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THE SERMONS

OF REVS. HENRY WARD BEECHER AND EDWIN H. CHAPIN are reported for us by the best Theologians of New York, and published verbatim every week in this paper. THIRD PAGE—Rev. Dr. Chapin's Sermon. FOURTH PAGE—Rev. H. W. Beecher'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. FORTER,

Author of "Dora Moore," "Country Neighbors," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—[CONTINUED.]

I cannot bear people that are always forecasting trouble, and I turned from Mrs. Green determined to look at a brighter side. For awhile, however, I found enough at home to occupy my heart and my hands. Mr. Gray had been accused of preaching sermons that were not his own. He had been summoned before his association to answer the charge, and the meeting was to take place in August at Westford, the home of Father Hazen. This was why the good man thought it would not be so pleasant for me to visit them at that time.

Now this sermon was the very one in which the French extract occurred that I had translated for Mr. Gray, and this paper, in my handwriting, was tacked to it. It seems that the sermon was by an English divine, and Mr. Gray, thinking his hearers would not detect it, and not feeling able to write a sermon that week, had ventured to deliver it as his own. But an old lady, who was a great sermon reader, was sure that she had read that same sermon. She had a brother in Andover, and she thought she could find the volume in his library; or in that of the Seminary, and she was eager in her pursuit, as a naturalist after a white blackbird. She gave herself no rest till she found the identical sermon, and produced it before the ministers. All this had been done before Lily was sick, and without my knowledge; a fact that speaks volumes in praise of the non-gossiping tendencies of Vernon people—for when did a country minister's wife ever escape hearing such a story before?

The meeting at Westford was to decide upon his case. Mr. Gray was troubled. I could see it in his manner. He needed sympathy, but he had forbidden me to speak upon the subject, and I dared not introduce it. Since Lily's death, it was not strange that the reserve between us had grown stronger, that it was now like a wall which neither was willing to break down.

I felt sorry for him when he rode away that day. Auntie Paul came and stayed with me in his absence. Lillian had her husband now, and I saw less of her than formerly, though not at a day passed that she did not run over for a moment at least. A great change had taken place in her; she was no longer the girlish, volatile, little thing she had been. Lily's death had made her very sad; for weeks no one saw her smile, and the sight of one of her toys, or a little shoe, would bring a flood of tears. How many hours we wept together, and how much that mutual sorrow and sympathy did for us. It was well for me that I had her to love and care for—it won me from too great indulgence in my own grief.

"Auntie Paul, what do you think will become of us if Mr. Gray is deposed from the ministry?" "Why, should you sink down dead," said she. "Am afraid so," said I; "the very thought makes me shudder."

"There are other employments in the world," said she, drily. "Sometimes men mistake their calling at first, and do not find their right niche in the world till middle life. But," she added, after a pause, "they will not deprecate him. I wanted to give him my advice, and though he did not thank me for it, or promise to follow it, I think he will do so. Says I, 'Now, Mr. Gray, I'm an old woman, and have been in the church for fifty years, and you must not take offence at a little advice from one who sat at the Lord's table years before you were born. Just go to the meeting and confess—tell 'em you have done wrong, and will do no more. They are good men, and will remember Saint Paul's advice: 'Brethren, if one be overtaken in a fault, restore such an one in the spirit of meekness.'"

Now Mr. Gray has sense enough to see that this is the only way for him to do, and he'll do it, and though I will be hard for him for not more than to acknowledge themselves wrong, and he is one of the sort to whom it comes hardest—yet it will do him good. His very error will lead to more humility. The Vernon people are willing he should stay; many of them like him. At any rate, they wish you to stay, and will make some sacrifice for that purpose."

"Me! Why, Auntie Paul, I am not a good minister's wife at all! You know my deficiencies. I have not the courage to pray in their meetings, to preside in their societies, or to manage over a sewing circle. I have shrunk from the performance of all those public duties which seem to be required of a minister's wife, and have felt that the lowest seat should be appointed to me."

There was a curious look on Auntie Paul's face as she eyed me through her spectacles. She was in the kitchen, braiding a mat for the side entry; the ragged, green, and black, lay in her lap, her hands rested on them for a moment, and a smile played round her mouth, as she said—

"Who visited poor Poole, the woodsawyer, every day last winter when he cut his foot, and was laid up, for months, and could earn no money for his wife and little children? Who dressed and nursed the new-born baby that had such a hard struggle for life, because its poor mother could not give it milk? Who fed it from her own bosom till it was strong and healthy? Who spoke kind words to the poor, discouraged, hard-drinking, Tim Low; clothed his children, and finally won him to be a sober man, and good citizen? Who is it that listens so patiently to the troubles of poor old women, and makes them welcome to her home; and reads so much to old blind Sue, the colored washerwoman? In short, who is it that has had her own burdens, and tried to bear others for them? Who has patiently bowed to trials which God has sent, and won us all to love her by that patience and gentleness which never fails in the end to conquer?"

This was too much. I was by this time weeping on Auntie Paul's neck. It was the first time that she had ever spoken such words to me. Surely, surely, God had sent a comforter!

"We love you none the less," she continued, "because you have thought so little of yourself, and I would not tell you of this now, but I foresee more trials for you, and if to that there are hearts who love and bless you, and scatter all over these homes, will be a comfort to you, you shall have that comfort."

"What greater consolation could I have?" Auntie Paul was right in her conjectures as to Mr. Gray's course. He confessed his mistake, retained his position, and the ministers expressed a hope that he might remain in Vernon for the present. Such things, however, have their influence, and the church was weakened by the withdrawal of some of its most efficient members.

It was a great trial to me, but it was all lost, forgotten, in the greater sorrow which soon shadowed Elmwood and my own home. Mr. Herbert had remained at home in constant attendance upon Lillian. Business, everything, was sacrificed to her comfort and happiness. Never was a young wife so carefully guarded, or so in

dulged; and she repaid their care by love, and by added strength and health. On one point she showed her willfulness; her father would gladly have left New England the last of August, but no, Lillian said she must remain at Elmwood. The old gentleman was so troubled about the matter, that it was proposed that I should accompany them, and spend the winter in Trinidad. Mr. Gray would not consent to this, and even Lillian herself preferred to remain. She loved Elmwood, and would be happier here than on a plantation. Her wish was granted, and a suit of rooms prepared for her into which the cold winds of our northern winter night not enter. Flowers, and books, and pictures, and every thing which could make indoor life pleasant, were brought hither.

The hour of her trial came, and we thanked God who gave her strength to bear it so bravely. Great, too, was our rejoicing when a daughter was born to the loving wife and mother.

I never saw a happier household. The old gentleman was beside himself with joy, and clasping me—who brought the tidings to him—in his arms, kissed me as he would a child, saying—

"Bless you, my little woman. I'm the happiest man alive!"

"But quick tread sorrow on the heels of joy."

I had gone home the next morning to attend to my domestic duties, and was stepping briskly about the kitchen, when Mrs. Green came in for some horseshoes. "Auntie Paul says that I shall find them," she said, "in her bag in the back chamber, and some but dock leaves too with them. She wants them for draughts to put on the feet. Oh, dear! Mrs. Gray, the trouble is coming. I have felt the shadow growing longer and longer."

"What do you mean Mrs. Green. Is anything the matter with the baby?"

"The baby! no, it is the brightest, prettiest little thing I ever saw; but the mother is sinking. The doctor looks gloomy, and Auntie Paul is fearful; a change has taken place since you left. I hastened in; it was too true, and Lillian herself was conscious of it. She was dying, her mother had died before, I did not leave her side night or day, and there were other faithful watchers there; but can love stir the spirit in its flight?"

There was not one member of the household but felt the deepest sympathy for Lillian's father. He wandered about the house, so sad and anxious, often coming to the door, and sometimes to the bedside, where he would shake his head and whisper—

"So like her mother! so like!"

"At one time Lillian awoke, and saw me at the bedside, holding the baby. She motioned to her husband who was in the room."

"I want to give the baby to Bertha," she said, "till she is old enough to be a comfort to you. May I?"

He could not speak for a moment.

"You know," she continued, "I am going to Lily; I am so glad now she has gone before me. I shall not be so afraid to die, now. And Bertha will love my Lily as I do her."

"Yes, Lillian, it shall be as you say," he answered.

"Now raise me up, and take me in your arms; I can rest there. But, first, I must kiss father—call him!"

He came, and they embraced each other tenderly, and then she laid her head on her husband's bosom, closed her eyes and slept. She awoke in heaven!

I felt as if waves rolled over wave, and I knew not what greater trouble could come. My loved ones were almost all in heaven now. I wandered about my own house till I was weary, and then I would go over to Elmwood—all deserted now—and search for that which could not be found. My only comfort was in going every day to see the baby, who was put to nurse for a few months, to a young, healthy mother, who had lost her own child. Then I would return home and walk about, longing for some sign or token from my lost ones. But none came to me, even in dreams, although I prayed for it most fervently.

I knew my two Lillies were blossoms in heaven, but why might I not have one glimpse of them? How often I repeated these lines:

"I look for ghosts, but none will force their way to me. 'The falsely said, That over 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."

CHAPTER XXIX.

DR. CAMERON.

Notwithstanding the advice of the clergy, and the wish of many of the people in Vernon, that Mr. Gray should remain with us, it was evident that the incident of the sermon had given a feeling inimical to the pastor, and that, like a spark amid combustible materials, it might soon burst into a flame. Now and then Mr. Gray would preach a sermon, the originality of which no one doubted, and to which even his enemies listened with interest, and praised with candor. I noticed that on the weeks previous to such sermons, he would remain closely in his study, and when he came down would frequently be sociable, familiar, almost jocose; a mood which, as I have said before, was not at all agreeable, because it seemed foreign to his character.

It was on one of these days that I received a letter from Helen. My precious sister had crossed the ocean in safety. The long lost prodigal son had been received with open arms by his friends, the only regret being that his father was not in the old home to welcome him. Helen was happy, asking only the forgiveness of her mother and brother to make her happiness complete. There were reasons, of course, why Dr. Cameron should remain but a short time in England, and reasons also why he could not take his family name on his return to Vernon. Mr. Gray did not know this, and I dared not communicate it to him at present. He was somewhat softened toward his father, and in his present affable state, bade me say that "by-gones might be bygones," and if the Doctor really had respectable connections, and worldly goods, he had no objection to our house. I was amused at the motives which induced this consent, but thankful for the result. I wrote at once and begged Helen to return for a sight of her dear self would be a great consolation then. As I opened my portfolio to answer Helen's letter, I noticed a number of letters laid aside in the unopened department.

Alas! in my recent troubles I had forgotten my correspondents. Here is one from our friend Mary, written immediately on hearing of Lily's death, full of her own sweet spirit of resignation, and breathing in every line that comfort which those only can give who have trodden the way of sorrow, and have seen, at last, light break through the clouds.

"I am disappointed," she says, "in not coming to you at this time, as we had intended; but Mrs. Green's health has failed, and the physicians recommend a sea voyage. She will be gone some months; in the meantime, I have promised to remain here with her daughters. But next summer, dearest, I will be with you, and will visit together the graves of our loved ones; not that we shall find them there—no; they are risen, and have gone before us. I believe sorrow has led me to a more perfect faith in a future world—in the meeting of kindred spirits there. It is a pleasant thought to me that my mother knows my joys and sorrows, and has been permitted, I truly believe, to whisper words of comfort. I feel that all which has happened has been rightly ordered, and have learned to say, 'Thy will be done.' I do not go often to Mr. Harper's. It awakens feelings which I would rather suppress; but Addie is here daily, a kind, affectionate pupil, winning, and light-hearted as ever. She is delighted that Ned is reinstated in his place at college, and now bids fair to

graduate with high honors. But as she is not remarkable for her secretiveness, and has written you lately, you will probably receive all particulars. Her father has been at home but very little for two years. I have met him only once. I was riding on horseback, attended by one of the servants, when we met on the old Jamestown road—you remember it—a favorite resort in those pleasant times, now not to be remembered. It was during one of those pleasant rides, that he first told me the which woke such new life in my poor heart. He was on Sunbeam. Oh, Bertha, I thought I had ceased to love him; I hoped that I had taught my heart forgetfulness, and schooled it to indifference. But as our eyes met, I felt the quicker beating of my heart, and the sudden flush upon my cheek. I was going to return the commonplace salutation of 'good morning' as coldly as possible, and ride rapidly past; but he reined in his horse, extended his hand, and then, turning, said, 'Permit me to accompany you home.' I think it was a sudden impulse with him or the force of old habit. We rode on in silence—not even the glory of the sky above, or the beauty of the world around us, eliciting one remark. And yet, Bertha, the old feeling stole over me of being protected, guided, and I am ashamed to say that this heart so far forgot itself as to wish that I might live over that part once more. There is a mystery between us—a gulf which cannot be passed, and which it would seem his love is not strong enough to bridge. I ought not to have one longing feeling of interest in that man; but, Bertha, I am sure he too has suffered. I could see it in his face when he helped me dismount, and in the tones of his voice, as he said, when he bade me adieu, 'God forgive me, Mary, for causing you one moment's pain.' I cannot forgive myself. The next day he left home, and has not yet returned."

The next letter was one which was received from Addie when Lily was ill, and I just glanced over it, and then I hid my portfolio, for my heart at that moment had little sympathy with its gaily.

"Dearest Bertha—I suppose, now that you are a minister's wife, you will not care for my letters; but I like you too well to lose them, and am going to write for the sake of an answer. Now, then, I am sure you will not believe it; or, rather, I have no judgment to know where the wrong place is, and so I speak the truth out always. Now I am dreadful sorry you married Mr. Gray. You know I never loved him, and then Mary thinks, and she always thinks right, that you acted from a sense of duty, which, she says, might be an error of conscience instead of a right action. She is quite a philosopher, you know. And one day, when I was mentioning your marriage to papa, he started as if he were much surprised. I am sorry, Addie, he said, and then he groaned as if in pain, and added, 'Alas! poetically, Mr. Gray's name has painful associations for me; but I know nothing ill of the man,—he seems to be a gentleman, and may be a good husband to your friend.' Now, isn't that strange? It set my head busy, thinking till it ached. When can my father have seen Mr. Gray? I did not know before that he had ever met. But you have married Mr. Gray, and he is your husband, and I mean now to like him as well as I can. When you write next time, write all the good things you can about him, and I'll promise always to speak kindly of him for your sake and his too, after your letter comes full of his goodness."

[This letter came two days after his discipline of Lily. Does the reader wonder I threw it one side?] "Rejoice with me that Ned has been restored, though he had really done nothing to deserve censure. Pa was very kind about the matter—he did not blame him much, but hoped, he said, that by his future application to study, he would show that the discipline was undeserved."

Oh, Bertha, I can't tell you how Pa has altered. He has been at home but little, but I can see then, that he had never meant to leave home. He has the devil's work, and some time Masses James will see de cloven foot. We must wait and pray, Addie."

"Pray? I asked; pray for what?"

"Why, for Miss Mary; she's de white dove, you know, and some time she'll fly in here, and Masses James will smile like he used to."

"You don't mean, Mamma June, that Pa and Mary will be married, after all this trouble?"

"'A faith, child—I see faith; trust in de Lord, and it will come to pass."

I was almost indignant, much as I would like this result; but I thought that Harper could not change his mind—seemed impossible.

"Why, Mamma, do you ever know Pa to change his mind, or take back what he had said?"

"But, honey, faith can remove mountains. I see praying and trusting every day, and my old eyes may see it too; and when Masses James have de white dove to comfort him, and to show you, child, de way up to heaven, where my young missus is waiting for us, den Mamma June say, 'Lord, let thy servant depart in peace.' Can't go till den—must hold on for your sake."

Good soul, isn't she? She's the only Christian among the household servants, and she's determined not to die till she sees me more like my own blessed mother. I want to see your baby, dear Bertha. What a sweet name—Lily! I mean to go north next summer, with Mrs. Green and Mary, and then the darling will be old enough to frolic with me. Kiss her again and again for me."

No wonder I had laid this letter aside; and it made my heart ache to answer it; but I roused myself to do it, and to tell them of all the waves of trouble which had gone over me. I spent that day and evening in answering letters, long neglected letters, which I had had neither energy nor will to answer sooner.

Now, I was thrown so much on myself for society and amusement; I valued absent friends more than ever. True, I found friends and employment in the parish, but I had never visited much; save the poor, sick, and afflicted. Mr. Gray was not fond of social visiting, and not wishing to leave him to a solitary task, I was usually at home at that hour. I must acknowledge that a more sense of duty actuated me. Lily's death had not had that influence on my mind which affliction should have; I had heard and bitter thoughts toward Mr. Gray, and then I knew that wife was not a true marriage. I felt daily the galling chain which bound me. Oh, thou too much dreaded future! Thou hast no punishment for error greater than this.

