VOL. V.

BERRY. COLBY & COMPANY, )

NEW YORK AND BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1859.

TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR, ) Payable in Advance.

NO. 26.

#### THE SERMONS

Of Revs. HENRY WARD BEECHER and EDWIN H. part of our own family, to have them leave. 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

MARRIAGE.

To the Memory of my Husband this tale is dedicated.

Joil 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 rafter; 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 w sh 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 bair, 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-did n'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 sane tion 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 shrunk 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 go twice." Mr. Gomez.

"I hope that I shall soon be able to help my mothpurse is not long enough." he added.

years; but I loved to think of Mrs. Herbert as there turned she was pale and agitated, and laying her sense of dependence.

in her pleasant little house; it seemed like taking

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 Auna's room,

when Miss Crooks knocked at the door. " Is Miss Lincoln here?" she said.

" No : she is with Miss Garland." was Auna's re-

" 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 offi to ?"

" 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 eal 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 recognise it," said one of them."

"And I am sure," said the other, " it is the same

bonnet and cloak." onnet and cloak."

Poor Miss Crooks was angry with the boys, and a

ittle 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 puffed 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 n't 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 absentminded philosopher."

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

"No. no." I said "he could not have made ar agreeable husband : but please look at the lettersthey 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 besitated, held the letter a long while, and then put it into her own pocket; and sent me to distribute

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 opiate, and Miss Crooks never insisted upon it again, that "she knew she did n't

was going to Boston to be clerk in an importing I watched her very closely after she pocketed the store. Uncle Gomez had obtained him the place; letter. I went to bed carly; she waited awhile till the head of the firm had been in the West India she thought I was asleep, and then I saw her sittrade for many years, and was an intimate friend of down at the table, evidently with the intention of rending it. But just as she was about to break the scal, conscience must have whispered, for she er," he said. "I would rather study law, but my dropped the letter as if it burned her fingers, then rose hastily as if she dared not trust herself longer It made me feel sad to have Charlie leave Oldbury, and taking the letter with her, went out of the room though I would not be at home myself for some in the direction of Miss Lincoln's. When she ro

Our life had little variety; it was a regular routine of study, with but little bodily exercise; nothing lands; but remember -- no cross, no crown. Your that might be called amusement, and a very small quantum of fresh air. The house was not well ven- that you would perjure your soul, should you bind tilated, the rooms were small and close, and the animal spirits most too thoroughly subdued for true your account with conscience and God, and judge if health and vigor. But the system of instruction I had been surrounded by wealth and position, was thorough, and the mode of imparting knowledge | whether you would have feared this perjury.' most agreeable. There were no dry recitations from memory. In geography, for instance, we dwelt upon herself to sleep that night; but I tell her not to one country till its rivers and mountains, its towns mind a fig about him. Miss Crooks will give him and cities, its climate, soil and productions, were aid and comfort. Don't you wish he would marry perfectly familiar to us, its government also; and Crooks, and done with it?" we had in our mind's eve a correct picture of the country and its inhabitants. History was taught in us, real, living, flesh and blood people-not mere knew; but every day the had some little token of myths; and, while dates were firmly fixed in the affiction-choice fruit, a rare flower, a new book, memory, the pupil was taught to reflect upon the and I know from the springing tear, and the heightgreat 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 Cosar, 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 Antient Greeke, till we felt with Byron, willing almost to give our lives. if need be, to rescue the descendants of the whole race from the dominion 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 crossfrom 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, save 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 n't l

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 need torment her with a letter full of spite and bitterness. He accused her of ingratitude and de ception toward Miss Garland, upon whom, he said. she had been wholly derendent. It seems she had no means to educate hirself, and Miss Garland had ing that it was very wrong in me to leave my studies given her a year's tution, on condition that she should repay her in the way she is now doing; you Charlie Herbert laughed at me, and said that I must and I can judge whether she need feel any great save them all for him when he went to Boston, which

arms upon the table, and her head upon them, she | But keener than all was the taunt flung upon her wept. Poor Miss Crooks! I guessed your secret, piety. 'Alas!' he says, 'your piety will not bear child as I was; alas! your sorrow is common to the test-you shrink from the sacrifice of your life to God-you prefer the inglorious case of a life at home, to bearing the burden of the cross in foreign answer to me, you say, was final-unchangeableyourself to me for life. Then be it so; but settle

Now was n't that cruel? Poor Miss Lincoln wept

. The girls in Miss Lincoln's class were all in the secret, of course; but, wonderful to relate, it went the same way, till the characters stood out before no further, neither did she herself suspect that they ened 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 fcolish 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

ove Miss Lincoln, and Anna and Addie."

" And Miss Garland?"

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

"Are you wanting anything my child? Do you

have good food and plenty of it?"

I expressed myself satisfied.

"We mak is more spending need anything let me know. I have see business, and returned this way to see you for a few moments only. My chaise is at the door, and I must 20 800n."

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 alwas mild for the season, and my ride invigorated me. I charted 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. 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 sht 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

Suddenly there sprung 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 n't 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 von for the fright I have given you, here is a govereign," and he handed me an English soverelyn. '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, sayin that way. I shed a few tears over her reproof: but would be in a week.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE ROBBER.

It was a custom in Rockford Seminary to spend wo 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 he 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 imself surrounded by men, who hand cuffed 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 n't 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 Thundarbolt, and like the old tales of Robin Hood, it had the straight 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 acted 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 caseknife and file-in severing his chain. He made the knife into a saw, concealing it in the crevices be: een the stones of his dungco 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 ex amination 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 fail 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 cantured. 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 punish. men' 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 formy philauthropy-" 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 ore, indistinct and charlony - not a face that I chould certainly know again, though the voice haunted me long, and its tones I should certainly know could I have beard them again.

Alies 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 autject, 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 Bozarris had fallen, but Halleck's spirited poom had not then a hackneyed school exercise, and to hear her read it fresh, as it then was, and glowing with the arder of the poet's soul, was truo 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 oup of strong green tea. as a relief to her handnoho.

"I wish," said sho, "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, alli over the school-with her little baby face and soft ways, she works herself into the hearts off the scholurs, and makes friends off 'om by hidling their faults from the Principalparlians slie.'Ill findi out some day that her bread is linttoredion: this wrong side. I know that about her that will send lier away from Rockford Seminary beforethis:year-is:out."

"Hondi Mies: Lincolm away!" I exclaimed, indigmantly; "thinn you'll send all her class away-I, for one, wou't stay another day after she goes!"

"Mint 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 ranaway?"

"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 sub-

To while this tea-cup and plate to the kilchen. and then go to Miss Lincoll's croom and not hearify, she will-dend-mo the book that she was reading last

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, crocked-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 hoed 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 hero; 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 check 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-back chair, mumbling over something which sounded

"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?"

old ?"

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

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

"You do nicely, Auntic," 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

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

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

have, and see if you can 't make me warm again."

tiful girl, delicate, well-bred, so graceful and refined, House, to board with some Southern friends. could not belong to these people.

black eyes snapped with a malicious pleasure.

"I thought so," she exclaimed; "this will do the full." business." · I wondered what she could mean, but was in too

much haste to nek 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 Lincola' 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 ig norant woman, and nursed the poor, sick stranger curefully; 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. . 1 am after Robert,' she would say; 'I must find Rob

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 amuse ment 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 the United States are wont to term the anniverher 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. collected together upon the wharf at Gardiner, await-You cannot imagine how happy she is at the prospect-aftholing and hohdred and fifty dollars a year, approach of the steamboat Charter Oak, as she

Ind sount. You think she always looks so neatly and taste fully 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 yet good natured face, and toil hardoned hands. all she owns; but then her hair is so beautiful, and seemed to indicate him a farmer's son, of that exher face so lovely that she needs less aid from dress ceedingly comprehensive region stigmatized as than most of the girls.

Everybody says that old Mudgett is the crossest. ing us in imagination to Athens and Rome.

Calvin wrote that hateful letter.

talking with Mary and Martha; and oh. Bertha! I reply. never shall forget the day we studied about Gethsemane. We all wept together, and from that hour I and loving, and so gentle to that cross old man. She said to day, that when her salary commenced, which 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 of his lady-love, as it fluttered unceasingly upon the had brought to her, and marking passages with a breeze, till both the wood-crowned shore and Sallie's pencil. Every once in awhile she would nod her head emphatically, as much as to say, " I have found

"Do you like that book, Miss Crooks?" I asked. "Like it ! no indeed, it's all heresy, from begin ning to end; we shall see what will come of reading this book," and she closed it with an emphatic ges-

ture, 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 recital situated near the river, at a distance of some two tions 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 gardner, and declared again and again that she only wished mammie could write. Mammie knew what up his scanty wardrobe. would cure the rheumatism, and take it all out of the bones. One thing was certain, mammie said, old folks ought to have plenty of flannel, and so a great ambition, united to a strong thirst for travel, which roll of flannel was smuggled into Mudgett's house, unbeknown to Miss Lincoln. But the quality and from them a willingness to yield to any reasonable quantity betrayed the giver, and Addie's heart was sacrifice, provided their darling child would at once made happier by being assured that the old folks abandon his intention of viiting California-that were truly grateful.

The helliags came, and scholars and teachers returned to their homes—all but a few who were too "Harder," he said; "use all the strongth you far distant from their relatives. Miss Lincoln welcomed them, because she could have the privilege of There was no excuse for my staying, and I wont being with her aged friends, and adding to their comaway, wondering what this meant. Surely this beau- fort; and Addie, because she was going to the Astor

"Oh ! girls," sho said, as we were waiting all I found the book, "Heaven and Hell," by Eman- dressed for our journey, in the great hall, for the uel Swedenborg, and carried it to Miss Crooks. Her coaches, "you can't imagine what splendid desserts we have there! I shall come back with my pockets

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

Written for the Banner of Light. HEART BREATHINGS.

BY CHARLOTTE ALLEN.

Tho long-departed are 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 glee, And whisper, they are " waiting for me." There's rest for all in the spirit-land. A perfect home that our Pather 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 hely 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,

Bister, 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. Plymouth, Mass.

### 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 sary of American Independence. A motley group of persons, of every imaginable size and age, were ing, with no slight degree of impatience, the near The sill be a fortune, she says, to my poor Unold 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 sun burnt, 'Away Down East."

Dressed in his best, a russet brown suit, with roughest old fellow that ever lived; but Mary Lincoln standing dickey and a last year's Panama hat, which is as kind to him as if he were an angel on this had recently been run through the bleachery for carth, and her first duty in the morning, and her this particular occasion, our hero (for it was none last at night is to go there and see that they are other than Bill Hutchins,) with carpet-bag in hand, made comfortable. The old man has been laid up hastily made his adieus to Sally Gliddon, a fresh with the rheumatism for a few days, and Miss Lin. and buxom looking girl of twenty summers, who coin has remained there most of the time since, day had for some months past occupied quite an imporand night, leaving only to hear her recitations. One tant place in the affections of the honest hearted hour she will be washing dishes, and rubbing old backwoodsman, preparatory to jumping on board Mudgett's limbs, and the next explaining, as no other the moment the plank was lowered from the side of teacher in the school can, a sum in algebra, or tak, the steamboat, which had already arrived at the wharf.

But with all her troubles and cares, I never heard Sally Gliddon (who, by the way, was the happy her make one complaint, or shed a tear, till Mr. possessor of as warm and generous a heart as ever beat in the breast of woman,) could not stand by There—the bell rings; you have seen Miss Lincoln and behold the idol of her soul torn from her emat home—now see her in the Bible class. She loves brace, without exhibiting some slight degree of feelto teach, when the lessons are in the New Testament, ling upon the subject. Silently raising the corner of I thought I knew something about the life of Jesus her white apron to her tear stained eyes, the devoted Christ, for I had been to Sunday School ever since I girl essayed to let drop from her ruddy lips some could read; but when Miss Lincoln teaches me, I few words of tenderness and affection at parting find how ignorant I am. She makes it seem with her lover; but the rise of powerful emotions as if we were in Judea, walking with Jesus choked her utterance, and to Bill Hutchins's rough and his followers by thesea of Galilce-going fishing but honest words, "Take care of yourself, Sally, with the disciples, sitting in Lazarus's house, and until my return!" she could only weepingly bow a

Upon the ringing of the second bell, and the loud cry of "all aboard!" the old Charter Oak, with its have understood why our teacher could be so patient 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 bewould be on the first of January, she should repair hind, occupied themselves by following with their his room, and make it warm and comfortable for the 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 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 here was some six or eight months' attendance out of every twelve, at the little district school, 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

Upon reaching his majority, however, the mind of Bill Hutchins seemed suddenly fired with a spirit of so alarmed the hearts of his parents, as to extort far off land of gold and infany.

former at last wisely concluded to divide the one by,) that she was suffering from a bad headache. hundred acres constituting his extensive farm, equalcame at once as submissive as a lamb, declared in that California no longer tempted him with her his own livelihood in carnest.

About this time, Elder Glidden, (a native of Hallowell,) was called to Gardiner, to preside over a 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 Sallie and Bill, who, from the moment of their first meeting, had, strange to say, fallen desperately in love with one ing home. another. Now that Sallie Glidden had promised to become his wife at some future day, our here 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 con- other thing in the world. sent to Bill's leaving the paternal roof, for a new home, so long as they lived.

ship had passed between the lovers, when, with the in the eyes of his handsome companion, whose rich earliest approach of summer, Bill Hutchins firmly dress showed that she was a person who was accusexpressed his intention of spending the coming tomed to good living. That the lady probably had the part of their darling boy, was a signal for fresh did not for a moment doubt, else, how could she afalarm, to the hearts of old Mr. Hutchins and his ford to engage a state room just for herself alone ?wife, who never having been beyond the limits of their own native State themselves, looked upon the refreshments she so much desired. 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 sleepless nights. Resisting the combined entreaties 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

It is true that the long red and black silk purse. hich Sally Gliddon 1 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 locked up in a little band box of an apartment called a stateroom, 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, impulse was to leap from his berth and alarm the 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 vermillion 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.

that the eyes of his numerous fellow passengers, his troubles; and, finding that the interested girl (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 Sally, and make the fair Louise his bride before reglances, Bill did not know, unless on the score of turning to Gardiner. jealousy, because it was his good fortune to win the especial favor of the beautiful stranger at his side.

All that Bill asked for was a few acres of land to ed Image had already usurped that of fally in the till and cultivate as his own, that he might no long. breast of the infatuated youth, ventured tenderly to er feel himself dependant upon the bounty of his linguire the cause of se sudden a change in the manparents. After much deliteration and consultation ner of his lovely inamorata, and was informed by the upon a matter of such vital importance to both gentle Louise, (for such was the name the strange Joshua Hutchins and his kind hearted wife, the female had directed her companion to address her

Thinking that his beautiful partner was somely with his only son and heir, Bill. At this announce- what fatigued from the effects of her tedious stage ment, the hitherto restless and impatient boy be- ride, from Augusta to Hallowell, which she had nocomplished under a broiling noon day sun, the honthe presence of his delighted mother and father est hearted farmer proposed to her the idea of retiring to her state-room with the view of sleeping off golden fancies, and forthwith commenced carning 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 small Methodist congregation, whose place of wor- numerous passengers there assembled to the diningship was an old school-house, situated in the out room below. Finding himself quite alone with the skirts of the town. Joshua Hutchins being one of fair Louise, Bill Hutchins proceeded to extract from the deacons of said society, used frequently to hold the capacious depths of his carpet bag a prodigious prayer meetings at his own house Sunday evenings, sheet of molasses gingerbread, together with half a dozen seed cakes which his thoughtful mother had kindly stowed away for him when packing his trav. eling 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 leav-

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

Here was a new and unexpected trap laid for Bill from which the poor fellow could not see any way to Two years of pleasant and uninterrupted court. extricate himself without appearing mean and stingy Fourth of July in Boston. This singular freak upon money of her own about her person, Bill Hutchins Still she did not say anything about paying for the

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 was not to be daunted in an undertaking, the mere to her during her journey. Consoling himself with contemplation of which had cost him not a few this thought, our hopeful hero darted off without a moment's notice, in the direction of the stairs leadof his parents and his adoring sweetheart, the open ling down to the supper room, and some ten minutes ing of our story beholds Bill Hutchins just in the later re-appeared again on deck, followed by the stewardess, bearing a small waiter containing toast, ten 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 enterin; 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 enc 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 wrathy 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 shrick, followed by a volley of curses, was now heard issuing from No. 32. Begging pardon, the penitent Bill thrust his head, turtle-like, into his berth, and closing his eyes and cars, endeavored to compose himself for 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, befare 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 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 During the entire sail down the river, Bill noticed like a full blown rose. To her Bill at once related really sympathized with him in his misfortunes, the warm-hearted fellow inwardly resolved to resign

At precisely six o'clock in the morning, the 'Charter Oak" reached the wharf, where were as-Upon reaching Bath, where one first begins to feel sembled a crowd of hackmen and people waiting to the unpleasant effects of salt-water air and motion, receive expected friends. Amid the booming of canthe hitherto bright spirits of the levely unknown be- non, firing of crackers, ringing of bells and clamorgan to droop perceptibly. Bill, who was growing ous cries of coachmen, our young hero felt his brain quite lover like in his attentions to one whose paint fast turning. Keeping close to the side of Louise

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

cloth, at length elbowed his way through the crowd, the white lily came a little lady, that looked as on shore, and approached the spot where stood levely as the blossom itself. She was so small that Louise and her friend. Upon the young girl's intro- one would have thought her only the pistil to a lily. ducing the latter to her brother, Bill flutchlus fan. She had on a dress that was all made from one receoled that the wild black eyes, which were momen- leaf, and her girdle was a spider's thread, and her tarily upraised to his own, were the very same that shoes were made of columbine seeds, and her fan had glared in at him through the open window of was a fly's wing, and her sun shade was a daisy. his berth the night previous. The politeness of the But she looked very smiling and good, if she was so stranger, however, soon succeeded in dispelling this tiny, so that Jano thought she would sneak to her. Illusion, and before two minutes more had elapsed, "What is your name, and where do you live, and the delighted youth found bimself whirling rapidly what have you come for?" said Jane. fondly termed Charlie.

After some ten minutes hard driving, our trie I have come to make you happy." were set down before the door of an humble looking tenement, situated in a miserable part of the city. loves me, though I try to make them." 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 do, and do not know all that you are, and so you the building. Louise and her brother at once led think they ought to love you. I do not wonder the way into a splendidly furnished parlor, where that people do not love you, for you bear about you were assembled some five or six handsome looking all the bad things that you have ever done." 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 I had only one; people tell me I have beautiful eyes soon served, to which our innocent, here did ample and fine hair, and that I am as fair as a lily." justice. Later in the morning, several well dressed gentlemen called, who laughed and chatted gaily but you have an ugly face, and it is as brown as a ally in the midst of their conversation to refresh and the hair is like so many little serpents." 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 that you do a sly, naughty thing, a great brown by a watchman upon the steps of a notorious gam- spot comes; and every time you pretend to be good bling saloon in Ann street, in a state of insensibility, and to deceive people, the eyes grow cross more and and conducted to the Station House, where he passed more; and every time you tell a lie, a serpent grows the remainder of the night. Upon awakening to in the place of a hair; and, though you have bright consciousness, Bill informed his official friends that eyes and a fair skin and soft carls that people look he had started for the Common about nine o'clock at, yet with their spirits they can see the ugly face, the night before, with his newly-made acquaintance, and they cannot love you." Charlie, and another man; but that the only fire 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 entired him to drink. Silver watch and purse were now gone in earnest. and Bill Hutchins found himself penniless and friend less in a strange city, without even the means of returning home. Through the kindness of a police a spot fades out; and if you should become perfectly man, who felt interested in his sad story, the disconsolate youth was permitted to remain in his good action would shine out on it, making it more family until he could receive from Gardiner a suffi and more levely every day. Now remember what I cient 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 not to reveal the story of her lover's disgrace to his 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 (botter known to Spitualists as a writer for Tiffany's Monthly; 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 Monthy, and are meeting with a ready sale among liberal denominations of Ohristians. From what we have seen of Mrs. Willia's writings, we are con- must not seek to seem good when you, are not, but fident that our readers will welcome her as a writer for the BANNER OF LIGHT.]

### INTRODUCTION.

1. To the children who may be readers of the BARNER I have a few words to say. I wish to reach your thought, not merely your cars. We have all to learn from life its good and ill, each for ourselves; but the knowledge of the success and fallure of others may sometimes help us, and that is the reason that stories may teach children. I do not wish merely want to help you. When I write a simu 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 hone 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 alms before men to be seen of them; otherwise ye have no reward of your rather which is in heaven."

To do alms, 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 blest 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 ournot; we should feel God's blessing in our own hap- soap bubbles. piness.

It is just the same as telling a lie, to pretend to be what we are not. Some little girls and boys babe. The loving mother bends over it, oh, how think if no one sees them do wrong that it is no fondly! But nature has already got it by the throat matter; and if they are good before people, that it -'t is gone. The mother shrieks in agony. What will answer instead of real goodness. Such children are hypocrites. I will tell you what is called a fairy face is as unruffled as before. story, to help you to understand this :-

Little Jane was not a trathful girl. She would do a good many wrong things, but she did them so alyly 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 shakes her great sides and topples the splendid city hands, that no one need suspect what she had been to the ground, crushing in the falling ruins men, 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 prople 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 the heavens; and the moon still smiles and burnnaughty 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 same. 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 the was to her father's fine garden, and she fell asleep under the shade of a rose tree, and A small dark visaged man, dressed in fine broad- she dreamed that out of one of the pure blossoms of

along the narrow streets of Boston in a carriage, . Not so fast, my little girl; I shall not fly away accompanied by Louise and her brother, whom she till you have asked me all the questions you choose. My name is Rosa Lily, and I live in the flowers, and

"Oh, dear," said Jane, "I can't be happy-no one

"But you do not try right," said Rosa Lily. "You think that people do not see all that you

"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

"That is the face that they see with their eyes: with the young girls in the parlor, pausing occasion- tond's back, and the eyes are as false as a spider's,

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

"I can tell you," said Rosa Lily. "Every time

"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. truthful, you would have but one face, and then every 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 parents. Sally and Bill are married, but will not 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 parsioned, 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 under the name of "Love M. WHITCOME") to furnish us 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 Jour wrong actions, for they will leave a sign on your spirits; and you 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."

