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THE SERMONS

OF REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER AND EDWIN H. CHAPIN are reported for us by the best Photographers of New York, and published verbatim every week in this paper. *Fourteen Pages—Rev. H. W. Beecher's Sermon.* *Eleven Pages—Rev. Dr. Chapin's Sermon.*

Written for the Banner of Light.

"BERTHA LEE," OR, MARRIAGE.

To the Memory of my Husband this tale is dedicated
BY ANN E. PORTER,
Author of "Dora Moore," "Country Neighbors," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXVII.— PARENTAL DISCIPLINE.

"Coming events cast their shadows before."
I learned, the next day, through a letter from my mother, the cause of Mr. Gray's trouble. My father's estate was much involved; he had speculated in railroad stocks, and there was little left, only a pittance for his widow. I did not feel this trial as sensibly as Mr. Gray; he said it was because I had no proper sense of the value of money. My father had always given him to understand that he should leave us a competence, at his death, and, however I might view it, the future would probably show that it was a loss for me, as well as for others.

It was this anxiety for others, that had troubled my father so much. Now I understood the lagging step and anxious look. Oh, how I regretted that I could not have eased his anxiety by telling him how much more precious was one day of his life, than money to us.

Auntie Paul laughed, really laughed a merry laugh, when she heard the cause of Mr. Gray's trouble. "Well, I'll give him a text," said she, "for next Sunday; 'Riches take to themselves wings, and fly away'; and I shall add, that he must be a little more prudent of cigars!"

Helen's marriage and this disappointment, must have affected my husband's temper; for after Auntie Paul went away, he became more and more morose. Her presence had been a restraint upon him, and now there was a reaction upon myself. I was more sensitive and irritable, and had it not been for Lily, I should have made home unhappy. But her smile, and the very sight of the darling, made me better and happier. But here I made a great mistake; instead of trying to soften Mr. Gray, and win him from his study, I sought to be happy without his society. There was always a welcome for me at Elmwood. Mr. Gomez fancied that Lillian was better when I was there, and I would gladly have remained with them more, had my home duties permitted; but I could not leave Lily, and that made sunshine for them. Mr. Gray was right when he said they would get her too much, and had she been older, I should have feared the result, but she was a baby yet; when she got older I would have it different.

One day when I went in, Lillian, with a great air of mystery, took me to her own little boudoir, and acquainted me with a bit of information that elicited my sympathy and joy.

"Now, don't you think, Bertha, this is the reason of my cough, and what Mrs. Green calls my illness?"
Yes, I did, seriously; and my own fears were quieted. But when Mrs. Green was informed of it, she shook her head, and looked dubiously wise.

"It's death or life now," she said, "and the chances are all against us."
Summer came in with its fullness of life, and its garments of beauty. My own spirit was refreshed, my health was better, and though Auntie Paul was gone, yet Lily was so well nursed and cared for at Elmwood, that my domestic duties were light. True, a country minister's wife has many perplexities, but the unexpected arrival of brother ministers and agents did not annoy me as it seems to have done some "shady side" pastors' wives. If there is a class of patient, self-denying, hard working men in the world, it is the country ministers. With small salaries and large families they struggle on, having little treasure here, and looking forward for rest and reward.

There were, perhaps, half a dozen ministers in the association to which Mr. Gray belonged. I had become familiar with their families, and had made some precious friends kept aloof, and I feared I was remiss in my duty. I was too much to ride much after Prince; for notwithstanding his transient disposition, Mr. Gray had retained him, but in the spring, having a good offer, he sold him, and we were now without a horse. Lillian's carriage was at my service daily, if I wished, but I seldom availed myself of the privilege, though I had the pleasure of seeing my darling Lily's bright face peeping from it every morning, and her little hand waving a kiss as an adieu. Lillian was never happier than when she could draw the baby according to her own bright fancy, and ride out in their open landau, and the old family coachman divided his admiration between his pretty freight and his fine horses. At such times I busied myself in the kitchen, preparing our dinner, happy in thinking of my loved ones.

Now I resolved to accept one of Lillian's invitations and make a regular round of visits upon the congregation. I was disappointed in my reception; in some places I was met with decided coolness—in others with an appearance of sympathy amounting almost to pity, which annoyed me as much as the coolness. Among other places, we called at the millinery's shop, where there was a room full of girls sewing. As we left, and were passing along a porch which ran past the windows, we heard one say—

"I pity her for my heart!"
"I don't one bit," said another. "Why, her own handwriting was in the sermon."

"What can it mean?" said I to Lillian.
"Oh, I don't know," she replied; "something or other about one of your husband's sermons, I suppose, that I overheard Mrs. Green and the gardener, this morning, talking about. I thought they said your husband did not write his own sermons, but father said that could not be, for Mr. Gray had talent enough to write all the sermons he had ever heard him preach, and they had better find something worse than that about him, before they talked of dismissing him."

My heart was suddenly filled with apprehension. It had never occurred to me before that we might be obliged to leave Vernon. I knew we had often been told that ministers' houses should be set on wheels, but I had looked upon my home as permanent. I had settled there very reluctantly, but now I had taken root, and like a vine, my heart had sent out its tendrils, and twined around the people and the spot, till it would be like tearing my heart strings to leave them. I wanted to hasten home to ask Mr. Gray what it all meant.

I was impatient for tea-time to come, and as soon as I had poured out his cup, I asked him if he had been accused of preaching other people's sermons. He started, colored, looked at me searchingly, and then said—

"People are often accused of things of which they are not guilty."

"I'm sure," I added, "they would not say so if they knew how much time you spent in your study."
"You need give yourself no uneasiness about it," said he; "I can defend my own cause. If you will confine yourself to your domestic duties, and let gossiping alone, you may save some trouble."

"I do hope, Mr. Gray, that nothing will happen to make us leave Vernon. I love the place too well now to wish to leave it."

"As well as you would India, I suppose!"
This was cruel, but I had no reply to make, for my eyes were half open to the fact that my missionary fever was not, after all, the true self-denying spirit required by the Saviour of his followers.

The next morning Lillian came in to have a frolic with the baby. It was a rainy day and we could not go out doors, but the two children, as I called them, never minded the weather if they could be together. Now they were sitting on the floor, rolling a ball, then presently dressing a doll and rocking her to sleep, and now playing horse in the rocking-chair.

Lillian had no more idea of the serious duties of life than her little pet; she ignored all care. Mrs. Green was housekeeper, and she filled her place admirably; the other servants had been long in the family and were thoroughly trained. Mr. Gomez had always shielded his child from every rough wind, and guarded her feet from all rude paths. Since her marriage he had double watch and ward. Every luxury of land and sea that she could desire, was brought to her, and it never entered her little head that anything more was required of her than love, as indeed there was not. She worshipped her husband, but even that was not sufficient to induce her to cultivate her mind, that she might be a companion as well as wife. She could sing like a bird, and her sweet voice was warbling delicious music half the time, and now and then she would read a story, a bit of poetry, or a romance.

"But, oh dear!" she would say, "Bertha, how can you find any pleasure in reading such solemn books? Let me see, Jeremy Taylor's Holy Living and Dying. What's the use of putting that last word on? If we live well, won't we die well? Wordsworth's Excursion; I tried to read that once to please Charles, and fell asleep over the tenth line. Ruskin's Works—that's another of my husband's books, but I asked him what the use was of reading about pictures when we have them all around us? No, no—I'll not mope over books, though (and here, for a moment, an expression of sadness and regret passed over her pretty face). I do wish I knew more on Charles's account. I cannot talk with his visitors. I cannot talk with him, only just to tell him I love him with all my heart, and ask him to sing with me. We can sing together—he has a glorious bass voice, and I enjoy music when he's there. But, Bertha, (and she lowered her voice), I'm afraid I don't even love Charles well enough to do what you do."

"What do you mean, Lillian?"
"Why, ain't you mending stockings?"
"To be sure."
"Well, I would n't like to mend stockings."
"Why, it's nothing more than one kind of embroidery stitch."

"Bah! I don't fancy it; and then, do n't you cook all the meals?"
"Yes, no, I do."

"Well, I should get tired of working like that for my own noble husband, I think of it! Oh, Bertha! just think of it—cooking three meals a day for a husband! That would be a stronger test of love than to be a martyr!"

I smiled as I thought of the bright world in which she had always lived. Could I ask such for my own child?

Lily was sitting on Lillian's knee, and trying to pull out her brooch, a delicate and rare mosaic. "No, no," said Lillian, laughing, and placing her own little white hand on the forbidden object. The child still tried to gain it, drawing Lillian's hand away. "No, no, Paul!" she said again, shaking her curls, and looking demure as possible. The little thing put her own hands down and purred up her little lips, and reached them up to kiss her friend.

"You precious darling!" exclaimed Lillian, as she bent her head for the salute. "There, now, you shall have the pin, you shall, for asking so prettily," and she took it out and fastening it to a little ball of worsted, gave it to her.

I thought nothing of the incident at the time, though I recalled it vividly enough afterwards.
When Mr. Gray came down to dinner that day, he looked weary and depressed. He threw himself in the rocking chair, after eating much less than usual, and sat there, absorbed in thought, while I was clearing the table and washing the dishes. Lily was playing on the carpet. The salt spoon dropped on the floor, and she picked it up to play with.

"She must not have that," said Mr. Gray, "she will spoil it. Here, Lily, give it to me."

Lily looked up, still holding it in her hand.
"I say, give it to me," he added sternly. She still held it, and putting up her lips as I had seen her do to Lillian, as if wishing to kiss him.

"She wants to kiss you," I said.
"I cannot help what she wants; I intend that she shall obey."

"Well, let her kiss you, and take it from her; she will yield it."
"No! I wish to make her understand that she must bring it to me."

He then took it from her and laid it on the carpet.
"Bring me that spoon," said he in a loud voice, and with a stamp of his foot. The child opened her eyes wonderingly at him, then crept toward me, and hiding her face in my dress, burst into tears.

"Put her back," said Mr. Gray.
"I did so, saying, 'Lily, darling, give the spoon to papa; that's a good girl.'"

My voice reassured her, and she was picking it up, when Mr. Gray said—

"I can enforce my own commands!" and laid the spoon back upon the carpet.
"Now bring that spoon to me!" he exclaimed, in a voice that made my own heart tremble.

The little thing was, by this time, thoroughly confused, and I sincerely believe did not understand what was required. Her father's manner and voice frightened her. She sat still, looking from one to another with a troubled look.

"Bring it to me!" repeated Mr. Gray, at the same instant giving her a hard blow on the side of her face. It was the first time she had ever been struck. It excited and alarmed her. "Stop crying!" said her father, as he struck her again. She seemed to under-

stand, or was too frightened to cry, but held out her arms imploringly, crying "Mamma, mamma!"

"Pick up that spoon!" said Mr. Gray; but she seemed to have forgotten the spoon, and kept holding out her arms to me.

The window was open. He reached out his hand and cut a stick from a tree near by.

"Oh, don't, Mr. Gray, please don't wait a little while, till she gets quiet, and I think she will obey you."

"I shall subdue the child, and at once!" was his reply.

"Come, Lily, pick the spoon up and hand it to papa!"

"Stop!" exclaimed my husband, "I wish no interference with my authority!"

"But, surely, Mr. Gray, you are not going to whip that babe?"

"Not if she minds me."

He again commanded her to pick up the spoon; but she did not move from her position, nor did she seem to know what he said, but was more and more alarmed at his voice and manner. Her arms were held out in mute appeal to me. He seized her roughly and applied the stick; her cries distressed me, and I begged him to wait awhile. As this he kept repeating, and not me out of the room, locking the door after me. I went away, thinking at first I would go where I would not hear my child's voice, but I could not stay away, and returned, crouching down on the floor. It was alternate blow and commands, the child truly believe, being so excited and frightened, that she had no idea of what she was required to do. One minute I would stop my ears, and go to the further end of the room, then I would return and beg of him to stop a little while. His own feelings were so wrought up that he was not aware how thick his blows fell on the tender child.

My own agony was so great that I longed for strength to burst the door open. At last her cries ceased. I thought she was subdued, as he would term it, and had handed him the spoon. I tried the door, but his hand was opening it from the other side, at the same instant. I caught a glance of his face—he was very pale—he went to the pump for water. I rushed to my baby—she lay on the floor motionless, pale as a snow-drop, and apparently lifeless. I caught her in my arms, she fell back like a dead child. Her father sprinkled water on her head and face—in a second she gasped. I then turned to him, and it seemed to me that no words could express the depth, bitter, concentrated love of my heart, for that man.

"God may forgive you," I said, "but I cannot!" and with my poor, bruised babe in my arms, I sought my chamber. I bathed her and gave her a little wine and water, but she was so weak and exhausted that she took no notice of anything, only once, when I raised her in my lap for an instant, she tried to put her little arms around my neck, but she had no strength to do it, and her head fell on my bosom. I held her in my arms and rocked her, singing low, because she seemed to like to hear my voice, though God knows the music was only that of despair. There was no harmony in my heart. The bitter waters were welling up in a full, strong tide.

It rained without, a steady, dreary, pitiless rain; below stairs the dining-table, half cleared, stood in the middle of the room, and the unwashed dishes in the unswept kitchen. What cared I? At last Lily slept; but I still held her in my arms, for it was a troubled, restless sleep, and the little lips still quivered, and the little heart ever now and then heaved a sigh.

My poor heart—there was no forgiveness, and of course no peace within it! I was glad Lillian could not come over—she would be so pained, and so indignant, that I feared the effect upon her; and yet I was so lonely, so comforted to turn to her. But God was more merciful to me than I deserved.

When I had been sitting there perhaps two hours, who should come in but Auntie Paul! I burst into tears. She laid aside her bonnet at once, and sat down in a low chair. She thought Lily was sick.

"I have dried and warmed myself below, by the kitchen fire," she said; and she warmed a blanket and laid it in her lap, and then I placed Lily on it. She examined her carefully—the marks of Mr. Gray's heavy hand were yet visible on the side of her head and face. I drew up my night dress and showed her little body all covered with black and blue marks, while in two or three places the skin was broken. Auntie Paul examined the child carefully—her pulse, her skin, and her mouth, where the gums were red and swollen, from the irritation of her double teeth, which were just coming through.

"How long has she been asleep?"
"Over an hour."

"Did you give her any paragonic?"
"Yes, a little."

"I am sorry; we must wake her soon."

"Why, Auntie, is there any danger?"
"There would not have been, at any other time, perhaps, but her head is already affected by the irritation of her teeth, and I am afraid she will suffer a little from this undue excitement of the brain. Come, Lily darling! and she stood her upon her feet in her lap. The child opened her eyes and seeing Auntie Paul, hid her head on her shoulder, but I observed she did not smile. She wanted to sleep.

"Where is Lillian?" asked Auntie.
"At home; it is too rainy for her to come over, and then we must not tell her of this; it will almost kill her—I am afraid it will. I could not live through another such scene."

"My poor child," said she, looking at me gravely; "this is but the beginning of trouble. I have foreseen it, and I have prayed for you, that your faith fail not!"

"Faith! Auntie, I've no faith, scarce none at all!"
"It's dark now," she replied, "but you'll find light by-and-by. Come, wrap the baby up very carefully, and I'll take her over to Lillian; she'll be the best nurse this afternoon."

"But you'll not tell her—say she is n't well."
"I shall tell the truth, that is, all I know of it. Remember that I have not told me the particulars, and you need not tell Lillian."

Auntie was gone but a few minutes, and on her return the house was put in order, and we sat down together for a few minutes, neither of us, however, feeling inclined to talk much. I could not sit still long thinking of Lily, and ran over to see how she was. I found her asleep in the Fairy Room, and Lillian sitting by her side, looking very grave and thoughtful. I thought the child looked better; her cheeks were red now, and she lay quiet while we sat by her. Lillian did not understand what was the matter; in her delight at having Lily brought to her, she had taken her from Auntie Paul's arms, and ran directly up stairs with her. But her paleness and her hunched face, led her to suppose that she had met with an accident.

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was n't like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake awhile, as Auntie Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. Stop how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

DEATH SCENES.

"I look for ghosts, but none will force their way to me." This falsely said, That ever there was intercourse Between the living and the dead; For surely then, I should have sight Of those I wait for, day and night, With love and longing infinite.

Auntie Paul was just leaving to return to her son's house, which she was making her home for awhile. She wore a black bonnet without bow or ornament on the outside, or a ruche within, and a plain black shawl over her shoulders. Her prominent features, and her tall thin form, looking longer and thinner from the scantiness of her dress, did not make her appearance very pleasing. But unattractive as she might appear

to the eyes that saw only the outer form, to me, who looked through a glass that revealed the inner and true woman, she was lovely, and I was sad to see her leaving. She stood at the door, Mr. Gray had a newspaper in his hand, and was looking up, a little impatiently, I thought, for her to say good evening. She fixed her keen, dark eyes upon him.

"Now, Mr. Gray," she said, "I have one word to say about your child; I am an old woman, and a nurse, and I believe, too, that children should be taught to obey; but I am sorry to tell you, that this time you have not tempered justice with mercy. Your baby will suffer, and the utmost care may not prevent serious consequences. She has been suffering for some days with inflammation produced by teething, and might have been ill, even without this excitement, but this will increase it very much. Let me entreat of you to be forbearing and gentle. Good night, Mrs. Gray; I will call and see Lily to-morrow."

Every word sank like lead in my heart. I sat for a moment like one stunned. I had not thought so seriously of Lily's condition, and supposed that rest and quiet would make all right. Mr. Gray made no remark, and turned to his paper; but he had not read long when Mrs. Green came in, as I supposed, with the baby, for she had something in her arms.

"No, no, this is not Lily," she said, as I held out my hands, "only a water-proof cloak that Mr. Gomez sent over for you. We think the baby ought not to be brought out to-night, and we want you to come over. She seems a little feverish, and Lillian is of course much alarmed; but I guess it's only her teething—children always have such times."

I was not long in getting ready; but as I was putting on my bonnet Mr. Gray said, "I will go with you." We found the baby very feverish; her head was burning hot, and she was tossing about, very restless, and suffering greatly. Mr. Gray put his hand upon her head, and felt her pulse; the one was very hot, and the other traveled at fever pace. He said nothing, but I thought he was alarmed, and consented readily to call a physician.

All that night my darling was moaning and tossing with fever. I remembered what Dr. Cameron had said, "Be careful of excitement for awhile—the consequences may be sad." Lillian was greatly distressed, but the doctor said he would lance her teeth, and he hoped to give relief in this way. She could not even see this operation performed, and I insisted that she should go to bed, which, however, she would not do, till I promised to leave Lily with her the next day. Mr. Gray returned when the doctor left, and Mrs. Green and myself watched with Lily. We dared not give her opiates, and hushed her to sleep by walking and singing to her. But she slept only a few minutes at a time, and at an uneasy sleep, from which she would start, crying. In the morning the doctor came early. He ordered ice for her head, and poultices for her feet, and said that she required careful nursing. She was too ill now to be moved, and I remained with her.

"My precious one," Lillian said, "if you must be sick, am I glad that you came to see me; I could not be away from you at such a time."

I think I was calmer than Lillian, for there was nothing that I could not do for the child, if it were necessary to be done. I could apply the blister that pained her so much, and give her the nauseous draught. I knew neither weakness nor sleepiness; day and night were alike to me, and only once during the two weeks that she was ill, did I flatter and faint. It was when the doctor said to Lillian, "The child has water on the brain; there is great danger." He said this in the further part of the room in a whisper, not intended for my ear, but I did hear it and anxiety. I was perhaps weak from watching and anxiety. It was then that Lillian roused herself and appeared as she had once before in my sick room. It was astonishing what power of endurance this little frail girl-wife had, when those she loved needed her care. She was a most loving wife—she would have been a devoted, self-sacrificing mother.

But no nursing or skill could save the baby. For three weeks we watched by her side day and night. Auntie Paul came, and her experience was a more efficient aid than the counsel of doctors; but it was all in vain. After the fever passed away, the little patient lay much of the time in a stupor, and I think I did not know us; but the soft touch of Lillian's hand, and her voice singing low seemed to soothe her, and Lillian never was weary of nursing. It was all the comfort she had, she said.

