VOL. VI.

f BERRY, COLBY & COMPANY, }

NEW YORK AND BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1859.

TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR, Payable in Advance.

Written for the Banner of Light.

MARRIAGE.

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

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

CHAPTER XXVIII.—[CONTINUED.]

Leannot bear people that are always foreseeing trou-ble, 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

Now this sermon was the very one in which the French extract occurred that I had translated for Mr. Gray, and I the 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 the sermon that week, had ventured the sermon that week, had ventured to the sermon that week, had ventured to the sermon that week, had ventured the sermon that week, had ventured to the sermon the sermon that week, had ventured to the sermon the sermon the sermon that week, had ventured to the sermon the sermon that week, had ventured to the sermon the sermon that week, had ventured to the sermon the sermo not feeling able to write a sermon that week, had ven-tured to deliver it as his own. But an old lady, who was a great sermon reader, was sure that she had read that same before. 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-gossipling tendencies of Vernon people—for when did a country minister's wife ever escape hearing such a story

the meeting at Westford was to decide upon lift 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.
Lilian had her husband now, and I saw less of her
than formerly, though not 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 tobring a flood of tears. How many hours we wept to-gether, and how much this mutual serrow had strength-ened our love. 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, shall you sink down and die?" said she.

"I am afraid so," said I; "the very thought makes

"There are other employments in the world," said first, and do not find their right niche in the world till middle life. But," she added, after a pause, "they will not depose him. I ventured to give him my advice, and though he did n't 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 lifty years, and you must n't 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 on you have done wrong, and will do so no more. They are good men, and will remember Saint Paul's advice: "Brethren, if one be overtaken in a fault, re-

store 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 it will be hard for him—for most men hate 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, Auntic 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

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 rags, red. 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 vi-ited poor old 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 haby that had such a hard struggle for life, because its poor mother could n't 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 words. 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 washwoman? In short, who is it that has hid 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 Auntle Paul's neck. It was the first time that she had ever spoken such words to me. Surely, surely, God

over 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 know that there are hearts who love and bless you, scattered 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 effi-

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

THE SERMONS

Of Revs. HENRY WARD BEEGHER and EDWIN H.

CHAPIN are reported for us by the best Phonographers of New York, and published verbatim every week in this paper.

THIRD PAGE—Rev. Dr. Chapin's Sermon.

Ekonth Page—Rev. H. W. Beecher's Bermon.

Hind Page—Rev. H. W. Beecher's Bermon.

Chapin's Sermon.

Chapin's idad. Mr. Gray would not consent to this, and even Lilian 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 might 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 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 happler 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 tred 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 horbs.

"Auntic Paul says that I shall find them," she said,

"Antite Paul says that I shall find them," she said,
"in paper bags in the back chamber, and some burdock leaves too, with them. She wants these for
draughts to put on the feet. Oh, dear I 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, pertest 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 Lilian herself was conscious of it. She was dying, as her mother had died before. I did not leave her side night or day, and there were other faithful watchers there; but can love stay

were other faithful watchers there; but can love stay
the spirit in its flight?
There was not one member of the household but felt
the deepest sympathy for Lilian'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 I so like I".
At one time Lilian awoke, and saw me at the bedside,
holding the baby. She motioned to her husband who
was in the room.

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 giad now she has gone before me. I shall not be so afraid to die, now. And Bertha will love my Lily as I do hers.''

as I do hers."

"Yes, Lilian, 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 wave 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 copy courfer was in colors. 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 preved for it mest forvently.

ones. But none came to me, even in dreams, although I prayed for it most fervently.

I knew my two Lilles 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. 'Tie falsely said, That ever there was intercourse Butween the living and the dead;
For surely then, I should have sight
Of these 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 them, it was evident that the incident of the sermon had produced a feeling inimical to the paster, and that, like a spark amid combustible ma terials, 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 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 receiv-ed with open arms by his friends, the only regret being ed 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 ro-turn to Vernon. Mr. Gray did not know this, and I dared not communicate it to him at present. He was somewhat softened toward his sister, and in his present affable state, bade me say that "bygones might be by-gones," and if the Doctor really had respectable con-nections, and weldly goods, he had no chiestion to nections, and worldly goods, he had no objection to a reconciliation, and that I might invite them to return to our house. I was amused at the motives which induced this consent, but thankful for the result. I wrote duced 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 unanneered depart-

Alas I in my recent troubles I had forgotten my cor respondents. Here is one from our friend Mary, written tunnediately 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 royage. She will be gone some months; in the mean-time, I have promised to remain hero with her daughters. But next summer, dearest, I will be with you, and we will visit together the graves of our loved ones; not that we shall find them there-no; they are risen. 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 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 Addle is here daily, a kind, affectionate pupil, winning and light hearted as ever. She is delighted that Ned is rejusted it in his place at college and naw hids fair to instated in his place at college, and now bids fair to

graduate with high honors. But as she is not remarkgraduate 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 the tale which woke such new life in my poor heart. He was on Sunbeam. Oh, Bertha, is that you?" he said. "I've just finding my sermon; come in and sit down a while." And he drew the sofa near to the first for, though it was a mild spring day, he had a little fire in the open around me, and kissed me on each check, saying. "Come. wify—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 heart forgetfulness, and schooled it to indifference.

And he kissed me again and again. "You owe me a 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 check. 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 that the rest assessment as the least the second contract when t turning, said, 'Permit me to accompany you home.' I think it was a sudden impulse with him or the force of think it was a suddon 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 boing protected, guided, and I am ashamed to say that this heart so far forgot itself as to wish that I might live over that past 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 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 adleu, 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 Addle when Lily was ill. and I just glanced over it, and threw it into my portfolio, for my heart at that moment had little sympathy with its gayety.

had little sympathy with its gayety.

"Dearest Bertha—I suppose, now that you are a minister's wife, you will not care for my letters; but I like yours too well to lose them, and am going to write for the sake of an answer. Now, though Mammie June says, 'De truth in de wrong place is bad as a lie,' I don't 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 i 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 a 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, chalf apologetically, 'Mr. Gray's name has painful associations for me; but I know nothing ill of the man,—he seems to be a gentloman, and muy be a good husband to your friend.' Now, is n't that strange? Itset implied busy, thinking till it ached. When can my father have seen Mr. Gray? I did not know before that they had ever met. But you have married Mr. Gray, and he a your hashand, and I mean now to like him as said, and then he groaned as if in pain, and added, half apologetically, 'Mr. Gray's name has painful associations for me; but I know nothing ill of the man,—he seems to be a gentleman, and muy be a good husband to your friend.' Now, is n't that strange? Itset may hend busy, thinking till it ached. When can my father have seen Mr. Gray? I did not know before that they 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 hojed, 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 is grave and sad. Mammic June says it is all the devil's own work, and some time Massa James will see de cloven foot. We must wait and pray. Addie."

"My must to received my letter, and I despatched one immediately to Boston, Inviting them, in my husband's name, ot 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 judg-ment of the man. But one menting he did not appear at breakfast; and to my inquiries, Helen replied.

"We must not disturb him to-day; it is the anniver-sary of his wife's death, and he always shuts himself up on that day, refusing food or society. He is very almost full of him resome 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

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 is grave and sad. Mammie June says it is all the devil's own work, and some time Massa 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 fiv in here, and Massa James will.

and some time she 'll fly in here, and Massa James will smile like he used to.'
'You don't mean, Mammie June, that Pa and Mary

will be married, after all this trouble?'
I'se faith, chile—I'se faith; trust in de Lord, and it will come to pass.'

I was almost indignant, much as I would like this

I was almost indignant, much as I would retract—change

result; but the idea that a Harper could retract—change his mind—secticed impossible.

'Why, Mammie, did you ever know Pa to change his mind, or take back what he had said?'

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

Good soul, isn't she? She's the only Christian among the house servants, and sho'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

No wonder I had laid this letter aside; and fit made my heart ache to answer it; but I roused myself to do 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 sconer.

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 tea, I was usually at home at that hour. I must acknowledge that a mere sense of duty actuated me. Lily's death had not had that influence on my mind which affliction should have; I had hard and bitter thoughts toward Mr. Gray, and then I knew that mine was not a true marriage. I felt daily the galling chain which a true marriago. I felt daily the galling chain which bound me. Oh, thou too much dreaded future! Thou

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 the perfect. 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 deprayed and disgraced of my own rest, 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 Lilian and my baby. Oppressed with such feelings, I often took long walks alone—walking on, on, not knowing or caring whither

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 split 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 me

: "Ah, Bertha, is that you?" he said. "I've just fin-

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 ne 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 eye, 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."

to walk together.

"You forget that there is a business church meeting," I remarked.
"Sure enough!" said he, starting up; "I was very trgetful—it is almost time now."

I hurried down stairs, and out into the fresh air—on.

on, anywhere away from home, afraid to turn back, lest I should find him in the same mood when I re-

It was already twilight, and I was two or three miles away, when the sound of carriage wheels attracted my attention. It was my old friend, Col. James. He had been in Vernon but little for a year past, and I had seen him once only for a long time, and that was at Lilian's funeral. He reined in his horses at once, and

Lilian's funeral. He reined in his horses at once, and sprang out of his carriage.

"Good luck!" he exclaimed; "I called at your house an hour ago with the last Boston paper, which I thought you might not have seen. The Greyhound has arrived from Liverpool, and I see the names of Dr. Cameron and wife are on the list of her passengers. I was hoping to be the first to bring you the news."

"You are; and it is good news," I replied, happy low to get into the carriage and ride home.

now to get into the carriage and ride home.

That evening, Mr. Gray was in another mood—melancholy, reserved, almost morose. I was not sorry, but busied myself in thinking what preparations I would make to receive my old friends. They had not, of course, received my letter, and I despatched one immediately to Beston inviting them, in my husband's

better and purer life?"

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

"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

I noticed the doctor looked very moody the next morning, and said little. Toward evening he lay upon the bouch; Mr. Gray had gone to 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 asleen. 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 guardi"
The doctor awoke. He saw Col. James standing

over him. Their eves met, and a strange expression flitted over the doctor's face. I introduced them.
"It is useless to disguise it." said the doctor, "we

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

ave met before''-

"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 a decided limp, Bertha.''

"Now for the watch, 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 sank. 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 rom confessing the truth.
"Excuse me a moment," exclaimed the doctor; and

he left the room, returning soon with the identical

"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 thrice its value. I would not have done so, had I known how much you valued it. I learned this from Helen, since our mar-riage. 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 worther 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 gloom will follow. I supupon it, days and nights of gloom will follow. I sup-posed I could preserve my incognitio 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 ac-cidentally, 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 sub-

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 no two gentiemen shook hands, and thinke the subject is and. Mr. Gray coming in, the conversation turned upon Louis Philippe's flight from France, and the cup in the conversation turned upon Louis Philippe's flight from France, and the cup in the conversation turned upon Louis Philippe's flight from France, and the cup in the conversation turned upon Louis Philippe's flight from France, and the cup in the conversation turned upon Louis Philippe's flight from France, and the cup in the conversation turned upon Louis Philippe's flight from France, and the cup in the conversation turned upon Louis Philippe's flight from France, and the cup in the conversation turned upon Louis Philippe's flight from France, and the cup in the conversation turned upon Louis Philippe's flight from France, and the cup in the

head, making me feel slightly dizzy. As I entered, poor Deacon Abram! no one had more pity for him 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 Lilian'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 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.

pected; for the nurse fell ill, and fearing the child would suffer thereby, it was brought to me.

I never thanked God so carnestly 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 menths, 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 house but held a precious friend. I was hoping that I might end my days there, and sleep beside the two loved ones who lay in the quiet little cenetery; 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 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 mirthful—no, that is not the word—maudlin talk. I should have said, if it had been produced by eye, and the mirthful—no, that is not the word—maud-lin talk, I should have said, if it had been produced by intoxicating drink, but Mr. Gray was a strictly tem-perate 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 enemics were on the alert, and watched all his movements. He was never seen to enter any storest there but the booksaller's never seen to enter any stores there but the bookseller's and the druggist's. 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 eigars

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 oftener, and was generally followed by great irri-tability 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.

Those were sad days to me, and they were more gloony, perhaps, to Mr. Gray, who sank under the trial more than I supposed it possible for a man with his native 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, had not Auntie Paul heard of our trouble and come to us. Noble woman! she came without expectation of fee or reward. She stayed till Mrs. Gray died. How could I have lived through these days without her stout heart and strong arm! were obliged to leave Vernon, and go, we knew not

It was the day after the funeral; I sat hushing the baby to sleep, as I used to do my own Lily. Auntic Paul had finished her labors for the day. I knew just how things looked in the kitchen under her management. The potatoes were washed, the biscuit mixed, the basket of kindlings handy—everything made ready for breakfast. Now, she had taken off her broad apron. nut down her sleeves, brushed her dress free from dust. 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

"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

His eyes had been very weak for some months, and I had often read to him and written for him, but we had thought of it as only a temporary complaint; but they 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 busi-

"Auntic Paul," I said, "did you notice how cheerful Mr. Gray seemed yesterday? I wondered at it, for I knew he was attached to his mother more, perhaps, than to any other person."

"Yes, I noticed it; but it was an unnatural excite-

ment, my dear-artificially produced, if I may so ex-'What do you mean?" I asked, in great suspense.

"I see, my poor child, that you do not know it yet...
I had hoped that you would, before this, find out thee
cause of these strange moods of your husband, but you
are not likely to do it. I see, and it is better that you know it at once. He is an opium cater! He has preached, under this stimulant, sermons that have been the wonder and delight of his people; and I have no-doubt that it was when suffering for lack of it. he was-tempted to take another man's sermon. His brain-would not work without it."

rould not work without it.

I sat still, in grief and amazement, for a moment.

Is there no help?" I asked.

No, I think not. Unfortunately, it is an inherited.

taste; his mother had the habit, but it is stronger in the son. I have known it for a long time, and he has been conscious that I suspected him; it is for this reason that he preferred I would not be here."

"But, Auntie, must it go on? It will ruin his con-

stitution. "It has already done so; these weak eyes are per-haps, the effect of it—the nerves of the eyes feel its

"He must quit it. I will tell him his danger." "I have done so, long ago; but the habit is so firmly fixed, that he would suffer more by omitting it than by continuing to take it. My dear child, you must take up your burden and bear it bravely to the end. God will also was your strength... Trust him.

give you strength—trust him.

"That night I talked with Mr. Gray. I plead with him, sparing no argument, holding up before him the consequences of this habit. "I know it, I know it all, Bertha," he replied; "and

"I know it, I know it all, Bertna," ne replied; "and yet I am bound, hand and foot. Yes, I feel it, while I have been preaching to others. I myself shall be a castaway—lost, lost, eternally!" And he sank down into a chair and covered his lace with his hands, groaning in bitterness of spirit.

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

MAN AND HIS RELATIONS. DY S. D. BRITYAN,

SECOND SERIES.

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 incipiency—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 subtile 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

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 sensation; 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, unnatural, 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 abservation. 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 experimentor. 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 agreeably to the same general law, nursesalmost unconsciously to themselves subdue the nervous irratibility 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 "rheu-

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 prac-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 kin dred 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 magicin 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 super-

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

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 effieacy 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 catalensis in its most frightful form. Voluntary motion, sensaiton, 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-spastic

agents employed by the medical profession-having ascertained the writer's whereabouts, came to solicit my presence and assistance. It was halfpast 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 offservation 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. soon succeeded in producing a strong counter action and an inreased 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 accute 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 ificen 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; OR, SELPISHNESS ITS OWN CURSE.

Do any of you know of 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 nicer 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 chattering 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 grow 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 he 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

Now it happened that a great many other Blue Javs 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 ay, '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 terrifled 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 barm you."