> Written for the Banner of Light. WHAT MATTE BY PROP. 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 lustres upon the breast of the humming bird. 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 sins the moisture of its watery shell, and, suddenly, it bursts. What matter? The boy shouts again, as well pleased with selves, whether others knew what we had done or the destruction as with the creation of his beautiful

> Thus is human life but a bubble and the sport of nature. She lends her breath to the bright eyed matter? There is not a tear in nature's eye. Her

See that splendid city, swarming with human beings-all alive with business, arte, science, literature. The trees wave around it in joy; the stars whine above, and the moon, rising over the hills-tops, smiles upon the busy throng of life. But nature women and children. It is a terrible scene. One would think that the shricks 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: ishes the scene of death with her silvery rays. What matter? Life and death are to nature the

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

Writing for the Bander of Light, THE DYING OULD TO ITS MOTHER. A Poem for Little Children.

BT IL CLAY PREUAR. .

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. Shall dim my bright eye. Last evening I dreamt A most beautiful dream; I was cuiling 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, gath'ring all day, I was caught by the night. When a form stood beside me Like a rainbow of light! 'T 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 splender 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 halr. 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 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 sloft To my home in the sky. Oh, mother! dear mother! Come, kiss me once more: I 'm going where I 'll never E'en now to my vision A bright scene is unfurled. And I feel very tired Of this sad, wicked world. Dear mother! do n't cry-My sins are furgiven. And your poor, little Willy

Written for the Banner of Light, "INFIDELITY," AND THE TRACT BOOLETLES.

Will soon be in Heaven !

Washington, D. C.

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 down ward career is commencing, from the fact that as 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 socioties: 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 laborharrowing up the tender sensibilities of childhood. till many even in after years remember wild moments when to their untutored imaginations it scemed, 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 adhe rents 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

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 chil dren-wherever found; desire for their advancement in purity and virtue. Hate and wrath are from an other sphere-they hold no kindred with the sky We see them blazoned forth among the animal crea tion; 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 neigh bors, 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 woo for their companions; and, while eternal ages roll, shall blas pheme the Father who called them into being!"

The publications of the tract societies, sown broad oast over the land, are fraught with woo 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 fice, and the heavens roll away like a blazing parchment, and cry unto the greater part of the creatures of his

earth-earthy!" 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 fiercelycreeds 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 gainmedium at a time when he was in working order, bemedium at a time when he was in working order, being ground in the human mind. Xerxes bade the waves of the Euxine roll backward from his pathway; but its tide yet sparkles in brightness acath the sun of the nineteenth century! The tract Booleties and the sun of the nineteenth century! The tract Booleties and the sun of the nineteenth century! The tract Booleties and the sun of the nineteenth century! The tract Booleties and the sun only a confirmation of this account, but, in addition, yet more marvelous exhibitions of an unknown and

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

These remarks were called forth by reading the following leading article in a late number of the Ohelses Herald, from the pen of its junior editor. For expressing these sentiments he has received his reward-" lufidel!" has been applied, and letters written warning him of his danger. If these thoughts be infidelity—if that we express the true overflowings of our nature when we see the Pather'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 i

Nay, ye blind guides-ye are fettered and fangless now! Time was when your bigot fires curled round the quivering form of Servetus by Geneva's lake; time was when on our own shore 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 our 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 nectarian 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 deny ing himself some little pleasure in order to minister to his family's happiness, have no inclination to read a diductic 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 Muster'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 have the hidden springs of action which form "the story of our life from day to day." Most gloriously have some secular writers yindicated this task, and how pleasant it is to this to supply life. poems as David, Copperfield, The Caxtons that Jditt Halifax, and learn how men who found life-one continued, stern struggle for household necessaries and comforts, dignified their callings by the sanctity of the objects for which they labored, and acted in their lives a religion induitely nobler than that whose acme is loud voiced profession. We feel as we read, that David Copperfield, Traddles, Pisistratus 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 is 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 sisies of Nature's open church, Pestooned with living sculpture, canonied By that dim screen which shuts our longing gaze From Heaven, I make my joyous way. No stare Of criticising eyes dissects my form, No crash of art-made music fulls upon My ear; no hush of false God-reverence; But perfuned breezes, fanned by the wines Of the clear throated choir, which ever chants The authems of the holy priestess, Love. Waft me a balm; 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, tired 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 manifestations, when gathered in private parlors. In speaking concerning this matter, recently, we have been surprised to find the strict continement 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 mat-ter written purported to be a letter from no less a per-

sonage 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. 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 and cry unto the greater part of the contaction and cry unto the greater part of the contaction and capal there is he, seeing more than the rest of the world-his angels!"

there is he, seeing more than the rest of the world-hingdom, yet seeing all with affection and equal regred—not holding out his gifts with pity, but rather loing that which evinces a sense of identity on his part with the suffering to be alleviated. Now he is chartly the suffering to be alleviated. Now he is chartly the suffering to be alleviated. Now he is chartly the suffering to be alleviated. complete isolation and personal aggrandizement, despises and loses his highest possession for the good of the meanest. Beneath him, and the ideal which he touches, there remain approximations.
We were informed that the communication was writ-

ten by a boy not twelve years of age, and who had no acquaintance with the principles of the system, according to which the above was transcribed, while in

an impressional condition.

Notwithstanding the fact that our acquaintance with the gentleman who produced this spiritual fragment was such as to render a doubt of his integrity or sound

aupernatural agent of intelligence. The lad, whose mind and hand conveys the Bwedenbergian communications—presenting them in the most abbreviated form of phonetic reporting style—is certainly not uses: 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 inapired mood.

The circle which we visited constant of in access

The circle which we visited, consisted of six persons. The parties composing it have been in the habit of asand parties composing it have been in the habit of as-sembling 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 notoricty for their peculiar advantages over those who, in their conversation, are restricted to this mundane sphere.—Evening Telegram.

#### SELECTED SENTENCES PROUTHE LAST TWO UNFUBLISHED SERMONS OF REV. THEODORE PARKER.

REPORTED FOR THE DANNER OF LIGHT.

From a Sormon of Hereditary Transmission of Qualities, Dec. 12th, 1858.]

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 sleves; 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

What is a truth in your heart to-day, will be a 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 remoustrated. 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. Hebeat 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. 19th, 1858. 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: nore excess, so much less welfare. The miser is the

poorest of men; his gold does not enrich him she is nothing but the leather bag which holds his dollar together.
The shrew s tongue cuts her own month worse than capeter . 🕲 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 piece 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, on 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 writen the world; it is ploughed in, sub-soiled 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 also 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, # 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 religionsuperstition 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. confident of welfare, sure of progress:-there they go Athens, Corinth, and many fair Ionian towns of either continent, Rome, the German Free Cities, the Hansa Towns, the States of Holland. She tolls 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 enthrone Righteoneness 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 risesto God's ear, is that, and that only where the soul ascends. No matter whether it be gathered in cathedral or bara; whether the minister speak from carefully prepared notes, or from immediate, fervent. irrepressible suggestion.

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

#### BRILLIANTS EXTRACTED PROU

H. W. BEECHER'S MORNING SERMONS.

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

Text:-"To whom coming as unto a living stone, disal-TEXT:-"To whom coming, as unto a living stone, disallowed indeed of men, but chosen of God, and prectous, yo also, as lively stones, are built up a spiritual house, a hely riesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God by Jeans Christ. Wherefore also it is contained in the Scripture, Bohold I my in Zion a chief corner-stone, elect, preclous; and he that believeth on him shall not be confounded, Unito you therefore which believe, he is preclous; but unto them that be disobedient, the stone which the builders disallowed, the same is made the head of the corner, and a stone of stumbling, and a rock of offence, even to them which stumble at the word, being disobedient."—I PET, II, 4-8.

The figures woven into this passage are architectural. They do not, however, touch the imagination as much now as they did when they were first drawn; for we have been misled with regard to the truths they are designed to illustrate, by the degradation that has befallen the corner-stones which we plant. We do not any longer believe in moral qualities being imparted to the strength moral, who not happened moral qualities being imparted to stone and mortar. We do not believe that the aspersion from priestly hands of consecrated water upon inanimate things imparts to them any spiritual quality, or any life-giving power. But we receive a cere-mony from those who do believe thus, and yet go on repeating it. in an empty, useless, and, I may add, senseless way. The corner-stone is not a foundation-stone with us. It might just as well be put at the middle of the wall as at the corner; at the top as at the bottom; and, for that matter, it might as well be put in the tower as in the wall. It is merely a ceremonial corner-stone, made to contain a few records, giving the date, the time, and what not, belonging to

the building.

But there are real corner-stones yet. When builders have dug down and found the bottom level, and desire to lay a foundation which no fire can reach, no water undermine, no weight away, and lay broad and vast stones, then these stones have a marked and most suggestive relation to the integrity of the whole building above. If they are weak, or easily displaced, the foundation will be unstable; and when that gives way, the superstructure, no matter how carefully it may be built, will follow it.

Having spoken of Christ as being a corner-stone, the apostle, with a truly Oriental imagination, sees Christians as "lively" stones; that is, as living stones. "Ye also, as lively stones, are built up a spiritual house." A living stone means a human being. But the figure takes its origin from the seeming life of ra-diant stones, whose gleams and flashes have the seeming, at times, of will and life.

A man is said in the Bible to be more precious than the gold of Ophir; and of a woman it is said, "Her price is far above rubies." These were common comparisons. There is something in the glow of precious parisons. There is something in the glow of precious stones that peculiarly fits them to serve for such spiritual figures. There is about them a subtle light—a brilliancy—that burns without fire; that consumes nothliancy—that burns without fire; that consumes nothing, and requires no supply; that forever shines without oil; that is ever-living, unwasting, unchanged by any of the natural elements. A diamond that glows in the sunlight, flashes yet more beautifully in the night. No mould can get root upon it; no rust can tarnish it; no decay can waste it. The jewels that were burled two thousand years ago, if now dug upfrom royal and priestly tembs, would come forth as fair and fresh as they were when the proud wearor first carried them in his diadem. Such stones seemed to the ancients, and are, fit emblems by which to represent spiritual qualities, and the beauty and imperishsent spiritual quanties, and ableness of Christian virtue. sent spiritual qualities, and the beauty and imperish-

Every man will, upon reflection, acknowledge his dependence upon God, in all physical relations at dependence upon God, in all physical relations at least; for God made all things, and sustains all things. We conselves, exquisitely adjusted, are kept by his superintendence. Though men may not think of this subject more than once a year during their lifetime, yet, when they do think of it, they are all wont to feel that, whatever may be the liberty and freedom of their Down-plenays powers, they go back and rest ultimately upon God's care.

upon Gode care.

Men and les conscious of depending, in some more of loss reinted way, upon Divine providence; for most men, although they may in theory reject all idea of such a providence, carry with themselves a feeling that there is a Divine order and arrangement of human affairs. So common is this feeling, that even unreligious and irreligious people are accustomed to speak of daily blessings or troubles as having some relation to God's overruling power.

God's overruling power.

Likewise, men often believe that they are directly influenced in their soul and mind by God's Spirit; that some of their thoughts spring up at the touch of God's thought-awakening nature; and that the experiences which dawn upon their spiritual being, the emotions which they available. tions which they experience, some of the transcendent views which rise up before their interior vision, and the lofty conceptions which come to them from a mysterious source, are the result of the action of God's mind upon theirs.

Sometimes a child is removed from its mother's care, and put out to nurse to a foster-mother. Through all its earlier years it is, as it were, the child of this new-found mother. For some reasons the parents may not choose, for a time, to own their child. They may o where it is and look upon it as it sleeps. It shall hear about them, and shall know that all its wants are supplied by them. It may even yearn for mother and father, and wonder what those words must mean at last. And yet the child never sees its parents. But, by and by, they send for their child, and it is brought home. Now, little by little, it grows ac-quainted with them. It rides with them; it eats with them; it talks with them; it loves them; it begins to flow with them. And is there no difference between depending on parents whom you do not know, and a conscious communion with them when you are united to them? Is there no difference between the relation of a child to its parents when it is a foster-child, kept aloof, supported by the parent through others, and its relation to them afterwards, when it is brought home. embraced, embosomed, and made hourly conscious of their presence and personal love? Now, there is such a thing as our being put out to nurse in this world. There is, also, such a thing as our being brought home to God as our Father; and in the light of this illustration it is easy to perceive that there is a world-wide difference between a conscious dependence upon God and a conscious communion with him.

From many of the men by whose side we walk, whose sleeves brush our sleeves, and whose hands touch our hands, we should not be more senarated than we now are, if continents and oceans intervened be tween them and us. There are none so utterly un known to each other as many who stand hand in hand with each other, who lie down together, and who rise up together. They are separated from each other as far as heaven is from earth. Two persons often merely imprison each other as interison each other, and there is no solitude like that of the society of unlike, unsympathizing natures, kept

together by external reasons.

And so, on the other hand, we know what it is to live with and to live in others. We come to know their thoughts, to feel their tastes, to be conscious that their mind plays upon ours, by word and look and action. There is a mysterious sympathy between them and us, operating perpetually. Heart springs toward opening heart, and soul speaks to soul, whether the hip moves or not. The eye speaks all langanges, and speaks so largely that the poor tongue cannot in an hour interpret.

the who made the heart, and knows where its fruits, and flowers are, does not ask for the poorest and lowest developments of our nature, but for the best.

. 0, . 0 How inconsistent are some men's conceptions of the Divine Being with the religion in which they profess to believe! Their God is always riding on the stars, or is behind them, or is directing some physical or moral law! He is wonderful in power, but is always afar off. The God of most men, whether they are skeptical naturalists or ecclesiastical religionists, is afar off. And only them do I count to be true Christians whose God is always near; for the promise of Christ was that he and his Father would come to his disciples and abide with them.

When I mean to build me a house on a piece of ground that is unoccupied and overgrown, I send a gang of hands to grub out the old roots, to cut down the rank weeds, to grade the surface, and to make extended the management of the surface, and to make extended the surface, and to make extended the surface and to make extended the surface and the s

The house is yet to arise. The house is yet to arise.

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

But last, higher than morality, higher than philanthropy, higher than worship, comes the love of God. That is the chiefest thing. Lovel it is that which brings forth out of obscurity the hidden God which we seek. Send forth all the powers of the soul to search for God, and there is not comes to the soul to search for God, and there is not comes to the soul to search for God, and there is not come to the soul to search for God, and there is not come to the soul to search for God, and there is not come to the soul to search for God, and there is not come to the soul to search for God, and there is not come to the soul to search for God, and there is not come to the soul to search for God, and there is not come to the soul to search for God, and there is not come to the soul to search for God, and there is not come to the soul to search for God, and there is not come to the soul to search for God, and there is not come to the soul to search for God, and there is not come to the soul to search for God, and there is not come to the soul to search for God, and there is no come to the soul to search for God, and there is no come to the soul to search for God, and there is no come to the soul to search for God, and there is no come to the soul to search for God, and there is no come to the soul to search for God, and the search for God, eck. Send forth all the powers of the soul to scarch for God, and there is not one of them which, making inquisition according to its own nature, can find him out and reveal him, except this divine spirit of Love! Put wings of imagination upon Conscience, and let it fly forth. Say to it, "Go and find thy God !" Fly-ing through night and through day; above and beneath; among clouds and through day; above and beneath; among clouds and thunder; through darkness
and through light—it would return at length, wingtired, only to say, "I have found marks of God, in
law, in pain, and penalty; I have seen the traces of
thunder, and the path of lightning, and the foundation
of eternal power; but nowhere have I found the full

Give the wings of faith to Reason, and send it, in turn, forth from east to west, around the earth, and through the heavens, to see if by searching it can find out God; and it shall say, ... I have seen the curious work of, his hand, and have marked the treasures that he hath heaped up. The whole earth is full of his glory, and the heavens are unscarchable by us. God hath done I have felt, but God himself is hidden from my sight."

Let Fear, equipped with faith pursue the same errand. It would not even know which way to fly, and turning downward, groping or flying directly amidst infernal things, it would rehearse a catalogue of terrors, of gloomy fears, or brooding superstitions; but the bright, sun-clad God it could not see.

Let Reverence go forth. But what there is in Rever-ence can never interpret what there is in God. This feeling can touch the divino Orb but in a single point.

And the Heavens would say to Reverence, "Such an one as you seek is not in me;" and Hell would say, "He is not in me;" and Earth and Time would repeat, "He is not in us,"

It is only Love that can find out God without searching. Upon its eyes God dawns. Wherever it looks, and wherever it sees—that is God; for God is love. Love is that regent quality which was meant to reveal the distance of the desired that the god is the constitution of the desired that the god is the constitution of the god in the constitution of the constitution of the god in the constitution of the god in the constitution of the constitution of the god in the go the divine to us. It carries its own light, and, by its own secret nature, is drawn instantly toward God, and reflects the knowledge of him back upon us. When love hath brought forth its central vision of the divine, and interpreted it to all the other faculties, then they, in turn, become seers, and the soul is helped by every one of its faculties, as by so many eyes, to behold the fullness of flod fullness of God.

Love is the magnetism which has been placed in the human soul. It draws the secret particles of truth. And love in God is that great loadstone to which every heart springs up by attraction. And as when the mag-net passes through the sand, the quartz, the gold, the silver, and the thousand other elements hid in the sand, only the iron clings to it; so when God passes near the soul, the lower love, the reason, the fear, the hope the reverence, do not vibrate to his presence, but the higher love instantly feels the coming power, and flies to the bosom of its God!

A man is not a Christian because he is free from pas-

sions, and lives under the dominion of reason and con-science. He is a moral man, but not a Christian. No man is a Christian till he has had the vital principle of

I believe there is a great deal of good in natural religion. Here is a man who does not believe the Old or the New Testament; and yet his life is fortile with good deeds, and in many respects his character is more symmetrical than the character of those about him who do believe the Bible. And people come to me and respect that man is a Christian [12] Thelieve he is in many respects a good man, but I do not helieve he is a Christian.

You may ask, .. What will become of those men who are so good, but whom you do not class among Chris-tians?" I do not know. Thank God, I am not God. Every man hears the drum-beat of the eternal world. man must stand for himself, and every man must answer for himself there. It is enough for me to bring myself and my own charge to God, without stop-ping to answer questions which belong to the future.

One thing I know, and that is, that he who trusts in the Lord Jesus Christ shall never be moved. One thing I know, that there is a power in Christ to trans-late a man above his sins, and almost above temptations, in this world.

I know no other light; I will steer for that. I feel no other influence; I will be drawn by that. I have no other faith; I will trust in that. For he who lives and dies believing in Christ shall not perish, but have everlasting life. Whether any others shall have evereverlasting life. Whether any others shall have ever-lasting life or not, is not for you nor me to say. I will not sit in judgment upon them; neither will I set up a judgment against them. If they take their own path, so they must take their own risk. I am not either to condemn them or to insure them.

Now, I believe and I declare that it is possible for a man to love an invisible being; and I am neither de-ceived myself nor deceiving other people.

And men come to me and say, "A man cannot love an intangible spirit;" my reply is, "He can; for I do!" "But," they say, "it is mere fancy." Fancy I Is fancy a thing so mighty as that? For I can bring you ten thousand men that have a faith in a present God, which all the powers of heaven and hell might strive in vain to remove. Tell me' that it is an impos-sible thing for a man to love the Lord Jesus Christ, who is invisible! You might as well, if I were now to go forth beneath this glorious Sabbath sun, and its rays were to fall down through the air upon me and about me on every side, tell me there was no sun! Councils of owls and bats may come to me, under the name of philosophers, and say, "Do you not think that all these which you are talking about—rays of the sun, flowers, singing-birds, curling smoke, and the like—are a delusion? We have lived almost as long as you have, and we have consulted the oldest owls and bats, and we do not believe in them." Let owls and bats take their experience from dens and caves, but let men take their knowledge from the open heavens.

It so happens that God is more with the humble than with the proud. It is the babes, the sucklings, the simple, that often are nearest to him. It is those that are down low in life, more than those that walk in the high places of the earth, that have a sweet reliance d trust in God.

Oftentimes, in Christian communities, you shall find the truest piety in the houses of the lowly, and that God's angels love hovels better than palaces.

I know that my Redeemer liveth. I have stood nea the grave, and then I knew that my Redeemer lived, and that because he lived I should. I have gazed through that most powerful glass of all, through which God reveals the invisible—the fresh-opened graves of my children!—and there, in the tumults and revolu-tions of grief. I knew that my Redeemer lived, and that he was with me to comfort me. I have seen trials and troubles of various kinds in my life; and I bear witness that there was never a time when I needed help, that he was not by my side to help me. And I have no sort of doubt that Christ will stand by me to the end, and conduct me through the gate of death to eternal life. And no man shall move me from my

I think that sometimes the spirit of God is to men I think that sometimes the spirit of God is to men what the rising waters are to boats in a stream, when they run upon sand-bars. The attempts of the men to get them off with screws and jacks are of no ayail; but by and-by the rain upon the mountains causes a great freshet, when suddenly they are lifted up, and carried over, and have good navigation all the way to their destination. How many men, going down the stream of time are caught on the sand-bars of life carried over, and have good navigation all the way to their destination. How many men, going down the stream of time, are caught on the sand-bars of life, and are held there till from God some uplifting influence comes and carries them over, and gives them a clear current the rest of their days.

By and by we shall stand, every one of us, in the By and by we shall stand, every one of as, in the narrow passage of death, and there is but one Pilot little science, art, or attainment, of seeing what good there. If he comes, bright and shining, from the dark there is in everybody and everything, the regular course waters of the troubled sea, how sweet and precious of instruction is altogether deficient. It fluishes one's will he be to the dying soul that has loved him, and longed to see him! I have seen the vision of Christ a education at every possible point but this. thousand times as I wanted to see him. I have seen to see him, of every new generation that passes out.

gaged by its own sweet reaction upon morals; but inotality does not constitute piety.

Next follows philanthropy, which certainly rises higher than morality. It warms our hearts toward our follow-men, and draws us nearer to God, through his creatures. By acting upon our seelal natures, it enriches us, and cuables us to benefit those about us. But this alone does not constitute true piety.

Then there is worship, which rises higher than either morality or philanthropy, if it take them with it. But this is not plety. Worship, at best stands knocking at the gate, saying, "Lord! Lord! open unto us!"

But last, higher than worship, comes the love of God.

# Banner of Night.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1859.

PUBLICATION OFFICES: 1-2 Brattle St., Boston: 143 Fulton St., New York. All letters must be addressed,

BANNER OF LIGHT, Boston, Mass.

