; he may call ministers whatever names he pleases; he may call mean enthusiast a names he pleases; he may call ministers whatever names he pleases; he may call me an enthusiast, a bigot, or a fanatic—those things do not touch near where I live; but when a man says to me. "You are werldly-minded." that does hit right between the joints of the harness! When I hear people say of Christians, "They are just as selfish as other men; they are just as mean in their dealings as other men; they will take advantage of weakness just as quick as other men; they are just as greedy for gain as other men; they are just as unwilling to give up their worldly goods as other men?"—when I hear people say these things of Christians, and know that they are true, it touches me to the very heart. When I hear a man of the world say, "I was taught to look for honor, and integrity, and magnanimity, in the church, but I have learned that there is less of these virtues to be found there than anywhere else—why, there is an old deist living over anywhere else—why, there is an old dest living over here on the hill who has more honor and integrity than is to be found in men of the church"-oh, how it is to be found in men of the church"—oh, how it grates on my feelings! It sets my soul on fire to think that these things are true, and that Christ is being slain again in his own house, and by his own children! And I have a right to go into the assembly of God's people, as with a flail and rod of iron, and say to them, 'I demand of you, for your own selves, and for the sake of Christ, that you live as other men do not live—that you live in a trust, in a power of goodness, in a lifted-upness, which is unknown to the natural man.' There is nothing more wicked than for Christians to live in such a way as to give the lie to their professions. live in such a way as to give the lie to their professions. There is no way in which they could do the cause of Christ more injury than by setting unchristian examples before the world. There is nothing else which can tell so effectually for or against Christianity as the can tell so detectany for regular Carlstanny as may in which you carry yourself in your daily life—for it, if you carry yourself unjustly. If you carry yourself in such a way that your children, and your servants, and your workmen, and your neighbors, see that you have no trust in God, what is the use of your recommending it to them? If you carry selfsh and execute not may be the them. to them? If you are selfish and grasping, and mean toward your fellow men, and you claim to be a follow er of Christ, your example cannot but hinder his cause. er of Christ, your example cannot but hinder his cause. But if, being a Christian, you carry yourself toward them so that they say of you, "This man walks broader than I do—things that try me do not touch him—he has a sweet disposition—he is more trustworthy and honorable than it is natural for men to be—I know that God must be with him"—then the cause of Christ will not be hindered but advanced by your example

I remember a poor colored man who, when I was a boy twelve years old, made a deeper impression on my mind of the goodness of God, than all the sermons to which I had ever listened—and if there was ever a sermon-fed child, I was one. Nothing took so firm a hold upon my higher nature as did the influence of that consistent, praying, psalm-singing, rejoicing colored man, who taught me to work on the farm, and to know that there was something in religion.

It is the privilege of every man to set an example before his fellow-men, that shall show to them the blessedness of trusting in God. You can say, "God strengthens me, he upholds me, he crowns my days with joy, he gives me everything I need here, and he gives me promise of more in days to come;" or you can live so that your example shall leave the impres-I remember a poor colored man who, when I was a

gives me promise of more in days to come;" or you contain that can live so that your example shall leave the impres-

precious he is.

To all, then, for your own souls' sake, for the world's sake, and for Christ's sake, I may say, Cast all your cares on him, for he careth for you. Begin to-day, Come! go to him this afternoon. It will not be long Come! go to him this afternoon. It will not be long after you'return to your own households, before something will go wrong, and you will get hold of the wrong handle. Then will be your time to say, "Let me try on the sermon." Do try it on. Try it a month—that is not long to wear a garment—and see if it is not the truth that I have been telling you. Try this command of your dear Lord and Saviour. Cast your care on him, and see if, after a few months, you do not have evidence that he cares for you. He says, "I do?" I on him, that he cares for you. He says, "I do:" I say, "He does;" and you will say, after you have tried it, even a little, "He careth for me;" and those that he cares for, may very well say, "I take no thought for anything now: God cares for me."

#### BUSINESS NOTICES.

[Business notices, set in leaded nonpariel type, will be in-serted under this head at twenty-five cents per line.]