Now it only vexed Mr. Blue Jay the more to hear these gentle vords, 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 terrifled 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 monent Mr. Robin came up.

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

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

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

"Oh, is that it?" said Mr. Robin. "We will try." "And the tree you live in is so tall!"

"Woll." sald Mr. Robin, "wo will never build in it again." "Oh, you mean you don't like your neighbors, do you? You'd better look out, or we will cat you up, and all your young ones."

The little Robins shricked at these flerce words, although they did 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 will never know that we live so near you."

At that, all the Jays went back to their homes; but Mr. Blue Jay they tried to injure his little ones. He said to his children, "Be sure tree for those miserable Robins."

So the Blue Jays in all the neighborhood cat and cat, 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 is cross and ugly."

this is! Hear the soft waters, and see the green grass; and I, only was so full inside. 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 birdies 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 effort 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 life, as manifested in the creations of Deity, or Nature, and that "Ditheir young to fret and screech; and what was first intended as a vine Life" recognized as the immortal element or soul of the human 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 enemics. 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 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 X. WALTEB.

Macauley, the historian, says, "Men are never so likely to settle 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 "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 cepted. 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 yielding alike the same genera as that of the seedling tree. This 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 sence of such, I propose to offer what I conceive to be nature's econocannot 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 it not be well to show, for instance, how continuous degrees of sickness ultimate at last in health; how continuous degress of revenge ultimate at last in forgiveness; or how continuous degrees of hatred can ever ultimate in the divine quality of love? I, in my simplicity, have thought these thing 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 bare 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 roverse. 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 some of 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 loy without sorrow?—ergo, no saints without sinners, no heaven to each in reproduction. If we can intelligently learn which exerts 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 ecstacy-inspiring breezes of Paradise"-and if not eternal. where, or from what, are they to distill their celestial perfumery, 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 Berkley 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 superceded 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 approaches to their point, yet proceed so slowly as to escape observaexistence of the spheres, and show him the number of miles, feet and tion. luches 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 phonographic report of the same, by some good medium, translated by some good Greek bald much sooner than bachelors.

scholar, (say Professor Felton.) be given in the columns of the Banwan, for the benefit of your numerous subscribers; so sattling these discussions, in both cases, at headquarters. But, coriously, I think that the question may be very simply stated. Either disease, not understand them. But Mrs. Robin said, "My dears, there is no slavery, discord, violence, &c., are evils, or they are not evils, 1f danger. See the beautiful sunshine, and hear how softly the leaves 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 shall not sing, and I will sing far away from your nest, and then you 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 was only humbled for a day. As the little Robins grew up, he thought 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 you pick up the best worms, and don't leave a single cherry on the 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, willi nilli.

And I also believe, whenever man comes into harmonious relations with the unchangeable laws of his being, his happiness does not so many things, and-Mr. Blue Jay growing more and more selfish every much consist in contrasting misery with it, as it is the spontaneous day, till at last Mr. Blue Jay said, "Oh dear, dear, what a world this outgrowth of the relation itself; he will rejoice, not so much that his is! Everything goes wrong. I am tired of living in it. Everybody "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 At the same time Mrs. Robin was saying, "What a beautiful world little boy that asked his mother to let him make a noise, because he

Davenport, Iowa. Written for the Banner of Light.
WHAT IS CARBON P
NUMBER SIX.

The point now to be considered is, why the pulp fruit of an apple. pear, and quince, grown on a grafted scedling, 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 thing, plausibly defended the distinction between 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 reto look with thanksgiving upon this beautiful world, and find its joy lations 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 assimulated 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 hudrogen from the water, and in such proportions as it affinitizes for, to constitute the same. If the substance of the pulp fruit is regarded 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 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 quinco 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 ac-

> 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, point admits of being definitely settled by experiment; but in the abmy 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 know that it will not ultimate in good" in some far-off future, would tree. If it be the quince variety, then all the seed of the apple and near 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 the nower of governing and attracting the atomic matter appropriated for 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

We would n't intimate that wives ever pull hair, yet few persons can have failed to observe, that, as a general rule, married men get

Written for the Banner of Light. FOR THE DISCONSOLATE.

When ouckoes slag their sand of Buring. We plant the waiting fields ; The Harvest-moon, her promised boon Of fruits abundant, yields : For that reward we turn the sward, And mellow deep the soil; And see well filled of seres tilled. Our stores with wheat and oil.

Who thus would plod and drive the sod, Till drop the Autumn leaves. Did not his sight rest with delight, On future golden sheaves? Or when the grain on hill and plain, Invites the sickle bright, Who then doth mourn to reap the corn. And bear it home at night?

'Tis this one oud, to fee or friend, Which earthly tolls disclose: For this we drill and weed, and hill. Till ripe the harvest grows : The infant mind, to motives blind, The reaping might deplora; While ripe of age the task engage With gladness, brimming o'er.

The blessing end we comprehend Of Spring and Summer's paint-Why rends the plough, and drips the brow, And pour the heat and rains? We sow to reap, and ne'er do weep, Though much the culture cost, Except we find no sheaves to bind-And theu, for labor lost!

"The World," said He of Gallice, "Is one great Harvest Field!" The Father's plan, as Husbandman. Gains an immortal yield-A growth of souls in fleshy molds. With fitting life and breath ! The Summer past, He reaps at last, And gathers all, by Death.

Our advent here, in pain and fear, Is Seed-time with the Lord: And shall he keep, but nover reap, His Vineyard's just reward? We live to die for life more high-Were sown, that He might bind-Buch, fearful soul, is Life's best Goal-The end that Love designed.

When plucks the breath, God's Reaper, Death, "Tis harvesting the man!" To die is gain," and graved so plain, No hand to blot it can-

Our life were loss, its culture dross. And vain were joys and gloom, Did we not tend to that blest end-Gon's HARVEST, at the tomb.

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Then banish fears and dry the tears : Wall not o'er kindred flown; As well he grieves to bind the sheaves For which the seed was sown : As well he sighs that fairer skies Above the stars repose; As well that light succeeds the night. When earthly visions close.

The Flag of Soul now all unroll; In Freedom let it flow; With noon's full rays, bright lot it blaze. O'er-arched with brighter bow: Ita Motto heed, and eager read, By God, the Maker, given-"Life's Book to thee, has Puges three-The Birth-the Death-the HEAVEN!

A STORY OF A FAITHFUL DOG-PRE MONITORY WARNING.

The following story is said, by the Portsmouth Chronicle, to be derived, as to all its facts, from a most respectable Quaker family, whose veracity cannot be doubted. It occurred many years ago:-

... About fifteen years ago, in the western part of the State of New York, lived a louely widow, named Mozhere; Her husband had been dead many years, and her only daughter was grown up and married, living at the distance of a mile or two from the family mansion. And thus the old lady lived alone in her house, day and night. Yet in her conscious innocence, and trust in the only complains because he is looking for some pal. Providence, she felt safe and cheerful—did her work

Impressed with the apprehension that something to their own souls? Are not men imagining that, be strange was about to happen to her or hers. So full was she of this thought, that she could not stay at home that day, but must go always to give yent to it. by un, who works only one hour gots into the same that day, but must go always to give yent to it. by un. that day, but must go abroad to give vent to it, by unbosoming herself to her friends, especially to her daughter. With her she spent the greater part of the day,
and to her she several times repeated the recital of her
as to those others. To work in the vineyard of truth apprehensions. The daughter as often repeated the as and righteousness is its own great reward. To work all surances that the good mother had never done injury to any person, and added, 'I cannot think any one would work there one hour, if we have really come when called, any person, and added, 'I cannot think any one would work there one hour, if we have really come when called, any person, and added, 'I cannot think any one would be a surface of the control of the con hurt you, for you have not an enemy in the world.'

As the day was declining, Mrs. Mozher sought her home, but expressed the same feelings, as she left her daughter's house.

On her way home, she called on a neighbor, who lived in the last house before she reached her own. Here she again made known her continued apprehensions, which had nearly ripened into fear, and from the lady of the mansion she received answers similar to those of her daughter. You have harmed no one in your whole lifetime; surely, no one will molest you. Go home in quiet, and Rover shall go with you. Here, Rover, said she to a stout watch-dog that lay on the floor, here, Rover, go home with Mrs. Mozher, and take care of her.' Rover did as he was told. The widow went home, milked her cows, took care of everything out of doors, and went to bed as usual. Rover had not left her for an instant. When she was fairly in bed, he laid himself down upon the outside of the bed, and as the widow relied on his fidelity, and perhaps chid herself for needless fear, she fell asleep. Sometime in the night she awoke, being startled, probably, by a slight noise outside the house. It was so slight, however, that she was not aware of being startled at all, but heard, as soon as she awoke, a sound ·like the rising of a window near her bed, which was in a room on the ground floor.

The dog neither barked nor moved. Next, there was another sound, as if some one was in the room. and stepping cautiously on the floor. The woman saw nothing, but now, for the first time, felt the dog move, as he made a violent spring from the bed, and at the same moment something fell on the floor, sounding like a heavy log. Then followed other noises, like the pawing of a dog's feet; but soon all was still again, and the dog resumed his place on the bed without hav-

ing barked or growled at all.

This time the widow did not go to sleep immediately but lay awake wondering, yet not deeming it best to get up. But at last she dropped asleep, and when she awoke the sun was shining. She hastily stepped out of bed, and there lay the body of a man extended on the floor, dead, with a large knife in his hand which was even now extended. The dog had seized him by the throat with a grasp of death, and neither man nor dog could utter a sound till all was over. This man was the widow's son-in-law, the husband of her only daughter. He coveted her little store of wealth, her house, her cattle, and her land; and instigated by this sordid impatience, he could not wait for the decay of nature to give her property up to him and his, as the only heirs apparent, but made this stealthy visit to do a deed of darkness in the gloom of the night. A feara deed of darkness in the gloom of the right. A learful retribution waited for him. The widow's approhensions, communicated to her mind and impressed
upon her nerves, by what unseen power we know not,
the sympathy of the woman who loaned the dog, and they have held to things loosely, they have gone

the elient but certain watch of the dog bimself, formed a chain of events which brought the murderer's blood upon his own head, and which are difficult to be explained without reference to that Providence or overruling Power which numbers the bairs of our heads, watches the sparrow's fall, and tahapes our deeds, ough hew them how we will."

EDWIN H. CHAPIN At Broadway Church, N. Y., Sunday Morning,

November 27, 1860. REPORTED FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT, DYBURG AND LORD.

Taxr,-"These last have wrought but one hour, and thou hast made them equal with us, which have borne the borden and heat of the day,"—MATT, xx., 12,

The parable from which I have taken my text—the parable of the laborers in the vineyard—is very difficult of exposition in its details. There is hardly a passage in the New Testament that has received such numerous and such diverse explanations. Whether in its general application it refers to the relations between the Jews and the Gentiles, or the relations between the Apostles and the later Christians, or between other Afferent classes of men and what are the special less. different classes of men, and what are the special lessons taught by the different hours of the day, the nature of the reward, and the affirmation at the close, that the of the roward, and the animation at the close, that the last shall be first and the first last, are all points of interest upon which the different commentators dwell. It has, however, been said with great truth by another, that this doctrinal narrative of Jesus was like manysided precious stones cut so as to east their lustre in more than one direction. There is no doubt, there-fore, that the main drift of this parable bears upon ourselves, upon every man among us, in relation to the work of the world and the great work of life, as well as upon Jews and Gentiles, and the early and later Christians.

And proceeding at this time to make this application of the narrative, I should say that the permanent and universal lesson which it contains, which it unfolds for you, and for me, and for everybody elso, is the lesson of inward and spiritual estimates as distinguished from estimates of time, or condition, or outward good. think that is the essence of the whole parable, when we concentrate it, and strip from it whatever was used as the vehicle of construction in the case. Work in the vineyard of truth and duty, in the vineyard of the kingdom of God, obey your call to labor, in the right spirit, and be sure that you shall receive the blessedness which is the true reward; you, though working harder and longer than others, deserving it no more; though working faithfully, receiving no less. This appears to be one practical side, at least, of this suggestive parable. And with this general idea of it in view, I propose to urge two or three of these suggestions at the present time. tions, at the present time.

And while I shall draw these suggestions from the general scope of the parable, I have selected the text, because the remonstrance of these murmuring laborers, who, though they had borne the borden and heat of the day, had received no more than those who came in at the eleventh hour, seems to call out and throw into re-lief, the spiritual significance of the entire parable. Upon the Jewish idea of reward, their murmuring would have been unanswerable. But upon the Christian idea which Christ introduced, their murmuring amounted to little or nothing. And I suppose, in one shape or another in the avertence of delivities and shape or another in the experience of daily life, and our relations with our fellow-men, this sentence is in "These last have wrought but one hour, and thou hast made them equal unto us which have borne the burden and heat of the day." And, I suppose, moreover, that in this instance, the grounds of complaints and conceptions of the contract of t

tions of things upon which we stand, rest so as to be removed by taking inward and spiritual estimates.

Assuming, then, the language of the text as the starting point, and the scope of the parable as the basis of my remarks, I observe, in the first place, that the work of religion, the true work of life, has its own intrinsic analysis. In the vinceworks of tenth and duty, in the rewards. In the vineyard of truth and duty, in the genuine service of God, and of humanity, and of our own souls, we must labor without any mercenary or material conceptions. In the parable before us, each man gets his penny, and the significance of this fact, I presume, is that each man who labors in the vineyard of God gets the inevitable result of that labor, which result is eternal life, spiritual blessedness, God himself in the computation of the own spirit to the soul. in the communication of his own spirit to the soul That, I suppose, when we come directly to the soul. Is the reward of religion—if you wish to call it by such a word as "reward"—of duty, of any good and true course; not a higher seat in a local heaven, not a great er amount of external position upon earth, but the benefit of faithful works, the inevitable result of his working in his own soul. And if he really has this blessedness, whereof has a man to complain if another has it also? He only complains because he misappre-hends the nature of those sanctions which attach to duty to religion to chadience and to faithful service. duty, to religion, to obedience, and to faithful service. quietly during the daylight, and at eventide slept switched from the superstance of that which is within. Now, look, my friends, is not religion professed, is not duty discharged too often upon these mercenary terms, in stead of seeking the reward in the work, in the very dinary and unwonted gloom upon her mind, which was work there one hour, if we have really come when called, and have worked to our utmost, is to have God's blessedness in our souls. Each has his penny for his work, and what does either require more? Now look at the totally wrong conception of things upon which such language as that used by the murmuring laborers in the text is founded, and yet see how, as I have said, such language is either in sentiment and in speech—
These last have wrought but one hour, and thou has made them causal attents which have berne the burden.

made them equal unto us, which have borne the burden and heat of the day."

Now you will find such language as this practically used, sometimes, in regard to what are called "eleventh hour Christians;" people, as it were, lifted up out of their sins and saved, so to speak, at the last moment.

Not by any means that I see anything here groupering. their sins and saved, so to speak, at the last moment. Not by any means that I see anything here encouraging postponement, encouraging procrastination in regard to religious life. That is not the point set forth here, as I shall endeavor to show, by-and-by. But saved in another way—saved at last by God's mercy, delivered out of their sins; not having lived what we call a true and religious life, but, as it were, at the last moment turning away from their sins, confident of God's turning away from their sins, confident of God's mercy. I say, we find a good many who are disposed to say, or at least to feel, very much the sentiment of to say, or at least to feel, very much the sentiment of this text— We have wrought through the burden and heat of the day, and these last have wrought but one hour, and they have received a penny as well as we." Now the point just here is this, that that is a matter in the dealing and in the hands of God, not a matter belonging to ourselves. The point is this: that God is just to us, is faithful to his obligations to us—if we wish to use such a phrase in relation to God—is just to us; has done all that we could ask of him to do. Just as in the parable, the labours who came at the early us; has done all that we could ask of him to do. Just as in the parable, the laborers who came at the early hour received that which was agreed upon. And, moreover, it was ample pay, it was large and liberal pay. There was no dispute about the sufficiency of the pay. The whole thing, as far as justice is corned, is a just transaction. And yet, I repeat, a great many people seem to think that God's justice is impeached by any such kind of action as that which the narable represents. They seem in reality to doubt the parable represents. They seem in reality to doubt the justice, if I may so use the phrase, of God's mercy. And here is the point. We have no right at all, with our notions of justice, to limit God's mercy; we have no right, because we cannot ourselves see how God no right, because we cannot ourselves see how God works with other men, and how he brings them to himself, because he uses different methods and different processes from those which he has employed with ourselves. I say we have no right to teel anything with the sentiment, or utter anything like the language used in the text.