I have said that the baby had not smiled since she was taken ill; there was something strange in the sweet gravity of that baby face; once, in awhile she would open her blue eyes and turn them from Lillian to me, and then from me to her, with a wondering, bewildered expression, that was painful to witness.

At one morning, we sat watching her at early dawn, as she lay in a beautiful little rosewood crib which Lillian had provided for her, with a white muslin drapery above it, suspended from a gilded circlet or wreath of flowers; and looked back by a heavy white silk cord and tassels, while the soft linen and a silken quilt made by Lillian wrapped the sufferer. The loving heart of her friend had sought to make the sick-room pleasant to the eye; rare flowers in delicate Bohemian and alabaster vases, were on the mantels; the most delicate perfumes and fragrant pastilles were there—and the choicest little pictures hung on the walls. A dish of choice fruits stood on a little marble table, and would have seemed an outrage in her little hand, and when propped up by pillows would try to roll it, and liked to see Lillian roll it for her on the blue silk quilt.

The morning of which I spoke, we sat watching her as she slept. She had been restless and in great distress till after midnight; then Auntie Paul had carried her in her arms around the room, and by a sort of low crooning noise, had quieted her to sleep. Then they all retired to rest but myself, and I sat in a low chair with my head resting on the side of the crib. I did not know how to take my eyes from my treasure.

As I sat thus, the first light of day stole into one of the east windows; it was the only one that was not darkened—this was behind the crib, and was shaded by a muslin curtain. I was looking eagerly to see the baby's face by this light, when I heard a light step behind me. Lillian was there in her white night dress, her curls falling over her shoulders, and her eyes turned full of hope to the little sleeper. It is not strange if I thought of angels—and these words came into my mind—"The Lord hath sent his angel."

At that moment the sunlight streamed through the window and fell on the face of the little sleeper, lighting up the soft brown curls, and touching the pale face with new beauty. She opened her eyes, and they fell first on Lillian who stood in the same sunlight, directly before the crib, like an angel ready to bear the little one to a brighter home. The baby looked up, and smiled, and held out her little hands for Lillian to take her. The latter sprang forward with a cry of joy—

"She smiles! she smiles! did you not see it, Bertha? She will live! Come, my darling!" and she lifted her in her arms, and sat down in a low chair, and sung the old nursery song—

"Hush, my babe, lie still and slumber—
Holy angels guard thy bed."

The baby looked up in her face, and pursed up her little lips as she used to do, for a kiss. Lillian's voice was hushed; she bowed her face and received the kiss, but I noticed that tears were falling.

"Oh, Bertha!" she said, as soon as she could command her voice, "God has given her back to us—see, she knows us!"

I knelt down by her side, and the baby turned its eyes to me and smiled too, and reached out its little hands. I kissed her, and she returned it. Then she looked up to Lillian and smiled again, and laid her head upon her bosom, as she always did when she wanted her to sing.

Lillian sang—first in a trembling voice, but gradually it became firmer, till her song floated out in soft, delicious music. Auntie Paul came in while she was singing, and went directly to the child.

"She is better," I said; "oh, Auntie Paul, she will live! She smiles, and seems like herself again!"
She made no reply, but took the baby's feet in her hands, then felt her pulse, then her temples.

"Heart, she isn't better," she said, "her feet are cold."
"Why, Auntie, isn't she better?"

"No, no, my dear friend; do n't you know the candle always gives out one flicker of brightness before it sinks into the socket? Quick, and heat the flannels, while I give her a little stimulant. See, she is sinking," and already the little hands hung down at her side, and the head was thrown back, while the pale lips parted. "Let me take her, Mrs. Herbert, and lay her in the crib; she will be easier there."

Poor Lillian was deathly pale, and trembled violently. I left courage given me to wait upon Auntie Paul, who left nothing undone to make the last moments of the sufferer easy.

Mr. Gray came in just as the last struggle ceased. It was hard to see her suffer as she did for a short time. Children always die hard; life is for them, and the spirit clings with great tenacity to the body. The old man passes away often without a struggle, but the babe fights hard for the new life that has just been given it.

I stood by Mr. Gray when Auntie Paul closed Lily's eyes. He shuddered, and then I saw him tremble as if a cold chill had struck him. I had thought that if my baby died, I could never more feel kindly toward Mr. Gray; but just then my bitter, hard feeling, left me for a moment; and I felt only sorrow as I thought how much his own heart must reproach him. Auntie Paul had told me that Mr. Gray's treatment of Lily had, perhaps, been only the exciting cause of her illness; she had, all along, feared that she might have had it under ordinary circumstances. We must not, she said, blame him more severely than he deserves.

The whipping was known only to Auntie Paul and myself. I was thankful that Lillian was spared those feelings of resentment which agitated me. They came upon me in full power when Auntie and myself robbed our darling for the grave, and saw the marks, some of them still unhealed, upon her little body. I bowed my head in agony.

"Auntie, I said, 'I can't forgive! I hope that God will send some terrible judgment upon the father, who could thus murder his own child.'"
"Hush! hush, my child!" replied Auntie Paul; "be patient with yourself awhile. You need n't think about forgiveness now; only remember that every creature is that to us which God makes him to be. You had no power to save this child's suffering, and you have done all that a mother could do, for its recovery and its comfort. Now look up, and see God's chastening hand in this trial. He has sent it for some wise purpose—no matter through whom it comes—it is a part of the discipline by which you are to be made purer, and better fitted for heaven."

We found many kind friends in this hour of trouble; many a mother who had laid her own child in the grave, wept with me, and it was indeed a comfort to hear them say—

"I cannot console you, but God will, in his own good time."
Some kind friend had provided—I know not how or when—a little casket for Lily, and I was spared the old gloomy association of a coffin. Mr. Gomez begged me to let her remain in his house till she was borne to the grave, and he, too, had kindly selected the spot for her burial.

She lay in the library, in her fair white robes, with rare, fragrant flowers all around her—myrtle and white flowers—her little hands folded on her breast, her brown curls, and the long, dark eye-lashes relieving the paleness of her face. I had stolen in there all alone one evening. Mrs. Green had lighted a hanging lamp, so that its light fell softly on the little sleeper. I stood, not weeping, no; my agony was too great for that; but call it not blasphemy, reader—my father was no more—and he to whom I ought to have looked for sympathy was in his study, with no word of kindness for me. And could I have received consolation from that source if it had been offered? No, not for a moment my sorrow was greater than I could bear, and in my agony I exclaimed aloud—

"My God, why hast thou forsaken me!"
The words had hardly escaped my lips, when a voice near me, said—

"The Lord loveth whom he chasteneth!"
I turned, and Charles Herbert stood at the foot of the casket! For a moment years were forgotten, and I was carried back to the days of my childhood, when every sorrow was shared with this friend.

"Oh, Charles! I can't see God's hand in this; why should he have given me this child, and then taken it away almost as soon as it had learned to love me?"
"There are some spirits," said he, "that may not need the discipline of earth life, and yet must pass through the change. It was so with your child. Only look upon this earth as one of the changes through which we must all pass, in our progress from a lower to a higher existence—and view death, only as a door of release from this state to a higher, and you will find consolation. You are going onward to meet your child—and that you will meet, both revelation and reason, I think, teach. Scores, by the light of the latter, taught his doctrine, and Jesus Christ said to his disciples, 'I go, that I may prepare a place for you.' In one sense, our departed friends are all doing this for us; these little hands folded so meekly now, or rather the spiritual hands of which these are the type, will help adorn your heavenly mansion, and this voice—so silent now—will give you a welcome home, when you shall exchange earth for heaven!"

"And me, will she not welcome me, too?" said the low, sweet voice of Lillian, who, missing her husband, had glided in here in search of him, and stood leaning her head upon his breast, while his arm was thrown around her.

He looked down tenderly into her sorrow-stricken face, as a father would look upon a suffering child.

"Yes, my love; your attachment to this child, has been a blessed heart-purifier. 'Of such is the kingdom of heaven,' said our Saviour, 'of children, and instead of repining that she has been removed, let us thank God that you have been permitted the gift of a little while. Come, let us go into the other room awhile, and I will give you some music; and he led us into the drawing room, where he seated us together on the couch. There was a fine toned organ there, and his hand had skill to draw from thence rich music. Mozart's Requiem, and Handel's Messiah, were given with a power and tenderness which thrilled our hearts, and raised them at least for a few minutes from earth.

Charles had arrived unexpectedly that day. Lillian was looking for him about this time, and hoping that the vessel would reach Boston that week, had sent letters to

MAN AND HIS RELATIONS.

BY S. D. BRITTON.

SECOND SERIES.

CHAPTER III.

ANIMAL AND HUMAN MAGNETISM.

Among the pretensions to a knowledge of the Magnetic Mysteries of the living world, very few have pursued the investigation of the subject in a truly scientific spirit. Even those who set up the most imposing claims to public confidence, often expose themselves and the subject to derision, by their large faith in the infallibility of their own desultory speculations and impressions. With such pretended philosophers the observation of a new class of phenomena is at once presumed to confer something more than a hypothetical existence on a hitherto undiscovered imponderable. Some animal "magnetic fluid," "etherium," or "od force," is alleged to exist and to be the operative cause in the production of the newly classified phenomena. Vain and superficial investigators are quick to herald their discoveries and slow to learn that they were only imaginary. Such men are accustomed to treat the whole ideal family of auras as if they belonged to the category of demonstrated realities. If one cannot derive instruction from such weakness and credulity, he may at least be amused to see with what readiness certain grave and distinguished persons mistake a specious hypothesis for a scientific deduction, and promptly pay their respects to the whole retinue of imaginary agents, at the same time they endorse the paper of every last discoverer of a "new fluid" until it passes current with the people.

If in order to avoid a too frequent repetition of the same words in similar relations, different terms are employed in the same general sense—or to denote the same thing—it may be all very well, and the only question likely to arise would relate merely to the proprieties of speech; but if each separate term be understood to represent some new principle or force in Nature, distinguished, by essential qualities, from the one agent on which the phenomena of life, sensation and motion are known to depend, the error assumes a graver character, and should be exposed. Not only do the experiments of Galvani, Matteucci, Reymond, Humboldt, Buff, Smee, and others demonstrate that the vital, sensational, and voluntary functions of human and animal bodies are electrically produced; but other distinguished electricians, chemists and physiologists—without pursuing a similar course of experiment—have adopted their conclusions. To the list of scientific authorities—already referred to for confirmation of the writer's views—I will only add the name and testimony of the late Dr. Gregory, for many years Professor of Electricity and Chemistry in the University of Edinburgh. I extract the following passage from his chemical science:

"The existence in all parts of the body of an alkaline liquid, the blood, and an acid liquid, the juice of the flesh, separated by a very thin membrane, and in contact with muscle and nerve, seems to have some relation to the fact, now established, of the existence of electric currents in the body, and particularly to those which occur when the muscles contract. The animal body may therefore be regarded as a galvanic engine for the production of mechanical force. . . . A working man, it has been calculated, produces in twenty-four hours an amount of heating or thermal effect equal to the demand in raising nearly fourteen millions of pounds to the height of one foot. . . . But from causes connected with the range of temperature, he can only produce, in the form of actual work done, about as much mechanical effect as would raise three million, five hundred thousand pounds the height of one foot in twenty-four hours."

If vital and voluntary motion and sensation thus depend on the presence and motion of a subtle fluid known as animal electricity—the actual existence of which no scientific observer pretends to dispute—it must be obvious that the various chemical, physiological, and psychological changes which result from the magnetic manipulations directly depend on the influence exerted over this known and acknowledged agent of feeling, thought and action. If the excitation of the electric fluid that pervades the sensories occasions sensation, there is no valid reason for presuming that some other agent—not absolutely known to exist—is acted upon when the avenues of sensation are closed, as in the magnetic sleep, or opened to the phantom throng of psycho-sensational illusions. It must be obvious that whenever feeling is either increased, diminished or suspended, the effects must be produced through the unequal distribution or abnormal action of the very agent on which sensation, in all its phases, proximately depends. Moreover, the medium of vital motion must be the subtle principle through which we operate when the organic functions are accelerated, retarded, or otherwise influenced by the manipulations of the magnetizer or the will of the psychologist. The assumption that a fluid, distinct from vital electricity, is either imparted or withdrawn from the subject in the production of the effects, derives no confirmation from the record of scientific discovery. Nor is it logical to infer, from the facts themselves, the existence and action of some undiscovered imponderable, so long as an agent already known to exist will suffice to account for all the phenomena.

Certain undisciplined minds are extremely liable to mistake a peculiar looseness of statement for remarkable freedom of thought. Such men discover only useless landmarks and arbitrary restraints in the ordinary demonstrations of science, while the best evidence that they are independent thinkers is to be found in their mental recklessness and irresponsibility. We have teachers who insist that Magnetism is a subtle fluid; that it exists essentially as well as phenomenally; that Magnetism is warm whilst Electricity is cold; that the one is the agent of sensation in animal and human bodies, while muscular motion directly depends on the other; that Magnetism is the positive force in the vital constitution, and Electricity the negative force; that in producing the magnetic state we must withdraw the positive force from the subject by the still more positive power of the operator. In the name of Philosophy all this and much more is very freely offered and as promptly rejected.

The foregoing assumptions, taken together, do not constitute a comprehensible thesis, but an unintelligible jargon, with no better foundation than the erratic and lawless speculations of the uneducated mind. I may be pardoned if I do not understand true mental freedom to consist in a total indifference to natural law, in the absence of rational restraints, and in ignorance of scientific discoveries. It is quite natural for those who have been enfranchised to this unlimited extent, to feel that they are entitled to "the largest liberty." They may permit the imagination to "take a spree" in the new realms of thought; the nobler faculties—for want of more serious, orderly, and profitable employment—may each in turn play the harlequin; and even Reason—intoxicated with self-love—be allowed to appear in perpetual masquerade. But instead of a mere repetition of this species of "ground and lofty tumbling" (for the further entertainment of those who are, for the most part, convinced and interested by the mere prestige of certain proper names), an indelible basis—natural forces, accredited facts, and discovered laws—is here offered as the foundation of a rational philosophy. By logical deductions from such premises we shall proceed to the final conclusion, leaving such speculators in fancy stocks as are determined to build the whole temple of Science on visions and impressions, to

"Dive at stars and fasten in the mud."

While there may be no such "magnetic fluid, universally diffused" in Nature, as is presumed to exist in the thesis of Anthony Mesmer, and in the faith of his willing disciples, still the phenomena under discussion are neither unreal nor unimportant. In respect to animated nature, therefore, the term *Magnetism* may properly represent a variety of curious and instructive phenomena, all depending on certain electro-physiological conditions and changes in animal and human bodies.

The popular notion that the so-called magnetic phenomena depend on the agency of a fluid, distinct from the animal electricity evolved in the processes of vital chemistry, and disengaged in the organic functions of the system, rests on nothing better than a very common assumption. It is neither sustained by a single principle nor illustrated by a solitary fact in science. Moreover, it will be time to consider the temperature of Magnetism when it is fairly demonstrated that such a fluid has anything more substantial than an imaginary existence. The kindred assertion that "electricity is cold," is not illustrated in a very clear and convincing manner by the results of its action, as seen in the sudden combustion of buildings, in the fusion of metals and solid rocks, and in the evidences of intense heat found on the barren plains of Siberia and Persia, where the sands are often melted and formed into vitreous tubes of several yards in length, by the disruptive electrical discharges from atmospheric

batteries. But I have not done. That the nervous medium of sensation is essentially distinct from the agent of vital and voluntary motion, is not even supported by a remote probability. We are not authorized to infer that the nervous fluid is one thing, when it is exalted at the papillary terminations—by outward elements and external objects—and something essentially different, when it is disturbed at the source of the motors, or at the nervous centers—by some involuntary emotion, or the action of the will. Nor is this all. The notion that, in order to produce a state of coma, the magnetic or positive force of the body is withdrawn by the still more positive power of the magnetizer, does not appear to be according to the natural law; for since positive and negative objects and forces, only, exhibit attraction, it would follow that if the positive force of the subject is extracted at all, it would seek and find its equilibrium alone in a union with what is negative in the operator.

The nervous system of man is a most delicate, complicated and beautiful electro-telegraphic machine. The intelligent operator—the Spirit—has his chief residence and principal station in the physical sensorium, from which the lines of communication diverge to all points. He has one large and many smaller batteries with corresponding reservoirs, together with suitable machinery, alkalies, acids, etc., for the generation of the electric force required on all the lines of communication, and for numerous other important purposes. The whole realm covered by the infinite ramifications of the electro-telegraphic network, is one splendid workshop, and the property of the same individual. The proprietor employs electro-hydraulic and calorific engines of small dimensions but of great power. Beside a force—estimated at fifty tons—expended in blowing the vital fires, in driving the engines, working the forcing-pumps in the transportation of liquid and solid substances to every part of the industrial domain, and in frequently moving the whole concern from place to place, the owner—under favorable circumstances—is sure to have a surplus electro-thermal power—applicable to mechanical purposes—which, (according to the calculation of Dr. Gregory and other scientific authorities) is sufficient to annually carry seventeen hundred tons from the foundation to the top of St. Paul's in London! Such parts of the business as do not require a constant, intelligent supervision, proceed uninterruptedly through the night. The whole business of the establishment is prosecuted, on an average, some sixteen hours in twenty-four, during which time the superintendent keeps his office doors and all the windows open; but generally he drops his curtains at regular intervals, bars the doors, and retires to an inner chamber, rests for several hours without interruption.

When sleep is induced by magnetic manipulations, the avenues leading from the outer world to the soul are closed; the process of telegraphic communication is suspended, and the physical and mental functions—so far as they depend on voluntary effort—are temporarily arrested. These effects can only be produced by the direct influence exerted over the known and accredited agent of sensation and action. By the concentration of that agent at certain points, and by the wide diffusion of the subtle principle; by its equal and unequal distribution; by its sudden dissipation from particular organs and the centers of electro-nervous energy; by alternately interrupting and restoring the electrical equilibrium of the brain and other vital parts, and by changing the polarity of the organs—all of which effects the skillful operator may develop, agreeably to certain physical and psycho-electrical laws—we produce all the mysterious changes in the processes of animal chemistry; in the varying phenomena of sensation; and in the organic action of the whole body, which are known to occur under the hand, the eye, and the will of any one skilled in vital magnetism.

The condition of the magnetic sleeper is usually one of serene and profound repose. He gradually becomes unconscious of time and space, and, in a greater or less degree, regardless of his relations to external objects. When all the outward avenues, through which the soul is wont to receive its impressions, are thus closed, a temporary paralysis rests on the physical medium and instruments of sensation. A leaden slumber weighs down the eyelids; the ear is dull and insensible; and the delicate "nerve spirit," that like a fleet courier ran through and along each sensitive fiber, and every nerve of motion—keeping the soul in correspondence with the external world—like a weary traveler rests by the way. Thus the portals of our mortal tabernacle are closed for a season; the conscious and voluntary faculties of the mind are held in subjection by a spell that finds its most striking analogy in death; while the immortal dweller in the temple retires alone—to the inner sanctuary—for the sweet solace of calm repose and silent communion.

See Webster's Elements of Physics, London edition, page 470.
† The reader is referred to the *Great Harmonia*, vol. III, lecture XI.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE AGE OF VIRTUE.

BY GEORGE STEARNS.

Sixth Paper.

ITS CHARACTERISTICS—SOCIAL ORDER.

"The law is good, if one use it lawfully; knowing this, that the law is not made for a righteous man, but for the lawless and disobedient."—PAUL.

I pity the multitude that look on the face of government in every nation, and call it Social Order; when, in fact, nothing makes legislation needful, and adjudication possible, but social disorder. Rulers are mere political doctors; and the art of governing, as practiced the world over, is about as normal as the allopathic healing art. "Punitive justice" is as good against crime as calomel against disease. What we want in the one case is not medicine, but temperance; and what we want in the other case is not punishment, but benign restraint and guidance. But why want even these? Simply because individuals want character.