There is no happiness on earth like that found in marriage, where two are made one, in that perfect mysterious union, which is eternal as the soul itself. But I would rather drag the condemned convict's chain in the galleys, were I innocent of the crime laid to my charge, than live the weary life of subjection which I led for one year after my baby's death. There were times, when I felt that I was acting a lie; that I was worse than the depraved and disgraced of my own sex; for how can human law make that right which nature, God's first and greatest law, pronounces wrong?

I chafed and struggled in my bondage, and longed to hide myself in the grave with Lillian and my baby. Oppressed with such feelings, I often took long walks alone—walking on, on, not knowing or caring whither I went.

One day, in this strange mood, I had wandered out of the village, and into the highway which led to the neighboring town of B—. I was walking very fast, driven only by the restlessness of my own feelings. I could not bear to turn my face homeward, for Mr. Gray was in one of his agreeable moods.

I had gone to the study for some slight errand; there was a peculiar odor in the room which I had once or twice perceived in the house before; it was not tobacco, it was not spirit of any kind—though one might have supposed from Mr. Gray's manner that he had taken a little of the latter—but something which affected my head, making me feel slightly dizzy. As I entered,

"Ah, Bertha, is that you?" he said. "I've just finished my sermon; come in and sit down a while." And he drew the sofa near to the fire; for, though it was a mild spring day, he had a little fire in the open grate. He took a seat at my side, threw his arms around me, and kissed me on each cheek, saying, "Come, wife—kiss me now—I'm your husband—I want to be kissed sometimes—your kisses are rare as peaches in this climate."

I did not move; my heart rebelled. "Come, come," said he, "don't be so shy; if you can't kiss me, then I will give you double measure." And he kissed me again and again. "You owe me a grudge," he continued; "you think me stern and severe—but I'll be so no longer; you shall see how tender and devoted I can be. Come, say, now, what shall I do for you to-day? I received my quarter's salary yesterday, and if you wish, I'll buy you a new dress—what shall it be?"

It was the first time that he had ever proposed to buy me any article of dress. Had his manner been natural, I think I should have felt grateful and happy; but there was an unusual brightness in his eyes, and a strange excitement about him that repelled me. I thanked him, but said I had no occasion for a new dress, and must go out and carry some broth to old Mr. Bootman, who was very ill.

"I'll go with you," he replied; "it will be pleasant to walk together."

"You forget that there is a business church meeting," I remarked.

"Sure enough!" said he, starting up; "I was very forgetful—it is almost time now."

He hurried down stairs, and out into the fresh air—on, of course, received my letter, and I despatched one immediately to Boston, inviting them, in my husband's name, to visit us.

Dr. Cameron had certainly improved. I looked for an expression of some of the old traits, but saw none, and I thought I must have been mistaken in my judgment of the man. But one morning he did not appear at breakfast; and to my inquiries, Helen replied,

"We must not disturb him to-day; it is the anniversary of his wife's death, and he always shuts himself up on that day, refusing food or sleep. He is very gloomy for some days. It seems as if some sad memory haunted him—some past error, for which he would fain make an atonement. Sometimes this gloom continues till I fear for his reason."

"His first wife!" I repeated; "I did not know that Dr. Cameron had been married before."

"Oh, yes!" said Helen; "he told me of it before our marriage; and there is something very sad connected with her death. I have never learned the particulars, for he shrinks from dwelling on his past life. Bertha, you are not aware of the perfect confidence he has in your faithfulness. Did you know that your face recalled some old memories, which finally led him to a better and purer life?"

"My face—my plain, pale face have such power over any man?"

"So it seems."

"But what do you do in these fits of melancholy?"

"Oh, I try, as David did with Saul, to charm it away with song; but sometimes I am afraid reason itself will give way."

I noticed the doctor looked very moody the next morning, and said little. Toward evening he lay upon the couch; Mr. Gray had gone to the meeting, and Helen had stopped out to see an old friend. I was reading the paper when Col. James entered. He spoke with me, then turned to the couch. The doctor was asleep. The colonel stood for a moment, gazing at him, like one bewildered, and then exclaimed—

"My God! it is him! I could take my oath upon it!" I looked up in astonishment.

"Excuse me—excuse me!" said the colonel. "I beg your pardon most humbly, Mrs. Gray; but I was thrown off my guard!"

The doctor awoke. He saw Col. James standing over him. The words, "and a strange expression flitted over the doctor's face, and I introduced them."

"It is useless to disguise it," said the doctor, "we have met before."

"In the forest near old Boston!" interrupted Col. James.

"The same!" replied the doctor; and he removed his shoe and displayed a cork heel, remarking, "you see I bear the scar to this day."

The words of my father, rushed to my mind—"He had the double limp, Bertha," said the colonel; "I know the doctor must want the likeness therein; I always knew it was a mistake; leaving it there."

My heart ached. Alas, for my watch! It had gone, I knew not where. What would I have given to have possessed it now! I colored, hesitated, and shrank from confessing the truth.

"Excuse me a moment," exclaimed the doctor; and he left the room, returning soon with the identical watch in his hand.

"I am the guilty one," he said, turning to me; "I had seen this in your husband's possession, and sent a pedler well known to me to offer him three times its value. I could not have done so, had I known how much you valued it. I learned this from Helen, since our marriage. This picture is the likeness of my first wife. We forgot to remove it when she sent it to the colonel, here. Ah! Bertha, my sister. It was your girlish face, so like this, turned up to mine in supplication and terror, that recalled the few happy days of my life, and made me resolve to live a worthier and purer life. From that day to this I have striven to live worthy of her. Her death was a sad one. I cannot recall it now without a shudder; and if I allow myself to reflect upon it, days and nights of pain will follow. I proposed I could preserve my incognito in this retired spot, but I perceive I am known. Two besides my wife are cognizant of my past life."

"Stop!" said the colonel, interrupting him; "I, for one, know nothing of your past life. We have met accidentally, twice, and I have seen only enough of you to wish for a further acquaintance. Let the dead past be buried. We will live for the future."

The two gentlemen shook hands, and turned the subject; and Mr. Gray coming in, the conversation turned upon Louis Philippe's flight from France, and the probable future of that country; but not even the doctor, who was well versed in European politics, prophesied correctly. We little dreamed then of the future greatness of the prisoner at Ham—the nephew of the uncle."

The doctor remained with us but a few days. His determination was to push on westward, and begin life anew in the rising town of Chicago. I think even Mrs. Gray was satisfied when she saw the doctor and Helen, and became convinced that parents do not always select poor Deacon Abram! no one had more pity for him than little Bertha, the minister's wife.

CHAPTER XXX.

STRANGE DISCLOSURES.

There is a long hiatus in my journal—a long, weary time when I had no heart to touch pen to paper. I should have died in that time, if Lillian's babe had not been brought to me, to be with me all the time. The housekeeper at Elmwood had kept the nurse most of the summer with her. Mr. Gomez had visited it; the old gentleman was very feeble, and it was evident he could not live long. It almost overcame him to see the babe; it was a sweet, healthy child, with its mother's eyes, but in every other feature it resembled its father. As soon as it was weaned I was to take it home; and that time came, sooner, even, than was expected; for the nurse fell ill, and fearing the child would suffer thereby, it was brought to me.

I never thanked God so earnestly for anything as for the gift of that child. It was to be mine till old enough to go to school, or till its father claimed it. But I have not told what happened during those long months, when my journal was blank. I can look back upon it now calmly, but at the time the cup was bitter. I had become much attached to Vernon—scarcely a home but held a precious friend. I was happy that I might and my days there, and sleep beside the two loved ones who lay in the quiet little cemetery; but the few who were opposed to Mr. Gray at the time of his trial continued his enemies, and were constantly searching for faults. Human weakness is such that faults are easily found when sought for, and a minister is so public a character that his infirmities are easily discovered. Meanwhile, he was aware of the gathering storm without, though he never referred to it at home, but it served to make him more sensitive, and to increase those peculiar moods of mind which became a great trial to me. I always dreaded to see those flushed features, the unnatural brilliancy of the eye, and the morbid—no, that is not the word—maudlin talk, I should have said, if it had been produced by intoxicating drink, but Mr. Gray was a strictly temperate and temperance man. He had always been such, and could not have obtained it without its being known in some way, for there was but one place in the village where it could be obtained. To be sure, he often walked to the town of B—, but his enemies were on the alert, and watched all his movements. He was never seen to enter any stores there but the bookstores and the drugstore. Of this charge, therefore, which was once laid to him, I, his wife, entirely acquit him.

Sometimes I thought smoking might have produced this singular effect, but he limited himself to two cigars a day, often less, and though the habit was a bad one, and he confessed it himself, yet it was one which his worst enemies could not bring against him without criminating themselves.

So these moods increased in frequency. I sometimes had my fears that there might be a tendency to derangement, but I could not learn that there had ever been any instances of it in the family. Sometimes this peculiar state of mind would last for two hours, now and then often, and was generally followed by great irritability and depression. These were frequent during the excitement attendant upon his dismissal, for we were obliged to leave Vernon, and go, we knew not whither.

These were sad days to me, and they were more gloomy, perhaps, to Mr. Gray, who sank under the trial more than I supposed it possible for a man with his fine firmness and will. His nervous system became shattered, and he seemed ten years older than he really was. Just at this time his mother came to us, she was ill and needed nursing. I did the best I could for her; but that would have availed little, did not Auntie Paul hear of our trouble and come to us. Noble woman! she came without expectation of fee or reward. She stayed till Mrs. Gray died. How stout I have lived through these days without how stout heart and strong arm!

It was the day after the funeral; I sat hushing the baby to sleep, as I used to do my own Lily. Auntie Paul had hushed her labor for the day. I knew just how things looked in the kitchen under her management. The potatoes were washed, the biscuit made, the basket of kindlings handy—everything made ready for breakfast. Now, she had taken off her broad apron, put down her sleeves, brushed her dress free from dust, smoothed the gray hair, and with knitting-work in hand, came up to see if baby or I needed any care. Mr. Gray was there, an unusual thing for him; he sat in a rocking chair, looking steadily in the fire, his face wearing a most worn and haggard look. Neither of us spoke for some minutes. I think Auntie Paul was studying his face. He rose to go to his study.

"Bertha," he said, "we must leave here next week. Mr. Goodman is hired to preach for six months, and needs the house. God knows what will become of us!"

"Yes," replied Auntie Paul; "God always knows what will become of his children. They that trust in the Lord shall never lack any good thing."

"But there are days of darkness," said he, "when it is hard to trust. I see nothing but clouds and darkness around me. I fear my eyes are becoming permanently affected; and if so, I must quit my profession—and what to do for daily bread I know not."

His eyes had been very weak for some months, and I had often read to him in his writing for him, but he had thought of it as only a temporary complaint; but he had lately given him more pain, and the doctor, as he now told us, had said that he must not read or write for weeks to come. He was exceedingly depressed and sad—more so than I had ever seen him; he went into his study, saying that he would sit there awhile without a light, as one of the Deacons would be in on business.

MAN AND HIS RELATIONS.

BY S. D. BRITAIN.

SECOND SERIES.

CHAPTER IV.

MAGNETISM AS A THERAPEUTIC AGENT.

As electrical forces develop and regulate the processes of organic chemistry, the functions of voluntary and involuntary motion and sensation, and the circulation of all the animal fluids, it will be no less apparent, that all forms of vital and functional derangement originate—as to their organic incipency—in electrical disturbances of the nervous system. By a natural and necessary sequence we therefore conclude, that any method or process whereby the practitioner in the healing art, is enabled to directly govern the electrical forces, or materially influence the distribution of this subtle agent, at once invests him with a masterly power over the various phases of disease. It was observed, in the former part of this treatise, that all disturbances of the vital forces, and consequent irregularities in the organic action, may be comprehended in two general classes, namely, the positive and negative forms of disease. All departures from the normal standard involve either an excess or a deficiency of the electro-vital motive power. Moreover, the positive and negative states of the body, and of the particular organs, are invariably accompanied by a correspondingly increased or diminished electro-thermal, chemical, vascular and organic action. To accelerate or retard these processes and functions—as the case may require in the treatment of disease—we must of course act on and through the very agent on which they severally and collectively depend. Vital electricity being the operative agent in animal chemistry; in the generation of vital heat and organic force; in the circulation of the fluids; and in all the functions of sensation and voluntary motion, it follows, of necessity, that the power to control the circulation and action of this agent qualifies its possessor to determine the physiological action and the pathological states of the system, and hence to subdue all the curable forms of disease.

When the physician is called to attend a sick man, his first object is to equalize the circulation. If this purpose can be accomplished by the use of the doctor's remedial agents, the patient will be sure to recover. But with rare exceptions the means and modes adopted by the Faculty are neither the most direct nor the most effectual. Attempts to sustain the vital principle by the use of deadly poisons; to equalize the forces and to restore organic harmony by causing a general insurrection in the stomach, followed by fierce, intestinal tempests; removing pain by the administration of opiates that deaden and destroy sensibility; diminishing the systolic and diastolic action by tapping the tributaries of the vena cava; and sending mercury like a swift sheriff to arrest the disorderly vital forces and, perhaps, to transform the physical man into an instrument for barometrical observations for the remainder of his natural life—all these are the clumsy, unprincipled, and dangerous devices of scientific ignorance and titled empiricism.

But I am to present the claims of a more rational and effectual treatment, founded on the existence and recognition of a fundamental law in the vital economy, and the discovery and adaptation of natural means to the most beneficent ends. Some of the simpler phenomena in this department occur so frequently as to be matters of common observation. It is well known that severe pain is often greatly alleviated or wholly removed, by gently passing the hand, a number of times, over the affected part. A similar movement of the hand, from the brain along the spinal column of an animal, will produce a state of unusual passivity; and cats, dogs and other quadrupeds, not unfrequently fall asleep when thus subjected to the influence of even the inexperienced and unskillful experimenter. Fifteen minutes in a barber's chair—with the manipulations of the tonsorial operator about the cranium—may suffice to cure a headache. By a similar process, and agreeable to the same general law, nurses—almost unconsciously to themselves—subdue the nervous irritability and restlessness of children; and it often happens that the moral and physical resistance of older persons is overcome by the magnetism of the hand. I find a humorous illustration of the subject, in an anecdote that recently appeared in the papers. An ignorant old lady, who had but recently received confirmation at the hands of the Bishop, presented herself a second time as a candidate, saying, she wanted to be confirmed again—because it was so good for her "rheumatism."

Though little understood, this natural mode of treating diseases is far more effectual than the means and methods prescribed by the scientific authorities in medicine. It is practiced with success among heathen nations and savage tribes, often accompanied by mystical ceremonies, the invocation of occult powers, conjurations and incantations—all of which may be useless in themselves. In the common judgment of more enlightened nations, they sustain no relation to the physical result—the restoration of the patient—except as their influence is exerted on the body through the excited reverence and increased faith of the ignorant object in whose behalf they are practiced. Many cures, thus wrought by the imposition of hands—by manipulations that equalize the electrical forces, and thus harmonize the organic action—have led multitudes to suppose that the successful practitioner was endowed with preternatural and superhuman powers. (The idea that the most benighted Pagan may be aided by kindred spiritual beings, is not to be discredited by any one acquainted with the laws of the mental and moral world.) In all such cures the electro-magnetic operator should come into tangible relations and mental rapport with the patient. When the relation is fairly established—with a wise reference to the fundamental law, and the specific conditions of the parties—the most astonishing results are speedily produced. Violent pains are suddenly removed; acute inflammations rapidly subdued; the vital energies excited and augmented; sensation and muscular motion restored, while strenuous tumors and other swellings gradually disappear under the hands of the magnetizer. Moreover, the world has yet to learn that this species of natural magic—in other words, the art of so directing the subtle elements and invisible forces of the natural universe as to develop apparently supernatural results—may coexist with a positive philosophy and a Spiritual Rationalism, as well as with ignorance and the most degrading superstition.

These general observations, respecting the philosophy of the subject, may be more clearly elucidated by a citation of particular facts. As my limits will only admit of the introduction of a few experimental illustrations, I shall endeavor to select such examples from my own experience as will combine the largest possible variety of specific effects.

In the early part of my investigations—some fourteen years since—I became acquainted with Rev. Charles H. Gardner and his family. Mrs. G. had suffered long and severely from a distressing asthmatic affection. As medicine afforded no certain relief, and promised no permanent cure, she expressed a desire to test the efficacy of magnetism, and at her solicitation the writer made a trial of his powers. Mrs. Gardner proved to be a highly susceptible subject; a state of complete coma was readily induced, and the first experiment resulted in a thorough cure of the asthma.