We look round about us in the world, and we find a great many spiritual outcasts we find a great many.

great many spiritual outcasts, we find a great many poor, runaway children of God, we find a great many fallen and debased. Suppose God, in his own good time, sees fit to gather them in; suppose God, dealing with them differently from what he has dealt with us,

have borne the burden and heat of the day, and they have wrought but one hour. Now, remember, I am not, because you are faithful to him, true to your duty, not for one moment undertaking to explain how this. I do not believe that any man will-come to God who does not come through holiness of life, or does not roome or in, or is not delivered out of his sin. But, on the other hand, I do not limit God's processes, in this world or in the other wagid. I am only bearing now in this direction, that we fibre, no ground to impeach, as we sometimes seem to do, the justice of God, because in the end he may bring in these outcasts in a different way from that in which he has dealt with us. Because we have borne the burden and heat of the day, and they have wrought but one hour, there is no injustice in the matter. And yet the spirit which is semetimes displayed is virtually an attempt upon our part at impeaching the justice of God. "Is thing eye evil, because I am good?" How that question in the parable runs through all life, and strikes upon the guilty consciousness of thousands, falsely estimating what is good, in the transaction before us there was no injustice. It was not a case like that to which I referred the other day, of being generous before we are just. There is nothing of that kind brought before us. It is remarkable, the precision in the first part of the parable runs through the fore us.

It was not a case like that to which I referred the other day, of being generous before we are just. There is nothing of that kind brought before us. It is remarkable, the precision in the first part of the parable, with which the terms of the agreement were stated. The laborers who went in the first place had all the terms laid out to them; they agreed upon a penny a day, which at that time, and under those conditions, was deemed liberal pay. Then the others were to receive what was right. All the conditions were laid down and were discharged. The owner of the vineyard, the husbandman, did not give, out of the impulse of generosity, to those who had worked but a little while, that which rightfully belonged to those who had worked a great while. He discharged all his obligations to them. And, I repeat, this was not a case of being generous before being just. Therefore, the real trouble in this case was this: not that the owner of the vineyard had been unjust, but because he had been generous. And there is one source of the very bitter feeling in the minds and hearts of men at very bitter i They are not troubled so much because things, as they hear upon them, seem to be unjust, but because Providence, as it bears upon others, seems to be generous. And their eyes are ovil because God is good. They would be perfectly well contented with their own condition if everybody stood in the same condition. They have no great thing, perhaps, to com-plain of; not that; they are comfortable enough. A great many people are; they are well enough to do; their position is sufficient for them. But the great difficulty is, that there are others who seem to be a ittle better off, who seem to have been a little more handsomely served by Providence. And, I repeat, the radical ground of difficulty in the case is, that Providence has been good, and therefore their eyes are evil. They say, "There are those who have worked no more than we have, who have put forth no more effort, and jet they stand in just as good a condition, or, perhaps in outward degree and aspect, they stand in a better condition." How often does this feeling exist? How often do we see it, in one form or another, breaking out in the world? It is in reality, at the core, a feeling of envy, the mean sentiment which rises up, because, in some or another, our neighbor, we think, has fared a little better than ourselves, has fared better, either by catting a much a real way. by getting as much as we have without doing as much as we have for it, or else doing no more than we have done, and getting something that we think is far bet-

er than anything we have received. Now, if we could take our own merits to pieces, and Now, it we could take our own merits to pieces, and ook at what we really deserve, perhaps we would hardy dare to say that we have not had all that we deserve; we should not dare to put the point upon that ground. Let any man, whatever his condition may be, whatever his hardships in life, as he thinks them, whatever in astices he thinks Providence had dealt out to him justices he thinks Providence had dealt out to him—let any man take in pieces the mechanism of his own merits, let him see what are his real demands upon God, what God Almighty is bound to pay him in this great vineyard of life, and I suppose he will hardly dare to say, whatever may be his condition, that he has not received his deserts. But, I repeat, the trouble is, that he thinks other people have received more than their deserts, and that he should have received as much as they. Now, it by no means follows, in the first place, that he has worked as hard or as faithfully as those whom he thinks have received as much as he has, without working so hard. I say, it is quite possihas, without working so hard. I say, it is quite possi-ble that he has not, after all, worked as hard as they. You find men who do a great deal of manual labor in this world, whose hands are blistered with incessant tills world, whose installs are blistered with inclessing toll, and they are very much inclined to think that men who work in another way, or only use their brains, or only put forth a little of effort and meditation, or composition, or public action in one form or another, are men who have not done as much work as they have. and, perhaps, have succeeded better, as they think, than they have, in outward condition of life. They have doubts of the justice of Providence, as they have tolled here so much and got so little, while these others never tolled so little and got so much, as much as they have, and, perhaps, more. Now, it by no means follows that, because the work seems easy, the work itself has not had difficult processes. It by no means follows that, because one man works his brains, he does not to work twelve hours, to work well and faithfully for that one hour; if we are called that, because one man works his brains, he does not to work twelve hours, to work well and faithfully those. who works with his hands may do work more exhaust ing to the brain, more draining of the very springs of life, and, perhaps, there is more of his personality smelted down and poured into every act of his work, than the man who merely works with his hands may forth in a year. It may be the standard of the work in the shell and scaffolding the shell and scaffolding forth in a year. It may be the standard of the work in the shell and scaffolding the shell and life, and, perhaps, there is more of his personality smelted down and poured into every act of his work, the shell and scaffolding. If you are called to command than the man who merely works with his hands puts forth in a year. It may be that the man who you think tory, in the eyes of the world; but before God, the great that the world is the transfer of the world; but before God, the great that the world is the transfer of the world; but before God, the great that the world is the transfer of the world; but before God, the great that the world is the transfer of the world; but before God, the great that the world is the transfer of the world; but before God, the great that the world is the transfer of the world is the transfer of the world.

In the next place, after all, what is so much better than your own good, and that puts him in so much more enviable a condition? It is probably greater outwardly, more materially, but after all, when you come to the great ground-work of estimation which is taught in Christ's parable here, then I ask you to consider, Is your neighbor any happier than you are? Is he any better oil in the best sense? any more manly than you? has he any better consciousness of duty? or any better result of right and true work? Because it is not, after all, by outward good that you are to measure God's justice in this world. It is a great mistake to take that standard, to take prosperity outwardly, to take outward accumulations as the standard of the way in which God gives us outward good, let us not despise it, let us not after all, God's justice, God's rightful dealing with you may not be so much by outward good. People seem to may not be so much by outward good. People seem to of cloth, hang a hinge, draw a stitch, weld a piece of think that a great argument for a future life of retribation is to be drawn from what they call the inequalities ly, and think how much depends upon your simple in the present life. They say, here is a bad man who has accumulated much property, who has been very successful in everything he undertook, who appears to enjoy himself very well; and here, on the other hand, is a good man, who has achieved nothing but poverty, who has suffered sickness and been borne down by

The trouble is, that you take false standards of what good is, and what prosperity consists in, and what are really blessings. Riches, good as a means, are not in themselves a blessing. And health, for which God be praised and thanked, is not in itself the highest good. Outward success is not the richest kind of benediction that can flow in upon life. The best thing, the great all his dollars and cents, to see the blood stain here, and the tear stain there, think how they have been wrung from hands of anguish and suffering and pover-ty? Would you take it with all that man's conscious-ness? Perhaps he has good health, this man whom

wrong, while we have labored, we have wrought, we be given spiritual good. He does not for spiritual have borne the burden and heat of the day, and they obedience necessarily give temporal good. He does have wrought but one hour. Now, remember, I am not, because you are faithful to him, true to your duty.

sciousness in his own soul of a canker there, which you would not have for all his money? Why is your eye evil? Because God, you think, has been good to him, when in reality you are taking a false estimate of good, and God had done better for you, by giving you a consciousness of honesty and uprightness, than by all the

wealth you could obtain.

And, again, the idea to which I am referring—the idea of outward and mercenary rewards for the work of duty, the labor of religion—breaks out in the wonder and perplexity which occur at the defeat and suffering of a good man and a true man. It is still the old notion, that truth and goodness in this world should be rewarded by some outward and palpable gain. We bear the burden and heat of the day, and we ought to get more than one penny. One penny is one spiritual result; one penny as I have already said, is one consciousness of obedience to God, of assimilation to him; that is, the penny that we have been faithful; this bold man hear been faithful; the bold man hear been faithful; the bold man has been faithful; the philanthropist has been faithful, and has been defeated, and we seem to think that he ought to have something more than that, a lit-tle more than his penny. Oh! when will we really learn that no true man is ever defeated, that no man who clings to God's law is ever defeated; When will we fail to estimate defeat by outward suffering, and victory by outward success? Why do we not see that he who speaks the truth, in the truth has his reward? that the man who does the good act, in his good act has his reward, and that the intrinsic blessedness in all instances, is the blessedness of the soul? And no man over burned at the stake, no man over fell in the battle states, is the biesechies of the sour. And no man ever fell in the battle field, no man ever died on the scaffold for uttering the truth, and serving God and humanity, who did not achieve a victory in the consciousness of his own integrity, in the possession of his own soul, which goes up untainted and undefiled to God Almighty. The truth is his reward. But your miserable outward estimates estimate defeats in this world, estimate evil, when in reality there is good in the world, and every man gets his penny in this world, in one way or another. Work for corruption, and get a penny's worth of corruption, work for good, and get your penny's worth of good in your own soul. Outward good may attend this work; this is a secondary matter. The hero, the martyr, may be successful; the philanthropist may achieve success; the righteous man may be a rich man; but that is all secondary. In righteousness is the blessedness of righteousness! In truth is the blessedness of truth; you get your penny for the work you do. God truth; you get your penny for the work you do. God is just to all, and no laborer in the vineyard of this world has the right to say. I have borne the burden and heat of the day, and these others have wrought but an hour, and yet they have fared as well as I have."

You are making false estimates, you are measuring by outward appearances. But I will take up the suggestion of the narrative before us, in the ext place, by remarking, that the great thing to be regarded in the work of religion, and in the work of life, is the spirt In which we do that work. These men in the parable were called at the eleventh hour; but when they came, I presume they worked as faithfully as those who worked all the day. There is faithfully as those who worked all the day. There is no proof, in this case, that they could have gone to work before. They came as soon as they were wanted; as soon as they were asked for, they went into the field, and in their one hour worked as faithfully as those who had been there all the day long. And that was the measure of proof on the part of him who hired them; and it is the measure of proceeding on God's part in regard to any of us. The standard; the estimate, is not in amount, but disposition; it is not quantitative, but qualitative—that is the estimate applied to every man in this life; not quantity, not length of time, but the way in which you work, the quality of it, the principle of it, the spirit of it.—Oh! I wish this truth could be pressed into every heart, could become the vital and incremost conviction of every soul, that whatever our works so easily and works so little, works harder than you in fact, and ought to have as much, and to stand as well as you, if not better.

In the next place, after all, what is the good your neighbor has which you think is so much better than you drive that nail, whether honestly, whether with all you drive that nail, whether honestly, whether with all you drive that nail, whether honestly, whether with all you drive that nail, whether honestly, whether with all you drive that nail. of cloth, hang a hinge, draw a stitch, well at piece of iron, or drive a screw, do your work well and fathfully, and think how much depends upon your simple faithfulness. Oh! I suppose that is one of the grandest things about those old cathedrals in Europe—the faithfulness of the work that we see there. Every part of them, every little nook and cranny, every groin, every arch, every groove, every corner—it is all faithful work. Not only the grand impression which the whole who has suffered sickness and been borne down by calamities. They say such inequalities as these convince us that if God is just there must be another state of being. Now, if God is not just in this world, you have no proof that he will be just in any world. If you say that the appearance of things in this world is not sufficient to convince you of the justice of Almighty God, you have no ground at all to expect justice from God in any other state of being.

The trouble is, that you take false standards of what

the utmost of his ability.

Now, my friends, would it not be a great thing, if we would only transfer the impression and feel that we were working for God everywhere; that we worked for God, not only in what we do directly for him in the name of religion, but when we work for our fellow-men, Outward success is not the richest kind of benediction that can flow in upon life. The best thing, the great thing to have, is a right heart, a good conscience, and a sense of God's presence, communion and favor, and that he distributes impartially as we work for him in the vineyard. The bad rich man, fulfilling certain laws on a certain plane of being, has received the reward of that obedience to such laws, up to that point. But would you have his riches, perhaps, with his corrupt heart, with his hardened conscience, with his rigid soul? Would you come to count over all his dollars and cents, to see the blood stain here. We are more for appearances than for substance; and I am afraid that is very often carried out everywhere. We are not even conscious of faithfulness to God, much less of faithfulness to man, in our daily life.

But in all we do, we are working for ourselves; we are working for our own welfare and interest, and work ness? Perhaps he has good health, this man whom you envy so, because he has obeyed the law of his physical being, and you on that point have broken the laws of your physical being, or have inherited bodily disease from those who have broken those laws. But, at the same time, would you take the blessing of good health with a dumb conscience, a dead soul, and an empty spiritual nature? What kind of estimate are you putting upon good when you say, "I have received nothing but misery and misfortune, while my neighbor who has not worked so hard, or no harder, than I have received nothing but good?" What is your standard of good? That is the point. If you have served God, if you have done his will, if your breast is full of love to him, that is the blessedness of your work. God is not unjust in this world; he gives for the good we do the proper blessing that belongs to it. For physical ence, he gives physical good; for spiritual obedience, would cause me to make a great deal of worldly good.

and outward benefit. Oh! how we ought to carry the la through all our work. And yet how many seem to think that they are very shrewd business men if they cheat their fellow men—if in one way or another they cheat their fellow man—if in one way or another they can got what they call an advantage of their neighbor; it is a great thing for thom. They have shaved him, perhaps, out of fifteen per cent.; or they have put an inferior article upon him at the price of a prime article; and they go home and think—if have made a good thing to-day." No, you have not; you have made a most inferable piece of business of it for yourselves; you have lost bulk in conscience; you have lost weight in moral character; you have cheated your own sodi by the course you have pursued; you have computed the compound interest of meanness, and you never made a cent by cheating, not a cent—when you take the penny in the sense in which Christ used it here in the parable, and translate it into the spirit of your own consciousness. You have made a great many hard dolconsciousness. You have made a great many hard dollars, and a great deal of coin, but you never made anything in this world by doing unfaithfully toward your fellow-men. You have made yourself meaner and more God-despised, and you may take that home with you with your great barrain.

with your great bargain.