Law is doubtless the antecedent of Order, but only in the highest sense of these words. The above scripture is quoted as a good example of a plain difference in principle, without a literal distinction. I do not stop to inquire whether Paul's remark points to the Moslem or Roman law, or whether his thought was not more comprehensive than either. It is evident that he meant *human* rather than *Divine* law, which is made, not for a righteous man, but for the lawless or unrighteous, and which is good only when lawfully used, or rightfully applied. The strictly righteous man has the law of God in his own mind—that is, he has sufficient knowledge and love of truth to insure his rectitude. None of "the powers that be" in the political will of majorities can govern him better than he governs himself. Human statutes, therefore, do not apply to him, but only to such as do not know, or knowing do not love, the Right.

But even in this restricted application of law to the lawless, there is a deal of misapprehension as to its effective use. The highest hypothetical use of the State, is to secure to every member of society the free enjoyment of all natural rights. This no political power has yet attempted, nor ever will attempt, with success, in the capacity of governing men, but only in that of educating them. When "the master" turns teacher—drops his ferule, and takes up the slate and pencil—then the boys begin to learn arithmetic. So when the State turns all the court-houses into school-houses, and all the jails and penitentiaries into asylums of reformation, then the work of adult education will commence. This implies a complete revolution of all "the powers that be"—an entire disuse of arbitrary codes, and an honest endeavor to enact the laws of God. Then, when all men and women are fairly educated, all but the young will be constituted self-governors; and, parents being the natural governors of their own children, the State will have served its ultimate use, and become obsolete. Then will follow such a state of Social Order as will constitute the genuine "public good" in which rulers pretend to aim, but of which all attempts at governing hitherto have proved abortive.

Yet I do not deny political authority as a thing altogether useless; I only wish men to let it go for what it is worth. "The law is good if we use it lawfully." The only practical use of legislation seems to be that of restraining such as need restraint, though only with respect to social relations. The best statesmen have asserted that law-makers should seek only to prevent crime, and that no more ought to be expected of the best administrations of law. But, appealing to history, we find that no government has ever quite reached this end, and, if "history is philosophy teaching by example," probably none ever will. The fact, however, that all crime has not been prevented, is consistent with the admission that much crime has been prevented, by means of good laws wisely administered; and this manifest tendency of the civil power is the only test and measure of its utility.

Legislation, make the best of it, cannot be reckoned otherwise than a necessary evil. It is expensive; and, what is worse, in so far as it comes short of the highest conceptions of Natural Law, it disallows of Self-government, which is the sphere of Freedom. Social Order is not, and never can be, a result of human legislation. It can proceed only from individual rectitude, the cause of which is Character—a thing of natural birth and growth. Not therefore till civil government is entirely superseded by Self-government; in other words, nowhere this side of the prospective Age of Virtue, are the wise permitted to look for an orderly social state.

Thus I deduce again what I have formerly maintained upon other premises, that the application and use of political authority are temporary and dependent on the prime imperfections of human nature. If Man is really progressive and destined to outgrow these imperfections, it follows that an era of voluntary rectitude is approaching, wherein all the living are to be sufficiently discerning and benignant to embrace Truth and Right without compulsion; and penal statutes will then be useless. Even now, some of the special ends of legislation are better attained without laws than with. Formerly the Church deemed it expedient to maintain her doctrines by the arm of physical force; but the hunted heresies survived the most terrific agencies of fire and sword, and the event proves that codes and penalties are no effective weapons either for or against conviction, but that all arbitrary authorities are bound to succumb at last to the rising powers of Reason and Conscience. Our fathers had less confidence in the natural workings of religious principle than in motives arising from the animal and selfish propensities of men; and therefore they sought to insure the worship of God after their way, by a mutual imposition of fines and scourging. A man who wished not to hear "the gospel" of those days, was subjected to a most hateful tax in favor of such as appropriated all its benefits. To us such a method of proselyting seems quite ridiculous, and nobody wonders now that the Puritans soon lost their reputation for genuine purity, and that their notions of a "standing order" developed into a general distraction of the popular mind.

A similar picture represents the doings of Church and State everywhere. Both have been always accused of a disposition to govern too much; and this fact is sufficiently explained by the doctrine of Progress; for the common repugnance to constraint increases with growth of character, and men repudiate authority in proportion as they are able to govern themselves. Moreover, "the powers that be" are progressive as well as individuals; and the principle just stated applies with double force in cases wherein authorities err. It is natural that such as excel in wisdom should refuse to be misgoverned by Church or State. When the State has so far improved as to become the proper exponent of Reason, and the Church has come into harmony with Conscience, mankind will have so far progressed as to absorb the use of each, and the two powers will be incorporated in every human form. Every man will then become "a law unto himself." In plainer terms, Nature will take the place of both the Bible and the Statute-book, and all human codes and creeds will be supplanted, as each reads alike the higher laws of God.

It is a puerile fancy that the present partial order in society is the effect of legislation. That is as much as to say that the sexes marry because the State approves the ceremony; that in New England many are content with one wife because they are not allowed to have more; that parents are made guardians of their children by arbitrary rather than natural law; in short, that society is a mere contrivance of thinking men. On the contrary, it is observable that legislators rarely meddle with the customs of a community, while they carefully conserve the most cherished habits of individuals; from which it ought to be inferred that society grows out of individual development, just as Virtue is the fruit of character; and that Church and State are the conventional head and heart of their respective constituents. But a day of human judgment is coming, when the touchstone of conceptive use will cause these proud structures to crumble and perish. Conscience will then become high priest and Reason the sole sovereign. Humanity will be "our church," and "our country" the Universe.

As to the traits of Social Order as it will then unfold, we can learn only as we consult the living charts of Human Nature. We may be well assured that every one will be and act on itself. Whatever is unnatural in the present social state, will be dissolved, and the divinely conceived head and heart of Humanity alone will dominate. Fashion, Custom, Law—the trinity of old idolatry, will each like Dagon fall prone and be cast out of the temple of human worship. The only literal laws will be the laws of God, the only customs those of rectitude, and the only fashions those of various choice. Further than this, we can divine nothing as to the order of Self-government and the special traits of society, but what we predicate upon the immutable Constitution of Man; for which I offer no living example, but appeal to the reader's phenological intelligence, merely adding that every cranial organ now in a germinal state is bound to mature, and the partial excellences of character at present designated by the term *Genius*, are so many distinctive prophecies of what a ripened brain will be. There can be no error in this ideal of a perfect head, as the endowment of every man and woman of some future generation; else the notion of an Age of Virtue is also fanciful.

It is pretty generally understood that like developments of brain constitute a likeness of character; and perhaps it is still more generally evident that like character, in like conditions, begets like conduct. If bad brains occasion disorderly conduct to-day, we can expect nothing better of like cranial imperfections in time to come; but, otherwise, if certain cerebral conformations have always manifested a virtuous tendency hitherto, we may rationally conclude that the perfect brain which the law of progress insures to some future age of mankind, will become the natural guaranty of an orderly Self-government.

Do you ask if the ordinance of private property is likely to survive national authorities? I answer, that men will hold property so long as the organ of Acquisitiveness lives and grows. The opinions of men, however, as to what constitutes property, are liable to perish. It would be ridiculous to say that in the Age of Virtue a man will not own the clothes he wears. So long as we are capable of using material things, we shall own, as the free gift of our Creator, all that on which physical life depends, in the same sense that we own life itself. But this property in material things is attainable only within natural limits. Appropriation can never rightfully exceed what is needful for happy subsistence. At present this moral principle is woefully ignored; but it is yet to be recognized as one of the rules of Self-government. Then the soil of Earth will be as free as air, and every man will have his homestead.

But men will have done with laying up treasures on Earth. We are spiritual beings; and when we come to realize a home above, and take this life for its transitory worth, the illusion of subluxary property will vanish. There can be no "real estate" in that which perishes with its using—in lands which we cultivate but for a season, and in houses wherein we only tabernacle. "The true riches" is that which the soul cherishes and may cherish forever. There is a sense in which all is the property of each; but enjoyment is the only mode of possession, and therefore he owns most who knows best how to use whatever God has made. There is a special sense in which souls may own each other, and some, even now, have a tact for acquiring this kind of property, which I dare say is the most real and valuable of all; unless I except that which every one has in God who has learned to call him FATHER.

I have introduced this question of property because of its social consequence; for Paul was not far from the truth in saying that in his time "the love of money was the root of all evil." I think it would not be difficult to show that in these later times it is "the bone of contention" among men, which furnishes the principal occasions of social disorder. When, therefore, money comes to be disused, as it surely will when people generally perceive that there is no such thing as covert or exclusive property, the present apparent selfishness of mankind will disappear, and with it the greatest hindrance to Social Order.

But will anybody work for a living in those days of auspicious ease, when each shall be allowed to take whatever of earthly good is wanted for gratification? No; but there will be much working for love's sake, when it is found that this is the only means by which the most coveted property is to be acquired. Now there is a great deal of useless labor, an enormous waste of material in some of the mechanical arts, and an endless drudging of such as work for wages with no love of their vocation. This men and women will never do when they learn to govern themselves. Then there will be no attempt to

do anything which is not useful, nor what one is incapable of doing well. Therefore each will work only in the sphere of attraction, and this will promote a perfect Order of Industry.

"But when none work for wages, what will become of monetary commerce?" It will be exploded; for much as business men decry "the credit system," it is not credit which they disparage, but the want of it. It is easy to see that "cash-dealings" are a mere substitute for mental confidence. With a just self-love, I should not sell at any price what were needful to my own welfare; and with an equal benevolence, I should not withhold anything which would enhance the enjoyment of another without diminishing my own. Nay, if it is indeed "more blessed to give than to receive," I conceive that a wise man, who had grown into a sensibility of this truth, would be as providential of the real wants of his associates as the unwise and selfish are of their supposed interests. If so, then in the Age of Virtue there will be no money-changers, and no barter of favors, but only the reciprocities of love without even the feeling of condescension; and this will constitute the natural Order of Commerce.

"But you do not say there will be any 'free-lovers' in the good time to come?" I do say that society will consist of nothing else; only the free-lovers of that day will not be the moral slipshods of this. Every man will have his own wife, and every woman will have her own husband, as the choicest species of "personal property," not only as the golden treasure of Acquisitiveness, and the pearly keep-sake of love, but as the most usable instrument of self-culture which Reason can devise, and of a conversation so intimate and natural, that without it every soul is lonely. It is only *mis-marriage* that anybody dislikes, the bitter fruits of which have sickened all who have tasted them; whereas NATURAL MARRIAGE—a mystery which few seem to have penetrated, and which I will not now attempt to explain—is a boon that all are seeking; and when found, so satisfies the heart as puts an end to all erratic loves. Do you seek a proof of this statement? Then recollect that every man wants a whole wife, and every woman wants a whole husband—nobody wants a fraction of either; and this natural want can be universally supplied in no other but the monogamic order.

From the universal fact of parental affection, it appears also that the FAMILY is an institution of Nature, subject to improvement as man progresses; but never to be displaced by the phalansterian order, or any other artificial scheme of "socialism." Marriage is the mother of Home, and this determines the Order of Domestic Relations. So long as Inhabitiveness, Amativeness, Philoprogenitiveness, and kindred organs, continue to be elements of Human Nature, the external form of society, so far as unaffected by Church and State, will vary little from the present; but only be softened more and more, and enlivened with the soul of harmony, till Humanity is born.

West Acton, Mass.

Written for the Banner of Light.

ORGANIZATION AND ITS USES.

BY H. CLAY FREUSE.

It has been said with as much truth as poetry, that "God's thoughts blossom into flowers." The Divine Spirit is ever externalizing itself in material forms. Man, the image of the Divine, and the ultimate of the universe, manifests, in a marked degree, this tendency to externalization. While in the earth-form, the external is our normal plane of existence, and its language our vernacular. The external translates the internal, and through our external consciousness we awaken to our higher spiritual consciousness. The human soul—that child of light, born of the Central Sun; and 'imprisoned in these dark, cold elements of matter—a poor exiled stranger, speaking the unknown language of the stars—goes mourning and sobbing through its earth-life, like a helpless, dumb creature, unable to articulate its great wants, and ever seeking to embody in outward types and symbols its sublime thoughts and aspirations. And it is this tendency in the soul to externalize—an inherited attribute of Deity, and its natural necessity—which forms the basic element of all external formulae, ceremonies, rituals and organizations. In an earlier and more imperfect period of human development, when man's interior consciousness was hardly yet awakened, this tendency to externalize manifested itself in an extreme degree; Unable to comprehend the more remote truths of the spirit-realm, man naturally resorted to outward symbols to familiarize those truths to his understanding, and as naturally mistook those symbols for their substance; and hence arose the old idolatries and Hierarchies which, substituting a dead formula for a living faith, and infallible authority for individual sovereignty, generated a thick crust of materialism around the religious element—crowding out the natural inspirations of the soul—until man became a mere automaton amid the ponderous machinery of church-organization.

The great reaction of individualism against organizationalism began with the Protestant Reformation, and has progressed, more or less, to the present day; and, judging from the "signs of the times," the great danger to be apprehended now is, that the human soul, after having been cramped and crippled for ages by church-machinery, and now breathing the exhilarating atmosphere of spiritual freedom, is inclined to take too rapid a rebound to an opposite extreme, and entirely ignore the more external uses of organization in facilitating the development of interior principles. One of the most important problems to be solved by the best philosophy of our age is, how far man may avail himself of the uses of organization without compromising his primary individual rights.

Individualism, although one of the noblest attributes of true manhood, yet when developed to excess, degenerates into mere pride of opinion and intellectual egotism; if not egotism, which inclines us to ignore the accumulated wisdom of the past, of which all present and future reforms must be predicated. "It is not well for man to be alone" intellectually or religiously, as well as conjugally. Some of the finest elements of our nature are eliminated only by *attrition*. The reciprocal action of mind upon mind is the surest means of a healthy, harmonious development. When a mind isolates itself from surrounding humanity, its ideas become angular, and starve for sympathy. The extreme individualist, morbidly conscious of his own selfhood, translates the entire universe by a single letter of the alphabet—*I*—and the most transparent truths become discolored by the muddy hue of his jaundiced organism.

From the above views, if correct, it is evident that individualism has its attendant evils as well as organizationalism; and true wisdom dictates that we should reject neither, but that we should extract the good elements of both, and combine them into a more perfect system, to meet the wants of the present age. In regard to religious worship, why may not a clear, dividing line be drawn between individualism and organizationalism, by reserving the former original jurisdiction over the entire realm of conscience, faith and doctrine, and appropriating to the latter jurisdiction over more matters of external form and discipline? Why may we not combine in harmony the internal church of faith with the external church of form, and thus enrich our souls with the uses of both? There is too much of the external in our nature to permit us to live upon pure abstractions. We have a sensuous, aesthetic, as well as spiritual nature, whose religious wants are to be ministered to. God has evidently given us our senses as avenues to our souls: through these avenues inflow all the thrilling inspirations—all the gorgeous art-forms of music, painting and sculpture. Shall these refining influences be entirely excluded from the enlightened theology of this age, and continue to be monopolized by the old hierarchies—forming one of the grandest elements of their power over the human soul?

What have we to give in return to a young, generous mind, cherishing an intense love of the beautiful, who sees God reflected in Art, and whose soul has been steeped in all the rich poetry of the *Roman Catholic* worship? Unlike our own blank and cheerless lecture-rooms, the walls of his church become transfigured into living forms of artistic beauty—which tell a thrilling tale of the old saints and martyrs—while the rich, harmonic sounds that flood the atmosphere, bear to his inmost soul "sweet whispers of Heaven." Shall we accuse this young soul of hankering after the "flesh-pots of Egypt," when he feels within himself that this yearning for the beautiful is a God-ordained want of his higher nature? For the truth of these closing sentiments, I frankly appeal to the interior experience of any one of my spiritual readers who has been educated in the Roman Catholic Church.

Virtue and happiness are mother and daughter.

Written for the Banner of Light.

GOO WITHIN.

To thy spirit's low appealings
For the right, the good, the true,
Listen, and its soft revealings
Will draw angels unto you.

From thy inner temple holy
Count its warnings deep and true,
Pointing to the perfect only
And the good that thou canst do.

Turn not from this inward monitor—
It will never lead astray;
But if heeded, thou shalt enter
Paths whose beauties ne'er decay.

'T is the spark of God within thee,
Fixed and steadfast in thy soul;
Thou canst have no heaven within thee,
Following its sweet control.

REMINISCENCE OF ELDER LELAND.

The subjoined spirit-manifestation: It undoubtedly was such—we copy from one of the Boston dailies of a late date. The editor prefaces the statement in this wise:—

"We should hardly copy the following story, if it did not bear the endorsement of two such men as Rev. Dr. Sprague and Ex-Gov. Briggs."

In the volume of Dr. Sprague, on the Baptist pulpit, Gov. Briggs communicates a very interesting letter on John Leland, which contains a fuller account of his personal habits and manner of preaching than we have before seen.

He was little inclined to superstition, says Gov. Briggs. Indeed, his practical sagacity and startling common-sense kept him from any tendency in that direction; but he had some peculiar experiences of the supernatural, as the following anecdote testifies.

While I was at his house, I inquired of him about a remarkable noise, which I had, when a boy, heard that he and his family had been annoyed by, when they lived in Virginia. He gave this account of it:—

His family, at the time, consisted of himself, wife, and four children. One evening, all the family being together, their attention was attracted by a noise, which very much resembled the faint groans of a person in pain. It was distinct, and repeated at intervals of a few seconds. It seemed to be under the sill of the window, and between the clapboards and the ceiling. They paid very little attention to it, and in a short time it ceased. But, afterwards, it returned in the same way—sometimes every night, and sometimes not so frequently—and always in the same place, and of the same character. It continued for some months. He said it excited their curiosity, and annoyed them, but they were not alarmed by it.

During its continuance they had the siding and casing removed from the place where it appeared to be, but found nothing to account for it; and the sound continued the same. He consulted his friends, especially some of his ministerial brethren, about it. I think he said it was never heard by any except himself and his family; but it was heard by them when he was absent from home. Mrs. Leland said, that often, when she was alone with the children, and while they were playing about the room, and nothing being said, it would come; and they would leave their play and gather about her, as if they had a place, fifty or sixty rods from the house, by the side of a brook, where the family did their washing. One day, while she was at that place, it met her there precisely as it had in the house.

After the noise had been heard, at brief intervals, for, I think, six or eight months, they removed their lodgings to quite an opposite and distant part of the old locality. One night, after they had retired, they observed, by the sound, that it had left the spot from which it had previously proceeded, and seemed to be advancing, in a direct line, toward their bed, and was becoming constantly louder and more distinct.

At each interval it advanced toward them, and gathered strength and fullness, until it entered the room where they were, and approached the bed, and came on the foot of the bed, when the groan became deep and appalling. "Then," said he, "for the first time since it began, I felt the emotion of fear. I turned upon my face, and I ever passed in my life. I prayed then. I asked the Lord to deliver me and my family from that annoyance, and that, if it were a message from Heaven, it might be explained to us, and depart; that if it were an evil spirit, permitted to disturb and disquiet me and my family, it might be rebuked and sent away; or if there was anything for me to do, to make it depart. I might be instructed what it was, so that I could do it."

This exercise restored his tranquility of mind, and he resumed his usual position in the bed. Then, he said, it uttered a groan too loud and startling to be imitated by the human voice. The next groan was not so loud, and it receded a step or two from the front of the bed, near his feet. It continued to recede in the direction from which it came, and grew less and less, until it reached its old station, when it died away to the faintest sound, and entirely and forever ceased.

No explanation was ever found. "I have given you," said he, "a simple and true history of the facts, and you can form your own opinion. I give none." His wife confirmed all he said. I think I can say that I never knew a person less given to the marvelous than Elder Leland.

Origin of Some Proverbs.