In December, 1849, I made an experiment at a public house in Springfield, Mass., the result of which occasioned no little interest at the time. Having just completed a protracted course of lectures on vital and mental phenomena, I had accepted an invitation to pass the last evening I designed to remain in town, with a select company at the house of a friend. I left the old Hampden at an early hour, without informing any one where I might be found, should my presence be demanded in the course of the evening. The incident I am about to relate occurred at the City Hotel. At about the hour of seven o'clock, P. M., while a number of young people—assembled in the parlor—were engaged in an animated and playful conversation, a young lady, of remarkable beauty and accomplishments, was seized with catalepsy in its most frightful form. Voluntary motion, sensation, respiration and consciousness were all instantly suspended. The report was rapidly circulated that the young lady was dying, and as she was widely known, and had many friends and admirers, the excitement soon caused a crowd of two or three hundred people to assemble in and about the hotel. Three physicians were called in, whose united efforts to relieve the patient were unavailing. At length, in the course of the evening, some earnest friends of the lady—whose faith was not exactly restricted to the ordinary anti-spasitic

agents employed by the medical profession—having ascertained the writer's whereabouts, came to solicit my presence and assistance. It was half-past ten o'clock when I reached the City Hotel, and the young woman had been in the cataleptic state more than three hours without exhibiting the least indication of returning consciousness and animation.

I felt assured that this abrupt and complete suspension of the functions had resulted from a sudden loss of the electrical equilibrium—that some constitutional cause, or incidental circumstance affecting the vital forces through the agency of the mind, had occasioned an instantaneous determination of the nervous circulation to some vital organ—probably the brain or the heart, and that an observation of the relative temperature of different parts of the body would enable me to ascertain the precise point of the electrical concentration. An examination at once settled this question in my own mind, and without a moment's delay I commenced making appropriate manipulations in all directions from the supposed point of electrical convergence. It was very soon apparent that I had not misjudged. Visible signs of a speedy restoration of all the faculties immediately followed the application of the treatment, and in fourteen minutes after the writer entered the room the patient was fully restored, and employed in adjusting her hair before the mirror.

Some years since while on a visit to Greenfield, Mass., I chanced one day to be present when a young man accidentally fell from an elevated platform or scaffold, striking on his head—the weight of the blow being directly over and under the left eye. I was instantly at his side, and found him completely insensible. Though the shock was so powerful as to produce temporary asphyxia, he struck the ground in such a manner as to occasion no abrasion of the skin. Knowing that the electro-nervous forces would naturally rush to the seat of the injury, and that the arterial circulation—being graduated by the distribution of vital electricity—would immediately follow in a corresponding degree, causing increased vascular action and congestion, I instantly set myself to work to prevent any unpleasant result. Applying cold water to the surface—chiefly with a view of rendering the cuticle a good conductor, so that the accumulated vital electricity might readily escape, and the blood be removed by resolution—I commenced, after the magneto-electric method, to dissipate the forces. I soon succeeded in producing a strong counter action and an increased determination of the electrical circulation to other points. Consciousness and all the voluntary powers were rapidly restored. The operation occupied half an hour, and resulted in the complete removal of all the consequences of the accident. The next day there was not the least soreness felt, or discoloration visible to indicate which side of the head had been injured.

I need not record the details of the next case, a brief, comprehensive statement being all that is required. Mrs. Anna Mills was an acutely sensitive person, with a finely wrought nervous system. She frequently suffered from acute inflammation of the thoracic and abdominal viscera, and the vital forces were often deranged by the slightest causes. At the time the writer's services were demanded, a professional diagnosis disclosed an extreme inflammation of the pleura. It was a critical case, that did not yield to the action of medicine in the least possible degree. In this instance the most perfect relief was afforded in fifteen minutes, and the next day the patient was moving about the house, and apparently quite well.

Finding that the remaining experimental illustrations of my philosophy will require more space than may conveniently be assigned to this article, I will conclude my treatment of the subject in the next chapter.

Written for the Banner of Light.

STORIES FOR THE YOUNG.

BY MRS. L. M. WILLIS.

MR. BLUE JAY AND MRS. ROBIN.

ON KNOWLEDGE ITS OWN CURSE.

Do any of you, my dear children, who are selfish, and who do not feel happy in the happiness of others, unless they have something a little better themselves? who always want little finer garments, little finer playthings, a little better chance at fun? I dare say you know of such, as well as I, and so will understand this little history.

There is a beautiful little stream that flows gaily to the river, and winds about among forests, and in sunny pastures. It is a merry little brook; and that is the reason, I suppose, that the birds loved it so much, and made nice, snug homes beside it. They liked the pleasant sound of its waters to soothe their little ones to sleep, and they felt, I dare say, as if it could talk quite sensibly to them about the blue sky and the shadows and sun gleams.

Mr. Blue Jay chose it for his home, thinking he should have less chatter from his young, who would be quieted by the gurgling waters. And Mrs. Robin was very fond of all sweet sounds and pleasant sights; so she chose a beautiful sugar-maple that grew close by the stream, and built her nest in it. She was very happy, and used to sing a great deal in the morning, and just at sundown, as if to begin the day with praise, and end it with thanksgiving. Mr. Robin was very kind and considerate, and very proud of Mrs. Robin. Mr. Blue Jay was a very meddlesome person, always watching other people, and taking care that they did not interfere with his rights. No matter how quiet Mrs. Robin might be, he was sure to imagine she meant some harm to him. He seemed determined to make trouble, at any rate, and always appeared to feel that the world was not large enough for all the birds, and especially did he think that Robins had better be out of it.

Mrs. Blue Jay built her nest in a pine sapling, and it was a very comfortable place—as nice a home as could be desired. But Mr. Blue Jay thought that Mrs. Robin was very grand, because the maple was taller than the sapling; and thus it was that, the moment Mrs. Robin began to sing, Mr. Blue Jay began to say—

"Who ever heard of such insolence? Really, I guess we are as grand as you!"

Now it happened that a great many other Blue Jays came to live in this beautiful place beside the stream, and they might have had a fine time together; but one discontented spirit can make a whole community uncomfortable.

While Mr. and Mrs. Robin were consulting as to the best interests of their family, Mr. Blue Jay went about inflaming the minds of the whole community. He said—

"It will never do to have such upstarts as the Robins countenanced; they are so happy, because they think themselves finer than we; and I do believe Mrs. Robin thinks the whole world was made for her; then, she is up in the morning, singing away, as much as to say, 'I am more blessed than all others.'"

"It will never do! It will never do!" said all the Blue Jays at once; and they all kept up a great chattering, and flew about the maple as if they would tear it in pieces.

Now Mrs. Robin had just opened the shells of her blue eggs, and four dear little Robins opened their great mouths for food. They were, of course, very much terrified at the noise; but Mrs. Robin said, quietly—

"Hush, my dears! It is only some neighbors of ours; this is your dear mamma, and nothing can harm you."

Now it only vexed Mr. Blue Jay the more to hear these gentle words, and he lighted upon the maple, and all the other Blue Jays followed him. Now Mr. Robin was away in the woods, hunting up bugs and worms; but Mrs. Robin thought to herself, he will soon be back—I will keep still. But chatter, chatter, went the Blue Jays, till Mrs. Robin thought she should be crazed, and so terrified was she that she hardly knew what to do.

"Oh, what trouble!" said she. "What have I done?—oh, tell me what I have done, and what do you wish here?"

Mr. Blue Jay hung his head at these gentle words, and at that moment Mr. Robin came up.

"My dear friend," said he, "what do you wish? I have a fine worm here—will you take it for your little ones? I know where there are plenty more."

Now Mr. Jay had begun the day determined to have a quarrel, and he did not feel pleased to hear anything good or pleasant, and so he said:

"You disagreeable birds, you are all the time singing and chirping. I wish you would keep still."

"Oh, is that it?" said Mr. Robin. "We will try."

"And the tree you live in is so tall!"

"Well," said Mr. Robin, "we will never build it again."

"Oh, you mean you don't like your neighbors, do you? You'd better look out, or we will eat you up, and all your young ones."

The little Robins shrieked at these fierce words, although they did not understand them. But Mrs. Robin said, "My dears, there is no danger. See the beautiful sunshine, and hear how softly the leaves are singing to you."

"What will you have?" said Mr. Robin. "It is a pity to waste your time so foolishly. I will tell you what we will do. Mrs. Robin shall not sing, and I will sing far away from your nest, and then you will never know that we live so near you."

At that, all the Jays went to their homes; but Mr. Blue Jay was only humbled for a day. As the little Robins grew up, he thought they tried to injure his little ones. He said to his children, "Be sure you pick up the best worms, and don't leave a single cherry on the tree for those miserable Robins."

So the Blue Jays in all the neighborhood eat and eat, lest the Robins should have a feast; and they made their children selfish and cross, lest the little Robins should be happy and pleasant.

Matters had gone on in this way a long time, Mrs. Robin bearing many things, and Mr. Blue Jay growing more and more selfish every day, till at last Mr. Blue Jay said, "Oh dear, dear, what a world this is! Everything goes wrong. I am tired of living in it. Everything is cross and ugly."

At the same time Mrs. Robin was saying, "What a beautiful world this is! I hear the soft waters, and see the green grass; and I, only a poor robin, am yet so blessed in all! What can I do to show how happy I am? Mr. Blue Jay does not like my singing, and my little birds have flown away, and I can no longer talk to them. I will pick some worms up and put in the way of the Blue Jays. Come, Mr. Robin, let us scratch up some fine grubs."

It is strange how good deeds will be misunderstood. Mr. Blue Jay was more fretted than ever at this misdeed of his neighbors, and he called to all the Jays in the neighborhood, to come and drive the Robins away, and they did it; but the Robins did not get angry in return, but flew to a farm-house for protection; and ever since they have taught their young to seek the habitations of men, and to cheer the world with their songs of joy and praise. The Blue Jays taught their young to fret and screech; and what was first intended as a harm to the Robins, turned upon themselves; for they immediately began contending with each other, and they have kept it up ever since. They are sure to have a falling out every spring, and they are their own greatest enemies. They have fine garments, that make one think they must have beautiful spirits; but the homely Robin proves to be by far the most loved in the end. Poor Blue Jays! When will they forget what they learned of the selfish Mr. Blue Jay who grew so cross and ill-natured because his friends were so happy? While the Robins bring joy to all the world by their sweet singing, and teach men to look with thanksgiving upon this beautiful world, and find its joy and gladness, the Blue Jays can only flutter around, absorbed in their own selfish pleasures.

Such is the end of all selfish habits; they are sure to harm all who indulge in them, while kindness always blesses all who cherish it.

Written for the Banner of Light.

EVIL.

BY E. WALTER.

Macaulay, the historian, says, "Men are never so likely to settle a question rightly, as when they discuss it freely," how cheering then it is to see so many evident signs of a new era, when long neglected or proscribed questions will be taken up, "depolarized," and put in their proper positions. I think I got a glimpse the other day at the motto on the banner of the twentieth century, flung to the breeze by "the Professor," in the words, "Think what you like, and speak what you think," and I know of no other standard-bearer of this motto further in the van, than your own BANNER OF LIGHT.

No question has occupied the attention of the human mind more than this question of evil, and none can be more important, as it lays at the basis of all plans and schemes of redemption or amelioration of the race; hence all the different views, presented by different minds, (however imperfect they may be) are, if not steps in the right direction, at least tapers which may help to show the direction of the true path.

Hoping that it will not be deemed too presumptuous, and aiming at neither learning nor popularity, I send you a few questions and thoughts, suggested on the perusal of one or two late articles in your paper, on the above subject. And here I would say, that I also accept all men's views on all subjects, if honestly spoken, as their highest expression; hence cannot possibly find fault with any man for his opinions. At the same time, I (as all) select my mental as I do my physical food, and use that which pleases me best. But the real question is, am I really selecting the best materials for developing the highest physical and mental conditions, respectively?

I think that as there are ingredients more or less poisonous to all physical organisms, so there are thoughts and affections more or less poisonous to the mental and moral; and by no process by which I reason the matter, can I see that they are goods, or even lower forms of goods. It may be (as one writer says) that I am so obtuse that I cannot understand; but this is a misfortune, not a fault, and I would humbly beseech some one to show, and prove, the positive benefit flowing out of them as a natural sequence. Instead of asking us to prove a negative, (a difficult thing at any time,) "that we do not know that it will not ultimately be good" in some far-off future, would it not be well to show, for instance, how continuous degrees of sickness ultimate at last in health; how continuous degrees of revenge ultimate at last in forgiveness; or how continuous degrees of hatred can ultimate in the divine quality of love? I, in my simplicity, have thought these things opposites, and incompatible; as much so, as that two parallel lines never meet, or that continuous degrees of darkness can never make light.

And permit me to say, when a man challenges me to prove that "murder is not an injury," before I bring my neck submissively, would it not be well for him instead, to prove clearly its positive benefit? It is true you may lay a stone on a young plant, and if it has vitality enough it will collect its forces and ultimately grow and bear fruit; but was the stone a benefit? Its crooked and gnarled trunk proves the reverse. In like manner, if I am murdered; energies and qualities may be called out in my wife or children for their support, which would have flowed in other directions. But this is nature readjusting herself to meet the new demand, and not a natural consequence of the violence. It does not make the other less an injury per se.

But again: Do not these views of evil involve us in the same difficulties as the dogmas of the past? Calvinism teaches that God decreed some to everlasting life, and some to everlasting destruction; and Jonathan Edwards thought the happiness of the saints would be enhanced by the wails of the damned. But what difference is there between these and the views of those who say, we cannot possibly have health without disease, nor pleasure without pain, nor joy without sorrow?—or, no saints without sinners, no heaven without a hell, and no God without a devil? Verily, here extremes meet! Nay, we are told, in a recent lecture, that heaven is actually built over hell; but I would respectfully ask Brother Loveland, if the lake of fire is to be a perpetual institution?—from the "noisome stench of which," he says, "is distilled the fragrance which permeates the ecstasy-inspiring breezes of Paradise"—and if not eternal, where, or from what, are they to distill their celestial perfume, when that stygian lake gets burned out? "The past is always being reproduced in the present," and the philosophy of spirit intercourse may explain the how. For example: we have Bishop Berkeley writing in the Telegraph, over the signature of "Psyche," trying to prove his old theory—viz., that there is nothing real or objective outside of himself; and even his own existence he is not sure of. We have also "Epictetus," and all the stoics of Athens, trying to prove their old theory—viz., that there is no evil, after being superseded so long by the inductive philosophy of Bacon. Now, if this be so, (and who can prove that it is not?) I would supplicate the venerable Dr. Hare to take the Rev. Bishop in charge, demonstrate the objective existence of the spheres, and show him the number of miles, feet and inches contained in each respectively. In the other case, I would suggest an introduction between "Epictetus" and Lord Bacon. Let them agree to have a public discussion, and a photographic report of the same, by some good medium, translated by some good Greek

scholar, (say Professor Felton,) be given in the columns of the BANNER, for the benefit of your numerous subscribers; so settling these discussions, in both cases, at headquarters. But, seriously, I think that the question may be very simply stated. Either disease, slavery, discord, violence, &c., are evils, or they are not evils. If they are not, but are lower forms of good, then they are necessary, and, if necessary for us, are equally so for our children, therefore ought to remain. The child needs the alphabet, as well as his father, before he can read. But if they are the results of false relations to unchanged laws, and while thus remaining, cannot ultimate in harmony, and if this is the field where man can exercise his will when enlightened by knowledge, then it is for him to change this false relation into one of harmony; then will the kingdom of heaven be within him, whether on this side of Jordan, or the other. The bolts on the doors of hell are all on the inside, and we have to draw them back, and emerge into God's sunshine, by individual effort, and not wait until nature takes us, like boulders on an iceberg, and drops us on some celestial prairie, will still.

And I also believe, whenever man comes into harmonious relations with the unchangeable laws of his being, his happiness does not so much consist in contrasting misery with it, as it is the spontaneous outgrowth of the relation itself; as he will rejoice, not so much that his "heaven is built on hell," as that he has no hell to build on. His praises will not be curses blossomed out; but he will be like the little boy that asked his mother to let him make a noise, because he was so full inside.

Davenport, Iowa.

Written for the Banner of Light.

WHAT IS CARBON?

NUMBER SIX.

The point now to be considered is, why the fruit of an apple, pear, and quince, grown on a grafted seedling, differs so in character, and whether we may not assume that the seed of each fruit will, in reproduction, yield the same genera and kindred to that of the seedling tree. Having, as I think, plausibly defended the distinction between life, as manifested in the creations of Deity, or Nature, and that "Divine Life" recognized as the immortal element or soul of the human spirit, man, I will now proceed to offer my views on the aforesaid point, premising that I will do so from the standpoint of "natural vegetable life," being, in essence only, a manifestation of Divine creative energy, or will power. The theory is, that there is in each of the buds used for inoculating an organized life principle, special in condition of developed being, though all are alike in essence. That each life entity has the attributes of inherent consciousness and intelligence, and while ever impelled by the desire to unfold the same, is limited and governed in its power to do so by its condition and relations to matter. Hence each life entity, being special in condition, has its own special demands and wants in drawing on air and water for the substance it seeks for to organize a pulp, or covering, for the germ-seeds it is in sympathy with. This substance being found only in the constituents of air and water, is governed and assimilated through the same principle of attraction whereby each life organizes for itself the physical organism it pervades and is embodied in.

