

BANNER OF THE LIGHT.



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THE SERMONS

Of Revs. HENRY WARD BEECHER and EDWIN H. CHAPIN are reported for us by the best Phonographers of New York, and published verbatim every week in this paper. EIGHTH PAGE—REV. H. W. Beecher's sermon.

"BERTHA LEE," OR, MARRIAGE.

To the Memory of my Husband this tale is dedicated.

BY ANN E. PORTER,
Author of "Dora Moore," "Country Neighbors," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XII.

MY PRECIOUS LITTLE RETREAT.

How dear this garret corner has become to me—it has spread out into the large bearding-house, where so many bright-eyed, merry girls did congregate. I am living over again those days of sunshine and shadow—days when we are all young again; and Addie, with her laughter and fun, Miss Lincoln, with her sweet gravity, Anna, with her love and sympathy, Miss Crooks, with her everlasting black bow, and her aspirations for Mr. Calvin—and a great many others, are all with me now. They are here in this garret; some have passed from this world to another; but they return to me now. One laughing little Hebe peeps at me from behind that rough rafters; Miss Garland is sitting, in her quiet dignity, in that large, old-fashioned arm chair; Miss Lincoln is kneeling, with her hands clasped, and eyes upturned to heaven; a stray sunbeam has found its way through the little window on the west, and turns to gold her soft, brown hair; Miss Crooks—ah, Miss Crooks! I wish it were no vision, but a flesh and blood reality, that I see sitting on that old chest, and weeping as if her heart would break because Mr. Calvin is going to be a missionary to India, and as yet has not asked her to share his destiny! Poor, disappointed Miss Crooks! I wish, indeed, you were here. Your devotion was worthy a better reward than the neglect you received at his hands.

Anna, too, is here; she sits by my side, and leans her head on my lap, and whispers, "How dark seems the shadows on my future life! When I leave Rockford, whither shall I go?" And then, we lay our plans to live together, and be all in all to each other, and never marry; and Addie hears the resolution, and laughs, and declares she'll make no such promise. She will marry somebody with dark-blue eyes and dark, wavy hair, and who is strong, and brave, and generous, and loving! That makes me think of Charlie Herbert, and already I am beginning to be jealous of Addie; but no, down with such a feeling—didn't she get my letter for me, and run great risk in so doing? It was in this wise: The Secret Club decided that I had been greatly wronged by mother, because she would deprive me of Charlie's letter, written under the express sanction of my father, and they passed a resolution that, if possible, my letter should be obtained. There were but three mails in a week in those days from Oldbury to Rockford. I was sure Charlie would write by Saturday. That was Miss Crooks's day for going to the post-office. Miss Crooks and Miss Lincoln took turns in going to the office for the letters, and no scholar was allowed to go, under the penalty of close confinement to her room for the day, and on the repetition of the second offence, to be reprimanded before the school. Addie had already suffered the first penalty, and shrank from undergoing the second. But the letter must be had, she said, and she would see what could be done.

On Saturday evening, while Miss Crooks was busy in Miss Garland's room, Addie made her appearance in mine, so completely disguised that I did not recognize her. She had the black puffs, the bow, the mourning calico, and now came for bonnet and shawl. She was a wonderful mimic, and convulsed us with laughter to hear the sharp, quick, harsh tones of Miss Crooks coming from her little rose-bud mouth; then the gait was perfect—the heavy, decided tread, and bold, authoritative way of carrying the head. "Now I'm off!" she said, and glided out of the door, with eyes full and running over of fun. Not ten minutes afterwards she came, breathless with haste, and laid the little letter bag on the table. "Quick!" she said, "select yours, and come with me! There is one post-marked Oldbury. I was not long in finding it—my father's precious, familiar hand-writing, a double letter, too. I seized it, and ran, while Addie hung Miss Crooks's bonnet and shawl in the usual place.

My father's letter was brief, but kind Charlie's was four pages long, and closely written, telling me all about the family at home, how Joe missed me, and had saved a box of the nicest apples for my use; how Willie had been ill, but was now better, but wanted to see me very much; the kittens were doing well and growing fat under Joe's care. But what interested me most was the fact that Charlie was going to Boston to be clerk in an importing store. Uncle Gomez had obtained him the place; the head of the firm had been in the West India trade for many years, and was an intimate friend of Mr. Gomez.

"I hope that I shall soon be able to help my mother," he said. "I would rather study law, but my purse is not long enough," he added.

It made me feel sad to have Charlie leave Oldbury, though I would not be at home myself for some years; but I loved to think of Mrs. Herbert as there

in her pleasant little house; it seemed like taking part of our own family, to have them leave.

He would go, too, before our vacation, but then he should come through Rockford, and would stop and see me. This was pleasant to anticipate.

I was busy reading my letter in Anna's room, when Miss Crooks knocked at the door.

"Is Miss Lincoln here?" she said.

"No; she is with Miss Garland," was Anna's reply.

"Has she been to the Post-office?"

"I think not."

"Is that you, Bertha Lee?"

"I believe so," I said, blushing and trembling, lest my precious treasure should be discovered.

"Have you been to the Post-office?"

"No, I have not."

"Well, somebody has, for the bag is on my table, and I'll go right off and see about it; some trick or other of the girls, I know."

Off she marched that bleak, cold evening, full of zeal to detect the offender. The Postmaster himself had not been there, but his son and another young man were present. They assured Miss Crooks that they had given the letters to herself; and she angrily told them it was no such thing.

"Indeed, madam, I am too familiar with your voice not to recognize it," said one of them.

"And I am sure," said the other, "it is the same bonnet and cloak."

Poor Miss Crooks was angry with the boys, and a little puzzled, too.

"I say, boys, I have not been in this office before, during this evening, and I wish to know who came and received the letters."

The son of the Postmaster had had his suspicions roused somewhat; he knew Addie very well, and admired the bright face and pretty form—at a distance, only, as one admires a "bright, particular star." He had seen the little, white, plump hand, with its diamond ring on one of the fingers, stretched out for the letters, and he fancied a ruse. Now he was sure it was Addie, and tortures could not have drawn the secret from him.

"It is not strange, ma'am, that you should forget that you came; you have so much care, and are so absorbed in your studies and duties. Pardon me, if I insist upon it that that same shawl, bonnet, and I should think, dress, though I cannot swear that the same dress had been here; the hair was pulled in the same way, and altogether, ma'am, if it was a case in Court, and you wished, an 'alibi' could be proved for you."

Miss Crooks was silenced, but not convinced. I was in my own room when she came in.

"I declare, it is the strangest thing that ever happened to me," said she, "that I should go to that office and not know it. There's not another person dresses in mourning in this house, or I would not believe it was myself."

(No other did dress in mourning; but she had given one of the servants a cast-off calico dress, as pay for some service performed, and the girl had hung it in the garret, where Addie had procured it.)

"That is no stranger than Sir Isaac Newton's absence of mind," I said; "have you ever heard of it?"

"No—what was it?"

"His friends wished him to marry, and left a very lovely woman in the room beside him, that he might have the opportunity to make proposals. He sat, smoking his pipe, while he held her hand, and wishing to crowd the tobacco in, he used her finger for the purpose, which so much disturbed the lady, that she would have no more to say to such an absent-minded philosopher."

"And he, poor man, lived and died an old bachelor. I think she was a very foolish woman!"

"No, no," I said, "he could not have made an agreeable husband; but please look at the letters—they have been lying there all this time, while so many are eagerly waiting for them."

She took them out one by one very carefully, examined the postmark, writing and seal of each. I was standing at the glass, combing my hair, while she sat at the table opposite. One letter attracted her particular attention; she turned it over, looked at it a long time, laid it down; looked over the others, and then turned to this one again. I looked earnestly, hoping to see the name; a favorable turn of the letter gave me "Miss Mary Lincoln." Miss Crooks hesitated, held the letter a long while, and then put it into her own pocket; and sent me to distribute the others.

The next day she told me that she had mentioned to Miss Garland, that she had gone to the Post-office without knowing it.

"Why, my dear, that is not strange," said Miss Garland; "you have been very busy of late, and are faithful to your duties—you need rest, and when the classes are all arranged, Miss Farwell will take charge of the school on Saturday and Sunday, and you and I will take a short ride and rest."

This was a pleasant omen, and Miss Crooks never insisted upon it again; that "she knew she did not go twice."

I watched her very closely after she pocketed the letter. I went to bed early; she waited awhile till she thought I was asleep, and then I saw her sit down at the table, evidently with the intention of reading it. But just as she was about to break the seal, conscience must have whispered, for she dropped the letter as if it burned her fingers, then rose hastily as if she dared not trust herself longer, and taking the letter with her, went out of the room in the direction of Miss Lincoln's. When she returned she was pale and agitated, and laying her

arms upon the table, and her head upon them, she wept. Poor Miss Crooks! I guessed your secret, child as I was; alas! your sorrow is common to woman.

Our life had little variety; it was a regular routine of study, with but little bodily exercise; nothing that might be called amusement, and a very small quantum of fresh air. The house was not well ventilated, the rooms were small and close, and the animal spirits most too thoroughly subdued for true health and vigor. But the system of instruction was thorough, and the mode of imparting knowledge most agreeable. There were no dry recitations from memory. In geography, for instance, we dwelt upon one country till its rivers and mountains, its towns and cities, its climate, soil and productions, were perfectly familiar to us, its government also; and we had in our mind's eye a correct picture of the country and its inhabitants. History was taught in the same way, till the characters stood out before us, real, living, flesh and blood people—not mere myths; and while dates were firmly fixed in the memory, the pupil was taught to reflect upon the great historical events of the past, and draw an inference for the future. When tempted to admire false greatness and power, or when dazzled by the exploits of great conquerors, the distinction between goodness and greatness, between the moral heroism of such men as Washington, Luther, Howard, William Prince of Orange, and the worldly ambition of Caesar, Napoleon, and the warriors of the earth, were pointed to us, and we were insensibly led to see the beauty and dignity of a true, worthy life. Miss Lincoln delighted to trace God's hand in history; there was no dry, prosaic teaching with her. I shall never forget how her rich, exuberant fancy dwelt lovingly for many days in Athens, and how she delighted to tell us of the wonderful period when Pericles governed there, and made the stones of Greece beautiful for all time; how the almost divine Phidias wrought the statue of Minerva, and the more majestic Jupiter, so grand and glorious that all Greece was entranced at beholding it. Day after day we lived amid the glories of Ancient Greece, till we felt with Byron, willing almost to give our lives, if need be, to rescue the descendants of the whole race from the domination of the haughty Turk. But one day, when the works of Pericles had filled our youthful fancy with their wondrous beauty, she told us of St. Paul, standing many years after in that same city, and proclaiming the unknown God; and then she drew a parallel between the sensual, debasing mythology of this art-loving people, and the pure, elevating Christianity of the New Testament, till we turned from the imposing ceremonies of the heathen temples—from the Acropolis to the cross—from Mars Hill to Olivet—from the Parthenon to Gethsemane, and felt how much dearer to us were the footsteps of the Saviour than all the works of the philosophic Greek. We could see that our teacher spoke from the heart, with a true perception of beauty, loving it in the rare handiwork of the true artist, lingering lovingly over it in the tiny flower, or the delicate moss, drinking it in from the sunset clouds, the starlit sky, and from the group of sweet young faces about her, yet deeply, reverently, above all things else, loving the holy dignity and beauty of the Saviour's life and teachings. And yet, saved by those immediately under her care, and who were familiar with her daily life, Miss Lincoln was not appreciated. She was so loving and gentle that she could not denounce the erring as did Mr. Calvin and Miss Crooks; neither did she know anything about what Mr. Calvin called mountain views of the promised land, or plunges in the Slough of Despond. Her life was like a stream fed by a living spring, and, running through green meadows and quiet woods, always murmuring sweet music, soft and low, never rushing over precipices, or losing itself in marshy plains.

Anna and myself had become warm friends; of course all our little secrets were common property; and the next morning she was in possession of Miss Crooks's temptation, and her resistance of it.

"I only wish she had opened it, and then thrown it away," said Anna; "for poor Miss Lincoln shed so many tears over it. I had gone to bed, and was thinking how sweet and patient she looked, as she sat there, correcting some thirty or forty school exercises, (a terrible dull task, by the way,) when Miss Crooks handed the letter without any explanation, and walked away. It was three pages, closely written letter sheet; and as she read, tears blotted the paper till I could endure the silent suffering no longer, and springing out of bed, threw my arms around her neck."

"What is it, dearest?" I said; "let me see what troubles you so."

She resisted, and held her hands over the paper; but I begged so hard, that she said at last, as if from a breaking heart—

"Yes, Anna, you may see it. Why should I have one heart to trust in—one to sympathize with me? I have neither father nor mother, brother nor sister."

I read, eagerly, a long, bitter epistle from Mr. Calvin. She had rejected him because she could not love him, and he would not bear it like a man, but must torment her with a letter full of spite and bitterness. He accused her of ingratitude and deception toward Miss Garland, upon whom, he said, she had been wholly dependent. It seems she had no means to educate herself, and Miss Garland had given her a year's tuition, on condition that she should repay her in the way she is now doing; you and I can judge whether she need feel any great sense of dependence.

But keener than all was the taunt flung upon her piety. "Alas!" he says; "your piety will not bear the test—you shrink from the sacrifice of your life to God—you prefer the inglorious ease of a life at home, to bearing the burden of the cross in foreign lands; but remember—no cross, no crown. Your answer to me, you say, was final—unchangeable—that you would perjure your soul, should you bind yourself to me for life. Then be it so; but settle your account with conscience and God, and judge if I had been surrounded by wealth and position, whether you would have feared this perjury?"

Now wasn't that cruel? Poor Miss Lincoln wept herself to sleep that night; but I tell her not to mind a fig about him. Miss Crooks will give him aid and comfort. Don't you wish he would marry Crooks, and done with it?"

The girls in Miss Lincoln's class were all in the secret, of course; but, wonderful to relate, it went no further, neither did she herself suspect that they knew; but every day she had some little token of affection—choice fruit, a rare flower, a new book, and I know from the springing tear, and the heightened color, that she appreciated these attentions, and that they soothed and comforted her.

A little incident that occurred to myself during this quarter made a life-long impression upon my mind. I was one day summoned to the parlor to see a stranger, when who should I find but my father, a great and unexpected pleasure, but like a school child, instead of expressing it in words and smiles I burst into tears. He took me on his lap and soothed me as he would an infant.

"Are you not happy here, my child?"

"Yes, yes, more so than I expected to be, for I love Miss Lincoln, and Anna and Addie."

"And Miss Garland?"

"Oh yes, I think those scholars, who are with her much, must love her; we younger girls are not in her classes at all."

"Are you wanting anything my child? Do you have good food and plenty of it?"

I pressed myself satisfied.

"What is more spending?"

"I need nothing let me know. I have been so busy with business, and returned this way to see you for a few moments only. My chaise is at the door, and I must go soon."

At this I burst into tears again.

"What is it, my child,—tell me?"

"I want to go home and see Willie and Eddie and Joe—only for a day, I will come back."

He hesitated—I knew why—he dreaded the censure of my mother, but I plead till he gained permission from Miss Lincoln, and I was soon riding by his side over the pleasant road leading from Rockford to the north.

A slight snow had fallen, just enough to whiten the ground, and sprinkle the boughs of the now almost leafless trees; but the sun was shining, the air was mild for the season, and my ride invigorated me. I chattered fast, telling him all about my studies and my companions, and was delighted to find that he was interested.

About six or eight miles from Rockford, there was formerly (alas! the steam engine has long since devoured it, as it has almost all the beautiful wood lots in the region) a fine grove of pines. I used to like to ride slowly through it and listen to the sweet, but sad music of its whispering boughs; and now my father slackened the horse's pace, and we sat in silent enjoyment and admiration, the slight snow just fringing the branches of the trees, while the setting sun touched the green with a brighter hue.

Suddenly there sprang from the thicket a man disguised with a mask, and seizing the reins, bade my father stop. The latter raised his whip, and was about to try the effects of it on man and horse, when the other raised a pistol and aimed it at me. I screamed of course, when I too was seized by another man who appeared on the instant, and lifted me out of the chaise. I struggled desperately, and in doing so, displaced the man's mask; he did not seem to care about the concealment, but threw the mask on the ground, and putting his hand on my mouth, told me if I would keep still he would not hurt me. He certainly was not a rough or bad looking man, and handled me very gently, as he tied a white handkerchief over my mouth.

"There, my little one, keep still a moment and you shall not be harmed. I never rob ladies, and to pay you for the fright I have given you, here is a sovereign," and he handed me an English sovereign.

"There," said he, "keep that as a robber's gift." By this time my father was at my side; he had given up his money and watch, and we were permitted to go on in peace.

"Now, daughter, could you describe the man who attacked us?"

"I should know his face again, but I did not see his face—"

We rode on to the next town, where we gave information of the robbery. In the haste with which my father had taken me from the robber, the handkerchief was left in my possession. It was of very fine linen cambric, and marked delicately in the corner with hair, "J. B." "A stolen article," said my father, "but must be carefully kept, as it may lead to the detection of the men."