[Translated from the French for the Banner of Light.]

To have the devil in one's purse.—This expression dates from the time when all money was stamped with the sign of the cross, showing the great fear of the devil in olden times; and that which gave the idea, that if the devil wished to get into a purse, it was necessary that it contained neither sons nor maille.

To be of the Regiment of Champagne.—That is to say, to laugh at a command. At a ball in the palace of Versailles, at the time of the marriage of the dauphin, son of Louis XV., in 1747, an unknown seated himself in a reserved seat, and wished to remain there, notwithstanding his being commanded to leave. The invitation becoming at length rather imperious, he responded, "I care not if it displeases you, sir; I am, in fact, Colonel of the Regiment of Champagne." A lady near by, at a seat, intended for another, receiving the same order, said, "I shall not stir; I am also of the Regiment of Champagne." People laughed, and the words became a proverb.

Following the wisdom of nations, it is not necessary to lend one's money. "Friend to the lender—enemy to the payer; to the lender, God; to the payer, Devil," say two French proverbs. The English say: "He who lends money to a friend, loses double;" that is to say, loses both friend and money.

The Turks say, "Friendship measures by tons, and commerce by grains." The Spanish say, "He who lends recovers not, if he recovers not at all, or if by so doing he makes an enemy."

An Indian Tradition.—Here is a singular, and, in many respects, striking tradition, which may serve as an indication of the serious obstacles which impeded the diffusion of Christianity among the Indian tribes:—

"An Indian told us that there was a tradition in his tribe of one of them having become a good Christian, who was very good, and did all that he ought, and that when he died he was taken up to the white man's heaven, where everything was very good and very beautiful, and all were happy amongst their friends and relatives who had gone before them, and where they have everything that the white man loves and longs for; but the Indian could not share their joy and pleasure, for all was strange to him, and he met none of the spirits of his ancestors, and there was none to welcome him, no hunting nor fishing, nor any of those joys in which he used to delight, and his spirit grew sad. Then the great Manitou called him and asked him, 'Why art thou sad in this beautiful heaven which I have made for thy joy and happiness?' and the Indian told him that he sighed for the company of the spirits of his dead relations, and that he felt low and sorrowful. So the Great Manitou told him he could not send him to the Indian heaven, as he had, whilst on earth, chosen this one, but that, as he had been a very good man, he would send him back to earth and give him another chance."

All faults are pardonable when one has the courage to avow them.

A LITTLE ROMANCE.—A singular meeting took place in a fashionable locality up-town, the other day, says the New York correspondent of the New Orleans Delta, between two parties who procured a divorce from incompatibility of temper, or a penchant experienced by the gentleman for a young girl raised in the family, then residing out west. The only child remained with her mother, who has since made New York her home, having married a respectable and wealthy widower, the husband also marrying the innocent cause of all this trouble. Time passed on, when the gentleman experiencing a strange desire to see his child, made a trip to New York, and called at her stylish residence in a brown stone-front, up-town. Lingering in the charming society of his first-born, time passed unheeded, until the dinner hour approached, the invitation to stay accepted, and over the hospitable board of his successor, the husband number one exchanged the polite observations of table etiquette and a general flow of conversation with his former wife and husband number two, surrounded by a merry group of children. Time had passed lightly over the forms and heads of each, yet were those hearts as tranquil as the brow? Was there no quickening of the pulse as the hands calmly met? Really, there is more romance than we dream of in the realities of life around us.

THE WATER-WHEEL.—"There," cried Jenny, running down to the brook, and not finding his water-wheel where he had set it going, "my water-wheel has gone, and Joe Cilley has stolen it."

His little sister came running after him, and they hunted around and found the wheel hid under a willow. "I am so glad," said Jenny. Treading on something hard in the grass, Jenny stooped down and picked up a knife. It had Joe Cilley's name scratched on the handle of it.

"I told you so," said Jenny, "and I wish I had a stick to beat him with. I wish I had a gun. I don't know but I'd shoot him."

"Jenny, Jenny," said his sister, "do not you know wishing to kill folks is really killing folks in your heart? God sets it down so."

"Well," said Jenny, "I'd give him a good beating. He shall not touch my things so."

In a little while they met Joe Cilley. Jenny gave him his knife, and said she found it by the brook. He looked ashamed, for it was he who hid Jenny's water-wheel.

The next day he brought Jenny and Jenny a pook-full of chestnuts, and said he would help Jenny set up his water-wheel.

Is it not best to return evil with good?

OPTIM AND LIQUOR.—Sir John Browning, Governor of Hong Kong, in an address before the British Association, presented some views in regard to the morality of the opium trade very much out of the common run. He said there was no interdiction of the opium trade in any of the treaties with England. He admitted that the use of the article was most deleterious, but the evils resulting from it were not to be compared with the evils produced by the use of intoxicating liquors in England. Some in China used it to excess, and all consumed it; yet the deaths from the use of it only amounted to four a year out of ninety thousand. In England the deaths from delirium tremens were four times as great. Opium does not lead to crime or acts of violence. The habit of intoxication has become extirpated in China. Formerly the Chinese were greatly addicted to intoxication. The opium smoker dreams, and fancies delirious visions, while the man intoxicated with drink becomes a perfect ruffian. If opium were excluded from China, land now devoted to the growth of rice would be used for the cultivation of the poppy.

FUN AT HOME.—Don't be afraid of a little fun at home, good people! Don't shut up your houses lest the sun should fade your carpets and your hearts, lest a hearty laugh should shake down some of the musty old cobwebs there. If you want to ruin your sons, let them think that all mirth and enjoyment must be left on the threshold without, when they come home at night. When once a home is regarded as only a place to eat, drink, and sleep in, the work is begun that ends in gambling-houses and reckless degradation. Young people must have fun and relaxation somewhere; if they do not find it at their own hearthstones, it will be sought in other, and perhaps less profitable places. Therefore, let the fire burn brightly at night, and make the home nest delightful with all those little arts that parents so perfectly understand. Do not repress the buoyant spirits of your children; half an hour of merriment around the lamp and firelight of home blots out the remembrance of many a care and annoyance during the day, and the best safeguard they can take with them into the world is the unseen influence of a bright little domestic sanctum.—Life Illustrated.

A HEALTHY BODY CONDUCIVE TO GOOD MORALS.—The functions of our bodies are so closely connected with the operations of our minds, the healthy actions of the latter so essentially depend upon the former, that it may be safely asserted that a healthy community, and none other, can be virtuous and happy. If we could look intelligently into the hearts of criminals of every grade, we would find that much of these wrong doings is the result of a diseased body, so operating upon their mental powers as to cause the commission of crime. To teach men to preserve their health, is to cause them to live moral lives. In this view of the case, the subject of human health is one of vast importance in a moral point of view.

CARRIE.

I have a little Cousin,
She's scarcely ten years old,
Her eyes are blue as heaven,
And her locks are shining gold.
Her brow 's a lily petal,
And her cheek a damask rose,
She 's sweetest little cousin,
And 'tis, she almost knows,
Her glad blue eyes are beaming
Like sunshine on the earth;
And she laughs away the shadows,
With her elfin laughing mirth,
She dances like a fairy,
With footsteps light and free,
As bright as any angel,
This Carrie is to me.

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MEETINGS IN BOSTON.—Mrs. Amanda M. Spence, of New York, will lecture in Ordway Hall next Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock, and in the evening at 7:12 o'clock.

A Circle for trance-speakers, &c., held every Sunday morning, at 10:1-2 o'clock, at No. 14 Bromfield Street. Admission 5 cents.

MEETINGS IN CHURCH, on Sundays, morning and evening at GUILD HALL, Winthrop Street. D. F. GODDARD, regular speaker. Seats for free.

GAMING-ROOMS.—Meetings in Cambridgeport are held every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 3 and 7-12 o'clock, P. M., at Washington Hall, Main Street. Seats free. The following Trance Speakers are engaged: Dec. 10th, Miss Lizzie Dutton; Dec. 17th, Miss R. T. Amey.

LAWYERS.—The Spiritualists of Lawrence hold regular meetings on the Sabbath, forenoon and afternoon, at Lawrence Hall.

FOXBORO.—The Spiritualists of Foxboro' hold free meetings in the town hall every Sunday, at half-past one, and half-past six o'clock, P. M.

FOXBORO.—Mrs. Mary M. Macomber will lecture Dec. 4th and 11th; Miss Lizzie Dutton, Dec. 18th and 25th; Miss Fannie Davis, Jan. 1st and 8th.

LOWELL.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings on Sundays, forenoon and afternoon, in Wells's Hall.

SALER.—Meetings have commenced at the Spiritualists' Church, South Street. Circles in the morning; speaking, afternoon and evening.

WORCESTER.—The Spiritualists of Worcester hold regular Sunday meetings in Washburn Hall.

SUNDAY MEETINGS IN NEW YORK.—Meetings are held at Laramie 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.

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Sunday Evening, Nov. 20th, 1859.

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

TEXT.—"There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death."—Prov. xvi, 25.

This exact declaration had already been inserted in the 14th chapter of Proverbs, and the 12th verse. It might, for that matter, have been put in three times, or once in every chapter, and not have been too often inserted.

If, in this world, men could go back upon their path, and begin again, when they find that they have made a mistake, as men can in a journey; if they could treat character as men treat a slate, and when the example was found to be full of errors, rub it all out, and begin again; then it would not be so important to make right beginnings in moral matters. But it is only to a limited extent that we change moral courses, when once we have advanced far upon them. It is possible to change them. There is a provision made for this change. There are in nature, in human society, and in human experience, foreshadowings of the very recuperative power of God, through Christ, in the atonement. Nevertheless, it is true, as a matter of fact, that as men begin in life, so they are very apt to continue. As in water cement, the form very soon hardens almost to a stone, so any moral habit very soon gives a set to conduct, and then it is almost like breaking flint to change that conduct. Men, too, are involved in outward connections that hamper and control them; and although reformation from wrong is always possible, yet it is always difficult; and often so difficult that men refuse to suffer all that they will be required to suffer in order to reform. It is, therefore, very important that men should not make a mistake in the beginning; and that they may not make a mistake in the beginning, it is very important that they should know how to do it. There are two ways that are right, and ways that only seem right.

Experience shows us, every day, that a man may throw away his whole chance in life, in a very few hours even. He may destroy his bodily health by a single act, and with that his whole prospect in this world. The problem of existence, so far as a single man is concerned, may be solved by the taking of a wrong step; that is, by inadvertence, as well as by a wrong act. A man may, by an act done through ignorance of affairs or through weakness, even with the best of motives, and only going on to get wrong, take such a degree that he will never get right again in all his life. And everybody has to take this risk. Your children must take it; my children must take it. You take it. I take it. If, by the grace of God, we have come through life to the present hour, with comparative safety, it makes no difference: our children have got to try the same terrible pass, and run the same gantlet, which we have so narrowly escaped. We can do something for them, but after the best has been done that can be done, life is an experiment still. However hopeful and courageous we may be about our children—and it is best that we should be hopeful and courageous—and expect that they will turn out well—nevertheless, there are none of us who do not feel better about them, when at last they have grown up, so that they can be their own pilot, and spread their own sails, and when they have the whole sea to steer in. It is a part of God's plan to have the young brooded as long as possible—to have them hang on the parental bough as long as the stem will hold them—to have them under the influence of home, till they gain some controlling force from the development of their moral nature; till some of the passionate elements of their nature are brought into subjection; till some experience is gathered; till they have formed connections which shall lead them along ascertained ways. It is also a part of this system of Divine wisdom, to bring around the young the warnings and the instructions of religion; and to-night I shall endeavor to discharge my duty toward this portion of my flock. I cannot be a father as your father was to you. I cannot act the part of parents to you, except in this way: I can remind you of things that you are in danger from, which, now that you are separated from your father's family, you are liable to forget. I can ratify, perhaps, the influence for good which is losing effect in your mind, and put upon you again, at least for the hour, the pressure of that wisdom which, for so long a time, has been removed from you. It is not, of course, my purpose to argue the question of secular enterprise and success—though that is a subject well worthy of an hour's consideration: I propose only to put the young upon their guard against the deceptions of courses that are morally wrong, to excite your vigilance, to rouse your moral feeling.

1. There are many things which conspire to make wrong courses in this life seem safe beforehand.

1. To the young, that seems safe which appears brilliant and prosperous. They have had no experience by which to judge of the remote workings of any course that seems to begin fairly and purely. They have put hope in the place of experience. It is a part of the wise ordinance of nature that the young shall be more endowed with hopefulness than those of middle age, or old age, simply because they have more need of it than those who are advanced in life. They have their way to make. Their future is to be engineered, and they need to live in the things to come, in order that they may bring themselves up to a state in which they will have faith in what is before them. But that hopefulness which is so beneficial, has this disadvantage: it makes men presumptuous, and leads them to rely too much upon that vague expectation—that all-covering *something*—by which they set aside the threat of wrong courses, and make themselves feel that although a certain line of conduct has been pernicious to others, if they adopt it they will be better off. It leads them to think that some wise and beneficent turn will give them the advantage of tampering with wrong, and yet reaping right as a result. So that hopefulness, which is set as a light—a benign light—to the path, oftentimes becomes so perverted as to make the young confident in wrong courses. They see not what the end will be, but they hope that it will be good.

2. Youth unites courage and self-confidence, often, in an unwise fellowship. Confidence and courage are very good things, but they may be so united as to amount to presumption. Men may be sure, simply because they are young, that they are adequate to their circumstances. Men feel very strong till they have had some rough handling in life. It is very common for the young, when they begin life, to think that they can bear whatever may be put upon them; that they can do whatever it is necessary that they should do; and that if they are not as shrewd as the shrewdest, at least they are a great deal shrewder than the rest. There is a feeling among the young, oftentimes, that there cannot be much taught to them; that father does not know how smart his boy is; that the teacher has no idea of the resources in his pupil; and when they are told that certain courses are wrong, they pick them up with a feeling that their ability is underrated, if not with a feeling that their dignity is insulted! They say to themselves—"Others may have stumbled; but it *was* others, not me. I have not stumbled, and I do not intend to stumble!" I do not suppose there is anybody that sets out to do it; but there are multitudes of confident young men that drink without intending to become drunkards, who do become drunkards; there are multitudes that play games of chance without intending to become gamblers, who do become gamblers; there are multitudes that tamper with wrong courses, without intending that their moral integrity shall become debauched, whose moral integrity *does* become debauched. The art of using a man's conscience for the working of iniquity without soiling it, has never been learned in this world, though the devil has made a great many men believe that he could teach the art.

3. The beginnings of evil are almost identical with good—almost, not quite. There is, frequently, in addition to this hopefulness, and this presumption, a difficulty in discerning the distinction between a right course and a wrong course, at the beginning. The beginnings are so near together—they are so nearly parallel—that you cannot easily discern the difference in them.

Two lines may seem to be parallel, and may be so nearly parallel that the eye cannot detect that they diverge in the slightest degree—the divergence may not exceed the ten thousandth part of an inch, at the starting point; and yet, at a distance of a thousand miles from this point, the divergence is very plain; and if they extend around the globe, the opposite ends are almost at right angles.

And there are moral courses that seem to be parallel—almost, not quite. It takes time for the difference to develop itself. The space of a year, two years, five years, eight years, or ten years, oftentimes makes the result of courses very different, whose beginnings seemed almost identical. Therefore it is that oftentimes, in the beginning, a way seems right whose ends are death.

Two men go into business. One resolves that he will be immutably honest. He takes the law of God for his scale of honesty. What he would that others should do to him, that he is determined to do to them. This is his golden rule procedure. The other man is less honest, too, but he takes the golden rule

as it is modified by the perceptions of business. Both pass for honest men, and it may seem, for a time, that the course of one is as well as that of the other; but after the lapse of ten or fifteen years, the difference in their moral integrity is very apparent. It is impossible that two men should start in life, one with a high and unadulterated scale of conduct, and the other with a low and permissive one, without becoming very different in respect to purity of life and character. Though they may not discriminate the difference there, they will. We very seldom find out ourselves as fast as other people find us out. Men are not apt to be conscious of moral changes which take place in them. A man's character often deteriorates for years and years, without his knowing it; and when he finds that there is a rumor to that effect, he thinks it is an assault of his enemies. He does not believe that any change has taken place in him. There is not one man in ten thousand that knows how to gauge himself, or how to form a just estimate of his own standing. Our neighbors find us out long before we find ourselves out. Our condition in life is like that of persons who have a house that is on fire: the smoke drifts up, and they must be awakened from without, or else they will be burned up within.

4. There are always many things that work out their results quicker than others. Some poisons prove fatal at once, and others work disorganization in the system for weeks, and months, and even years, before they prove fatal. And so it is with moral courses. Many of them make haste and leap toward judgment; while many others hide themselves for a longer or shorter time, and then reappear in new forms, so that men do not trace the connection between the beginning and the end. There are a thousand things that change the terms and yet leave the result the same. A man with cause and effect, and nowhere more than in morals—nowhere more than in those things which turn on integrity of character.

5. There are always many things which do not directly injure men, but which do prepare the way for other things to do it. They get the man ready for assault and defeat, rendering him accessible, putting him off his guard, weakening his moral stamina, and predisposing him to temptation. Ten thousand things there are, of which the young say, "Is there any harm in this, itself considered?" There may not be any harm in a certain thing, itself considered, and yet that thing, if not avoided, may bring a man within the artillery range of other things in which there is harm. There is no harm in the act itself, oftentimes, of removing a fence; and yet, if that fence happens to stand by the side of a precipice, the removing it leaves the way open for people to fall in, and be dashed to pieces. And there are thousands of courses that run along the edge of perilous things, to which it is best for men to give a broad margin. There are many pernicious things that the young see in high society—we have a trick of calling that high society which is nearest hell—which the young are ever seeking to imitate. If not much harm from a moral point of view, yet that wrong-doing, as from a social point of view, does things that people do who seem to be above them. There are times when the daughter pleads with the mother for permission that a Christian mother does not feel at liberty to give. There are times when the father has to reason with the son, to dissuade him from courses which he desires to follow. Sometimes he does not know how to reason, but feels a moral intuition that those courses are wrong, and feels bound to use restraint. Not unfrequently, in such cases, the son grows impatient under this restraint, disregards paternal authority, and rushes recklessly on to the thing which is innocent, he says to himself, *considered*, but which experience shows expose him to other things, which carry him away, and destroy him. One thing is certain, in this world, where there is so much promiscuous temptation, and where every man carries such a magazine of passions, ready to be inflamed by the slightest contact with evil, and that is, that no man will injure himself by being over-rigorous and over-careful. The higher up a road lies, the less chances there are that the overswelling freshet will sweep it away; and the lower down a road lies, the more chances there are that it will be flooded and destroyed. And it seems to me that no young man ought to be asking himself, "How low can I go and not be mean? How near can I approach dishonesty and not be dishonest? How far can I go toward bestiality and not be a beast?" It seems to me that every man ought, on the other hand, to feel, "How high is it possible for me to live and maintain myself in this life?" Not, "How far may I go to the left?" but, "How high can I climb to the right?" There ought to be a moral heroism. There ought to be a sense of the becomingness of things that are good, and a preparation of the mind to resist the influence of all influences. They tell the young aspirants in those professions that they must not bar up their own way by too many scruples, and that manhood is an obstacle to success.

There are worse men than these—men that seem to take delight in dissolving the pearl of purity in the young. I should scarcely believe such a thing was possible, if I did not see the workings of it. Yes, there are men of great wit, great reasoning power, and peculiar fascination, that seem to take an infernal pleasure in charming the young away from their moral teachers, demoralizing them by their higher impulses and feelings, and preparing them for all manner of mischief. They would compass the sea and land to make one proselyte, that they might make him twofold more a child of hell than themselves, if possible.

6. There are great many men in a great many kinds of business, to whose interests it is that the young should not be over-scrupulous. There are men in every profession, that hold up the dignity, and nobleness, and moral excellence of the profession. Then there are men in every profession that tend to lower its tone. In all the professions may be found worldly men, without any moral feeling, apparently, who tend to work out their consequences in the way of coming under all influences. They tell the young aspirants in those professions that they must not bar up their own way by too many scruples, and that manhood is an obstacle to success.