EDITORS: WILLIAM BERRY, LUTHER COLEY, J. R. M. SQUIRE.

THOS. GALES FORSTER, CORRESPONDING EDITOR. TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

Single copies per year,
" " six months,
" three months,

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

CLUB RATES.—Clubs of four and upwards will be furnished to the following rates:

One year. 

Persons sending us clubs, may add to the club at any sub-equent time, names either in their town, or any other place.

Moneys sent at our risk; but where drafts on New York can e procured, we prefer to have them sent, to avoid loss. Pro-ure drafts on New York, if possible.

Subscribers wishing the direction of their paper hanged from one town to another, must always state the same of the town to which it has been sent. Address, "Banner of Light," Boston, Mass.

Berry, Colby & Co.

#### CHARITY SUFFERETH LONG.

It ought to be a serious question with every man, to what extent he has a right to cast a judgment, or express an opinion of another at all. We none of us have ny right to question the virtue of others' motives; it certainly is out of all possibility that we can accurately measure or estimate them, let us apply them to what standard, or bring to them what penetration, we may. Meddlesomeness in these respects is the key of all the troubles society knows. Men are not satisfied with trying to do well themselves, and leaving their example to work its own effect, but must needs poke and peck about to see what others are doing, and if they are doing it according to rule. It is a little thing: at best, that we let one another alone; whereas, there are plenty who practically esteem it a consummate hardship.

Charity is, in effect, putting the best construction on matters possible. It means a looking at the bright side. It is a finding out the good there is in a man, rather than resting content to accept the evil. It implies patience to see how a person's conduct is likely to result; also the idea that we may be, in a great degree, faulty ourselves, in respect of perception, of sympathy, of temperament, or of some other qualities. Nothing is easier than to fall into the error of supposing others are just what they happen to strike us as being; whereas, our conceptions are liable to be distorted and turned away by a thousand minute circumstances, of which no note can well be taken. In a great majority of the cases, men fall to exercise a proper charity for others, because they are altogether incompetent judges of others-that is, because they have as yet scarce come to know themselves.

It is gospel truth, therefore, that "charity begins at home." In that case, it cannot well be " puffed up," and it must likewise "suffer long." Many people suppose that the doling out of periodical pence to the poor of the parish, or the suffering heathen, in a contribution-box, constitutes what is called charityforgetting, or, more probably, not knowing that charity "thinketh no evil," rather than giveth away money to deserving and undeserving alike.

It is hard to speak in criticism of those who lack arity, for the ve reason that we may had lar lack ourselves; we may but convict ourselves of the very fault, whether of perception, of temperament, or of sympathy, of which we seek to convict others. Yet the fault must be criticised and must be condemned. It makes too much mischlef in the world to be humored or passed by. Where there is smoke, there must needs be fire; and where we behold heat of feeling and intemperance of language, it is natural, as well as necessary, to conclude that there is a want of healthy judgment and an active charity.

We have abundant illustrations of our meaning, vhichever way we turn our eyes; nor, indeed, do we desire to be exempted ourselves from the just condemnation which belongs to all who lack the charity that alone makes life endurable. If one could only be brought to try and discover what good there was in another, instead of how much evil, a new coloring would be put upon matters at once. But the practice is quite the reverse. Nor can it be said that it is the consequence so much of a radical tendency to evil in human nature, as that it proceeds from the narrowness and bigotry of our early education. We see no more than just what we are able to see-that is, no more than our limited vision has been permitted to see, from early youth up. There is no absolute criminality in it; but the education might be enlarged and improved upon with good effect.

It is a very common habit, whenever another's position, arguments, or what not, are too strong for us, and we feel our own giving way before their superior power and force, to fall to calling names; as if every impediment could be reduced to a level by engineering like this, in the last resort of all. We say it is a habit, and we are not willing to believe it is anything more proceeding naturally enough from the narrow and one sided views inculcated upon the nature from earliest youth. We dislike to admit that we can ourselves be wrong, while others are right. There is something selfish, or vain, or timid about us, which was not taught its place when our natures were first beginning to develop; and it is owing to this that we insist either on having our own way, or, at least, that others shall not have theirs. It all takes the shape of meddling in the end, and tends to throw the entire machinery of things into needless disorder and confusion. If we

could but let others alone! One little thing no modern system of education pretends to teach; and that is, that there is always a final residuum of good in every man. That is the positive of his nature-evil, or ignorance, is but the negative, or the dark side; and we show our own evil by insist ing on finding the evil there is in others, before we look for aught else. Our schools and colleges profess to instruct in languages and the sciences, and perfect young men and women in those arts, attainments and practices which are popularly supposed to aid them most in getting through the world; but in this single

from our institutions of learning into active life and the world, none bring with them a knowledge of the best and fructs way of making life the desirable thing it might be. Enough of them know how to accumulate stores of information, hunch of it shapeless, and more of it useless; and a plenity of them have been taught how to exercise sharpened faculties in the pursuit of fame, or wealth, or something equally transitory and unreal; but not one has been instructed in the very simple art of getting the real meaning out of existence, by first placing and then keeping binself in right relations with others. That is, the secret is nover taught how to see only what is good, rather than what is evil, in those around us. Optimism is a great self-citice, after all; not because it is particularly difficult of mastery, but since it is not insisted on as a necessary, or even a leading, branch in our system of education. It is a lack, however, that cannot long be overlooked, if we expect to have right-minded men and women in the world.

There is a great deal of talk about charity, and about the need of its exercise; but its practice has not yot become popular. It is a very old-fashioned dectrine, older than Christ's day, but never more forcibly presented to the individual than by means of his impressive preaching. And if his doctrine of charity, or the apostolic writers' doctrine after him, meant anything at all, and was not merely sounding brass and a tink-ling cymbal, then it directly inculcated just what we should try to see only the native good there was in every man, and shut our eyes to the evil. To be sure, it does not teach that we shall see nothing but good purposes in one whose actions are altogether evil, or that we should try to see only the native good there was in every man, and shut our eyes to the evil. To be sure, it does not teach that we should try to see only the native good there was in every man, and shut our eyes to the evil. To be sure, it does not teach that we should try to see only the native good there was in every man, and shut our eyes to the evil. To be sure, it does not teach that we should try t best and truest way of making life the desirable thing

such a person; for we are likewise enjoined to be as "wise as serpents," while we are harmless as doves. That is, if an evil-minded man seeks to defraud or injure me. I must needs take such means as are at my disposal, though neither harmful nor malicious, to head off and bring to naught his machinations; still it belongs to me to credit his evil intent to ignorance, to faulty education, to circumstances, and to wrong influences. There is still good in the man, and in due time it will come to the surface. It is only for the good that I am to look; and in this way only can I hope that 'he will ever be induced to show it to any one. For a maneven the worst of men-soon comes to take pleasure in seeming to be, and finally in being, what they discover others think them; and in no particular are they so easily reached as in that of kindness and benevolent regard. Let a person feel that you think him noble, even if he is not, or that you are looking for nothing but noble things in him, and the result is certain that he soon becomes in fact what you have benevolently set him down to be in theory.

Besides, we do not see what special privilege one has, in any case, to set himself up as a judge over another. That is not the way Providence has arranged matters. How do you know, sir, that Bo-and-so is dishonest in his purposes, even though the weight of presumption is decidedly against him now? Or how do you know, sir, that Such an-one has malice in his heart for a perpetual guest, or that even out of a harsh expression may not gleam at times the light of a kind tenderness that would attract an angel to his side? You do not know of this; you cannot know of these things; the best you can do is to guess at what you do, and then attempt to set him down where, in your lame judgment, he properly belongs.

Then, again-and this is by far the most detestable aspect of the whole case—how many assume to judge others by their rank, or place, or accorded position in should convict such judgment-makers of meanness themselves, it should certainly be this grossly assuming practice. What makes truth, or a sentiment of beauty, or a sudden inspiration either in literature or art, any the less valuable, because it chanced to have its origin outside the circle of people of mere wealth? As if Christ was not the son of a carpenter; and Plato did not live after what this age would esteem a mean and odd style; and Socrates did not instruct his followers in the public ways, walking as he talked; and all the great masters of the human soul were not simple in their lives, even to severity, in order that the soul itself should shine out in their natures with less obin judgment on others; for the first condition of a correct judgment is, that you understand those whom | right shall be inaugurated with respect to the prisoner? you undertake to judge; whereas, to pass upon one the position and not of the man-of the kernel and not of the meat.

If discourses, and examples are to be preached and lived that shall help on any cause, of all causes the most important to the welfare of man, they must be upon this single subject, or cause, of Charity. It is the Alpha and Omega of social existence. We could not get on as well as we do without it, even in the small measure in which it is exercised; and it is certain that we should get on a great deal better, if we laid still more stress on it than we do. It is the hidden philosopher's stone, after which there was so long a scientific search. It will not only renew youth and prolong existence, but it is capable of transmuting and immortal vouth

### The Tribune's List of Lecturers.

A late number of the New York Tribune contains a list o over two hundred names of persons who are prepared to entertain and instruct Literary and Scientific Associations and the public generally, during the ensuing lecture season A correct list of the names and post-office addresses of a many lecturers would certainly be a great convenience t lycoum committees and others. At the same time, it would doubtless promote the interests of many of the lecturers.

But the Tribune's types, for some reason, (perhaps from the force of a chronic habit,) will get out of blace whenever an allusion is made to either Spiritualism or its friends. For example: instead of the name of the author of "Man and His Relations," the Tribune reports that L. B. Birnan, of Newark, N. J., is among the number whose services-in the capacity of lyceum lecturer-are offered to the public. We presume that this is not a fair specimen of the the Tribune's list; if it were so, the proprietors of that jour nal would probably derive the chief advantage from its publi making it necessary for the several lecturers to advertise in its columns, in order to save themselves from the consequences of its blunders.

We remember to have heard of S. B. BRITTAN as a public lecturer, not only on themes directly connected with Spiritualism, but on various scientific, literary, and popular subjects. As for Mr. Birnan, he was of course conjured up by ing up the comments of the editors to the Christian standard. the careless or mischievous devil in the Tribune office. It i a mistake to suppose that the imp has gone to Pike's Peak.

### Father Taylor.

We are grieved to learn that this good man and life-long friend of the sallor has been prostrated of late by illness which, it is feared, may terminate fatally. The name of Old Father Taylor will be remembered with blessings, as long almost as that of Old Father Time himself. He has done reat work, in his lifetime, and thousands rise up to call him blessed. A stauncher friend the hardy and honest-hearted seaman never had. Few men can lie down to die, with the thought that they have been so steadfast to their purpose all through their days.

### The Battle of Baltimore.

The Forty-fifth anniversary of the Battle of Baltimore was uly celebrated on the 12th inst. It went off with great clat. 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 Springs. Sundry military companies from abroad visited the city on the occasion.

Imprisonment for Crimo. To the Editors of the Banner of Lights

the means of doing good.

Very respectfully yours, We publish the above call upon us, and upon the Christian public, with pleasure, and accede to the proposal therein contained, with great hope that in doing so we shall be enabled to effect good where it is most needed; for certainly the prisoner has need of our sympathy, and the public, at whose instance he suffers for transgressing the laws of society, has a great interest in the progression of the erring brother

from evil to good. We may not shut the prisoner from our heart's sympathies without inflicting a blow upon all humanity. The lower he has fullen from the standard of a true man, the more he needs our love, and the more do we owe it to him. Yet-and we grieve to say it—the reverse of this is the rule in the treatment of criminals, both by society at large, and those who have them in their keeping after sentence has been pronounced. Love and not hatred, respect and not contumely, must be the leading elements of those minds who are set over them.

We have doubtless made much advancement in this respect from the course pursued by our ancestors, yet we have only paved the way, as it were, for a still greater improvement. Boon-and the sooner the better-our prisons must be reclaimed from the position they now hold as institutions where CRIME IS PUNISHED. They must be changed to schools, where minds, whose education has perverted those elements which, when properly cultivated in some cases, and restrained in others, would have made them ornaments to society, may be taught how to control their propensities. There must be less attention paid to economy in conducting our prisons-less work must be demanded, and more time given to reading and instruction in the various branches of knowledge. In this, so far as it enables men to know themselves, and what they are capable of being, phrenology will bear an important part.

Society, too, which is also responsible for these errors in our prison discipline, has a lesson to learn in its treatment of the discharged convict. He may have learned a good trade during his incarceration, and may re-enter the world with the best desires to lead in the future a higher life, yet who will employ "the Jall bird?" If he honestly tells the person that he is indebted to prison-life for his trade, hoping to strike the society; that is, pass upon the worth and weight of chords of sympathy and love in his breast, he almost invatheir opinions, their sentiments, and even their char- riably finds that his frankness has only procured him a refuactor, by so low and mean a standard ! If anything sal. If, finding that this course will not do, he conceals the truth, some police officer, or other officious person, soon feels it to be his duty to tell the employer that he has in his shop a convict! And, then, with reproaches that he did not tell from whence he came, and thus be honest, he is discharged. There is nothing left for him to do but to steal: no other avenue is open whereby he can earn his bread. Is he much at fault if he take what he is not allowed to earn? Where is the fault that he is once more a thief?

We think that agitation of this subject is needed, and without casting any reproaches upon what has been, and what now is, which only tends to stir up animosity among men. we may give attention to what humanity domands there should be. What has been, was doubtless right under old conditions; what now is, is probably the best that could be under those conditions which have governed us of late; yet, struction. These wretched judges have no right to sit is there not a higher and a better to come, and are not humunity coming into a condition when a higher conception of

There are enough humanitarians now to commence the from the position he happens to hold, is to judge of discussion of this subject, and we trust the call for articles connected with it will be responded to by minds who are capable of rendering this discussion pleasant and profitable to ali.

### To Professor Felton.

MESSES, EDITORS-Please allow me a small space in the BANNER, to notice one of the charges made by Prof. Felton against the much-abused medium, J. V. Mansfield. The Professor says, in the Boston Courier of August 3d-" When Mansfield opens letters, and sells the answers to them, under the pretence that the answers come from departed spirits, he ought to be dealt with as any other rogue who obtains money by false pretences "-and so say all good men, amon. Bus Mr. M. does no such thing. He neither opens the letters nor sells the answers. All he promises to do is, to receive letters at one deliar each, in advance, and allow spirits the use of all things about us to pictures of beauty, and poetry, his organism to write answers—or three dollars, guaranteeing an answer, or the money refunded.

It seems the Professor thinks it an easy matter to answer open letters. I will give him a chance to try, if he feel so disposed. I hereby offer the sum of one bundred dollars to Professor Felton, provided he answer, truthfully, a letter written to one of my spirit brothers. The letter shall be truthfully written, and directed to my brother, who is now dead, but liveth forever. If I do not prove to the Professor the untruthfulness of his answer-if he attempt one-the money to be his within ten days. ' If he does not like money so obtained, I will pay it over to the Provident Society of Boston, to help the poor during the coming winter.

Yours truly, W. WHEELER. National House, Boston Aug. 17th, 1859.

For fear the Professor will think this personage a myth, we will assure him that he is a highly respectable man. Farthermore, the Professor met him in Greece, while both were traveling in that country, and we believe they had many conversations together.

### Gerritt Smith.

This gentleman published a discourse on religious themes. some little time since, which the so-called "religious newspapers" proceeded to comment on in their own peculiar style. Mr. Smith has just rejoined, in a column letter to one of the New York papers, and says a great many sharp, and a great many true things. What he has to offer, in the way of holdought to do them a great deal of good. They certainly betray a lack of charity that is deserving only of the most thorough condemnation. There is nothing like "holding the mirror up to nature." An editor of an ecclesiastical paper is not really aware how bigoted, and how malicious it is competent for him to be, until somebody outside of his sectarian erganization makes him see it in a light to which he is not secustomed. Geritt Smith seems to be abundantly able to take care of himself, in defending the dectrine of Reason over Authority.

### The Great Eastern.

Extensive proparations are making in Portland to receive the new mammeth steamer, from England. The programme includes a public dinner, a ball, general illumination of the city, ringing of bells, salutes from the artillery, excursions in the harbor, military displays, and other like manifestations of rejoicing. A committee of the city government has size voted to extend invitations to President Buchanan and his Cabinet, to General Scott, to the Governor of Canada, to Genarni Williams, commander of the British forces in North America, to the Governors of the several States, and to the Executives of Nova Scotla and New Brunswick, to visit Portland during the visit of the Great Eastern.

Paul Pry.

One of the Paul Prys of our day has been looking Into or over our paper, and reports thereon in three columns of the New York Bunday Atlas. I'aul accords to its literary character praise, and tells the truth in speaking as he does of our large circulation. But at "The Messenger," Paul's nose at all times, our hands and hearts can find to do, Lot us sticks; he cannot get beyond the surface with that probability and to the fives of those around us.

of his, and so he pokes considerable fun at the uncouth out.

If disease and pain afflict us, let us bear the suffering with sticks; he cannot get beyond the surface with that probescle ever do that which will add peace and happiness to our lives put on by the feeble knowledge which has come to man in the past of a future life of spirit. Paul has evidently got chasteneth. no further than the idea that when man "shovels" off this mortal cell, 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 saintsaccording to his notions-talking just as they used to do friendship; with a feeling that can conquer the battlements of when standing from four to six feet high above the pavements. We expect a heap of just such criticism, and can onjoy 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 and say my brother has told alle. No, this is not my duty; 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 Fejee mormald, or Barnum's woolly horse, would also have been listened to again; the fires of contention will be fanned and fed by so with sober faces by many. The "Moon Hoax," too, took redding. I would not return a blow for a blow, an evil for an markably well when it was new; but either of these stories now, related with such sobriety as Paul tolls his story, would raise a laugh at the relator'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 Fejee mermaid will. Barnum knew when to put the woolly horse in the stable, and Kimball has got the mermaid carefully stowed away; but poor Paul trots out this spavined, knock-kneed mag as a first class demolisher. Paul's nose is getting a little dull; it needs an extra turn at the grind-stone before he can prv into matters closely enough to get at the true cause of all these things and enlighten the

There is one peculiarity about this Paul that we mus notice, and then leave him. He 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 could quote a quarter of a column of this vulgarity and nonsonse, as he calls it; but a simple, short paragraph lives be! It is a want of this virtue, charity, in me, in you, suffices for a very good message of the "higher order," which ands 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 came charity is one of the choicest, and rarest, too, of the virtues of a true man,

When he prys aside the vell 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 funny spirit 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 vaca

tion of these liberal preachers.

Our readers will find one of Mr. Beecher's sermons re ported verbatim, and some of the gems extracted from an other. 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 and 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 appre

We shall also give as often as we can do so selection

from the morning sermons of Mr. Beecher, not of sufficient length, however, to interfere with our brethren of the INDE PENDENT.

Dr. Chapin's morning discourses will be reported as usual; As Mr. Chapin did not occupy his pulpit last Sabbath, w 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 erased 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 re-'ligious 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 lournal; open to the free discussion of all torics calculated to benefit the race, and to promote the reign of Love, Palth 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 23d to 20th of September; at Eric City, and Columbus, Pa.; 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.

Rach week finds on our table this neat, handy and wellarranged publication. It is devoted to art, science, agriculture, chemistry, etc., and we are free to say it is the very 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 heartly 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 de voted 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 usoful men-as things go now-in so clety held their eighth anniversary meeting in Boston on the sented. చేస్తున్న స్టేస్

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

Mr Baorneas and mr Sisreas-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

resignation, remembering that whom the Lord leveth he

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 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, 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 doing. I would not return a blow for a blow, an evil for an avil, 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 meforgive 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 sconer now, if I should commit an offence against you, than you would before you were chastised with prison bondage. This bondage, then, is a blessing to you, but perhaps it is yet, to you, in disguise. 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 virtuo of every heart-how peaceful and happy would all our 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 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 proclaim 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 we are 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 uddressing Banner of Light, New York.

Wo 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.

MESSES. EDITORS-I SAW a communication in the BANNER I June 2d, from Jerry Gordon, who was an uncle of my wife. He lived and died in Henniker, N. H.; his mother's name and to these prominent features we shall add well prepared was Mehitable Gordon, and his nephew, Jacob Stewart, was abstracts of other Sabbath lectures, when occasion demands. my wife's brother. It is also true that be had fits, which comnced when he was ten years old, and aft 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. MICAL TUBBS.

Yours with respect. San Francisco, Cal., August 18th, 1859.

### The Fraternity Lectures.

The Fraternity of the Twenty-Eight Congregational Soclety'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 Leighton, 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 gentlemen 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., and wherever friends of reform are desirous of her labors as 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 & Eric 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 peril, and the 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 sneed 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 envelops, twelve white note envelops, 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 enough article 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 13th. There was a large and most respectful assemblage spiritualistic theories and ideas. Such things only go to present. About every State in the Union was duly repre- show that the matter is being discussed everywhere at the present time, which is very desirable.

The Two Judges.

Judgo Black, the Attorney General of the United States, as published a carefully prepared reply to the article of 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 respecta ble citizens, clergymen and reformers, for a meeting, to be held at Freeman Chapel, on Mondoy evening the 21st last. As our paper is not issued until Tuesday morning, we can do no good by giving the notice in full.

#### Book Notices.

PHRENOLOGY AND OTHER POEMS, by Daniel Parker. S. W.

This pamphlet of 40 pages contains originality, presented n 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 Potatee Rot.

It is said, on good authority, that a pea inserted in every seed potatoe, when planted, is a sure remedy for the potatoe 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 hat a regular system of street preaching has been inaugurated in that city. It claims that by this system good will be of \$10,000. lone, and abler 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 holden at Penn Yan, Yates Co., N. Y., on the 18th, 14th, 15th and 16th days

#### ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

CONTENTS OF THIS WEEK'S PAPER .- First Page -- Continution of Mrs. Ann E. Porter's brilliant story—Bertha Lee. Second Page-Poetry-Heart Breathings, by Charlotte Alen; "Bill Hutchins's first trip to Boston," a humorous

Third Page-Commencement of a series of stories for the oung, by Mrs. L. M. Willis, entitled "Little Jane's Two Faces;" "What Matter?" by Prof. Spence; "The Dying Child to its Mother," a poem by H. Clay Preuss, Esq., of Washington, D. C.; "Infidelity and the Tract Societies, by J. W. Dav: Belected Sentences from two of Rev. Theodore Par cer's unpublished sermons, etc.