Joe, and Willie and Eddie were of course delighted at my return, but my mother received me coldly, saying that it was very wrong in me to leave my studies in that way. I shed a few tears over her reproach; but Charlie Herbert laughed at me, and said that I must save them all for him when he went to Boston, which would be in a week.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE ROBBER.

It was a custom in Rockford Seminary to spend two hours a week in relating intelligence gleaned from newspapers. We were furnished with a few well selected papers, and required to read the foreign news, as well as a record of events in our own country. There was perhaps no exercise of the school more profitable, or interesting to scholars and teachers. Miss Lincoln, who had charge of our division, would mingle the history of the past with the present, and thus enable us to understand more clearly the causes which led to war and political changes.

But school girls always find something else in a newspaper beside politics, foreign news, and prices current; these usually come last in the programme. Now, it happened that the week after my short visit home, that the papers contained an account of a "Bold Robbery on the Rockford road," and my poor little self was quite a heroine, and the object of innumerable questions. My gold sovereign, and the fine cambric handkerchief, of the most delicate and silky linen, were the general wonder of the scholars. The interest did not decrease when news came that one of the robbers had been arrested. He was traced from Rockford turnpike to Springfield, Mass., where he was found, sleeping quietly in his room, and utterly unconscious of danger, till he awoke and found himself surrounded by men, who handcuffed him, and conveyed him to the jail at Lechmere Point, Cambridge.

This was the person who presented the pistol to us, and received the watch and money; and was identified as such by my father. His companion had escaped, and no confession could be drawn from the prisoner concerning him. "Have you heard," said he, "of the famous 'Thunderbolt,' known throughout England and Scotland as the gentleman robber, who took from the rich and gave to the poor, and who never robbed ladies? This is he; and he will never be taken as I have been, but die, like a Christian man, in his bed!"

We had all read the story of Thunderbolt, and like the old tales of Robin Hood, it had been the subject of much gossip, and now that he had been taken, of our number, and his companion in prison not many miles from us, there was a daily increasing interest to know more. The semi-weekly papers (for there were no dailies sent to Rockford) contained sketches of his romantic life—his high birth, of the great generosity which he displayed to the poor, and his gallantry to the fair. Martin Donahue, the prisoner, confessed that he was only a humble companion of Thunderbolt, and noted always under his direction.

One day Martin found in his cell some tools, placed there to aid him in making his escape; they were probably thrown into the window by Thunderbolt. He succeeded, by the aid of these—a case-knife and file—in severing his chain. He made the knife into a saw, concealing it in the crevices between the stones of his dungeon, covering the place with a paste which answered very well for mortar. When this was completed he sawed off the second link of his chain, selecting this, because, when they examined his chain, they usually confined the examination to the link nearest the bolt. He did his work so nicely, filling up the interstices with a paste, made of tallow and coal dust, that, though his chains were examined every evening, no one suspected their insecurity. He let them remain so for some days, and at last succeeded in knocking down his keeper, and making his escape through the jail yard; but, recollecting that he had not fastened the keeper into his cell, he returned for that purpose, and this gave time for alarm, and he was easily captured. Then came the account of the trial. A distinguished advocate of Boston, Mr. Knapp, defended him very ably, and with so much effect, that Martin himself said that he expected to be convicted of the crime charged against him, till he heard Mr. Knapp plead, and then he began to think he was an innocent man. But the testimony was so direct and clear, and the law so distinctly laid down by the Court, that there was no escape from the verdict of "guilty." He was condemned to be hung, as he probably no doubt deserved to be, if capital punishment should be inflicted on any man. But his connection with the noted Thunderbolt made him a sort of hero with the school girls, and they regretted much that he could not have been reprieved.

My father was inclined to laugh at me a little for my philanthropy—"For, indeed, my dear girl," said he, "you were so thoroughly frightened at Martin's looks, that you screamed lustily, and would have rejoiced could I have shot him on the instant."

"But not frightened after he spoke to me, for he was kind and gentle, and looked very sad for a moment when he lifted me into the chaise, asking pardon, meanwhile, for the fright and trouble he had given me. Oh, father! he was a gentleman, I know, his hands were so white, and on one of his fingers was a large, heavy gold ring, and then he had a fine figure, and was so graceful in his manner."

"All which qualities make a gentleman in my daughter's estimation; one thing is certain, however, he walked away with a decided limp."

"Oh, father!"

"I am sure of it, daughter."

Miss Lincoln did not join in our enthusiasm for a romantic robber, and gave us some lessons on learning, if possible, to judge of character in the light of God's law, and not be led astray by the false glare which wickedness throws around itself. Time passed, other subjects occupied our attention, and the incident of the robbery was referred to only at long intervals, as one of the reminiscences of school girl life. But now when I ride through a wood I involuntarily recall that scene, and the face comes up,

Before me, indistinct and shadowy—yet a face that I should certainly know again, though the voice sounded so long, and its tones I should certainly know could I have heard them again.

Miss Lincoln smiled at our interest in what she termed our robber romance, and pointed out to us the inconsistencies of character; but I do not know as this had as much influence in directing our attention from the subject, as the excitement of the Greek war, which occurred at this time. She entered into this with all the fervor of her warm, generous nature. Marco Bozaris had fallen, and Halleck's spirited poem had not then a hackneyed school exercise, and to hear her read it fresh, as it then was, and glowing with the ardor of the poet's soul, was true music.

She had a rich, full, well-modulated voice, and she delighted to read, as a bird likes to sing, pouring it out so freely, and entering so fully into the spirit of the writer, that the hearer forgot everything else, save the glorious death of the hero, and our whole heart responded to the poet's words—

"There is no prouder grave even in her own proud clime."

Our enthusiasm in the Greek cause rose to such a height, that it became necessary for our teacher to moderate it a little; and she refused to take all our offerings for the cause, wishing to save some from our pocket-money for other purposes. Miss Crooks said that we were very silly girls to think so much of the Greeks, when the poor mothers of India were throwing their little babies into the Ganges, and their widows were burned on the funeral pile. For her part, she should give all she had to spare to that mission. Poor Miss Crooks was growing yellower and crosser every day; it was difficult to please her in our room, for the least disorder or negligence annoyed her very much; and then she had most distressing headaches, that I think must have affected her nerves injuriously, for she would lie and weep for an hour or two at a time.

One evening I returned from Anna's room, and found Miss Crooks taking a cup of strong green tea, as a relief to her headaches.

"I wish," said she, "that you could sometimes stay with me when I'm sick, and not spend all your time in Miss Lincoln's room—it's nothing but Miss Lincoln, Miss Lincoln, all over the school—with her little baby face and soft ways, she works herself into the hearts of the scholars, and makes friends of 'em by blinding their faults from the Principal—perhaps she'll find out some day that her bread is buttered on the wrong side. I know that about her that will send her away from Rockford Seminary before this year is out."

"Send Miss Lincoln away?" I exclaimed, indignantly; "then you'll send all her class away—I, forsooth, won't stay another day after she goes!"

"That will not be as you say, Miss; your mother intends to keep you here three years, and I fancy she's a woman that has a will of her own."

"And I have feet of my own, and if Miss Lincoln is sent away, I shall use them and leave with her."

"Some of our girls have tried that to their sorrow. How would you like to be brought back here, and exposed before the whole school as a runaway?"

"I'd take care that should never happen; but I'm willing to stay if Miss Lincoln remains."

"I do not think you will be consulted on the subject of taking this tea-cup and plate to the kitchen, and then go to Miss Lincoln's room and get her gift, she will send me the book that she was reading last Sunday."

It was not so agreeable waiting upon Miss Crooks as upon the other teachers, for she generally required her favors, while the others asked for them to be performed.

I did not find Miss Lincoln in her room, and was told in the kitchen that she was at her uncle's—old Mudgett's.

"Is he her uncle?" I asked in astonishment.

"Well, I should have thought you would have known that," said one of the domestics; "she goes there most every day, and is as proud of him as if he were a born lord, instead of the cross-grained, crooked-backed old fellow that he is."

Thinking that the command of my teacher entitled me to the privilege of going to Mudgett's house, I was not long in finding my way there, through the garden. I had not been in the enclosure since the first day of school, and now the walks were covered with snow, and one narrow path led me to a small brown house, very old and time-worn.

I knocked at the door, which was opened by Miss Lincoln; she was surprised, but inquired if she was needed at the boarding-house. I told her my errand, though not until an old man on the bed had complained of the cold draft from the door, and I had stepped into the room.

"Molly," said the invalid, "is n't that the gal that hood the potatoes?"

"Yes, sir," I said, "I'm the girl, and I wanted to fulfill my promise, and come again; but Miss Crooks said I must not."

"Miss Crooks be d—," said he; "it was them potatoes that jest laid me up here; if I had had a slip of a gal to pick 'em up for me, I should have got along; our Molly used to pick 'em up when she was a gal; but she's above that now, since she's got to be a teacher in the big house."

I saw the blood mount into my teacher's cheek at these words, and I thought she seemed pained, but she said nothing, and hearing another voice from the opposite side of the room, I turned and saw an old woman, sitting in an old-fashioned, high-backed chair, mumbling over something which sounded like—

"Yo need n't say anything agin our Molly; we'd have died afore now if it had n't been for her."

"Well, and aint she bound to do for us, after all I did for her mother afore her?"

The old woman's head kept shaking, and I looked at her for a moment, thinking it would stop, but it shook on all the time. She was knitting, but handed her work to Miss Lincoln, saying—

"I can't knit only when you are here, for the stitches drop so fast."

"You do nicely, Auntie," was the reply. "I wonder how you can shape a stocking so well. Only see, Bertha, here is the mate to the stocking. Is n't that nicely done for an old lady most eighty years old?"

It looked very well, and I said so; at which the old lady seemed pleased, and said—

"I taught Molly to knit stockings, and I showed her her letters, too; maybe she'd never been teacher up to the big house if it had n't been for me."

"Yo need n't take all the praise to yourself," said the old man; "did n't I give her mother a home, when she would have had to found one in the poor-house; and did n't I teach her myself how to cipher? But come, Molly, and rub my arms; they ache like the d—!"

Miss Lincoln went to the bed, and telling me where to find the book, began to rub the old man.

"Harder," he said; "use all the strength you have, and see if you can't make me warm again."

There was no excuse for my staying, and I went away, wondering what this meant. Surely this beautiful girl, delicate, well-bred, so graceful and refined, could not belong to these people.

I found the book, "Heaven and Hell," by Emanuel Swedenborg, and carried it to Miss Crooks. Her black eyes snapped with a malicious pleasure.

"I thought so," she exclaimed; "this will do the business."

I wondered what she could mean, but was in too much haste to ask an explanation, so anxious was I to learn about Mudgett, the gardener.

"Why, Bertha, it is strange," said Anna, "that you have been here for weeks, and did not know that Miss Lincoln went every day to Mudgett's house."

Mudgett was formerly a fisherman, and lived two or three miles from the village, near the sea shore. A vessel was one day wrecked near his house, and nearly all the crew and passengers lost; among the two or three saved was a young woman with a babe. The name 'Mary Lincoln' was marked upon a blanket in which the child was wrapped; the mother was nearly dead with fright and exhaustion, and though she lived for some months, never had her reason clearly.

Old Mrs. Mudgett was a kind-hearted, though ignorant woman, and nursed the poor, sick stranger carefully; but like many persons who have lost their reason, she seemed to have a great deal of cunning, and often managed to get out of the house and wander around the village and through the woods. "I am after Robert," she would say; "I must find Robert."

One cold winter's night she went out in this way, and was found nearly frozen to death by the road side. She died soon afterwards. A few of the neighbors paid her funeral expenses and followed her to the grave, and one or two offered to take Mary and treat her as one of their own children.

But she clung to Mrs. Mudgett, and the old lady having no other children, was unwilling to part from her. So she grew up with them in a little hut by the sea-side—a wild place with rocks and barren hills on the one side, and the sandy beach and ocean on the other. I supposed she learned to love the ocean by having no other music in her childhood than its roar, and no other playthings than the shells and pebbles from the beach. The only amusement she allows herself is walking to the old hut by the sea-side and sitting there to watch the waves. When she was twelve or fourteen years old, she came to the boarding-house to wait upon the table; she did not remain here excepting at meal times, but I have heard say that everybody loved her, and that one of the teachers lent her books and gave her lessons. This gave her a desire to be educated, and she has struggled through difficulties that would prevent most girls from trying to learn. Miss Garland gave her the privilege of the school, on condition that she should teach two years when she had completed her studies. She is only eighteen now, and has assisted one year; but Miss Garland, with unusual liberality, has promised her a salary the next year. You cannot imagine how happy she is at the prospect of being one hundred and fifty dollars a year.

"It will be a fortune," she says, "to my poor Uncle and Aunt."

You think she always looks so neatly and tastefully dressed—but her only nice dress is a black silk that the class gave her last year—this, with one gingham, and two calicoes, and a white muslin, are all she owns; but then her hair is so beautiful, and her face so lovely that she needs less aid from dress than most of the girls.

Everybody says that old Mudgett is the crossiest, roughest old fellow that ever lived; but Mary Lincoln is as kind to him as if he were an angel on this earth, and her first duty in the morning, and her last at night is to go there and see that they are made comfortable. The old man has been laid up with the rheumatism for a few days, and Miss Lincoln has remained there most of the time since, day and night, leaving only to hear her recitations. One hour she will be washing dishes, and rubbing old Mudgett's limbs, and the next explaining, as no other teacher in the school can, a sum in algebra, or talking us in imagination to Athens and Rome.

But with all her troubles and cares, I never heard her make one complaint, or shed a tear, till Mr. Calvin wrote that hateful letter.

There—the bell rings; you have seen Miss Lincoln at home—now see her in the Bible class. She loves to teach, when the lessons are in the New Testament. I thought I knew something about the life of Jesus Christ, for I had been to Sunday School ever since I could read; but when Miss Lincoln teaches me, I find how ignorant I am. She makes it seem as if we were in Judea, walking with Jesus and his followers by the sea of Galilee—going fishing with the disciples, sitting in Lazarus's house, and talking with Mary and Martha; and oh, Bertha! I never shall forget the day we studied about Gethsemane. We all wept together, and from that hour I have understood why our teacher could be so patient and loving, and so gentle to that cross old man. She said to day, that when her salary commenced, which would be on the first of January, she should repair his room, and make it warm and comfortable for the winter; she does not think of herself at all."

When I went to my room that evening, Miss Crooks was wrapped in a shawl, reading the book which I had brought to her, and marking passages with a pencil. Every once in awhile she would nod her head emphatically, as much as to say, "I have found it!"

"Do you like that book, Miss Crooks?" I asked.

"Like it? no indeed, it's all heresy, from beginning to end; we shall see what will come of reading this book," and she closed it with an emphatic gesture, and began to take off her false puffs.

January came, but old Mr. Mudgett's rheumatism grew worse, and his poor wife's head shook harder than ever. Our teacher was punctual to her recitations in the school room, but we seldom saw her at table or during study hours. Addie, whose warm, generous heart was full of sympathy, tried in various ways to aid Miss Lincoln. She bought all sorts of liniments and advertised medicines, for the old gardener, and declared again and again that she only wished mamma could write. Mamma knew what would cure the rheumatism, and take it all out of the bones. One thing was certain, mamma said; old folks ought to have plenty of flannel, and so a great roll of flannel was smuggled into Mudgett's house, unbeknown to Miss Lincoln. But the quality and quantity betrayed the giver, and Addie's heart was made happier by being assured that the old folks were truly grateful.

The holidays came, and scholars and teachers returned to their homes—all but a few who were too far distant from their relatives. Miss Lincoln welcomed them, because she could have the privilege of being with her aged friends, and adding to their comfort; and Addie, because she was going to the Astor House, to board with some Southern friends.

"Oh! girls," she said, as we were waiting all dressed for our journey, in the great hall, for the coaches, "you can't imagine what splendid desserts we have there! I shall come back with my pockets full."

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

Written for the Banner of Light.
HEART BREATHINGS.

BY CHARLOTTE ALLEN.

Thou long-departed art watching o'er me,
And their spirit-forms methinks I see,
With their vapor-dress and pallid face,
Within whose lineaments I trace
Familiar features, to me still dear,
As they hover around and linger near.

Father, Mother,
Sister, Brother,
Beckon me on, in their happy glea,
And whisper, they are "waiting for me."

There's rest for all in the spirit-land,
A perfect home that our Father planned;
And oh, how strong is the cord of love,
Drawing us on to the Courts above,
Where, "in the fullness" of God's own time,
We shall re-unite in that holy clime.

Father, Mother,
Sister, Brother,
Though parted below, we shall meet again,
Where nought can sever affection's chain.

Those whom I loved that have gone before,
Seem calling to me from that peaceful shore,
And they speak of that pure and blessed land,
Wherein are gathered a seraph-band,
Who once had lived on this earthly sphere,
But now have no visible dwelling here.