CARPET SWEEPERS .- No improvement in household affairs hat we know of, is of more value to the family than the

little carpet sweeper. Little exertion is required to do the work; in fact carpot sweeping is now reduced to a pastime—a pleasure—and the little folks who cannot wield a broom, take hold of the carpet sweeper with as much avidity as they would go to a game of

marbles. There is no dust raised to spoil furniture and to settle again on the carpet leaving it nearly as dirty as before sweeping; but the dust and dirt on the carpet is taken up and deposited in boxes.

The price is only \$2 for the carpet sweeper, which we have used to our entire satisfaction. "Shaler's Improved" is the article we write of.

Social LEVER .- There will be a social gathering of the friends of Spiritualism at the rooms 91 Court, corner of Sudbury street, on Thursday afternoon 'next, August 25th. commencing at 2 1-2 o'clock, and continued by adjournment till 10 o'clock P. M. These rooms were opened by a private individual for the accommodation of Spiritualists.

#### OBITUARY.

Died, in Westfield, Ohio, Aug. 12th, 1859, Franklin Walcott

G. H VIBBERT.

#### Lecturers.

BRO. J. C. HALL writes us from Kirtland, Lake Co., Ohio, under date of August 15th, as follows:—'As the field of my labors through the remainder of this and the month of September will be Ohio and Michigan, I wish you to say in the Banner that my address will be Jackson, Michigan, and that any of the spiritualist friends in either State who shall wish my labors, will address me accordingly, either to lecture or to develop fieldums. I speak in the Mormon Temple, in this place, next Sabbath."

this place, next Saddath."

Mrs. Amanda M. Spencs will lecture at Norwich, Ct., on the 4th Sunday in August; at Providence, R. I., on the 1st and 2d Sundays in September; at Buffalo, N. Y., on the 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th Sundays in October. She may be addressed at either of the above places, or at 534 Breadway, New York.

WARREN CHARE lectures at Glens Falls, N. Y., August 23d, 24th and 25th; Rutland, Vt., August 28th; Newport, N. H., September lat and 2d; and in Lowell the four Sundays of

Soliember.

J. H. Cunnirr will speak at Lawronce, Mass., August 28th; at Warwick, Mass., (A. M. and P. M.) September 11th; at Winchester, N. H., Soltember 11th, (evening;) at Warwick, Mass., 12th; at Hinsdale, N. H., 13th and 14th; at Orange and Erving, September 18th. He will remain at Orange till the 21st. Friends in that region, who may desire icctures on those week day evenings unengaged, can make arrangements with Dr. H. A. Meacham, Orange, Mass.

rangements with Dr. H. A. Meacham, Orange, Mass.

Da. Maximu will lecture in Portago Prairie, Wia, August 28th; Cataract, 29th, 30th and 31st; Rurins, Soptember 1st and 2d; La Cross, 3d, 4th and 5th; Lake City, Min., 7th, 8th and 5th; Prescott, Wis., 11th; River Falls, 12th, 13th and 14th; thence, to end of October, in Northern Minnesota, The friends in St. Anthony, Minneapolis, Oscoo, Anosca, Monticello, St. Cloud, Northfield, Lakeville, Earribault, Owatonna, and others, desiring lectures, will address him, till October 14th, at Intest, cape of Dr. R. Post, St. Paul.

H. P. Rindyken, may be addressed at Geograph. H. P. FAIRFIELD may be addressed at Greenwich Village

A liberal Convention will be noted by Marke A., Ohlio, on Saturday and Sunday, the 17th and 18th September next, for the purpose of aiding in bringing into more general and active operation the great principles of "Practical Liberality" and "Consistent Charity," by extending a free platform to all the earnest and active friends of Humanity, whereon they may meet together, as men and women, without reference to seets or ereceis, to consult and adopt the best methods of supplying the necessities and elevating the standard of suclety.

A fine hall has been secured for the occasion, and the place is one of the most beautiful and attractive to be found; abounding in a great variety of grand, natural scenery, well calculated to inspire the beholder with noble sentiments and clovated thoughts.

Eminent speakers have been invited, and a cordial welcome will be given to all true friends of Reform who will aid us

together."
By request of the Committee of Arrangements,
G. N. Tuttle.