And, so I repeat, we ought to carry this with us in all our lives, to be faithful in the spirit in which we do the work to which we are called, just as these cleventh hour laborers in the parable, when they came in, when the work to which we are called, just as these cloventh hour laborers in the parable, when they came in, when they were called in the vineyard—work faithfully, because God himself works faithfully. No matter where we stand, no matter where our work is, act. On this great battle-field of life, God sets the position, God arranges us, and puts us in our places. We may desert, we may run away, we may lie down; but the position is not your choosing, but of God's. I doubt very much about people being so much misplaced. I think they sometimes stray out of their spheres, by their own neglect; instead of consulting their aptitudes, they mistake their call, and most generally demonstrate that where Providence placed them was right, and that where they placed themselves was wrong. If you take the real providential intimations of man's sphere, I doubt whether there are many people who are misplaced in life. The great thing for them is to do their work; and if they happen to be misplaced, if it is true that there is a man of great ability in a comparatively narrow sphere, who might do much more in another sphere, if there is one who might do much more for himself each the world of the provident of the sphere. sphere, if there is one who might do much more for himself and the world, cramped by accidental position, then it is a great thing just to be patient. Keep on working there; you can do sometning; if God never extricates you from that position, no matter, work faithfully there, work to the best of your ability in your subjects. your sphere. All you can do in your station, be it ever so high, be it ever so richly endowed, is to do the right work to God and to humanity, to the everlasting truth and rightcousness, and your neighbor not richly endowed, not in high station, has done the same thing, and he, for his faithfulness; will get what you got for your faithfulness, a penny, and no more. If we are to estimate, not by outward, but by inward estimates, there is no standard both. there is no standard, both as to ourselves and to oth ers, for that estimate, but the spirit in which the work

is done.

And, finally, I employ the suggestions of the narrative before us to this effect, that every one of us is called; is called by God's providence and Christ's word to do a work in the kingdom of God, and in the field of duty and of religion. You know there are some there to whom the owner of the vineyard, as he passed along, said, ... Why stand yo here all the day idle?" And they gave; a very reasonable excuse: "Because no man hath hired us." They had not been asked to work. There is no proof that they had not asked to work. There is no proof that they had not sought for work, that they had not faithfully offered sought for work, that they had not faithfully offered their services, that this was not a legitimate excuse for them. It was a very legitimate excuse, I think, for the Gentiles, to which I suppose this passage of the narrative especially applied. And I suppose it would apply very well to what we call the heathen, now, in our day. They have not been called, they cannot do Christ's work, because the Christian work has not summoned them, and it is a legitimate excuse for them to say. "No man both hired us." But that is not an excuse for sayled in a Christian land; it is not a legitimate for anybody in a Christian land; it is not a legitimate excuse for the man who is accustomed to the privileges of the sanctuary, who is accustomed to the Sabbath, who has the Word of God, who is conscious enough to know what his moral duty is, and who has moral sensitiveness to know and to recognize the work of faithfulness. It is not, I say, an excuse for him at all that he has stood through life "all the day idle." They are not to wait until the eleventh hour to be called, because they were called at the first hour of the day, at any early hour. Therefore we need not trouble ourselves with the question whether, if we should happen to come in a the eleventh hour to twenthe and for to come in at the eleventh hour, it would be good for us, because that question does not apply in our case; that is God's matter—he will take care of that. You have no business to wait until the cleventh hour; you have no business to be putting off religion until the very end of life, or God's call of duty in any sphere until the end of life. It all comes from these outward

estimates, these mercenary estimates of things.
You think that heaven is going to consist in an outward possession, in a merely sensuous place like that which Mahomet preaches. You seem to think that at the very last moment, if you can utter the Shibboleth just as you pass the gates of death, if you only stop one inch short of the gate, and then change, you will be all right. That is a mistake, a great mistake. The mistake arises, as I have said, from taking these outward and mercenary estimates of things. Insomuch ward and mercenary estimates of things. Insomuch as you do not serve God, insomuch as your soul is not. in holiness, insomuch as your heart is not given to God and to his service, you have lost; it is a losing game with you, even as then. Heaven is spiritual, and you will never get into it, until that is the state of your heart and the condition of your soul. It will not be the change of death, or any outward condition, but your spiritual state. And so long as you say arms. not be the change of death, or any outward condition, but your spiritual state. And so long as you stay away from this work of God, and truth, and duty, and spiritual life, so long you stay away from your own blessedness. The life-work, the spiritual-work of duty—are all idle in these elements? If we are, then to us comes the question—"Why stand ye here all the day idle?" A man may be very busy with his hands, and still be idle in this respect. Nay, hands, breins and heart, may be all occupied, and yet in hands, and still be idle in this respect. Nay, hands, brains, and heart, may be all occupied, and yet in God's estimate the man may do nothing, may be an idler in life, because he has not really done the true work of life, or wrought the work of life in the true spirit. God's work is no shell-work. When we speak of working in God's kingdom, let us not think that it is a mere technical and professional sort of kingdom; that it consists merely in prayer, in hearing the Bible, in meditation, in joining the church, in doing the work of Sunday. The Christian's work is all good work; every field of business, every sphere of action, every occupation, that is his right work. Every example that is just, and good, and true—everything that develops life, that makes us truer men, truer women, truer to God, and more true to humanity—all this is Christian work.

Now you may have done a great deal of this work, but not in the right spirit, not under the sanction and

Now you may have done a great dean of this work, but not in the right spirit, not under the sanction and consecration of God, not with an impartial ideal of duty blazing over your head, not with a feeling of Christ's spirit of love and self-sacrifice, but selfishly, sensuously, you may have done your work. But you should work for God, for humanity, for eternal interested details in particle work of your own soul which ests; do this inner life work of your own soul, which no man can do for you, which you must do for yourself. ests; do this inner life work of your own soul, which no man can do for you, which you must do for yourself. Tais work of inward spiritual growth in righteousness, that is the work for you to do; then all legitimate work flows from it. Your field of daily occupation, your associations, and all the round of change in this life will be your rightful position, if with this consecration to God, this sense of duty, this perception of the real end of life, you come to your work. And, I repeat, if you have not wrought in this way, no matter how industrious you may have been, you are an idler. And what affections remain undeveloped, even while their power is felt in the streets and the markets. You are idlers in God's universe, because the spiritual idea of life has never been taken up by you, and you have never acted from the true motive, but stand here, so many of us, in this great market place of life, lit up with all these coincides indications of God's goodnes, with the mark of the cet of past generations upon this pathway, with the thought of so many who have gone before us, and wo are soon going to—but stand here spiritually and morally idle, so many of us, and God calling us with the voice of his providence, and Christ appealing to us with his life of great love and sacrifice, and great occasions of humanity spreading out before us. We stand here all the day idle, and think our work is simply outward and material work. And we say, half the time, God is unjust to us; we have had a hard time of it, because we have bone the burden and the heat of the day, and have not been more fully rewarded than those who came in at a late hour. Yes, you have formed false cause we have borne the burden and the heat of the day, and have not been more fully rewarded than those who came in at a late hour. Yes, you have formed false estimates of your work in life, because you have formed false estimates of the true work of life. Oh! man, there is no voice that should ring to your conscience with louder and more startling tones, than this voice coming from God, from Christ, from neglected duty—"Why, why stand ye here all the day idle."

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.

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BATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1850.

Herry, Colby & Co., Publishers. WILLIAM BERRY, LUTHER COLBY, J. ROLLIN M. EQUIRE

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

EDITORS:

WILLIAM BERRY, BOSTON. | S. B. BRITTAN, NEW YORK, LUTHER COLBY, " J. R. M. SQUIRE, LONDON.

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MARRIAGE LAWS.

The discussions that have hitterto been had on the subject of the laws that regulate marriage, are but preliminary to what are yet to come. These who have dared proclaim their clearer perceptions and purer sentiments on the matter, have been persistently met with ridicule and malicious representation, as if they entertained evil designs against the social state itself. they being beyond the reach of its influences. But not an argument has been put, nor a high sentiment been uttered, nor a truthful statement been made, that will not tell in the end for a revisal of those arrangements under which men and women, once united in marriage by law, are forced to remain guilty of the prostitution of both body and soul.

Circumstances offer themselves in plenty, every day we live and observe, that summon the better minds in our modern society to the serious task of reforming an institution which modern statutes place on nothing but a low physical basis. Discussion and enlightenment, of course, precede alteration and re-casting, and therefore they are significant of what is certain to come. That there are thousands who confess to themselves in secret the sorry condition in which an early lack of proper instruction has irrevocably plunged them, and thousands more who, while sullenly accepting a fate that is nothing but the damnation of an entire life. still decline, from the combined influences of fear and custom, to put themselves at once out of wrong relations, if not into right ones-no observing man or woman of to day needs to be told. The unhappiness is as radical as it is general; did men and women only understand their own natures better at the start, the marriage relation, upon which all social order and happiness builds itself, instead of proving the unmitigated blight and curse it is, would forthwith give evidence of a genuine healthiness, proceeding, as it would, from nothing but true spiritual, instead of blind passional, affinities. Thus, in the latter case, it would become a life-giving and enduring institution, I no longer remain the consuming fire, the logthsome leprosy, and the hydra-headed tormentor it is.

The case of Dr. William F. Channing, of Boston, whose separation from his wife some time ago called down upon his head a rain of anathemas, ridicule, and false statements from newspapers that profess to guide and instruct the public mind on marriage, as well as on other matters, is pertinent to the sentiments we have merely hinted at above; especially does it come within our own province to take note of his personal experience, since Spiritualism was made responsible by these same Cerberus-mouthed presses for what they conceived to be moral delinquency on his part, but which, as it is now made to appear, had no connection with his private action whatever. Dr. Channing has thought it worth his while to refute the calumnies of the scribblers, ignorant and unappreciative alike, in a long letter to the N. Y. Evening Post, in which he sets forth the exact facts of his much-discussed case. and triumphantly vindicates both his conduct and his right to pursue the course that has thus seemed best to himself. Without attempting to enter at all upon the discussion of the large and vital question which his pregnant communication involves, we furnish the same to the BANNER, bespeaking for it the careful attention it certainly deserves.

· Gentlemen: On the 29th of January last, one of the Boston Gentlemen: On the 29th of January last, one of the Boston newspapers centained an editorial paragraph entitled, "Spiritualism in the Family Circle," which was made up of assertions concerning certain alleged domestic difficulties of my own. The immediate effect of this paragraph, which went the roudd of the American press, was to give the widest publicity to matters of a strictly private nature. It also furnished a text for articles in other papers, containing the most gross and unfounded calumnies.

nished a text for articles in other papers, containing the most gross and unfounded calumnies.

I may be allowed to say, in advance, that the persons by whom I have been assailed cannot claim, in excuse for their conduct, that they were wholly ignorant of my previous reputation in the community. For the greater part of thirty-eight years I had lived in the city of Boston without any reputation with the Fire Alarm Telegraph—which I originated in partnership with a friend, and presented to my native city, and which is becoming an essential part of the organization of every American municipality—had not left me without or public witness, either in the character of citizen, or of student of science as applied to civilization.

I am charged in the offensive paragraph which I have referred to, with having been "so far bewildered in the mazes of Spiritualism," as to have abandoned my wife to find a "spiritual affinity with another young lady;" that on this "development," my wife had assented to my request for a separation, and that I had gone to Indiana to obtain a divorce, in order to marry my new "affinity." I might simply brand this narrative as an indecent collection of falsehoods; but I oppose to it the following statement of facts:

I am not, and never have been a "Salrimilist" In severe

this narrative as an indecent collection of falsehoods; but I oppose to it the following statement of facts:

I am not, and never have been, a "Spiritualist." In saying so, I mean to imply no disrespect to the many good and thoughtful persons, founding their faith in Spiritualism, or the phenomena called by that name. I wish simply to relieve myself and the Spiritualists of a burden which belongs to neither. In my capacity of observer, I have examined, like many men of science, the physical phenomena of Spiritualism, and stated to a scientific body the precise conclusions subsequently published by Dr. Luther Y. Bell, without making any attempt to speculate in, or assign causes. I have nothing any attempt to speculate in, or assign causes. I have nothin to do with the vagoe jargon of "affinitiea." My separation to do with the vague jargon of "aminutes" any separation from my wife took place more than five years ago, from causes contained wholly within the union itself. No human being, either man or woman, interfered or contributed in any way to bring about this result. I have nothing further to say of the causes of separation, either in vindication or blama, except that my decision was deliberate, and from a conviction of duty and necessity. I have only to regret now that I re-

tained the social semblance of marriage, during the years in- brother of the bride, we descended the mountain on

tained the social semblance of martisge, during the years immediately following, from a false regard to others. But it expects to mark the deliberation with which I zought to seek the separation in law, which already faisted in fact.

I found at once that a broad line divided the eastern and western policy with regard to marriage and divorce. In Massachusetts the martiage contract could not be set aside except for physical inability, or evasion, or violation of the physical contract. Mental, moral and spiritual impotency vacated it not. The legal contract was of the body alone. It man elements entered not into the ideal of the law. It recognized only the animal relation, At the West, the doctrine was substantially held that it is the duty and interest of succept to release the parties to a permanently discordant union. This principle admitted the dislocatively human grounds of relation and difference. I thoroughly accepted it no thought requires the plainest enunciation at the present time.

I found the the laws of Massachusetts were conversaled in the present time.

zen, in all honor and good faith to the State whose freer institutions invited me.

In becoming a citizen of Indiana, I sought release from an oppressive obligation, already dull in its essential human conditions. I sought and obtained this release for its own sake, as a matter of personal and social duty. I did not seek it "in order to marry a new affinity." At the same time, I reserved to myself the right to marry whenever I considered it conductive to my own welfare, having also due regard to the welfare of others. I have exercised this right for reasons sufficient to myself, into which no human being has any till to inquire, and which my past assailants would be the last to important in the prostrate rights of man, contain the elements of their own destruction. These old forms must die. Man may no longer invest the spirit of Love with immortal hate, or fill the Future with ever-wasting elements of destruction. The indvelling divinity may

appreciate.

I have referred to the laws of Massachusetts, setting mar-

Dr. Channing asserts that Protestantism is the mother of divorce, that the Roman Catholic religion was the advocate of the indissolubility of the marriage contract, and that the continuance of marriage where there is a paragraph model of world, under the action of where the continuance of marriage where there is a paragraph model of the continuance of marriage where there is a paragraph model of the continuance of marriage where there is a paragraph model of the continuance of marriage where there is a paragraph of the continuance of marriage where there is a paragraph of the continuance of marriage where there is a paragraph of the continuance of marriage where there is a paragraph of the continuance of marriage where there is a paragraph of the continuance of marriage where there is a paragraph of the continuance of marriage where the continu

"My especial reason for rendering this account at the present time, through you, to my friends and the public is, that I write on the eye of departure from the country for a period of several months."

THE MOUNTAIN MARRIAGE.

Married, in Southington, Conn., Sunday evening, Nov. 27th, 1859, by S. B. Brittan, Mr. Amos Dresser of Stockbridge, Mass., and Miss Merab Amelia Hotouriss of Southington.

The union of the parties named above was appropriately recognized, and-in respect to the legal formconsummated beneath the roof of the old but comfortable family residence, situated about two and a half miles from the Canal Railroad, the nearest station being in the valley at the East, and at that distance from the "Mountain Home." It is a point of observation from which a wide and enchanting scene opens to the spectator. The foreground is formed by the rugged hill-side; the wide middle space is occupied by numerous objects-natural and artificial-which give variety to the picture; while, in the dim haze far away, ranges of hills define the limits of vision, and form the bold. picturesque outlines, which are relieved and softened n proportion, as

"Distance lends enchantment to the view."

The old house was erected nearly one hundred years ago. Four generations have lived and loved by the side, but apparently not more unwell than he had been same hearth-stone, and from the same enchanted precincts generations have passed away. The lights and shadows of a century blend in the record. Earnest and unshackled minds have there communed together; gentle hearts have beat in unison in the bright morning of existence, and at the solemn hour of life's eventide. How many lofty aspirations have had their birth in the peaceful home on the hill-side, and how many fond hopes—like early flowers blasted by untimely frosts have withered there, it is not given us to know. Only the Angel with the immortal style and imperishable tablets may tell. These, inspirations of childish mirth and maturer joys-sparkling like morning dews. or refreshing the soul like summer showers-have made life and the world more heautiful; and if, ever and anon, dark shadows have fallen athwart the pilgrim's nearly all the Episcopal clergy of New York, including pathway, the baptism of tears may have purified the the Provisional Bishop of the Diocese. The New York affections, while noble minds are often refined and Common Council and the Trustees of the Astor Library exalted by the ministry of sorrow.