As already shown, if we appeal to these depositories for the substance composing the apple, pear, and quince, we must either recognize the carbonic-acid gas contained in the air as the source thereof, or conclude that life, as the operating power, can and does skillfully compound and combine the elements of nitrogen from the air, and of hydrogen from the water, and in such proportions as it affinitizes for, to constitute the same. If the substance of the pulp fruit is regarded as carbon, it is difficult to realize how the carbonic acid contained in air, can exhibit so wide a difference of character as is found in the fruit pear, apple and quince. But it is easy to see, that if nitrogen and hydrogen constitute the substance thereof, then a difference in the proportions compounded therein will explain the matter. Thus, if life and matter are united in and constitute the pear, apple and quince varieties, or entities, it follows that either the life element therein differs in essence, or the matter differs in its constituent parts. Between these two alternatives I submit the latter only can be accepted.

The conclusion then follows, that as each life principle, though the same in essence, is special in condition of organic development, each as an acting power, governing the atomic matter it affinitizes for, attracts and assimilates such, and in such proportions only, as it specially needs. The consequence is, each organizes a pulp fruit kindred to itself, the difference of the pulps consisting in the special proportions of the same constituent elements compounded therein. This theory of whence is procured the atomic matter of which vegetable organisms and fruits is supplied, will account for the disposition of the nitrogen in the air and hydrogen in the water, so largely used by plants, and so essential to their growth, without conflicting with the book teachings, that both oxygen and carbonic acid gas are periodically expelled by plants—hence are not assimilated.

I now come to the question of the pear, apple, and quince seeds, yielding alike the same genera as that of the seedling tree. This point admits of being definitely settled by experiment; but in the absence of such, I propose to offer what I conceive to be nature's economy in the premises. We have seen that the organization of the wood and pulp fruit is performed by the life embodied in the graft or bud. But I assume, the function of reproduction, through the medium of generated seeds, is exerted only by the life principle of the seedling tree. If it be the quince variety, then all the seed of the apple and pear grown on it, have their origin from, and inherit the character of, their immediate parentage.

This is an important question, which, permit me to say, Spiritualism is helping us to comprehend and solve; and its intelligent solution may help us to see why it is that our superior fruits are so generally failing, and lead us to better learn the true economy of grafting only within such limits as do not incur the penalties of Hybridity. There is this distinction between the life principle of the grafted seedling tree, and the life entities, embodied in the buds. The first is dual, or male and female united as an unit, and because thus dual, capable of exerting reproductive power. The life in the buds, is only male, and because so, incapable of exerting the power to reproduce. Vegetable physiology teaches, that the individuals of that kingdom are thus composed of male and female principles, each having its own special functions to perform in the economy of reproduction. But the idea is beginning to prevail, that each individual of the animal kingdom, may also be regarded as an embodiment of these two principles, of male and female, or positive and negative character, blended in such union as to render only one prominent, and therefore characterized as unisexual, in contradistinction to that termed hermaphrodite in the vegetable organism. However this may be, the conceded fact that both male and female life is embodied in the vegetable organism, implies that each has its own special function to perform in the economy of physical growth, and of reproductive action. What such special function of each is, as to physical growth, is not, I believe, defined in the books, but they do ascribe particular functions to each in reproduction. If we can intelligently learn which exerts the power of governing and attracting the atomic matter appropriated for the physical growth, and organizes the same, and which emits the life currents that are embodied in the germ seeds for reproductive results, we may thus learn why, though the wood of each grafted limb so differs, all the seeds grown thereon may be alike in character.

This point I propose to meet in my next, in which I shall assume the male principle performs the function of organizing the physical, and the female originates the life currents through which reproduction is exerted, and quote phenomena to sustain this view, as a further illustration of carbon being a compound, and of the present system of grafting being in conflict with true progression.

PHILADELPHIA.

EXCELLENCE.—Excellence is never granted to man but as the reward of labor. It argues, indeed, no small strength of mind to persevere in the habits of industry without the pleasure of perceiving those advantages which, like the hands of a clock, whilst they make hourly approaches to their point, yet proceed so slowly as to escape observation.

We would not intimate that wives ever pull hair, yet few persons can have failed to observe, that, as a general rule, married men get bald much sooner than bachelors.

To lead the forlorn hope in the field of carnage often requires less courage than to fight nobly the bloodless battles of life.

Women, facts, and mules, are unquestionably stubborn things.

New Publications.

THE OLD BROWN MANSON. By Charles J. Peterson. Published by Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. Price, \$1.25, bound in cloth, or two volumes, paper cover, for \$1. For sale by Shepard, Clark & Brown, Boston.

Mr. Peterson is already known to the readers of fiction, as one of our most popular writers. The present volume fully sustains his reputation. It is an autobiography of a woman. It is a story possessing profound interest, is carefully written, and quite dramatic in effect, yet the characters are drawn with truth to nature. The descriptions of country scenery are finely portrayed. The trials of an orphan girl, dependent upon the relations of the vulgar stamp, are depicted in the first chapter of the book. In time she wins the love of Mr. Talbot, but separates from him in consequence of a disagreement upon a principle of honor, and is cast out of the house of her relatives. Her subsequent career in a fashionable millinery establishment, her residence in "The Old Brown Mansion," her reconciliation with her lover, is part of the romance of the story. It is one of the best novels published for years.

WILD SOUTHERN SCENES. A Tale of Disunion and Border War. By J. B. Jones. Published by Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. For sale by Shepard, Clark & Brown, Boston.

Although we do not believe many of the scenes depicted in this book will ever have an actual realization, yet the story is one of intense interest, and will please as a romance. It is the endeavor of the author to show to what results sectional madness may bring our country, and perhaps as a warning to some who fanatically work for a too hasty development of goodness where evil exists, instead of patiently waiting for the result to be accomplished with the weapons of love and charity, it may do good. There is an interesting love story running through the novel, and many amusing scenes, which make the tale entertaining. Price, \$1.25.

LUXURY GLASS; OR, THE TRIALS OF A SEAMSTRESS. By T. B. Arthur. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. For sale by Shepard, Clark & Brown, Boston.

Mr. Arthur is a writer of fiction whose stories are always welcome visitants to the family circle. They are always written with a view to develop Christian principles, and nothing objectionable has ever been found in his works. The present story is one of unusual interest, and will be read by thousands with pleasure and profit.

BOOK OF PLAYS; FOR HOME AMUSEMENT. Being a collection of original, adapted and selected tragedies, plays, dramas, comedies, farces, burlesques, character lectures, etc. By Elias S. Steel, Dramatist. Philadelphia: Geo. C. Evans Publisher, 439 Chestnut street.

Anything which tends to lead the young to home, may safely be welcomed by all classes of our citizens. Private theatricals may certainly claim a place among the amusements which render the domestic fireside attractive. Therefore, the book before us, which is carefully compiled by a skillful dramatist, should meet with a ready sale. We find this to be a very good collection, and in the preface, the author remarks, that all passages which are deemed objectionable, have been expurgated. This is well; for it is not to be denied that many passages in our plays, which were not objectionable at the time they were written, are now exceedingly objectionable.

SELF-EDUCATION; OR, THE MEANS AND ART OF MORAL PROGRESS. Translated from the French by M. Le Baron Desrochers, by Elizabeth P. Reddy. Boston: T. O. H. P. Burdum, 143 Washington street.

This is a book deservedly appreciated on both sides of the Atlantic. The author claims morality to be both a science and an art, and that it is the highest qualification of manhood. His strict ideas render him unlike most of the French writers of the metaphysical school. He takes a broad field for his range of thought, and treats his subject as one who would have gathered up the best experiences of a life-time, and resolved that others should profit by the result of his experiences. The translator has done her work well.

Mr. Burdum has in press the Miscellaneous works of Sir Philip Sidney, and other standard books, which he will soon place before the public.

Philadelphia Correspondence.

DEAN BANNER.—On Sunday morning, Nov. 20th, Mr. Forster gave us one of those magnificent historical efforts that characterize him as medium. He referred to the condition of ancient Carthage and Rome, and to the declaration of Cato, the Roman Censor, who, on viewing the beauty and grandeur of the former city, exclaimed: "Carthage must be destroyed," for while she remained in her magnificence and splendor, Rome could not stand forth the unrivaled mistress of the world.

The lecturer applied this to the envious condition of religious and political conservatism in all ages, which, whenever it perceived an upward aspiration of the human mind toward something higher and better than the past, cried out, "This must be crushed, or I cannot stand in my glory."

In the evening he spoke of Jesus and Jesus, and adverted to the fact, that on a recent occasion a minister had made the assertion that God loved Jesus more than he did Jesus. The spirit controlling Mr. F. gave a magnificent description of his idea of duty, not as loving a few men only, nor even all men alone, but as embracing in the arms of his exhaustless love all the boundless universe and the infinite variety of forms that exist in this vast and limitless domain. He said that the idea of a partial God, loving one child and hating another—sending one to eternal perdition, and another to everlasting happiness—has done more to debase and degrade mankind than any other doctrine that had ever been promulgated. God is manifesting himself not only in the outward works of nature in their infinitely varied forms, but most especially in man, the masterpiece of creation; God is manifesting himself everywhere as best he may, according to conditions; he is speaking in the drunkard, the liar, and the murderer, as really as he is in the highest saint or angel. The lecturer closed with a powerful appeal to Spiritualists, to give evidence by their lives and conduct, of the practical character of their belief.

Mr. Forster lectured on last Sunday morning and evening to large audiences; and on Monday we had a lecture through him in Concert Hall, at which there were more than a thousand persons. But I have no room for notices of these; suffice it to say, that they were equal to any effort made by Mr. F. He leaves us now for his Southern tour, more popular than ever.

Robert Dale Owen, of New Harmony, Ind., is now in our city, engaged in getting out a work entitled "Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World"—a work on which he has labored very effectually, and I think, judiciously, in bringing out an account of the natural and spontaneous facts and phenomena which underlie the spiritual philosophy. From what I have seen of Mr. Owen's book, it will not only be interesting for present use, but desirable as a standard work. I hope it will be followed by a series, illustrating various points in mental and physical phenomena which have characterized the past, and of which historians have given us only the dry details. The time has come when the study of Spiritualism will enable us to evolve a beautiful philosophy from these, illustrating many points in that deeply interesting study, the human mind. Mr. Owen is a gentleman of profound research and untiring industry, and is well calculated to produce such works as these.

Mr. Whiting being prevented by indisposition from fulfilling his engagement, Mr. A. J. Davis and lady will occupy our stand for three Sundays.

Miss Sprague in Wisconsin.

A. B. Palmer, of Brandon, Wis., says:—"It is one year since I made your acquaintance, Messrs. Editors, through the BANNER OF LIGHT, and it has been to me a year of pleasure and profit, mentally and spiritually. The Banner has given universal satisfaction in this section, and the signs of progress are cheering. The opposition to Spiritualism is not as hard as it was one year ago, for many who once thought it a sin to talk of Spiritualism, now come and inquire about it. Last Sabbath a party of eight of us went to Fond Du Lac City to hear Miss A. W. Sprague, and we found the First Congregational Church thrown open for her reception. We were well paid for going, for such a lecture was given through Miss Sprague's organs, was truly a feast. She spoke over an hour, and the lecture throughout was replete with beauty and sound logic. It is her first appearance in this country, and, allowing me to be the judge, she has made a lasting impression. She goes to Milwaukee from here."

Wanted Immediately.

We are acquainted with a highly respectable young gentleman—a German Professor and Teacher of Music—who desires to obtain Board in a quiet, genteel family, in an airy and pleasant location in New York city, where there may be one or more pupils whose instruction, in Music and on the Piano, would be accepted as partial or complete payment for board. The best personal and professional references will be given if required. Address A. K., Pianist, at the New York office of the BANNER.

Foxboro', Mass.

Messrs. Editors.—This thriving little village, where I have occupied the attention of very intelligent audiences for the three last evenings, is one of the neatest and most pleasant towns in the State, and can scarcely be beat for enterprise, intelligence, or industry. Manufacturing straw hats and bonnets is the principal business of the place; several large shops are occupied with the business, and much is done at the homes in the village and country. Most of the young ladies are found busy with the neat work at their own homes, and this enables them to procure means for education and other improvements.

Several years ago a large and elegant town hall was erected, and, at the meeting for opening and deciding for what it should be used, they first admitted an Orthodox prayer, by which it was dedicated to morality and religion; next they voted it should be used for dances, theatricals and other exhibitions, and for all sorts of meetings; and now the Spiritualists use it every Sabbath, and have free meetings, well attended there, when they can get good speakers, in which they are usually successful. Our philosophy, in a community like this, is sure to gain, and strength, and spread, until the whole is leavened. Its rise and progress here has been very encouraging to its friends. Several earnest, honest and efficient men and women have taken hold of the subject so worthy of them, and made themselves worthy of it. I saw a large pile of BANNERS on the table at the Post Office, where papers are kept, and saw them scatter like hot cakes before hungry men.

The village is about two miles, and equidistant from Mansfield and Foxboro' Stations, on the Boston and Providence Railroad, and is worthy a visit from every spiritual teacher who has any truths to leave, or knowledge to impart.

WARREN CHASE.

December 2, 1859.

Written for the Banner of Light.
TO ONE UNDER A CLOUD.

A simple song of humble truth in this thy hour of sadness,
To cheer thy soul with Angel light and wake its life to gladness.

To lead thee to a bliss divine, unchanging and immortal,
From out the shadow on thy path cast by the temple's portal.

We each and all are wandering in ways by God created,
We cannot from his presence flee, for we with him are mated;
He loves us, and he blesses us, in sorrow as in pleasure,
And fills us with his life divine in overflowing measure.

Within the darkest valley of our life that is diurnal,
Our Father-God is with us, with a love that is eternal;
And when our feet are weary, when our spirits droop in mourning,
We hear his voice in accents sweet, "Look up! the day is dawning."

Whatever values before us—in our pilgrimage what mountains,
Beyond the vale, behind the hills are everflowing fountains;
We are ever pressing forward to glorious homes supernatural,
Where clouds and sorrows are not, and the sunlight is eternal.

Now, hand in hand together, with hearts as one united,
We will trust our God in darkness, as in his temple lighted;
Soon, where the pure and lovely and the beautiful are dwelling,
With songs of highest melody the ambient breezes swelling.

We shall walk with myriad angels, attired in robes immortal,
Who once like us did wander 'neath the temple's lofty portal.
But who struggled, and who triumphed, and came up with bright banners,
The translator has done her work well.

Mr. Burnham has in press the Miscellaneous works of Sir Philip Sidney, and other standard books, which he will soon place before the public.

Spiritualism in Raleigh, N. C.

DEAN BANNER.—Mrs. A. P. Thompson continues to attract the attention of the people of this city and the surrounding country, on the subject of Spiritualism. She continues to have crowded houses, and the interest appears to be increasing. Doubtless much good has already been effected, which will be the means of leading to still further investigation. Through the solicitations of many of our citizens, Mrs. Thompson has consented to remain with us for a short time. She has already accomplished much more than we anticipated. We have been agreeably disappointed.

The opposition is subsiding, humbug is leaving tongues, ears are opened to hear and hearts to feel. We have many reasons to anticipate the success of Spiritualism in this place.

Raleigh, N. C., Nov. 23, 1859.

Identifying a Spirit.

Messrs. Editors.—The following facts were given through the instrumentality of Mrs. A. W. Delafolie, medium. The spirit communicating, purported to be my grandfather. He stated that he was an officer in the revolution of seventy-six, and also gave me his name and the name of another officer that was in his company, and of those captured by the British, and how they effected their escape through the roof of the prison, etc. He also told me of a certain snuffbox that he had presented to him, (which circumstance I had forgotten), and related many little incidents of his life, which I found, on inquiry, to be correct.

B. B. V., of Maine.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

CONTENTS OF THE BANNER OF LIGHT.—Page One—"Bertha Lee." This absorbing story will be completed in two more numbers.

Page Two—"Man and his Relations," by Mr. Britton—chapter four; Stories for the Young—"Mr. Blue Jay and Mrs. Robin, or Selfishness its own Curse;" "Evil," by X. Walter; "What is Carbon?" No. 6.

Page Three—"Poetry"—"For the Disconsolate;" Sermon by Dr. Chapin, on the "Parable of the Vineyard."

Page Six—Four columns of Spiritual Messages, more than usually interesting; "Autumn Reveries;" Poetry; "Evil and Good," by J. S. Loveland.

Page Seven—"Creeds," by Warren Chase; "Spiritual Affinity," by Dr. A. B. Child. "The Dream of the Deceased," poetry; J. V. Mansfield in Baltimore, etc.

Page Eight—Rev. Mr. Beecher's Sermon.