Fourth and Fifth Pages-These are before the reader, and als 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 Educa tion," by Prof. Spence; "Organization and Church Govern ment," 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 SCHAP BOOK.-John J. Dyer & Co., No. 80

School street, Boston, have published a Scrap Book, containing nearly five hundred engravings of all classes—humorous, and lescriptive 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 fuir 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 urban'ty and attention to the wants of retail dealers, drawn to their store an immense trade.

THE FAMILY CINCLE 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 nublished at San Francisco, Cal., by W. H. Manning & Co., at 55.00 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 guages, 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 Cosz desires to know the name of the tune which was

played upon the feelings.

In silence mend what fils deform thy mind;
But all thy good impart to all thy kind.—[Sterling.

A well primed lover of the bottle, who had lost his way, coled into a tectotal grocery, and hiccuped:-"Mr. lo you—keep n—nything—good to take—here?", "Yes," re olled the temperance shoukeeper, "we have excellent cold water-the best thing you could have." "Woll, I. know it," was the reply; "there is no-one thing-that's done so much for navigation—as that,"

One Sponcor, 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 Panobscot Bay, a remedy found very effectual in a similar case.—Belfast Journal.

CROPS IN MINNESOTA .- A Western paper says:-"From overy 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 exraordinary in quantity and sound in quality."

AGRICULTURAL SOCIETIES .- Ohlo has 68; Illinois 88; New York 77: Indiana 76; Pennsylvania 98; 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 Presi-

dent of Autioch College, in place of the late Horace Maun. The selection is excellent. Single women will be allowed to vote in Kansas, should the Constitution made lately be accepted by the people and Con-

gress endorse it; but when the fair voters shall marry, their roting will be at an end, the husband and wife being one bounty on single women.

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

AMUSEMENTS.—Miss Mary McVicker, the pretty little child etress, 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 20th inst., with Maretzek's Havana troupe, at the Boston Theatre. Polinto will be the first opera given, and during the season we are to have Somnambula, Saffo, Ernani, Don Giovanni, Lucrezia Borgia, Norma, Traviata, and the Barber of Seville. They will be interpreted by such artists as Cortesl, Gassier, Brignoll, Amo dio, Junca, Mme, Strakosch, etc.

The remantic legendary drama, "The Dream Spectre," 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 passen-

gers, and upwards of \$2,000,000 in specie. At the Democratic State Convention, held at Worcester

Benj. F. Butler was nominated for Governor. Hospitality.-Bayard Taylor says:-"I must confess 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,)

of wind-when some anti-tobacco friend allows me to smoke a cigar in the back parter, with the windows open-there is a exerifice of self on the nitar of common humanity. Teue hos-Judgo Douglas on Popular Bovereignty, which appeared last pitality involves a consideration for each other's habits-not wack in the New York Herald. Judge Douglas's article was our excesses, mind you, but our usual habits of life-oven when they differ on such serious grounds as I have mentioned. But I have dired with vegetarians who said, 'Afeat is unwholesome; so my conscience will not let me give it to you; or with ventilators, who proclaim that fires in bedrooms are injurious '-and I was starved and frozen."

Oli, 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 obelsance on the bended knoo,
Who yet is bound with bosons slavery,
And dares not in the face of men to name
His thoughts and feelings, lest they bring him shame?

Call him not free! 'tis cruci mockery!
Let him only the name of freeman wear,
Who heralds forth the truth with curbless tongue,

Who stands creet 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.—[R. II. Bacon. Mesars. Seaver and Starkweather, the balloonists, who were denied the privilege of going up into the clouds on Bat-

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 calightened views

urday, by the rain, will make their ascension on Wednesday,

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

of the present and future life, and of the providence of Gou."

A grand National Horse Fair is to be helden 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

> 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 dropping dows: 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 veniug, a discussion arose in reference to the prices paid ourneymen 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 vaggish member remarked, that he did n't " believe Mr. Sesver, of the latter paper, would pay full prices much longer." Why so?" interrogated a member.

"Because," rejoined the speaker, "I understand he has ately 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. S. would n't 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 instiation—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 "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 fogyism.

Music is the silver key to the fountain of tears,
Where the spirit drinks till the brain runs wild;
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 loquence. True.

A dispute, relative to the affairs of the Middlesex Mills rose 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 tabbed 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 Extravagance and improvidence 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 fright good poteen, was thus accosted by his captain, whilst standing at ease: "What makes your nose so red?" "Plase, ver honor," said Pat, "I always blush when I spakes to an

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 to 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. CHILD, Secretary.

To Correspondents. Matter sent to us for publication-whether prose or poetry -which we do not deem of importance enough to print, ve 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 goodlooking, 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 contess 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 priestess of Delphos. Whether her oracular predictions will prove 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 clairvoyani powers have attracted numerous visitors."

CONANT AND ADAMS'S QUADRILLE 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 to either of the following named gentlemen :- S. K. Conant, 103 Court street; G. W. Adams, No. 5, North Grove street; J. M. Bullard, 80 Brighton street; or at the Music Store of White Brothers, J. H. CONANT, Agent. Tremont Temple.

### Lecturers.

Mns. Spence will lecture at Philadelphia, Pa., the 4th Sunday in September; at Buffalo, N. Y., in October; at Worcester, Mass., in November; at Boston, Mass., in Docember; and at Providence, R. I., in February. She may be addressed at either of the above places, or at 534 Broadway, N. Y. N. FRANK WHITE will locture at Marblehead, Mass., Oct. 2d; Plymouth, Mass., Oct. 6th and 16th.

N. S. GREENLEAF, formerly of Haverhill, will attend to calls to lecture addressed to Lowell, Mass.

Mns. Saran M. Thorrson, of Toledo, Ohio, is on a tour through the State of New York, and is expected to speak at Baiavia, Rochester, Syracuse, and from thence will proceed to Worcester, Mass. She will receive calls to lecture anywhere in the Eastern States. Address Worcester, Mass., un-

Mrs. J. W. Currier will lecture in Mossup, Ct., Sunday, Sept. 25th, and the evenings of the 26th and 27th.

Bept. 25th, and the evenings of the 28th and 27th.

A. B. Whittine will spend a few weeks lecturing in the New England States this fall, commencing Oct. 1st. He will speak in Williamantic, Conn., Bondays, Oct. 2d and 9th; in Providence, R. I., Oct. 18th, 23d, and 39th. He will attend to calls to lecture during the week, addressed to either of the above places. He goes South to Philadelphia, &c., in December. Christian with ham (as it happened at Athens, last winter,)
—when a priest, in Lent, reasts his turkey for you—when an 25th, and Oct. 2d and 9th. Address No. 6 Edgerly place, out advocate of the Maine Law gives his German friend a glass of South Ceder street, Boston.

HARMONIAL COLORY ASSOCIATION. The annual meeting of the Harmonial Colony Association will be held at Vercenter, Mass, on the flist of the present month, for the purpose of choosing officers, and amending the Constitution, so as to make all friends of our movement active members from all parts of our country—and it is hoped there will be a full attendance, and a liberal sentiment expressed in regard to this humanitary movement.

For order of the Directory,

D. C. Gares, Recorder.

EDITORS OF THE BANNEH—The friends of Spiritualism in this place and vicinity have resolved to hold as Spiritual Convention this full, commencing October 7th, 1850, and to continue three days—the 7th, 8th and 9th. All the friends of the good cause are cordially invited to attend, and we hope there will be a general gathering; also, that many of our most favored speakers will put themselves out of their way and feel to sacrifice for the good cause, which professes to be the most liberal of all. As to McHenry, we would simply say: we have several Orthodox churches, most sectarian in their feelings and quite exclusive; but, after all, we are confident that many of their people will favor us with their presence and their hospitality. McHenry is situated in McHenry County. Illinois, fifty miles north of Ohicago, on the Fox River Valley Railroad, twenty-fives miles west of Waukegan; from there is a stage route to this place. Come one—come all! We will do the best we can for you. As for money we have none, but what we have we freely give. We do anticipate a most glorious time, confident that hely angels will come with you.

McHenry, Ill., Sept. 6, 1850. SPIRITUAL CONVENTION IN ILLINOIS.

MEETING OF FRIENDS OF HUMAN PROGRESS. The Ohio Yearly Meeting of Friends of Human Progress, will hold its next meeting at Faranoux, four miles South of Alliance, Ohio, commencing October 1st, 1850, and to confessions of Faith, Sects, Orthodoxy or Infidelity, Caste, Sex. Color or Condition, Enemies as well as Friends of Religious, Moral and Intellectual Progress, are invited to meet and cooperate together for the welfare and development of mankind. Several speakers have already expressed their intention to be present. Soveral speakers have already expressed their inten-be present. RACHEL WHINERY, | Clerks. ion to be preseat.

### THE BOUDOIR SEWING MACHINE, HARRIS PATENT.

MPROVED, and making the justly celebrated Grover & Ba-ker Stitch, duly authorized and protected under cleven different patents, is the best family Sewing Machine that can be purchased for the low price of

FORTY DOLLARS.

It will run in all kinds of fabrics; it will : Stitch,

Hem,

Gather

Cord. equal to any high priced machine in the market. Ladies will please examine the above machine, and purchase before your

and

machine warranted, and kept in repair for one year. MUNSON'S AUTOMATIC GAUGE, for all kinds of straight sewing, with which you cannot fail to

work drives; then you will have time to learn how to use it.

Full instructions, in their use given without charge. Every

sew a straight seam. A liberal discount to Clergymen. Bend for a Circular, or call at

48 TPEMONT STREET, BOSTON. 4p L. A. BIGELOW, Agent. Se 24. BOSWORTH'S



### SEWING MACHINE.

THE cheap price of this machine will at once command the attention of the reader. And as Sewing Machines have come to be an indisponsable article in a well ordered family, price is a matter of no small concern to the public. This machine is not only the cheapest, but it is the

BEST SEWING MACHINE IN THE MARKET. Its simplicity of construction, and its durability are also great

After a test of two years, by the very best families in all parts of the country, we are prepared to say that the ma-chine we furnish will be warranted to give entire satisfac-tion. Be complete has been its success, that we are enabled to present for the inspection of those who call at our office,

HUNDREDS OF THE BEST REFERENCES. cheerfully accorded to us by the most respectable families, who would not be without one for twice the cost if they could not obtain another. The Bosworth Machines will sew

All Fabrics, from Lace to Leather. They are even used at the Union Straw Works at Foxboro'.

or sewing Straw Goods Double the work can be performed on these machines than on any high-priced machine, and the work is PERFECTLY

FIFTY DOLLARS REWARD!

Will be paid for any machine sold by us that will not sew to perfection, when put to a fair test. All our machines will be kept in repair, froe of ex-pense to the purchaser. Ko family should be without a Bos-worth Sewing Machine.

AGENTS WANTED, and liberal discounts made. Rights se-No. 3 Tremont Row, opposite Hanover-st., Boston. Sept. 24.

DR. LOEWENDAHL'S TOUR WEST. DR. LOEWENDAHL'S TOUR WEST.

R. LOEWENDAHL, the well known magnetic physician, (formerly of Brooklyn.) whose healing powers are acknowledged to be wonderful, is making a tour West. He will be in Pspilanti from 20th to 30th September: Annarbor, from 1st to 15th October: Battle Creek, from 16th to 30th October; Chicago, from 1st to 14th November; Springfield, from 16th to 30th November, and in St. Louis from 1st to 15th December. His Post-office address, during that time, will be care of Mr. H. M. Higgins, 45 Lake street, Chicago, Illinois. Sept. 24.

IOp

MRS. LIZZIE BEAMAN,

TRANCE AND WRITING MEDIUM, assisted by a Clair-voyant and Healing Medium. No. 117 Hanover street, corner of Friend street, (second story.) Boston. 22 Hoors from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M. Terms 50 cents per hour. Sept. 24. HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS.—THE GIANT Tolloway's dintment and Pills.—The Giant strides of intellect in this century can have no better exponent than the almost absolute dominion over all forms of external and internal malady achieved by Holloway's Pills and Contment. Even scroula and other diseases, supposed constitutional, and incurable, give way before them. Beware of Counterfeits! Sold at the manufactory, No. 80 Maiden Lane, Now York, and by all druggists, at 25c., 63c., and \$1 per pot or box.

W. R. PRINCE & CO., FLUSHING, N. Y., WILL SEND M. R. PRINCE & CO. S. LUBBING, N. 1., While Shift of the Month of the

"Bohemia under Austrian Despotism." BY DOCTOR A. M. DIGNOWITY, TEXAS.

A NEW WORK, just published, 12 mo. Price 75 cents, or \$1,00 if sent by mail.

Doctor Dignowity is a man of intelligence and independent

Doctor Dignowity is a man between thought.

This work, written as an Autobiography, contains a record of experiences, exceedingly varied and interesting.

The Doctor scens to have suffered a great amount of persecution, growing out of his progressive tendencies.

The book will be sent by mail, by the subscriber, on the receipt of \$1,00.

S. T. MUNSON, General Agent.

Sept. 24. listf 143 Fulton street, New York.

MRS. METTLER'S CELEBRATED CLAIRYOYANT MEDICINES.—Restorative Syrup, quarts \$2.00, pints \$1 00;
Pulmonaria, \$1.00 per bottle; Neutralizing Mixture, 50 cta,
Dysentery Cordial, 80 ets.; Elixir for Cholera, 50 cta,; Liniment, \$1.00; Healing Ointment, 25 cts. For sale by B. T.
MUNSON, Agent, 143 Fulton street, New York.
Bept. 24.

\$30 PER MONTH-WANTED-GOOD BOOK CAN-DOU vassers at \$30 per month, and expenses paid.

Address S. P. FRENCH & CO.,

Sept. 24. 4p 121 Variable 1.

121 Nassau street, New York.

### The Messenger.

Each article in this department of the Barrer we claim was given by the spirit whose name it bears, through Mrs. J. H. Cowart, Trance Medium. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tests of spirit communion to those friends to whom they are addressed.

We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth life to that beyond, and do away with the erroneous idea that they ere more than rintra beings. We believe the public should know of the spirit world as it is—should learn that there is evil as well as good in it, and not expect that purity alone shall flow from spirits to mortals.

Wansk the reader to receive no decirine putforth by spirits, a these columns, that does not compert with his reason. Each expresses so much of truth as he perceives—no more. Each can speak of his own condition with truth, while he gives opinions merely, relative to things not experienced.

gives opinions morely, relative to things not experienced.

#### Mrs. Conant Sick.

We have not been able to hold our sessions since August 12th, in consequence of Mrs. Conant's illness. When we resume, notice will be given on the 4th page.

#### MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

The communications given by the following spirits, will be published in regular course. Will those who read one from a spirit they recognize, write us whether true or false? August 4-Mary Weeks, Boston; William Clarkson; Alice

Mason, Cincinnati. August 5-Stephen Willmot, Cherry Valley; Samuel Wil-Augusto—stephen willmot, Cherry Valley; Samuel Wilson, Mobile; Charles Hallock, Springfield, N. Y.; Mary Thayer; Josoph Gray, Boston; Don Jose Betanconte.

Aug. 6—Jenny Harris, New Orleans; William Buck, Buck, Pulle, Ala.; Wm. Harris, Saco, Me.; Mary Ann Lester, Nashua, N. H.; Edgar Halliburton, Philadelphia; Charles Brown, Providence R. J.; Lubr Fire.

Providence, B. I.; John King, Aug. 9—Samuel Ricker, Rochester, Ill.; "Why are all men born in sin?" Margaret Jane Moore, London, Eng.; James

Aug. 10—Peter Valkendahli, New York; William Pelby, Boston; Michael Clary, Boston; Virginia Stewart, New York; Lyman S. Pease, Ogdensburg.
Aug. 11—Thomas Claik, Halifax, N. S.; Simon Gales, New York; Jacob Parkhurst, Plymouth; Mary McDonald, Edinburg; Charles M. Dresser, Albany; Lydia Fisher.
Aug. 12—Joseph White, Concord, N. H.; "Why do men die?"

### Lemuel Ryeberg.

Will you send, for me, to Brooklyn, N. Y.? My name is Lemuel Ryoburg. I want to talk to Charles Ryeburg, who lives in Brooklyn, so I come here, that you may write for me, We left Blockholm fifteen years ago. You will say that Lemuel wants to speak to him.

For many years of my life, I had no occupation. When

For many years of my life, I had no occupation. When young, I deal in cloths—goods for gentleman's wear—Ger-He dream, before he leave home, that he should lose his

father, and he dream all true; I tell this that he may know who come to him. He dream it at home, he tell it at home, and he have it in his heart here—so I tell it. He do business in Now York city; he live with wife and children in Brook-

ayn, N. X.

I am not used to speak in this way, so I do not tell you much; what I tell you is true. Tell him to go to some place where I can speak—that is all I want.

August 2,

#### Nathaniel Morton.

Some of my friends are desirous of knowing something of my condition in the spirit-world. I can answer them in no better way than by quoting a passage from the book called the Biblo. It is this—"As the tree falls so it lies," and I'll the Bible. It is this—"As the tree falls so it lies," and I'll add, as a man dies in this life, so the second life finds him. If he be a fair, moral man, he awakes in that condition in the other world; if he be a rascal, he will be a ruscal still; if he be tending to goodness, he will pass rapidly on, and will not be apt to linger about earth.

Now the friend who has called for me knew me well; that

Now the friend who has called for me knew me well; that I was not one of your scatate individuals, more likely to despond than to make the best of things in this state. I lived whi o I did live to be happy here, and I left with the same feelings in regard to religion, God and my fellow man, that I had here. I believe in God; he demonstrated himself to me sufficiently in all I saw about me. I was inclined to materialism on earth,—in a word, was bound to have a happy life, regardless of the future, or as to what my fellow men might

When I first awoke in the new state of life, I found I had made some very great mistakes. Instead of nourishing the spirit, I had thrown all my energies toward taking care of the body. I found a great deal of enjoyment in the lower walks of life, and here I erred, for instead of letting my spirit go out in search of spiritual food. I crowded grossness upon

go out in search of spiritual food, I crowded grossness upon it here in the earthly state.

Now if we conflue a child in the close atmosphere of brick walls, we find that child will be physically weak; but if we give it its freedom in nature's temple, it will grow strong; it will draw to itself enough of the gifts of God for nature to make nature what it should be with itself.

If I had suffered my spirit to soar beyond the gross things of life, it would have been better. I should now be able to appreciate the glories that are spread about me. As I crushed my spirit in earth life, it is crushed now. I am not as canable

my spirit in earth life, it is crushed now. I am not as enpable of enjoying the blessings of the father as many of the children are. Take me among carthly things and I can approclate them.

of enjoying the blessings of the rather as many of the children are. Take me among carthly things and I can appreciate them.

The spirit who lived in the gross things of earth-life is unable to appreciate the joys of spirit-life, and yet it is incapable of enjoying those gross pleasures it so liked, for these can only be enjoyed through a material organism.

This well for men to do their duty here, and not wait until they get to spirit-life, and then be obliged to travel back and commence anew on earth. I formed my own condition here, and I should be very unjust to complain of that condition.

I should be very unjust to complain of that condition.

I should be very happy to commune with some of my friends—those who will understand me. I may not be able to give them much light respecting my new home, but I may be able to draw from them; for I am told I must return to earth to get light. I rejected it here, and I must return for it. I am not fit to receive light from the higher spheres; it would be too bright for my clouded vision. I am only fit to receive such light as can come from earth, hence I am anxious to return and speak. Then my work will be comparatively easy. Now there seems to be a wall higher than heaven between me and them.

tween me and them.

My friends may consider this as an appeal from me, or in any other light they please—I simply ask a hearing; and if they fail to hear and to see, it will be their own fault, not

they fall to hear and to see, is win so their only man, mine.

One says that the principle of selfishness actuates the whole human family, and that the great wheel of progress would case to revolve if the principle of selfishness ccused to exist. I come to benefit self. I am free to own it; but may I not, in benefitting self, benefit others? This I cannot answer; time and condition alone can answer it.

By exerting a certain amount of desire or will, I can accomplish certain things—others I cannot; however much I states to overcome certain obstacles, I fail—I cannot scale

These certain things seem to be doubt and silion on the part of my mortal friends, and I cannot remove them. If they will only say I desire to know of these things, I can overcome the rest; but when there is not a single de-sire to draw me to them, I am standing at a great, too great

a disadvantage.

If my friends will do as I desire, they will give me an opportunity to defend myself, not here to the public, but in private to them. Here I atand, as it were upon a foreign shore, and send a message across oceans, mountains, rivers, lakes and seas; and when it reaches home it has become old and fooble; that vigor that was given in the beginning is lost at the end.

NATHANIEL MORTON, son of ex-Governor Morton, of Mas-

### Sarah L. Hale.

I promised to come. I said, "If I find Spiritualism to be true, I will come back to those I tove." I should not have come here among strangers to-day, if I had not been anxious to commune with my dear earth friends—anxious to tell them that I have realized all I thought of immortality. One-half is not known; and oh how short the people of earth come to the glories of spirit-life! This Spiritualism, they tell me, is but a faint shadow of what is to come—it is but the morning-star, and the morning has not been ushered in.

Beorything in my new home seems to correspond with what I had on earth; and now I am free—free to enjoy all that is in store for me, and I know I am to die no more.

what is in store for me, and I know I am to die no more.

Death has been swallowed up in victory—a victory all glorious to me. I passed on, believing I should meet those who

had passed on before me.

But my husband! He is left to toll and the storms of oarth, while he feels its cold winds. I will tell him to wrap the mantle of this holy belief about him, knowing that in the future he shall have done with those trials—shall meet with those who love him, and shall not be east off to wander among

strangers.
Happy! Yes, say I am happy, and I would not come back to earth to live for all its possessions. There is more true enjoyment in one moment of life in spirit than in a life-time

n earth. I have much to give to those dear friends, but I cannot a nave much to give to those dear friends, but I cannot dive it here. I shall seek opportunity elsewhere, and shall eek to lighton their burden; for I did not live always in unpline on earth, and I know how hard it is to struggle on anid darkness and sorrow.

Sarau L. Hale, of Buston.

August 2.

### W. F. Johnson.

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. I ache as bad as I did before I died—what's the matter? Confound the rheumatism! it sticks to me, d—n it! I'll tell you my name—don't hurry me—I was n't born in a hurry. Did you ever knew Bill Johnson? William F. Johnson—there, new do you know? Cross as ever? Yes; who the devil would n't be cross? thought. I'd got out of the fire, and here it burns as hot as ever. Rheumatism, the devill—'ve had it fifteen years, and I ve get it new.