7. There are worse men than these—men that seem to take delight in dissolving the pearl of purity in the young. I should scarcely believe such a thing was possible, if I did not see the workings of it. Yes, there are men of great wit, great reasoning power, and peculiar fascination, that seem to take an infernal pleasure in charming the young away from their moral teachers, demoralizing them by their higher impulses and feelings, and preparing them for all manner of mischief. They would compass the sea and land to make one proselyte, that they might make him twofold more a child of hell than themselves, if possible.

But besides, there are those who, though they do not desire to destroy men, yet desire to draw them down so far that their appetites shall come into market. They depend for their livelihood upon the vices of men. They like to have men buy largely, but not so largely as to destroy themselves. They would like to make all men customers, and then hold them as long as possible. Therefore you hear them say, "Mongrel to indulge in these things is in moderation; that is, the men by moderation; that is, they want a man to pay a good while! What they mean by moderation, is that they would like a man to drink six times a day for sixty years! The man that drinks six times a day the first year, and sixteen times a day the second year, and dies the third year, does not pay half so well as if he drank more moderately. Then they want to secure a certain amount of respectability in their customers, because respectable customers draw others, while beastly customers drive others away. Therefore you see them leaning across the counter, and talking about morals, and saying such things as that a man ought to have self-respect enough to keep himself in society. Ah, when men begin to tamper with appetites, the less they say about self-respect the better!

Now when in professions men confuse the moral eye, and when out of professions men seek their own selfish profits by tampering with young appetites and consciences, it is strange that the ways of wickedness are made gulfed. It is strange that the gates of that garden in which there is deadly fruit are covered with flowers? Is it strange that the sweet sounds of music are employed in a thousand ways to win men to destruction? Is it strange that wicked men, by the ginnings of the way that leads to death, that they may more effectively hide the ends thereof?

7. There are great many things in man's own heart that favor these unwonted circumstances, and give power to these temptations, and help these bad men to confuse the appearances of things, and to destroy the apparent distinctions between right and wrong. Almost every one of the passions, when inflamed, and seeking its appropriate gratification, becomes a false prophet.

One of the most remarkable historical instances that is recorded in Matthew and the Acts respectively. In Matthew, when our Saviour was arraigned and brought to trial, and the more humane governor sought to set him free, the chief priests, the elders, and the people, cried out, "On us and on our children be his blood. Crucify him—crucify him! Only kill him, and we will take all risks!" That was when they had blood in their eye and murder in their heart. The deed was done; and when, months afterward, they got home to their consciences, they were at a loss to get the other side to deal with now! Before they had it all their own way. They were very bold then, and quite willing to take the risks; but when, after the thing was done, and they had grown cool, they looked back, and saw the enormity of their crime, they lifted themselves up with fear; and the attempt they made to bring home upon them the responsibility of that crime, they made the cause of persecution, even unto death.

Before wrong-doing, a man's heart lifts itself up with great courage, will see no danger, and will not listen to any plea of peril; but after the satisfaction of passion, there comes another mood—the mighty reactionary mood. He now feels entirely different from what he did before. A man that wants to steal, and a man that has stolen, are very different kinds of men. And in respect to every part of a man's nature, in the mood of temptation, it misleads his judgment, it blinds his eye, it drags him, so that his conscience does not report with the same integrity as before. Where pride is the passion to be gratified, pride tamper with the man's moral sense, and tells him lies. It is vanity that seeks gratification—as it is in thousands of cases—vanity lies to a man, and makes him lie about his own affairs. If it be avarice and greediness that live in the same house—how do they mislead men, and pervert their judgment respecting things that are right, and all things that are wrong! Hatred, and revenge, and the lusts—how do they mislead and pervert men.

If, with these remarks, I drop the first part of this discourse, and proceed, more briefly, to make some specifications; for although all specifications ought to be based on principles, all principles, on the other hand, ought to end in specifications, or else they will be profitless, practically.

1. I will say to the young then, that I desire to confirm, to ratify, to bring back to your minds, the instructions of your parents on the subject of profanity. I think there may be worse things than profanity, but that there is nothing to do with the sinfulness of it, with the disgracefulness of it, or with the dangers of it. Every man on earth is bound to have a reverent spirit, both toward God and toward sacred things. If there were no other reason, this is enough—that it is becoming in manhood. It is a degradation for a man to be irreverent toward things sacred; but it is simply brutal for us to be irreverent toward things that are sacred in the sight of those whom we love. If I walked in a heathen temple, where heathens were worshipping, I would do nothing to wound their feelings. If I did not believe in their mode of worship, I would reason with them, but I never would tamper with their deities. Now, there is no man that indulges in habits of profanity in the community, who does not injure the feelings of every person of God with whom he comes in contact—and the more humble such persons are, the more susceptible they are of having their feelings injured by the irreverence of profane men. Therefore, no man can be profane without the violation of the first principles of gentlemanly conduct. Frequently profanity is indulged in on purpose to annoy those to whom it is painful. I have had men swear in my presence—though not often—simply because I was a minister, and they thought that would be a runaway to hit me, and show how bold and independent they were. If being wicked is the way to show one's boldness and independence, it is an easy way. I have yet to learn, however, that any man makes himself nobler or more admired, by wounding the feelings of others for the sake of augmenting his own apparent importance. It is mean—simply mean.

2. No man has a right to complain of this, who indulges in the use of expletives which trench on the ground of profanity. I know innocent men who do not hesitate to take the name of God in vain. They never would say, "Damn it!" but they do not hesitate to say, "Oh Lord, which is no better. They will not say, 'I swear,' but they swear to the terror of religion."

3. I would be shocked to hear their children swear; and yet they teach them to swear by their own example. And worse than that, I know women who indulge in this kind of profanity—women, too, who are in many respects refined, and in all respects educated, and ought to know better. I have nothing to say on this point. A swearing woman is quite beyond the reach of any remarks of mine!

4. But this is a habit which, once begun, ends we know not where. I think a man that swears like a runaway, that runs in the street without seeing where the charge is going to strike. When a person uses profane language, he does not know what or whom it is going to injure. It is a habit which steals upon a man gradually, but grows rapidly. It demoralizes a man's conscience, wounds his honor, injures his own soul, and hurts the feelings of others. It is profitable in nothing, and mischievous in almost everything. I scarcely know of anything for which there is so little excuse. If you say that you indulge in it only when you are angry, I reply that it is worse then than at any other time.

5. I apply all the remarks of this discourse to the subject of drinking. I think that temporarily there is a reactionary state in the public mind with reference to temperance. I think that to a certain extent there is a going back in this cause. I do not think the great cause itself, with the last thirty years of discussion, has lost ground, but I think that as in filling any great tank, the waters rush in in such a way that, as they rise up, on parts of the surface there are oscillations, so in the progress of any great cause there are reactionary influences which produce oscillations, as it were, in certain departments of that cause. And it seems to me that we are at a time in which the young are drinking again, if not as fast as before the temperance movement was a reactionary state, at least they are tan or fifteen years ago. That is, at least, the result of my own observation. And on this whole subject, I have this to say—that of all the evils among us, drinking is the most dangerous; and if any man thinks it is not, it is probably more dangerous in his case than in that of other persons. The men that are timid, and cautious, and stingy, and cold withal, are usually the men who do not like to drink, and who are least in danger of becoming drunkards; but the men that are genial, and generous, and confident, and hopeful, and that love to see things glitter by the head of the wine cup, are the men who like to drink, and who are in danger of becoming drunkards.

6. And this is pre-eminently a sin; for it is a sin which seems, in its beginnings, to be far enough; and one which pleads long precedent, pleads secret example and permission, pleads custom in the highest and most respectable circles—pleads everything except fact and expediency. The beginnings of it are festive, convivial, beautiful even; but if there be one thing of which it may be said, "The ends thereof are the ways of death," this is it.

7. I speak as a pastor—I speak as a citizen—I speak simply as a man. I speak as a man of this evil. I do not so much of it, I see that it is so easy to let it alone before meddling with it, and so hard afterward, that I feel bound to warn you against it, again and again. And I am speaking what I do thoroughly believe, when I say that unless a man has occasion to use the various alcoholic stimulants for real bona fide medical purposes, he had better let them entirely alone; because the beginnings of this habit seem right, and the ends thereof are death.

One thing is certain—you do not need to drink. It does not do you any good. It is expensive and dangerous. The more you do it, the more you want to do it. And therefore the more dangerous it becomes in your case.

I am not wholly faithless with regard to the reformation of men who are addicted to drinking; but I think that except by means of institutions, it is almost impossible to reform them. Instituted help, long confinement, and regimen, may eradicate the taint from them.

One word more under this head. There is a habit of recommending the substitution of milder beverages in the place of the stronger ones. Now men may talk as much as they please about lager beer, and native American wine, and about those who drink being satisfied with those; but what is it that makes them drink in this country? Do they drink because they love the taste of liquor? Do they do it, as a general rule, for any other reason than this—that they have two weeks' work to do in one, and they want double strength? You drink because you have got to do ten hours' work in a day, and you have strength to do only eight; you drink because you have got to do fifteen hours' work in a day, and you have strength to do only twelve; you drink because you have got to do eighteen hours' work in a day, and you have strength to do only sixteen! I do not mean to say that men who drink for the sake of the taste, but you drink for the nerve!

Talk about people in foreign countries where the habit of drinking is universal being peaceful! They are a thousand times more quarrelsome than we are. The people in those countries where there is beer-drinking in families, are the most quarrelsome people in the world. They may not get drunk, but you will find in them the preliminary tendencies to drunkenness. They drink enough to make them irritable, perpetually. We drink not to gratify the taste, but for a business purpose. That being the case, we may begin with the milder beverages, just as we begin our fires with pine shavings, not only because we can light them so easily, but also because we want them to set on fire something solid. And wine is stepstone to brandy. Beer is stepstone the other way. It does not lead up to brandy, but it leads down to drink—and beastly drunk.

I would not speak with indiscriminate. I would not make what I say void of influence by any seeming extravagance. I would leave a margin of toleration, where, under the appropriate directions of physicians who are themselves moderate, men may, on occasional states of aberration in the physical system, use ardent spirits. But in regard to using milder beverages for the sake of doing two men's work, I say, you can begin with this, but you will not stop with

them. When they have lost their power to stimulate you, you will want something stronger, and you will go to brandy; and from brandy—if such a thing remains except in legends—you will go to rum, and rum to brandy and spices. You will be a drunkard then, and there is no use of tracing you further. A man that drinks for the sake of the drink, is a drunkard, whether he feels or not. Thus the beginnings of the ways of intemperance may seem right, but the ends thereof are the ways of death.

I will here repeat what I believe I have said to you before. There is an asylum being built in Binghamton, under the auspices of Dr. Turner, for incurables. There ought to have been one long ago. I thank God for the springing up of this one. It will be the pioneer of others. We need many such institutions. I am informed that although the building is not yet completed, and although it is gaged to accommodate only three hundred patients, more than two hundred have had applications for admissions have already been made, and that four hundred of them were made in behalf of women.

Now such facts as these ought to make men pause. If any of you are gradually going back to the old customs, if you are beginning to put wine on your dinner table again, and are beginning to offer wine to your friends again, as they step in day by day, and are beginning to drink brandy again, I most earnestly, I most solemnly, warn you of the mischief you are doing to others and yourselves; and I beseech you, by every motive that is sacred in the eye of a man and a Christian, to stop, and take the safer ground.

8. There are no amusements that seem more harmless to the young than games of chance. There are no amusements that are more apt to bewitch and beguile the young than these very games. And in the proportion that the element of chance or skill exists in a game, it is dangerous. Almost any game can be used for gambling. Cards, backgammon, chess, and checkers can all be used for this purpose. Anything can. Betting can be applied to anything in the world. But there are some games that are provocative of gambling, to promote it. Such games tend to bring persons who indulge in them in contact with those who gamble, so that they are almost perpetually tempted to gamble themselves.

I will not go at large into the subject of games. I do not think that, under ordinary circumstances, there is harm in playing checkers, or backgammon, or chess—that noble game—unless it is allowed to consume too much time. There is danger in regard to all these games, that they will take too much time—time that ought to be devoted to sleep, exercise, study, and labor. This is to be guarded against. And if your teachers or guardians find fault with you for spending too much time with games, do not be impatient. Indulge in them with great moderation. They are not wrong, when they are used in moderation.

9. I respect to the playing of cards. I do not think it is in all cases harmful. I can conceive of persons being in circumstances where it would not harm them. As for myself, I have not learned to tell one card from another, although I have seen a great deal of gambling on the Western rivers. I would not be willing that my children should learn to play cards; and for this reason: it is a game that brings those who play it into circumstances where they will be tempted to gamble—and if there is anything that grows on a man like the secret rotting of timber, it is this lust of gambling; and anything that grows on a man like this, he himself is unconscious of it. In the no man gambles who does not cheat. Cheating and gambling are synonymous terms; and I never would trust a man that would gamble. Avoid, therefore, all games that tend to gambling. If you do this, you are certainly safe, and if you do not do it, you are not safe. The beginnings of this practice may seem perfectly safe, but the ends thereof are the ways of death.

10. All forms of commercial dishonesty, little pilfering, larger speculation, scheming, financiering, and all those elements that end in sudden outbreak and disaster, these things begin in the danger of becoming enervated. I think a man with a healthy body has a better chance of being a good man, than one with a broken-down body. There is vice engendered by morbid conditions of the body. I would therefore encourage a manly, open enjoyment of things that are lawful and right. And I would say to every young man who would like me to be his friend, be cautious and abstinent in pleasures that take you away from home and friends at night. Above all things, do not go near those places that are called *houses of pleasure*. They are the houses of pleasure on the outside, and the houses of damnation on the inside. No man can begin to visit them with any sort of presumption that he will do other than end in rottenness and perdition! When a man is sequestered, night after night, away from ordinary influences and restraints, and where there is glitter, and stimulant, and novelty, and temptation, he cannot but be contaminated. Though he may maintain a sort of staggering integrity for a time, it can scarcely be hoped that he will end otherwise than in disaster. Do not, then, sneak through the ways of life in the night. And parents that let their children go out at night may expect them to be brought home in a litter, or not at all! Such parents need not be surprised to see their children go down through the ways of loathsomeness into a dishonored grave! Blessed be God, for the harbor of home! It is the gate of heaven.

11. I must say, before I close, that the thing which is doing more mischief than any other, and which breeds death in ten thousand ways, is one which is almost utterly ignored, and of which men are the least taught. The father and the mother, from a false delicacy, will not teach the child respecting his illicit appetites and pleasures. The pulpit, from false refinement and delicacy, dare not speak of things that are shaking human life, or even of all! Such parents and such pastors are being contaminated because men are ignorant of the things that are affecting them, and almost disorganizing them. I only allude to this subject now, but I purpose, one day, to discuss it more thoroughly. Let me say this, however—that as God has made man, the way of purity and chastity is a safe way, and every deviation from it, by thought, by imagination, and still more by the slightest practice, is a way of peril, and one than which there is nothing of which it can be more solemnly said, "The beginnings of it may be beautiful, and seem safe, but its ends are the ways of death."

It is a good thing for a young man to ask himself, in every step of indulgence in life, "What would my mother say if she should see where I am? What would my brothers and sisters say if they knew what I am doing?" Bring around about you all these higher and nobler thoughts, and listen to the voice of your conscience when it is awakened and instructed by them, and you can scarcely fail to go right.

My dear young friends, pardon me for speaking to you so plainly. Who will instruct you in these things, if your pastor does not? The newspapers will not. Those that tempt you will not. You are strangers in a strange city. There are thousands that will do you harm, when there are only a few that will do you good. If I have, when but a little while ago, that little act of grace in your thoughts, and produce its legitimate results in your lives. And, above all, believe me, when I refer you to the solemn Word of God. Allow me to read in your presence a portion of the 119th Psalm:

"Who will keep thy statutes: Oh forsake me not utterly. Whereof shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to thy word."

Whether the Bible be a book that teaches this, or that, or the other theological truth, one thing is certain—that the code of morals in the Word of God is such as will make every young man who follows it virtuous and honorable.

"With my whole heart have I sought thee: Oh let me not wander from thy commandments. Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee."

Take the Word of God, and hide it in your heart, and let it be the man of your counsel and your guide; and in heaven, when we meet, you shall bless me for these instructions and this fidelity.

"Exposures" Warning. The Louisville Daily Democrat, in speaking of a course of lectures against Spiritualism in that place by "Professor" Frazer, says that the exposure "has proved to be a gigantic fizzle on a small and bigoted foundation, and one of the most complete shams ever given support to by a class of men claiming to be intelligent lovers of truth." Mr. E. V. Wright, in an article more than a column long, handsomely and ably defends the beautiful philosophy of Spiritualism, before which the pretence of "professors" and "reverends" appear to be of little moment.

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YOU.
Did you ever stop to ask yourself, reader, who you are?

It is a question, which, if fairly put, would prove a poser to many a man that now thinks he is thoroughly acquainted with himself. On the sole strength of this empty assumption it is that a man displays his vanity, egotism, pride, and selfishness; as if, confident of his superiority over all others, he took the readiest means of so expressing it to them!

And there follows another question close upon this: Do you know where you are? That is, have you any distinct idea of life for yourself? of how much it is worth to you, and in what particular mode and direction? of what you are pushing at? of what stuff your purpose is made of? and of whether, above all, it is worthy of your immortal capacities?

In the first place, Who are you? Perhaps it is of no consequence to anybody but yourself what your name is, for that will sooner or later be rubbed out altogether; but what is your nature? of what sort are those secret but all-powerful instincts that give an impulse to your conduct, and a regularity to your life? In the atmosphere of what kind of thoughts do you prefer to live? You are generally looking forward, with a sort of animal lickerishness to the gratification of your personal passions; and do you feel that you chiefly live, when sensual suggestions rise in your mind? or do you confess to yourself that such thoughts do not continually swim to the surface, but that a deeper, tenderer, more powerful spiritual yearning possesses your soul, continually inciting you to the discovery of pure spiritual enjoyment in your labors and relaxations, or at least to the determination that the spiritual and ennobling element shall predominate at all times, and that even lust itself shall never make its appearance, except it be regenerated into love?

Do you, in truth, feel very sure of an acquaintance with yourself? Can you introvert your mind's eye, and, looking steadily at the motives of your actions, answer to your own close questionings, that you generally hold on your own way, rather than be led by the blind impulses of passion and prejudice? Or answer, either, that when a good and a bad course present themselves, you possess the power to choose and follow only the former? Or, that you are on such familiar terms with your own noble instincts and generous aspirations, that you could not in any sense outrage and disgrace them if you would, and would not if you could? Or, that you incorporate all experience—fair and foul, high and low—into your entity, so that not a stroke of fate that falls upon you is ever lost for your good, and not a ray of light comes out of the heavens but finds its welcome way into your heart?

Think again: Do you comprehend the relationships with which your being is, in this sphere, intertwined?—relationships with objects, with persons, with time, with seasons, with fate? Know you, if not from logical demonstration, then, what is better, from profound insight, that you are the universe—that all created essence, elements, principles, and laws, concentrate in you, run through your being, hold you to the earth, lift you to the skies, make you finite and infinite at the same moment, subject you to death, yet raise you to immortality? Are you, in any sense, aware of the vast cosmic forces that play in your nature, and that a whole world—nay, that an entire eternity—is enfolded within your existence? Can you get so much as a glimpse—for the full vision would assuredly blind you—of the closeness of the alliance between yourself and the great God who is the first and last—the beginning and the end of the universe?

ent matter to say we know, and really to know. No knowledge is assumption, nor yet definition. And the moment one and another begin to cry out with overflowing joy—"Eureka! Eureka!"—he is checked by the low voice of the very wisdom into whose silent court he has just arrived. We are such profound mysteries, even to ourselves. We are past even our own finding out. There is always a deep that we shall find we have not yet sounded. There always will be a remainder, past all analysis. And still the secret motive eludes the grasp of definition, may, even of apprehension. After we have done studying nature's secrets there are volumes untold of our own, that will occupy us through the endless cycles of eternity.