# THE VERMONT CONVENTION.

There's a good time coming at the Vermont Annual Convention for Spiritualists, to be holden at South Royalton (which ground is hallowed by sacred memories,) on the 2d, 3d and 4th of September, 1859. Mr. Woodard will, as usual, minister to our temporal wants upon the same reasonable terms as formerly, viz., seventy-five cents per day, and enough to cat. Mediums from all parts of the country are cordially invited to attend, and also all good-hearted speakers on the subject—not to get pay in dellars and cents, but to do good, and have a good time, and to gather up strength for coming labors.

To all who want a good, profitable, social and pleasant time, warm invitation is extended.

N. WERKS, CHAS, WALKES, D. P. WILDER,

# PIONIC AT SALEM.

The Spiritualists of Salem and adjoining towns will have a Social Picnic at Pine Grove, Marbichead, on Thursday, Aug. 23th, weather permitting. If not, the first fair day. All friends to the cause are invited to attend.

It is expected each one will furnish their own refreshments.

ments.

The cars will leave Salem for the Grove at 8 1-4, 9-20, and 11 1-4 o'clock. Will leave the Grove for Salem at 3 3-4 and 5 1-4. Spiritualists in adjoining towns can probably make arrangements for reduced fares on the roads to Salem.

Mediums who can attend are requested to be present.

# GROVE MEETING.

If groves, at first, God's temples were, Where those in search of Truth have trod, Then why not to the groves repair, And there commune with nature's God? The Friends of Progress and Advocates of the Harmonial Philosophy will hold a meeting in the grove, that a mile west of the centre of Euton township, Loraine County, Ohio, on Saturday and Suuday, the 10th and 11th days of Sept. 1859.

A cordial invitation is extended to all to come and participate in the feast of love and truth anticipated. Speakers from abroad have been invited.

L. B.

# PICNIC AT FORT LEE, N Y.

The Spiritualists of New York and Brooklyn intend having another Picuic at Fort Lee, on Wednesday, August 24th—weather permitting—if not, on the following day. The stoambout Thomas E. Hulse leaves foot of Spring street at quarter before nine o'clock A. M., and one P. M.; returning at half past three and six P. M., will land at 22d street. Each way tickets for the grounds, ten cents; fareon the boat, ten cents. A beautiful grove has been selected for the occasion, and a band of music engaged for those who like to dance.

2p

Henay W. Stevens.

# SPIRITUALISTS' CONVENTION.

The Spiritualists of Adrian, Michigan, will hold a Convention on the 2d, 3d and 4th days of September, 1859. All those friendly to the cause, from all parts of the country, are cordially invited to attend. It is hoped that all will be present that can.

Aug. 13

THE PROPOSED NATIONAL CONVEN-MOIT.

The the Friends of Spiritualism throughout the United States:
At the late Convention of Spiritualists, held at Plymouth, Mass., a Committee, consisting of Col. S. D. Hay, of Huntsville, Texas, A. E. Newton, of Boston, Mass.; Alten Putnam, Esq., of Roxbury; Hon. John M. Klimey, of Warcham; J. S. Loveland, of Medford, and H. F. Oardner, M. D., of Boston, was appointed to call a National Convention of Spiritualists, at such then and place as should be deemed expedient, to consider the propriety of a National Organization for the purposs of diffusing a knowledge of the facts of Spiritualism, and other questions relating to the interests of the movement.

and other questions relating to the interests of the movement.

This Committee does not feel disposed to act in so important a matter without full and free consultation, and cooperation as far as may be, with the friends of Spritualian
in all parts of the country. It has, therefore, appointed the
undersigned chairman of a committee of correspondence, to
invite suggestions and expressions of views on the subject
from all parties who may feel an interest therein, before
issuing a cull for such Convention.

The Committee, in consultation, has expressed a unanimous
preference for the City of Cleveland, Ohio, as the most central
place, and the middle of January, 1800, as the best time for
holding the Convention; also, that it should be composed of
defegates duly chosen by the usual assemblies of Spiritualists
in such places as desire to be represented.

In such places as desire to be represented. On these special points, as well as on the general question of a movement in this direction at present, a free utterance is invited. All communications addressed to the undersigned at Boston, Mass., previous to the first of October, will be Boston, August 15th, 1859.