I shuffled off the mortal coil, and went, and I shuffled it on again here. I'm engaged here for, the next season—when I say here, I don't mean there, or any other place, but here in Boston—to play; my resources are enlarged.

Bay I'm hearty and well, will you? These aches are for the time being; I'm going to shake them off in a few minutes. Well, if this ain't queer! I wanted to come, but I find

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

termoon. Look here! it's no use for me to imitate anyhody else. I

Look here! It's no use for me to imitate anyholy else. I thought, when I came here, I'd put a little polish on, but I can's do It, 'ejecially when I acto as I do naw.

Bay that I found everything a little different from what I thought I should. Instead of getting up a peg or down a peg, I'm right off in a straight line. Like here pretty well as fire as I've got, and think the pay will be good.

When I come again I shall not take a woman to come through-those who know me beat will know why.

I've come back, and how, if anybody wants to talk with me, let them wait till I'm in the mood to talk. I shall now make my exit. Which is the best way to leave—wight or

make my exit. Which is the best way to leave-light of

This is from a well-known actor. Near friends, seeing his name in our list, called to see the message, and say it is characteristic of him.

#### Anderson Rose.

Oh, Godi how little do mon understand themselves while they are clothed with mortal form. If I had been told two months ago that I should at this time have been speaking as I now speak, I should not have eredited the assertion. But I seem to have arisen from out the jast, and nut on, not only a new looly, but a new chain of conditions have opened for me, and I fled myself, instead of a far-off wanderer of some distant I must myself, instead of a far-on wanderer of some distant, heaven, still an inhabitant of carth, and entitled still to many of the privileges of its children. And although I find difficulty in controlling a form not my own, yet I am grateful for the blessing, for I hope, by coming here, to be able in time to speak to those who are yet dear to me, although confined in iortality. Friend, may I ask to be informed in regard to your manner

f proceeding here, for I am totally unacquainted with these

innestations;
I was told if I came here I could send a message to my I was told it I came here I could send a message to my friends; if I understand aright, you publish what you re-ceive. Yes, yes, I remember new; your paper was started two years ago, about. I was then out here at Cambridge; I heard of it there. I hardly know what to say; all this is new to me. I have but lately entered the spirit-life, but if you will have patience with me, I will try to be as correct as pos-

I died of fever at Detroit. I have been told that the dissolution between spirit and mortal commenced to take place on the 5th day of July, and ended on the 7th; but I have no consciousness of life from the 4th, I think, until the 10th of

consciousness of life from the 4th, I think, until the 10th of July. It is possible, quite probable, that I was quite unconscious during that period of time. I have parents living in Block Island, and I desire to commune with them.

I was a lawyer by profession; finished my education about two years ago at Harvard. Oh, God I that I had known and realized this thing before I entered this condition. But it is no time to mourn. Push onward seems to be the motion that Push onward seems to be the motte that o time to mourn s before me and above me.

I have one sister, who is, I think, a medium. I have evi-

Is before me and above me.

I have one sister, who is, I think, a medium. I have evidence very strong to prove that she is one. Barah is her name. Would it is amiss for me to ask that she sit after the manner of mediums, that I may try to commune through her? I do not know what kind of a medium she is, but I know that when I have been to see her, once or twice I have been able, by concentrating my will upon her, to see and hear what was going on about her, and I am told I could not have done this unless she were a medium. But she moorns too much for me; would it be amiss for me to say that I do not like to see too many tears? If I could hold free communion with those I have at home, I could be very happy. Tiero is nothing else wanting: I feel that I could have ample joy in the spirit-world them. Those things which were confined on earth are now invested with liberty I hardly expected to see here. I fear there be few who have any just conception of this state of life, unless it be those who have informed themselves, by means of this now light which seems to be lighting up the whole world.

I heard many discussions on the subject before I went away. I was not a believer in tenyself, yet I was forced to believe there was some truth in it, for I could not believe that so many men of good perception could be duped to believe a lie.

My good friend. I have parents who are very near, very

elieve a lie

My good friend, I have parents who are very near, very My good friend, I have parents who are very near, very dear to me. Soon, in course of nature, they must pass from earth, and I would have them come to me with all the light they can obtain of these things. They may not be conditioned to receive light so soon after death as I was, and may have to remain many years in darkness, if they do not receive the light here, and I want to impart it to them ere they leave the court have they eave the earth sphere. I want them to know that all that affection that was thrown

I want them to know that all that affection that was thrown out by mo to them, still lives, yet every link seems to be polished by the change, and seems to be studded with goms.

The great multitude of souls who are in the habit of communing with their friends on earth, seem to be constantly sending out thanksgiving to God for the blessing they have received. And invocations, like hely incense, are constantly arising from earth, failing down more thought, asking for more food; and a cloud of Intelligences seem to be coming down the steep of time, preparing to commune with earth's children; and I seem to be but an atom. Yet, atom as I am, I have a privilege of communing with my friends, and I demand a response. Nature is ever prompt in her payments, and, as I call by her will, I expect an answer, asking me to come in nearer communion. I was told to come here. Perhaps I have thrown myself upon humanity too soon. Your guide told me I was comfetent to do so. He said, "Control your intense anxiety, and I do not fear to give you the reins and let you guide."

your intense anxiety, and I do not lear to give you the reins and let you guide."

Let me see if Fran write, if you please—I want to make a trial before leaving you.

The spirit wrote, "Lt. Gov. Rose. I shall be known by that.
Call me Anderson Rose."

August 3.

### Mary Williams.

Mary Williams.

My name was Mary Williams; I died a little way from Boston. I was ninety-seven years old. I've got children, and i don't want to talk hard to them; but I think they don't do right. I can't rest t.ll I tell them they are not doing right. Porhaps it was partly my fault, but if they don't turn about and do right, they'll suffer for their sins the same as I did, and God knows I suite of for them all. Bome of them haven't got a very long road to travel before they come here, and they better turn round now, and de different. They must n't suppose money is God; they must not worship it. Oh, I have seen more sorrow about it, than anything I did on earth. I know some of them will not believe it is me, but some of them will. I do n't care who believes it, but I could n't rest till I came, hore.

Oh, I do not want my people to come here as I did. Oh, I have suffered all this time. "I was n't because I was n't a Oh, I do not want my people to come here as I did. Oh, I have suffered all this time. "I' was n't because I was n't a Christian, so far as belonging to a church goon—I wish I had not belonged to it. Every prayer I made was lost, for I prayed God for mercy, and did not show any mercy to others. Now if they come here as I did, they 'll suffer more than I did, for I did n't have anybody to tell me, as I have told them. I thought it all over, and I concluded not to tell the name of the place I lived in—'t would only make them mad, and I don't want to do anything that will send them further off from ma. Good-by. from me. Good-by.

### Patrick Murphy.

I was a long time away, and I thought you'd forget all about me. Faith, when I come here, I find different lights here all the time. Sometimes it is bright, dazzling, and then it is grey, and all different colors.

Mary's pretty good, now—trutes me quite dacint, and that's the why I do not come so long. They finds I can come when I plase; all the prastes and all the bishops can't keep me away, and they pays all their money for nothing. Sometimes I come and the vers something, to let them know I can come, and they trates me dacint. and they trates me daeint.

Fulth, the practe will not believe at all Mary belaves it 's

Faith, the practe will not believe at all. Mary belayes it 's no use to lay me at all; she thinks it must be Patrick, and yet she thinks it can't be Patrick at all.

Tell Mary I'm satisfied, and I'll behave myself dacint; sometime I'll spake there—I don't know how, or when, but I know I will. I'd like to write; when I was here, I could no more write nor a rat. I hears of their larning to write here, and I thinks I'll try to larn. Good morning, God bess August 3. August 3.

### Spirits Governed by Law.

We propose to answer the following question, which we had upon our list:—

Are the inhabitants of the spirit-world governed and con-

trolled by Lawr Most certainly they are; but by the one grand, immutable, one intelligence in the spirit-world is not placed in rule over another, except it be in advance of the spirit-it is set to rule. overn. Every atom of intelligence is governed by a itself peculiar, and that portion belongs to the great

hath power to say to another, "Go do this or that." No man hath power to say to another, "Go do this or that." No man shall expect obedience from the brother. Each one is filling a place that is his, and is working in a sphere that is his own, and no one has a right to interfere with another. If one tramples on the law that governs him, that law punishes him—he suffers. 'The not a creed drawn up by minds, mortal or immortal, but a development of life that governs the rest consumer of his blue rest. he vast concourse of intelligences.

One spirit in darkness wanders to earth that he may seek

the vast concourse of intelligences.

One spirit in darkness wanders to earth that he may seek a similar spirit, that he may east off the evil that still clings to him through the spirit in mortal—and this is law. He goes not aside from law in easting off the evil, for as one atom ningles with another, we find Harmony, and Harmony is law. Every world that hath place in the vast universe is governed by Harmony. One could not exist without the other. An allsufficient and divine law jervades them all, enters overy atom, whether that atom be gifted with intelligence or not. Behold the eak in the forest—it is governed by a law peculiar to itself. In spring-time it puts forth its leaves, a.d in autumn it casts them off. It does so by a-law divine. So is it with man after he has east off the nortal. 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 off all that is material, and gathering the spiritual; we look again and find another class attracted to earth, finding pleasure in the gross realities of mortal life. Each is a distinct intelligence and is governed by a law peculiar to itself. One says, "I cannot be happy unless I hold free communion with the friends! I have on earth." Another says. "I care for nothing on earth—my joy

Frank-my old friend Frank Germon-gave me a lift this off all that bound it-it shall exchange that want of freedom on at that notice the stabil exchange that want of freedom and range throughout the vast mansions of the past home.

Toll our durationer we are not governed by laws mortal, but by laws divine and matural. And when he shall cast off the mortal he shall see as we see, because he shall have cast off that which he sees through. Now he sees through a channel of perverted law. That which now is, shall not be when he is done with this body of death.

Acquest 9.

#### George Palmer.

My name was Goorge Palmer. I was born in Bangor, the State of Maine, and I died there. I have a brother in Boston, and a sister in Boston. I have a sister in Portland and a brother in Galifornia. I come here, because, by doing so, I may come to them. I knew I should not see any of them may come to them. I know I should not see any or such here; but I know you would publish my message, and that they might see it and say: "George, come again."

I have seen many things on earth which I do not like, and I think I have a duty to do in coming here, and a privilege to

This is the first time I ever spoke, but I do not know but I can do as well as any body.

I suppose it is the duty of friends to find out opportunities to speak with us, and I suppose they have sense enough to do so.

o so. It seems to be nonsense to come here and tell all the little the seems to be nonsense to come here and ten all the little litems in your earth-life to strangers, when, by talking five minutes with your own friends, you could identify yourself. I suppose there are mediums in California, are there not? Well, if my brother John will seek out a medium, I will search out the same one, and will speak, if I can.

I want him to look after certain this gs going on here! I should if I were in his place. I'd have things different, or I would raise a storm.

would raise a storm.
I have not altered much; as for being any better, I am not. As for knowing anything more about God thun I did on earth, I do not. I know nothing more about Christianity; it

to n't seem to be of much account here. The only religion I

carrin, I do not. I know nothing more about Unistanity; It do not seem to be of much account here. The only religion I know is, "Do the best you can."

There's always a way for everything. I thought this was a hard job coming here, and I was afraid to try it; but after awhile I said, "It's no use letting things go on so any longer," and then I began to act, and it was easier than I thought for me to come here.

Here, if I should not think it was right to do a thing, and all the rest of the world thought it was, and urged me to do it, and I did it contrary to my own mind, I should be doing wrong, and should suffer for it.

Isn't it 1859 now? Then I have been dead seventeen years. I was drowned. It didn't take long to come.

If I find out that any of my folks see this, and do not answer it, and I have to come again, I wont come for nothing, I tell you. I have a way of doing things, and I don't want anybody to do things in my way. If they don't answer me—come right up to the chalk—I shall speak right out in public. It wont be right for me to say what I want to here, because they don't know that I can come; but when they see this, and do not attend to my requests, I shall come right out in public, and they'll be serry for it.

Have you anything for the reason. out in public, and they'll be sorry for it. Have you authing further to say to me? Then I will be

> Written for the Banner of Light. STRAY THOUGHTS.

> > BY G. H. THRASHER.

When o'er the mind the waves of mem'ry roll, And days long past are with us once again; When past misdeeds with sorrow fill the soul, 'Tis then we strive to shun the gaze of men.

'Tis then we seek some silent, lone retreat. Where none are near to break the sacred spell, And there once more our solemn vows repeat, To check our vices and our passions quell.

Alasi what vain resolves mankind may make. He comes once more to mingle with the world, And all the vices which he would forsake. Back to his weak and willing mind are harled York Centre, IU.

### CORA L. V. HATCH

At the Music Hall, Boston, September 11th, 1859.

MORNING DISCOURSE. [The Third of a Series of Four Discourses on "RELIGION,

ITS FACTS AND FANCIES."] REPORTED FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT, BY J. M. POMEROY.

One week ago to-day, we called your attention to the subect of religion and its relation to mentality, and proved the existence of a religious element in man, as the natural result of his mind, and that inspiration was simply the outgrowth or reflection of that element, as is fragrance the outtouring and reflection of the flower. This morning, we shall speak more fully and definitely of the form of religion known ns worship, and the relation of worship to the true feelings of

The difference between true religion and mere worship is the difference between love and fear. The difference between the aspirations and outgushings of a soul prompted by a high, intelligent consciousness of the existence of a Deity, and the worship of a low and debased mind which, through fear, conceives of Deity as an evil, revengeful God, is the difference between our conception of an angel and your conception of Deity; for the conception of Deity which is prompted by fear is lower than that which truth would give of an exalted finite being. Religion is the love of the soul for God. Worship, as a form, is the fear, experienced in the soul or mind, of an avenging Delty. Religion is the crowning star in the bright then will. I do not care who believe to the still I came here.

They must not turn away any poor child from their door. I have suffered from this, for every one of my past deeds was set before me as a picture, and I tried to shut my eyes to it, but I could not. Every scene in that picture corresponded but I could not. Every scene in that picture corresponded with scenes in my own life, and my mother told me it was with scenes in my own life, and my mother told me it was men call religion; religion is what we call love.

In old histories of the past we find, as our discourse on last Sunday morning demonstrated, that the principle of worship had its foundation or origin in fear, and that all forms of wor ship, as such, have not their foundation in the element of religion alone, but, when accompanied by fear, outwork themsolves in the forms of creeds, and offerings, and sects, and socicties, until these, instead of Divinity, are objects of adoration and worship. We always worship that which we fear, but we reverence that which we love. Men always bow down in idolatry before that which they do not comprehend; but when we feel a similarity, something which binds us to the object or the person, then we bow in reverence and love A child who is taught to fear its parent always obeys, silently, implicitly, but with fear. A child who is taught to obey its parents from love, questions kindly, but always minds, before a threat. The will that worships God through fear. bows down in awe and slience, submitting to the power, but not questioning. The soul that loves its God is not afraid to renture far beyond creeds, or dogmas, or doctrines, far beyond the written records offate, and ask for something further; for the love of God is infinite, his nature boundless, his universe eternal, the knowledge of his children uncoasing and constant. By searching to know God we are not trespassing upon his goodness. By endeavoring to love him more, through questioning his works, we are not disobeying his commandments. By fulfilling, to the highest and most perfect degree, the aspirations of the soul, we are not loving God the less; we reverence and adore him the more.

Worship, therefore, may be defined in these various qualities of the human mind known as fear, idolatry, superstition, marvelousness, and the various attributes which make up the material understanding of Delty. Religion may be known in all the traits of benevolence, conscientiousness, reverence adoration, sublimity, ideality, all the higher faculties of the mind, reaching far out into humanity, far out into the universe, until, il you ask the truly religious man why he is religious, he tells you because his mind will not allow him to be otherwise, because his heart prompts him to be religious, because his soul will speak out its aspirations, its thoughts and its feelings, because he must express the love which the inspiration of nature brings to his being. What a contrast i The worship of creeds is none other than idolatry. The only difference between idolaters in heathen lands and idolaters in Christian lands is, that heathen worship tangible forms, and so called Christians worship an unseen Being. The only difference between religion in any lands, is the difference in men, but not the difference in soul; for true religion is the same wherever it is known. Though it come under the heart of Mahometanism, though it come under the head of heathenism, though it be seen in the Hindoo, the Chinaman, or in any nation or country, it is the same if it is true religion. Upon no creed, or crown, or citadel, is dependent its existence, but all of love, and all of the expression of love, belongs to the perfection of a true religious life.

Again. Let us understand, if we can do so, how much good worship has done to the mind, and how much evil. Renember, we are speaking in all kindness, with all deference to your religious beliefs; we are not penetrating the sanctuary of your sacred creed; we only ask you to listen; you may unless I hold free communion with the friends I have on carth." Another says, "I care for nothing on carth—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 it brings suffering, and suffering draws it sgain to the right. While in mortal 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 taw peculiar to it; but when that spirit shall leave the shore of mortality, and stand upon above immortal, and shall catch the spirit, and the future, it shall cast through the passion of fear, our souls contract within the agriculture, it shall cast not accept what we say, unless you choose. The principle

selved beteaved even of the presence of God. When we wer ship Him through the feeling of love, our souls go out into all the brand universe; we feel greater, better, wiser, truer; wo like ourselves better in proportion as we can love God Let us see what effect the religious of the day, the religious n creed, does not exist; therefore we must turn to the origin of rolligious worship. Modern theology having its foundation in the past, its organization in ecclusinatical associations, all its ideas and forms of worship originating in the earlier ages of idelatry, when intelligence was not known, calls upon all men who accept the creed of religion, to accept its conditions of mind. If you promise to "fear God," you must worship Him through fear. If you promise to worship Him only in accordance with certain creeds and dectrines, you contract your conceptions of Deity.

For instance, in your conceptions of God, the Infinite, the All-wise, the Omnipotent, you have made a mistake. In the morning of creation, when His children were first existing creation, can you believe that He made any mistake or misstep, or, through want of forethought or proper arrangement His children fell from their highest state? When you believe that in consequence of that fall the whole human race has been degraded; when you believe that in order to renovate the race He covered the earth with water, sparing only a few who might be righteous; when you believe that He was still obliged to send file Only Begotten Son, Jesus Christ, to save the world, and that his life was not sufficient, but his death must atone for all the sins of humanity; when you believe that, with all this sacrifice, and all this misdirection, and all this lack of penetration in the Most High, there is yet a vast or a cake from a stand in the street, he is centenced, by majority of the human race that must be inevitably lost, your conceptions of Delty cannot be elevated, cannot be large, cannot expand the soul; you worship Him through fear. Men who build creeds have, first, for their foundation, the total inherent depravity of the human soul, since the full of Adam. They have, next for the foundation of their doctrines, the vicarious atonement, which, in our conception-remember, it is only our conception—is the worst possible idea which has ever entered the human mind. The idea that an infinite God of love must offer a sacrifice unto Himself, for a mistake which ile Himself has made; the idea that the innocent must suffer for the guilty, in consequence of the error which was made in the morning of creation; the idea that men and women must build their souls' salvation upon the death of one whom they have nover seen, and, much more, whom they never, never loved; the idea that through the blood and death of any man all mon may have their sins washed away, that you are not responsible for the acts and deeds which you perform-we consider this the most degrading to the conception of Delty of any doctrine that has ever been received by the mind of man. If men are free agents—we do not say that they are—but

if they are free agents, as theology claims, they have individual responsibility, not vicarious atonement. If men, are not free agents, but act in accordance with certain positive positive intelligence, these men may, in their individuality, think they act freely, but outside of and superior to this is an everlasting, omninotent destiny. How can vicarious atonement affect them? The idea that God, the Father of love would, for any mistake which He has made in creation, condemn His children to suffer endless turments, the idea that He has the power-we do not deny His actual power-but the idea that there is no influence, under that quality of mind which theologians call justice, which would necessarily prevent Him from consigning to torture those whom He professes to love, the idea that men must bow before Him in fear, as they are taught to do, by theological worship, instend of loving and worshiping Him through love of His attributes,-these we consider to be the effects, not of religion, but of a lack of love and truth. We conceive that when men and women confine their minds within the narrow compass of any creed, that moment the power of religion is lost from their minds. For though all churches and all denominations have their own special good to perform, that good is to counteract and overpower the superstitions of past ages. Out from the Ronilsh Church came the first leaders of the Protestant religion; out from the Protestant English Church have come all the various sects and denominations adapted to each and every mlud, every one possessing some shadow of some form of the ancient symbols derived from the Catho lic Church, which again derived them from the ancient Egyptian idolaters. Out from all these forms have come less and less degrees of worship, more full and perfect degrees of religion, less of fear and more of love; until the most liberal and free, though they cling to all the forms of churches and creeds-which we believe are well and just,-still love all mankind, and believe the Father is a God of love.

Let us compare, if we can, the effect of worship, in theology, with that of true religion. Jesus of Nazareth, the foundstion of all religious belief, as they would claim-the foundation of all ecclusiastical associations, of theological doctrines and denominations-Jesus of Nazareth never taught a creed. His religion was the constant every-day outflowing of the love of his great heart, the constant inspiration of his divine spirit, the constant acts of his kindness and benevolence He presched on the mountain, or by the stream; the inspiration of the Holy Spirit came upon him; he ministered to those who were suffering, whenever they passed in his way; days were alike consecrated to God. He had no vast cathetemple of heaven was his place of worship. He had no creed: for the law of infinite love was his only creed, triumph over wrong through maintenauce of the right, conquering evil with good, not returning evil for ovil. Christians be lieve this, or profess to do so. They practice it very seldom Instead of love, there is a semblance of it in the form of Christian organization. Instead of faith, there is a semblance of it in the form of worship. Instead of hope, there is a sem blanco of it in the form of expectation. Inspead of constant unceasing Christian devotion to right, there is a tacit ac knowledgment of its truth, but, more or less, a perseverance in wrong. Instead of overcoming evil with good, there is a theological way of evading it, by returning evil for evil. In stead of conquering your enemies by love, by heaping coal of fire on their head, in the form of kindness, there is returned blow for blow, word for word, unkindness for unkindness until Christianity is lost. Instead of love for all manking there is love for our church, and our society, and our creed and our minister. Instead of loving the Father, and worshi ing him through love, there is fear for the foundation of you worship. Instead of following the example of Jesus the Christ, there is fulth in his death, and the vicarious atoms ment. Instead of living through his life, there is constan dying through his death. One of these is worship, the other is religion: which'do you choose?