Father, Mother,
Sister, Brother,
Have passed away, and "by faith" I see,
And think I hear them calling for me.

And when the mandate to me shall come,
For my soul to find its better home,
When the weary heart and the closing eye
Shall tell that the parting hour is nigh,
May stronger hope and trust be given,
To guide my barque to yonder Heaven.

Father, Mother,
Sister, Brother,
I know that when life's journey is o'er,
You will welcome me to the spirit-shore.

BILL HUTCHINS'S FIRST TRIP TO BOSTON.

A Fourth of July Sketch.

BY NICKSON.

It was Friday afternoon, and the day preceding the "Glorious Fourth," as we patriotic citizens of the United States are wont to term the anniversary of American Independence. A motley group of persons, of every imaginable size and age, were collected together upon the wharf at Gardiner, awaiting, with no slight degree of impatience, the near approach of the steamboat Charter Oak, as she gracefully ploughed her way along through the blue waters of the Kennebec, toward her accustomed stopping-place. Foremost among the crowd on shore stood a tall and gaunt-looking young man of some twenty-three or four summers, whose sunburnt, yet good-natured face, and toil-hardened hands, seemed to indicate him a farmer's son, of that exceedingly comprehensive region stigmatized as "Away Down East."

Dressed in his best, a russet brown suit, with standing dickey and a last year's Panama hat, which had recently been run through the bleachery for this particular occasion, our hero (for it was none other than Bill Hutchins), with carpet-bag in hand, hastily made his adieus to Sally Glidden, a fresh and buxom-looking girl of twenty summers, who had for some months past occupied quite an important place in the affections of the honest-hearted backwoodsman, preparatory to jumping on board the moment the plank was lowered from the side of the steamboat, which had already arrived at the wharf.

Sally Glidden (who, by the way, was the happy possessor of as warm and generous a heart as ever beat in the breast of woman), could not stand by and behold the idol of her soul torn from her embrace, without exhibiting some slight degree of feeling upon the subject. Silently raising the corner of her white apron to her tear-stained eyes, the devoted girl essayed to let drop from her ruddy lips some few words of tenderness and affection at parting with her lover; but the rise of powerful emotions choked her utterance, and to Bill Hutchins's rough but honest words, "Take care of yourself, Sally, until my return!" she could only weepingly bow a reply.

Upon the ringing of the second bell, and the loud cry of "all aboard!" the old Charter Oak, with its heavy freight of produce and human souls, slowly pushed away from the shore, where those persons whose misfortune or pleasure it was to be left behind, occupied themselves by following with their eyes the foamy track of the fast receding steamboat. Standing upon the upper deck, Bill Hutchins watched with feelings of deep delight the white kerchief of his lady-love, as it fluttered unceasingly upon the breeze, till both the wood-crowned shore and Sally's image were at last lost from sight.

William Hutchins, or Bill Hutchins, as he was more familiarly termed by his relatives and near neighbors, was the only son and child of Joshua Hutchins, an industrious and 'close-fisted' farmer, who resided some six miles out of what was then termed Gardiner Village—now a duly incorporated city. The only means of education allowed our young hero was some six or eight months' attendance out of every twelve, at the little district school, situated near the river, at a distance of some two miles from the well-known farm-house of Joshua Hutchins. For long years Bill Hutchins had toiled side by side with his hard-working father in the field, with no other compensation for his services than the victuals which he ate and drank, and the few articles of cheap clothing which went to make up his scanty wardrobe.

Upon reaching his majority, however, the mind of Bill Hutchins seemed suddenly fired with a spirit of ambition, united to a strong thirst for travel, which so alarmed the hearts of his parents, as to extort from them a willingness to yield to any reasonable sacrifice, provided their darling child would at once abandon his intention of visiting California—that far off land of gold and infamy.

All that Bill asked for was a few acres of land to till and cultivate as his own, that he might no longer feel himself dependant upon the bounty of his parents. After much deliberation and consultation upon a matter of such vital importance to both Joshua Hutchins and his kind-hearted wife, the former at last wisely concluded to divide the one hundred acres constituting his extensive farm, equally with his only son and heir, Bill. At this announcement, the hitherto restless and impatient boy became at once as submissive as a lamb, declared in the presence of his delighted mother and father that California no longer tempted him with her golden fancies, and forthwith commenced earning his own livelihood in earnest.

About this time, Elder Glidden, (a native of Hallowell,) was called to Gardiner, to preside over a small Methodist congregation, whose place of worship was an old school-house, situated in the outskirts of the town. Joshua Hutchins being one of the deacons of said society, used frequently to hold prayer meetings at his own house Sunday evenings, which Sally Glidden, the oldest daughter of Elder Glidden, used generally to attend, out of company's sake for her father.

The final result of these Sunday night gatherings was an exchange of hearts between Sally and Bill, who, from the moment of their first meeting, had, strange to say, fallen desperately in love with one another. Now that Sally Glidden had promised to become his wife at some future day, our hero very naturally considered himself the happiest man in the world, and would have immediately set about building a new house for the reception of his intended bride, had not old Mr. and Mrs. Hutchins resolutely declared that they would never give their consent to Bill's leaving the paternal roof, for a new home, so long as they lived.

Two years of pleasant and uninterrupted courtship had passed between the lovers, when, with the earliest approach of summer, Bill Hutchins firmly expressed his intention of spending the coming Fourth of July in Boston. This singular freak upon the part of their darling boy, was a signal for fresh alarm, to the hearts of old Mr. Hutchins and his wife, who never having been beyond the limits of their own native State themselves, looked upon the city of Boston as the abode of all earthly ills and wickedness. In vain the anxious mother cautioned her child against the dangers of traveling by boat, especially in the night-time. In vain, Deacon Hutchins reasoned with his son upon the vanities of the world, and of the numerous temptations to which, as a stranger, he would be exposed on his first entrance into a new and populous city.

The fact was, Bill was bent upon going to Boston, and being naturally rather set in his disposition, he was not to be daunted in an undertaking, the mere contemplation of which had cost him not a few sleepless nights. Resisting the combined entreaties of his parents and his adoring sweetheart, the opening of our story beholds Bill Hutchins just in the act of making his exit from the time-worn and familiar scenes of his native village.

As is customary in the summer season, the boat was on this eventful occasion, (the third of July,) actually crowded to excess with passengers, the larger proportion of whom were females. One of the first movements upon the part of the young farmer, on entering the boat, was to make a rush for the steward, whom he found to be a man of color and much politeness, in the gentlemen's cabin below. Upon requesting "the loan of a berth for the coming night," the highly amused steward laughingly informed our slightly verdant tourist, that every berth, with the exception of a top one at the extreme end of the cabin, was engaged; but that if he desired a state-room he could be furnished with one near the wheel-house. Bill, who was mightily tickled at the idea of having a room entirely to himself, was suddenly seized with a decided preference for cabin lodgings, on being requested to hand over to his sable complexioned companion, the modest sum of one dollar.

It is true that the long red and black silk purse, which Sally Glidden had netted as a present for her lover, and which he so proudly dangled about between his fingers, only for the sake of display, contained full twenty-five dollars in gold and silver. But what of that, Bill Hutchins had invested one dollar and a half for the purchase of a ticket, soon after leaving Gardiner, and he had no idea of expending an extra dollar, just for the privilege of being looked up in a little band box of an apartment called a state-room, where one might sicken and die of nightmare, without any person on board the boat being cognizant of the fact, amid the loud hum of machinery and the dashing of waves.

Having consoled himself with this last home-manufactured argument, Bill Hutchins at once registered his name upon the book handed to him by the steward, as the rightful lessee of berth No. 33; after which the delighted youth, keeping tight hold of his well-stuffed carpet bag, walked majestically upon deck for the double purpose of enjoying the fine sea breeze and surrounding scenery.

Observing a vacant seat at one extremity of the boat, beside a handsome and somewhat showily dressed female, our youthful traveler hastened to avail himself of it. Whether the glorious prospect which bounded his vision on all sides had a socializing effect upon the senses of Bill Hutchins, I cannot say, but a conversation soon sprang up between the unknown lady and our unsophisticated hero, which, growing momentarily more and more interesting, bade fair to ripen into the closest intimacy. Poor, enamored Bill, he was fast forgetting Sally, while feeding upon the glowing charms of his fair companion. He did not know that the dotted black veil which the latter kept closely drawn over her face, was worn for the express purpose of neutralizing the effects of the thick coat of vermilion and white paint, which lay upon the surface of the naturally sallow countenance beneath. Even the dyed hair, darkly penciled eyebrows and pearly teeth, were thought to be real and natural to the possessor, by the ignorant youth who had never been let into the mysteries of a fashionable woman's toilette.

During the entire sail down the river, Bill noticed that the eyes of his numerous fellow passengers, (both male and female,) were often turned upon him and his gorgeously dressed companion. How to account for these peculiar and by no means timid glances, Bill did not know, unless on the score of jealousy, because it was his good fortune to win the especial favor of the beautiful stranger at his side.

Upon reaching Bath, where one first begins to feel the unpleasant effects of salt-water air and motion, the hitherto bright spirits of the lovely unknown began to droop perceptibly. Bill, who was growing quite lover like in his attentions to one whose paint-

ed image had already usurped that of Sally in the breast of the infatuated youth, ventured tenderly to inquire the cause of so sudden a change in the manner of his lovely innamorata, and was informed by the gentle Louise, (for such was the name the strange female had directed her companion to address her by,) that she was suffering from a bad headache.

Thinking that his beautiful partner was somewhat fatigued from the effects of her tedious stage ride, from Augusta to Hallowell, which she had accomplished under a broiling noon-day sun, the honest-hearted farmer proposed to her the idea of retiring to her state-room with the view of sleeping off the headache, from whose disagreeable effects she was evidently suffering not a little. At this moment the bell rang for supper, and in an instant the spacious deck was left nearly vacant by the exit of the numerous passengers there assembled to the dining-room below. Finding himself quite alone with the fair Louise, Bill Hutchins proceeded to extract from the capacious depths of his carpet bag a prodigious sheet of molasses gingerbread, together with half a dozen seed cakes which his thoughtful mother had kindly stowed away for him when packing his traveling bag, and, handing them to his astonished companion, bade her not to be afraid, but to eat as much as she liked, for he did not feel hungry at all after the hearty dinner he had devoured just before leaving home.

Louise smiled faintly at this rough exhibition of generosity upon the part of her assiduous and newly made friend, and thanking him kindly declined partaking of his home-made cakes, remarking at the same time that she fully believed a cup of tea and slice of toast would do her head more good than any other thing in the world.

Here was a new and unexpected trap laid for Bill, from which the poor fellow could not see any way to extricate himself without appearing mean and stingy in the eyes of his handsome companion, whose rich dress showed that she was a person who was accustomed to good living. That the lady probably had money of her own about her person, Bill Hutchins did not for a moment doubt, else, how could she afford to engage a state-room just for herself alone?—Still she did not say anything about paying for the refreshments she so much desired.

Our patriotic traveler reflected a moment or two upon the subject. Upon arriving in Boston he would find himself a total stranger, with no one to welcome him or advise him where to look for a night's lodging. Louise, in the course of their lengthy conversation had told him that she not only resided in Boston, but that she expected her brother to meet her at the wharf upon the boat's arrival. She would doubtless befriend him, out of gratitude's sake, if nothing more, for the attention which he had shown to her during her journey. Consoling himself with this thought, our hopeful hero darted off without a moment's notice, in the direction of the stairs leading down to the supper room, and some ten minutes later re-appeared again on deck, followed by the stewardess, bearing a small waiter containing toast, tea and eggs for his fair companion's supper, and feeling not a little down-hearted, at the thought of having made a pretty good hole in a dollar bill at his own personal expense.

After rapidly disposing of the refreshments procured for her, Louise (to speak familiarly of a woman before mentioned,) requested Bill to lead her to her state-room, declaring that the violent and rocking motion of the boat made her slightly faint. The young man obeyed, and after wishing his lovely friend good-night, retired at once to the cabin below, with the idea of getting a good night's rest, before entering upon the exciting pleasures of the memorable Fourth.

Upon reaching No. 33, Bill found, to his horror, that the narrow berth allowed him as lodgings was already occupied by a drunken man, who had thrown himself upon the outside of the coverlid, without divesting himself of either Kossuth hat, coat or boots.

Upon arousing the deeply intoxicated fellow from his heavy slumber, and informing him that, owing to some mistake, he had got into the wrong berth, the enraged man began to show fight, which ended in Bill's calling the steward to the rescue, and the drunken man's sudden precipitation to the floor. After seeing the intruder safely disposed of for the night, our somewhat wrathful traveler proceeded to prepare for bed. In mounting to his lofty couch, whose extreme narrowness Bill contemplated with a feeling of alarm, the poor fellow had the misfortune to plant his by no means small foot firmly in the face of his neighbor, who was sleeping directly beneath him. A slight shriek, followed by a volley of curses, was now heard issuing from No. 32. Begging pardon, the pentitent Bill thrust his head, turtle-like, into his berth, and closing his eyes and ears, endeavored to compose himself to sleep.

It was a long time before the tired fellow could woo the presence of the drowsy god, Morpheus, for his aching limbs were so cramped for room that he found it impossible to lay quiet even for a moment's time. Besides, those pests to travelers, the bed-bug family, seemed to have taken up their summer quarters in No. 33, for the express purpose of biting and annoying our thoroughly victimized tourist.

About midnight, Bill Hutchinson was awakened from a light slumber by feeling a hand under his pillow, beneath which he had so carefully deposited his heavy old-fashioned silver watch and purse, before retiring. Raising himself quickly in his bed, he distinctly saw a pair of fierce black eyes glaring in at him through the half open window. His first impulse was to leap from his berth and alarm the whole cabin; but, finding that both his watch and purse were safe, he quietly closed the window, and getting down from his berth, hastily re-dressed himself, and proceeded to the upper saloon. Upon informing the steward of his narrow escape from robbery, he was coolly told that such instances of theft were not uncommon upon board steamboats, and that the wisest way for him to do was to make no mention of the affair while on board.

After walking and lounging about on deck till daylight, our enthusiastic traveler's eyes were at last rewarded by a sight of Boston, and the beautiful Louise, who emerged from her state room looking like a full blown rose. To her Bill at once related his troubles; and, finding that the interested girl really sympathized with him in his misfortunes, the warm-hearted fellow inwardly resolved to resign Sally, and make the fair Louise his bride before returning to Gardiner.

At precisely six o'clock in the morning, the "Charter Oak" reached the wharf, where were assembled a crowd of hackmen and people waiting to receive expected friends. Amid the booming of cannon, firing of crackers, ringing of bells and clamorous cries of coachmen, our young hero felt his brain fast turning. Keeping close to the side of Louise,

he calmly awaited the arrival of that lady's brother, for whom she was anxiously watching.

A small dark-voiced man, dressed in fine broad-cloth, at length elbowed his way through the crowd on shore, and approached the spot where stood Louise and her friend. Upon the young girl's introducing the latter to her brother, Bill Hutchins fancied that the wild black eyes, which were momentarily upraised to his own, were the very same that had glared in at him through the open window of his berth the night previous. The politeness of the stranger, however, soon succeeded in dispelling this illusion, and before two minutes more had elapsed, the delighted youth found himself whirling rapidly along the narrow streets of Boston in a carriage, accompanied by Louise and her brother, whom she fondly termed Charlie.

After some ten minutes hard driving, our trio were set down before the door of an humble looking tenement, situated in a miserable part of the city. Upon entering the house, Bill found to his astonishment that the inside adornments did not in the least degree correspond with the external shabbiness of the building. Louise and her brother at once led the way into a splendidly furnished parlor, where were assembled some five or six handsome looking girls, clad in costly silks, with curly hair and jeweled necks and arms. The warm reception which they gave to Louise and her brother, seemed to indicate that the latter were the associate proprietors of this mysterious establishment. A splendid breakfast was soon served, to which our innocent, hero did ample justice. Later in the morning, several well-dressed gentlemen called, who laughed and chatted gaily with the young girls in the parlor, pausing occasionally in the midst of their conversation to refresh themselves with wine and fruit. How the rest of the day passed with our poor unsophisticated country wight, not even poor Bill himself could distinctly tell, for at a late hour that night, he was picked up by a watchman upon the steps of a notorious gambling saloon in Ann street, in a state of insensibility, and conducted to the Station House, where he passed the remainder of the night. Upon awakening to consciousness, Bill informed his official friends that he had started for the Common about nine o'clock the night before, with his newly-made acquaintance, Charlie, and another man; but that the only five works he remembered to have seen, were stars, when he was knocked down upon the steps of a bar-room, into which his companions had enticed him to drink. Silver watch and purse were now gone in earnest, and Bill Hutchins found himself penniless and friendless in a strange city, without even the means of returning home. Through the kindness of a police man, who felt interested in his sad story, the disconsolate youth was permitted to remain in his family until he could receive from Gardiner a sufficient sum of money to defray his expenses home. Confessing his fault to Sally in a long letter, she generously sent him three dollars from her own little store of money, promising at the same time to reveal the story of her lover's disgrace to his parents. Sally and Bill are married, but will not spend the coming Fourth in Boston.