John Deeson, the Indian's friend, will commence, on the first of January, the publication of a monthly paper, called the Calumet, which will be devoted to the cause in which he is so disinterestedly engaged. We shall publish the prospectus next week.

Rev. T. Starr King, long since declined the liberal offer to go to San Francisco to preach.

The prospectus of *The New-York Ledger*, the great family paper, will be found in another column. It is scarcely necessary to say that *The Ledger* is by far the most popular family paper in the country, having a circulation of over four hundred thousand copies. It is always characterized by a high moral tone, and as will be seen by reference to its advertisement, employs more eminent contributors than any other paper in the world.

That opinion, Dr. Seaver, must be given to your obtuse.

Rev. Dr. Cahill, of Dublin, the celebrated Catholic Divine and scholar, has arrived in this country, on a lecturing tour.

Essays on file for publication: "Prison Papers—No. 3;" "Feelings and Emotions," by Professor Spencer; "Our Popular Beverages," by a new correspondent; "Sectarianism," by a clergyman, etc., etc.

ENTERPRISE.—The publishers of the Watchman & Reflector have secured the services of Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, of London, as a regular contributor to that paper. Of course we do not sympathize with the theological views of this famous preacher, but we know there are many who do, and the good God who created all demands, never comes short of supplies. The Reflector is about to enter upon a new year, under favorable auspices; it is the organ, and probably most influential journal of the Baptist wing of Evangelical religion.

PATRY, IMPROVED BY DIBBY.—"There is no place like home,"—except where the girl lives that you're after.

The love of ornament creeps slowly but surely into the female heart. A girl who twines the lily in her tresses, and looks at herself in the clear stream, will soon wish that the lily was fadecious, and the stream a mirror. We say, let the

young girl seek to adorn her beauty, if she be taught also to adorn her mind and heart, that she may have wisdom to direct her love of ornaments in due moderation.

Peterson's Philadelphia Counterfeit Detector and Bank Note List for December—corrected by Drexel & Co., the well-known Bankers and Brokers—is for sale by periodical dealers. It has been considerably enlarged, having now forty pages, and contains occasionally fac-similes of several hundred gold and silver coins, besides. It should be in the hands of every store-keeper in the country.

Rev. E. H. Chapin is announced to deliver a lecture in the First Universalist Church, Hanover street, Boston, on Thursday evening, Dec. 8th. Subject: "WOMAN AND HER WORK."

AMUSEMENTS.—At the Boston Museum everything goes on smoothly. Full houses, full treasury—full stomachs, consequently. Why should not every one "play his part"? *The Gazette* says:—"That seductive African, Mr. J. H. Ring, invites the attendance of the fair sex on Wednesday. Mr. Ring is compelled to this course from the number of letters he receives daily from susceptible females whose hearts have yielded to his personal beauty and graphic delineation of Ethiopian character. A sympathizing public will evince its feeling for Mr. Ring by pecuniary manifestations and brotherly interest."

When people leave the snow on the sidewalks in front of their houses on Sunday morning, Digby wants to know whether it is a sign of plenty or laziness.

The City Government of Boston have voted to widen North street, so as to make it fifty feet wide. No better plan of making the street "respectable" could be conceived of.

Rufus Dawes, the poet, is dead.

Judge Halliburton (Sam Slick) is writing the gonial work called "The Season Ticket," in the Dublin University Magazine; as also the series of "Misdirected Letters" in the Constitutional Press.

A green Irish girl, after living in an American family a few months, looking one morning with wonder at the gas-burner in the parlor, said: "Faith, and shure I have not trimmed this lamp yet; and where is the hole for the wick and oil?"

In the hours of deepest gloom,
When the springs of gladness fail,
And the roses in the bloom,
Drop like maidens woe and pale,
We shall find some hope that lies,
Like a silent gem apart,
Hidden far from careless eyes,
In the garden of the heart.

A newly imported Irish stout, recently engaged by one of our "solid men," was accosted early the other morning by a milkman, with:

"Here's a can, sir."
Pat ran into the house, and meeting his mistress, said—
"A gentleman with a frock on said to me, 'here's a canner!' an' what shall I do with it, mem?"

A canner! who could have the impudence to leave such a thing at my door? Take it away immediately, Michael. How shocking!

"I'll do that same, mem," said Pat; "I'm the boy that'll make welly welly it."

The Hartford Courant is responsible for the following recipe, by which a worthless woman may be made:—1st. Tell her in early childhood that a beautiful child she is. 2d. Begin as soon as she can tottle around to fuss her up in fashionable clothes. 3d. Let her visit so much that she finds no love for home. 4th. Let her education run to all useless accomplishments, neglecting only that knowledge which is really useful in life.

Bayard Taylor has returned to New York from his lecture trip to California.

Some of the Iowa papers find fault with the Governor's proclamation for Thanksgiving, because in it, it is asserted that the State has been blessed with plentiful harvest this year, whereas, they say, every one knows there was but half a crop.

A late letter from Cannon Falls, Minnesota, to the St. Paul Pioneer, described a prairie fire near the Falls. From out of the west, above the dim horizon, the great red flames came surging in long, quivering waves, extending four or five miles over the prairie. The whole heavens were as red as blood; the flames rose fifteen or twenty feet in the air, and seemed to threaten destruction to everything before them. Some farms which lay in their way were narrowly escaped by having furrows ploughed around. Several wheat stacks were swallowed up, and one man only saved his dwelling house by six feet. The next morning this fiery flood had left a great blackened waste as far as the eye could reach.

The South Carolina Legislature met on Monday week. The Governor's message relates chiefly to State affairs. He recommends, in case of the election of a Republican President, the co-operation of the Southern institutions.

Men of great erudition are seldom men of great genius, or of unusually strong mental powers. A reflecting and exploring mind soars above the drudgery of scholastic restraint, and takes its flight into the world of matter.

BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.

Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide;
The darkness thickens; Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!
Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
Oh, thou who changest not, abide with me!

When you see a man, on a moonlight night, trying to convince his shadow that it is improper to follow a gentleman, you may take it for granted that it is high time for him to join a temperance society.

Digby thinks "golden weddings" should be designated sunset clouds. Digby is a bachelor.

SOMNAMBULISM.—The English papers record a most remarkable case of somnambulism. A young girl thirteen years of age, a pupil at a boarding-school, arose in her sleep and slipped on a pair of shoes and a dress over her night-dress, and without any other clothing, left the house and started for her home, some eight miles distant. When found, she had walked a distance of seven miles, and was still perfectly unconscious. Before leaving the house, the child first attempted to get out at the front door, the chain and bolt of which were found unfastened; but the door was double locked, and the bolt goes so stiffly that her hands could not turn the key. She then appears to have gone to the back of the house and made her exit through the garden. She afterwards suffered a little from weakness, but experienced no other ill effects from her singular moonlight walk in the frosty air.

LATE FOREIGN ITEMS.—Ratifications of the treaties lately concluded between France, Austria and Sardinia, were to be exchanged at Zurich, by the representatives of those powers, on the 21st of November.

France has issued letters of invitation to the European Congress, to those powers who signed the Vienna treaties, and three Italian rulers.

The attitude of the English and French newspaper press is daily becoming more warlike. The London Times calls on the Emperor Napoleon to put an end to the suspense felt by the English nation.

The Congress of the European Powers is expected to meet at Paris, but no date has as yet been mentioned for its session.

The London Society of Art has inaugurated a movement for a Great Exhibition, to be held in 1869.

It is reported that the Emperor Napoleon opposes the assumption of the Regency of Italy by Buoncompagni.

BUST-DON'T.—One who generally has no business in this world beyond making it his business to neglect his own business, in order to attend to the business of others.

It is said to be very bad husbandry to harrow up the feelings of your wife.

A Venice letter announces that the Hall of the Doges threatens to fall; the fresco on the ceiling is cracked across, and a portion of it has fallen. This hall is the largest in any European palace.

The Philadelphia Inquirer says "political lying is the greatest father of evils." It is possible that the Devil is, after all, only the grandfather of evils; asks an exchange.

A kind of hickory tree is called "pig-not," says Jo Kor, because it takes a deep root.

A bachelor editor of our acquaintance, who has a very pretty sister, recently wrote to another bachelor, equally fortunate, "Please exchange."

Private advices from Nicaragua, received at Washington, represent everything quiet, with the exception of fear from

invasion by Gen. Walker. President Martin and the people have the greatest confidence in the friendly disposition of the United States, and have determined to suppress filibusterism.

How He Was Found Out.—A discussion arose in a coffee room at Southampton, (Eng.), as to the nationality of a gentleman at the other end of the room.

"He's an Englishman," said one; "I know by his head."

"He's a Scotchman," said another; "I know by his complexion."

"He's a German," said another; "I know by his beard."

Another thought he looked like a Spaniard.

Here the conversation rested; but soon one of them spoke: "I have it," said he; he's an American; he's got his legs on the table."

CONFINEMENT IN SCHOOLS.—At the meeting of the New York Board of Education, the following resolution was offered by H. K. Green, Esq. It seems very sensible:—

"Resolved, That, in order to obviate the injurious results of prolonged confinement in the schools upon the children of tender years, it be recommended to the trustees of schools to diminish the time occupied in actual instruction in the primary and department classes to their several wards, by devoting more of the time of school sessions to intermissions for safe and innocent recreation in the playgrounds of the schools."

THEOLOGICAL DANCING.—The Council of Trent has rather a solemn sound; but they who were gathered together to fix the faith of Christendom could not have been such dull dogs, such bad fellows, after all. The Council ended with a grand mass, a grand banquet, and a ball, which was opened by the Cardinal Hercules of Mantua, and at which kings, cardinals, and bishops, danced gallantly with the German, Italian, and Spanish ladies who had been invited. It would not doubt put many of our theologians into sweeter tempers if synods, general assemblies, conventions, always terminated in the same fashion. There would often be less bigotry in the head if there was more vivacity in the feet, which would keep the heart warm and save the humors from stagnating.

MEAN BUSINESS.—A public man suing a newspaper for an alleged libel. The Chicago Democrat has been sued by N. B. Judd, State Senator, laying his damages at \$100,000—so says the telegram. If a Senator can't stand fire, he should retire.

Notices to Correspondents.

N. KILGEO, KING'S FERRY, N. Y.—Yes. J. SMITH, OXFORD.—We cannot furnish complete files, back of the present volume.

Lecturers.

J. H. RANDALL intends to travel through the central and western part of New York, during the months of January and February, 1860, and will answer calls to lecture, to the friends of truth, during those months, through that section. Address Northfield, Mass. 11—9p.

Mrs. J. W. CUMMINS will lecture in Portsmouth, Dec. 11th; in Lawrence, Dec. 26th and Jan. 1st; in Huntington, 8th; in Modra, Oct. evenings of the 10th and 12th; in Chicago, 15th, 22d and 29th; in Putnam, Oct. Feb. 5th; in Foxboro', 12th and 19th; in Marlborough, 20th. Applications for the Spring should be sent in as early as possible. Address Box 515, Lowell, Mass.

Miss SARAH M. JOHNSON, trance speaker, may be addressed at Clinton street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

OBITUARY.

Died, in Sunbury, Ohio, on the 18th ult., MARTIN, daughter of L. B. Cook, Esq., aged nine years. She was pure and joyous, the light and pride of the paternal mansion. She has gone to meet her mother and brother in that happy land, where her pathway will be lighted by the love of God, and her spirit friends. It was hard to part with her, but skillful physicians and the wishes of hosts of kind friends could not stay the separation of spirit and clay. The struggle was short. She has passed on, leaving to us her many virtues. Alas! we will miss you again. Cox.

Miss ROSA T. ANDREY will lecture in Oswego during the month of January, 1860. Friends in the South and West desiring her services, for Sabbath, and week evenings, in the two or three months following, will please address her at 32 Allen street, prior to Dec. 28th, and during the month of January call on J. L. Pool, Oswego, N. Y. 10—Jan.

COUGHS, BRONCHIAL COMPLAINTS, &c.—Rev. D. P. Livermore, Editor of the Chicago New Covenant, says of Brown's Bronchial Troches:—"We have frequently had occasion to test the efficacy of Brown's Bronchial Troches, and have invariably found them to answer the purpose for which they are recommended. From our own personal experience and observation, we can say, that they are a superior remedy for colds, coughs, and bronchial complaints."

NOTE.—We publish the above statement as reading matter, because we have confidence in the Troches, having tried them frequently, and always with success.—Cincinnati Christian Herald.

CURIOSITY.—John J. Dyer & Co., No. 35 School street, Boston, have just published a most novel "ILLUSTRATED SNAP-BOOK." It is in large quarto form, and contains Five Hundred Pictures, upon every conceivable subject of everyday life, with humorous, natural history, scenery in all climes, the globe, nationalities, types of character, famous architecture, portraits of noted individuals of both sexes, and, in short, an inexhaustible resort for study and amusement for old and young. It is the first book of the kind, and the cheapest we have ever seen. Any person enclosing twenty-five cents to the publisher, in letter stamps or silver, will receive a copy, post paid, by return of mail. Here is something to amuse the family circle the coming long evenings. Nov. 23. 3p

MEDICAL TREATMENT—NUTRITIVE PRINCIPLE. DR. ALFRED G. HALL, M. D., PROFESSOR OF PHYSIOLOGY, author of the New Theory of Medical Practice on the Nutritive Principle, may be consulted on the treatment of every form of human disease, and on all questions of diet, by letter, from any part of the country. It is restorative in its effects, reliable in the most prostrate cases, and justly worthy of the confidence of the afflicted. All the Medicines used are purely vegetable. No. 10 Central Court, opposite 285 Washington street, Boston, Mass. 1y58 Oct. 1.

THE THINKER. BEING THE FIFTH VOLUME OF THE "GREAT HARMONY," by A. J. DAVIS, is just published and ready for delivery. Price One Dollar. Single copies sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of the price. The use of this work on wholesale orders. Address, BELLA MARSH, Dec. 10. 6p No. 14 Bromfield street, Boston.

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SEALED LETTERS ANSWERED. L. E. FARNSWORTH, medium for answering sealed letters, clairvoyant, is permanently located at the "Bethesda Institute," 40 Fremont street, Room No. 6, Boston.

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inflict the lower passions with something of their own unkindness. Hence, the peculiarity of man's passions evince his immortality. This is also a necessity. Were the spirit born with adult strength, entirely disentangled from connection, or sympathy with the body, so that they would not naturally, and hence, necessarily affect each other, as the reciprocal elements of a unitary being, then, we might expect the fancy of our brethren to become reality. Or, even if the intellect was perfect, so as to see with perfect clearness the whole subject, in that case results would be different. But none of these conditions exist. The reason is limited in its powers, imperfect in its conclusions, while the spirit is in the infancy of its existence and growth, and inevitably mingles and sympathizes with the animal more or less. The disorder complained of, is, then, a necessary sequence, not of crime, or a "Fall," but of being itself. Necessity still follows us wherever we turn, nor is it possible to escape its presence.

But, as a last resort, our brethren fly to the idea of freedom, free-will, as a refuge from the, to them, fearful spectre of Necessity. But "the hedged is too short for a man to stretch himself on it, and the covering too narrow to wrap himself in it." They talk of motives, choice, agency, etc., but it proves nothing. What is motive? The preponderance of the spirit's affections in a given direction. What is choice? The spirit's embrace of its dearest love. What is freedom? The perfect harmony of all man's powers and susceptibilities with each other. In other words, the perfect deliverance of the spirit from subjugation to the waste and power of the animal nature. Freedom is an end to be gained, not a means, except in an exceedingly narrow sense, to attain the end. Man is not, in any true sense, free, but enslaved. Freedom is the goal of his aspirations. The will of the slave does not make him free, whether his chains be iron or passion. But, if all imaginable freedom of will were granted, so long as it existed without the corresponding power, it would be comparatively useless. Such is the case with man. Willing will not make him free in body, or perfect and beautiful in soul. Man is not where he is, nor what he is, through defect or poverty of will, but by reason of defective spiritual strength, and that, the defect of youthfulness, or what Brother Newton terms "ungrowth." The true order of progress, then, is growth, and the necessary conditions of growth are the ones which are for; they are the ones of Nature's own ordination. Man sees ends before he can apprehend the means for their attainment. The cognized end is necessary to stimulate to the discovery of the means. Man approximately comprehends the end of existence, but the slow-paced trend of real progress is too slow for his enthusiastic yearnings, and he seeks to find a nearer road. He calls to his aid the array of church machinery. Theological regeneration, sanctification and redemption, are all invoked; God is besought, angels and spirits soliloqued, and saints entreated to help him to be speedily saved. The Devil is denounced, the flesh abused, and the world abjured, to hasten on the work. If the true method of progress is suggested, it is scouted at once, and in the zeal and fury with which it is assailed, the very hell is created which they declare they will avoid; and they pass through it on their way to heaven. They say there are motives sufficiently (mark the word) strong to keep all men from sin and hell, and yet, not all the heavens contain a single man who has not passed through the purging fires of the one on his way to the other. Is it said all this pain and sorrow is the consequence of violated law? Then, I ask, whose law? What law? God's law? God has no laws that can be violated. God never made a law. All his laws must be, like himself, eternal. What is law? A mode of action, or manifestation. In a still deeper sense, it is the power, or principle, which acts, or manifests its existence by action. No law of God, or nature, can be *ab extra*; it must inhere in the substance, person, or thing, which is the medium of manifestation. In the nature of things, God, or Nature, can have no statute laws, but those laws are actual potencies. What law, then, does man violate? Every motion of man, whether of appetite, passion, feeling, thinking, or aspiration, is the outworking of powers inhering in the very texture of his existence. Do you say the law of health, or the law of harmony? I answer, there is, there can be, no law of health, or of harmony, independent of the *fact* of health and harmony. The so-called law of harmony is an idealism, not an actuality—I mean in the sense in which it is used. What does not exist cannot be violated. Harmony, or holiness, in the sense of those who urge this plea, is only the foreseen possibility of human progress, and does not now exist; consequently, violation is an impossibility. Real laws, being the seen, the defined modes in which powers outwork themselves, can never be violated. Man is always *within* the sphere of law, never outside of it. And all this is necessary, for the simple reason that it is.