Again: the spirit of all nature, aside from inspiration reveals that religion is not a fixed creed, a conventional faith but a positive, undying, ever-flowing element of life within the soul, and that the forms of religion express but meagrely, and sometimes entirely cloud, the manifestation of natura religion. How would you worship Go I, if the promptings of your soul, instead of the teachings of your minister and creed, directed you? You would worship Him, if you are sincere if you are a religious, intelligent being, if you have humanity act, in every thought; you would make of every day a Sal bath, of every hour a time for consecrated deeds. Now, under the strict forms of religious organization, you are led to believe summons, and to judgment they must come. that God requires your worship only at certain times, on Sun days, at various hours during the day, when, by any specia circumstance, you are called upon to thank Him for the lavors He bestows upon you. Is not your every hour and every moment fraught with blessings? Does not the sun shine o lowers bloom? Then your heart should make of every day a Sabbath-day; and if, from custom, or religious feeling, you desire one day more consecrated than the rest, do not make that day alone the day of religion, but wear your Sunday gar ments like a hale of light around you every day; gird on the armor of your religion in your business, in the counting-room, when temptation to do wrong assails you. Wear your religion like a ray of beaming light from your countenance, let it speak forth in your thoughts and feelings, let it become a par of your life, for all the events of life are designed by the Father for good, and not for evil. You worship God with no thought of love or adoration in your mind, but because you believe you must repeat your prayers, in order to be saved. You ask the Father to bestow upon your church, and your theories, and your belief, and your family, the especial disespecially those in whom you are interested. Does the Father's love choose from His children whom He shall bless? and the unjust? Is not the earth covered with profusion as cous? Not In His munificence of life He folds all His chill years, or eternity, but by its own healthful development and

narrow compass of the creed which binds us and we feel our- dren to His bosom; and those who are erring, sometimes we think, He folds more closely, as the mother watches more intently the child that goes astray, lest her sight may fade and she may lose it. Do we not see the mother fold more closely to her bosom the erring child, than the one who has not disobeyed hor? Blie is secure in the love of one; the other she creeds, have upon the souls and minds of men. Religion as watches with more intensity of affection. And we sometimes think that, if the God of love is true and just, ile also watches over and causes His angels to hover nearer to those who have gone astray, than to these who are not lad, Prisoncells and penitentiaries are fit places for angelie mestengers, not churches and consecrated places, though those fetter the soul while the others can only bind the body.

We think that churches on the one hand, and jail houses on the other, clearly lilustrate our theory in relation to worship. Those who are bound in soul in the churches fear God and His punishment. Those who are bound in body by the law fear the punishment of the law, and rebel against it. Both conditions are the result of the principle of fear-of religious worship. For, had that prisoner, that criminal, conon the earth, who were proclaimed to be the highest in His fined in the jail-house, been educated to believe that the God of love was omnipotent and all-pervading, that the Father was not a Father of anger, but of love, and that through love He watched over and golded every action, instead of being taught that he was a God of tyranny, of fear, and of revenge, no jail-houses or penitentiaries could exist now.

If Christians would make their religion a part of daily life, there would be no theft, no crime of any kind. There who are not Christians in theory, lollow the examples of Christwhile within the protection of the church those escape who: do not act openly, yet commit the same crimes. If a poor child of the town, from starvation, ventures to steal an apple-Christian laws, to the penetentlary. But Christian merchants and Christian men can rob the widow and the father-less, and Christian justice does not reach them. If that child had been educated, if Christians had smiled upon him kindly, he would never steal, but ask for food. If men whose whole lives are one series of public crimes, are at last discovered and sentenced to the prison house, had been nur tured kindly in the lap of Christian religion, had been led, through kindness and love, to forget their wrong, instead of being made constantly to think of it, there would be less misery and more of perfect love; there would be less profession of Christianity and more of its practice; there would be lower murders, fewer suicides, fewer crimes of any kind; there would be less of form but more of feeling; there would be less of worship but more of religion.

Go out from this temple, to-day, where we trust you have worshiped in spirit and in truth-look at the broad heavens, filled with clouds this morning, but ever fraught with blessings to humanity. Do you not worship the God who has fashloned those skies as much when you are outside of this temple as the God you believe in within this temple? Go to your business: do you not love the God of humanity whenever you perceive in human hearts true motives of Christian principle? Do you not love humanity and God better for that? Go home to your own household, where peace and laws, those laws under the immediate guidance of a certain love and happiness surround you: is not that a shrine of worship? And amidst earthly blessings do you not feel the grateful praise of God in your couls? Is not that religion? Go into the street and see the pale, wan faces of the starving poor, and, under the impulse of humane feeling, give them & penny to buy some bread; and do you not feel grateful to some one for your having done so? Meet a friend upon the street, who is dejected and oppressed, and by words of sympathy and encouragement draw him away from his suffering and despair; and do you not feel happier and better for it? Go to the widow and the orphan, and throw aside the mourningrobes, and wipe away the falling tear, and weep-if you can, if your heart feels like it-with those who weep, that they may smile when you smile; do you not feel happy? Is not

that religion? The other is worship.

Believe us, then, that all of religion which the human mind can conceive is the highest embodiment of all virtue, all goodness, all Christian virtues, throughout the every-day, constant, practical life. And all of worship without these, which nations have invented or ages have reverled, has never been adequate to appease the sufferings of humanity, or add one ray to the bright crown of religion. Humanity spoaks to all in the voice of kindness and religion; but creeds and worship speak forth in the voice of the clogy.

We will briefly refer to the one word which theologians dwell upon very frequently and with much carnestness-that God is a God of justice. Now, justice implies, first, love and kindness; secondly, power of revenge, if need be. Justice is used, in political administrations, to mean that that which all men morit shall be administered. Laws are fushioned by which most abide; if any disobey them, justice requires that they shall be punished. In accombance with this flind concoution of justice, men have said that justice is one of the at-

tributes of the nature of Del y. We do not believe it.

Love covers all the grounds which justice over can. You may be offended when your law is violated. A nation may be offended when its laws are violated. God, who makes laws, makes men understand what other law causes men to disobey. Men do not disobey His laws, but do not comprehend and understand them. Is God offended because you or you go astray? Are your acts capable of affecting him? Is his administration less perfect? Is his infinity curtailed? Is he any the less himself because you do not comprehend him? No! Where is the need of justice? The act itself he had no Sunday-all days were alike hallowed to him, all brings its own reward of punishment. The Pather is all love.

### Written for the Banner of Light. OUR SYSTEMS OF EDUCATION.

BY PROF. PAYTUN SPENCE, M. D. How inscrutible is the mind, and how wonderful!

In search of mind we look down into the dun, glaring eye of the dead, and, as we care into that velled, while of the soul, we do but see that the mind (which we have never scon) has departed, and the tenement is deserted. In the pursuit of mind and its relations to matter we follow along the various paths of anatomy, physiology and chemistry, and, when we have reached the terminus of each, we have but learned that the mind lies still beyond, and that we have reached the brink of an impassable precipice, from which we look out upon a land of shadows; and as we stand gazing into the dark and impenetrable void which lies before us, propounding the deep and earnest inquiry, "what and where s mind?" not even an echo comes back in response.

Yet, from that land of shadows, there comes forth a power which lays its mighty hand upon all nature—upon earth, air. and ocean, and earth, air and ocean become its ministering servants. It interrogates matter in all its forms, whether gross and ponderable, or refined and imponderable, and compels it to yield up the secrets of its history and its structure, its powers and its capacities, its uses, designs and remotest relations. It holds converse with the invisible principles of nature, and light, heat, electricity and magnetism obey its mandates. Mind communes with and pulsates in unison with congenial mind. A single thought, emanating from that mysterious thing, the mind, may extend its waves across the great ocean of humanity, until its deep, broad bosom shall swell, and heave, and shake whole nations to their centres in the tempestuous agitation of thought. Mind sounds its own awakening, and proclaiming its resurrection, sumand life within your soul-you would worship Him in every mons royal tyranny and imperial and papal despotism to judgment; and though tyranny and despotism may bristle up with glittering bayonets at the call, yet, it is a resurrection

We have been taught to measure existence by years, and months, and days; but when we shall have attained to a proper conception of ourselves and of the realities of existence, the thought will gradually steal over us and slowly interweave itself into our very being, that the duration of every day as on Sunday? Do not the wild birds sing, and the mind cannot be measured by any such external arbitrary standard; that the mechanical divisions of time have no relation whatever to the mind; that the revolutions of suns and planets may measure their own progress, but that the revolutions of mind alone can measure its advancement in the cycles of eternity. We live, not by time, but by thought and action, and when we shall have attained to a full and perfect realization of this fact, then time, with us, will be virtually obliterated.

The human mind is a germ of latent possibilities, and, like all other germinating principles in nature, it is not developed by time, but by elements and conditions. A grain of wheat planted in the soil and supplied with water, air and sunlights may attain its full growth in a single season. But a grain of wheat blaced in one of the catacombs of Egypt, has lain dormant for more than a thousand years, yet still retaining its pensations of His providence; to bless all the world, but more vitality—the capacity of being called into active growth and full development when removed from its sepulchre of ages and placed in the midst of the life-giving elements. Now if Are not the blessings of heaven free? Is not the sunshine the progress of a grain of wheat to its full maturity is not for all? Do not the rain-drops descend alike upon the just dependent upon time, and cannot be measured by any such arbitrary standard, with which it sustains no relations, so well for the ungodly as the godly? Does the Father bless also the onward march of mind to purer and nobler unfoldthe righteous with earthly blessings, more than the unrightments is not a thing to be measured by days, or seasons

fis own moral and intellectual action. And hence is is so Important that we look well to our systems of education, in other words, to the conditions and elements with which we true system of education must be a universal one-one which are surrounding minds. Let us look about us, and see if will apply to all ages, to all tribes, and to all nations—to the most of our stupendous systems of education are not so Christian, the Jew, the Mahometan, the Infidel. One which many Egyptian catacombs, in which the young germs of will develop each individual naturally, according to the natlatent powers and possibilities are entombed and shut out ural and inherent tendencies and peculiarities of each-one from the genial sun and life-giving elements, and compelled to lie dormant until accident shall draw them forth from their dark recesses, or until reformation and revolution shall sweep over the land like a tempest, and level to the ground those stupendous dermiteries where the living and the dead dominance over minds during that early period of our life slumber together.

The question which most deeply interests every progressive mind, is not so much as to what shall be taught, (for that is evidently a matter of secondary importance.) but how it shall a means of educating children, is much more injurious and be taught. It is a question as to the method; whether our system of education should cramp, or enlarge, bind or liberate
the mind; whether it should pinion the young soul and chain it to earth, or invite it to leave its downy nest and launch out upon untried wings, into the free and boundless elements of nature.

As we desire a truthful answer, let us nut our questions neither to men, nor to books; neither to the past, nor to the present, but to nature. Then how shall we educate?

Behold the prismatic rainbow, with its bases resting upon the horizon, and its many-colored archways painted upon the fleecy canvas. Does nature inscribe, in universal characters beneath its bending glories, a detailed description of its realities and its properties which the man, the child, the untutored savage and the enlightened sage may all equally read and comprehend? Does she, through fear that we may misinterpret the phenomenon, say to us, "This is light twice refracted and once reflected?" Not so. But she has so framed the rainbow, and so fashioned the human mind, that the former shall draw out the latter beyond the narrow limits of self, and the child, the savage, the saint and the sage, may each have his thoughts and affections, feelings and emotions called upon and awakened in exact proportion to the capacity and condition of each. Though one beholds in the rainbow a token of a covenant between God and earth,

"Not so the child; He, wondering, views the bright enchantment bend Delightful o'er the radiant fields, and runs To catch the falling glory; but, amazed, Beholds the amusive arch before him fly, Then vanish quite away,"

"Whilst
There, awful Newton, the dissolving clouds
Form fronting on the sun thy showery prism, And to the eage instructed eye unfold The various twine of light by thee disclosed From the white, mingling maze.

The great book of nature and the human mind seem adapted the one to the other. Man is so formed, that what is exterior to him is continually lifting his aspirations up wards for truth, and drawing out the attractions and affinities of his mysterious nature, whilst his mind unceasingly puts forth its radicles in quest of that which alone can sustain and develop it. We are constantly struggling to comprehend the things which are about us, and yet, when we glance over the successive revolutions of the world's opinions in science in morals, in philosophy and in religion, it would seem as though the race has only been traveling through error toward truth; and therefore it seems that the great object of nature's system of educating humanity, is not so much to store the mind with correct opinions, as it is to set the mind in motion, that it may put forth its energies naturally and healthfully in its efforts to attain truth. So far as individual development is concerned, it is the action—the effort to attain truth, which gives us, in the legitimate acceptation of the term, the power of wisdom when truth has been attained.

The obscurity which hangs over all departments of nature as objects of scientific investigation, does not in the least render them less attractive than if they stood unveiled before us, radiant with truth and beauty; for it is strange, but true that the human mind delights in the attempts which it makes to comprehend that which is mysterious—it delights in those efforts of the imagination by which we endeavor to fill up the hidden outlines in the great panorama of nature-it delights in that very expenditure of mental energy, in which we all indulge, when we endeavor to conceive of what lies behind the curtain, and comparing the invisible with the visible, the unknown with the known, strive to anticipate, through the analogies of nature, the actual revelations and the positive demonstrations of science. It is well that it is so. These struggles of the mind to conceive of the true and the beautiful, before they are actually within the reach of our mental vision, are the very means by which our intellectual being is strengthened and developed.

Let us now see if our system of education at all resembles the great model which nature has set before us.

We educate by means of books, and our books are things which are so constructed as to render their teachings as clear and as distinct as possible. Originality of thought is amplifled until it is lost in the dilution of common places. Writers undertake to do all, and leave nothing to be done by their readers. Nothing is presented in such a shape as to be suggoative of thought to others; on the contrary, writers seen to fear that their renders may be compelled to think, and seem never to lose sight of the idea that they are preparing intellectual labor-saving machines, with which to infuse wisdom and intelligence into the minds of others by a kind of mechanical operation.

Look at the practical educating. It reasons and works thus: Man has a mathematical faculty, and therefore we must heap upon it arithmetical propositions, and algebraical equations, and geometrical problems, in order to bring it out in bold relief. He has the faculty of reason, and upon that we must pile, in regular succession, series of orderly and systematic syllogisms. He has a talent for music, and upon that organ we will place sheet after sheet, and layer after layer, of the splendid compositions of Haydn, Muzart, Beethoven, and all the great masters; and so, every faculty of man's nature is made the basis of a mechanical superstructure, and every latent power of the human mind is buried beneath the rubbish that is niled upon it; and thus the mind, from infancy to old age, is shut like thistic germs in autumn, through Unitarianism, as in out from the light of nature and kept ignorant of its own powers, its own personality, its own self-hood.

As well might we attempt to build out the opening bud into the full-blown rose, by heaping around its unfolding petals the concentrated essences of the floral kingdom, as to endeavor to bring out mind in any other way but the natural one. Mind must grow. Mind, like the bud, must unfold itself, and deck itself in its own tints of coloring, slowly and gradually, and this can only be done by its own internal We want no artificial flowers, no painted lilies, but wa want Natura's own beautoous inimitable creations wreathed in their ow smiles, and enveloped in their own fragrance. We want natural minds-spontaneous beings But where are they? Where is the soul that has bloomed and blossomed harmoniously, and fearlessly unrolled its tender petale to the sun, and spread out its delicate foliage to the zephyr and the breeze, and intertwined its loving tendrils with every congenial, inviting beauty that surrounds It? Where is the face that wears not the impress of artifice. the emblem of fear, and the scal of slavery-of slavery to the thoughts and opinions of others of servitude to all the forms and ceremonies and superficialities of society?

The art of printing came upon the dark ages like the clarion notes of a resurrecting angel, and society arose from its lethargy of centuries. But we fear that the present age is fast enveloping itself in books, and preparing for the slumber of another night. It would seem as if society, like the silk-worm, were silently weaving its own encasement, within which, chrysalis-like, it may repose undisturbed, and, passing through another metamorphosis, issue forth, in due time newly fledged, and adapted to a more elevated and othercal That glorious discovery, the art of printing, in its applica-

tion to the making of books, is now being rapidly pushed to the very furthest extreme of abuse to which it can be carried without arousing society to a full consciousness of the character and extent of the evil, and awakening men to their own Judgment and their own condemnation. We wish not to be misunderstood. It is the abuse of books which we condenue, and not their legitimate use; for they have accomplished a mighty work, and we hope they will yet accomplish a still and stand by my own strength, as Spiritualists can; but I mightler one. The abuse of the art of printing is no trifling plty more those clergymen who, having qualified themselves matter. It amounts to nothing more nor less than this: that books have become the manufacturers of men, and the arbiters of their destinies, instead of men being the manufacturers | them but Spiritualism, which they have scorned and deof books, and the judges of their value and importance. And spised; or the opposite extreme of Catholicism, which they what makes the evil still more aggravated is, that society perceives that such really is the case, but does not seem to think that such should not be the case. The evil is seen as the people to the fact. These two extremes will soon meet clearly as the needday sun; yet it is not looked upon as evil and all parties and persons who are found between them but as good. It is thought right and proper that books should | will be pressed into the ranks of the one or the other, accordmould and fashion individuals from the cradle to the grave. ing to the condition and attraction of the party or person, It is thought right and proper that, in our moral and intellectual conformation, we should all be shaped after one printed affairs, forms, ceremoules, indulgences and prohibition, a pattern-either all made flat heads, or round heads, or square strict but charitable church government, well adapted to the heads, according to some prevailing type of moral and intellectual barbarity.

Our books should not control our system of educating, but our system should control and be superior to all books. The which will unfold the mind as fully and as perfectly with one set of books as with another, or without any.

The remarks which we have made respecting the abuse of books, of course, do not apply merely to their injurious prowhich is usually spent to acquiring what is called an education, but they apply, in an equal degree, to their tyranny and supremacy over us at all ages. But atill the printed page, as objectionable than it is as a means of educating adults. Parents and teachers wonder that children do not love their books, and both parents and teachers, with an assumed authority, for which they can show no commission, endeavor to compel the young, spontaneous souls to love their books at the word of command. But love unveils not its countenance except it be at the bidding of congenial affection. Love opens not its chambers, and illuminates not the recesses of our nature with its electric lights, except it hear the call of lovethe well known voice of sympathy; and parent and teacher stand impatiently before the temple of the young soul, like the bewildered Cassim before the secret door of the mystic cavern, crying aloud, "open wheat-open barley," to portals that obey no command but, "open sesame."

Books speak to children like the voices of the dead, and they do not love the frozen rigidity of death. With their faces buried in the printed page they see nought but the lifeless thoughts, embalmed there like mummles, to shock their sensibilities and repel their delicate natures. Books have no eyes, no mouth, no voice, no hands, no varied interpreters of the soul's full meaning, no spontaneous expounders of thought, such as light up the human countenance with its electric halo before the thought emerges from the soul's depths, as dawn before the coming day, and wreathe it in liugoring smiles, when the thought has passed, as the gilded twilight follows the setting sun. Children are good interpreters of all these natural symbols. They delight in reading the language of nature, and in having others know and acknowledge that they read aright and interpret correctly. The young mind looks up intently into the face of its teacher and silently receives upon its delicate nature the impress of thought, like the daguerrectype plate before the sun, and, when the picture is taken it delights to see the workman gaze upon the image which he has there imprinted, and admire its truthfulness and its beauty. This the printed page cannot do, and hence they are not attracted to it. This is the philosophy of their distaste for books, and though they do not understand it, yet they feel it more delicately and accutely than any metaphysician can explain it.

We all, young and old, soon grow weary in giving expression to the workings of the mind, either by looks, gestures or in words, to the empty air, or to deaf, dumb and blind records of thought, or to another mind who is unwilling or incapable of entering into sympathy with us-whose celestial harp is not in unison with our own. On the other hand no joy on earth equals that which thrills each fibre of our being, rembles upon each nerve and glows in every atom when two congenial, sympathetic souls commune together in harmony, and each beholds, in the eye of each, every thought and emotion as it sparkles up in spontaneous beauty, mirrored back, true to the original in every softened shadow and every mellow rainbow-tint, and every delicate, irridescent play of coloring.

Written for the Banner of Light. ORGANIZATION AND CHURCE GOV-ERNMENT.

BY WARREN OHABE.

Much is said and something being done on this exciting and never settled subject, and of late, since our numbers are sufficient, and means abundant, it has agitated the ranks of Spiritualism, and given some ambitious minds a hope of leadership or fat churches, with high salaries, when the sifting and sorting should separate the respectable and religious elements from the "publicans and sinners," and organize them under the congregational form of ecclesiastical government. I have thus far been rejoiced to see every effort of this kind foiled and defeated by the spirits and the great body of Spiritualists here, who seem to understand this great movement as the end and ultimate of all church forms and governments, and the point where religion shall be diffused among the masses, and exhibited only in the common charities and every-day affairs of life, and no longer be recorded in creeds, and folded up in churches or Bibles, to be opened only on the Sabbath days or in prayer-meetings,

The address of H. W. Bellows before the Alumni of the Divinity School of Old Harvard, seems to have shaken the Protestant churches of our country like an earthquake; the warning sounds of them are yet heard from the pulpit and the press. It warned them of their danger, and informed them, from high authority, that they stood upon a brink from which they might be shaken into fragments by approaching convulsions or advancing steps, to escape which (to them great calamity,) they must at once stop short in their here-tofore progressive march, and wall themselves in with new and stronger creeds, rituals, ceremonies and ordinances, or return at once to the mother church, and be folded in the canonical arms of the Catholic hierarchy, which he informs them might be safely beheaded, or have its Pope removed to accommodate Unitarian democracy and Congregational

church government. The address bears a bold and plain testimony to the his tory and effects of Protestantism, showing that the first step of Luther's schism was one in the right of private judgmen toward a denial and repudiation of all church authority and government, the ultimated effects of which are to be seen in this country, where Protestantism goes to seed, and scatters Parker, Emerson, Conway and others; through Quakerism, in Hixites. Friends of Human Progress, &c., to everybody through Methodism into Wesleyan and other branches to popular assemblies and the masses, where it is diffused; through Presbyterianism, into the New School and the Beechers, where it becomes popular sovereignty, and scatters with the wind; through the close Bantists into Free Will and Disciples, and thus absorbed by the masses. Thus we behold In Protestantism Nature's law, as G. S. Burleigh beautifully describes it, in

"Leaves the dews pavilion make— Dows the flowers' thirsting slake; Flowers give oder to the air— Air divides it everywhere."