Written for the Banner of Light.

STORIES FOR THE YOUNG.

BY MRS. L. M. WILLIS.

[We have made arrangements with Mrs. L. M. Willis (better known to Spiritualists as a writer for *Tiffany's Monthly*), under the name of "Lora M. Whitcomb," to furnish us with a series of stories for the young, which will hereafter be published in book form, suitable for Sabbath School Libraries. Two volumes have already been published in book form, after having run through *Tiffany's Monthly*, and are meeting with a ready sale among liberal denominations of Christians. From what we have seen of Mrs. Willis's writings, we are confident that our readers will welcome her as a writer for the *Banner of Light*.]

INTRODUCTION.

To the children who may be readers of the *Banner of Light* I have a few words to say. I wish to reach your thought, not merely your ears. We have all to learn from life its good and ill, each for ourselves; but the knowledge of the success and failure of others may sometimes help us, and that is the reason that stories may teach children. I do not wish merely to amuse you—I want to help you. When I write a simple illustration of some truth, in common words, I hope it will not seem too childish to those not called the "little ones," and when I try to give more thought, I hope the children will not lose their measure of it. May we all—the older and younger—be fast friends, trying with the best of men and women to become each day in some way nobler and more worthy to live in a world so full of beauty. L. M. Willis.

LITTLE JANE'S TWO FACES.

"Take heed that ye do not your alma before men to be seen of them; otherwise ye have no reward of your Father which is in heaven."

To do alma, means to give to the poor and needy that which shall do them good; but Jesus meant also the doing of any act of kindness. Little girls and boys do not often have to help those that need food and clothes, but they can very often do acts of kindness and love.

Jesus always teaches us that we must be good, so that we can be blessed by our own peace. It is pleasant to have others think well of us, and if we do a kind deed we like to have others know of it, and sometimes it does them good; it makes them more ready to do the same. Some people need a good example. But when we do a good deed, merely that other people may think we are kind, we shall not be blessed in our own hearts. Jesus meant by being rewarded in secret, that we should be happy in our selves, whether others knew what we had done or not; we should feel God's blessing in our own happiness.

It is just the same as telling a lie, to pretend to be what we are not. Some little girls and boys think if no one sees them do wrong that it is no matter; and if they are good before people, that it will answer instead of real goodness. Such children are hypocrites. I will tell you what is called a fairy story, to help you to understand this:—

Little Jane was not a truthful girl. She would do a good many wrong things, but she did them so slyly that few people knew that she did them. She would go into the garden and pick strawberries; and be very careful to wash the stains from her hands, that no one need suspect what she had been doing. She would slyly pick the rare flowers, and run and hide them, lest some one should know of it. She would do a great many little kindnesses to people that they might praise her, but she was cross and ill-natured when it would not be told of, to those that she wished should think well of her. But, though people did not know that Jane did many naughty things, yet no one seemed to love her very much, for her goodness was not in the heart, but only an outside goodness. Jane felt sorry that others did not love her, but she did not understand that it was because she was not a truthful little girl, but pretended to be what she was not.

One day she was in her father's fine garden, and she fell asleep under the shade of a rose tree, and she dreamed that out of one of the pure blossoms of the white lily came a little lady, that looked as lovely as the blossom itself. She was so small that one would have thought her only the petal to a lily. She had on a dress that was all made from one rose-leaf, and her girdle was a spider's thread, and her shoes were made of columbine seeds, and her fan was a fly's wing, and her sunshade was a daisy. But she looked very smiling and good, if she was so tiny, so that Jane thought she would speak to her.

"What is your name, and where do you live, and what have you come for?" said Jane.

"Not so fast, my little girl; I shall not fly away till you have asked me all the questions you choose. My name is Rosa Lily, and I live in the flowers, and I have come to make you happy."

"Oh, dear," said Jane, "I can't be happy—no one loves me, though I try to make them."

"But you do not try right," said Rosa Lily. "You think that people do not see all that you do, and do not know all that you are, and so you think they ought to love you. I do not wonder that people do not love you, for you bear about you all the bad things that you have ever done."

"Where?" said Jane; "I do not see them."

"But I can," said Rosa Lily.

"You have two faces."

"Two faces!" said Jane; "oh, dear me, I thought I had only one; people tell me I have beautiful eyes and fine hair, and that I am as fair as a lily."

"That is the face that they see with their eyes; but you have an ugly face, and it is as brown as a toad's back, and the eyes are as false as a spider's, and the hair is like so many little serpents."

"Oh, dear, dear," said Jane, "where did I get such a face as that?"

"I can tell you," said Rosa Lily. "Every time that you do a sly, naughty thing, a great brown spot comes; and every time you pretend to be good and to deceive people, the eyes grow cross more and more; and every time you tell a lie, a serpent grows in the place of a hair; and, though you have bright eyes and a fair skin and soft curls that people look at, yet with their spirits they can see the ugly face, and they cannot love you."

"Oh, how dreadful," said Jane; "what shall I do?"

"I can tell you," said the good little lady; "when you are truthful, and do no false thing, then the bad face disappears; it grows more and more like the real face every time you try to be sincere; every time you confess to any wrong, and are sorry for it, a spot fades out; and if you should become perfectly truthful, you would have but one face, and then every good action would shine out on it, making it more and more lovely every day. Now remember what I have told you."

Jane waked from her sleep, but she could not forget her dream. She thought of her ugly face, and it seemed to her every one must be looking at it. She thought she could see people turning away from her as if they could see nothing but the cross eyes and brown spots, and wriggling hair. Then Jane began carefully to strive to be in all things perfectly truthful. If she did wrong, she did not tell a lie about it, but owned to the wrong, and asked to be pardoned, that she might do better the next time. It was not long before she felt sure that people loved her better; and when she had become a sincere, truthful girl, she was no longer afraid of her double face, for she could see people smile on her, and she was sure they loved to look at her.

Now, little children, you must remember that it will do no good to try and hide your wrong actions, for they will leave a sign on your spirits; and you must not seek to seem good when you are not, but try to do good because you love the good. Remember about the two faces—keep but one open, frank face. You will find the reward of all your real goodness in your own souls, and that was what Jesus meant by saying, "That without that real goodness there could be no reward of your Father in Heaven."

WHAT MATTER?

BY PROF. SPENCE.

See that merry boy with a tobacco-pipe in one hand, and a cup of soap-suds in the other. He dips the bowl of the pipe into the suds, and brings up a stratum of the mixture, stretched across its mouth. He puts the stem to his lips and blows a beautiful, transparent globe, lighter than the air, smoother than the polished diamond, and all over enameled with shifting colors, more gorgeous than the changeable lustrous upon the breast of the hummingbird. With a gentle twitch he turns it loose upon the air. To him it is a joy and a beauty. Moving slowly away, it has scarce commenced its career, when, in childish sport, he grasps it in his hand, and it is gone. What matter? He can make plenty more.

He blows another. He fills it well with his warm breath, and makes it thin, light, and buoyant. Like a thing of life it shoots gaily up above the house eaves and over the tree tops. A shout goes up from the boy. On it sails, exultingly, and seems too ethereal for earth, and is about to ascend to the clouds; but the treacherous air sips the moisture of its watery shell, and, suddenly, it bursts. What matter? The boy shouts again, as well pleased with the destruction as with the creation of his beautiful soap bubbles.

Thus is human life but a bubble and the sport of nature. She lends her breath to the bright-eyed babe. The loving mother bends over it, oh, how fondly! But nature has already got it by the throat—"tis gone. The mother shrieks in agony. What matter? There is not a tear in nature's eye. Her face is as unruined as before.

See that splendid city, swarming with human beings—all alive with business, arts, science, literature. The trees wave around it in joy; the stars shine above, and the moon, rising over the hills-tops, smiles upon the busy throng of life. But nature shakes her great sides and topples the splendid city to the ground, crushing in the falling ruins men, women and children. It is a terrible scene. One would think that the shrieks of agony, the cries for help, and the shuddering prayer of the mangled ones for death, must work some change upon the face of nature. No, no; not a wrinkle is there. The trees wave as before; the stars yet twinkle in the heavens; and the moon still smiles and burnishes the scene of death with her silvery rays. What matter? Life and death are to nature the same.

Painting is the intermediate somewhat between a thought and a thing.

THE DYING CHILD TO ITS MOTHER.

A Poem for Little Children.

BY H. CLAY FRANK.

Oh, mother! dear mother!
Why look you so wild?
Does it grieve you to part
From your poor, dying child?
Dear mother, I'm going
To my home in the sky,
Where the fever no more
Shall dim my bright eye.
Last evening I dreamt
A most beautiful dream;
I was gazing sweet flowers
By a wild mountain-stream;
But methought, as I gathered
Those flowers so gay,
They dropped from my fingers
And faded away.
And, gathering all day,
I was caught by the night,
When a form stood beside me
Like a rainbow of light!
"I was an angel from Heaven—
When I looked in his face,
I knew he had come
From that bright happy place.
His cheeks were like roses,
And his bright angel-eyes—
Oh, they shone in their splendor
Like stars in the skies!
His voice was as soft
As strange music at sea;
And he said, 'Dearest Willy,
Will you go home with me?
The home where I live
Is far in the sky,
Where the wicked are not,
And where none ever die.
There the sun never sets
In darkness and gloom,
And the bright summer-flowers
Are always in bloom.
And thy sister, dear Willy,
Thy sister is there,
With stars gleaming bright
In her dark raven hair.
And oft does she ask,
With almost a tear,
'Oh! when will you bring
Little Willy up here?'
Then, Willy, dear Willy,
If you'll go home with me now,
I'll kiss the cold dew-drops
Of death from your brow."
Then he gave me two wings,
And told me to fly;
Then bore me aloft
To my home in the sky.
Oh, mother! dear mother!
Come, kiss me once more;
I'm going where I'll never
Come back any more.
E'en now to my vision
A bright scene is unfurled,
And I feel very tired
Of this sad, wicked world.
Dear mother! I don't cry—
My sins are forgiven,
And your poor, little Willy
Will soon be in Heaven!
Washington, D. C.

IN FIDELITY, AND THE TRACT SOCIETIES.

BY JOHN W. DAY.

When an organization has past a series of years, and gone through with the various stages of primary growth, steady expansion, and comparative power, it becomes quite easy to draw the line when its downward career is commencing, from the fact that its name is then all it can rely on, its supporters are more zealous than ever to brand with their partizan stigmas all who venture to raise an objection to it. And this seems to be the case with the tract societies; unable to hold their iron sway over the intellect of man—cursing with dark pictures of endless torment and death the hour of repose from labor—harrowing up the tender sensibilities of childhood, till many even in after years remember wild moments when to their untutored imaginations it seemed, as with Eugene Aram:

"Guilt was my grim chamberlain
Who lighted me to bed,
And drew my midnight curtains round,
With fingers bloody red!"

unable longer to ride with triumphant power rough-shod over the holiest feelings of the soul, the adherents of the ancient creeds redouble their watchfulness, and stand more ready than ever to cry "Infidel!" when one dares express those honest convictions which, at sometime or other, rule even in the rudest breast.

If there is a sentiment which is Christian—which appeals to higher courts than the tribunal of social life—it is *Love*! love for our fellow-men—God's children—wherever found; desire for their advancement in purity and virtue. Hate and wrath are from another sphere—they hold no kindred with the sky. We see them blazoned forth among the animal creation; earth is their birth-place; and darker than the pestilential jungle of India, where the tiger, and the deadly cobra, and the unseen, venom laden reptiles wait their prey, must be his heart, who, looking abroad through the circle of his friends and neighbors, can truly say from the depths of his inmost soul: "The day cometh when the majority of these shall groan in unutterable darkness, for the glory of God—with unending pain and woe for his companions; and, while eternal ages roll, shall blaspheme the Father who called them into being!"

The publications of the tract societies, sown broad over the land, are fraught with woe and blight, and their tendency is ever to crush down the tender, upspringing shoots of devotional feeling; for surely the God who bids the lily rear its chalice of ivory and gold to drink in the morning dew, cannot be that awful tyrant who, according to them, will one day sit upon the Great White Throne, while the thunders roar, and the mountains sink crashing from their seats, and the sea and the islands flee, and the heavens roll away like a blazing parchment, and cry unto the greater part of the creatures of his hand: "Depart from me, all ye that do work iniquity—hence, to unending fire, prepared for the devil and his angels!"

No! this view of the Supreme Being is of the "earth—earthly!" It bears not the seal of divinity. It has no magnetic influence, before whose power man's nature bows. That faith alone can influence mankind which tends to ameliorate their condition, and shed over their lives the soothing light of love! Words and sentences may be marshalled fiercely—creeds and catechisms be multiplied and spread out like the embattled lines of Solferino—preachers may fume, and books, tracts, periodicals, threaten and rave, but this truth is self-evident, and is fast gaining ground in the human mind. Xerxes bade the waves of the Euxine roll backward from his pathway; but its tide yet sparkles in brightness 'neath the sun of the nineteenth century! The tract societies and

their upholders would stay the tide of true humanity to-day; but the eternal centuries are crowding behind, and the lettered profanations must flee before their waves!

These remarks were called forth by reading the following leading article in a late number of the *Chelsea Herald*, from the pen of its junior editor. For expressing these sentiments he has received his reward—"Infidel!" has been applied, and letters written warning him of his danger. If these thoughts be infidelity—if that we express the true overflows of our nature when we see the Father's works around us, be infidelity—if to be true to the Great Source of Light and Life we must prove recreant to benevolence, humanity and brotherly-love toward our fellow men—then welcome infidelity!

Now, ye blind guides—ye are fettered and fangless now! Time was when your bigot fires curled round the quivering form of *Sorvetus* by Geneva's lake; time was when on our own shores ye scourged, branded, banished to the howling wilderness, the men who, like yourselves, dared the stormy Atlantic for the freedom of the soul! But that time has long since passed away. The chain of fear is sundered. "The night is far spent, the day is at hand; lay off, therefore, the works of darkness, and put ye on the armor of light!"

The various Tract Societies in this country spend annually hundreds of thousands of dollars upon the preparation and publication of tracts which but few people, comparatively speaking, read, and still fewer pay heed and attention to. In my humble opinion the tract societies do but little good. The result of their vast expenditure is almost infinitesimal, and not to be perceived unless viewed with the eye of sectarian prejudice.

Why is it that so few people read the tracts which are so beautifully printed upon such clear, white, firm paper, and are left at their door without cost or price? Because, fair as they may be to the eye, yet they contain nothing in common with most men's lives. The mother thinking how she can best oblige and please her children, and the father denying himself some little pleasure in order to minister to his family's happiness, have no inclination to read a didactic exposition of some theological point; and the children cannot conceive why they should so readily yield to their feelings of passion and envy, when little Annie So-and-so, as represented in the tract, never did anything wrong in her life—Annie So-and-so never wished to play in school time, never thought her playmates stingy, never was covetous of an apple, and read her Bible in preference to picture books. The children have no sympathy with such a prodigy, and the tracts read glance off from the heart of the family as rock from rock.

Most tracts start with the premises that every one is totally and utterly abandoned. Is this so? We do not believe there lives a single person upon the face of the earth, but who, in a greater or less degree, daily practices the religion of his Saviour in controlling his own desires and selfish feelings, or in ministering to the wants of others. The aim of all religious instruction ought to be to increase what good qualities man has, and thus create others, which will crowd out and extinguish the bad. Tract writers rarely do this. They assume to do their divine Master's bidding in fulminating their invectives against their fellow men, leaving to secular writers the task of portraying the trials, sorrows and temptations that clog every man's footsteps, and of laying bare the hidden springs of action which form "the story of our life from day to day." Most gloriously have some secular writers vindicated this task, and how pleasant it is to turn to such poems as *David Copperfield*, *The Caxtons*, and *Halifax*, and learn how men who found life-true continued, stern struggle for household necessities and comforts, dignified their callings by the sanctity of the objects for which they labored, and acted in their lives a religion infinitely nobler than that whose name is loud voiced profession. We feel as we read, that David Copperfield, Traddles, Pliestratus Caxton, John Halifax and Phineas Fletcher are but types of men who actually exist, and whom we daily meet; and we rise from the perusal of their lives, with a nobler view of, and a broader love for, mankind, and a determination, so far as in us lies, to claim the respect of our brother man.

Over and above all, they teach us that man never acts so noble a part as in his family, that by the domestic hearth his influence all powerful for good or evil, and as he values the household gods, so will his declining years be filled with happiness and peace.

When the tract societies publish such books as these, and scatter them broadcast over the land, then, and not till then, will they reap a reward.

IN THE GROVE.