I do not present these remarks as an exhaustive statement of the question, much less a full argument, but only a brief outline of the true path of investigation.

Yours truly, J. S. LOVELAND.

Written for the Banner of Light.

CREEDS.

BY WARREN CHASE.

Religious creeds are rapidly losing their value in our country. Most of the popular creeds are already considerably below par; the stricter (Calvinistic) are very much slackened; and the broader and undemanding (Unitarian and Universalist) are lightened in a little, and there seems a tendency among them all to unite and centralize, as witnessed in the union prayer-meetings, Dr. Bellows's sermon, the united effort to put down spirit intercourse, &c. All except the Catholic, which stands aloof from all such movements in high horror and great dignity, from age, wealth and numbers, refusing to despise the childish changes of its Protestant neighbors. In the midst of this, what might be called decline before the fall of Protestantism, there will no doubt be an effort to unite and centralize on a common platform-creed, from which they can hold up for a while the crumbling walls, and offer a double front to Catholicism on one side and Spiritualism on the other; but the failure in this seems certain, after the signal failure of the "Young Men's Christian Association" to centralize the "evangelical" societies.

There are some of the most liberal preachers, with a few followers and a few Spiritualists, who long for an inheritance—an heirship in the old salary-castes of the Puritans—who would form "Congregational" societies with a common creed, more liberal and charitable than any other, but still binding and restricting from change of belief, and restraining from further knowledge on the subjects called "settled," as the denominations do.

I am satisfied, from extensive inquiry and observation, that the great body of Spiritualists, and many of the most progressive Christians, are opposed to any common creed or platform, and in favor of leaving every person to make up his own, or her own creed, and to present this to others, not for acceptance or rejection, but as an individual property or ornament, inalienable, but subject to change. As such individual "sovereignty" I would present my creed, (not ours) for I ask no "congregation" to adopt it.

Art. 1.—As belief is *involuntary*, therefore every person has a right to believe what he must, and reject what he can.

Art. 2.—As knowledge is absolute and conclusive, therefore every person should get knowledge, and never be satisfied with belief on any subject where knowledge is attainable and useful.

Art. 3.—As all mankind are the children of God through nature's laws, therefore they are all of one family genera (although of different species); and as this is only accepted religiously, therefore they constitute one church, or religious brotherhood, from which no power but God can expel a single soul, and none can admit, as all are "birthright members."

Art. 4.—As all mankind are the children of God through nature's laws, therefore they are all of one family genera (although of different species); and as this is only accepted religiously, therefore they constitute one church, or religious brotherhood, from which no power but God can expel a single soul, and none can admit, as all are "birthright members."

Art. 5.—As we have no God's word revelation of the spirit-world more reliable than our ancestors had of the heavens and earth, therefore we will endeavor to make such observations, experiments and demonstrations, as shall enable us to get knowledge on this subject as we have of the earth and stars.

Art. 6.—As morality is not a qualification by which God admits or rejects his children to inheritance here, therefore we will not use it for that purpose, but will try to reform ourselves, and be examples for others, and by living better and purer lives than others, show them the road to happiness and heaven; and treating moral depravity and physical do-

pravity as co-relative diseases, will seek out and apply the remedies to both as we find them; and that we would no sooner put a man in the pillory or the prison, as a punishment for stealing, or a moral crime, than we would for chewing tobacco or having a fever; and that society is bound to guard and protect its members in charity, and to nurse and cure them of all curable diseases, whether of drunkenness, tobacco fits, insanity, profligacy, or murderous and thieving diseases; and has no right to expel, or disinherit, or life, or the power to reform, because God in nature has not set the example.

As seven is called a sacred number, I will close for the present with these seven articles, lest I become too infidel for the infidels.

Great Falls, N. H., Nov. 17th, 1859.

SPIRITUAL AFFINITY.

Conclusion of the Lecture delivered in Norwich, Conn., Nov. 20th, by Dr. A. B. Child.

I have sometimes thought all Spiritualists had existing in the spiritual world, perhaps unknown to themselves, another soul of kindred affections. And it was the influence of this kindred spirit that caused the development of a conscious perception of spirit existence and communion earlier. Whether this be true or not, I have not a doubt that a spirit in the spirit-world may, by the laws of spirit attraction, be drawn to its own soul-affinity still inhabiting the physical body. Many instances of this kind are claimed to exist, and I cannot see any reason why they may not. But this is a subject upon which people are very tacit. They have a feeling of delicacy that prevents the facts from being made known.

I know in Spiritualism a great many prominent men and women, too, who have received communications, the purport of which was to this end. These communications have never been permitted to come before the public. "The Lily Wreath and Bouquet of Spiritual Flowers," published in 1855 and 1856, are exceptions to this statement. And I cannot but regard these productions, though they were addressed to an individual, as designed for general application.

I cannot doubt that each and every human soul will sometime meet, by the laws of spiritual affinity, another soul kindred to itself, and the male and the female spirit will be joined in holy oneness for eternity. I feel sure "that cord that binds human affections and affinities, is as unchanging as our Father's laws that bind worlds in union, in one unbroken link, through the mighty universe."

This law of affinity is God's embodiment in man, as in all formations. Particles attract particles; so in this formation, the highest receptacle of wisdom, love attracts corresponding love; thought echoes to thought; beauty throbs with beauty; and affinity claims her own.

When stars cease to shine, and worlds revolve no more in the laws of God shall be annihilated, then shall soul-affinities be broken—not before. One asks, "Can this take place between the male and the female soul when existing in the physical body?" I cannot see how it is possible. For two spirits existing in the material organism cannot exist in freedom under the influence of the laws of spiritual affinity. While the spirit is in the body it manifests itself through the body which is governed by the laws of matter; by laws that stand in the way of the free action of spiritual affinity.

Are there any true marriages on earth? Yes, every marriage is true to its condition—the condition of the immunities of matter. But I cannot believe that there is scarcely a marriage on earth that couples soul-affinities for eternity. Some are more nearly allied in this direction than others, and consequently are more happily united on earth. And I doubt not that as long as a man and wife, united on earth as such, desire the continuance of the holy alliance, not only on earth, but in the spirit-world, this alliance will exist. I believe and know that a beloved deceased wife still loves affectionately her husband in the earthly form, and that husband still loves with fond affection his spirit-wife, and when they meet, both being in the spiritual world, so long as that desire, that love of union exists, the union will exist. And yet beyond this there is a point of progress, where the soul is freed from all its earthly loves, when it becomes free, and spiritual affinity comes into full action. And if that partner of past life and its affections had stronger attractions still, the union becomes closer and more inseparably blended; it may be for eternity. No dear soul on earth need fear that the union cherished and loved, that exists with another soul in marriage, will be broken or discontinued while its desire for continuance exists.

One soul cannot love alone; love must have a response; Love begets love. One soul cannot love another soul without reciprocated love.

"What makes the lamb love Mary so?"
Why, Mary loves the lamb, you know."

For what is called free love between souls existing still in the physical form, I have not one word of encouragement, and not one word of condemnation. I doubt not, that in this direction there exist gleams of real love in darkness, broken all up by the inharmonies of matter. Experience tells us, that free love unions, so called, are as frail and as fleeting as are all other material things. But there is a cause that produces every effect, and there is no cause except in the natural order of things, and no effect without a cause. The material consequences of free love are terribly obnoxious; the consequences spiritually, like other consequences that spring from evil, are productive of good. In the superficial, popular definition of free love, we recognize something that is obnoxious to respectability, something that wars with material excellence, that produces inharmonies, opens hell and raises the devil. Where does this kind of free love exist? No more among Spiritualists than with other folks. Draw up the curtain of secrecy; take away the mantle of darkness that covers the deeds of human life, and you will see free love where you did not expect to see it. I think you will see it less among Spiritualists than any class of people.

Spiritualists, by the unseen power that has fallen upon them, are compelled to act with less disguise and deception than others are—consequently they may appear worse to the world, when in reality they are better—more truthful, more honest, and intrinsically, less sensual. I feel sure that love is the governing element of the spirit world, and the laws of love are the laws of the spirit. And the more spiritual a man is, the larger is the development of his love, and the more real and potent are his manifestations. And what is love? It is not hatred; it is not unkindness; it is not a desire for self-superiority in progression, in goodness, in holiness; it is not fault-finding and condemnation; it is not war and opposition; it is the opposite of all these things.

"I hate such meanness," said the generous-hearted Mary, "to see a Christian man, who wades in wealth, turn that poor beggar-woman away without a cent and speak to cross to her. He will give any amount to missionaries, and have his name published as being very liberal, but he treats poor beggars so mean! I hate such things." Mary is good, and noble, and generous; but Mary, this feeling of hatred toward this mean man is not spiritual love. When Mary's spiritual love is more perfectly developed, she will not hate the meanness of the rich man; she will see that it is the condition of his growth that makes the deeds she hates, and she will see that this condition is a necessary degree of soul growth; when she sees that it is right, she will no longer hate, but love, for love is ever to be loved by spirit love.

"I hate those airs of self-righteousness," said the liberal Spiritualist, "that church-folks take to themselves when they profess to be better than the sinners who are not in the fold of Christ; who say that spirit manifestations are devilish, and all their influences are ungodly."

True love is kind to everybody; to the self-righteous no less than to the subdued and humiliated; to the meek and lowly. Self-righteousness is a low degree of soul-growth; it comes before humility. Every soul must pass it a long time before it comes under the government of love—that is, true love. And hatred, which alone belongs to self-righteousness, is a necessary step, too, in the soul's progress, that comes before the holy influences of perfect charity and of spiritual love.

The reformer has heretofore opposed the evil of a *palpable wrong* with fervent hatred, with a bitterness and disgust that he could not excel. How does Mr. Garrison feel toward the slave-holder and the slave-dealer? How does Horace Seaver feel toward the Christian Church? How does Theodore Parker feel toward the Bells and white-wash of religion? How does the Universalist feel toward Nehemiah Adams? How does John Brown feel toward Gov. Wise and others? How do women who claim their rights, feel toward men who assume them? How do the Spiritualists feel toward Prof. Felton, Hly and Grimes, and the daily and weekly assaults of the secular press? Do all these reformers love their opponents as a mother loves her babe, and treat them as kindly and affectionately? If they do not, then they wait for the more perfect development of love's government. Soul-affinities cannot govern before kindness is made manifest to everybody. No hatred is, or can be, in the bosom when spiritual affinities govern the soul.

The soul that is under the influence of spiritual love, is as passive as an angel, as is innocent as a little child; feels toward every one, whatever their condition or manifesta-

tions may be, as a mother feels toward her darling infant; hates not, blames not, condemns not, wars not, resists not; evil; has infinite forgiveness and true Christian affection. A soul like this is susceptible to the influences of spiritual affinity, and has the highest development of medium powers that earth knows. Such a soul can read the thoughts of all men, and can be administered unto by angels, as tangibly and as really as Christ was after the devil had tempted him. Such a soul is in the kingdom of heaven, is in the dominion of spirit love, and is immediately under the influences of spiritual affinity—a "free lover" in reality.

THE DREAM OF THE BETRAYED.

BY EDWARD GILBERT.

I halted on a winding way
To scan the solitary scene
Which the dim shade of dying day
Made even more solemn than serene!
The stars' faint gleam, the moon's mock-shown
Silvered sunset's glorious green,
And but the daisy fields did show
In contrast clear, like white snow,
Or that the butterscups unite
Their golden glow with green or white;
There were no hues to flout the sight,
Save those which sombre twilight shed
On earth and azure overhead.

Solemn the stillness, like the hour
Which waits some Sybil's sealed suspense,
As though dread nature piled her power
In secret of some strange intents,
Which soon in earthquake's voice immense,
Or conflagration's glow intense,
Should mad mankind with gasping fear,
Or sweep the world to chaos drear;
And so along my nerves there stole
A feeling which defied control,
And almost paralyzed the soul—
No dismal scene, nor desolate,
Yet whispering of impending fate.

Nor could the odors which exhale,
On Summer's aromatic wing,
Nor the soft stars which e'er regale
Their love-gaze on some earthly thing,
Nor the meek moon whose beams e'er bring
Love's dawn and all the charms that ring,
In that dread utterance! nor the bonding
Of the sweet heavens with twilight blending,
Nor orbs in music mute contending,
Dissolve that spell which night, I ween,
Transfixed me in that silent scene.

A zephyr floated by,
All balméd with Flora's fragrant breath,
A zephyr floated by,
Woke from this silence and this death,
And now from yonder poplar heath
Upon the aspen boughs beneath
The moonbeams gambol, and mine ear
Bonds to a rustling murmur near.
This limed scene like landscape drawn,
Where stars and twilight tinged the laws,
The silence broke, now leaped to life,
With all life's magic strangely rife.

And out of the poplar grove
There came a lady rare,
Her eyes were moist with maiden love,
And golden was her hair;
Her brow was radiant, and her face
Was most divinely fair.

The placid moon rolled up the sky,
The twilight sank away,
And from their azure balcony
The stars sang true to-day,
And on the marshaled hosts of heaven
Marched to a muted lay.

Yet o'er the daisied mead
That fairy form swept by,
Hushed were the zephyr at her tread,
And at her liquid eye
The stars seemed sterner, and the moon
Waxed paler in the sky.

Near and more near she came,
And the silvery light revealed
The form and feature of a name
Which long ago was sealed
In my heart's deepest, holiest depth,
And there for aye congealed.

For my first yearning love
Upon that shrine was laid;
And now, behold! before me move
The stark, sequestered shade
Of one whose wife had mocked my heart,
And I bereft—betrayed!

A blast from the bleak, boreal zone,
Now instant burst a rain,
And wild and deep a shrilled moan
Proclaimed the Storm-King's reign,
And soon, dark mantling o'er the skies,
The murky, maddened storm-clouds rise.
The hurricane's tumultuous breath
Gave grandeur to the gale,
And earthquake's roar and bolts of death
Wakened a milder wail;
While lightnings glistering on the ball,
Seemed myriad hosts in blazing mail.

Louder each battling element
In dire destruction's din—
Denser the darkness, save where rent
By livid bolt hurled in—
Deeper the desolating hail
Lay on the meadow, heath and dale.
The full moon burst from out a cloud,
In zenith-splendor dressed;
But winter's mantle, like a shroud,
Wrapped Summer's bridal vest;
My weary, wounded, wintry breast
Woke to its wild and drear unrest.

J. V. MANSFIELD IN BALTIMORE.

Editors of the Banner of Light:
Mr. Mansfield has now been with us nearly three weeks, and many have enjoyed the opportunity to converse with those they thought had passed away to the far distant regions of the dead, but who now feel assured of their presence and of their readiness to respond in messages of love. Many of the communications received on this occasion are deeply interesting, and could they be given to the world, would startle the most unbelieving.

An afternoon was given to the clergy, free of charge. Twenty-six accepted the invitation, but only nine of them could receive attention. Again they were invited, and so much interest was awakened, that Mr. M. was kept employed without intermission until eleven o'clock. A day was allowed to poor women. His parlor was thronged; and to throbbing hearts, seventy-six messages were given. Sealed letters, addressed to spirits, are coming daily from all parts of the Union, which are answered as opportunity offers. On one occasion I happened to be present, with three others, when one came from Mobile. It was proposed by one of the gentlemen that the answer, if given, should be forwarded by us, with a faint request to be informed whether or not it was a proper response. Mr. M. took his seat, and immediately a long reply came from two different spirits, which, with the letter, its five seals all perfect, were duly despatched by mail.

I have myself had the benefit of several sittings, and received more than a dozen communications in reply to calls in the usual way, written within six or more folded papers. One of them is so remarkable, and attended with such singular incidents, that I ought not to withhold it from your readers. I must, however, suppress names, for the spirit has not been long in her new home; has friends and relatives almost at my elbow, who are the bitterest of skeptics.