But when you think soberly of your organization, dear reader,—that divine compound of spiritual and sensual, that combination of elements and qualities such as enter into no other created being in our own sphere, has it occurred to you that there must ever be a special providence within and around you, to preserve that happy accord and balance of all the faculties which alone allows harmony of action and consistency of character?—which, in fact, remains the first condition of a symmetrical development of the nature, and its final apprehension of happiness? Do you know that by no possible practice of your own skill can you readjust a single faculty, if perchance it should jar with the rest? and that all you can do, and the best you can do, is to employ what you have after the highest methods, trusting only to right action for the preservation of the balance and the harmony? Well may we say, when reflecting upon ourselves and our destiny—"What a sublime creation is man! He can indeed be not less divine than Divinity itself, for he is the most profound and gracious work of Divinity!"

But after coming to attain some knowledge of ourselves, though dimly and speculatively at most, how little still know we of the thousand relations, subtle and momentarily undergoing modifications, which we sustain to others. Here is as great a mystery as ever, stretching away in directions which, for extent and minuteness, we need not try to follow. How we act on others, no one can exactly tell. When we make the exertion, we often fail than succeed; but when we suffer nature alone to play through us, rendering ourselves as transparent as possible to her light, the personal victories we achieve are as many and various as they are wonderful. And the extent and character of our influence upon others are so modified by shifting circumstances, over which we never could hope to have any control, that, like the play of clouds in passing over the landscape, variegating it after laws that appear to be the merest combinations of chance, our lives perform, daily, part we do not know or dream of, and our true natures give forth the expression that is genuinely theirs.

The relation of a man to his fellow-men is quite as vast and yet curious a study, as that of a man's relation to himself. There are so many combinations and modifications about it. There is such an infinitude of exceptions to any rule that may be regularly laid down. We are so often there when we suppose ourselves to be here. We think we must have vanished, when we only excited to opposition but the more. We take credit to ourselves for having put forth power, when we have never shown ourselves to be weaker; and, on the other hand, we have accomplished the most where we had taken no pains at all, and where, indeed, we expected and thought to accomplish nothing. So perfect a puzzle is every man's relation to every other man. So new is an act every moment, such fresh force has a word with its continued reverberations. Life makes an indescribable network; and each one's subtle, yet potent, connection with every other one forms a subject on which speculation may busy itself without limit.

Oh, reader, can you, indeed, tell us who you are? Is it so easy a question to answer? Have you ever entered into the arena of that indescribable nature of yours, and brought away mysteries and sacred secrets, whose very handling would seem to be profanation? Do you know so much and so accurately of yourself, that even you may not expect to know more? Turning a searching vision within, has it never occurred to you that there are abysses into which your most daring thought has not yet plunged, fair meadows of living green over which it has not lovingly roved, deeply shaded woods, with labyrinthine windings, where it never found its way, and perennial fountains, with shifting sands below, at whose brink it has not learned to sit? Do you imagine that you begin to have a knowledge of yourself, either aggregate and comprehensive, or minute and elementary? Do you suppose that at the end of this life all possibility of a larger and profounder experience for you is exhausted, and that this world would have nothing newer or better to offer you if it were permitted you to stay a good while longer?

And if all this is now accurately known to you, and you can say that you are well enough satisfied of what you are, would it remain as easy a matter for you to sit down, and, looking thoughtfully forward and backward, and then all around you, tell us where you are?

Foreign and Imported Evidence.

The following paragraph is from the editorial columns of the London Weekly Times:

NEBUCHADREZZAR'S HUNTING DIARY.—A correspondent of the Northern Ensign says a book is shortly to be published by Colonel Bawley, of the 10th Hussars, in which he has recorded Nebuchadnezzar's hunting diary, with notes, and here and there a portrait of his dogs, sketched by himself with his name under it. He mentions in it having been ill, and whilst he was delirious he thought he had been out to graze like the beasts of the field. It is not this wonderful corroborator of Scripture? Bawley also found a pot of preserves, in an excellent state, and gave some to the Queen to taste. How little Nebuchadnezzar's coddling dreamt, when making them, that twenty-five centuries after, the Queen of England would eat some of the identical preserves that figured at her master's table!

The "golden image-maker" of Babylon—who committed sacrilege and a grand larceny at Jerusalem by taking the consecrated vessels of gold and silver from the Temple—is represented as having been actually "turned out to grass" as a punishment for his offences. According to the accepted version of the original text, his Majesty was engaged in recounting his own great achievements, in a manner which would have been regarded as especially unbecoming a personage of less distinction. While he was yet engaged in "airing" his opinion of Mr. Nebuchadnezzar, "there fell a voice from heaven," and a spiritual communication was given, which did not at all corroborate his own high estimate of that gentleman. It announced the fall of his kingdom, and his own speedy removal from the corrupting influences of a great city into the rural districts, where he would be put on a purely vegetable diet. He was to board in the country during the somewhat uncertain period of "seven times." All this literally came to pass, if we accept the record from which the following is extracted—

"The same hour was the thing fulfilled upon Nebuchadnezzar; and he was driven from men, and did eat grass as oxen, and his body was wet with the dew of heaven, till his hairs were grown like eagles' feathers, and his nails like birds' claws."—DAN. iv. 33.

But according to the diary, his Imperial Majesty did not graze at all, or herd with horned cattle. He appears to have spent his time in the gentlemanly pursuits of gunning, drawing, and painting portraits—as an amateur—and in keeping a diary. Instead of eating grass, he gratified his palate with excellent "preserves," and was kind enough to leave a few for Mr. Rawlinson and the Queen. If the "hunting diary" is worth anything as evidence, it certainly goes to prove that the Biblical story of his living on herbage has no better foundation than an insane fancy of his own—the offspring of extreme illness and consequent delirium. And this our transatlantic cotemporary regards as a "wonderful corroboration of Scripture!" Those who have not been

favoured with a perusal of the diary, and a taste of the preserves, may suspect that this remarkable corroboration needs to be corroborated. Of this fact, however, we are fully assured—the unusual sagacity manifested by the writer in the English Journal—in finding evidence where others do not suspect its existence—is only equalled by a case said to have recently occurred in Vermont. Some one found a dog's collar, inscribed with the name of the victorious Roman, JULIUS CÆSAR. Many of the simple-minded people really believe that the collar belonged to some republican animal of the canine species that lived long since the modern settlement of this country. Those who dissent from this judgment—who, like the correspondent of the Ensign, can always find strong corroborative proofs of their own independent opinion—maintain, in view of this discovery, that the hills which upheld "the Eternal City" were the Green Mountains; that the canine cravat was a genuine canine relic; and that the identical dog that wore that collar was the property of the illustrious Roman whose proper name it bears. We may as well stop here, for logic is too scarce to be wasted on incorrigible skeptics.

Roverends—Thanksgiving Day.

Rev. Nehemiah Adams talked eloquently about the beauties of our country and the material world.

Rev. A. L. Stone preached about slavery and John Brown. He thought that if John Brown was mad, his madness was at least very instructive.

Rev. James Freeman Clarke thought that in the present day we sought society too much and home too little. We should not live by bread alone but by the word of God also; three things for which we should be thankful—viz., knowledge, work and love.

Rev. A. A. Miner began about the oppression of the poor, and preached about the curses of slavery.

Prof. F. D. Huntington was on the subject of religion. Notwithstanding the mutability of outward things, our faith may be fixed and abiding. Christ is the head of the church, and the chambers of his tabernacle are sure and steadfast. God has given a pledge and surety that he will abide with his people, and let our thanksgiving be offered up for that assurance of peace and good will to men.

Rev. Dr. Bartol said, though there were existing among us a little variance, all could say, "God bless our Commonwealth of Massachusetts!" But temporal things are not enough for us; sweet as society is, it does not satisfy the desires of the human soul. Spiritualism, whatever may be said of it, is nothing but the earnest, natural, unappeasable curiosity of man about the other world. The heart aches for something more than it has here, and the question of the dead and the future thrills every cord of the human heart. He that guides us over the sea of life will show us beyond the tomb.

Rev. Dr. Kirk breathed forth a solemn dirge on the sins of humanity; said that God could love and hate in the same breath.

Rev. Dr. Belcher preached from the beautiful text—"Oh, sing unto the Lord a new song, for he hath done marvelous things."

J. H. W. Toohay and Dr. A. Morron.

The Yates (Pen Yann, N. Y.) Chronicle says that Mr. J. H. W. Toohay addressed the Spiritualists there, recently, with much satisfaction to his hearers. We are gratified that the secular press is beginning to appreciate our lecturers. We give the concluding sentence of the editor's remarks—

"Mr. Toohay is a man of comprehensive acquirements, and great ability as a lecturer. Whatever opinion may be entertained of his ideas, all must concede to him great mental culture, profound power of analysis, and uncommon cogency in the use of language."

In a subsequent number (Nov. 17.) we find the following—

"Dr. A. Morron occupies the Court House during the evening of this week with a series of lectures designed to refute Spiritualism. His first discourse was given at the Presbyterian Church on Sunday afternoon, wherein he essayed to elucidate the case of the Witch of Endor. He may have succeeded, but we did not see the point. This Dr. (or Morron) has been a ravine lecturer for many years, devoting his energies to battling unpopular doctrines, and courting favor with those who hold orthodox and established opinions. He is a pretty fair eclectician, and has a wonderful memory. He therefore recites other people's fine sentences with good effect, and generally makes a favorable impression, although without any logical capability of his own. We once heard him deliver a lecture on Astronomy, wherein Prof. Mitchell's splendid rhetoric was very conspicuous."

Paying for Health instead of Sickness.

Dr. Löwendahl and his associate in professional practice, Dr. Wiesecok, Homeopathic and Magneto-electric Physicians, have opened a Healing Institute at 398 Broome street, New York. (see advertisement in another column) on a plan which perhaps realizes—for the first time in this country, so far as we know—an idea long since entertained and reduced to practice in some parts of Europe. The individual who desires to avail himself of the advantages of the Institute subscribes a sum mutually agreed upon—for professional counsel and treatment for himself (and family, if he has one,) through the year. It is, therefore, for the interest of the practitioner to keep his patients well, as their illness only increases his labor without adding to the compensation.

We learn, moreover, that the Physicians of the Institute furnish gratuitous advice and medicines to every servant and every indigent connection of the subscribers.

Atlantic Monthly for December.

The Atlantic has lost none of its old *win* in the transfer from the hands of Phillips & Sampson to those of Ticknor & Fields. In fact, the present number is, to us, more than usually interesting. In it the "Minister's Wooing" is brought to a close. The "Experience of Samuel Abasalom, filibuster," is an interesting sketch of adventures with William Walker in Nicaragua. "The Northern Lights and the Stars," is a poem, we judge from the pen of John G. Whittier. The article on "Thomas Paine in England and France," is in much the style of the former papers treating of this distinguished moral pioneer, and is candid and fair in the handling of the subject. "Elkana Brewster's Temptation" is a humorous sketch of Grew Miller; ditto "Beauty at Billiards." "Magdalena" is a poem after our own heart, though we have no idea who wrote it. "Strange Countries far to See," seems well worth reading, though we have not read it yet. "Italy—1859," is a poem which smells strongly of the rhyme of Dr. W. Emerson. "The Aurora Borealis" is a scientific paper, treating of the phenomenon of the northern lights. "The Professor at the Breakfast Table" is lively as ever. He has feasted with us for a year, and now bids us good-by. We feel that we have profited by his long companionship, and hope that he who comes to take his vacant chair will be as sociable and as kind.

Social Levee.

Our readers will bear in mind the assembly at Union Hall, on Wednesday evening, Nov. 30th, complimentary to Mrs. B. K. Little, the well-known medium. Tickets, admitting a gentleman with ladies, one dollar, to be had at the BANNER OF LIGHT office, at Betz & Marsh's, 14 Bromfield street, and at her Rooms, 35 Beach street.

Mansfield in Baltimore.

We have received from F. H. Smith, a long article relating interesting experiences with Mr. M. during his present sojourn in Baltimore. It shall be printed next week.

A Word to the Gifted.

D. White, M. D., of Springfield, Mass., is in want of a good clairvoyant and test medium.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON AT THE MUSIC HALL.

Sunday, November 13, 1859.

Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson delivered the lecture before the congregation at the Music Hall, on Sunday, Nov. 13th. His topic was "Domestic Life."

In proportion to the intelligence of the inquirer, the objects of inquiry are near and familiar. Usual things are strange to all to the wise man. Can any topic take precedence, in a reasonable mind, of domestic life? Man is born into a home. The same care which covers the seed of the tree with husks and stones, provides the mother's breast and the father's arms. The child has persuasion such as Pericles nor Chatham had in their manhood. His body is all animated by soul. From morning to night he is all alive. When he fasts, the little Pharisee fails not to sound his trumpet before him. As he grows older, his activity only takes on more intelligent and more charming forms. He builds houses out of blocks; but, with the genius of his countrymen, he chiefly studies means of conveyance. He must seek to ride on the shoulders of all his acquaintances. He is supreme. He pulls the hair of laureled heads. The child enables us to live over again, consciously, the unconscious life of childhood. Fast—almost too fast for his parents' wish—he grows up to a boy. He walks daily among wonders. The blowing rose is new; the garden full of flowers is Eden over again, to the young Adam. The first frost, the first grass, the first snow, make holidays in life. What art can paint or gold any object in after-life with the glow which Nature gives to the baubles of childhood? Saint Peter's cannot have the magic power over us that the red and gold covers of our first picture-books possess.

But the lecturer would not follow the picture further. He designed to suggest, only, the matrix of the gem, the soil where virtue grows; he would not insist that the child is alone wise, and all our after-life mis-learning. The household is the life of the man as well as of the child. The things that take place there affect us more than those which take place in Senates and Academies. If a man wishes to acquaint himself with the history of the world, the spirit of the age, he must not go first to the State House or the court room. It is what is seen in the house, in the constitution, in the temperment, in the personal history, that has the profoundest interest for us. Fact is better than fiction, if we could only get pure fact. Could any romance get your ear from the wise Gipsy who could tell straight home the real fortunes of man, who could explain your misfortunes, your habits? It is, indeed, easier to count the census or to compute the square extent of a territory, to criticize its books and arts, than to go to persons and dwellings and read men's characters. Yet we are always hovering around this better knowledge. The interest felt in Phenology, in Physiognomy, betrays our instinctive conviction of the deep significance of the form of man. These systems of day are rash and mechanical systems enough; but they rest upon everlasting foundations. We are sure that the real character of man is not hid in these miserable masks that we meet in the thoroughfares. We live ruins amidst ruins. The form of the body has its origin in the mind. The history of your fortunes is written first in your life.

Let us, then, come out of the public square and enter the domestic precinct. Does the household obey an idea? In economy there should be the genius of the living man so conspicuously seen in all his estate that a man who knew him should see his character in his every expense. A man's money should represent the things he would willingly do with it. We ask the price of many things, but some things each man buys without hesitation; as letters at the post-office, means of conveyance, &c. Let him never buy anything else than what he wants. Never give unwillingly. Do not ask the scholar to help, with his savings, young grocers to set up their shops, or eager agents to lobby in the Legislature. These are also things to be done, but not by such as he. How could such a book as Plato's Dialogues have come down to us, but for the savings of scholars, and their fantastic—if you please—appropriation of them? Another has another foundation—and another, another; and the same rule holds alike for all.

So considered, our domestic life would not bear looking into. Our ways of living are not homogeneous. What character predominates in our houses? Thrift first, then convenience and pleasure. The progress of domestic life has been in cleanliness and convenience. Our homes are arranged for low benefits. Those of the rich are confectioners' shops; those of the poor, imitations of these. With these ends, housekeeping is not beautiful. It cheers and raises neither husband, wife, nor child. A house kept for prudence is without joy; a house kept to the end of display is impossible but to a few women, and their success is dearly bought. Either something in our houses is neglected, or the master and mistress must be careful of particulars at the expense of better things. This difficulty can be overcome only by the arrangement of the household to a higher end than those to which our houses are usually built and furnished. What shall we then do to go from chamber to chamber and find no beauty, to find no invitation to what is good in us, and no reception for what is wise? This is a great price to pay for sweet bread and warm lodging—to be deprived of affinity, of culture, and of the inmost presence of Beauty. Our idea of domestic welfare, now, needs wealth to execute it. The love of wealth, indeed, seems to grow chiefly out of the root of the love of the beautiful. The desire of gold is not for gold. It is the means of freedom and benefit. We scorn shifts; we desire the elegance of magnificence. But this is a very inglorious solution of the problem, and therefore not a solution. Few have wealth, but all must have a home. Men are not born rich, and in getting wealth the man is generally sacrificed. Generosity does not consist in giving money. These so-called goods are only shadowy goods. The man should be visited in his prison with love; what he asks of you is good sense, heroism, purity, and faith. To offer a man money in lieu of these, is to do him the same wrong as when the bridegroom offers his betrothed a sum of money to release him from his engagement. The best natures are like gold and gems, plain-set. The greatest man in history was the poorest. How was it with Socrates, Epaminondas, and Aristides—how with Cato? What kind of house was kept by Paul, and John, by Milton, and Marvel, by Johnson, and Richter? I see not, said Mr. Emerson, how labor is to be avoided; but many things of opinion and practice in regard to manual toil, may go far to furnish the answer to our problem. Another age may divide labor more equally, and so make the labor of a few hours minister to the wants and add to the vigor of the race.

But the reform of the household must not be partial. It must come with plain living and high thinking. We must put our domestic lives on another foundation. It must come with the hearty acceptance on the part of each man of his avocation, not chosen by his parents or friends, but by his genius. Nor is this repress so hopeless as it seems. If we begin with reforming particulars, we shall soon give up in despair. But the way to set the axe at the root of the tree, is to raise our aim. Let us understand that human culture is the end to which the house is built and furnished. It stands there, under the sun and moon, to ends analogous and not less noble than theirs. It is not for festivity, it is not for sleep; but the pine and the oak shall gladly descend from the mountain to uphold the roof of men as strong as themselves, to be a shelter to the true, and good, and brave, with faces which shine with sincerity, with brow ever tranquil, and a demeanor impossible to disconcert. Its tenants have their own aim. Character, life and action yield so much enjoyment, that the rectory is an inferior consideration.

With the change of aim has come a change of the whole scale by which things are measured. It begins to be seen that the poor are only those who feel poor—in which poverty consists. The great make us feel the indifference of circumstances. Let a man, then, say, "My house is here for the culture of the neighborhood. It shall be an eating and sleeping-house for travelers, but much more." There was never a country in which this plan was so easy as it may be in ours. The poor are educated. The lecturer described the intellectual life of the boys of a poor family. What is the hoop that holds them staunch? It is the iron hand of poverty—the necessity which excludes them from the sensual enjoyments that make other boys too early old—and has attracted their activity into other channels, and made them, spite of themselves, lovers of what is grand, and beautiful, and true. The common law says, "Every man's house is his castle." The progress of Truth will make every man's house a shrine. Let the man stand on his feet. The pulses of thought, that go to the borders of the universe, let them proceed from the household. These better ends are the ends to which the household is created, and the roof-tree stands. If these are sought in any good degree, the labor of many for one will cease. Let these be our aims, and Society is weak, and the State is an intrusion. Friendship is secret; she hides in the crowd, and under the half-brute forms of institutions.

But this is no theme for description, but for action. The heroism which at this day would make upon us the impression of an Epaminondas, or of a Confucius, must be that of a domestic hero who will show us how to live a clean, handsome, and heroic life. He who does this will restore the life of man to splendor, and make his own name dear to the world.

Randolph's Lectures.