Up the broad aisles of Nature's open church,
Festooned with living sculpture, canopied
By that dim screen which shuts our longing gaze
From Heaven, I make my joyous way. No stare
Of artless eyes disturbs my faith,
No crash of art-made music falls upon
My ear: no hush of false God-reverence;
But perfumed breezes, fanned by the wings
Of the clear throated choir, which ever chants
The anthems of the holy spiritless, Love,
Walt me a waltz; and the sweet cadences
Of songs that are begun but never end,
Fill my rapt soul with holy joy.

Here at my feet
A carpet, spread by hands not human, dyed
With hues that wander from the sun: and here
And there are strewn some buds of beauty, but
To lavish fragrance on the wanton air,
Or but to bloom and hold their open cups
To catch the grateful tears of night, with no
More thought than to have lived and borne, perchance,
A soothing balm to some poor, third heart.

SPIRITUALISM IN SAN FRANCISCO.

The circles are held in social halls, specially hired for and dedicated to that purpose; mostly, however, and they are the best manumissions, when gathered in private parlors. In speaking concerning this matter, recently, we have been surprised to find the strict confinement of those facts to the knowledge of those who, in one form or another participated in the ceremonies, and parties in the elicited communications.

A short time since a gentleman entered our office, and depositing a paper on the desk, inquired if the hieroglyphics it contained were intelligible to us. Upon examining the outlines, we saw that they were neatly executed Phonographic forms, and that the matter written purported to be a letter from no less a personage than Swedenborg. It read:—

"Charity, in covering all things, may be said to cover intellect and self-conceit. The charitable man is not a simple-minded man in the untoward sense of the term. The beauty of that great quality is expressed most forcibly, when it overleaps mental distinctions, and from the height of intellectual supremacy passes down with a brotherly feeling until it reaches *instinct*. So there is he, seeing more than the rest of the world-kindred, yet seeing all with affection and equal regard—not holding out his gifts with pity, but rather doing that which evinces a sense of identity on his part with the suffering to be alleviated. Now he is charity. He is charity who, with capabilities for the most complete isolation and personal aggrandizement, deposes and loses his highest possession for the good of the meanest. He credits the assertions here recorded. The opportunity desired was readily vouchsafed, and a few evenings since we witnessed not only a confirmation of this account, but, in addition, yet more marvelous exhibitions of an unknown and

supernatural agent of intelligence. The fact, whose mind and hand conveys the Swedenborgian communications—presenting them in the best abbreviated form of phonetic reporting style—is certainly not over fourteen years of age, and utterly incapable, in an ordinary state, of making any consecutive marks intelligible under the rules which govern his pen when in the inspired mood.

The circle which we visited, consisted of six persons. The parties composing it have been in the habit of assembling for nearly a year, and receiving what they conscientiously believe to be genuine revelations from the spirit-land. They have been unwilling to accept or allow any notoriety for their peculiar advantages over those who, in their conversation, are restricted to this mundane sphere. *—Evening Telegram.*

SELECTED SENTENCES

FROM THE LAST TWO UNPUBLISHED SERMONS OF
REV. THEODORE PARKER.

REPORTED FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

[From a Sermon of Hereditary Transmission of Qualities, Dec. 12th, 1833.]

Men may be divided, in regard to their reception of education, into three classes. The first receive knowledge as a pear tree receives the rain; it is absorbed into the trunk and branches, goes into the life, and buds and blossoms and fruit attest its power. The second class receive it like a jug; they take and keep it. The third take it like slaves; it runs in and out and leaves them empty. With the first you can do very much; with the second, less; but even with the last you can do something, for even a tunnel will smell of the liquor that has run through it.

Thus our prayers go into our bones, and shape them to virtue.

What is a truth in your heart to-day, will be beauty in your child's face.

In a certain village in New England, which shall be nameless, there is a family, the ancestor of which, four generations ago, was an ecclesiastical man. He gave the first bell to the meeting-house, and when he died left a portion of his property to the church. But he had a taint of dishonesty in his character; he drove rather too close bargains; and he was suspected of sometimes drinking a little more than was good for him. His son was likewise an ecclesiastical man, but he, also, had his father's faults, a little exaggerated. He was known occasionally to indulge in ardent liquors to excess; his cattle were very apt to find their way into his neighbors' pastures. The aggrieved neighbors called and remonstrated. He was sorry that the fence should have been broken, very sorry; he would repair the gap and pay the damage; but the fence was but slightly mended, and the damages were never paid. His son was a common drunkard—notoriously a common drunkard—and an entirely dishonest man. He beat and abused his wife, and when he died gave directions that he should be buried at right angles to his father, and his wife's grave made across at his feet, so that when he rose at the day of judgment he might be able to kick her. The son of this man was a desperate criminal, and died in the State Prison, under sentence of imprisonment for life.

[From a Sermon of Public Morals in America, Dec. 10th, 1833.]

After the keystone of conscientiousness is crumbled or broke, the whole human fabric topples gradually down—an arch no longer, only a ruin; made so not all at once, but made so step by step, crumble by crumble.

Excess is subtracted quantity, not additive; so much more excess, so much less welfare. The miser is the poorest of men; his gold does not enrich him, his is nothing but the leather bag which holds his dollars together.

The shrew's tongue cuts her own mouth worse than her neighbor's ears.

What good does it do such men as ——— to be put in high office? It only shows their littleness to larger multitudes.

After all, Justice is the key-note of the world. It is clear that conscientiousness is the highest place on the human board, and God rates integrity higher than all besides. Mankind must face the music of justice, and not shrink. Human statutes are to be enforced by men. They are like sleeping dogs; and you and I wake them up now and then, and tell them to seize that man, or take down this man. But God's moral laws need no other sheriff. They are judge and jury both. They work like gravitation, always, everywhere, and they never slumber nor sleep. The moral law is not written on the world; it is ploughed in, sub-solled into the world.

The water-works must not play on the Common, on Sunday; but the liquor-works run in every street, for the ruin of heedless youth.

The class of men grossly, miserably rich, are always, though I hope unconsciously, selfish and cruel, and so are the class of men grossly, miserably poor. There are honorable exceptions amongst both conscientious men, most humane men, brave men—I honor the exceptions—it is the rule I speak of.

Public crime grows as regularly as the *Upas tree*. There is no fact of history better established. You cannot jump from the top of Park street steeple and stop half-way down, nor the city government more than you.

In the United States there are some really good newspapers, conducted by faithful, conscientious, and high-minded men. But, taking them as a whole, it seems to me the American press is the most immoral newspaper press in the world. The law leaves it entirely free, as it ought; but the public opinion of low men controls and determines its character. It is without modesty, has no shame, no conscience. It fears not God; it regards not man. It has no religion—superstition instead; clearly no decorum.

Corruption lies in the nature of our government, at this stage of our progress. It has always been corrupt. Some of the worst acts of national legislation were put through the very first Congress, in the first administration of Washington.

The Genius of Humanity, stately and severely beautiful, stands on the Atlantic shore, and calls up before us her fairest sons, once secure in civil freedom, the continent of welfare, sure of progress—there they go, Athens, Corinth, and many fair Ionian towns of the continent, Rome, the German Free Cities, the Hanse Towns, the States of Holland. She tells us how they fell; and then prophetically says, "And unless you repent, you shall all likewise perish, you thirty-two younglings, upstarts on a new soil! Slavery must be everywhere, if it is anywhere."

Give me truth and justice in my conscience; and in time I will rout all the armies of the aliens, and on throne Righteousness as queen of all.

THE TRUE CHURCH.—The church is important only as it administers to purity of heart and life; every church which so ministers is a good one; no matter how, when, or where it grew up; no matter whether it worship on its knees or on its feet, or whether its ministers are ordained by pope, bishop, presbyter or people; these are secondary things, and of no comparative moment. The church which opens on heaven is that, and that only, in which the spirit of heaven dwells. The church where worship rises to God's ear, is that, and that only where the soul ascends. No matter whether it be gathered in cathedral or barn; whether the minister speak from carefully prepared notes, or from immediate, fervent, irrepressible suggestion.

For other things we make poetry; but the moral sentiments make poetry of us.

[As reported by T. J. Ellinwood, for "The Independent."]

Moralities are mere day-laborers, who dig out roots, and clear off the weeds, and get the ground ready for something else. Morals do but plow soil—piety is the fruitful stem, and love the fair flower which springs from the soil. Good morals are indispensable to piety; and piety, to a certain extent

By-and-by we shall stand, every one of us, in narrow passage of death, and there is but one Path there. If he comes, bright and shining, from the depths of the troubled sea, how sweet and precious will he be to the dying soul that has loved him. I longed to see him! I have seen the vision of Christ a thousand times as I wanted to see him. I have seen

So that, of every new generation that passes

The Forty-fifth anniversary of the Battle of Baltimore was duly celebrated on the 12th inst. It went off with grand éclat. There was an extensive and imposing military parade and flags were to be seen displayed at all points along the streets. The old defenders of the city dined at Green Spring. Sundry military companies from abroad visited the city on the occasion.

The Great Eastern

Extensive preparations are making in Portland to receive the new mammoth steamer from England. The program includes a public dinner, a ball, general illumination of the city, ringing of bells, salutes from the artillery, exercises of the harbor, military displays, and other like manifestations of rejoicing. A committee of the city government has agreed to extend invitations to President Buchanan, the Cabinet, to General Scott, to the Governor of Canada, to Admiral Williams, commander of the British forces in America, to the Governors of the several States, and to the Executives of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, to visit and land during the visit of the Great Eastern.

Paul Fry.

One of the Paul Fryes of our day has been looking into our paper, and reports thereon in three columns of the New York Sunday Atlas. Paul Frye is a literary character, and tells the truth in speaking as he does of our large circulation. But at "The Messenger," Paul's nose sticks; he cannot get beyond the surface with that protocol of his, and so he pokes considerable fun at the untruth outside. This exterior, Paul, is none of our work; it has been put on by the feeble knowledge which has come to man in the past, of a future life of spirit. Paul has evidently got no further than the idea that when man "sheds" off this mortal coil, no matter how ignorant or debased he may have been while in it, he immediately becomes a paragon of perfection and wisdom. No wonder, then, that his risibles are excited when he finds these people—who ought to be saints according to his notions—talking just as they used to do when standing from four to six feet high above the pavements. We expect a heap of just such criticism, and can enjoy it on our side of the house, just as well as Paul's friends can on their side. Our laugh, however, does not arise so much from his wit, as it does to see how "jolly green" he is upon the subject he is writing about.

The result of Paul's prying propensities has been to draw him to the conclusion that the spiritual phenomena are all the work of knavish people to dupe mankind, and that the spiritualists are about equally divided between deluders and deluded. Now that is an old story—it might have done to have told to the world ten years ago, and undoubtedly would have been received with sober faces by those who heard or read it. About that time the story of a real Fejo mormon, or Barnum's woolly horse, would also have been listened to with sober faces by many. The "Moon Hoax," too, took remarkably well when it was new; but either of these stories now, related with such sobriety as Paul tells his story, would raise a laugh in the reader's expense. Just so with Paul's conclusions about Spiritualism; they have been held up so long that all the virtue has gone—in other words, the wool has been shaved off that horse, Paul, and it won't go down any more than the Fejo mormon will. Barnum knew when to put the woolly horse in the stable, and Kimball has got the mormon carefully stowed away; but poor Paul trots out this spavined, knock-kneed nag as a first class demagogue. Paul's nose is getting a little dull; it needs an extra turn at the grindstone before he can pry into matters closely enough to get at the true cause of all these things and enlighten the public.

There is one peculiarity about this Paul that we must notice, and then leave him. It seems to have a peculiar propensity to tarry a great while, and give a deal of room to what he calls vulgar, low and nonsensical; but when he catches a glimpse of what he is pleased to call refined and higher sort of matter, he contents himself with a very short stop. He would quote a quarter of a column of this vulgar and nonsense, as he calls it; but a simple, short paragraph suffices for a very good message of the "higher order," which ends with a prayer. Paul should reverse this (dis) order of things and pry lightly into men's faults, and dig deeper into their virtues. He will find, while he is in this world, that there is about as much honesty and kindness and sincerity and goodness among spiritualists, ourselves among the number, as he will find among the rest of man and woman kind. Let him remember that "Charity thinketh no ill" of a brother, and that this same charity is one of the choicest, and rarest, too, of the virtues of a true man.

When he prys aside the veil of mortality, and pokes his nose into the realities of the other state of life, we have little doubt, if we are still investigators of spiritual phenomena, and still have the pleasure of receiving messages from the dead through Mrs. Conant, that Paul will contrive to pry his fanny split into our circle, and enjoy a laugh at the witty ignorance of the Paul of other days.

Rev. H. W. Beecher's and Dr. E. H. Chapin's Sermons.
Summer has ended, and with it has terminated the vacation of these liberal preachers.

Our readers will find one of Mr. Beecher's sermons reported verbatim, and some of the gems extracted from another. Hereafter we shall report the Evening instead of the Morning discourses, Mr. B. having made arrangements with our reporter, Mr. T. J. Ellinwood, to report the morning sermons for *THE INDEPENDENT*, the organ of the denomination of Christians to which he belongs.

We feel no little satisfaction in the fact that we were the first to introduce Mr. B.'s sermons to the notice of his own denominational organs; and that we have established the fact that the public taste has somewhat changed as regards reading matter. We do not think that all publishers will find sermon-reporting to be a successful enterprise; yet there is a certain demand for this style of reading.

We are also pleased to see that Mr. Ellinwood, our reporter, has been selected by Mr. B. to report for the *INDEPENDENT*, as it signifies his confidence in him.

We expect shortly to introduce an improvement in this feature of our paper, which, we think, the public will appreciate.

We shall also give, as often as we can do, so, selections from the morning sermons of Mr. Beecher, not of sufficient length, however, to interfere with our brethren of the *INDEPENDENT*.

Dr. Chapin's morning discourses will be reported as usual; and to these prominent features we shall add well prepared abstracts of other Sabbath lectures, when occasion demands.

As Mr. Chapin did not occupy his pulpit last Sabbath, we are without a sermon this week. Next week we shall resume our full reports of Mr. C.

Renew Your Subscriptions.

This number closes our fifth volume, and with it ends a long list of subscriptions. As the names on our books are spread as soon as the term expires for which the parties have paid, prompt remittance alone will secure the continuance of our weekly visits.

THE BANNER has attained a larger circulation than any religious weekly in this city; at the same time our expenses are far beyond any of them. The immense amount of reading matter we give, more than one half of which is paid for, renders the publication costly.

We wish our friends to bear this in mind, and be prompt with their remittances, and zealous in their endeavors to increase the circulation of what we intend to make a first-class "liberal journal"; open to the free discussion of all topics calculated to benefit the race, and to promote the reign of Love, Faith and Charity.

We have in contemplation many improvements, which we shall make as soon as success will warrant them. One of these is the enlargement of our paper, which we hope to realize at no far distant day.

Our success thus far has been unprecedented among the class of religious newspapers. We are gratified to know that our labors have been so well received; yet our ambition leads us somewhat higher. We desire to give a better paper, and with the aid of the liberal Christian minds who have thus far helped us on our way, we will do it. Our march must be in pace with the liberality of the friends of free thought, free speech, and free action.

Our three months trial subscribers can have the paper continued to them during the balance of the year for \$1.25, or for the next three months for 37 cents.

The Scientific American.

Each week finds on our table this neat, handy and well-arranged publication. It is devoted to art, science, agriculture, chemistry, etc., and we are free to say it is the best publication of the kind extant, and is conducted in a most able manner with entire regard to strict science. No new invention need remain unknown to the public, for if it be valuable and have any good qualities about it, our watchful friends are sure to have its claims clearly set forth in a well written explanatory article, and the object itself displayed in cuts, valuable both for correctness and artistic merit. We cannot say too much in praise of the *SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN*, and heartily advise our friends who delight in scientific matters, to remember Munn & Co., at 37 Park Row, New York.

Zion's Herald.

A Wesleyan Methodist weekly newspaper, published in Boston at \$1.50 a year. We like this journal, for the reason that it is religious; minds its own business; is intensely devoted to the beauties of its own religion, and not to the faults of the religion of others; talks about the beauties of heaven, not the deformities of hell; invites to a true life by love and forgiveness, not by condemnation and curses. It is a good paper, for it teaches Christianity instead of war.

National Pharmaceutics.

This body of most useful men—as things go now—in society held their eighth anniversary meeting in Boston on the 13th. There was a large and most respectful assemblage present. About every State in the Union was duly represented.

Remarks of Dr. Child in the House of Correction at Plymouth, Sunday, August 7th.

Mr. BARNUM AND HIS SISTERS.—Duty is always with us. We need not ever turn aside to do the true work of life. Efforts in goodness and deeds of kindness, in all places and at all times, our hands and hearts can find to do. Let us overdo that which will add peace and happiness to our lives and to the lives of those around us.

If disease and pain afflict us, let us bear the suffering with resignation, remembering that whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.