I had prepared a letter, enclosed it in an envelope, and having carefully pasted the parts together, run the pen in waving lines across the junction; it being impossible to reveal it and make all the lines meet. This was enclosed in another, treated the same way, and then folded with my private seal in wax. If answered, I designed showing it to her friends, hoping to awaken in their minds some interest in the subject.

I approached his desk; but before I had withdrawn the letter from my pocket, or said a word on the subject, his hand received the influence, and the following came, but not from the spirit I had addressed:—

"My dear son—The letter you have taken so much pains

to address all about this subject, we will have nothing to do with. You require no such letter."

Your mother, M. E."

"True, dear mother, but the test is not for myself, but for the benefit of others."

"You can do nothing in that direction—your over-zeal will only make the matter worse. It is so, Francis."

Your Mother."

Nevertheless, I left the letter with him, hoping still to have it answered. Frequently after this, he told me, the letter was placed before him—some influence felt, but not enough to write.

Three days ago, I was again in his room, when a complete answer was given, which alone, I think, should be enough to satisfy every skeptic. My letter and the reply are as follows:

Baltimore, 8 Nov., 1859.
My DEAR FRIEND, Mrs. ——. More than two years have passed since you threw off the shackles of earth, and became a beatified spirit in the realms of bliss; but while others mourned you as dead, I had the perfect assurance of your spirit-presence. Often have we held sweet counsel together; and I now address you these lines with a confident expectation of receiving a reply through the medium in whose hands this sealed letter will be placed.

The light of this new dispensation, you know, has not yet dawned upon our families; their hearts are shut against the reception of its truth. Often have you expressed to me the deep concern you feel on this account, and how great your desire that the clouds of error and bigotry which surrounded them might be dispelled. You have often comforted me with the hope that the time will yet come when the desire of our hearts shall be gratified.

You and I are now united, and O—has since joined you. Are you all dwellers in the same sphere? Do you visit those who nursed you in your last illness? Have you seen L—G—, whom you know on earth? Do you know of the terrible accident which happened to L—G—?

I wish you to speak of these things as tests, should I show this letter to your family.

Your sincere friend, F. H. SMITH.

November 17.
My DEAR MR. SMITH:—Well aware am I of your anxiety to have a few words from me, a spirit. I may not say what your mind requires; but, my dear friend, I am truly with you, from day to day. Yesterday, O— and J— made an attempt to speak to you, but could not control the medium. Now, my dear Mr. Smith, when my mind reverts to the many conversations we have had together, when my soul is filled with joy; but when I think, as you know I must, how much you suffer from non-sympathy at home, then my soul is pained. But, dear one, do not fail in the good cause. You have a mighty company with you, who will not allow you to suffer more than you are able to bear.

Oh, the joy it gave me to welcome O— here. She is a spirit much sought for. J— is in my sphere, though not in the same circle; and we often come together. Oh, tell me, my good nurse, that I have much to say to her—and-by. Oh, how kind was the dear one to me. L—G— is with us and very happy.

Yes, I know all about and take cognizance of that accident to my darling; and, poor unfortunate M—, how I pity her. I am well aware that your intentions are in calling on me at this time. But though the answering of this may cause them to think much, yet I fear it will do them no good; for so completely wedded are they to their preconceived notions or teachings, they will not be turned by any amount of testimony the answering of this letter may produce. But my friends, say to them calmly and gently, the day is not far off when they will be compelled to believe as you do. Now, my friend, be not too anxious to crowd your ideas upon them—give your faith before them.

O— and J— join me in wishing you God-speed in this noble cause.

Your Spirit Friend,

November 20.—After copying the above for your paper, I called on Mr. Mansfield, when a very singular manifestation occurred, which is worth relating. I called, in the usual way, for my colored servant Anne, who died at my house about eighteen months ago. Her answer came in very *straggly* writing:

"DEAR MR. FRANKS—What for you call your servant Anne? What can I do for you now? I ain't dead. Wish Miss Smith would speak to me. I will come to her and the dear children. They no think I come, but I do for all dat."

Just then a gentleman attached to the telegraph office, presented his folded question written in telegraphic characters. After waiting for some time, the following came:

"O Lor! Mas. Francis, dat ain't our kind of wire hoppin'—no, not at all—we no go dat, no how."

Mr. Mansfield has thus answered while here many hundred mental questions, and I have yet to hear of the first that did not come directly to the point; the hardest skeptics have to own up, or go away confounded; and all without exception speak of Mr. Mansfield as a gentleman, and of the perfect fairness with which the whole is conducted.

FRANCIS H. SMITH.

Orthodox Proceedings.
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Industry is an excellent guard for virtue; the more active your life, the less opportunity have the passions to corrupt you.

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WILL give lectures on every thing pertaining to Spiritual and Practical Life, Religion and Metaphysics, under the influence of spirits. Address the above at No. 2 Columbia street, Boston, Mass. 3m Dec. 8.

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Psychometrical delineations of character, and Clairvoyant examinations of disease, daily, from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Terms, when present, \$1.00; by a lock of hair, when absent, \$3.00. N. B.—No notice taken of letters unless they contain the fee for examination. 3m Nov. 20.

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CLAIRVOYANT EXAMINATIONS, with all the diagnostic and therapeutic suggestions required by the patient, carefully written out.
Fees:—Fees for giving Psychometrical delineations of character by having a letter from the person whose qualities he is required to disclose.

It is much preferred that the person to be examined for disease should be present, but when this is impossible or inconvenient, the patient may be examined at any distance by forwarding a lock of his or her hair, together with leading symptoms.

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PERSONS who believe that spirit communication and its mental developments can all them in the difficulties of life, can have my services in their behalf. For my time and effort in writing out a full examination of a person from their hair, or handwriting, I am compelled to charge \$3.00; for attention to a single subject, or question, \$1.00. Office No. 7 Davis street, Boston, on Saturdays, from 9 to 10 o'clock. Full or partial examination at the office, \$1.00. Address, H. L. BOWKER, Natick, Mass. Nov. 10.

A CARD.

MRS. STOWE TEST AND HEALING MEDIUM, SECOND

floor from State street, west door, Smith's Hill, Providence, R. I., can be consulted every day, (Saturdays and Sundays excepted), from 9 A. M. until 3 P. M. Will visit private families by request. Terms given on application. Mrs. S. is Agent for Dr. BROWN'S PREPARATION for the cure of disease. July 23

MOVEMENTS OF LECTURERS.

Two lines, under this head, will be inserted free of charge. All over two lines must be paid for at the rate of six cents per line for each insertion wanted.

Lecturers will please remit, after the first insertion, at the above rate. The increasing demand upon us in this department renders this step necessary. Changes in appointments will be made free of charge, at any time.

Mrs. AMANDA M. SPENCE will lecture in Boston, 4 Sundays of Dec.—Providence, 4 Sundays of Feb. Taunton, 2 Sundays of Jan.—Norwich, 4 Sundays of May. Foxboro', 8 Sundays of Jan.—Philadelphia, 4 Sundays of May. Address, the above places, or Station A, New York City.

Mrs. EMMA HANDSON will lecture in December, in New Orleans; part of January in Georgia, returning to the East via Cincinnati in March, 1860. Applications for lectures in the South to be sent in as speedily as possible to the above address, or 8 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

JOHN MAYNARD, M. D., will visit Grand Haven, Grand Rapids, Lyons, Iowa, and other places in Northern Michigan, where his services may be desired. Friends on this route will address him before the end of this month at Grand Haven. This will probably be his last journey in Michigan. From the middle of January to March 1st, he will labor in Indiana, and from thence, to April 30th, in Illinois, and the eastern part of Iowa. Letters from the three last named States may be directed, if before the end of the year, to the care of S. Broderick, Rutledge, Mich.

JOHN H. RANDALL will answer calls to lecture on subjects connected with the Harmonical Philosophy. His address will be, until further notice, Northfield, Mass.

E. L. WADSWORTH speaks Dec. 11th and 18th, in Toronto; 25th, in Attica; Jan. 1st

HENRY WARD BEECHER

PLYMOUTH CHURCH, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Sunday Evening, Nov. 27th, 1859.

REPORTER FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT, BY T. J. ELLIOTT.

Text.—"And he that taketh not his cross, and followeth after me, is not worthy of me."—MATTHEW, x. 23.

This seems to be the first time that the term "cross" was used by Christ. It was not a historic or proverbial use of it. Crucifixion was not a Jewish punishment. Neither is there known to have been in those days any popular proverb which included that term. It was, undoubtedly, therefore, a term prophetic. The state of things was such that those who were open to receive the Gospel, would be subject to endless vexations. And Christ himself says, "I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law. A man's foes shall be they of his own household."

But our Saviour declares that no man could prefer him in all the royal significance of his nature and office, if he really valued anything which was his. In these words: "He that loveth father and mother more than me, is not worthy of me; and he that loveth son or daughter more than me, is not worthy of me."

In the fourteenth chapter of Luke, and the twenty-sixth verse, this is recorded with still more emphasis: "If any man come to me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple."

We are not to stumble at the strength of this language. It is only the strength of a paradox. What it will do is to place before you, if you begin with the end of this passage in Luke, where a man is told to hate his own soul, or life. Surely, a man does no violence to his relationships, where he treats himself, or is called to, in the same way in which he treats father, mother, brother, sister. It simply expresses the intensity of the soul's choice of God, by the resolute thrusting away of things which are themselves the very measures of value and of affection. All the world knows that our love to our relations is primary—a child's to a parent, a parent's to a child. These are the foundations of life; and hence, they become the symbols of life; if there be anything stronger than such love, it is that instinctive, inevitable, and ineradicable love, which every man has for himself, and which represents the force of nature exerted for the preservation of the race.

These, then, being the very highest values conceivable by those addressed, were employed by our Saviour as fit emblems of comparison. These—the utter, the strongest affections—must go when brought into conflict, so that God or they must be sacrificed. These, human elements, which the soul holds dear, these—these—these, and hence, they become the symbols of life; if there be anything stronger than such love, it is that instinctive, inevitable, and ineradicable love, which every man has for himself, and which represents the force of nature exerted for the preservation of the race.

Now mark. Our Saviour has not, in the ordinary course of affairs, made the love of parents and of children to interfere between the soul and God; but the very contrary. This is not the universal condition of discipleship, nor the ordinary condition of discipleship. It is meant to indicate nothing more than this: that when circumstances are such that either these affections and instinctive feelings of love must be given up, then, and only then, the former that we would not readily give up for the latter.

God is not jealous of our loving others. Indeed, it is by the ministration of earthly love that he schools us to a higher and better love of himself. For our relationships are stairs and steps by which we ascend toward the throne of God.

When, then, we would openly profess Christ, we have not to choose, ordinarily, between domestic affections and Christ. Contravise, we are to hold all these, and add to them other affections. We receive from the hand of God the permission to love, but the command to love, those who are dear to us in this world, in common with the rest of our fellow-men. When we have been taught how to love Christ, we know how to love those whom we love on earth with a purer and more transcendent affection.

But what if, in the tumult of revolutionary times; what if, in periods of reformation in religion; what if in the turmoil and mixture of things, men should be thrust into exigencies, and by a strange and unnatural force, things should be brought out of the ordinary line, so that domestic love and Christian fidelity should not be in the same perspective, but in antagonism? Under such circumstances, which shall you choose? Which is worth the most? Which shall the soul elect? The utter and intense choice is indicated in our text. If things come to such a pass that we must choose between Christ and anything dear to us, we must not fail to choose Christ. The hand must be cut off, the eye must be plucked out, all friendships and affections must be given up, life itself must be laid down, rather than that God should not be served. There is nothing to be compared to such a sacrifice.

We are prepared, now, to understand what is meant by a cross which is to be taken up, and what is bearing a cross.

Anything, naturally desirable, which must be sacrificed when it interferes with our allegiance to Christ, and, reversely, anything naturally disagreeable, which must be borne, when required to be borne, by fidelity to Christ, is a cross.

It is evident, then, that the cross is no one thing, and that it means more or less, according to circumstances. It is a thing to be taken up, a thing to be borne, a thing to be borne, when required to be borne, by fidelity to Christ, is a cross.

Beginning at the lowest point, however, you must go up, throwing off or taking on what, in the providence of God, you are required to throw off or take on, until you reach the very life itself toward which you are aiming—until nothing, finally, stands between you and your allegiance to God. It is anything to be thrown off or take on, may be little, and your cross may be light; or, it may be much, and your cross may be heavy. A person standing in one household, may come by the whole force of his training and his social relationships, to Christ; and a person standing in another household, in order to come to Christ, may be obliged to go against the whole force of his training, and his social relationships. Each man's cross is light or heavy, according as he is placed. But whatever, whether it be great or little, draws you away from Christ, must be yielded up for him.

Could you then, a God that permitted himself to be loved less than first? Would it not be a dreadful lie—that which should let you esteem earthly things more valuable than your God?

In view of these explanations, I proceed to remark: I. The Christianization of the community has made cross-bearing very different in our day from what it was in former times; but it is none the less real now, than it was then. Neither parents or children are now in the way of fidelity to God, usually. There may be exceptional cases. There may be times of reformation in which they may be. But usually parents educate up to the discipleship of Christ. This is the very summation for which you have been reared. For this your mother prayed. For this your father instructed you. Toward this have tended the guiding, the solicitation, and the urgency of your whole parental training.

But, although there may be no cross for you to bear in that direction—although you may not be obliged to give up father, or mother, or brother, or sister—there may still be a cross for you to bear in your disposition, in your habits, in your pleasures, in your imaginations, in your affections, in your sinful enjoyments; and because your cross comes in a different form from that in which the crosses of others have come in times past, you are not to overlook it, or to go searching for some outward circumstance which will afford you an opportunity to take up your cross.

II. How heavy the cross is, and how hard it is to be borne, will depend upon the strength of your attachment to earthward, and the strength of your faith heavenward. To yield up a real, tangible, experimental good, for a shadowy, fanciful, imaginary thing, will be hard. But when Christ is clear to our love, and when Divine truth, though as clear as stars, is as bright and real, then we may yield up a lesser for a higher good; and the higher ought to comfort us as much that we shall not feel the loss of the lower.

Men are doing nothing else in this life, more than this very thing—exchanging lower things for higher—and they do it without a tear. When a man puts his eye upon some office or position, if he finds that it is less remunerative than the one he at present holds, he will not give up the better for the poorer; but when he puts his eye on an office or position, if he finds that it is more remunerative than the one he at present holds, see if he will not give up the poorer for the better—gladly, too, without a tear! Men will for years seek a good, and when they have clasped it, nothing from below can take it from them, while for anything from above they will yield it up, willingly.

Build your house, rejoice in its progress, store it, and dwell in it till its associations are richer than its fur-

nishings; and yet, a house may be better built, more richly stored, and equally capable of gaining a hold upon your attachment, for which you will readily exchange it. It is not a hardship to go out of a novel into a house, out of a house into a mansion, or out of a mansion into a palace. And men never think of crying when they give up a lower thing for a higher.

Now, we are to do the same thing in reference to invisible things that we do in reference to visible things, in this respect. In the cases I have cited, as illustrations of this principle, the things exchanged are visible; but there are numerous cases in which this same principle holds good, where visible things are exchanged for things invisible. Men who love their money are perfectly willing to give it up if they are only sure that they will get it back with interest.

The man that is miserly, and that loves his money as he loves his very self, when he learns that stocks are down to ninety, and eighty-five, and eighty cents, which are surely worth a hundred and twenty, and a hundred and thirty, he will not give it up. He knows that in a month or two he will get it back with a large increase. He parts with his money, under such circumstances, not with weepings, but with many chuckles and exultations. He does not lose his money, but makes a good investment; or, he loses it only that he may gain it, after a time, much increased. Men send ships round the globe, at great outlay, with the hope of increased wealth when those ships return, after an absence of months or years.

Now, the higher is capable of doing precisely the same thing, as the lower. If Christ be the power of the Holy Ghost, he lifts himself up before the soul so that it has a lively faith that he is not a myth, but an actual Being; if heaven draws near, and the grandeur of its life and immortality are sensibly true; then it is not hard to give up the lesser things for the sake of the greater. If, however, there be no vision but the blind, blunt sense of duty, and if to this be added the fear of chastisement, then it is hard to take up the cross and bear it. But when a man stands and says, "I know in whom I have trusted; I behold myself myself," when a man has faith in a glorious immortality beyond the grave; then it is not hard for him to yield up earthly things for heavenly things.

Those men that have seemed to be the most heroic; those martyrs that have seemed to be endowed with a divine energy, have done no more than persons who have not seemed to do one thousandth part as much. The marvel in the case of these martyrs, has consisted in the revelation to them of invisible things, in the reality to them of God and the work he does. When these things are real to a man, the work connected with giving up earthly things for heavenly things is all gone. As soon as a man sees the higher good, he finds no difficulty in yielding up the lower for it.