Mr. R. seems to be doing a good work since his arrival in the East, having already delivered some sixteen lectures in Waltham, Randolph, Quincy, Cohasset, Stoughton, Boston, Cambridgeport, Charlestown, and Chelsea; and in every place has not only given satisfaction, but has astonished his hearers by the scope and character of the thoughts uttered through his lips, and the marvelous eloquence and pathos of expression.

We wish him all possible success, and feel that our friends, wherever he may go, will do the same, and assist him in his chosen work of well-doing. Those desiring to hear this remarkable medium, would do well to make arrangements for week day evenings and invite him to speak during his sojourn amongst us. Friends can make arrangements and take a small fee at the door, to remunerate the speaker, who needs not merely all human sympathy, but material aid also. Address him care of this office.

"God in His Providences."

W. N. Fernald, a minister of the Swedenborgian Church, and a man respected for his ability and his character, has written and published a book with the above title, which demands a reading of all thinkers. We intend to give the work an extended notice. Meanwhile we will inform our readers that it can be purchased of Otis Clapp, and Crosby & Nichols, in Boston, and of S. T. Munson, at our office, 143 Fulton street, New York, and at the office of the Herald of Light, No. 42 Bleeker street, in the latter city. Price \$1.00. We will also send it by mail on receipt of the above sum and ten cents postage.

"Thou Shalt not Kill."

A friend in Warren, Mass., in renewing his subscription for the BANNER, declares—

"We have sworn vengeance on the woodcock destroyer and his dog, if not on the woodcock eater. We think it high time the woodcock eater had a change of diet, to say the least of him, and woodcock destroyer a change of occupation. We can give the woodcock eater a diet of worms or animalcules, and the woodcock hunter may gather it for him; but his dog he will not need, which we purpose to banish from the land."

"Comfort the Sick."

Mr. M. E. Dunn, of Battle Creek, Mich., writes us that he intends to spend the months of December and January in Oswego, N. Y., for the purpose of healing the sick in that region. He is said to possess great healing powers.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

CONTENTS OF THE BANNER OF LIGHT.—First page—A continuation of Mrs. Porter's thrilling story, "Bertha Lee."

Second page—Third chapter of "Man and his Relations," by Mr. Brittan; "Age of Virtue," sixth paper, by George Stearns, a valuable chapter; "Organization and its Uses," by Henry Clay Preuss, Esq., of Washington, D. C.

Third page—Reminiscence of Elder Leland—a record of mysterious manifestations in the house of a well known Baptist clergyman; Poetry, "God Within;" miscellaneous items, &c.

Fourth page—Mr. Beecher's Sermon.

Sixth page—Four columns of Spirit Messages; "Devotion," by Warren Chase; "The Embarcation of the Pilgrims," poetry, by Lizzie Doten; A Spiritual Communication.

Seventh page—A letter from Providence, R. I., by Lita H. Barney; "Medicinal Power," by Dr. O. Robbins; "The Feelings and Emotions," by Prof. Spencer; "True and False Spiritualism;" "Strange Automatic Action;" Poetry; Movements of Mediums, &c.

Eighth page—Mr. Chapin's Sermon.

Our advertisers will find their favors upon our third and seventh pages. We were obliged to adopt this course on account of the non-arrival of Dr. Chapin's sermon in season for our first form.

We call the attention of our readers to a well written article, from the pen of Professor Spence, of New York, entitled, "THE FEELINGS AND EMOTIONS," which may be found on our seventh page.

An apprentice boy, who had not pleased his employer, one day came in for a chastisement, during which his master exclaimed, "How long will you serve the devil?" The boy replied, "You know best, sir; I believe my indenture will be out in three months."

An architect proposes to build a "Bachelor Hall," which will differ from most houses in having no *vees*.

A FOUNDLING.—We (the editor) take this method of advertising a stray *boy*, which was left on our hands at our office yesterday by the careless or designing young mother, during business hours, and was not discovered till after the pressman's "quitting" was out of sight and hearing. Having full complement of table of our own, we have a desire to adopt it, and must either turn it over to the town fathers or board it out, or we will give it to any humane couple unburdened with offspring, who will take good care of it. It is a handsome, healthy looking female child, very quiet and good natured, has a white satin bonnet trimmed with lace and flowers, a red blouse, trimmed with black, a gingham dress, white gloves, blue morocco shoes, white stockings—and so forth. It is impossible to tell its age, as it has no teeth, and has not so much as squeaked for twenty-four hours. The little dear makes no trouble, having stayed in our office all night, and was not in the least afraid. This beautiful infant may be seen—

P. S.—The child has just been reclaimed by its mamma, a young miss of ten summers, who declares it is her "dolly," and nobody else shall have it for love or money.—*National Eagle*.

J. L. D. Otis is doing a very large and successful business as a clairvoyant physician in Norwalk, Ct.

THE IRON RULE.—Several young men of Maryland have been expelled from the religious societies to which they belonged, for "playing cricket, against the remonstrance of the pastor and elders." Other young men have received warning, and their hands are now forbidden to touch the once familiar ball.

Counterfeit three on the Merchants' Bank of Albany, and also on the Safety Fund Bank of Boston, are in circulation in New York.

Thanksgiving morning, a widow lady was summoned to her door to receive a splendid turkey. "Who sent it?" asked the lady. "I was told not to ask," said the Hibernian. "Ah, I can guess," responded the lady. "Bedad, that's just what I could reason Grant."

The Times Washington correspondent says Major Smith of Virginia, had passed through Washington, en route for Charleston, where he will relieve Col. Davis, and take en-

Use charge of the military arrangements for the execution of John Brown. Secretary Floyd tendered Major S. any amount of arms and ammunition he may deem necessary. Gov. Wise has ordered 600 additional troops to be present at the execution of Brown on Friday next.

It is current that the California steamship interests are about to be consolidated, making common stock of the several steamers, and running a weekly line to and from San Francisco.

LATE AND IMPORTANT FROM SONORA.—The Arizona correspondence of the St. Louis Republican gives the following information from Sonora. Capt. Porter, with the U. S. sloop-of-war St. Mary, had entered Guaymas Harbor. On finding that Col. Alden, the acting U. S. Consul, in the absence of Judge Toro, was not recognized and not permitted to hoist the American colors over the consulate, Capt. Porter insisted on the prefect respecting his authority. Meeting with opposition, he ordered a flag-staff to be erected over the consulate office, and ran up the stars and stripes. He then informed the prefect that it should not be taken down without a fight, and it was left undisturbed. Gov. Pesquiera arrived a few days after, when Capt. Porter waited upon him, but not understanding Spanish and Pesquiera not speaking English, the interview was very unsatisfactory. Porter entered a protest against the treatment received by Capt. Stone's party, and would probably be present to aid Capt. Ellwell in adjusting the difficulties with Pesquiera. Despatches containing the above information arrived at Fort Duchesne, 10th inst., en route to Washington.

Well done, Mr. BUNDEAM. You are bound to win in the race, sure. The article we copied from the Welcome Guest was "loaded," and placed under its editorial hand—and not having seen the Bundeam containing the aforesaid article we of course gave credit to the Guest. Many of our own articles are "appropriated" in the same way by our cotemporaries—even the daily press throughout the country steal from our columns without the least compunction of conscience. Never mind, brother Bundeam; the devil will catch the sinners in the end.

We received an exchange the other day printed only on one side, which Jo Cozo pronounced a "one-sided affair."

We are pleased to know that our cotemporary, the Waverley (Iowa) Republican, appreciates our humble efforts to make a good paper; i. e., we judge he considers it *readable*, otherwise he would not have expressed himself as he has in the following, which we clip from his issue of Nov. 8th:—

"Some recently Postmaster stole our Banner of Light, last week. We cannot see how such a sinner can read even one number of the Banner, and not do as Judas did, 'go away and hang himself, being convinced of his unfitness to live!'"

Prof. Felton's lectures on Greece, before the Lowell Institute, draw very lean audiences.

A country exchange says:—"Senator Douglas has been seriously ill in Washington by an attack of gout in the stomach." Probably the compositor was the "gout" in this case; it should have been printed *gout*.

Lord Brougham's mind and body seem to bid equal defiance to the torpid advances of great age. He is verging on eighty, and yet his physical and mental vigor show no symptoms of decay.

Why would a printer make a good lawyer? Because he would always be sure to understand the "case."

Man is like a snow-ball. Leave him lying in idleness against the sunny days of prosperity, and all that's good in him melts like butter; but kick him around, and he gathers strength with every revolution, until he grows into an avalanche. To succeed, you must keep moving.

The Provincetown Banner says sermons, so it says. If they prove as good as other matters its editor says before his readers, he's bound to *hatch* with profit. Don't brood over this.

There were lots of turkeys round town on Thanksgiving night. Several were "extended" upon the sidewalks; but were finally stored in the lookups for safe-keeping.

"Wife," said a man, looking for a boot-jack, "I have places where I keep my things, and you ought to know it." "Yes," said she, "I ought to know where you keep your late hours—but I don't."

Notices to Correspondents.

H. HUMPHREY, PORTLAND, ME.—Cannot give you the information you desire.

L. K. COONLEY, MEMPHIS, TENN.—Send in what you please, and whenever you please. Do you understand?

N. P. B. SEASBONT, MR.—Hudson Tuttle's "Aroma of Nature" will be published in two weeks, when your order shall be attended to.

Lecturers.

Mrs. FANNIE BURMAN FLETCHER will lecture in Putnam, Ct., the first two Sundays of December; in New York the third; and in Philadelphia the fourth Sunday of December and first two of January. Address, until Dec. 10th, Putnam, Ct.; until Dec. 10th, No. 12 Laramie street, 20th story, New York; and until January 10th, No. 610 Arch street, Philadelphia.

F. T. LARK lectures at Norton, Mass., on Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 11th and 12th. Mr. L. is a normal speaker, and is highly appreciated by those who have listened to him.

L. K. COONLEY's address during December will be Memphis, Tenn., care of J. E. Chadwick.

A Noble Purpose, AND THE GLORIOUS RESULT.

There are as many roads to fame and fortune as there were gateways to ancient Thebes. Your ambitious warrior is for carving his way with the sabre—Your aspiring politician for manoeuvring his way by bribery and compromise; but, there is one broad grand path to the goal, along which nothing base can travel. It is the path set apart for the march of talent, energy, and noble purpose, and though full of obstacles, it contains none which a great man cannot surmount. This fact has been exemplified in innumerable instances, but in few more forcibly than in the career of Dr. H. H. Love, of London. For twenty-five years he may be said to have been climbing

"The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar," scattering blessings at every step. He appears to have reached the summit at last. The staff upon which he has leaned in his ascent has been adversity, and by its aid he has not only reached a wide-wide celebrity and a splendid fortune, but has been enabled to familiarize millions of the sick with

The Messenger.

Each message in this department of the *Banner* was written by the spirit who bore it, through Mrs. J. H. Cowart, while in a state called the Trance State. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as testimonials to those friends to whom they are addressed.

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

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits, in these columns, that does not comport with his reason. Each expresses to 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.

Visitors Admitted.—Our sittings are free to any one who may desire to attend. They are held at our office, No. 512 Brattle street, Boston, every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday afternoon, commencing at nine o'clock, and ending at half-past four, with no admittance. They are closed usually at half-past four, and visitors are expected to remain until dismissed.

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?

From No. 1734 to No. 1763.

Saturday, Oct. 29.—How is Man allied to God? "Charles Carter, Oct. 29, 1864." How are God's elect known in Heaven? "D. H. Hamilton, Belfast; Caroline, to Amelia L. Winters, New York; Hosen Ballou."

Wednesday, Nov. 2.—"What is Charity?" John Moore, London, Eng.; Philip Curry, Williamsburg; Rebecca Pratt, Boston; Samuel Wells, New Orleans.

Thursday, Nov. 3.—"And there shall be no more Death;" J. G. Wyatt, Boston; John Wright, Boston; Nathan Brown, Toledo.

Friday, Nov. 4.—James D. Farnsworth; Blimcon Adams.

Saturday, Nov. 5.—"What do Spirits think of Henry Ward Beecher?" How shall man discern good from evil? "William Seely."

Tuesday, Nov. 8.—"Is there any good in man?" James Fairbanks, Philadelphia; Louisa Davis, Cambridge; John T. Gilman, New Hampshire.

Wednesday, Nov. 9.—"How shall we know we commune with Spirits?" Eliza Chase, Buffalo; Thomas Campbell; Peter Schrouder, Washington; John T. Gilman, Exeter, N. H.

Friday, Nov. 11.—"When may we look for Christ's coming?" David Pease, New Hampshire; John Elton, Philadelphia; Abby Ann Tubbs, New Hampshire; Noah Blanchard, Boston.

Saturday, Nov. 12.—"Fathoms!" Rufus Long, Portsmouth, England; Mary White, Concord, N. H.; Olive Hodge; Joseph Winship; Thomas Walworth.

Tuesday, Nov. 15.—"Thou shalt not kill;" George Talbot; Cornelius Coolidge, Boston; Juliet Horton, Boston; William Good.

Wednesday, Nov. 16.—"What is perfection?" George Washington Bowman, Portsmouth, Va.; Nathaniel Hill, Thetford, Vt.; Charles M. Thorndike.

Who and What was Jesus?

This question has been given for our consideration this afternoon.

It would seem that our questioner is not satisfied with what he finds in the old record concerning the man Jesus; or, if he is satisfied, he has called upon us because he is curious to become acquainted with our views upon the subject. The record tells us that Jesus was the son of Mary, and the Christ of the Holy Ghost. But this is not so; Jesus was the legitimate son of Calphas, the high priest. Mary was his wife; she was the wife of one Jesus, and was to him; for as death was the penalty of such disobedience to law, thus the high priest could not marry, or, if he did, was obliged to keep it private, fearing higher forces than his own—still higher powers. Now Mary was a medium; Calphas was a medium, and from the two came Jesus, a perfect form, an organism well fitted to receive and to give intelligence, with might and glory from God—yes, from God, that Spirit of Wisdom that existeth in Heaven, Earth and Hell.

The old and popular theology hath taught its believers that Jesus was the special son of the Father; that he was divinely clothed with mortal form. True, thus far, the divine light shone through him in his materialism; that it might be understood and comprehended by the people of his time.

But popular theology teaches that he yielded up his natural life, that he might secure thereby the salvation of the human race. This is not so. He yielded it up in obedience to the divine darkness of the times. Behold, the light shone in darkness, and it comprehended it not, and crucified it. By virtue of its power, it came in contact with that mortal form and crucified it, because it had power over it. But not so the divine principles which Jesus promulgated—they will live forever.

But man has never yet understood Christ or his mission. He came, like a bright star shining amid the darkness of his time. Behold, the common people heard him gladly, and gazed with joy on the light reflected through him. But the high priests and scribes would not hear his teachings, because they feared he would rise above them in mortal power. They were jealous of that power, and thus they tried oftentimes to come in rapport with him, that they might avail of his power, knowing, as they did, that there was a certain something which governed him beyond their power, which would rise above them in mortal. But the spirit of God through Jesus, told them to go hence—his mission was among the lowly, his work to do his Father's will, and he was not to be tried by the high priests.

Now Jesus was both natural and divine. Behold the divine spirit clad in a mortal organism, for Nature must ever be true to her law. The Maker of all, and Father of Wisdom, could not, if he would, step aside from the law he had formed—no, not even to serve the creature. Our questioner stands in a peculiar position. For many years he had wielded the sword of popular theology, and now the foundation of that theological light seems to be crumbling beneath his feet; he begins to see defects therein, and he looks about him for something to lean upon. And we believe he calls upon us half in curiosity, half in honesty. It would be well if he would stand aside, for a time, from all that which has enslaved him, and thousands like him—come down from the foundation, ere it crumbles beneath him, and as he came Jesus to build a new one, it shall surely come. This same Jesus of Nazareth shall be with him, shall shed a new light around him, and by it he shall know who and what this Jesus is.

Look you well at the simple teachings as given through Jesus—the bright guide to wisdom; those gems of promise which extend not only into the present, but through all time, and see if you can find fault, but a natural law governing all. He was an offspring of nature—a perfect man, a perfect medium—a son of the living God, as are the sons who inhabit the earth at the present time—no more so, no less so. We behold divinity beaming from every face before us—we recognize the divine in every human; and if our questioner would do this, he would be less mystified in thinking of Christ. Instead of being lost in a wilderness of doubt, he would be upon the mount, able to see all beneath and around him, and to understand it also.

When any bright, intellectual star rests over a temple of darkness, the inhabitants of that temple, the dwellers therein, are often lost in wonder; they contemplate the star, but fall to understand it, because they do not look by wisdom—because they do not look through Nature's telescope. They who seek to understand the works of Nature, other than by her own laws, shall be mystified; darkness shall be about them. But when they look at her work through her own laws, then she shall lead them, and they shall live, and die; for knowledge is life—ignorance is death. Oct. 27.

Augustus R. Pope.

Why am I here to-day? To whom shall I speak? "I'll be a short, a very short time since I was here, controlling a form of my own; but there is a change—yes, a mighty change has been wrought in me. I have lost the old, I have espoused the new; and I find myself fast growing out of darkness into light; fast overcoming all those temptations that belong, perhaps, particularly to the natural, but which, I think, have close alliance with the spiritual."

Men cannot forget themselves. No; each one carries a mirror with him into the spiritual world, in which he sees reflected all his past life. He sees himself as he is—not as others have seen him. He becomes thoroughly acquainted with himself; and if he is dissatisfied, he commences at work to make all wrong right, and then he commences to make his journey toward heaven—toward peace.

I would not come informing my friends that I am in an unhappy condition here—no, nor would I come speaking of great joy; for although I have, by virtue of confession and repentance, cast off a great portion of the load I brought with me, yet I must so far outgrow the past as to go without the utmost limits of materiality, beyond the clouds of temptation, which are fair, beautiful to gaze upon, but by which he who follows is sure to be led to sorrow, by their magnetic force.

The temple always holds forth something beautiful, that will attract the spirit, and comfort it, for the time being, beneath the folds of temptation and sin. Oh, could men and women only see the angel that ever stands by the Temple's side, whispering, "Come, come away, and do not tempt to sin; rise above that which seems to thee beautiful, but carries with it death and hell!" Oh, that man and woman could only see the angel that they were so far developed as to behold him while in the natural! But while the Principle of Evil is floating in the atmosphere of humanity, poor human nature will often be led astray—will oftentimes suffer in consequence, unless they are folded around by that garment of righteousness—the mantle of the pure in heart.

The good book tells us, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." When the Temple comes, holding out inducements for them to stay, behold, only the pure in heart can see the angel who seeks to lead the mortal from the Temple's chains. Oh, the pure in heart! they have an armor that cannot be penetrated. The pure in heart! they only are in rapport with the intelligences which are beyond the earth; while they who suffer evil thoughts to take root in their hearts, see only the Temple, while the Angel of God is nowhere to be seen. Oh, then, I would urge poor mortal men to be pure in heart, that every thought may be acceptable to the Creator. Instead of sending forth thoughts that will draw to them the evils of the immortal life, may they send forth such thoughts as will draw to them the angels of God's throne.

The pure in heart always draw to them the bright angels of God, while the evil thoughts of the soul draw to man the demons of the spirit sphere. Oh, then, if you would not have the company of demons, always be pure in heart.

All may wear the robes of righteousness, and the garments of peace, if they will—none need suffer by the Temple; but in order to become pure in heart and truly righteous, men must lay down all sectarianism, all bigotry, all pride, all which is not acceptable to a God of justice, and then seek for the God of purity, that will be a non-conductor of evil. Oh, I would to God that I had wrapped the armor about me; but I did not do it, and in consequence of this I have suffered. My suffering has been keen, but, thanks be to God, I am emerging from the past, and rising in the glorious light of the Redeemer's love. I see my God in all his purity. Oh, that mortals could stand nearer to him! They would have less to suffer, more to enjoy.