The "Mountain Home" is not without its historic associations; and these are of peculiar interest. During our revolutionary struggle, the floors of the old domicil trembled under the footsteps of armed hosts who fought for LIBERTY. It is said that the French Count Rochambeau and the immortal Lafayette, once found shelter for a night under that roof. The place is thus consecrated; and memories of great events and illustrious names come to haunt the imagination of the visitor as he crosses the threshold of the mansion on

the mountain. But it is not the imagination alone that is peopled by invisible forms of real and imperishable things. The "Mountain Home" has long been a favorite ren. dezvous for the spirits of the departed. According to Longfellow-

"All houses wherein men have lived and died, Are haunted houses. Through the open doors The homeless phantoms on their errands glide, With feet that make no sound upon the floors.

We meet them at the doorway, on the stair: Along the passages they come and go, Impulpable impressions on the air, A sense of something moving to and fro,

There are more guests at table than the hosts Invited; the illuminated hall is througed with quiet, inofiensive ghosts, As slient as the pictures on the wall."

It may be that the shades of revolutionary heroes still go in and out at the humble portal of the old mansion. The struggle for Freedom, that long ago brought illustrious strangers to that spot, may have secured for t a consecration in their memory, which calls them back to review the scene, and to inspire the minds and hearts of those who dwell there. It is quite certain that the spirit which calmly but firmly resists all oppression, still has its visible representatives in all that

ecion. But the incarnate spirits, assembled on the occasion of our recent visit, were white-robed and gentle, and such as are accustomed to draw their most effective weapons from the spiritual armory. Those who there pledged a life-long fidelity to each other, are deeply imbued with the great freedom of spirit, which is vastly deeper, higher, and more comprehensive than the lib erty embodied in civil and political institutions. Their ouls have been baptized in light, while the flowery

Angel of a new dispensation records the judgment of the present time.

I found that the laws of Massachusetts were oppressive in what had become to mea matter of conscience. I terminated my recidence in Massachusetts with great regret, and at sufficient cost to prove my sincerity, and become a western cities the laws of Nature, and in the mystical language of the Spirit of the Age. Verily, "God that made the world, and all things therein, seeing that he is Lord." world, and all things therein, seeing that he is Lord

elements of destruction. The indwelling divinity may I have referred to the laws of Massachusetts, setting marriage aside on account of physical failure, but not recognizing mental, moral, or spiritual elements, as entering into the contract and therefore vacating it when they fail. It is this materialization of marriage, which is the chief source of the existing disorder in the central relations of society. No institution can rise much above its ideal, and marriage is made by law to be the unalterable contract of bodies, thus depriving it of all the conditions which distinguish human marriage, and degrading it to the level of an enforced, permanent animal relation.

Dr. Chauning asserts that Protestantism is the mother of the spirit in its upward flight.

divorce, that the Roman Catholic religion was the advocate of the indiscolability of the marriage contract, and that the continuance of marriage, where there is a permanent mental unfitness for union in the parties, is the cause of great social misery and evil. He maintains that at the West, no new State can be formed without enacting laws of release, to qualify what he calls, "the law of physical marriage." Women, he asserts, are the principal sufferers by the laws restraining facilities of divorce. He adds:

"This is recognized in Western practice, where a woman always receives the readlest sympathy. In the present industrial condition of woman, the husband, in case of separation, is bound, as a general rule, to provide liberally for the support of the wife. The mother, except in the rarest cases, has the natural right to her own child. The father is bound to support the child, and continue to it his care, as far as is possible. It is the interest of society that its adult members should be married. The release from a discordant union abould be no bar to the future marriage of either of the parties. It should be possible for separation to take place without encessarily involving either in blame; for the discord may be due to unnatural relations, and not to defect of character in either."

Dr. Channing says:

"My especial reason for rendering this exercited the continuance of a spirit that the continuence of a spirit that the continuence of the case of the continuence of the parties. It should be possible for separation to take place with a spirit that the continuence of the contin There are great moral and spiritual forces in the will not rest until man is redeemed and the world is free !

> The time is at hand when the pure in heart and tho free in spirit, of every name, must break over all sectarian lines and barriers, and meet together on the true ground of union. In that day a new impulse will move the heart of the common Humanity, and a great light will shine in upon the imprisoned spirits of men. Those who worship a creed; whose religion is all comprehended in their theological opinions and Sunday ceremonies, may well tremble at "the signs of the times." But to the great Soul, whose common law is progress; whose actual life is a succession of great thoughts and illustrious deeds; whose religion is moral growth and spiritual illumination, and whose prayers are the ceaseless struggles of the aspiring spirit after true liberty !- THE PRESENT is full of encouragement and hope.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

The death of this eminent American author, at his residence (Sunnyside.) on the Hudson, saddens all hearts. The event occurred on the 28th ult. His death, though sudden, was not altogether unexpected. He retired to his room about ten o'clock, feeling more languid than usual, and complaining of pain in his and while his niece was near him, he suddenly fell, and in a moment was gone. A physician was soon with him, but no mortal aid could avail to bring him back.

The funeral took place on Thursday, at Tarrytown. Business in that place was suspended. Stores were closed. From almost every house mourning drapery was hung. The bells of the churches were tolled for some hours. From the surrounding country, and from New York and other cities. thousands of people assembled, in and about the church where the funeral services took place. A procession, more than a mile in length, followed the remains of the deceased to the grave, where, besides many distinguished men, were were present, and the Historical Society was represented. The services at the church and at the grave were conducted by the Rev. Dr. Creighton, pastor of the church at Tarrytown, of which Mr. Irving was a mem-

It is not necessary for us to rehearse his works by their titles-they are familiar to every reader. "His life was gentle," and "the elements" were "so mixed up in him" that all knew him but to love him. At this particular time, we caunot more appropriately illustrate his peculiar genius as an author than by giving a few extracts from one of his own sweet essays. entitled "Midnight Musings:"

I have sat by the window and mused upon the dusky landscape, watching the lights disappearing one by one from the
distant village; and the moon rising in her silent majesty,
and leading up all the silver pomp of heaven. As I have
gazed upon these quiet groves and shadowing lawns, silvered
over and imporfectly lighted by streaks of dewy moonshine,
my mind has been crowded by "thick coming funcies" concerning those spiritual beings which

"_____ Walk the earth Unseen both when we wake and when we sleep."

Unseen both when we wake and when we sleep."

Are there, indeed, such beings? Is this space between us and the Delty filled up by innumerable orders of spiritual beings, forming the same gradations between the human soul and divine perfection, that we see prevailing from humanity down to the meanest insect? It is a sublime and beautiful dectrine inculcated by the early fathers, that there are guardian angels appointed to watch over cities and nations, to take care of good men, and to guard and guide the steps of helpless infincy. Even the dectrine of departed spirits returning to visit the scenes and beings, which were dear to them during the bodies' existence, though it has been debased by the absurd superstitions of the vulgar, in itself is awfully solemn and sublime.

Everything connected with our spiritual nature is full of doubt and difficulty. "We are fearfully and wonderfully made." we are surrounded by mysteries, and we are mysteries even to ourselves. It is more the menner in which

made." we are surrounded by mysteries, and we are mysteries even to ourselves. It is more the manner in which this superstition has been degraded, than its intrinsic absurdity, that has brought it into contempt. Raise it above the frivolous purposes to which it has been applied, strip it of the gloom and horror with which it has been applied, strip it of the gloom and horror with which it has been applied, strip it of the gloom and horror with which it has been applied, strip it of the gloom and horror with which it has been applied, strip it of the gloom and horror with which it has been applied, strip it of the gloom and horror with which it has been applied, strip it of the gloom and horror with which it has been applied, and there is move, in 'the whole circle of visionary creeds, that could more delightfully elevate the imagination, or more tenderly affect that the bed of death, soothing the bitter tear wrung from us by the agony of mortal separation.

What could be more consoling than the idea, that the souls of those we once leved were permitted to return and watch over our welfare?—that affectionate and quardian spirits sat by our pillows when we slept, keeping a vigil over our most helpiess hours?—that beauty and innocence which had languished into the tomb, yet smiled unseen around us, revealing themselves in those blest dreams wherein we live over again the hours of past endearments? A belief of this kind would, I should think, be a new incentive to virtue, rendering us circumspect, even in our most secret moments, from the deep that these we once leved with once of

souls have been baptized in light, while the flowery fields and gardens of their own inward Eden, are made beautiful and fruitful by the clear waters of the river of Life.

It was midnight when the writer left the company and retired to rest, in a large, antique chamber, over the apartment occupied by the bridal party.

"Nature's sweet restorer"

came quickly—at our first suggestion. Buried in feathers, and lost in a state of oblivious repose, we slept soundly until five o'clock, when—agreeably to our previous request—we were summoned to prepare for an early departure. As the first rays of the morning shone along the Eastern horizon, we bade adieu to the "Mountain Home," with a benediction in our hearts for all its inmates. In company with Mr. Geo. Smith, and a lost of the inverted the inverted their visitation with the most solemn but unalloyed delight.

P. B. Randolph.

Mr. Randolph is again lecturing as a trance medium and, in truth, a more extenordinary, a more susceptible and powerful medium is not to be found in the ranks of Spiritualism. Spiritualism his soul has never renounced; his lectures in Boston last winter, that made an external protonce in opposition to Spiritualism, were signal and triumphant evidences in favor of its truth. The skepticism of skeptics influenced him. and the belief of Spiritualists influenced him; he has been tossed hither and thither by influences of others. acting upon the extreme sensitiveness and passiveness of his existence, which influences, taking their turns in ruling him, have made him appear both one thing had a near relative who was one of the strongest physical and the other. This great susceptibility and passive- mediums in the world; her medium powers were so great, ness is only an evidence of his extraordinary medium that by simply holding her hands within one or two feet of powers. I do not hesitate to say, that spirits in and the table, without contact it would be raised two or three out of the body have more perfect control of his organism than any medium I ever saw. The eloquence, pathos, and beauty of his lectures cannot be excelled. He has been taken away from lecturing for a few months past by the immediate direction of spirits, and made to work on a farm, in order to give his physical organism strength, which has been absolutely necessary for the longer continuance of his noble spirit in his physical form. He is now resuming his position once and feelings of all with whom I was broungt in conas a trante speaker. He is a fine man, a noble fellow, and every Spiritualist needs but to meet him and make mal. his acquaintance, to welcome him as such.

Mr. R. will not remain long with us; his Sundays are nearly all spoken for up to the period of his doparture for his Western home, consequently our friends should endeavor to give him a hearing on week day ovenings.-ED.

A New Book on the Arctic Sea.

Messrs, Brown, Taggard & Chase, of this city, announce the publication of a volume by Dr. Hayes, a companion of the lamented Kane, and who is soon to start on another trip to the Northern ocean, entitled An Arctic Boat Journey in the Autumn of 1854." This will be a most interesting addition to the story of circumpolar experiences. It contains the history of an attempt, in open boats, by eight persons, setting out from the brig "Advance," (then in her winter quarters at Rensselaer Harbor) to reach Upernavik, in North Greenland, the most northern outpost of civilization. The distance was one thousand miles, and the party were caught in the ice by an early closing in of the winter. After living nearly three months in a snow hut among the Esquimaux, the party traveled in toto. three hundred and fifty miles, in the middle of the Arctle night-a journey without precedent in the annals of those perilous countries.

The publishers have generously pledged a large share of the proceeds of the sale of the book, to Dr. H., to enable him to prosecute his journey, the expense attending which must of necessity be heavy.

"Other Exposers."

The Yates County (New York) Chronicle contains the following editorial notice of one Dr. Morron, who has been lecturing in that vicinity against Spiritualism:—

"He is boisterously clapped and quacked, and one would "Ho is boisterously clapped and quacked, and one would think from the tremendous cackling made over him, that he was depositing the golden eggs of wisdom in great profusion among us. And yet a more disjointed, illogical, pointiess and twaddling set of harangues, was never dignified by the attention of an enlightened community. All that saves him from popular contempt is, a sonorous voice and a tenacious memory, added to the anxiety of the churches to put down Spiritualism. Now it is no wish of ours to defend this new religion, and we could not if we would. If Spiritualism has any basis of truth, it will in due time take care of itself; and in the density of our ignorance on the subject, we prefer to n the density of our ignorance on the subject, we prefer to eave it that office. We would gladly listen to a really com ctent and scientific man on either side.

Since copying the above, the following paragraph from the Fall River Journal fell under our notice:-

"Prof. Spencer appeared before the citizens of Fall River on the evenings of November 14th and 15th, with the avowed object of exposing Spiritualism, but his attempt proved a failue. He wound up his course, after two nights, having exposed nothing but his ignorance of the subject of Spiritualism."

Lectures in North Brookfield.

Oliver Bliss, of North Brookfield, Mass., save:-'Spiritualism, since its advent here five years ago, has been gradually on the increase; but, like the waves of Mrs. J. W. Currier have done efficient work here. Prof. Brittan drew large audiences, who listened to his eloquence with great satisfaction. Uriah Clark, a few weeks since, gave two lectures here. He is earnest and truthful, and has left a lasting impression on many minds. Mrs. Spence has very recently been here; her abilities are great; her zeal and efforts for the cause of suffering. tures here, during the delivery of which she kept her it is not necessary for all to go to heaven in this way.

In Winter Quarters.

For two or three weeks the great air-ship-"City of New York"-which was advortised to sail at an early day, on her first transatlantic arial voyage, was on exhibition at Reservoir Square, (twenty-five cents admission;) but for some reason-during the continuance of the Indian Summer—the gas escaped about as fast as it was generated, so that the ship was never ready to leave her terrestrial moorings. At length we learn that the trial trin has been postponed until another year. "on account of the [fine] weather." "The City of New York," having taken quarters sufficient for the exigencies of the winter, the great gas bag suddenly collapsed, and the proprietor is "laying Lowe."

A Model Editor.

The Woodstock (New Brunswick) Journal contains an ably written article on free discussion. We hall him as a star of the first magnitude in the editorial galaxy: We subjoin his concluding remarks:-

If the event must ensue which is dimly shadowed in the threat with which "A Subscriber" conclude his letter, that the Woodstock Journal can prosper only by hauling down the flag of free discussion, it must prosper under some other management than ours. Christians and Deists, Trinitarians and Unitarians. Romanists and Protestants, Tories and Smashers, black, red. and white, "Subscribers" and "Free Inquirers," may each and all rest assured that our hand will never be sullied in the cowardly task.

Social Levee.

The assembly at Union Hall, on Wednesday evening. Nov. 30th, complimentary to Mrs. Little, was not quite as remunerative as could have been wished; yet select party was present, and were well pleased with the entertainment.

Mrs. L. intends visiting the South soon. She is a fine medium, and will doubtless effect much good wherever she may locate. Many invalids have been restored to health through her instrumentality.

A Test.

George Beckwith, of New Haven, Ct., writes that Martha Beckwith, eighteen years of age, has given remarkable tests of spirit presence and spirit identity Recently, a spirit of whose history she knew nothing, gave his name, and told the cause and time of his

Mrs. Amanda M. Spence,

Of New York, lectures at Ordway Hall on Sunday next, forenoon and afternoon. See notice under head of "Meetings in Boston."