Thus the mission of Christianity ends at the end of re ligious organizations, where Spiritualism, with its key of science, unlocks the gate of death. We throw open our windows, and let the light into our homes; open our doors, and let our friends from the other life come in and "sun with us;" let the light and knowledge and wisdow and experience of the other life in upon this, and we no longer need the candies of the Catholic, the chandeliers of the Episcopal, nor the lamps of the Unitarian, to walk by, for we have a superior light, not made from old records or church canons, but from the living and passing revelations and experiences of the here and now.

It would be, indeed, a singular freak of folly for Spiritualists to organize and secturianize, to follow through the mazes of superstition and church government the other sects to a seed-time and diffusion, when they would mingle again with the masses. Should any such partial or general move be made. I trust the friends will leave me outside with the spirits, (who, I conclude, will not be taken, in as mem bers,) and the publicans and sinners, as I prefer to take my chances, and spend my life with them. I do not yet feel myself to be better than Jews, nor so weak as to need the arm

of a church to hold me up, nor its head to feed me. I am sorry for those of us who feel that they must be bound in congregational bundles in order to stand erect in the wheat field. I would prefer to hold on to nature's law. for teaching theology to churches, see the rapidly approaching end of all Protestant churches, and no alternative for have abused and hated; yet such, and such only, is before them, however much they may attempt to blind the eyes of Catholicism with absolute authority and power in religious ignorant massess of its worshipers—and its extreme opposite, Spiritualism, with no church government or authority but

with religion diffused in the acts of life, sustained and en- rain-drops would pass through a broad sheet of flame lightcouraged by the good and pure of both worlds meeting and ming without touching or wetting it. ningling, seeking the poor and needy, and everywhere callword and work of God, and his presence and Fatherhood, and your graders projound all the questions that may arise; in in every human being a brother or sister in nature and re- due time they shall be answered by Lz Roszienucien, ligion—all members of one family and church, and joint heirs with Christ of salvation and heaven.

Glens Falls, N. Y., August 25, 1850.

Written for the Banner of Light. DEALINGS WITH THE DEAD.

HUMBER FOUR.

Turn where we will, ask whom we may, for knowledge in these days, we are sure to be met with the stereotyped-Know thyself." As well tell me to leap the salt ocean! I ask all mankind, the sea, the air, history-sacred and profanc-to point me out one single human being who really knows himself, or indeed comes approx'mately near to selfknowledge. Where is the wondrous mortal, tell me where? And from hollow space echo mocks me-" Where?" To know pueself—the words are easily spoken or written—but to do it. is of all things the hardest and most perplexing. Our selfgood, our intimate personality, is, of all others, the special acquaintance of whom we know the least. "Know thyself," was written over the portice of an ancient temple. The man who placed it there must have had a large spice of satire, or cynicism in his composition, clso he certainly would have asilgaed man a task fifinitely less arduous, a task, compared o which, the twelve labors of Hercules were mere child's lay. Perhaps the feat has been accomplished—certainly l believe it possible to do it-actually dare announce it possible for man to comprehend himself; of course, in so declaring virtually deny the truth of the noted harmonial dectrine, that "It is impossible for man to explore the labyrinths of his own nature-a principle cannot comprehend itself." Now the logic of this is not good, for two reasons : first, God can certainly comprehend man; all that is of man is mind; mind thus comprehends itself, for all there is of God is mind. Man is God's image, and can do on a small scale, what he-God -does on a large, and can therefore exercise the same powers. The only difference between God and a full man, simply is that the former can comprehend each integer of the realm eparately and together; the latter can only grasp each seprate truth as it swims to him on the rolling billows of the nighty sea of Time.

Becondly: I maintain that no philosopher has a right to set limits to the expansive and perfecting power of anything within the realm-by which term I mean to convey the same meaning that others attach to the word universe. What do we know of this expanding, perfecting, completing power o the realm? Why that motion became life, life produced sen sation, and sensation produced instinct, and instinct gone to fruitage is reason, or intelligence-intelligence such as we chold in these times?

Well, sir, you are not far-seeing. You admit-I am talking o a philosopher-you admit that the order of things took place as I have noted them; but why stop at the point you io? Is there not another step for you to go? No! do you say? I reply, you are mistaken; there is another step; there is a higher faculty than intellect, and I can demon state it, and will, before I conclude this series of papers. As the world stands to-day, not one man in a million even sus pects the existence of the great and mighty truth to which I here allude, and not one man in a million, take the world at arge, has succeeded in defining God, or, what is almost as rare—a human soul. Ere long, Davis, and two other men, will attempt to answer the question, "What and where is God?" I shall do the same for the Bannen; and also, several philos ophers, instigated by the present writings-for thus it comes to me-will devote themselves to the elucidation of the question, "What and where is Soul—the human soul?" the profoundest motaphysical difficulty—but difficult only because investigators have analyzed few of the faculties and proper ties of mind, all the while imagining that the soul itself beneath their microscopes, whereas the soul was looking on most placidly at them, wondering why they were trying to dissect its garments and limbs-I repeat, the profoundes difficulty with which the human mind can grapple, for the reason that Faculty, Fancy and Dream-life are merely three of Soul's commonest and external manifestations. There's something more of Boul than all this-indeed, the investigations of our association, Ce cercle de la croix rouge, have lemonstrated that they—Faculty, Fancy and Dreum-life—are but three little rays, as it were, emitted with a thousand others, from one common source. It must be apparent to every thinker that nearly, if not all, that we know of soul, is not of soul, but its methods of display.

There is something more of man than life, limbs, affection learning, feeling, and sex-something infinitely deeper than all this. Yet, man can dive even into these deeper depths, and bring up, now and then, a crystal sand from the foundations of his being-from out the silver seas of life, whose waters flow from just beneath the throne of the Great I Am It is possible to know one's self, notwithstanding that, to ulnety-nine persons in every hundred, there appears to be an impenetrable cloud of darkness circumvolving their beinghn obscurity thick as night eternally homming them in. Man can cut the gordian knot, and, triumphant, pass the Rubicon but by no means popularly resorted to for that purpose-not by meameric agencies, atudy, or starvation, but by those golden methods hereafter to form the theme of another Ros lerucien letter.

I penned the above for the purpose of throwing a shude on the picture about to follow. As I rose in the atmosphere, I felt that there was a vast difference between my then pres ent state and the condition in which I performed the passage from Hartford. In both cases I ascended to a great height: but during the first flight I was not over one-tenth part as would be much more material than our own. Still we have awake as I was during the second, but the movement in the blooming flowers, but ours might be termed the spirit of the last case was nothing like as rapid as in the former. The personage who called himself Thotmer was directly above ly vision, are perfectly real and tangible to us. me, and had been, doubtless, in the former instance. I now absolutely trembled with apprehension lest I should fail: besides which, a multitude of novel suggestions, feelings and literally. We do not possess a sun like yours to radiate light questions presented themselves to my mind; but the prevailing emotion and sensation was such as I suppose balloon ists experience during their novitiate in the business of cloudclimbing. Amongst other queries I entertained, was the following: "Do Las a spirit, actually ascend, or is all this an experience of the soul-a sort of episode of dream-life? Am I really present in form, or is this I an alter ego, another self-a pushing forth of faculty ?" While the last question was fresh in my mind, it began to rain—a sunshiny, summer. rain, such as happens when "the devil whips his wife!"-(I beg pardon-used to whip her; he's dead these eleven years, so say philososhers, and of course can't correct her after that manner any longer.) Here was an opportunity to solve a much mooted point. "Do spirits get wet in a rainstorm? Does the rain and wind pass through them, or does instructors, the mental food which it obtains is all that is t bound off as from a solid body?" I attentively observed myself and the being above my head.

The rain passed through us, yet touched us not at all. lid the wind! Let me illustrate this point, even at the risk of having to carry the subject into a fifth paper, preferring as I do, to make things as clear as possible in order to teach. Now nothing less dense than water-save air in violent motion-will turn, stay or shed it, and the substance of a spirit. It have any particular abiding place, being free to roam ual being is a great deal lighter than hydrogen gas, consequently must be pervious, and is so, and not so, at the same time, litant, emember that spirit is not soul-that it is atomiess, unpartieled, homogeneous. "If so, how can it be true that the raindrops fell through Thotmer and yourself?" Reply: The nearest approach to spirit that presents itself is a large flame issuing from a jet. Suppose the supply of gas to be so great that the flame is three feet broad; now try to wel this flame. and what success will you have? Sprinkle water on it till at London, or Paris, and you may desire our presence at New you grow grey, and although the water will pass through and displace the flame for the myrladth part of a second, yet it will neither wet nor touch it. Every drop of water has an nvelop, so has every particle of flame; the respective envelons may, and do, come in contact; their respective principles-never! The enveloping aura of a human spirit proects the spirit itself from contact, just as a pistol ball som times kills a man dressed in silk, by driving a hole in his body, yet never itself touching him by reason of the silk. Now this enveloping aura I saw with my own soul-sight accommodate itself mysteriously to the falling rain. The whole spiritual mass is not generally homogeneous, but particularso; thus the respective organs are each absolutely unparlicled, yet they do not for that reason hermetically blend with each other, but sustain the same relations after, as before leath or trance, with the difference that in one case the connection is physical, in the other by means of their respecscientific sonse—than their respective primaries. The raindrops then, never approached the vital centre-or the sun. f which I spoke—but passed through and from the body at the points of junction—themselves innumerable—of the respective organ, limb and other spheres; just as the same

But I see that my paper is full, therefore postpone what ing sinners to repentance; recognising in everything the further followed till the next week. In the meantime let

### Correspondence.

Special Hints to "Bemis" and "A. B. C."-T. J. Lewis Congratulated.

"Beuts," of Boston, thinks that Dr. CHILD's "ground is untrodden-his views original." But D. J. Manngll, of Athol, begs leave to suggest that "the ideas of Dr. C. are not quite so "new" and "original" as some are inclined to think. In the very ancient time of King Solomon, that same said King remarked: "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death." (See Prov. 14, 12 and 16, 25.) If the "way" of evil was avowedly 'right" to the evil-doer thousands of years ago, how can the same idea, now, be justly lauded as original or new? The perverse disciples of evil have, from time immemorial, been the vindicators of cvil. Even now, the mass of those who are the most devoted to the service of Hashish, Tobacco, Rum, Arsenic, &c., &c., are the most forward to speak in favor of their own vices. In some way or other, it "seemeth right" unto them, as kindred perversities did to those of the olden time. In a multitude of cases they would style it just the thing! How, then, can the position of Dn. CHILD be justly denominated "original," or his ideas "untrodden ground," when (as I have, in previous articles, remarked,) the very pirate-dens, brothels, etc., do, and always have, agreed with Again, "Bemis" says: "There is a deep truth underlying

Dr. C.'s argument;" and he suggests that "those who combut" the views of Dr. C., "do not see the truth he presents -do not comprehend or understand him." But the "deep truth" to which "Benis" refers, (that "evil" will "ultimate in good,") was distinctly recognized by Mr. MANDELL, in the very outset of the present controversy, and was pointedly set aside from the controversy, as not at all involved in the dispute. It is not that idea against which we are striving, but t is against an entirely different set of ideas, which A. B. C. and others are just now laboring to render prominent. The den that God will overrule "evil" for good, is one thing; the assertion that there is "no wrong, no evil"—that it is "foolish" to undertake to "put down" any given form of cell etc., is entirely another thing. We are simply separating the chaff from the wheat in this discussion. Dn. CHILD, in his late essay on FAITH, substitutes the very essence of wickedness for true faith, where he says that "Opposition in anything is the absence of a recognition of God," etc. And even friend Loveland, notwithstanding the laudations of "Brais." will hardly stand secure in undertaking to thank God for his

To T. J. Lewis, of Boston, Mr. Mandell wishes to address a few words, complimenting him on the discovery of an important physiological and regenerative law, what he styles forced kindness." In this are, indeed, involved principles -not "more important than phrenology," as Mr. Lewis intimates-but principles which phrenologists, as well as others, have not sufficiently taken into account in their estimates of human nature, and its reformation, progress, etc. MR. RARRY has applied these elements efficiently to the training of animals, and they can, truly, be more fully applied "to the reformation of unfortunate human beings, in our insane hospitals, prisons," etc., as friend Lewis suggests. Mr. MAN-DELL has more than once alluded to his experience in this direction, both in the articles published, and in some not yet published, lu these columns. And it is safe to say, that this very controversy on good and evil embodies this very ques\_ tion of the regulated will, in its true application to the suppression of wrong, and the defence and triumph of the right.

Answers to Questions Concerning the Spirit-Land. In the BANKER of August 6th we published some questions sent us by "D. C. M.," concerning the Spirit-land, to which

we have received the following answers through the mediumship of Josephine C. Hinds, Brownville, N. Y.:-Ouestion 1st. Where is the Spiritland located? and is it one world or many, as the material universe is one, but com-

posed of many worlds.? Answer. The Spirit-land has no particular locality or limit. It is boundless and diffused throughout all space. . It is

divided into many worlds, or spheres, each corresponding with the degree of development of its inhabitants. 2d. Do its dimensions seem equal to the material universe

A. The Spirit-land comprehends the material universe. It is the first sphere, or division of it. If, however, you wish to know concerning the other spheres, we will inform you that the second sphere is much larger in its dimensions, and each succeeding sphere is larger than the one preceding it. 3d. Has it poles and revolutions like this world, or any and

what? -A. It has no poles, nor does it make revolutions. It is not sufficiently material for that.

4th. Is its surface diversified with land and water, continents, islands, mountains, shores and coasts, oceans and seas, lakes and rivers?

A. The second sphere is much more material than the others, and, therefore, more like the earth in its divisions 5th. Does the Spirit-land appear as firm and solid to its inhabitants as this world does to us?

A. Yes; it it just as tangible, and appears just as real to us as does earth to you.

6th. Do plants and trees grow and flowers bloom there? A. Not in a literal sense. A rose upon earth and a rose in the Spirit-land would not be the same, because your flowers flowers, and although intangible and imperceivable to earth-

8th. Are sky, cloud, sun and stars seen there?

A. We would reply, as we did to the other question-not and warmth over our spiritual world. Indeed, the light we receive does not seem to proceed from any given object like a sun, but to fall softly and lightly over all; never varying

nor ever fading. 9th. Do they cat, drink, and sleep there?

A. It is not necessary that the mind should partake of material food; but it requires a cessation of its labors. Repose is just as necessary to the mind here as it it upon earth. 10th. Does their food grow spontaneous, or is it acquired by labor, and prepared for uso?

A. Their food, as you will now understand, being mental, and not to support a physical body, is certainly acquired by labor, but it is labor of the mind. The mind is ever laboring to gain a knowledge of light, truth and wisdom, and as it has

necessary for the support and maintenance of the spirit. 11th. Is constructiveness employed in similar occupations, as it is here on earth? If not, in what? A. It is not employed in similar occupations. It is not

necessary that it should be. We do not need to construct a

habitation for the mind, as you do upon earth for the body. The mind must always remain free and unfettered, nor can abroad over all parts of the sphere of which it is an inhab-12th. What are their powers and means of locomotion? A. We do not know that we can exactly explain the ques-

tion, so that you may understand us. Indeed, it would be lifficult for a mind which is still embodied to comprehend the manner in which we are enabled to travel from one place to another. For instance, we may be conversing with friends York or Boston. The moment that we become sensible of your desire, we but will that we be with you, and we are with you. It is but a mere exertion of the will-power, and will is capable of moving spirit,

13th. Do they have forms of government similar to earth's inhabitants. If not, what is their government?

A. We can give you no clear idea of our form or manner of government. It is not similar to that of earth's inhabitants. It is not governed as a whole country, but is divided into spheres, and each sphere is subdivided into sections. Each of these sections have a different government, as the intelligence and development of its inhabitants require

14th. Do they have schools, churches and sects? A. In the second aphere they have all three, because the

mind cannot immediately be rid of the opinions it had cutertained upon earth. It must first be indulged in them, even if erroneous, until they can be eradicated. Gradually, howive auras-which of course are still more sublime-in the ever, as the light begins to shine in upon them, or as they ascend to a higher sphere, churches and sects are merged into one great band, whose only desire is to progress and obtain the truth and light for which they seek

15th. Have they jails and penitontlaries? A. No. They are institutions which the inhabitants of the

spirit-land regard as being more conducted to svil, than cor rectors of it. If a spirit transgrosses a law, if at all developed, he is immediately sensible of it and has no power to continue in the same condition in which he was before he committed this error. He sinks into a lower condition, and he knows it, and has no power to avoid it. He has committed an error, and much labor and true repentence can along atons for it.

16th. Do lawyers and doctors, politicians and prients have calling there?

A. In the second sphere. 17th. Can a spirit come to the earth and view it, and walk ipon its surface as it used to do while in the earth-form? Or can it not come nearer than the furthest limits of its atmo-

sphere? A. A spirit can come to the earth, but it cannot view it as it did while a resident of that sphere. The earth seems very gross and uncultivated, and appears like a hage mass of uncultivated and unrefined matter. This is probably owing to our residence in a sphere of much more refinement and

purity. 18th. If it can come to the earth's surface, can it come through clouds and storm, and can it come through the air without displacing it?

A. Clouds and storms have no influence upon the mind. or does it displace the air

19th. Do spirits have the same form or appearance in every atticular, as they had upon earth?

A. No spirit was ever visible to mortal eye while a resident of earth. If you wish to know if it resembles the earthform, we answer that it does not. It is a light, etherial obect, capable of thought, and consequently of motion. Ouranswer has relation only to the higher spheres. In the second sphere spirits have a form much resembling that of

#### Notes of Travel.

WARREN CHASE, NASHUA, N. II .- Once more I am on the anks of the river of spindles, the busy wheel-turning and cotton-weaving Merrimac. We left our home in the Peninsular State, when July came out there, and were tossed on the waves of Erie, fed in the homes of Ohio, drank soda and tephers in the hot July days of Buffulo, haptised in the spray of Niagara, walked through the eplendid gardens of Roches ter, "went to Rome," preached in Utlea and practiced on the black rock of Trenton Falls, paraded with the show at Saratoga, and drank Congress water till one was sick and the other well, had a very pleasant visit at Glens Falls, rocked to sleep in the Rutland cradie of the Green Mountains, were nulled up the west side and slid down the east side on fron rails, took a breath from the bellows of Bellows Falls, and at ast reached the Newport of New Hampshire, where Lettie found her ancestral home and went to view the rocks where the childhood days of her mother were spent, while I sought the cities of the Merrimac, and met in Lowell, last Sabbath, a large audience of intelligent faces, who greet me once more with a hearty welcome to the old Bay State.

In every place I have visited, the Bannen is a welcome vistor, eagerly sought and carefully read, and I am glad to be able to say to the editors and publishers that their efforts to make it an at ractive and useful paper are highly and truly appreciated by the thousands of readers. Along the whole line of my route, from St. Louis via Chi-

cago, Cleveland, Buffulo, Utica, Rutland and New Hampshire, our cause is strong and growing stronger daily. Every year brings in new families, and souls are constantly saved from the whirlpools of sectarianism and the broad road of scepticism and unbelief. Meetings are being organized and kept up in hundreds of places, where a few years or months ago only the prosy preaching of old creeds or the howlings of fanaticism could be heard. Churches are purchased or erected, halls built or hired, and speakers called for in every direction. Even within a few weeks I have had a call east of the Penobscot, and several west of the Mississippi. The harvost is truly great and the laborers few. How necessary it is that we have schools established, in which teachers of the Harmonial Philosophy can be educated and prepared for the work by the aid and influence of both worlds. I have been waiting and watching long for some competent persons to move in this matter, and the foundation is already laid for one at Harmonia, (Battle Creek,) Mich., but the means and minds to carry up the structure have not yet reached the time or place. Schools to educate males and females to preach and practice freedom of conscience, purity of life. nobleness of soul, development of spirituality, scientific knowledge, practical religion, social refinement, and virtue for its goodness and the happiness it brings-how different there schools of the future will be from the narrow sectarian institutions of our time; and yet those have prepared the way, like the rude carts and clumsy stages for the carriages and cars of travelers, and the ugly old boats for the steamers and clippers of the present. I hope ere long to find some able persons ready to callst and engage in the great and allmportant movement of renovating and changing our educaion, so as to free it from the narrow sectarian control and bigoted teaching of the colleges and academies of our country. My mission does not seem to be in that direction, but I see and feel its demand none the less.

It is with our good intentions as with our dishes-to-morow is but the hash of to-day.

The intoxication of anger, like that of grape, shows us others, but hides us from ourselves.

As easily expect oaks from a mushroom bed.

durable product from small and hasty efforts. A cure for palpitation of the heart-Marriage.

During the late panic in the East, several of the wire

ridges were suspended. SUNDAY MEETINGS IN NEW YORK.

Donworm's Hall.—T. W. Higginson, of Worcester, Mass., will speak on the two next Subbaths.

Meetings are held at Lumartine Hall, on the corner of 29th street and 8th Avenue, every Sunday morning. Preaching by Rev. Mr. Jones. Afternoon: Conference or Lecture. Evening: Circles for trance-speakers. There are at all times several present.

### LEUTURERS.

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

WARREN CHARL'S address for September will be Lowell,

WARREN CHASE'S address for bedeemee, not all Mass.
Mrs. A. P. Thompson, South Troy, Vt.
Mrs. Fannie Burbank Friton. Address, until October
1st, Willard Barnes Folton, Portland, Me.
J. H. Currier, (caro of H. A. Meacham.) Orango, Ms.
H. P. Fairpfield, Greenwich Village, Mass.
Mrs. J. W. Currier, Lowell, Mass., box 815.
Miss Roba T. Amedey, No. 32 Allen street, Boston, Mass.
W. K. Ripley, 10 Green street, caro of B. Danforth.
Miss M. Musson, care of Dr. H. T. Child, 510 Arch street,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Miss R. Monson, care of Dr. H. T. Child, 310 Arch street, bhiladelphia, Pa. F. L. Wadsworth's address until Sopt. 25th, is Oswego, N. Y., care of J. L. Pool. Mrs. Frances O. Hyzer, Montpeller, Vt. Mrs. A. H. Coles, care of Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield street,

MISS EMMA HOUSTON, No. 6 Edgeley place, out of South

Jodar street, Boston.

ANNA M. MIDDLESBOOK, Box 422, Bridgeport, Ct.