N. B.—The Spiritualist press throughout the country is requested to copy the above.

#### THREE MONTHS FOR 37 CENTS!

WE WILL SEND THE BANNER OF LIGHT

to an any person who may feel a desire to read the paper, for

Three Months, to ascertain whether it will be an agreeable companion for a longer period, for the small sum of

Thirty-Seven Cents! No Weekly Paper in the Country furnishes so great a varie ty of Reading Matter.

THE RELIGIOUS will find their wants supplied by the Weekly Verbatim Phonographic Reports of the Sermons of HENRY WARD BEECHER

EDWIN H. CHAPIN. The Philosopher and Metaphysician will peruse our Re

ports of RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

and other advanced minds, as they utter their thoughts be fore Rev. Theodore Parker's Society at Music Hall: as also in the series of articles now being written for us by

PROFESSOR'S. B. BRITTAN. an eminent student of the Science of the Mind.

THE LOVER OF ROMANCE Will be attracted by the choice Stories which will be found in our columns.

THE REFORMER will find ample provision made for his taste as we furnish Reports of the Lectures of CORA L. V. HATCH,

EMMA HARDINGE.

and other distinguished speakers who visit Boston and New Your, in both of which cities we have an ABLE CORPS OF REPORTERS.

LOYERS OF FARE DISCUSSION will find a portion of our paper et spart for the free expression of the

TOUGHTS OF THE PEOPLE, the only limit being avoidance of personalities and un charitableness. Those who wish to aid a paper which aime not to be sectarian, but to appropriate and present to the public

TRUTH. WHEREVER TO BE FOUND. are requested to avail themselves of the offer above made, and give their neighbors an opportunity to enrich their

minds, at a trifling cost, for the next three months. BERRY, COLBY & CO., Publishers,

No. 3 1-2 Brattle street, Boston, Mass. Country papers inserting the above will receive copy of the BANNER for one year free.

# ADVERTISEMENTS.

TERMS.—A limited number of advertisements will be inerted in this paper at the following rates:—First insertion, ifteen cents per line; second, and all subsequent, ten cents por line. No departure will be made from this rule until further notice.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT IS NOT A MERE SURFACE BALVE.—It does not begin and end by simply skinning, over an ulcer, or discharging the redness of initiannation from the cuticle. Ou the contrary, it sinks, with the aid of gentle friction, to the creative cause of the discase in the flesh, the fibros, and the larger blood vessels, and expels it. Sold at the manufactory, No. 80 Maiden Lane, and by all druggists, at 250., 630., and \$1 per pot. islt Aug. 16.

A TKINS'S HEALING INSTITUTE, NO. 22 LA GRANGE
PLACE, BOSTON.—The afflicted are accommended. PLACE, BOSTON.—The afflicted are accommomedated with board and treatment on reasonable terms. 3m Aug. 27.

MISS NEWTON, HEALING MEDIUM,

NO. 26 WEST DEDHAM STREET, two doors from Washington street. Terms, 50 cents for each sitting. 4t aug27 OBED B. LOW,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

Office, 8 Scotlay's Building, (Entrance, on Tremont Row.) Aug, 27. BOSTON.

#### GRAEFENBERG WATER CURE AND

Kinesipathic Institute, near Utica, N. Y.

THIS Establishment has been in successful operation for the last twelve years, and has been under the control of the present physician for the whole time, which is a longer period than any similar institution in this country has been conducted by the same individual.

conducted by the same individual.

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We will add, for those that believe in the cure by the laying on of hands, that we have had considerable experience in that way with the the transpart almost maryolous results.

hat way with (to the ignorant) almost marvelous results.

For particulars, address R. HOLLAND, M. D.,

Aug. 13 3t New Graefenberg, N. Y.

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Bottles Enlarged.—Price as Before.