Joy, a merry heart, and a happy mind, are great medicines for the sick; but grief, despondency and shame have an op-

P. B. RANDOLPH AT WASHINGTON HALL, CHARLESTOWN.

Sunday Afternoon, Wovember 27, 1859. [Abstract Report by Dr. A. B. CHILD.]

Mr. Randolph asked for a subject to speak upon, and a gentleman in the audience said, "As the general impression among Spiritualists is, that you have renounced Spiritualism. I propose the following question for the subject of your lec-ture, viz., Is Modern Spiritualism true!"

Mr. Randolph said that, at a very early age, he became intorested in Spiritualism; and all his life he had seen spirits and communed with thom. He stated that his mother, when in her earthly form, was an excellent clairvoyant; that he feet from the floor, and be suspended there; that the solar lamp and a tumbler of water had been taken from the table and held in the air above the table without any visible contact, while the table rocked powerfully to and fre, also without visible contact.

In time I became entranced, was called upon to lecture, and did lecture. I became extremely sensitive to spirit influence, and also to the influence of spirits inhabiting the nhysical organism: so much so, that I could feel the influtact; I became morbidly sensitive; my condition was abnor-

I met John M. Spear, and he filled my brain with some important mission which he said I had to perform. He made me believe that everything in society was corrupt and wrong. I swallowed those ideas, and believed that I had a great work to do on earth. I discovered that my wife was not my affinity. I went round the country preaching my scandalous impressions. I was crazy; these ideas of radical reform made me mad. This was four or five years ago. I went to Europe, carrying my insanity with me, and I came in contact with no one who thought as I did; and by meeting so many with sane minds, I was finally magnetized back to sanity, and returned home in a normal condition. And I became conscious that radicalism was abnormal, and its tendency was to degrade the race. It was then I said that I would abjure all radicalism, and would fice from the hell into which I had fallen.

I returned to my family again, and since that time my home has been a heaven to me; it has been all the dearer for my having been tossed on the waves of fanaticism, insanity and misory.

I went to the Utica Convention, and, after considerable opposition, was permitted to declare before that Convention that there was normal Spiritualism and abnormal Spiritualism; the normal I accepted, and the abnormal I rejected. Then the report went forth that I had renounced Spiritualism

To Spiritualism there are two sides, as there are two sides to every development. I accept the bright side, and the dark I reject; I accept the healthy growth, and reject the unhealthy growth. And I cannot deny that what has happened to me in the dark side of Spiritualism, has been necessary and beneficial to my development as a true man, for there is nothing in existence that is not right, when viewed from a divine stand-point. There is an evil and there is a good; the evil wastes away in time, and the good lives still-lives forever. It has, perhaps, been necessary that Spiritualism should burst pon the world, partially obscured at first by dark clouds; for if it were not so, the bright and beautiful luminary might be too much for our feeble senses to bear. Hence it is, that conflicts agitate a thousand minds. The consequences of Spiritualism are not to be feared. By Spiritualism a man was never made permanently insane; all the evils of Spiritualism have been evils that have been necessary to lead men to come and see, and practice, the good and the true. The most radical and the most ridiculous, may only be regarded as taking a step on the first round of the ladder of eternal progression.

Bocause Spiritualism has been characterized externally by bad things, believe not that it is intrinsically untrue; all the radicalism, fanaticism, and freeloveism of Spiritualism, is but paint on the glass through which the heavenly light of Spirtualism is shining, and without these shadows, the full burst of its beauties would be too much for mortals. When our strength to bear its beauties grows larger, men and women in it will be holy, pure, and true. Goodness is gained by struggle. These shadows we must overcome; we must rise from ignorance to bilss by conflict. The highest among Spiritualists are standing yet on one of the lowest planes of the Grand Spiritualism.

It is not necessary that all should go into the slough of free eve, and the degradation of radicalism. The mission of these evils is a lesson to open the eyes of others, and help them to avoid the evils thereof. Passional love and spiritual love are different; one is false, the other is true. There is a morbid the sea, it has had its ups and downs. Miss Hoyt and Spiritualism, and a healthy Spiritualism—one degrades the soul seemingly for a time, the other elevates it always. We view things from a human standpoint, and see wrong; but could we view things from God's standpoint, all things are

Spiritualism is the cream of the civilization of all past nations, and the civilization of nations is the milk that is now sour. Free love is the last link of civilization, and a great many people must go to heaven over this bridge. Yes, some humanity are carnest and devoted. She gave four lec- must pass over this dark and murky morass of free leve, but

itualism, unlike any other religion, appeals to man in every department of his nature. The bells of heaven are now ringing a new jubilee, and calling all human souls to happiness. Believe not that mortals have seen the greatest light of Spiritualism; for God will again, as he did ten years ago, say to Michael and Gabriel, and other angels. "Go down again, and open another door, and let the light of heaven shine in other forms on mortals," Sometime the veil that bides the spirit-world from this, will be lifted by the finger of the living God, and the light of the spirit-world shall burst upon the wondering vision of mortals in unutterable granleur and magnificence.

[At this point Mr. Randolph suddenly stopped, and said. I am moved with deep emotion-I have seen my mother.". He wept as if with inexpressible joy, and continued, "She smiles upon me. I have not power to describe her beauty. She appears with the youth and vigor of seventeen years She possesses wisdom greater than I can conceive of. She smiles upon me so sweetly !"]

No curtain hides the spirit-world from us except our senauous vision.

Three things Spiritualism has established, viz : 1st, that there is a God; 2d, the immortality of the soul of man: 3d. that man is necessarily eternally progressive. These are the A, B and C of Spiritualism; the rest of the alphabet is yet to come, with all its uses, and all the undying beauties that its uncounted volumes shall spread out before the soul in its

Hereafter shall be developed a spirit-power that men have not conceived or thought of. Intuition shall be the next development in Spiritualism; this is the power that shall instantly leap and take possession of all knowledge that man has developed a capacity to receive. Intuition is the eye of love. Intuition is the eye of the soul. Intuition is the eye of God. Intuition is the power of angels, archangels and scraphs. Intuition shall bring out the true man and the true woman.

Think you that man is forever to pick flowers in the garden of intellect? No, not forever. Man in the great future has a higher mission than this; he is to be the creator of new con-

"Let there be Light." Man is no longer satisfied with a more animal existence,

but claims a higher life. He is leaving the stagnant pools enlivened by no murmur, to drink from the mountain rills. His way is steep and rugged, but the pure atmosphere, the living waters and the cheering light, are the reward of his labor. In the exercise of his faculties, new and higher sources of enjoyment are continually opening before him. His pleasures are increased in number and refined in nature; and his life and all his joys are becoming more intellectual, gave his name, and told the cause and time of his spiritual and divine. The world, existence and the future, death, which took place in 1830, by the falling of a are invested with new charms. The mists and fogs that stone, thrown up by blasting rocks, which crushed chilled the early traveler are scattered, and the Day is at him to death. Two strangers to the medium were hand. And I heard a great voice from Heaven-speaking present who knew these facts and identified the spirit, through all the forms of Earth-saying, "LET THERE BE LIGHT!" and behold it is rolling in like a flood, leaving unengulfed no monument of darkness to tell of the night that

> M. E. Aveny, Bellevus, Mich.-Spiritualism is progressing here, silently and surely; people are surprised sometimes, for they find that before they are aware of the fact they are advocating Spiritualism. The Church here is fast going to decay, it can raise no revivals, but its members are continually quarreling among themselves.'

New Publications.

Tun OLD from Mansion: By Charles J. Paterson. 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. l'eterson is already known to the readers of fiction, as Mr. Peterson is already known to the readers of fiction, as one of our most popular writers. The present volume fully enterprise, intelligence, or industry. Manufacturing straw that and bonnets is the principal business of the place; 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 rich 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 Stone Mansion," her reconciliation with her lover, is part of the romanco 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 over 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 sec- of it. I saw a large pile of Bannens on the table at the tional 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.

Lizzy Glenn; or, The Trials of a Scamstress. By T. S. Arthur. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. For sale by Bhepard, Olark & Brown, Beston.

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, altered and selected tragedies, plays, dramas, comedies, farces, burlesques, charades, lectures, etc. By Silas S. Steel, Dramatist. Philadelphia: Geo. G. Evans Publisher, 439 Chestnut street.

Anything which tends to bind the young to home, ma safely be welcomed by all classes of our citizens. Private theatricals may certainly claim a place among the amuse ments which render the domestic fireside attractive. There fore, the book before us, which is carefully compiled by 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 objection able, have been expunged. This is well; for it is not to be denied that many passages in our plays, which were not effen sive at the time they were written, are now exceedingly ob-

BELF-EDUCATION; OR, THE MEANS AND ART OF MORAL PRO-GRESS. Translated from the Fronch by M. Le Baron De-gerando, by Elizabeth P. Peabody. Boston: T. O. H. P. Buruham, 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 man hood. 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 would who had garnered up the best experiences of a life-time, and is resolved that others should profit by the result of his ex periences. The translator has done her work well.

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

Philadelphia Correspondence.

DEAR BANKER-On Sunday morning, Nov. 20th, Mr. Forster gave us one of those magnificent historical efforts that char acterize him as medium. He referred to the condition o ancient Carthage and Rome, and to the declaration of Cato the Roman Censor, who, on viewing the beauty and grandeu of the former city, exclaimed: "Carthage must be destroyed," for while she remained in her magnificence and splendo :Rome could not stand forth the unrivalled mistress of the world.

The lecturer applied this to the envious condition of religious and political conservatism in all ages, which, whentoward 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 Judas 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 Judas. The spirit controlling Mr. F. gave a magnificent description of his idea of Deity, not as loving a few men only, nor even all men alone, but as embracing in the arms of his exhaust less love all the boundless universe and the infinite variety of forms that exist in this vast and illimitable 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 spirit communicating purported to be my grandfather. He and degrade mankind than any other dectrine 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 thou sand persons. But I have no room for notices of these: suf fice 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 over.

Robert Dale Owen, of New Harmony, Ind., is now in ou 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 psychical phenomona which have characterized the past, and of which historians have given us only the dry details. The time has come when the rlight 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 i 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. п. т. с.

Miss Sprague in Wisconsin.

A. S. Palmer, of Brandon, Wis., says :- "It is one year since I made your acquaintance, Messrs, Editors, through the Ban-MER OF LIGHT, and it has been to me a year of pleasure and profit, mentally and spiritually. The Banner has given uni versal 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 Rabbath 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 as was given through Miss Bprague's organism, was truly a feast. She spoke over an hour, and the locture throughout was replete with beauty and Popular Beverages," by a new correspondent; "Sectariansound logic. It is her first ppearance in this county, and, ism," by a clergyman, &c., &c. allowing me to be the judge, she has made a lasting impression. She goes to Milwaukie 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 of looks at herself in the clear stream, will soon wish that the fice of the BANNER.

Foxboro', Mass.

MESSAS. Epirons-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 several large shops are occupied with the business, and much is done at the homes in the village and country. Most of the young ladles 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 creeted, 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, theatrical 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 strengthen, and spread, until the whole is leavened. Its rise and progress here has been very encouraging to its friends. Soveral earnest, honest and efficient men and women have taken hold of the subject so worthy of them, and made themselves worthy 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 Mans field 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.

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 glad ness, To lead thee to a bliss divine, unchanging and immertal,

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 vales before us-in our pilgrimage what mountains,

Boyond the vales, behind the hills are everflowing fountains; We are ever pressing forward to glorious homes supernal, Where clouds and sorrows are not, and the sunlight is ctornal.

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 dwell

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

With timbrels, harps, and songs of love, thanksgivings and hosannas I

We'll find light for all our darkness, a joy for every sorrow Be glad indeed there was a night, so happy is the morrow; And this great truth we then shall know, with holy thought divining-

It is upon the darkest sky the brightest stars are shining. " Hillside," W. R.

Spiritualism in Raleigh, N. C.

DEAR 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 ever it perceived an upward aspiration of the human mind 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 J. P. N.

Raleigh, N. C., Nov. 28, 1859.

Identifying a Spirit.

MESSAS. EDITORS—The following facts were given through the instrumentality of Mrs. A. W. Delafelle, medium. The stated that he was an officer in the revolution of seventy-six, me his name and the name of at 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 snuff-box that he had presented to him, (which circumstance I had forgot ten,) and related many little incidents of his life, which I found, on inquiry, to be correct. B. B. V-, of Maine. Any one desirous of communicating with our correspondent in reference to the truthfulness of the above, can ascertain

his name and address by applying at this office.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

CONTENTS OF THE BANNER OF LIGHT. -- Page One-" Bertha Lee." This absorbing story will be completed in two more Page Two-" Man and his Relations," by Mr. Brittan-chan-

ter 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.

Puge 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 Reverie," 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 Betrayed," poe-

try; J. V. Mansfield in Baltimore, etc. Page Eight-Rev. Mr. Beecher's Sermon.

John Beeson, 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, Bro. Seaver, must be Owen to your obtuse-

Rev. Dr. Cabill, 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. 8:" "Feelings and Emotions," by Professor Spence; "Our

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 preach er, 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 favo able auspices; it is the organ, and probably most influential journal of the Baptist wing of Evangelical religion.

PAYRE, IMPROVED BY DIGHY .- "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 lily was fadeless, and the stream a mirror. We say, let the

direct her love of ornaments in due moderation.

Peterson's Philadelphia Counterfelt Detector and Bank Note List for December-corrected by Drexel & Co., the wellknown 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,

20 Rev. E. H. Chapin is announced to deliver a lecture n the First Universalist Church, Hanover street, Boston, on Thursday evening, Dec. 8th. Subject: "Woman and her WORK."

AMUSEMENTS.-At the Boston Museum everything goes or smoothly. Full houses, full treasury—full stomachs, consequently. Why should n't every one "play his part" well? 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 snew on the sidewalks in front of their houses on Sunday morning, Digby wants to know whether it is a sign of plety or laziness.

The City Government of Boston have voted to widen North treet, so as to make it fifty feet wide. No better plan of naking the street "respectable" could be conceived of. Rufus Dawes, the poet, is dead.

Judge Haliburton (Sam Slick) is writing the genial work called "The Scason Ticket," in the Dublin University Magazine; as also the series of "Misdirected Letters" in the Con-

A green Irish girl, after living in an American family 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

> In the hours of deepest gloom, When the springs of gladness fail, And the reses in the bloom, Droop like maidens wan 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 ostler, recently engaged by one our "solid mon," was accosted early the other morning by milkman, with:

" Hero's a can, sir." Pat ran into the house, and meeting his mistress, said-

"A gintleman wid a frock on said to me, there 's a cancer an' what shall I do wid it, mem?"

A cancer / who could have the impudence to leave such thing at my door? Take it away immediately, Michael. How shockingi

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

The Hartford Courant is responsible for the following re cipe, by which a worthless woman may be made:-lst. Tell her in early childhood what 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 late letter from Cannon Falls, Minnesota, to the St. Pau 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 very 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 flery flood had left a great blackened waste as far as the eve could reach.

The South Carolina Legislature met on Monday week. The Governor's message relates chiefly to State affairs. He commends, 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 restraints and takes its flight into the world of matter.

BEAUTIPUL SENTIMENT. Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide: The darkness thickens; Lord, with me abide! When other helpers fall, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me ! Bwift to its close obbs 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 con vince his shadow that it is improper to follow a gentleman, you may take it for granted that it is high time for him to loin a temperance society.

Digby thinks "golden weddings" should be designated

unset clouds. Digby is a bachelor. SOMNAMBULISM.—The English papers record a most re markable 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 per ectly unconscious. Before leaving the house, the child first attempted to get out at the front door, the chain and bolt o which were found unfastened; but the door was double at 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. Bhe 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 oncluded between France, Austria and Sardinia, were to be exchanged at Zurich, by the representatives of those powers n the 21st of November.