If our friends have turned against us and have forsaken us, have slandered us and injured us, have told wrong stories about us, and have caused us to suffer—duty is with us then. What is it? It is forgiveness; it is a desire to remember those who have injured us, with a heart of true and lasting friendship; with a feeling that can conquer the bitterness of insult and unkindness—that triumphs over hell and darkness. How beautiful is this duty—the duty we owe to those who injure us! How powerful is its influence, and how rich its rewards! Let us speak well of our enemies; be kind and affectionate to those who speak evil of us, and they will turn to be our warmest friends.

If some one says I did a deed of wickedness, when I am innocent, shall I, with feelings of revenge, deny the saying, and say my brother has told a lie. No, this is not my duty; but rather would I follow the example of Christ, and say, as he said when he was accused, "Thou sayest," and cherish a feeling of kindness and forgiveness toward my accuser.

If my brother strikes a severe blow in my face, is it my duty to strike him in return? No; if I do, he will strike me again; the fire of contention will be fanned and fed by so doing. I would not return a blow for a blow, an evil for an evil, for thereby evil is increased; while, if I strike not back again, my brother who struck me will cease to strike; he will feel the power of forgiveness; his evil intentions will cease; and his regret, his sympathy, and his kindness will be made manifest. When an offence is committed against me, let me do my duty as the beloved Nazarene has taught me—forgive once, twice, three times, and so on, and on, to seventy times seven, if so many offences should be committed.

The chastening hand of affliction makes us more willing to forgive. Your suffering from this prison chastisement has made your capacity for forgiveness greater. Should your brother steal your cloak now, I believe that you would give him your coat also, before you would send him to prison. You would forgive me sooner now, if I should commit an offence against you, than you would before you were chastened with prison bondage. This bondage, then, is a blessing to you, but perhaps it is yet to you, in illegals. This will perhaps develop the most beautiful of all the Christian virtues in you, viz., forgiveness, which is charity.

Were this a Christian world—were charity the ruling virtue of every heart—how peaceful and happy would all our lives be! It is a want of this virtue, charity, in me, in you, in all, that supports prisons and fills them with men and women. Then, in this direction, it is my work, it is your work, to be charitable, kind, and forgiving. In health, in freedom, what work have we to do? Let us do that which our hands find to do. This is our work, whatever it may be; on sea, on land, at home, abroad, there is enough to do; and let us do it silently, quietly, industriously, faithfully, justly. If my brother has want, let me equalize my supplies with him; if he has less happiness than I have, let me share my happiness with him; if he has greater suffering than I have, let me share my compassion have a share in his sufferings; let me suffer with him in his poverty; let me feel with him in his afflictions; let me be bound with him in his bondage. Oh, let me, with the great tide of all nature, seek equilibrium and equality, and preclude no distinctions! Let the compassion, the precepts, the love and democracy of the beloved Christ, be my guiding star, in all my associations and relations to my brothers and sisters, in all places and at all times.

Let us do the work of life as it comes to us to do, whatever it may be. If it is hard labor, let us do it with willingness, and it becomes a pleasant duty; if it is ease and relaxation, let us share it with those who toil; if it is joyous and glad, let us share our joy and gladness with those who are sorrowful and sad. In every place there is work for us to do—a work of duty, which is never far away, but is always with us.

S. T. Munson's Bookstore.

We would say to our numerous readers who may wish to supply themselves with the current literature of Spiritualism, that S. T. Munson, formerly at 5 Great Jones street, is at present located in our New York office, 143 Fulton street, and that any orders for books, &c., will find immediate attention by addressing *Banner of Light*, New York.

We have felt it a duty on our part to afford to our readers an opportunity of sending direct to us orders for any books which they might desire, and are happy to inform them that we are now fully prepared to respond to them.

Hoping we may find their wants not all supplied, we again refer them to our New York office, from which place they may be supplied with the books of the day.

Message Verified.

Mrs. E. E. E. I saw a communication in the *BANNER* of June 2d, from Jerry Gordon, who was an uncle of my wife. He lived and died in Henniker, N. H.; his mother's name was Mehtable Gordon, and his nephew, Jacob Stewart, was my wife's brother. It is also true that he had fits, which commenced when he was ten years old, and affected him so much that he did not know anything for many years previous to his death. My wife lived near him seventeen years, and says the communication is correct; and, having seen him many times myself, I know the statements therein made to be true.

Yours with respect,
MICAL TURNS.

San Francisco, Cal., August 18th, 1859.

The Fraternity Lectures.

The Fraternity of the Twenty-Eight Congregational Society's Second Course of Lectures will commence on Tuesday evening, Oct. 4, 1859, at the Tremont Temple, on which occasion a poem will be read by Rufus Lefington, Jr., followed by an address from Wendell Phillips. The succeeding exercises will consist of lectures by George Sumner, Edwin P. Whipple, George William Curtis, Frederick Douglass, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Sarah Jane Lippincott, (Grace Greenwood), Henry Ward Beecher, Carl Schurz, Bayard Taylor, Thos. W. Higginson, William Lloyd Garrison, and Edwin H. Chapin. Tickets for the Course, admitting a gentleman and lady, \$2.00.

Mrs. H. M. Miller.

After concluding the six months arduous labors which Mrs. H. M. Miller has performed in Ohio, with the most satisfactory results, she proposes a tour eastward through Pennsylvania and New York. She is to lecture at Harbor Creek, Pa., 23d to 26th of September; at Erie City, and Columbus, Pa.; and wherever friends of reform are desirous of her labors as a trance speaker, and willing to give an equivalent or fair compensation for them, and will address her at the respective places and dates of her appointments. She contemplates passing by way of New York & Erie Railroad, and returning via New York Central Railroad, and will respond to her invitation to Oswego if required at the time of being in that vicinity.

Opportunity for Scepticism.

Edward Everett thus closes his address at the presentation of the Webster Statue to the State of Massachusetts, on Saturday, the 17th inst.:

Long may it guard the approach to these halls of council; long may it look out upon a prosperous country; and, if days of trial and disaster should come, and the arm of flesh should fall, doubt not that the monumental form would descend from its pedestal to stand in the front rank of the perit, and its bronze lips repeat the cry of the living voice: "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!"

Strange that men should utter such predictions who sneer at the movements of Animated Tables!

All for Twenty-Five Cents.

Benjamin B. Russell, who keeps a store for the sale of Books and Stationery, at No. 515 Washington street, Boston, has sent us an envelop containing twelve sheets of letter paper, twelve sheets of note paper, twelve buff envelopes, twelve white note envelopes, two steel pens, one pen-holder, one sheet of blotting-paper—all of which he sells for the amazingly low price of twenty-five cents. This is certainly an economical investment for those who use small quantities of stationery.

Pro and Con.

In the Saturday Reporter—a little sheet, published in Boston—is a queer concoction on Spiritualism, of which we are not able to make head or tail. Evidently it is aimed at the philosophy of Spiritualism; but it falls far short of that, and before it is done, even offers valuable testimony to the spiritualistic theories and ideas. Such things only go to show that the matter is being discussed everywhere at the present time, which is very desirable.

The Two Judges.

Judge Black, the Attorney General of the United States, has published a carefully prepared reply to the article of Judge Douglas on Popular Sovereignty, which appeared last week in the New York Herald. Judge Douglas's article was published in the September number of Harper's Monthly Magazine. The canvass for the Presidency has begun earlier than usual, by more than a year.

Professor Brittan

Is now engaged in lecturing in the New England States. Those who require his services during the autumn, may address him at this office, or at Newark, N. J., where he still resides.

Meeting in behalf of the Indians.

We received a call, signed by many of our most respectable citizens, clergymen and reformers, for a meeting, to be held at Freeman Chapel, on Monday evening the 21st inst. As our paper is not issued until Tuesday morning, we can do no good by giving the notice in full.

Book Notices.

FINANCIOLOGY AND OTHER POEMS, by Daniel Parker. S. W. Huse & Co.: Lowell, 1859.

This pamphlet of 40 pages contains originality, presented in plain, common-sense language. It has some rich ideas that rap tellingly against the horns of the great individual advance in reformation that some believe they possess.

Cure for Potatoes Rot.

It is said, on good authority, that a pen inserted in every seed potato, when planted, is a sure remedy for the potato rot. A large yield of peas and a healthy crop of potatoes is the result. Let all farmers remember this till planting time next Spring.

Street Preaching.

The Home and School Journal, published at Chicago, says that a regular system of street preaching has been inaugurated in that city. It claims that by this system good will be done, and able men than pulpit ministers are required to do it.

Spiritual Convention.

We have been requested by Bro. Thomas H. Locke, to give notice that a Spiritual Convention will be held at Penn Yan, Yates Co., N. Y., on the 13th, 14th, 15th and 16th days of October next.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

CONTENTS OF THIS WEEK'S PAPER.—First Page.—Continuation of Mrs. Ann E. Porter's brilliant story—*Bertha Lee*. Second Page.—Poetry—*Heart-Beatings*, by Charlotte Allen; "Bill Huthorne's first trip to Boston," a humorous skit.

Third Page.—Commencement of a series of stories for the young, by Mrs. L. M. Willis, entitled "Little Jane's Two Faces"; "What Matter?" by Prof. Spence; "The Dying Child to His Mother," a poem by H. Jay Prouse, Esq., of Washington, D. C.; "Infidelity and the Tract Societies," by J. W. Day; Selected Sentences from two of Rev. Theodore Parker's unpublished sermons, etc.

Fourth and Fifth Pages.—These are before the reader, and his own eyes will tell him what they contain.

Sixth and Seventh Pages.—Two columns of Messages; Mrs. Hatch's lecture on the 11th inst.; "Our Systems of Education," by Prof. Spence; "Organization and Church Government," by Warren Chase; "Dealings with the Dead," fourth paper; Correspondence, Lecturers, etc.

Eighth Page.—Sermon by Henry Ward Beecher.

"MAN AND HIS RELATIONS."—The last of the series upon this interesting subject did not come to hand in season for this issue. It will appear in our next.

"D. J. Mandell to Payton Spence, M. D.," is in type, and will appear in our next.

ILLUSTRATED SCRAP BOOK.—John J. Dyer & Co., No. 35 School street, Boston, have published a Scrap Book, containing nearly five hundred engravings of all classes—humorous, and descriptive of places, persons and events. In fact it is difficult to say what is not to be found represented. As everybody likes to look at engravings, which pleasure they can in this case enjoy for the trifling sum of twenty-five cents, it is fair to presume that the book will meet with a ready sale.

Messrs. Dyer & Co. are the most extensive wholesale dealers in magazines and newspapers in Boston; having by their urbanity and attention to the wants of retail dealers, drawn to their store an immense trade.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE is the title of a very neatly printed and well-edited weekly quarto sheet, "devoted to the investigation of the Spiritual Phenomena, and to Progress." It is published at San Francisco, Cal., by W. H. Manning & Co., at \$5.00 per annum; single copies 12 1/2 cts.

In a letter from St. Petersburg we find the following paragraph: "Russia has every year lost an immense number of sheep by disease. Vaccination being resorted to, has been attended with the most satisfactory results, as it has been found that out of ten animals on which that precaution has been practiced, nine are able to resist all attacks, whereas formerly more than two-fifths died."

Catherine de Medici, when told Scaliger knew twenty languages, said, "That is twenty words for one idea. I would rather have twenty ideas for one word."

Will some one inform us when the Harvard Committee are to make that Report?

Jo Coon desires to know the name of the tune which was played upon the feelings.

In silence mend what his deformity thymind;
But all thy good impart to all thy kind.—*Sterling.*

A well primed lover of the bottle, who had lost his way, reeled into a tawdry grocery, and hiccuped:—"Mr. do you keep—nothing—good to take—here?" "Yes," replied the temperance shopkeeper, "we have excellent cold water—the best thing you could have." "Well, I know it," was the reply; "there is no one thing—that's done so much for navigation—as that."

One Spencer, anti-spiritual lecturer, is swindling the printers and hotel keepers in the western part of the State. If he feels disposed to try his game in this vicinity, he will probably be treated to a bath in the Potomac Bay, a remedy found very effective in a similar case.—*Belast Journal.*

CROPS IN MINNESOTA.—A Western paper says:—"From every nook and corner, from every valley and prairie in the State, the word 'abundance' falls on our ears. The yield this season, without exception of any particular crop, is extraordinary in quantity and sound in quality."

AGRICULTURAL SOCIETIES.—Ohio has 98; Illinois 93; New York 77; Indiana 76; Pennsylvania 69; Iowa 46.

Why is a quick-tempered man like an honest physician? Because he is almost certain to be out of patients.

Rev. Thomas Hill, of Waltham, has been installed as President of Antioch College, in place of the late Horace Mann. The selection is excellent.

Single women will be allowed to vote in Kansas, should the Constitution made lately be accepted by the people and Congress endorse it; but when the fair voters shall marry, their voting will be at an end, and the husband and wife being one.

A bounty on single women.

Rev. A. L. Stone, Rev. Aaron Stone, and Rev. S. K. Lothrop, returned from Europe last week in steamship Europa.

AMUSEMENTS.—Miss Mary Vickery, the pretty little child actress, has been playing at the Museum during the past week, and will continue during the coming week. The new company at the Museum are fully up to the former standard.

Patrons of the opera will be glad to learn that Mr. Max Strakosch is now in town, preparing for a brief season of Italian Opera, to commence on the 26th inst., with Maretzky's Havana troupe, at the Boston Theatre. Polito will be the first opera given, and during the season we are to have Sonnambula, Saffo, Ernani, Don Giovanni, Lucrezia Borgia, Norma, Traviata, and the Barber of Seville. They will be interpreted by such artists as Corbelli, Gasser, Brignoli, Amadio, Junca, Mme. Strakosch, etc.

The romantic legendary drama, "The Dream Specter," will be produced at the National Theatre this week.

Leigh Hunt, the celebrated author, died in London on the 28th ult., in his 75th year.

The Star of the West, from California, brought 450 passengers, and upwards of \$2,000,000 in specie.

At the Democratic State Convention, held at Worcester, Don J. Butler was nominated for Governor.

HOSPITALITY.—Bayard Taylor says:—"I must confess I have higher reverence for the virtue of hospitality than we seem to set upon it at present. When a Turk regales a Christian with ham (as it happened at Athens, last winter),—when a priest, in Lent, roasts his turkey for you,—when an advocate of the Maine Law gives his German friend a glass

of wine,—when some anti-tobacco friend allows me to smoke a cigar in the back parlor, with the windows open,—there is a sacrifice of self on the altar of common humanity. True hospitality involves a consideration for each other's habits—not our excesses, mind you, but our usual habits of life—even when they differ on such serious grounds as I have mentioned. But I have dined with vegetarians who said, 'Heat is unwholesome; so my conscience will not let me give it to you'; or with ventilators, who proclaim that 'fres in bedrooms are injurious';—and I was starved and frozen."

Oh, what is freedom? say, is that man free,
Who wears no shackles on his outward frame;
And knows no lord his weary toll to claim,
Or force obedience on the bonded knee,
Who yet is bound with bosom slavery,
And dures not in the face of men to name
His thoughts and feelings, lest they bring him shame?
Call him not free, his cruel mockery!
Let him only the name of freeman wear,
Who stands forth the truth with unflinching tongue,
Who stands erect his fellow-men among,
And scorns the coward's abject name to bear;
His name with that of heroes shall be sung;
And, equal, he will deathless glory share.—*J. H. Bacon.*

Messrs. Seaver and Starkweather, the balloonists, who were denied the privilege of going up into the clouds on Saturday, by the rain, will make their ascension on Wednesday, 21st inst., should the weather be willing.

The Spiritualists of San Francisco, Cal., have established an Association in that city, the objects of which are set forth as follows:—"1. The investigation of the facts of Spiritualism. 2. The development of its members into a life in harmony with those facts, and in agreement with the highest happiness of man. 3. The instruction of others and of the children of the present generation in more enlightened views of the present and future life, and of the providence of God."

Happiness being an inward feeling derived through the spirit, must not be sought in the materials of the house in which the spirit liveth.

A grand National Horse Fair is to be held at the United States Agricultural Fair Grounds in this city, commencing on Thursday, October 4th, and to continue two weeks. The premiums to be awarded, it is said, will amount to upwards of \$10,000.

Who does not love a Flower?
Its hues are taken from the light
Which Summer's sun flings pure and bright,
In scattered and prismatic hues,
That shine and smile in drooping dew;
Its fragrance from the sweetest air,
Its form from all that's light and fair—
Who does not love a Flower?

At the meeting of the Boston Printers' Union, the other evening, a discussion arose in reference to the prices paid journeymen in the weekly offices of the city, in the course of which it was stated that only two—the *Banner of Light* and the *Investigator*—paid the established rates; when a waggy member remarked, that he did not "believe Mr. Seaver, of the latter paper, would pay full prices much longer."

"Why so?" interrogated a member.
"Because," rejoined the speaker, "I understand he has lately become pious; and as it is a well-known fact that our religious papers pay their operatives hardly enough to keep soul and body together, I concluded that Mr. B. would not hereafter be any more conscientious than they are in this respect."