Who would not give up copper for silver, pound for pound? Who would not give up silver for gold? Who would not give up garnet for opal, or pearl? And these, again, for diamonds? It is no great sacrifice, I think, to give up things in that ratio and direction. And who, that has a clear vision of God, and of the advantages of immortality through Jesus Christ, would not willingly yield up all that this world has to offer, to secure those advantages? We are not called to do this in the ordinary play of life; but if we are called to do it, we are to do it without hesitation.

III. The joyfulness of this sacrifice for Christ ought to be more apparent than it usually is. We ought to serve him with a leaping gladness. Any reluctance in the performance of our duties toward him, is simply base. It is degrading for us to be perpetually weighing and talking about what we do and suffer for the sake of our faith and fidelity. For, though we have done to the utmost what we could; though we have made every sacrifice possible for us to make; though we have given up, in succession, our every friend—wife, child, father, mother, brother, sister, companion; though we have done all this for Christ, we have laid upon the altar for him nothing, in comparison with what he laid upon the altar for us. As compared with the exceeding weight of glory to be revealed in us, these things which we are called to give up, are not worthy of one single word's mention.

Al! the reality of heavenly things puts to shame all our petty sacrifices; and it is a base thing for Christians to indulge in a kind of complaining, repining conversation about their duty to bear the cross. It is a disgrace for them to yield a reluctant, grudging compliance to the requirements of Christ. What a man can give up for him, he ought to give up with the greatest alacrity. We ought to regard it as a pleasure to give up what we can for him. For where there is love, the great trouble is that there is nothing by which it can show itself. Easy things cannot show love. Solitude can do them. Love asks for things that are difficult and rare. The more difficult and rare a thing is, the more significant is it as a token of true affection. And when the soul is so united to Christ, that it loves him, it should be glad to do. You are not called to a hard service, in the service of Christ, but to a glorious and blessed service.

IV. The cross becomes a grand test of the value attached to things; for what a man is willing to give for things, shows his estimate of their value. This is illustrated in commercial life, where a thing is said to be worth what it will fetch—that is, what men will give for it. So, again, what a man will do and suffer for a friend, shows his estimate of those friends. A man's love for his friends is to be measured, not by what he may say or feel in moments of inspiration, but by what he will do and suffer for them, day in and day out. And when a man is so united to Christ, that he loves him, it should be glad to do. You are not called to a hard service, in the service of Christ, but to a glorious and blessed service.

And it is by this rule that we must measure our estimate of Christ. How much we value Christ can be estimated by the cross we will bear for him. If we will give up everything for him, then that giving up is evidence that in our estimate he is above everything.

If there be anything that we will not give up for him, then that thing is not as valuable to him as we are. The values of things are relative, but the present value of a thing to a man is equal to what he will bear, what he will do, what he will suffer for it. What money is worth to a man is very soon estimated. To some men it is worth everything. It is worth more to them than bodily comfort; because they will sacrifice bodily comfort to it. It is worth more to them than religion; because they will not allow religion to interfere with it. It is worth more to them than friendship; because they will not have a friendship that stands in the way of it. It is worth more to them than honor; because they will use means for obtaining it which is incompatible with honor or manhood. There is nothing in the polar regions, or in the tropics, that is nothing in heaven above, or earth, or hell beneath, that they would not give for the sake of amassing money. This shows that they value it above all other things.

Some men value money more than bodily comfort, or religion, or friendship, or honor, or manhood; but when you come to the element of taste, they will not give it up. Other men will sacrifice everything for money, except household relations. They say, "I would like very much to be rich, but I may pay too much for wealth if I gain it at the expense of the comfort and happiness of my family." That shows their value of money.

And so in respect to truth. But when a man measures his estimate of the value of truth, he should not measure it by how much he may be momentarily made to feel its value. There are thousands of men who would say, in conversation, "No man places a higher value than I do on truth;" but how high a value you place upon truth, depends upon how much you are willing to suffer for it. And you will be giving up anything rather than truth? Is honor precious to you? or do truth and honor occupy a low place in your estimation? Will not thirty pieces of silver buy your word? Or, if thirty will not, will not sixty, or, if sixty will not, will not a hundred, or a thousand? The question is not whether a man can be bribed, but how much the bribe must be, under such circumstances, before he will give them up for ambition, or for money. Others will give them up for pleasure. But there is now and then a man who says, "There is nothing that is so much worth to me as a sense of the dignity and beauty of truth, and a sense of the divine value of honor; and there is nothing on earth that could induce me to part with them." How much a man will give, or do, or suffer, for truth and honor, is the measure of his value to him.

When a man gives up truth rather than to bear the contempt of men, when he gives up truth rather than to be excluded from this or that station in society, when he gives up truth rather than to suffer fines and penalties, or when he gives up truth in order that he may escape prisons or death, then he gives testimony of what the value of truth is to him.

So it is in regard to friendship. A man's estimate of friendship is not to be measured by how easily he toward his friends, but by how much he will do for them, and from how much he will suffer. That man loves little, who only loves when it is easy. That man loves much, who loves when troubles come, when faults appear, when the exigencies of life are felt, even more

gladly than when the opposite conditions exist. The test of the value of friendship to a man consists in what he is willing to do, to be, and to suffer for his friends. The same is true of patriotism. It is scarcely needful that we should descend upon this virtue! There is nothing of which we have so much in these days, as we have of patriotism! Men are patriots so long as there is anything to be made by being patriotic; so long as there is anything to be gained by the success of their country; but when it comes to the question, not of self-seeking, but of seeking the welfare of their country, and exercising forbearance, making sacrifices, putting up with dishonor and disgrace, and suffering death, if need be, with pleasure, for her sake, then they are no longer patriots. For a man who does not love his country is not a patriot; and no man loves his country who will not suffer for her sake. The man who will live in times of his country's impeding, or who will not, in endeavoring to correct her faults, bear reproach and persecution gladly, is not a patriot. It is not in endeavoring to reform the country in which he lives, voluntarily and uncompulsively, but in the trials and injuries which are heaped upon him, is not a patriot. Every man ought to be able to suffer for that which is worth suffering for. It is not half a man that does not know how to suffer. The divine element is half gone in that patriotism which does not know how sweet it is to suffer for one's country. No man is a true patriot who does not lay himself upon the altar of his country more gladly than he goes up the steps to a feast.

The same is true of religion. How much men value religion, and how much they are devoted to it, is shown by the extent of their suffering, but by what they will endure rather than give it up, and what they will do and suffer that they may achieve under its spirit. It is suffering that marked Christ's love to us; it is suffering, or willingness to suffer, that must mark our love to him.

V. Although men cannot analyze, and ascertain the reason of values, yet it is true, nevertheless, that communities learn to value truths and principles by what heroic natures have suffered for them, and by what they are willing to suffer for them again. And this has been the history of Christianity from the first. It began in the Divine suffering; and what great elements have been developed by it, have been developed through suffering. Paul preached well, Apollonius preached well, and the other apostles preached well; but it was not so much their preaching that gave them moral and victorious power. Three hundred years of consecutive suffering overthrew the Gentile power of the world. It was not the power of religion in its logical form; it was not its philosophy; it was not its revelations; it was not the systematic presentations of it; but it was the soul-power of the early disciples, which gave them victory over the false philosophies and the lying religions of the world. The martyrs were the great legions of God. Blood was the argument they employed. And since their time, all the successive elements that religion has developed, have been developed, not by mere reasoning, not by able defence of words, but through a baptism of suffering—through the sufferings of their champions.

The right of liberty was in debate, and it required the death of many a hero to establish that right. It came through the blood of those who suffered for it. The liberty of conscience, when asserted only by the inspirations of Christianity, was believed in merely as a speculative doctrine; and it did not produce its legitimate results among men, until there were those who were willing to lay down their life in its behalf. That principle, shadowy as it is, has brought ten thousand saintly heads to the grave, whose spirits now shout joy in heaven. It was through their suffering that the world came to know the value of that liberty of conscience which disdains all priestly interference, and all guidance except that which the soul has by its own unobstructed intercourse with Christ, and through Christ with God.

The liberty of speech, and of the press, went through the same ordeal. If there had not been founders of the press, who were willing to speak and to bring suffering and injury upon themselves, that liberty would never have stood, as it does to-day, I trust, sacred from further touch.

Whoever suffers most for a cause or a principle, is the truest advocate for that cause or principle. The secret of the influence of heroic writings does not lie so much in the writings themselves, as in the lives of the men who produced them. There is resurrection of such men. The Miltons, and Hampdens, and Sidneyes, and other heroes of England, who in their writings stood up for principles of righteousness, are not dead. They are only sleeping. They are coming forth again to walk as giants walk, in later days. And this is not because of any remarkable power which their writings have in themselves, but because of the men who lost their heads; because of the men who languished in dungeons; because of the men who thrust their hands into fiery flames; because of the men who walked in the midst of burning faggots, and sang as they died. These men, by their sufferings and death, bore witness to the value of the things for which they suffered and died. Suffering and death, for any cause, considered hard by everybody except those who suffer and die. But when men value that for which they endure sufferings and death above all other things, it is not hard for them to endure these things.

Hence the progress of all causes that can find martyrs is rapid and sure; and the progress of all causes that cannot find martyrs, is slow and doubtful. Any cause that has a martyr, may be very sure that it has an advocate and witness whose arguments and testimony will go far toward making it believed; but any cause that has no martyr, and no witness, is not likely to be regarded as more valuable than their own lives, has but a very poor chance—and it ought to have but a very poor chance.

VI. The peculiar want of our times is the want of heroes. There are some—there must be some. There are great things to be done in our day, and the days of our children. Somebody must lead on the progress of the victories which are to be achieved.

In times when the great masses of men think more of material things, and less of spiritual things; when only measurable and ponderable things have value in the estimation of men; when those invisible things which transcend all visible things, and which lead a man to give up father, and mother, and wife, and brother, and sister, and child, and houses, and lands, and even life itself, are regarded as fanciful and as other-worldly things, it is not strange that the first heroes should be guided less by reason, than by a blind impulse. We have the first fruits of heroism; but they are not its best fruits, as the first apples are not the best which the tree bears, or as the first pods are not the best which the plant produces.

We have lent one to our brethren in the South. They do not know what to do with him. Although he is not a hero of the best kind, yet he is a very valuable one; for the element of heroism is such that when it exists even in a distorted form, it is much better than a miserable, dwarfed manhood. We shall have more, and our brethren in the South. We shall have more, and they will not be lent by us to them, but they will rise up from among them. For the day is coming—my soul prophesies it—when their own daughters shall rise up and offer themselves for the liberty of men. The day is coming when their own pulpits shall advocate the cause of the enslaved. The day is coming when their own sons shall feel the disgrace of bondage under Christian and civil rule, and shall rise up and bear a witness against it, that will be felt and heeded. The day is coming when men and women will again be for the sake of the freedom of others. We shall no longer have prisoners, and bring gallows into vogue again; yes, turn trees once more to honor. When that day comes, you may depend upon it we shall have no such beggarly Christianity as we have had in times past. Then we shall not have a gospel preached, whose first sound is, "Take care of yourself!" Then we shall not have men organized into societies for the diffusion of the truths of Christianity, whose motto is, "Do not do anything dangerous!" Then there will not be followers of Christ, who say, by their practice, living in words, and are devoid of things that are dearer to us than the Saviour and his cause. Then there will not be Christians who do not urge the acceptance of the truth, but wait till they find that everybody wants it, before they labor for its dissemination; and who are willing to do their duty down hill, but never up hill. And how many heroes will be an interpretation of Christ like that of such Christians breed? It will breed a million vermin, but never a hero! And the day is coming when God will sweep with the besom of destruction all such miserable infidelity, that deny that he is the only, nor the most infidel, that deny that he is the only, nor the most infidel.

The day is coming when there will be a gospel which shall make men able to do, to dare, to suffer, and more willing to give up their lives for Christ and for the liberties and rights of their fellow-men, than to sit in high places of honor. When that gospel comes, it will rise without apology; for you will find that where there is the most heroism, there is the least need of apologies. The church, in times past, has been perpetually printing apologies for Christianity. But the best apology for Christianity is Christianity. The best defence of religion is religion.

Let us, then, look forward to that coming day with ardent desire and fervent prayer. It may be that it will not come in our day. It may be that neither you nor I shall have the honor of being actors in the scenes which it will usher in. It may be that neither you nor I shall

be called to engage in the glorious work which it will inaugurate. But I firmly hope that the mother's foot is now treading the earth of those who are to stand up, and to do, and to bear, and to suffer, so as to give a new value to Christ, and to the truths which he came to establish in the world.

VII. Measuring by this standard, we get a new conception of the love of God, in Christ, to the world. The act of Christ was not act of prolonged sacrifice and extreme suffering. Judged by its obvious import, that act seems to be, and must always be to, effected to the world; but all to us, in any way of looking at Christ's passion or suffering, and the laws of it, it seems to me that the nature of God is a perpetual atonement. It seems to me that this is to be God—to do, to bear, to suffer, for those who are weak and ready to perish. It seems to me that he sent Christ into the world to show men that this was God's nature, that from eternity he had been making this atonement for them; that as it is expressed in the Bible, the Lamb was " slain from the foundation of the world;" that forever it is the life and being of God to achieve, to learn, and to suffer, for the good of those under his government. And when I think of the feelings of God, of the sufferings of the Saviour, of his love to me, and mine, and the world, and of what he did, and then reflect that all these things are only a part of the vision, let down, that we may, from this specimen, gain some conception of what must be the whole, my imagination is filled and over-filled, and I bless and glorify God that he was willing to suffer for me, for you, for all mankind.

Ought not this consideration to make you better toward your children, and to make you suffer more for them? Ought it not to make you a better friend, and to make you more willing to endure for your friends? Ought it not to make you better in every relation of life? Ought it not to make you so willing and glad to suffer for the truths of God's Word, that you can say with the apostle, "I rejoice in mine infirmities. I count it a joy when I fall into divers trials?" If you suffer with Christ, you shall also reign with him.

A Dream.

H. Scott, M. D., of Lancaster, Ohio, writes, "I have lived more than half a century; am a tolerably healthy man, and my whole life has been characterized by incessant dreaming. I seldom think of what I dream afterwards; but I had a dream in June, 1849, which so impressed my mind, that I have at this time concluded to commit it to paper, for the reflection of those who think there is anything in dreams."

My parents lived eighty miles from me: they were aged and feeble, which caused me to think frequently of them. On the night referred to, at about two o'clock, I saw, in my sleep, my parents approaching me, with their heads uncovered, my mother a little in advance. They seemed to be in deep distress. I awoke, and tried to shake off the unpleasant feelings which the sight occasioned. In a short time I slept again, when the same vision was a second time presented to me, precisely as at first. I left my bed, and in the cool air of dawn light, dispelled my gloomy mood, and thought it was "only a dream." At two o'clock of the same day, I lay down to take a nap, when the sight of my distressed parents again aroused me. They were presented to me the three several times precisely in the same attitude, apparel, and distress, my mother in advance.

It was Tuesday; and knowing that the mail from that direction would be in about that time, I went to the office, and found a letter, informing me of the dangerous illness of my youngest brother, who lived at home. He was a young man of much promise, was the support of our aged parents, and upon whom their affections were set. I took my buggy and started at once. On arriving in sight of the residence the next day, at five o'clock P. M., my parents, on seeing my approach on the national road, came out from the gate and met me, in every respect as I saw them three times in my sleep, my mother coming to me first. They uncovered heads, and every particular of their dress, with their deep grief, was so much the same as was a powerful impression on my mind. I have never been able to separate this dream from the reality. My brother had been buried a few hours before my arrival.

"What Good?"

R. H. LAWTON, NEW PROVIDENCE, TENNESSEE.—"I have been reading the Banner of Light about one year, and I love it so well that, it seems to me, I should be lost without it. It is a source of great happiness to me to read such a paper, and I always feel sorrowfully disappointed when it does not come in regular time. It is a cheerful friend, and brings to me the views of intelligent men and women, both in and out of the form. And oh! how I long to talk with many of them in the form, face to face. I rejoice to learn how many thousands, yes, millions, enjoy themselves under the influence of this new dispensation. When I read of so many happy picnics, meetings, and conventions, where so many rejoice and are made happy in fraternizing in those meetings, I regret that I cannot be with them; but here I am, tied to this locality, engaged in the arduous duties of a healing medium. How consoling is the thought that our dear beloved friends out of the earth form can and do speak to us in the form. I cannot deny a truth so glorious, and hold my tongue, even under the taunt of insanity. This is a glorious dispensation which after years of toil and pain has come to us; we can cry aloud Eureka! Glory be to God! Once we were blind, and now we see, and know, beyond a doubt, that we are immortal and progressive beings, and have the glorious and inexpressible joy of communicating with, and receiving intelligence from, those loved ones gone before."

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