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

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

The Congress of the European Powers is expected to mee t Paris, but no date has as yet been mentioned for its ession. The London Society of Art has inaugurated a movemen

or a Great Exhibition, to be held in 1862. It is reported that the Emporor Napoleon opposes the as sumption of the Regency of Italy by Buoncompagni.

A Busy-Bony .-- One who generally has no business in this world beyond making it his business to neglect his own ousiness, in order to attend to the business of others. It is said to be very bad husbandry to harrow up the feel-

ings of your wife. A Venico 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 great father of evila." Is it possible that the Devil is, after all. only the grandfather of evils? asks an exchange. A kind of hickory tree is called "pig-nut," says Jo Ker,

because it takes a deep root. Names that lie upon the ground are not easily set on fire by the torch of envy, but those quickly catch it which are raised up by fame, or wave to the breeze of prosperity.—

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

represent everything quiet, with the exception of fear from | by all Druggists.

young girl seek to adorn her beauty, if she be taught also lavasion by Con. Walker. President Martines and the people to adorn her mind and heart, that sho may have wisdom to have the greatest confidence in the friendly disposition of the Unite Btates, and have determined to suppress filibusterism. How HE WAS FOUND OUT .-- A discussion arose in a coffee

room at Bouthampton, (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." "Ho's a Scotchman," said another; "I know by his com-

plexion." "He's a German," said another; "I know by his beard." Another thought he looked like a Spanlard,

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

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 or protonged connement 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 pri-mary schools and departments in their several wards, by de-voting more of the time of school sessions to intermissions for safe and innecent recreation in the play-grounds of the schools.

THEOLOGIANS DANCING .- The Council of Trent has rather 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 grander banquet, and a ball, which was opened by the Cardinal Hercules of Mantua, and at which kings, and cardinals, and bishops, danced gallantly with the German, Italian, and Spanish ladies who had been invited. It would no doubt put many of our theologians into sweeter tempers if synods, general assemblies, convocations, 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

Notices to Correspondents.

N. KELLOG, KINGS' 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, 1800, and will answer calls to lecture, to the friends of truth, during those months, through that section. Address Northfield, Mass. 11—6p°

Autress Authorited, Mass.

11—6p°

Mas. J. W. Curner will lecture in Portsmouth, Dec. 1th; in Lawrence, Dec. 25th and Jan. 1st; in Huntington, 8th; in Modus, Ct., evenings of the 10th and 12th; in Chicopee, 15th, 22d and 29th; in Putnam. Ct., Feb. 5th; in Foxboro', 12th and 19th; in Marblehead, 26th. Applications for the Spring should be sent in as early as possible. Address Box 815, Lowell, Mass.

Miss Susan M. Johnson, trance speaker, may be addressed at Clinton street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

OBITUARY.

Died, in Sunbury, Ohio, on the 18th ult., MATTIE, daughter of L. S. 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 lore 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. Mattie, we will meet you again.

MISS ROSA T. AMEDEX will lecture in Oswego during the month of January, 1860. Friends in the South and West desiring her services, for Sabbaths, 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 care of J. L. Pool, Oswego, N. Y: 🧸 10-tjan1.

Couons, 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 know them to be 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.—Cincinnatis Christian Herald.

CURIORITY.—John J. Dyer & Co.. No. 35 School street, Boston, have just published a most novel "ILLUSTRATED SCRAF BOOK." It is in large quarto form, and contains Fire Hundred Pictures, upon every conceivable subject of everyday life, wit, humor, pathos, natural history, scenery in all quarters of 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 over 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.

MEDICAL TREATMENT-NUTRITIVE PRINCIPLE. DR. ALFRED G. HALL, M. D., PROFESSOR OF PHYSIOLOGY, author of the New Theory of Medical Practice on the Neutrative Principle, may be consulted on the treatment of ordry form of hunor, weakness and disease, in person or by letter, from any part of the country. It is restorative in its effects, reliable in the must prostrate cases, and justly worthy of the confidence of the afflicted. All the Medicines us-dare purely vegetable. No. 10 Central Court, opposite 285 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

1y55 Oct. 1.

THE THINKER. DEING THE FIFTH VOLUME OF THE "GREAT HARMONIA," by A. J. Davis, is just published and ready
for delivery. Price One Dollar. Single copies sent by mail,
potatage free, on receipt of the price. The usual discount on
wholesale orders. Address,
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L. FARNSWORTH, medium for answering scaled letters, psychometric delineator of character, and medical clairvoyant, is permanently located at the "Buthesda Institute," 40 fromont street, Room No. 6, Boston.

Terms—For answering scaled letters, \$1, and two postages the property of the control stamps, for an effort to give satisfaction; for \$3 an answer will be guaranteed, or the money and letter will be returned within three months. For delineations of character \$1—the name of the person must be sent, written with ink. It clairvoyant examinations by a lock of hair, \$2; when preent, \$1,50. Prescriptions or medicines sent on reasonable torms. All communications promptly attended to. See in Barner of Light of Oct. 8th, "A Remarkable Test," Mr. F. also gives advice on business.

GREAT CURIOSITY. — Particulars sont free. Agents wanted. BHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Me. 7p Dec.10.

MRS. A. W. DELAFOLIE,

TRANCE AND TEST MEDIUM, describes and gives the names of spirits and their characteristics when in the form. Also, examines and prescribes for diseases. No. 11 Lagrange Place, Boston, Mass. Hours from 9 A. M. till 7 P. M. Dec. 10. DR. J. BOVEE DODS'

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THE GREAT FAMILY PAPER.

PROSPECTUS

THE NEW-YORK LEDGER.

As an indication of the popularity of the LEDGER, we need only state the simple fact, that its circulation is larger than that of any other TEN literary papers in the country, and state success is owing to the fact that its proprietor secures the best writers in the country, and spares no expense in getting up the BEST FAMILY PAPER—a paper of high moral tone. The exalted reputation of its contributors, the practical and invariably pure and healthy character of all its articles, the care which is taken that not even one offensive word shall appear in its columns, and the superiority of its Tales and Sketches, have gained for the NEW-YORK LEDGER a position that no literary paper has ever before reached We feel, and always have felt, since the LEDGER attained its immense circulation, that a heavy responsibility rests upon us, and have endeavored to discharge that responsibility conscientiously, feeling confident that ultimately we should receive the thanks of thousands and tene of thousands of families.

As to the future, we are at a loss what to say. We prefer As to the inture, we are at a loss what to say. We prefer to Preponent rather than to Promise. What we have heretofore done is known to our readers; they know what the LEDGER has been and is now, and must therefore judge what it will be hereafter. We can only say that among the contributors to the Ledoer are

EDWARD EVERETT, WM. C. BRYANT, CHARLES DICKERS, GEO. P. MORRIS,
PAUL MORPHY. N. P. WILLIS.

WM. C. BRYANT,
GEO. P. MORRIS,
N. P. WILLIS,
ANNA CORA RITCHIE,
FANNY FERN,
MRS. SIGOURNEY,
MRS. SOUTHWORTH,
MARION HARLAND,
ALICE OARY,
EMMA A. BROWN,
SALLIE M. BRYAN,
Olergymen, Professors in Go CHARLES DICKENS,
PAUL MORPHY,
HON. H. J. RAYMOND,
GEO. D. PRENTICE,
JUHN G. BAXE,
BYLVANUB COBB. Jn.,
EMERSON BENNETT,
WM. R. WALLACE,
CARLOS D. STUART,
COL. W. B. DUNLAP,
and many emineut Lawyers, Clergymen, Professors in Colleges, and others, who write for the LEDGER 'anonymously; and that our complete arrangements are such that the current expenses of the LEDGER are now and will constantly be at the rate of over three hundred thousand dollars per an-

be at the rate of over three hundred thousand dollars per an

be at the rate of over three hundred thousand dollars per annum.

HACTS like these carry with them more weight than any comments that could be made, and comments will therefore be dispensed with. As we have already intimated, we shall leave promiting to those who prefer to expend their force in that way, and content ourselves with doing what we can to make the LEDGER the most interesting and instructive FAMILY PAPER in the world.

THE NEW-YORK LEDGER is published every Saturday, and sold at all the news-offices in every city and town throughout the country; and is mailed to subscribers at two dollars per annum; two copies sent for three dollars. Any Postmaster obtaining eight subscribers at \$1.50 cach (which is our lowest club rate), and sending us \$12, will be entitled to one copy free. Terms invariably in advance.

20 The postage on the Ledder to any part of the United States, paid quarterly or yearly, in advance, at the office where it is received, is only twenty-six cents a year. Canada subscribers must each send us twenty-six cents in addition to the subscribers must each send us twenty-six cents in addition to the subscribers must each send us twenty-six cents in addition to the subscribers must each send us twenty-six cents in addition to the subscribers must each send us twenty-six cents in addition to the subscribers must each send us twenty-six cents in addition to the subscribers must each send us twenty-six cents in addition to the subscribers must each send us twenty-six cents in addition to the subscribers must write their addresses including the

postage.

Bir Subscribers must write their addresses, including the name of the place, county, and State in which they reside, in a plain hand, so as to avoid mistakes.

Bir No subscriptions are wanted from cities, large villages, or other places where news-offices are permanently established.

233 All communications must be addressed, postage paid,
o ROBERT BONNER,
Proprietor of the New-York Ledger,
Dec. 10. lp No. 48 Ann-st., N. Y.

TOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT, (unlike those outward applications which relieve pain for the moment by paralyzing the nervous organization of the skin,) pierces through the absorbents to the seat of inflammation, and thus extinguishes the fire which feeds the cripption, boil, or ulcer from which the patient suffers. Sold at the manufactory, No. 80 Maiden Lane, New York, and by all druggists, at 25c., 63c., and \$1 per pot.

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Nov. 19.

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"The Horace waters remove best."—Evangelist,
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"Waters's Pianos and Melodeons challenge comparison with the finest made anywhere in the country."—Home Journal.

Sm Oct. 23.

Woman, from the peculiar physiological functions of her organs, and from the refined and delicate sensibility of her nervous system, is subject to diseases which destroy her own happiness and greatly impair her power of contributing to the happiness of others. Every mother and head of a family, and most women above the age of fifteen years, are paintuily conscious of this fact, and all, in a greater or less degree, are interested in the search for a prompt and efficient remedy for the various forms which the diseases alluded to assume.

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vated and refined in the country, has resulted in stamping the elegant and well-known preparation of the Graefenberg Company as the only reliable remedy ever known for the universal and distressing diseases of women.

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23 Dr. Br. dg may be consulted at his rooms in The

ROW, NEW YORK.

***The Dr. Br. dge may be consulted at his rooms in The Gracfenberg Institute, or by letter, on all diseases.

**The principles and practice of medicine adopted by the Medical Board of the Gracfenberg Institution are clearly set forth in The GRAFFENBERG MANUAL OF HEALTH, a medical work of 500 papes, published for family Use, and elegantly embellished with colored engravings of the human system. Price 25 Cents—on the receipt of which it is malled to any part of the country.

Cowon Nov. 12.

A T NO. 8 FOURTH AVENUE, N. Y.—Elegant Suits of Rooms, open daily, from 7 A. M. until 10 r. M. (Sundays excepted.) Ladles' Department under the special charge of Mas. French. ORIENTAL BATHS,

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LAIRVOYANT PHIBICIAN. Examinations made daily,
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Oct. 22.

HORACE H. DAY,

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AT NO. 40 TRENONT STREET—ROOM No. 6.

THIS place is designed for the healing of the sick, as well as other spirit manifestations. Medical Clairvoyance is used to dotect disease, and spirit direction and power for "making whole," through the mediumship of Mrs. E. B. Danforth, who also gives advice on business while entranced. Mrs. L. F. Hydo is in attendance as a trunce, writing and test medium. Other mediums are also present.

The READING ROOM has been opened as a Resert for Spiritualists, and for their benefit, as well as all others seeking information regarding the spiritual philosophy. It is to be sustained by donations from the friends of the cause. Open from 9 A. M. to 9 r. M.

be sustained by donations from the complete spirit manifestating Open from 9 A. M. to 9 F. M.
CHECLES for trance speaking and other spirit manifestating overy evening. (Sundays excepted.) commencing at 7.1-2 o'clock. Admission, gentlemen 15 cents, ladies 10 cents.

Dec. 10

The Messeiger.

Each message in this department of the Banna we claim was spoken by the spirit whose name it bears, through Mrs. J. H. Conant, while in a state called the Trance Sinte. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tosts of spirit communion to those friends to whom they are adesseu. We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of

We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond, and do away with the errone-ous idea that they are more than FINITE belings. We believe the public should know of the spirit world as it is should learn that there is evil as well as good in it, and not expect that purity alone shall flow from spirits to mortals. We ask the reader to receive no dectrine put forth by spirits, is these columns, that does not comport with his reason. Each expresses so much of truth as he perceives—no more. Each can speak of his own condition with truth, while he gives opinions merely, relative to things not experienced.

Visitors Admitted.—Our sittings are free to any one who may desire to attend. They are held at our office, No. 813 Brattle street. Beston, every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday afternoon, commencing at HALF-FAST Two o'clock; after which time there will be no admittance. They are closed usually at half-past four, and visitors are expected to remain until dismissed.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

The communications given by the following spirits, will be published in regular course. Will those who road one from a spirit they recognize, write us whether true or false?

From No. 1739 to No. 1792.

Tuesday, Nov. 1.—Caroline, to Amelia L. Winters, Now York; Hoses Ballou.

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

Thursday, Nov. 3.—"And there shall be no more Death;"
J. G. Wyatt, Boston; Martha Dwight, Boston; Nathan Brown, Taledo.

Friday, Nov. 4 .- James D. Farnsworth : Simeon Adams.

Artisay, Nov. 2.—James D. Bartisworth; Sincon Adams.
Saturday, Nov. 5.—"What do Spirits think of lienry Ward
Beecher?" "How shall man discern good from ovil?" William Schiey.
Tucsday, Nov. 8.—"Is there any good in man?" James
Fairbanks, Philadelphia; Louisa Davis, Cambridge; John T.

Faircanks, railsaciphia; Louisa Davis, Cambridge; John T. Gilman, New Hampshire.

Wednerday, Nov. 9.—"How shall we know we commune with Spirits?" Eliza Chase, Buffalo; Thomas Campbell; Poter Schroudher, Washington; John T. Gilman, Exeter, N. II.

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

Boston.
Saturday, Nov. 12.—"Fatalism;" Rufus Long, Portsmouth,
England; Mary White, Concord, N. H.; Olive Hedge; Josoph Winship; Thomas Wainwright.
Tuerday, Nov. 15.—"Thou shalt not kill;" George Talbot;
Cornelius Coolidge, Boston; Juliet Hersoy, Boston; William

Wednerday, Nov. 16.— "What is perfection?" George Washington Bowman, Portsmouth, Va.; Nathaniel Hill, Theiford, Va.; Charles M. Thorndike.
Tuesday, Nov. 29.—"Was the natural body of Christ Res-Wednesday, Nov. 16. - "What is perfection?" Andrew J. Garritt, Boston; Irene; Je

Wednesday, Nov. 30.—"Shall the Jews return to Jerusa-lem?" Hannah Moore, Roxbury; Francis Stearus; Charley Robertson, New York.

How is Man allied to God?

The question we find before us this afternoon is one of greater moment than all others combined, and one that every son and daughter of God should inform themselves upon. It

"Is man the mortal, in any way related or allied to God the Immortal; and if he is, by what manner of means is he allied to God ?"