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The readers of the BANNER may send me such compensation
as they choose, and shall receive in return a corresponding
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and intuitive impressions as may be had from their handwriting, relating to their looks, percepting mount of any divisiwriting, relating to their looks, parentage, mental and physical condition, mediumship, conjugri influences, business, or

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Aug. 13 istf

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NOTICE.—The undersigned will attend to the answering of Sealed Letters, whether describing diseases, or any other business which may be inquired of. Letters must be properly placed in an envelop, and then placed in an extra envelop, and the sum of one dollar and one postage stamp accompany each letter. The scaled note must have the wants of the writer plainly stated; also their name and place of residence.

of residence.

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July 23

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NEW STYLES-PRICES FROM \$50 TO \$125. EXTRA CHARGE OF \$5 FOR HEMMERS.

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Agencies in all the principal Cities and Towns in the United

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These Machines sew from two speeds, as purchased from the store, requiring no rewinding of thread; they Hem, Fell, Gather, and Stitch in a superior style, fluishing each seam by their own operation, without recourse to the handneedle, as is required by other machines. They will do better and cheaper sowing than a seamstress can, even if she works for one cent an hour, and are, unquestionably, the best Machines in the market for family sewing, on account of their simplicity, durability, ease of management, and adaptation to all varieties of family sewing—executing either heavy or fine work with equal facility, and without special adjustment.

As evidence of the unquestioned superiority of their Machines, the Gnoven & Bakers Bewing Machines in my family for nearly a year and a half, I take pleasure in commending it as every way reliable for the purpose for which it is designed—Family Sewing.—Mrs. Joshna Leavilt, wife of Rev. Dr. Leavitt, Editor of N. Y. Independent.

"I confess myself delighted with your Sowing Machine, which has been in my family for many months. It has always been ready for duty, requiring no adjustment, and is casily adapted to overy variety of family sewing, by simply changing the spools of thread.—Mrs. Elizabeth Strickland, wife of Rev. Dr. Strickland, Editor N. Y. Christian Advocate.

"After trying several different good machines, I preferred yours, on account of its simplicity, and the perfect ease with which it is managed, as well as the strength and durability of the seam. After long experience, I feel competent to speak in this manner, and to confidently recommend it for every variety of family sewing.

"I have used a Grover & Baker Sewing Machine for twe years, and have found it adapted to all kinds of family sewing, from Cambrie to Broadcloth. Garments have been worn out without the giving way of a stitch. The Machine is easily kept in order, and easily used. "Mrs. A. B. Whyple, wife of Rev. Go. Whipple, New York.

"Your Sewing Machine has been in use in my family the past two years,

controls and the control of the control of the control of a letter from Thos. R. Leavitt, Esq., an Amerian gontleman, now resident in Sydney, New South Wales, ated January 12, 1838:

"I had a tent made in Melbourne, in 1853, in which there were over three thousand yards of sewing done with one of Grover & Baker's Machines, and a single seam of that has outstood all the double scams sewed by sailors with a needle

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"If Homer could be called up from his murky hades, he would sing the advent of Grover & Baker as a more benigmant miracle of art than was ever Vulcan's smithy. He would denounce midnight shirt-making as 'the direful spring of woes unumbered."—Irof. North.

"I take pleasure in saying, that the Grover & Baker Sewing Machines have nore than sustained my expectation. After trying and returning others, I have three of them in operation in my different places, and, after four years' trial, have no fault to find."—J. H. Hammond, Senator from South Carolina.

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"My wife has had one of Grover & Baker's Family Sewing Machines for some time, and I'am satisfied it is one of the best labor-saving machines that has been invented. I take much pleasure in recommending it to the public."—J. G. Harris, Governor of Tennessee.

"It is a beautiful thing, and puts everybody into an excitement of good humor. Were I a Catholic, I should insist upon Saluts Grover & Baker having an eternal holiday in commemoration of their good deeds for humanity."—Cassius M. Clay.

upon Baints Grover & Baker having an eternal holiday in commemoration of their good deeds for humanity."—Cassius M. Clay.

"I think it by far the best patent in use. This Machine can be adapted from the finest cambric to the heaviest cassimere. It sows stronger, faster, and more beautifully than one can imagine. If mine gould not be replaced, money could not buy it."—Mrs. J. G. Brown, Nasiville, Tenn.

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"We find this Machine to work to our satisfaction, and with pleasure recommend it to the public, as we believe the Grover & Baker to be the best Sowing Machine in use."—Deary Brothers, Alliconia, Tenn.