The time was when people believed that "all the intelligence" came from within the walls of a collegiate institution—that men, to be qualified to hold offices of trust and emolument, must first "graduate." But that idea has exploded. The efficient men of to-day are those who never had a "liberal" education; but those who have are the most bigoted and illiberal among us, with a few honorable exceptions. The workshop produces the free mind, the potency of which is being everywhere felt, to the utter dismay of every grade of fogeyism.

Muse is the silver key to the fountain of tears,
Which the saddest of hearts can never dry;
The softest grave of a thousand fears,
Where their mother, Care, like a sleepy child,
Is laid asleep on flowers.—*Shelley.*

There is nothing purer than honesty; nothing sweeter than charity; nothing warmer than love; nothing richer than wisdom; nothing brighter than virtue; and nothing more steadfast than faith.

Mahometans say that one hour of justice is worth seventy years of prayer. One act of charity, is worth a century of eloquence. True.

A dispute, relative to the affairs of the Middlesex Mills, arose at No. 13 Pearl street, Boston, on Saturday, between the treasurer, R. S. Fay, Jr., and one of the largest stockholders, Dr. J. C. Ayer, of Lowell, in which the former was stabbed by the latter, but not dangerously.

Prudence is a commendable virtue. It prevents a man from doing unwise actions. It is likewise a shackle or, his generosity. But prudence in excess closely assimilates to meanness.

Extravagance and imprudence end at the prison door.

It is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one in fuel.
An Irish corporal, who now and then indulged in a noggin of right good poteen, was thus accosted by his captain, whilst standing at ease: "What makes your nose so red?" "Plase, yer honor," said Pat, "I always blush when I spakes to an officer."

New England Union University Association.

The subscribers to stock in the New England Union University, are requested to meet in Lowell, on the first Tuesday in October, at 10 1/2 o'clock, A. M., to hear and act upon the Report of a Special Committee on revision of the Constitution of the Association; to locate said University; fill vacancies on boards of officers, and transact any business pertaining to the interests of the Association. All subscribers are requested to attend without further notice.

A. B. CHILDS, Secretary.

To Correspondents.

Matter sent to us for publication—whether prose or poetry—of which we do not deem of importance enough to print, we wish it distinctly understood will not be returned.

Clairvoyant in Boston.

Madame Price, said to be a remarkably gifted Clairvoyant, has taken room No. 8 at the Hancock House, Court Square, where she will receive the visits of the public. Major Ben. Perley Poore, writing to the *Washington States*, April 17th, 1858, says of her:—

"I was persuaded by a friend, yesterday, to pay a visit to Madame Clinton Price, who resides at a quiet house on the north side of the Capitol, at No. 18 A street. She is a good-looking, agreeable lady, with a most wonderful clairvoyant power, which enables her to observe the complicated movements of the system, and to give medical advice which has relieved those whose cases have baffled the skill of professional men. Although entirely skeptical, I must confess that I was astonished at the knowledge which Madame Price communicated as to my idle life, and some of the revelations which she made would have done credit to an ancient physician of the States. Whether her peculiar predictions will, or will not, equally correct, I cannot say, but she is really a most mysterious personage, and well worthy of a visit. I learn that she has a large number of patients, and the exhibitions of her clairvoyant powers have attracted numerous visitors."

CONANT AND ADAMS'S QUADRELLA BAND.—This Band, (formerly Hall's) is prepared at all times to furnish good music. Those who may require the services of this excellent Band, will be promptly served on application

Well, if this ain't queer! I wanted to come, but I find myself in a tight place. I promised to come here if I could and I saw I could, and I have come. But this is a queer way of doing it. I ache as bad as I did before I died—what's the matter? Confound the rheumatism! It sticks to me—like glue! Tell me your name—don't hurry me—I wasn't born to a hurry. Did you ever know Bill Johnson's? William F. Johnson—there, now do you know? Cross a card? Yes, but the devil would not be cross't though! I'd got out of the fire, and here it burns as hot as ever. Rheumatism, the devil—I've had it fifteen years, and I've got it now. I shuddered at the mention of it, and went, and I shuffled it off again here. I'm tangled here in the next place—when I say here, I don't mean there, or any other place, but *here* in Boston—to play; my resources are enlarged.

Say I'm hearty and well, will you? These aches are for the time being; I'm going to shake them off in a few min'ute.

Who asked me to come back? The ghost of Hamlet asks his friends; but I didn't bargain to come in this shape. Look here! do you know where Yankee Looka? I would like to talk to him awhile. I have some business I'd like to settle.

sufficient and divine law pervades them all, enters over
 them, whether that atom be gifted with Intelligence or not.
 Behold the oak in the forest—it is governed by a law peculiar to
 itself. In spring-time it puts forth its leaves, a law in nature
 that it shall be green, and in autumn it sheds them, a law
 with man after he has cast off the mortal. He bows to no
 creed; he worships at no shrine save nature's.
 We find one class of intelligences in the spirit-world slowly
 ascending, gradually casting away the grosser elements
 gathered together in the material, and finding another
 class attracted to earth, finding pleasure in the grosser realities
 of mortal life. Each is a distinct Intelligence and is governed
 by a law peculiar to itself. One says, "I cannot be happy
 without a community of enjoyment with all the beings on
 earth." Another says, "I care for nothing on earth—my joy
 is from above." They are both right. There is nothing
 wrong in the spirit-life. Both are governed by a law which
 neither can change. True, one may trample on the law, but
 while it is so, it is not his; and he is not himself.
 While in mortal life the spirit is cramped and confined; there
 is no freedom in earth-life. Each one is presented upon birth
 with a creed, which seems to chain the spirit, or to pervert the
 truth, and to lead him away from the truth. The law of
 mortality, and stand upon a false memorial, the law of
 a glimpse of the past, the present, and the future, it shall

member, who is speaking in all kindness, with all deference to your religious beliefs; we are not penetrating the sanctity of your sacred creed; we only ask you to listen; you may not accept what we say, unless you choose. The principle of fear, as demonstrated in the tendency of worship to idolatry, always degrades the mind wherever it is manifested. You despise the man or woman that is afraid of you; you despise yourself, if you consider that you are capable of causing men to fear instead of loving. A man who inspires the consciousness of fear has always a feeling of degradation, of meanness of his own diminutiveness of soul. When we worship God through the passion of fear, our souls contract within the

You ask the Father to bestow upon your church, and your theories, and your religion, and your family, the special divine penations of His providence; to bless all the world, but more of all men, those in whom you are interested. Does the Father then love these men more than His children whom He shall bless because they are not the blessings of heaven first? Is not the sunshining light for all? Do not the rain-drops descend alike upon the just and the unjust? Is not the earth covered with profusion and well for the unjust as the godly? Does the Father bless the righteous with carnal blessings, more than the unrighteous? Must not In His manifestations of His love He hold all His children equal?

[illegible]

HENRY WARD BEECHER

PLYMOUTH CHURCH, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Sunday Evening, Sept. 11th, 1850.

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

Text:—From that time many of his disciples went back, and walked no more with him. Then said Jesus unto the twelve, Will ye also go away? Then Simon Peter answered him, Lord, to whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life.—JOHN VI, 66-68.

There were three reasons, which included in themselves a variety of minor reasons, why Christ was so little received in his personal life-time. 1. Because there was no attractiveness in him to men who had no strength of moral feeling. Men that had no susceptibility to moral influence, found very little in Christ that was to be desired. 2. Because his teachings, gratifying neither the fancy, nor the mere reason, nor the curiosity, nor the pride and vanity of men, had no fascination in them. And though impressive in delivery, yet to retain the mind and hold the heart of those who were not capable; and so, in hundreds and thousands of instances, the seeds were sown in the highway, and caught up again speedily. 3. Because, not being essentially touched by the spiritual elements in Christ's teaching, the hearts of many men hungered on; and when any novelty appeared, when any pretentious claimant appeared, when any one who vaunted much that he could make men great discoveries, appeared, they were easily drawn off from Christ, and went seeking, hither and thither, every new attraction.

All these things, however, did not surprise Christ, because they already stood as predictions by the prophets, and were taught by Christ himself. Isaiah had already declared, "He hath no form nor comeliness, and when we shall see him, there shall be no beauty that we should desire him."—referring not to his external appearance, as the early painters thought, but to the unattractiveness of moral beauty to men besotted in worldly things. And again: "Behold, I lay in Zion a stumbling-stone, and rock of offence; but whosoever believeth in him shall not be ashamed." And Christ himself, in abundant instances, recognized the truth that he was in the midst of men as a light and a life, but that they would still be in darkness, and fall into death.

The scene in the text is worthy of notice. It seems that many had come around our Saviour, and were moved to continue with him, and were known as his disciples. By how great a company he was surrounded, we have no means of ascertaining. In a long discourse, which, as was customary, was interlarded with questions, and answers, and repetitions, he seems very sorely to have tried their faith. As we now read this record, being more familiar with the truths of it, we cannot imagine anything that should have split them off from him. There is nothing in the discourse that is so alien to us. But either it had a relation which we are slow to perceive to their Jewish prejudices, or else it opened to their eyes a spiritual life, demanded by Christ in a new and surprising way, such as they had never before had. Any man, a great many broke with Christ at this point, and followed him no more.

In connection with the text, listen to the four verses which precede it: "What and if ye shall see the Son of man ascend up where he was before? It is the spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing; the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life"—that is to say, "I am not teaching you dogmas, doctrines, didactic instructions, systems, general views; I am speaking of things whose power lies in themselves, and not in the words that I use. The things of which I am speaking are spirit—they are life." But the passage continues: "There are some of you that do not believe in me, because ye know not the beginning who they were that believed not, and who should betray him. And he said, Therefore said I unto you, that no man can come unto me, except it were given unto him of my Father. From that time many of his disciples went back, and walked no more with him." It was at this time that Christ made his affecting appeal to his disciples, and Peter answered in the words of our text. Now, it was revealed to Peter that it touched the matter in the very centre. It was the formative power of Christ's truth on the heart, that distinguished it. And when Peter said, "Where shall we go to find what we find in you?"—namely, "words or truths of eternal life,"—he received the difference between the instruction of Christ and that of all other religious teachers, and that Christ's instruction had this peculiarity, that it was a formative power on the souls of those that heard it, if they would permit it to be. "Where else," said he to Christ, "shall we find such a teacher as thou art?"

Christ did not come to teach all truth, but only those moral truths which should reconcile man to God; which should purify the heart and amend the life; which should prepare the soul for death and for a heavenly immortality. And yet, in an ultimate way, the truth of Christ was to be instrumental in inspiring the soul with every kind of truth; for whatever shall give life to the eternal life, he received the difference between the instruction of Christ and that of all other religious teachers, and that Christ's instruction had this peculiarity, that it was a formative power on the souls of those that heard it, if they would permit it to be. "Where else," said he to Christ, "shall we find such a teacher as thou art?"

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Let us look, then, at some of the truths that cluster around the teaching of Christ.

First in the order of time, is this doctrine of human sinfulness, which was not so much expounded by Christ as taken for granted. It was scarcely, I suppose, denied in his time—not the doctrine of an inheritance of other men's sins; not the doctrine of a weight of transgressions, committed in ages past, bearing down on us; but the doctrine of the weight of our own transgressions. For there is no man living who, trying himself by whatever law he chooses, is not obliged to admit that he is a transgressor. Christ came to reveal the transgression of the law. You take the lowest law known—the law of society—there is not a man, trying himself by that law, and looking at his life from period to period, can declare that he has not violated it thousands and tens of thousands of times. Or, if rising higher than this, you take the laws of nature, there is not a man that can read those laws, and lay down in himself—the laws of his faculties—and say that he has fulfilled them. No man can say that he has not, in innumerable instances, violated the laws of God as revealed in nature. But that greater law of God—the law of love—how that pours the effluence of conviction on every part of a man's life; if he measures himself by that law, he will find that he has not before the souls of men this higher conception of life and duty, as revealed in his teachings, how at once did it work on the human consciousness the sense of sin and of moral ill-desert!

But with this recognition of the sinfulness of men came the way of escape from punishment, as revealed by the Saviour; namely, through a hearty renunciation of sin, and through a real, loving, cleaving faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

It was not, however, in these objective statements of truth that the divine power of the Gospel was to rest, although they are essential to it. The Saviour, set home upon the human soul by the Holy Ghost, firing it with life, and giving it a higher activity and power than it ever had before.

Read the words respecting Christ spoken by John in the opening chapter of his Gospel:—"But as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name; which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God."

So, also, in the First Epistle of Paul to the Corinthians, second chapter, you will find a statement of the same general truths:

"And I, brethren, when I came to you, came not with excellency of speech, or of wisdom, declaring unto you the testimony of God. For I determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ, and him crucified"—that is, he determined to rely upon no other influence than that. "And I was with you in weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling. And my speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power; that your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God."

These and many other passages teach this essential and characteristic truth—namely, that over and above objective teaching, there is revealed through Jesus Christ, and in the dispensation of the Gospel, a power issuing out from the bosom of God, and resting directly upon the human soul, and working the most wonderful changes in life, in disposition, in the whole character of man.

Where this power is exerted, the soul passes out of darkness into light; out of bondage into liberty; out of sorrow and sadness into great joy and peace in be-

lieving. And this is the first peculiar and wonderful errand of the Gospel of Christ—namely, by the living power of God exerted on the human mind, to bring men to repentance, to reconciliation with God, to a newness of life, and to final happiness. This it is which the Gospel of Christ proposes to do.

It did this while Christ was upon earth. Although the promise of the Father was to be waited for, and although the most resplendent exhibitions of divine power were not until Christ's resurrection and ascension, and the descent of the Spirit on the Pentecostal day, and thereafter; yet, even in the time of our Saviour, the word of God, and the power of God, were not without witnesses. There were conversions even in his own presence; but then, mainly, and most wonderfully, when the Spirit and the apostles preached, there were witnesses to this life-giving power. There is in Christ—not in the word; but in Christ—as a spirit, a life-power; and in every soul who receives it, has been the power of God, and the wisdom of God, unto salvation, not to every man, but to every man that believeth. In every age since the days of Christ there has been a secret power that issued from the Gospel, which has been sufficient for the wants of the human soul—a power that philosophy never yet led away to destroy; a power that superstition itself could never smother; a power that corruption could never undermine. In that little book—in that secret chamber of God's Word—there has resided a soul-power that has made common men in every age mightier than the greatest men of earth; that has disarmed in them the fear of death; and that has quenched the power of fire and sword. There has been in this book and medicine for the more than mortal diseases of the human body; more than bread for hunger; more than all the harvests of earth for the mouth. From this Gospel has been evoked a liberty which has made men free in their chains and prisons; a liberty which has exalted the slave above his master; a liberty which has carried to dens and caves more glory than was found on thrones and in palaces. It has taken away the sting from death, and the poisonous sorrow from affliction. It has taught mothers how to live without their children, and orphans how to find in God more than father and mother. It has caused sickness to be sweeter than health, and death itself to come forth illumined with a cloud of glory. It has made men mightier than all laws of nature, teaching them how to triumph over infirmities and all troubles.

This has been the history of the Gospel from the beginning to this day; but, chiefest of all, it has known how, through every age since it was declared in the world, to give peace to the troubled conscience; it has revealed God to the longing soul; it has made men the sons of God. And all this it has been accomplishing for more than eighteen hundred years.

Of all the things which history chronicles, this, the chiefest work of God, is left out. But the marrow is in the bone, and no man sees it; and the marrow of the world has been God's spiritual work in the hearts of his children, hidden from the external eye, and recorded nowhere except in the history of pious men and women. From the days of Christ to this hour there has been going forth this power of the Word of God. Though hidden, it has never lost its virtue. There have been times when the Word was hidden, but there never has been a time when the Bible was destroyed. Though it has been buried for centuries, the old power has remained in it all the while, and the preaching of Christ has never failed to bear the same fruits as in the beginning. In our day we have witnessed the same power, with a degree of purity and a width of extent not known even in the Pentecostal day. If we compare the hidden power of the Gospel with the revivals that took place in olden times, we find that they are more memorable than anything which was witnessed by the primitive Christians; for, though the primitive Christians might have been more heroic in consequence than we, they were not so intelligent and so far advanced toward the knowledge of God, as we are in these later and happier days. The revivals in Great Britain and on the Continent, on larger and smaller scales—these are not joyful to us alone because we are glad for the conversion of souls and their salvation, but because we are glad to see, in every year, that the power of Christ is not decayed in the world, and that there is in the Gospel the same medicine, the same healing, the same joy-power that there was in the very beginning.