H. A. Tucker, Foxboro', Mass.
George Atkins, Boston, Mass.
Rev. John Fierroft, West Mcdford, Mass.

Miss Barah A. Magoun, No. 33 Winter street, East Camridge, Mass.
Mrs. Many MacSunen, Carpenter street, Grant Mill, care

M. I. Macombor, Providence, R. I.
MISS LIZZIE DOTEN, Plymouth, Mass.
MISS EMAM HARDINGS, No. 8 Fourth Avenue, New York.
H. L. Bowker, Natick, Mass., or 7 Davis street, Boston.
BENJ. DANFOETH, Boston, Mass.
ELIJAH WOODWORTH. Address at Leslie, Mich., till further

C. T. Inish, Taunton, Mass., care of John Eddy, Esq.

C. T. Intell, Tauncon, Mass., care of John Eddy, 189.
A. B. Whiting, Brooklyn, Mich.
CHARLES W. Burgess, West Killingly, Conn.
Mrs. Bertha B. Ohase, West Harvich, Mass.
E. R. Young, box 85, Quincy, Mass.
George M. Jackson, Address at Prattaburg, N. Y., until

urther notice.

1. K. Coonley, La Prairie Centre, Ill.
LOYELL BEEBE, North Ridgeville, Ohio.
Mrs. S. Maria Bliss, Springfield, Mass.

E. V. Wilson, Bridgewater, Mass. Pror. J. E. Chunchill, No. 203 Franklin street, near Race,

PROP. J. F. CHURCHILL, NO. 203 Franking street, near faces, billidelphila
MRS. J. B. SHITH. CONCORD, N. H.
DR. O. C. YORK, Boston, Mass
MRS. F. O. HYZER, CATE Of J. H. Blood, Box 340 P. O., St., colls, Mo.

ouls, Mo. Miss Busan M. Johnson, North Abington, Mass. Mes. Amanda M. Spence, No. 534 Broadway, New York PROP. J. L. D. Oris will spend the month of September in

Connecticut and Rhodo Island. Address at Norwich, Ct. IRA H. CURTIS. Hartford, Ct. J. C. Hall, Buffalo, N. Y. WILLIAM E. Rice, 7 Davis street, Boston. MISS E. E. GIBSON, North Hanson, Mass. CHARLES P. RICKER, Lowell, Mass.

CHABLES F. RICKER, LOWEL, MESS.
A. O. RONIBSON, Ed. River, Mass.
MISS A. B. PEASE, West Whateley, Mass.
DR. MAYHEW, (caroof R. Post.) Bt. Paul, Min,
LORING MOODY, Maldon, Mass.
MRS. J. R. STERRIZE, Crown Point, Ind.

### HENRY WARD BEECHER PLYMOUTH OHURCH, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Sunday Evening, Sept. 11th, 1850. REPORTED FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT, BY T. J. ELLINWOOD.

TEXT:—"From that time many of his disciples went back, and waked no more with him. Then said Jesus unto the twelve, Will ye also go away? Then Binon Peter answered him, Lord, to whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life."—John vi, 60-68.

There were three reasons, which included in them-There were three reasons, which included in themsolves 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 fuscination in them. And though impressive in delivery,
yet to retain them required a holiness of life of which yet to retain them required a holiness of life of which men were not capable; and so, in hundreds and thou-sands 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 preten-tious 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 were taught by Christ himself." and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we and when we shall see him, there is 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 birgelf in church instance, presented the truth 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

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 interlaced with questions, and answers, and replications, 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 salient to us. But either it had a rela tion which we are slow to perceive to their Jewish prejudice, 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. At any rate, a great many broke with Christ at this point, and fol-

lowed 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 believe not. For Jesus knew from 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 disciples and Peter navyer. 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 perceived the difference between the instruction of Christ and that of all other religious teachers, and that Christ's instruction that 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 soul of man, will fit it to discover all truth, by the ordinary laws of investigation. And so, Christianity has always aroused men, and led them on to the most alert investigations and discoveries. In this silent way, it has revolutionized all the departments of human thought and human life.

But in its original errand, the truth of Christ was

simply a truth of life. It was from life to life. It was the life of God spoken to the life of man's soul. It was for the sake of the formation of a holy character in each individual, that Christ delivered his truth.

This divinity was to be looked for, then, not in sub the speculations; not in the width of its revelations; not in the symmetry of its system and organizations; but in the power that there should be in Christ to affect the character and life of men.

Let us look, then, at some of the truths that cluster

around about 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. Sin is said to be a transgression of the law. And if you take the lowest law known—the law of society—there is not a man who, 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 sinfulness, which was not so much expounded by Christ Or if, rising higher than this, you take the laws of nature, there is not a man that can read those laws, as laid 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 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 effulgence of conviction on every part of a man's life, if he measures himself by it! And when Christ came and set 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

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 It was not, however, in these objective statements of truth that the divine power of the Gospel was to rest, although they are essential in their place: it was to rest in the power of Christ as a living 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

nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but

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 have been some in few sach in was heart to reall the week translation."

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-

ion, and the descent of the Spirit on the Pentecostal day, and thereafter; yet, even in the time of our Sathan in our time—from an effete ecclesiasticism. We viour, the word of God, and the power of God, were are living in an age in which men are breaking away not without witnesses. There were conversions even in his own presence; but then, mainly, and most wonderfully, when the Spirit and the apostles preached, were there 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 age since his time, 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 ago since the days of Christ there has been a secret power that issued from the Gospei, 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 r; a power that corruption could never under-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 eard sword. There has been in this book and medicine for the goul more than physician over found for the 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

inning to this day; but, chiefest of all, it has known sphere is quite important enough; but there are truths low, through every age since it was declared in the that are as old as the world, which seem new wheneyworld, to give peace to the troubled conscience; it has er they are brought to you—namely, those relating to revealed God to the longing soul; it has made men the salvation through the Lord Jesus Christ. And there sons of God. And all this it has been accomplishing is no truth that is new in this world, which is, for a

of his children, hidden from the external eye, and recorded nowhere except in the history of plous 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. 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 falled 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 com-pare the revivals that have taken place throughout this country during the last two years 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 conscience than we, they were not so intelligent and so far ad than we, they were not so intelligent and so har ac-vanced 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 decaying 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

Bome men have thought that the Gospel was, so to speak, nearly played out, and that it was time to get new revelations—Heaven save the mark, such as they are 1—that it was a good thing in its day, but that its day was past, and it was now pretty much worn out. The the excess of its shining since the world began! The sun is sometimes hidden behind clouds; and it is some-will never fulfill any such promise as this: "I will never fulfill any such promise as this: "I will never fulfill any such promise as this: "I will never fulfill any such promise as this: "I will never fulfill any such promise as this: "I will never fulfill any such promise as this: "I will never fulfill any such promise as this: "I will never fulfill any such promise as this: "I will never fulfill any such promise as this: "I will never fulfill any such promise as this: "I will never fulfill any such promise as this: "I will never fulfill any such promise as this: "I will never fulfill any such promise as this: "I will never fulfill any such promise as this: "I will never fulfill any such promise as this: "I will never fulfill any such promise as this: "I will never fulfill any such promise as this: "I will never fulfill any such promise as this promise and the never fulfill any such promise whether the next and the never fulfill any such promise whether the next and times celipsed; but it is the same sun that shone on Abraham's head, and the Apostles' path; and it is just abode with you." The words of Christ are sweeter as clear and life-giving to-day as when it first dawned and better than all the promises or fulfillments of as clear and life-giving to-day as when it first dawned on creation. And though there are many things about the Gospel that have changed, yet that central life-power, that Spirit-power, which characterized it at iirst, 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 Platonic 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 Christ, you shall find nowhere life-nower in spiriting. down to our time doctrinal forms have been constantly changing. We have witnessed changes in them, and shall continue to witness changes in

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. The everlasting want of man's they will bring you no Christ; and bringing you no Soul, and the reasons of that want, will never change. Christ, they will bring you no eternal life. To whom God's infinite fullness of grace, mercy and goodness, and his readiness to bestow himself as food for man's You may be disgusted with the way in which minis-

comes, that do find it. To them is given power to become the sons of God. The reality 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 let me say to you again, there is no other name under Christ may be to you a stambling-stone and rock of leaven given among men, whereby they can be saved, 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 overlasting and doctrine of Christ, in order to be saved, but that 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 overlasting Friend to you; or he may be to you an offence, and you may turn away from him offended, to perish. The Gospel may be to you, to-night, hidden, and so may be to a savor of death unto death; or it may shine upon you like the morning sun, and be a savor of life unto life. It is the same Gospel that it was in the beginning, it is the Gospel of the same Good that it was then, and it has the same errand in the world that it had then; 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 eternal life." You can turn away from the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, and can find many other things; but will you find that which it has—namely, a divine power to Jesus Christ, and can find many other things but will you find that which it has—namely, a divine power to transform your nature—a divine power to bring you into sweet commerce with God—a divine power to opien before you the eternal world, and give you a passport to everlasting life. What less will give you a passport to everlasting life. What less will give you and the power does not have the day will not save you from sin, and sorrow, and death. They will not save you from sin, and sorrow, and death. They will not save you from sin, and sorrow, and death. They will not save you from sin, and sorrow, and death the day will come which will bring these words of affectionate warning and entreaty which I unter, yet the day will come which will bring these words of affectionate warning and entreaty which I unter, yet the day will come which will bring these words of affectionate warning and entreaty which I unter, yet the day will come which will bring these words to you a passport to even the sum the power does not save men among the heathen, and there is not

he honest purpose of receiving spiritual benefit. They on from one church to another, having no definite pur-pose. To-day they go among the Roman Catholics, and to-morrow among the Protestants, now in one church, and then in another, and everywhere wonder-ing what shall happen to them, and what they shall

Now all the churches on earth can show you noth 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 creamonies 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 so thing of any savies to you expent the simple truth. nothing of any service to you except the simple truth 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, why you dropped tears of sadness; you knew not the

lleving. And this is the first peculiar and wonderful crand of the Cospel of Christ—namely, by this living heart, if at all. You may go to them all if you choose, and prosecute the experiment to the end; but let me nen to repentance, to reconciliation with God, to heliness of life, and to linal 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 respiculent exhibitions of divine power were not until Christ's resurrection and ascension, and the descent of the Spirit on the Pontecontal.

There are those who are on them all if you choose, and prosecute the experiment to the mill if you choose, and prosecute the experiment to the mill if you choose, and prosecute the experiment to the mill if you choose, and prosecute the experiment to the mill if you choose, and prosecute the experiment to the mill if you choose, and prosecute the experiment to the mill if you choose, and prosecute the experiment to the mill if you choose, and prosecute the experiment to the mill if you choose, and prosecute the experiment to the end; but it me toll you that which you were the that of a carryan traversing the weary desert, you will find him in your linear, if at all. You than you come back after a long pilling, 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 dogma-

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, biessed be God!—not one. In all the great truths which relate to man's nature and destiny, and which holy men have endeavored to present in every age, I most fervently believe—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 libin which they saw ht to clothe them. I chim the herety 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 leaves the state of the god truths. ing old forms is not the same as leaving old truths, any more than leaving old clothes is leaving the people that were them. For forms are but dresses, after all; and by so much as a person is worth more than his raiment, 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 categories that it we abandon the categories that it we abandon the categories that it was abandon the categories that it was abandon the categories that the categories th chism in its form, we abandon the real essential truths which it inculcates. A great many persons, go to churches, and being fed on the hucks of doctrinal and the poisonous sorrow from allilotion. It has taught the poisonous sorrow from allilotion. It has taught there have 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 agiony. 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 a hisfest of all it has known and the poisonous sorrow from the first this day, but a hisfest of all it has known. sons of God. And all this it has been accomplishing is no truth that is new in this world, which is, of a 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.

You may go searching as much as you please; you may the searching as much as you please; you may 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 Gospelpower which you need, will very soon show itself to

be insufficient. You may make your round of pleasure; and when 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 go even to Christian art, or to living art, and Truly, God is beautiful, but beauty is not God; and you may go even to Christian 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 he—as there are—many things in them that are worth

Christ, you shall find nowhere life-power in spiritual

things.
You may follow those who say, "Lo, here!" and them. Our ecclesiastical establishments will be "Lo, there!" and they may take you forth into the changed. Even those that boast of their permanence wilderness, to see fantasms and mirages, and things will be changed. Many things about religion will be which cheat you; you may follow those who revile the

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 divine things are administered; and that may be a transforming the spirit of men, and elevating them into a higher life—that 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 the Gospel; for the Church of God is not in this or that comes, that do find it. To them is given power to be.

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 criticise 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.

Men and brethren, this is serious business. The salvation of the souls of men is not a thing of speculation. There is not another thing of which an 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 these you can only obtain 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 knew not the

meaning of those hours in which God kneaded your meaning of these hours in which God kneaded your soul, and made it mellow to hear his voice. In ten thousand cares and revulsions 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 kneeks, saying, "Open—open unto me!" Will you go sway 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, alhough not much absorbed by the world, is there not a message to you also? Am I not sent to you, to night, to speak to you, as if in your own house, and as if call-ing you by name, saying from my God, "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand?" And does not my Saylour say to me. . Speak to these men, and say, . Except a man be born again, he 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 salva-

—that God of mercy and love revealed for your salvation? Will you go to him?

Or, if you are already conscience-freighted, 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 cleanseth us from all sin." If you have never found conscience-rest; 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?

the rest you seek? Are there not some here who have been striving in 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 convertill. ations. Some of you have knelt with me in prayer. I 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 repeat. As long as you have strength enough to repeat. As long as you have strength to do evil, you have strength to do good. And no matter though a man may have long taxed Divine patience, that is 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 unwester of the circulation. 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 sad 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-tential to make proof of your ministry although you 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 mighter 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 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. "Because 1 live you shall live. If you suffer, you shall live with me." Bear up, then, under temptations. Fight manthat Christ has said, "I will never leave thee nor for-

Though tempest-tossed, and weather-beaten, thou art carer the harbor than thou thinkest; Christis 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 proludes 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

In New Hartford, Conn., on the 6th instant, by Prof. S. B. Brittan, C. A. Case, Esq., of New York City, and Miss Andre May Richards.

OBITUARY.

Died in Upton, Aug. 22d. Eugene Leslie, aged 4 years, 8 months, 12 days; Aug. 31st. Willie Edgar, 2 years, 23 days, only children of Calvin II. and C. Maria Rugglus.

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

'T is ever thus—the choicest flowers And brightest buds first fade away; The watchful eye and careful hand Seem but to hasten their decay.

Hope whispers when such trials come, And grieving hearts in sadness bow; His wisdom guides, whose tender love No earthly parent e'er can know.

When autumn winds have swept the fields, And scattered lie the favorite flowers, We know th t 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 genial heart-rays goutly warm.

When nature sinks beneath her cares, No longer can her tils endure;
'T is 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 h But sweeter far to feel and know The dearest leved 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.

'T is nature's law—a law of love
From Him who "doch all things well"—
The Fount whence emanates all life— Its depth and fullness none may tell. Dear, mourning 'riends, full well we know

No treasures can the lost replace; That sympathy and love may cheer, Though cannot late and scenes efface.

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

B. T. ( Upton, Sept. 8d, 1859.

BOOKSELLERS' AND NEWS-VENDERS' AGENCY

## ROSS & TOUSEY, 121 Nassau Street, New York, General Agents for the BANNER OF LIGHT,

Would respectfully invite the attention of Booksellers, Dealers in Cheap Publications, and Periodicals, to their unequalled facilities for packing and forwarding overything in their
line to all parts of the Union, with the utmost promptitude and
dispatch. Orders solicited.

A CARD.

MRS. STOWE, TEST AND HEALING MEDIUM, SECOND house from State street, west door, Smith's Hill, Providence, R. I., can be consulted every day, (Saturdays and Sundays excepted.) from 9 A. M. until 3 P. M. Will visit private families by request. Terms given on application.

Mrs. B. is Agent for Dr. Bronson's Prefarative for the cure of diseases.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT

MAY BE PURCHASED OF THE FOLLOWING Wholesale & Retail Dealers in Books & Newspapers.

BPECIAL AGENTS: ROSS & TOUSEY, 121 Naszu stroot, New York, Will answer all orders for the Banner or Liour, from the Bouth and West. Dealers will address them, as no papers are sent from our office.

Our friends will confor a favor on us by purchasing the BANNER at the News Deror in the towns where they reside, if one is kept there, thereby encouraging the Paper Dealer to keep the BANNER OF LIGHT ON his counter.

PHILADELPHIA—Samuel Barny, southwest cor. of Chest-nut and Fourth streets; F. A. Drovin, 107 South Third street. POUGHKEEPSIE—KENWORTHY'S NEWS-ROOM.

POUGHIKEEPBIE—KENWORTHY'S NEWS-ROOM.
BUFFALO, N. Y.—T. B. HAWKES.
OSWEGO, N. Y.—J. L. POUL; GEORGE H. HEES.
SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y.—A. S. HURLING, (opposite American Hotel.)
CINCINNATI, O.—S. W. PEASE & CO., 28 West 6th street.
MICHIGAN—ADRIAN—JOEL HANDY; IONIA—B. L. WELCH;
COLDWATER—N. T. WATERMAN.
ILLINOIS—CHICAGO—MENALLY & CO.; ROCKFORD—H. H.
WALDO; PEORIA—STRICKLER & BROTHERS.
INDIANA—RICHMOND—S. ELDER.
MISSOURI—ST. LOUIS—GRAY & CRAWFORD, 54 Yourth street, west side.

wost side.

LOUISIANA — NEW ORLEAMS — A. DAFFREMONT — C. H. ECHWANKER. 50 and 01 Exchange Alloy.

WISCONSIN—MILWAUKEE—W. ELLIS; J. SIGERSON & Co.

### ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

#### DODD'S NERVINE!

Bottles Enlarged.—Price as Before.

THE extensive sale and universal favor which this great specific remedy has overywhere met with, warrant the proprietors in enlarging the size of bottle, without increasing the price. For all allections of the Nervous System, coming under the general term of Nervousness, Dodd's Nervine has no could.

Nervous Sufferens are carriestly advised to abandon the use of Oplom in any form, which must inevitably injure the system, and by a thorough use of the Nervine, not merely palliate their disease, but remove it by inducing matural action, and equalizing the circulation. \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by Druggists generally.
WILSON, FAIRBANKS & CO., Boston, Sole Agents for United States. GEO. C. GOODWIN, Wholesale Agents for New England.

SEALED LETTERS ANSWERED.

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

dealt with. All answers returned in six days.

Address M. W. WELLMAN, Woburn, Mass.

July 23 cop3mb

PARKER SEWING MACHINE.

PARKER SEWING MACHINE.

Price \$40. Complete.

VERNON & CO., NO. 469 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

THE PARKER FAMILY SEWING MACHINE is a new one of great merit, combining all the important principles in the most simple manner, making it the mest desirable machine in use. It sews from two commion speeds, making a seam of unequal strength—runs rapidly, without noise—will do all kinds of work any other machine will do. Is less liable to get out of order, and the price is cheaper.

This machine is manufactured by the Parker Sowing Machine Co., Meriden, Ct.—Charles Parker, Esq., President—and is authorized by Grover & Baker, which gives it stability as well as freedom from the risk of being used without authority.

All letters and orders addressed Vernon & Co., 469 Broad-

MED BEND FOR CIRCULAR.

Agents wanted in every town and city. tf THE MISTAKE OF CHRISTENDOM: OR, JESUS AND HIS GOSPEL BEFORE PAUL AND CHRISTIANITY. By Geonor Steames. Bela Marsh, publisher. This book demonstrates that the religion of the Church originated with Paul, and not Jesus, who is found to have been a Rationalist, and whose Geospel as deduced from the writings of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, is a perfect refutation of Christianity. It contains 312 pages of good print, well bound, and will be sent by mail on receipt of one gold dollar. Address.

May 28. tf GEORGE STEARNS,

West Acton, Mars.

" Freely give and freely receive." 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. Brittan, C. A. Case, Esq., of New York City, and Miss Annis.

MARRIED,

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

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

5000 AGENTS WANTED TO INTRODUCE AN ARticle of universal utility into every household in the land. For particulars enclose one red postage stamps and address S. B. NICHOLS, General Agent, No. 23 Wincosk Avenue, Burlington, Vt.

#### BEAUTY WITHOUT PAINT: NO MORE ROUGE.

NO MORE PINK-SAUCERSI

What a Lovely Girl that is !--Oh, she uses DR. BOSWELL'S BEAUTIFIER, which removes all Pimples, Freckles, Sunburn and Tan.: Price 80 cents per box.
His HAR ERADICATOR, for removing superfluous hair from a lady's lip, chin, neck, arms, etc., has no equal.. Price \$1 00 a bottle.
His PILLS FOR FEMALES have not arival in the world. \$1 00 per bottle.
His Permanent and Positive CURE FOR SPERMATORRHGA has no equal.
All DR. Boswell's articles are sent by mail, free of postage.

All orders must be addressed to

DR. F. W. BOSWELL, No. 5 Beekman Street, N. Y.

Sept 10.

MISS NEWTON, HEALING MEDIUM, NO. 26 WEST DEDIIAM STREET, two doors from Wash-ington-street. Terms, 50 conts for each sitting. 4t aug27

J. T. GILMAN PIKE,
ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN AND MEDICAL ELECTRICIAN,
No. 17 Trement street, (opposite Museum) Boston. THE He will give special attention to the cure of all forms of Acute and Chronic Diseases.

OBED B. LOW,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Office, 8 Scollay's Building, (Entrance, on Tremont Row.)

Aug. 27. BOSTON. DR. C. MAIN, SPIRIT AND MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN,

No. 7 Davis street, Boston.

The Special attention paid to the cure of Cancers of all escriptions, Deformity of Limbs, Deafness, &c.

Fatients accommodated with board at this Institute.

Sept. 10.

17

MRS, E. C. MORRIS,

MEDIUM FOR THE PHILOSOPHY AND PRINCIPLES
of Spiritualism, 100 East 14th street, New York, Also,
messages from spirit friends. Private circles attended by
Sopt 10

MISS B. H. BARRETT CLAIRVOYANT'PHYSICIAN,

W. H. NUTTER, HEALING MEDIUM.
THE SICK ARE HEALED BY THE LAYING ON OF hands at 105 Pleasant street, Boston. Terms moderate.
Sept. 10. Bept. 10.

A. B. CHILD, M. D., DENTIST. NO. 15 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON, MASS.