"If used exclusively for family purposes, with ordinary can, I will wager they will last one three score years and ten," and nover get out of fix."—John Erskine, Nashville, Tenn.

"I have had your Machine for covered waster, and expressions."

Tenn.

"I have had your Machine for several weeks, and am perfectly satisfied that the work it does is the best and most beautiful that ever was made."—Maggie Aimison, Nashville,

"I have had your Machine for keveral weeks, and am perfectly satisfied that the work it does is the best and most beautful that ever was made."—Maggie Aimison, Nashville, Tenn.

"I use my Machine upon coats, dressmaking, and fine linen sticking, and the work is admirable—far better than the best hand-swing, or any other machine I have ever seen."—Lucy B. Thompson, Nashville, Tenn.

"I find the work the strongest and most beautiful I have ever seen, made either by hand or machine, and regard the Grover & Baker Machine as one of the greatest blossings to our sex."—Mrs. Taylor, Nashville, Tenn.

"I have one of Grover & Baker, Sewing Machines in use in my family, and find it incertable. I can confidently recommend it to all persons in want of a machine."—G. T. Thompson, Nashville, Tenn.

"I take pleasure in certifying to the utility of the Grover & Baker Sewing Machines. I have used one on almost every description of work for months, and find it much stronger and better in every respect than work done by hand."—Mrs. D. W. Wheeler, Nashville, Tenn.

"I would be unwilling to dispose of my Grover & Baker Machine for a large amount, could I not replace it again at pleasure."—Mrs. II. G. Scovel, Nashville, Tenn.

"Our two Machines, purchased from you, do the work of twenty young ladies. We with pleasure recommend the Grover & Baker Sewing Machine to be the best in use."—N. Stillman & Co., Memphis, Tenn.

"The Grover & Baker Sowing Machine works admirably, I think the stitch and work far superior to that of any Sewing Machine I ever saw. On fine work, I think the Machine would be hard to beat."—W. J. Davis, Memphis, Tenn.

"The Grover & Baker Sewing Machine have given such satisfaction that we cheerfully recommend them to all who wish convenience, economy, and pleasure."—Mrs. F. Titus, Memphis, Tenn.

"The Grover & Baker Sewing Machine have given such satisfaction that we cheerfully recommend them to all who wish a good and such earlier and speed, and more finely than any other machine I have seen."—Mrs. R. B., Mitchell,

work with much care and speed, and more incly than any other muchine I have seen."—Mrs R. B. Mitchell, Memphis, Tenn.

"I am happy to give my testimony in favor of Grover & gives in every respect. It sews neatly, and is by no means complioned, and I profer it to all others I have seen."—Mrs. Bryan, wife of Rev. A. M. Bryan, Memphis, Tenn.
"It affords me much pleasure to say, that the Machine works well; and I do not hesitate to recommend it as possessing all the rivantages you claim for it. My wife is very much pleased with it, and we take pleasure in certifying to this effect."—R. C. Brinkley, Memphis, Tenn.
"It gives me pleasure to find the Grover & Baker Sewing Machine giving so much satisfaction. I have it in constant use, and find it all that could be desired. It is the most simple and durable machine in use, and I heartly recommend it."—F. M. White, Memphis, Tenn.
"I consider my Sewing Machine invaluable, and would not take five times its cost, if I could not supply its place. With it can do all my family sowing in about one-fourth the time I could with my hands."—M. J. Scott, Nashville, Tenn.

Aug. 6

THE MISTAKE OF CHRISTENDOM: OR, JESUS AND HIS GOSPEL BEFORE PAUL AND CHRISTIANITY. By GEORGE STEARS. BELA MARSH, publisher. This book demonstrates that the religion of the Church originated with Paul, and not Jesus, who is found to have been a Rationalist, and whose Gossul as deduced from the writings of Matthew. and whose Gospel as deduced from the writings of Mathew, Mark, Luke and John, is a perfect refutation of Christianity, It contains 312 pages of good print, well bound, and will be sent by mail on receipt of one gold deliar. Address GEORGE STEARNS, May 28.

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