Some men have thought that the Gospel was, to speak nearly played out, and that it was time to get new revelations—Heaven save the mark, such as they are!—that it was a good thing in its day, but that its day was past, and it was now pretty much worn out. You might as well talk of the sun being worn out with the excess of its shining since the world began! The sun is sometimes hidden behind clouds; and it is sometimes eclipsed; but it is the same sun that shone on Abraham's head, and on the post-lap; that it is the same sun that is shining to-day, and that it is the same sun that will shine to-morrow. And although there are many things about the Gospel that have changed, yet that central life-power, that Spirit-power, which characterized it at first, is not worn out, nor changed in any whit. Doctrines change—or, rather, changes occur in the way we take them up—such changes always depending upon the philosophy of the age. Teachers of Grecian philosophy—such, for instance, as belonged to the Platonist or Aristotelian order—rendered a service to the world by presenting great truths according to their views. From their day down to our time doctrinal forms have been constantly changing. We have witnessed changes in science, and in the social and political changes in them. Our ecclesiastical establishments have changed. Even those that boast of their permanence will be changed. Many things about religion will be changed. But the great centre element of religion will never change. The everlasting want of man's soul, and the reasons of that want, will never change. God's infinite fullness of grace, mercy and goodness, and his readiness to bestow himself as food for man's soul, will never wear out or change. Jesus Christ, as the brightest exponent of God, dawning upon time—he changes not. And the power there is in Jesus Christ, looked to, and leaned upon, and yearned after, for transforming the spirit of man, and elevating them into a higher life—this is not worn out.

There are many men that go to the Word of God without finding it; but there are thousands to whom it comes, that do find it. To them is given power to become the sons of God. The reality of the human soul, and of the divine power of the human soul—the reality of intercourse between man and God—this everlasting fact stands more apparent in our day than it has stood in any day previous to ours. And to-night, although Christ may be to you "a stumbling-stone and rock of offence," yet he may be to you just as much, if you please, the chief corner-stone on which to build a spiritual temple. He may be a Saviour and an everlasting Friend to you; or he may be to you an offence, and you may turn away from him, and perish. The Gospel may be to you, to-night, hidden, and so may be a savior of death unto death; or it may shine upon you like the morning sun, and be a savior of life unto life. It is the same Gospel that it was in the beginning, and it is the same Gospel that it was then, and it is the same Gospel that it is now, and it is the same Gospel that it will be in the future. And I will say to every one in this congregation who has turned away from it, or has thought of turning away from it, as Christ said to his disciples: "Will ye also go away?" And I call to your mind the answer of Peter: "To whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life." You can turn away from the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, and find no other thing; but will you find that which it is—namely, a divine power to transform your nature—a divine power to bring you into sweet commerce with God—a divine power to open before you the eternal world, and give you a passport to everlasting life. What else will give you that?

To those, then, first, who are wandering from church to church, from sect to sect—young minds, unsettled, and restless, seeking for something, they know not what—to us I bring this question. For there are many who signalize their first passage from youth to manhood by a skepticism of all the things they were taught in their childhood. There is a transition period in life, of course or less doubting, unsettling, and unbelief—an unhappy and restless, and undesirable, if one could avoid it and escape from it. Almost all the young, especially when sent away from home prematurely, and brought into the midst of new and strange customs, at the time when their minds are all aflutter for novelties, go about seeking good, and finding none. Under such circumstances, not a few frequent the house of God on the Sabbath; but not with the honest purpose of receiving spiritual benefit. They go from one church to another, having no definite purpose. To-day they go among the Roman Catholics, and to-morrow among the Protestants, now in one church, and then in another, and everywhere wondering what shall happen to them, and what they shall find.

Now all the churches on earth can show you nothing, and do you no good, unless they can present the Lord Jesus Christ to you. There is nothing in their doctrines, there is nothing in their ordinances, there is nothing in their ceremonies and teachings, unless they present to you that only name under heaven given among men whereby they can be saved. You may go in succession through all doctrines, and you will find nothing of any service to you except the simple truth that Jesus Christ justifies the soul that trusts in him. You will not find Christ in doctrine, or letter, or form,

or ordinance, or observance; you will find him in your heart, if at all. You may go to them all if you choose, and prosecute the experiment to the end; but let me tell you that when you come back, after a long pilgrimage, like that of the caravan traversing the weary desert, you will find that you have come back to that which you were taught in infancy—namely, that the soul that trusts in Christ is justified by him; and that in him, and nowhere else, can it find the life-giving power which it needs.

There are those who are on the rebound from dogmatism in our time—from an effort ecclesiasticalism. We are living in an age in which men are breaking away from old forms of thought—not from old truths. I myself profess to be among the number of those who are breaking away from old forms; but not from one old truth, blessed be God!—not one. In all the great truths which relate to man's nature and destiny, and in all the most fervently beloved—from the bottom of my soul I believe in them; but not in their particular mode of expressing them; not in any concatenation of words in which they saw fit to clothe them. I claim the liberty which every man has, in every age, of saying the things which God reveals to his consciousness in the words which most clearly express them. I hold myself at liberty to speak the truths of God in exactly that language which best suits the audience, the time, and the habits and wants of the age. But this leaving old forms is not the same as leaving old truths, any more than leaving old clothes is leaving the people that wore them. For forms are but dresses, and the people are not so much as endeavor to wear more than his garment, by so much is a truth worth more than the particular form of words used to express that truth.

Now, there are many persons who do not discern this distinction between taking new ways to express old truths, and throwing aside the truths themselves. They think, for instance, that if we abandon the catechism in its form, we abandon the real essential truths which it inculcates. A great many persons, go to churches, and being fed on the links of doctrinal teaching, presented in the old way, which has ceased to be the understanding way of presenting important truths, and consequently finding worship, stand and say, "I am sorry to say, much as I love the way, we are coming to a new way of stating truths? No; after some new truths. I do not say that there are no new truths. There are truths that are new, enough of them, whose sphere is quite important enough; but there are truths that are as old as the world, which seem new whenever they are brought to you—namely, those relating to salvation through the Lord Jesus Christ. And there is no truth that is new in this world, which is, for a single moment, to be compared with that which answers the question, "How shall I make my peace with God—how shall I inherit eternal life?" That, after all, is the great truth among the truths of this world. You may go seeking as much as you please, and you may go away from churches—you are not bound to churches; you may go away from days and institutions—you are not bound to them; there is no sacredness about these to hold you; but you cannot go away from this truth—namely, that you must be born again. There is no power of life except that revealed through the Lord Jesus Christ. If you go away from this central factual truth, you go at your peril; for you go away from the fruitful land into a desert; you go from life toward death. Any other form of truth by which you shall attempt to supply the central Gospel-power which you need, will very soon show itself to be a barren and fruitless soil.

You may make your round of pleasure; and when you shall have traversed the whole circuit—as many have—looking back, you will be obliged to confess that although pleasure for a time seemed to refresh you, and lift you up, at last it let you go, leaving you, at the end, poorer than you were at the beginning. Pleasure, as such, if substituted for high spiritual enjoyment, always impoverishes men. You may rebound toward something higher than pleasure—namely, art; and you may say to beauty, "Thou art my God." Truly, God is beautiful, but beauty is not God; and you may give to Christianity art, or to living art, and attempt to make it a formative power; but although it is very good, and much to be desired, and not to be despised, yet it is never Christ to any man, and it never will be the power of God in the soul, transforming it, lifting it up, invigorating it. You may go to philosophies and learnings of past times; you may try them; you may probe them; and although there may be—as there are—many things in them that are worth a man's knowing; yet there is no Christ in them, nor anything that can take the place of Christ in the Gospel. Let them promise whatever they may, they will never fulfill any such promise as this: "I will come to you with the Father, and we will make our abode with you. The words of Christ are sweeter and better than all the promises or fulfillments of learning or philosophy."

There are a great many, in this day of science, when the heavens are being explored, and earth is being ransacked, and nature is being made to yield up her secrets, who are gathering much precious knowledge in these realms of investigation, concerning things worthy to be known. You may, through science, come even to a reverent knowledge of God, as manifest in creation; but if, reacting from religion, you go to science, you shall never find there Christ; and without Christ, you shall find nowhere life-power in spiritual things.

Many may follow those who say, "Lo, here!" and "Lo, there!" and they may take you forth into the wilderness, to see fantasies and mirages, and things which cheat you; you may follow those who revile the old revelation, and pretend to bring a new one; but they will bring you no Christ; and bringing you no Christ, they will bring you no eternal life. "To whom will you go?"

You may be disgusted with the way in which ministers preach; with the way in which churches are conducted; with the way in which philanthropy is turned out of door by Christians; with the way in which divine things are administered; and that may be a reason why you should separate yourself from this or that set of men; but, after all, it is not a reason why you should separate yourself from the living truth of the Gospel; for the Church of God is not in this or that name, but in the heart of every man who believes in the power of Jesus Christ.

Whatever may be the freedom with which you criticize and dissent from old truths, whatever may be the liberty with which you go forth to seek new truths, let me say to you again, there is no other name under heaven given among men, whereby they can be saved, except the name of Christ. I do not understand that every man must make a technical assent to the name and doctrine of Christ, in order to be saved, but that there is no other power manifested in the world except that of Christ, which is able to save men. Whether that power appears now among the heathen, and among men who hold wrong beliefs, is another question. But the power that changes men, and makes them heirs of eternal life, is the power of the living, loving God, who is administering all things; and this comes to those who open their hearts, and take it in, and only to those.

And now let me say, if you are living for the world, full of its spirit; if there are those here who came up with the multitude from motives of mere curiosity, expecting, you knew not what, is there not, after all, a message for you to-night? You care for none of these things of which I am speaking; and yet, perhaps God sent you here that I might say in your ear an unforgettable passage: "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." Or, that other passage: "What shall a man give in exchange for the whole world and lose his own soul? What is he so exalted up in the world that he does not care for Christ, or spiritual religion; and yet, the Word of God standeth sure. The things of the world are not sufficient for you. They will not save you from sin, and sorrow, and death. They will not save you in the dying hour. They will not stand by you in the judgment day. They will not make your peace with God, and prepare you for eternity. And though you may have the advantage of me now, and scorn the words of affectionate warning and entreaty which I utter, yet you may will come which will bring these words to you as men.

Men and brethren, this is serious business. The salvation of the soul of man is not a thing of speculation. There is no other thing of which a honest man should think so much, and so deeply, as "What is to become of me?" Conscience, self-respect, and even pride itself, ought to make a man think of that question more than of any other under heaven. And to you who are swallowed up in worldliness, I stand to speak of the Lord Jesus Christ. I do not ask you to become a sectarian of this or that church. I do not ask you to join me, or any other man; I ask you to join the Lord Jesus Christ. You are dying in your sins. The consciousness of transgression may be taken away from you by the whirl and din of the world; but, after all, you have a deathless need of God and the power of God; and there is no resurrection except through the Lord Jesus Christ. There is no resurrection except through his power. Will you go away from him any longer? Will you ever come to him? Ten thousand times he has come to you; he has come in a mother's tears and prayers, and in a father's counsels; and he came in all those romantic scenes of childhood. You know not why you dropped tears of sadness; you know not the

meaning of those hours in which God kneaded your soul, and made it mellow to bear his voice. In ten thousand cases and revolutions of business, God has drawn near to speak to you. To-night he has drawn near to speak to you again; and in your attention—your reverent attention—it seems to me I have an indication that Christ stands at the door, and knocks, saying, "Open—open unto me!" Will you go away from him? To whom will you go for the same life-power that he has?

Or, if there are some here who are living careless of religious things, and supremely indifferent to religion, although not much absorbed by the world, is there not a message to you also? Am I not venturing to you, to-night, to speak to you, as if from my own house, and as if calling you by name, saying in my God, "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand?" And does not my Savior say to me, "Speak to these men, and say, 'Except ye be born again, ye shall not see the kingdom of God?'" Has that sacred touch not passed upon you? Where will you find it but in Christ Jesus—that God of mercy and love revealed for your salvation? Will you go to him?

Or, if you are already conscience-frightened, if your sins have already sounded in your ears their prophetic denunciations; then, am I not, to-night, sent to you with a message, saying, from my God, "I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." I am sent by Christ to say, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanse us from all unrighteousness." If you have never found cleansing, if by all the methods hitherto devised and practiced for obtaining it, you have failed to find quiet; I say to you, "There is no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus." And I preach to you the sovereign power of Christ, to give peace to your conscience. Where else but to him will you go to find the rest you seek?

Are there not some here who have been striving in their Christian course till they are almost discouraged? Why do I ask whether there are or not? I know that there are. This congregation to me is like a picture gallery; and I see hidden, unwritten histories here. With many of you I have had long and faithful conversations. Some of you have knelt with me in prayer, and have known your troubles and your difficulties. I have known how you were assailed by temptations. There are some here to-night, who, not once, but twice and thrice, have come to me in times of reviving; that I might help them, and succor them, instrumentally, through the power of God; and you are yet in the gall of bitterness, and the bond of iniquity; and for the reason that I have explained in your ear time and again—that there is no other power that can rescue you except this power in the Lord Jesus Christ, whom you will not receive. You are almost discouraged; but you have not resisted unto blood against sin. You have, therefore, no occasion to be discouraged. As long as you have strength enough to sin, you have strength enough to repent. As long as you have strength enough to sin, you have strength enough to do good. And no matter how long you have been longed under Divine patience, that no reason why he should die, but it is a reason why he should turn to God, who would not have him die, but would have him live. And I beseech you not to count yourself unworthy of eternal life, and vilely sell your birthright to your fears.

Let me turn, in closing, from those that stand without, to those that stand within this fold. Many of you I led into this church union tremulously—almost against your wish. Some of you have been almost and because you entered it, you have stood in so much fear, and your conscience has been so tender. You have been apprehensive that you might not be doing right under the circumstances. But, beloved brethren, you did do right when you professed Christ openly, and I beseech you not to be discouraged. Although it costs you self-denial to make proof of your ministry; although you are tempted; although you are cast down at times because the evidence of grace in you is but a small, glimmering light, wind-swept, and almost hidden, yet do not be discouraged; for they that are for you are mightier than they that are against you. And though Satan stand as subtle as a serpent, or as violent as a lion; though the princes of the air be in league against you; though the world itself is tampering with you; though you are tempted in pride, and selfishness, and vanity, and revenge; and though you are swayed hither and thither by passion; yet amid all these scenes of trouble and strife, Christ stands and says to you, "Be strong, live you shall live. If you suffer, you shall live with me." Bear up, then, under temptations. Fight manfully, calling out again upon God, and remembering that Christ has said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

Though tempest-tossed, and weather-beaten, thou art nearer the harbor than thou thinkest; Christ is coming on the sea to the ship-side. The voyage at longest will be but short. Some of us, and perhaps those that think themselves the furthest from it, are almost home, and harps are sending forth preludes of joy at our approach. Our Christ is longing for some of us to come to him; and the going of all of us cannot be long delayed. We are living very near to heaven; and it is not the time, when we are almost in the presence of God, to cast away our hope in Christ, and give up. Come back, young man! Come back, young maiden! Think again, and renew your vows and your fealty. Let all that have ever partaken of the broken body of Christ in form, and of Christ by faith, in fact, fulfill their covenant with him. Let the past go for the past. No more discourage yourselves by thinking backward. Look up; not at the cross, all blood-stained, but to the living Saviour, crowned and glorified. Your home is where he is. Ten thousand dearly beloved ones are there awaiting your coming. That home is not a long way off; nor will it be long before you reach it. A few more days, a few more tears, a few more struggles, and then a song of victory!

MARRIED.

In New Hartford, Conn., on the 6th instant, by Prof. S. B. Britton, C. A. Case, Esq., of New York City, and Miss Anna M. Richardson.

OBITUARY.

Died in Union, Aug. 23d, Eugene Leslie, aged 43 years, 12 months, 12 days. Aug. 21st, Willie Edgar, 2 years, 23 days, only children of Calvin R. and C. Maria Ruggles.

So young and fair—so kind and true—
The dearest prize of hearts now lone;
So gentle, winning, fond and pure,
And yet their spirits bright have flown.

'Tis ever thus—the choicest flowers
And brightest buds first fade away;
The sweetest hearts are careful hands,
Beem but to hasten their decay.

Hops whispere when such trials come,
And glad hearts in sadness bow;
His wisdom glows, whose tender love
No earthly parent's care can know.

When autumn winds have swept the fields,
And scattered life the favorite flowers,
We know it is Spring-time comes again,
Reviving all, with sun and showers.

That's but a type of hearts and homes—
When loved ones from our sight are borne,
We know there's life that lingers still,
While gentle heart-rays gently warm.

When nature sinks beneath her cares,
No longer can she lift her endure;
'Tis sweet to know there's rest beyond—
The spirit's passport is secure.

Sweet, too, the thought, that loving souls
Can draw the angels to earth homes;
But sweeter far to feel and know
The dearest loved are those who come.

That when our hearts are sad and lone,
And clouds are ling'ring o'er our way,
The sympathy of those dear friends
Can chase the saddening gloom away.

'Tis nature's law—a law of love
From him who "doeth all things well"—
The faint whence comes all life—
Its depth and fullness none may tell.

Dear, mourning friends, full well we know
No measure can the loss replace;
That sympathy and love may cheer,
Though cannot take sad scenes efface.

But, may the light of angel voices,
From higher realms, your hearts expand,
Till come the joyful summons forth,
To join them in the spirit-land.

B. L. CORBIN.

Upton, Sept. 24, 1850.

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