I have been requested to come here, and although no particular time was given, I thought I might as well come to-day as at any other time. I have but given a few rambling thoughts to-day; they are of the same color and bearing of my spirit. I stand at present upon a plane nearly allied to earth, but I am fast unfolding the chain with which sin bound me, and then I shall be free indeed; for the freedom that comes from God is freedom in every sense. The spirit that finds itself floating in an atmosphere of purity, free from the mortal body, is wholly free. But while evil clings to the spirit, or that dissatisfactions which says, "I have not done my whole duty," he is not free. When he casts this off and can say "Behold, I have done my duty," he resides in an atmosphere of purity.

Are you in the habit of receiving names here? Well, the name of my old form was Augustus R. Pope. I have not taken a new name here. Good day. Oct. 27.

Silas Dudley, Georgia.

Do you allow any questions asked? Then allow me to ask you if you are an Abolitionist? Then you and I have no chance to disagree on that point. I was for sixteen—some seventeen years, an old Georgia slaveholder. I was born in Massachusetts, but I did not get so many of the ideas of Massachusetts ideas instilled into my brain, that I could not get rid of them quite as quick. The people of the North are as rigid as the climate is. They get one idea instilled into their heads, and never get it out. That cold-hearted class of Northern men, styling themselves Abolitionists, have only one idea—there is only one outfit, either, and that is only big enough for one idea. "The slave is abused, and the master is a tyrant." They don't suffer themselves to go South to find out the truth; they do not get so far as to find out the true condition of the master and slave. I contend the master has a worse time, often than the slave. I was often tortured to death, almost to know what I should do with my slaves. What would you Abolitionists do with the colored population of the South? Clothe them, feed them, bury them when they die, take care of them when they are sick? I see them doing it!

Certain reasons have induced me to come here. I do not think I should ever have troubled myself to visit these cold, northern slaves again if I had not been called upon to do so. I have two northern friends living in Massachusetts, styling themselves Abolitionists, and they think I have gone to hell. I want to let them know I am not in hell, and that brings me here to-day. I am very glad to be freed from the care of so many children—slaves.

I am going to live here, I said, "Well, I suppose I am going to a free country, and shall not be troubled with the care of slaves. I shant have Dick, Jim, Dolly and Nelly coming to me and saying, 'Massa, I want this thing and that thing; such a plectany is sick, and such a one is born'd, massa.'"

I always made it a point to care for my slaves. I never knew of a want I did not supply. They could not get along without me, and I could not get along without them. One of them came back to me, after a year's trial of freedom in the North, the poorest-looking nigger I ever saw.

"Oh, Massa Dudley," said he, "take me back—I never will run away again."

"Well," said I, "if you have got enough of it, go to work, and when you want to run away again, don't come back." Talk about educating niggers—it can't be done; generations ago it might have been done, but they have been too long in darkness. The nigger that is a nigger, and not half white, is no more capable of caring for himself than a child. Send them to the North, and they'll work all day for a plectany, and spend it at night for a loaf. Nigger is a nigger, and always will be; he might have been made a white man, but he was n't; and so it is.

I used to think myself to take care of my slaves, and not one of them but would have me for a master. I never whipped one, and never had one whipped, and I contend there is no necessity for it. Talk about your Southern slaves—better look to your Northern slaves. I had rather take a dozen slaves than go about as some of your Northern slaves are obliged to do—go out in the snow barefoot, and beg for money to buy bread with.

Do Southern slaves have to do this? No. You have got more slaves here than are in the South; and I advise my Northern friends, who are so Christianlike, to go to work liberating my Southern slaves. I'll work for them, and won't lay down my sword till every one is free. While we are freeing them, the Southern slave will have plenty to eat, and if you ask him to take the place of the Northern slave, he will refuse quick.

We have no slaves here. No; that is a fortunate thing for us, who had to take care of slaves on earth. "Freedom is sweet!" Yes, it is mighty sweet for those who have to work twelve hours a day to keep soul and body together. "Separate families!" What is the difference? Northern slavery separates families, and so does Southern slavery—the slave to poverty has to give away his children oftentimes; husbands have to go thousands of miles away from wives.

You say they have the liberty to come back. Now I say they are no more free than the Southern slave. Suppose they are miles away—money will bring the family together; but he has no money, and he is a slave. Railroad Companies want his money, and will have it.

Slavery is not right in any sense—every Southern slave should be freed. I own it is wrong in the abstract; but as long as there is no way to right this moral wrong, it is not better to get along with it as best you can. If I have five hundred slaves, and I know they are not capable of taking care of themselves, is it my duty to send them off upon the world? or shall I keep them, and care for them? If you have a good, smart nigger, that has an intellect enough to take care of himself, it is your duty to free him—his intellect demands it.

Oh, it is well enough for you Northerners to take a peep through your glasses at slavery; but go out there, and see for yourselves.

I am not arguing in favor of man's law, but I am arguing in favor of a moral law. I say it was right for me to hold slaves, and I say the South should protect their slaves, in spite of all opposition. I hold to every man and woman doing just what they consider right. It is a pity these Northern philanthropists do not care for some of your poor slaves. I think it is right for every slaveholder to free every slave that he knows has intellect to provide for himself or family.

So, then, tell my Southern friends that I did not place a mill-stone against my neck by being a slaveholder. I am not in hell in consequence of this; but, on the contrary, I think it has been a stepping-stone to a great deal of happiness here.

My name was Silas Dudley. I shall be here again; maybe

I shall give you something more; I only want to let my true condition be known—that's all. These friends of mine have lately been in Baltimore, and are a little excited in regard to slavery and liberty; and that is one reason, I suppose, they take such an interest in my case. If they want to discuss this matter with me, I shall be happy to give in. If I am convinced I am wrong, I wish them to do the same, if they are convinced they are on the wrong side.

Have you got any more to say to me? Then I'll travel. Oct. 27.

Mary Greenan.

Do I speak to you? I'd like to speak to my mother—she's in Boston. My name is Mary Greenan. I die in the hospital, three years ago—down on the Island I die, of small pox. I was twenty-one years old. I have one brother. My mother's name is Mary. I'd like to tell her I have come back—that's all. When I speak to her, I'll tell her much about the church, and about the folks at home. Faith, I do like the Catholic Church, sir; it's my mother's prayer that brings me here. Faith, she intercedes with all the saints that I would come and speak to her. Every Catholic prays for what he likes. 'Twas myself my mother saw a little time after I die, when she pray I would come speaking to her. She does not expect me to come this way, but likes as I did before. I try, but could not speak, and I come here and find plenty to help me speak. My brother reads often some letters you put in—somebody comes speaking, and you writes for him, and he reads along to see what he would say, and he sees a letter from me.

My brother comes over two years forment he send for me, and me mother to come. It makes no odds how you write it, so you write as my brother will read and let me come home. I would like to go speaking like as I speak here; but it is little use for me to go, if I can't speak.

My mother lived on Lewis street once; now she is with my brother. She likes to go home to Ireland, and my brother will not let her go. She's all the time talking about it since I have been here. She have a brother there who will take care of her, if she likes to go. It wa'n't him would give her a pound to come here.

Are you not a Catholic, sir? Do you not believe in it, sir? Faith, sir, you should believe it all. Will I go, sir? Oct. 27.

Daniel Blaisdell.

As I find myself again possessing mortality, again controlling a human organism, I can but thank Jehovah for the blessing. It is sweet, oh, it is sweet, to be permitted to visit the home of our childhood, after passing so many years in a foreign sphere. My earthly home was a pleasant one, and I look back upon its scenes with much pleasure; and although I did and the change is great, yet I recognize much that I was wont to gaze upon when I dwelt in mortality. The scenes that I loved to look at that were so dear to me, are familiar still, though I see time has changed them. The form is passing to decay, and the spirit is nearing its higher home. I fancy that all spirits who are permitted to return to earth's inhabitants, and great joy is in doing; I fancy they press the gift to their bosoms, thanking Jehovah for it. But with every blessing we find a shadow—every rose has its thorn. And so I find in the pathway, as I return to earth, that the thorns are there. Shall I meet with a welcome? Shall I be recognized? Will those friends who once held me in sacred remembrance, stretch forth the hand of welcome and love to me as I return from the foreign shore of life? or will they turn their backs upon me, and say, "You are no relatives of mine?" My brother, my husband, my father has gone to dwell with the Lord God of Israel; he comes not to earth, but rejoices in the far-off heaven prepared by God for his chosen ones.

When the spirit considers all the difficulties he is obliged to surmount in coming to earth, he then finds the thorn, he then sees the cloud; and yet, with an eye of faith, and his hand upon hope, he steadily pursues his course, hoping, yes, believing, that he shall in time enter the souls of those he comes to in mortality; that they shall recognize him, and welcome him—not as one afar off, but as one ever nigh unto them.

Religion, notwithstanding it is a brilliant star of intelligence, has done much toward placing thorns in the pathway of the returning spirit; yes, it has unwittingly caused many a spirit to mourn his advent to earth.

But we are told the time is not far distant when Religion shall be what it purports to be, not what it is—a religion that will see God in all things, will gather all that is in the past, will collect all in the Present, and stretch forth its hand to welcome the Future. Oh, then I shall see the spirit treading a pathway to his friends where no thorns are seen, and no shadow goes before.

Near twenty-one years ago I parted with my body; I saw it deposited in its resting-place, the earth; I listened to the sighs and regrets of friends; I saw their tears, for I was there, even then, able to penetrate—yes, I saw beyond the cloud. And though it rose in might, I looked beyond it, and saw my friends. Yet they saw me not, because of their materialism. But to-day I come, asking a welcome; I bring no news from the land I dwell in. No; I have come to glean something from earth, and when I shall receive my gift, I will give tenfold in return.

I have a son, I have two daughters on earth, a wife, brother, and many other relatives. They tell me I may hope to be recognized by them, and that, by sending thoughts from this place, I shall be called upon to come nearer home. Speak, friend, tell me, am I right in coming here? They say you ask for certain facts—may I ask what they may be? I died of no disease, but by accident. I was coming from Liverpool to New York, whither I had been on business. I was subject to fainting fits, and previous to being attacked with one, I foolishly went aloft, not because I was obliged to, but because I desired so to do. While aloft, I was seized with an ill turn; I fell, striking the side of the vessel, and from thence I suppose I fell into the water.

I suppose you mean to ask me if my body was brought home by the vessel. It was not. My body was washed ashore, I suppose. From thence it was taken to Chesapeake City, and there my friends met it, and saw it decently buried. But that was three months after my death; or near that time. It was fifty-four years ago. My name was Daniel Blaisdell. I was born in Boston; I lived in New York. I have one son, whom I suppose to be near me, in Boston, but I do not know. I was told if I came here I should be likely to meet him in some other way.

I earnestly hope I shall meet with something more than curiosity when I meet my dear friends as near as I meet you. I hope they will not talk with me because they are curious, but because they are glad to meet me. Perhaps, a little fact I am able to give you, will be very satisfactory proof to my son. He now carries a watch that I carried quite a number of years, and that was taken from my person after my body was recovered. A very singular circumstance, but a very true one. Perhaps that will serve better than anything else to identify me. May it not be so?

In early life I learned a tailor's trade. Not liking it, I gave up the thought of following it for a livelihood, and turned my attention to trading. I was a professing Christian, but I think I might have done better if I had professed less and possessed more. Well, I tried to do right here, but it is very hard to know what is right—exceedingly hard. Do you send your letters, or in what way do my friends get my letters?

I would like to speak with some one near to me, or who knew me. I have been told this was the only safe means where one was not able directly to communicate with his friends, which could be employed by the spirit.

By what means do I leave the medium? Oct. 28.

George Henry Grogan.

Why don't you speak, or talk, or something? Is it me that's to talk to you? I don't know you, and I don't want to talk to you. My folks don't know how to read writing. What will I tell you? Do not tell me so much at a time—I'll forget. My name was George Grogan. Yes, sir, I had a middle name it was Henry; but that don't make any difference, for folks always called me George. I was nine, most overboard. No, I don't mean that—I fell under the lee. My father worked for the city. We lived a little off B street.

My sister makes me come here to-day. Her name was Eliza; but she don't stay long with me. She's been dead a long time. My father drinks too much, and she wants me to come; and my sister wants to talk to him for it. Why, yes, sir, you must publish this, else how can I tell him of it? You must let me go to him. My father and mother don't do so together. My sister wants him to stop drinking. Yes, I do, but she knows more about it, 'cause she's bigger nor me.

Want you tell him he better stop, and go live with my mother, and take care of her? I have got one sister and three brothers where you live—on earth. I've got one brother who goes to sea; he's bigger than I. He've 'long of Capt. Howard, the last time I was here. My sister says I've been here two years. What will you do to make the folks see the letter? He can't read writing. What will you

print it in? A newspaper? What is the price of it? He won't buy it—won't you give it to him?

My sister can't speak, but she knows more than I do. She says I haint said half enough about his drinking. I don't know what to say. Oh, wouldn't I catch a thrashing if he could catch me!

Who pays for me coming, sir? Nothing to pay? Then I'll come three or four times. They wouldn't let you into the circus for nothing. I had nine cents once, and they wouldn't let me in; and me and some other boys stood outside and fired picked rocks at the canvas. Was that wicked, sir?

I'm going now. I don't know how to go, sir. I don't go to school, sir; I go round to see the sights. My sister will help me go, sir. What do you say when you go, sir? I likes farwell, and I'll say that. Haint this alint much to come—I could do that any time. Oct. 28.

William Laws.

Do you remember of a person coming to you by the name of William Laws? There's a good many curious people on earth, haint there? Do you remember how long ago it was I came to you? Do you remember where it was? You never published anything for me. I came to you one night at your own home, before you ever made use of what you received from spirits. You know I told you I died in California—was shot. I was in a saloon—got up a little quarrel.

I have got some friends who would like to have me come back here and tell how I am situated. What do they care how I am situated? They don't care a straw; but I thought I would see what I could do. I knew I could speak, because I did that before. I don't care to enter a long string of events.

I suppose I lived to suit myself, and I died to suit somebody else. Tell my friends I have as much business here as I can attend to, and I don't care to come back at all. This is plenty good enough. I came to you a short time after I died, in 1854. That's as good a way as any to die—might as well go in a hurry as to go slow. I think you gain something by going in a hurry—sometimes, at any rate. I haven't got anything more to say. I suppose it is all that is necessary, for me to come here and give my name, and that you have.

You kept no books when I came before, I believe. If you had, you might have looked over them and compared my stories. But I suppose it is all the same to you. Oct. 28.

Dr. John Mason.

My name was John Mason, and I've come here for the purpose of answering a question. Is there any objection raised?

I do n't know as I have been called upon to answer the question, but perhaps I may as well answer it as any. The question is: "Is it right for the medical faculty to make use of mineral or vegetable poison in the cure of diseases?"

If it is not wrong, it is right. The question is, is it right? Some would suppose it wrong, and to those it would be; but to me it is right. Sometimes it is necessary to use violent remedies to get rid of violent diseases. Sometimes it is necessary for us to use one poison to rid the system of another violent poison. The time will come when there will be no necessity of using those poisons; but until that time comes, I do not consider it wrong. The friend who asks this question, thinks it decidedly wrong—all evil. That is his view of the subject, and if he is as rigid in his way as I am mine, we shall not be likely to agree.

I have sometimes proved the most violent of all poisons to be the very best remedial agents in some cases, and what has proved good and true to me, may prove false to you. If I made a man or woman whole, by giving a certain kind of poison to counteract a poison in the form, I was a benefactor, not a murderer. He says all physicians who use poisons are murderers, and should bear the signature on their forehead forever eternally. Well, well, that is his opinion. I am very much inclined to think my questioner does not understand the theory or practice of medicine; if he did, he would be more mellow. It seems to me he has proved himself incapable of using any kind of remedial agent, whether poisonous or otherwise.

If I were back in my old form again, practicing medicine, while humanity is at its present state of progress in life, I should use mineral and vegetable poisons as much as I ever did, and should consider them great blessings to humanity. I have known people to carry in their forms a certain kind of poison all the days of their life, because they were so opposed to using any other kind of poison to remove it. Now any kind of poison given will not remain in the system; it will follow its antagonist out. The very object of giving it is to make such a commotion in the system as to draw other poisons to itself, and pass out with them, leaving the system in a better condition.

If our questioner wishes to discuss the matter, let him give me an opportunity to speak with him, and if he can convince me I have murdered anybody by giving minerals, I will acknowledge it; and if I convince him I have used poisons, mineral and vegetable, with beneficial effects, I want him to acknowledge me correct. I have nothing more to say. Oct. 28.

Written for the Banner of Light.

DEVOTION.

BY WARREN CHASE.

"Spirit only is eternal."

Forms have sunset days and vernal—
Have their beauty and decay;
But their truthness feeds the newness,
With the heaven of life's form;
Blossoms grow to seed-buds rougher,
That the life shall not suffer.

This may seem a strange application of Bro. Burleigh's beautiful sentiments, quoted above, but I often discover a fitness and adaptation in things for which they were not designed. There is a spirit in devotion that has run like a thread through the past and present forms of worship, stringing them like pearls for the neck of the human race. These forms, by turns, ripen, decay and disappear, and new ones take their places, leaving the thread of devotion ever intact.

The forms are only for outward show and display. The spirit alone is of value and needs no forms. In the soul of man devotion burns as a living incense, ever giving its odor to the Supreme Power, and it must ever be individual and spontaneous, to be pure or useful; hence forms and ceremonies, organizations and societies of men and women, are temporary, non-essential, and constantly subject to change and decay. Many persons love their forms and ceremonies of worship more than the spirit of devotion, and feel little or no devotion in the religion of their churches; but out of them, and independent of them, have a thread of pure devotion running round the neck of their lives, that goes out to God spontaneously in the busy affairs of life. The devotion of some hearts is given in mirth and glee, in music and dancing—of others in kind words and gentle caresses; of some in sports and labors among the beads, birds and flowers; of others among the cotton bales and bank notes; and of a few only among the paraphernalia of church exercises—these too often sadden and dampen the heart, and suppress for the time its expression of true devotion.

As well might we expect music from an instrument out of tune, or unstrung, as devotion from an unstrung heart. 'Tis when it is in tune that it gives out its devotion in most perfect tones. Devotion is natural to man, not supernatural—it is required by our nature, not by any foreign power. God could never exact of us that which was above our nature; hence the absurdity of teaching total depravity, and requiring goodness as a duty. Nor could God exact of us for himself (or herself) that which could not increase his happiness, and punish us for not yielding it, especially if it were above our nature. 'Tis our own good that calls out or requires devotion, not God. Churches can never make devotion, nor can they give any to God; and if they could, He does not require it—and why should we send it where it is not wanted?

It is written in our natures, Do happy—To enjoy is to obey; and we could add, to obey is to enjoy, nature's laws. Devotion is in us and of us and for us, and is ever an individual action and expression. Churches are certainly worth less to God; and I think we have abundant evidence that they are worse to man, taking him blindly without a corresponding benefit. When we learn that religion is in life-actions, and consists in doing good to mankind, and that devotion is the spontaneous breathing of the soul, and goes out when we are happy and busy all the time, and not in strings of prayer-words, or psalm-singing and groovy preaching—we shall tell the churches go to their groovy preaching, and build social, charitable and educational institutions instead. True devotion would be greatly increased if the churches were suspended and people lived truer and more natural lives, and gave their devotion for their own glory and not for God's. What can be more silly or simple than to hear a learned man talk about glorifying God and praising him, as if He were a being fond of flattery and loving loud sounds and words strung on a prayer-string, or sermon-stand!

THE EMBARKATION OF THE PILGRIMS.

BY LIZZIE BROWN.

"So they left that goodly and pleasant city, which had been their resting-place near twelve years. But they knew they were pilgrims, and looked not much to those things; but lifted their eyes to heaven, their dearest country, and quieted their spirits."—J. Winstow.

The band of pilgrims win in tearful silence stood, While thus outspoke in parting, John Robinson the good: "Fare-thee-well, my brave Mylas Standish! thou hast a trusty sword,

Yet not with carnal weapons shalt thou glorify the Lord, Fare-thee-well, good Elder Brewster! thou art a man of prayer!

Commend the flock I give thee to the Holy Shepherd's care. And thou, beloved Carver!—what shall