We have given it as we received it. God made heaven and earth and all found therein-so says

the Christian's creed. All who acknowledge the existence of a God, a Superior Intelligence, acknowledge Him as their Creator. Wherever we find belief in Jehovah, we find also this acknowledgment. Behold the Creator hath taken up His abode in His creations; wherever the mighty manifests. tations of His power may be found, there God may be found; and as He hath created, he Hath given a portion of his life in the creations. What is God? is a mighty, mighty question. God is a life-principle, a Spiritual Intelligence, endowed with all wisdom, all power. We find it nowhere more fully manifested than in man-than in those forms which are created in the image of intelligence; types of God-windows through which his divine light and wisdom may shine.

We read His name on the blade of grass; we mark His power in its springing up and its death. We find his signsnature on the flower, the mighty cak, the boundless ocean, the sky, the air. Behold Ho hath written His name every where, and wherever the magnetic finger of God hath touched there hath he left a portion of his life. Where there is no life, there is no God; but can you find an atom in all the vast universe of worlds which hath not life? You look at the body, when you say it is dead, but it is not dead. Life works in a different form. You look at it when in the cold ground, and you say, "Surely it is dead now." No, not dead-decay is taking place and life is being born. Every atom decaying is working out new life, bringing forth buds in obedience to the command of its creator, its life principle, its own law, which is God.

By what means is man the mortal, allied to God the Immortal?

By the same way and means the hand is allied to the head Behold, it moves in perfect harmony with the will-that spiritual force that acts through the brain. In perfect harmony, we say-and so it is with all God's creations. Howyet believe us there is no act of your natural lives, but what is the result of Divine will. The result of Divine will, we say, Now this assertion will bring to the door of our Temple many questions, no doubt. One may ask, "Did our brother commit murder because God told him so to do?" . We answer, Yesemphatically yes. And all that which is stamped with Evil in this earth life, bears also beneath its surface God's name God's power, a proof of the outworking of God's law. Man must attain a state of happiness by progression; this is the only highway we recognize. And behold there would have been no mode of progress, no highway to Heaven, unless our Divine Creator had provided a principle, a power, which was, in the exterior, antagonistic to all that was good,--principle we may call Evil in the exterior, but one which contains a germ of Divine life. That principle we call

All the Christian world are taught to believe that they are to attain Heaven or happiness by doing good, by living in accordance with all that seems to be right to them, by obeying the dictates of that Divine word which tells them to do right, not wrong. If there were not a principle of wrong, where would be the progress-where the power that would turn the mighty wheel?

Look you! the two principles that govern your earth, and govern all the spheres in God's vast creation-what are they? Positive and negative states of electricity. Now, the could not sustain itself without the other. Nor could God sustain himself without an opposing element. He sustains himself and his creations by his power, and that power is alike manifest in the Evil as in the Good.

Our assertion will go very far to prove that there is no positive evil in existence. To man's external comprehension there is positive evil; but to his spiritual understanding there is none. Everything that lives and moves at all, lives by God, moves by his power, is actuated by his presence; and however far God may seem to be from the individual, to your external comprehension, He is ever present, and is working out the salvation, the ultimate happiness of the murderer in his acts, as he is working out the ultimate hap

piness of the good man by his good works. True, the creed says by good works yo shall find heaven; and true, so shall you find heaven; but as all time belongs to God, and to his creature man, so he can put off his redemption; can wander in hell until the last moment, if he choose; can put off the joys of heaven for ton thousand times ten million years, and yet reach heaven at last. He hath given to man the keys of Heaven and of Hell, and he can dwell in either at pleasure; but the principle of progress which God hath planted in man's soul, will as surely work out the happiness of the creature as the sun will rise and bless you in

Oh, then, ye sons and daughters of humanity, look with pity upon the murderer; look with charity upon the fallen in every path of life, for the crust of materiality is only a little thicker on him than on you. You are all tinctured with evil; as you belong to the creations of God, you partake of two principles, Good and Evil. That principle that is avii only to man's material vision, shall in the future unfold itself in wisdom and glory, when man shall have become equal in power, and glory, and goodness, and wisdom, with his Oreator. For, know you, in time every atom in the wast universe shall become one in power, one in glory with its Oreator. We would that man in the natural could better comprehend God in the spiritual; but while man dwells in the natural world, God, through us, must approach him in accordance with his natural law. Behold, I touch this table.

over allied to it; but that alliance will not be ey strong be tween de as between the creature and its God, for the table will as we can this form, because it has not the organs of intelligence. The table can give forth no sweet sounds of mu elc, for it hath not been fitted to give them. And, yet, the tablo is as necessary to man's happiness as is the musical inatrument.

The human form-behold, has life therpin, and it is God's. He controls the spiritual and material combined, unseen by man's external view, because He hath created it in intelligence, in power and wonder. Wisdom is given man, and thus he is more closely allied to his Creater than any of His

works found in the vast universe.

Our remarks may give rise to many questions; many thoughts may be agitated by what we have thrown out upon the sea of thought to-day. This is well; for we would east forth seed that shall spring up in glory and honor to our God; and if we give no new thought, we had better stay

away—if we agitate not thought, we had better not be here. Many may ask, "If man is but working out his salvation in ecordance with the Divine will, what is the use of prayerwhat the necessity of doing right? Why reclaim the murderer, the thief? what the use of our benevolent efforts?"

Mark you; as you are each one endowed with a portion of od's life, you are each one accountable for every atom of life He hath given you. If you have a better comprehension of God than your brother, more will be required of you. If you see more of God by doing good to man, by leading a hely God, this desire to do good, you suffer for it; and yot we do ere affirm, whatever good you do, you do in accordance with Divine will.

And you who here are dwellers, will find it is better to seek heaven by the straight road. Strive to reach heaven by following the light which burns in each soul-then you will enjoy more perfect communion with your God.

The murderer will tell you, in nine cases out of ten, that no hath but done his duty-he could not help it-he was impelled to do the act by a force he could not understand. Be lievo us, that act was but the working of an inherent force lu bla nature, the unheaving of material soil, that the life principle might spring up and bear fruit glorious to its Creator.

As evil must have a place in all God's creations, so may must not expect to be exempt from it, nor must be look with scorn upon one whose acts are less acceptable to God than is own; for, as one said years ago, "Who made you judge? Who gave you power to censure the fallen? Who dare look within the incrustations of evil, and tell us there is here no od? Who dare tell us God is not at the belm, gulding th ship into port?

We do not expect man in external life will fully compre end us. We look upon the exterior life, and can see beyon t; man gazes upon the act, and cannot look beyond. He falls to look beyond the effect for the cause - for there is a cause—a first cause; and that cause is God? As h ossesses all power-could he not have made a law that should have been all Divino-that would have appealed with Divine force to every judividual? God hath in wisdom; and if the cloud bath settled more thickly upo one brother, censure not, nor seek to crush; for the ange will as surely guide that bark which is tessed upon rough billows of life, as he will that ship which rides th moothest sea.

Ob, then, look upon all with charity and love, for then yo the holm with you, and they who are in darkness shall be made better by your light. While you are in mortal, seek to understand the spiritual; and if the cloud settles darkly at the bottom of the mount, know there is a light beyond it, and that God is in the cloud. Know that He is in every act of life, for He is life; and as every cord of your body is allied to another, so, then, you are allied to God; for He hath touched you with His finger-with His immutable, unchangeable law. And behold, as the hand could not move contrary to the power of your will, so you must all, ever move, in every act of life, whiler the will and guidance of God the Father-one and inseparable-the creature and the Oct. 30.

Charles Cater.

If that man's words are true who has just spoken, the here is a very good chance for me-yes, a very good chance for me. He said something about the murderer welling that comething impelled him to commit murder. Before I committed murder, I said I could not die happy, could not see caven, until I had killed that man; and I have been happler since, in one respect; but I have been thinking I had committed an unpardonable sin. Now I think it was the only chance of getting to heaven; and he might as well die as to keep me out of heaven. 'T was n't because he did n't, treat me well, but I felt such a desire to commit murderand I pitched on him. After that I felt passive. Now I se through it. I might as well open hell's door then as any time; I had to go to hell, and he had to die. I thought a housand times after I did it, Why in God's name did I do it? should think it was the devil controlling me. And new the one who has just spoken says it was God, and I believe it was, for It has resulted in good; and I do n't believe I should ver have been happy if I had n't murdered that man.

Yes, I aint dead, and if I aint, I'm a living witness to his words. Oh, I could be led anywhere now by him! I had to nurder somebody to get on the road-it was in me, and it now; then I should have felt better. I am feeling better ment since I have been here; but that act seemed to be a vat in which I throw all my wickedness, and I hain't warfted o do anything wrong since that-it got all out then, and left me. It seemed to me all the time that there was semething good inside driving the bad out, and I had get to murder omobody to got the bad out. It seemed as though the devil possessed me. Well, I thought it was the devil, for I did hink God had nothing to do with me.

When I did murder that man, I settled down into quietthat is, I did not want to do wrong any more. To be sure, I suffered for the sin. It seemed just as though I could n't deep nor eat until I killed him, or did what caused him to die, or lose his mortal body; and then it seemed to be like water upon fire-the fire was all out; and if I had lived in a nortal body a thousand years, I should never have done the ike again.

I wish the folks would only get in the way of thinking it as right; that he went in the right time, and that I was the poor cuss who had to soud him away. After I did that, I was different; not because I was afraid to die, for I was not You might say it was an ovil spirit that made me do it; if so, then I helped the evil spirit, and the man I killed helped me -he became a sacrifice, that I might live. I wish the folks vould believe it was right; then I should get on faster. Now I know God is steering the bark, I shall let Him do it for a new highway shall be opened before them, and they and do all He bids me do. I wish all the poor fellows situ-shall shake hands with the saint and sinner; they shall sup ated as I am could have heard that old man this afternoon: they would have felt there was some chance for them to b happy, some time or other.

The man I murdered is here; he thinks it is right—has n't got anything against me. 'He says, I suffered much more, pefore and after, than he did, and he has been made happier

I have been here before. Do n't you know me? My nam Cater-Charley Cater. Well, I'm pretty well off, now I know my bearings, just where I am. When one comes along God; for they have cast the angel from them, and are sitting and gives you a compass, you think you 're in heaven. Hard situation for a man, to think he has committed an unparden able sin, and cannot get to heaven; but when one comes along and tells you that you were only working out a law of your nature, and taking a little longer time to get to heaven than another man, you feel better. I died-my food did n't digest. I was in hell—so miserable that my food did me no good. I died of hell of spirit-it wasn't consumption. I had to go through the hell I did on earth to get into a more quiet state here. Now I can look a protty good spirit in the face, and work upward. I shouldn't kill anybody, if I was back here; all the kill went out of me with that one murder. Well, good day. Oct. 30.

Sarah Franklin Bache.

Oh, how wonderful and yet how simple! How grand-how cautiful, the laws of our God! Each subject works out his own mission, each atom works out its own destiny, and yet each is allied to every other in the universe. Behold the beautiful flower! it comes to gladden our senses in the summer, and fades in autumn, to remind us that we are changing. and that the principle of its Creator is Progress; and if the flower, that most tiny atom of God's creation, is outworking its mission, living by its own law alone, how much more may we expect of man the mortal, and man the spiritual?

Oh, that humanity would strive to cultivate that condition God in all His uprisings, in all His ingoings and outcomings. He sits in the storm-cloud: He speaks in the thunder; He flies

tion of my magnetism upon the table, and by that I am for- with the pure-minded and the ill-disposed. Oh, how beautiful the thought, that no atom is lost nor created in valu, and no not that Is cast upon the ocean of Progress is a vain one. hath not spelligence: and we cannot make it subserve our The murderer drinketh deep of the cup of affiction, that he may drink deep of happiness. He exhibits the principle of Evil, that the germ of Purity may come forth and show its face,

You recognize God in every good not, in every thought of purity. Oh, can you not see illim also where avil reigns, where the cloud has settled? Can you not read Him there, as He rides upon the storm-cloud, and His voice is heard in the rear of the ocean, as it opens its mouth and closes it upon thousands of lives? Oh, as you discern Him in these things, full not to discern Him in poor, fallon humanity-as living with the outcast, and the fallen. Did not the Christ of cighteen hundred years ago any that he came not to save the rightcous, but sinners? To tell them that they were God's children, and destined to heaven?

As the Angel of Mercy, and her sister Charity, brood over earth, she sheds many tears over its children. Charity says, "Oh, why cannot man see his God and walk in neach to Him?" Love says, "Do you not see, oh sister, that each must walk to God in his own way, which his God hath given him ?"

Oh, ye dwellers on the mortal shore, as ye gaze upon the tiny flower, the pebble, the grass, the wave that washes your shores, as ye see God there, oh! see Him manifesting in the clouds of cvil; and while ye feel that God dwells in the cloudturn your thoughts of praise to Him, that the cloud hath not settled upon you, and pity your brother, over whom it rests life, believe us, if you step aside from this comprehension of dally. For youre all children of your Father, of one family, and in time you must go where all is peace, and where evil bears not the name: for God shall have risen in His light and glory boyond all that is evil. Oh, then may each one say, " I have done my duty." Oh, then say not that every mertal is not following the Divine Law, because you cannot understand the mystery. Oh, turn within thy own soul, and ask it if there is no God in the murderer's breast; and if thy soul tells thee that there is a God there, that will carry on His own work there, then look well to thy God; carry out thy own mission well, for thou canst not disobey the God within unless thou shalt suffer. Oh, look through eyes unstained by prejudice, unclouded by bigotry; then shalt thou see God in the Christian's prayer and the murderer's curse, in the neaceful twilight and in the murderous storm. But if you judge, your Creator will hurl you from your self-made

thrones, and give you your proper place in life. I speak to you this afternoon, because I have been requested to. No subject was given me; but as I listened to the teachings of yonder spirit, my thoughts were led to the subject, and I have clothed them with words for the benefit of my friends. They say, if you go there, give your mortal name, which was Sarah Franklin Bacho.

Who are God's Elect, and by what Name are they known in Heaven?

These questions we find before us this afternoon. We see by these questions that he who hath questioned us upon this subject is very sure that a certain portion of the human family has been especially elected to eternal happiness by Jehovah. We find this belief, as we find the question, resting with our questioner. If we understand our God, we understand Him to be an impartial God-one who createth, not that He may destroy at His pleasure; one who calleth into life, not that He may doom to everlasting death shall be in the way of duty, and we shall see that God is at at His pleasure. We understand our God to be our Law, our Light our Life. He is ever with us, and guideth us through all the avenues of external and internal life.

> As we look over the vast multitude of human intelligence we find that all bear the image of God within and without: but we find no spirit, either in mortal form or out of that form, who can claim the especial protection and approbation of Johovah. As God, or our Lord, hath created all His subjects by or in virtue of the power of one Law, so hath He given to all a safe passport to heaven. He hath withheld this gift from no child, no subject of His.

> As we wander through the variety of modern spiritual temples, we find one standing at the door of each temple, calling out to the passer-by, saying, "Come, for lo ! Christ is here Behold, he dwelleth nowhere else. We are the people of his choice, and he hath taken up his abode with us. Come and onter our sacred temple, and ye become at once especial faorites with God your Creator.

As we pass into the deep recesses of those various temples we seek in vain for that true faith that should be found among them; that perfect confidence in the God they hold up before the people as their God; that firm reliance on the Judge of all the earth, who holdeth the cup of mercy in one hand, and a sword of justice in the other. We search in vain for that confidence that should be found in these children of the Living God.

Now the child who perfectly understands the parent, has perfect confidence in the parent; and the child who understands the Greator, has perfect faith in that Greator. He hath a light so bright that death cannot reach it; so farreaching that eternity is lighted up by its brilliance. But we find no such light in the Christian heart-no such confidence in the Creator. Beneath that stern crust given him by the conventionality of society, there exists no such faith, no such confidence in his God.

Man in the mortal may see only the external, and he may form his opinion of the Christian from what he sees upon the surface. But if he could gather light from the upper skies, had to come out. How I wish I'd known as much then as I he would penetrate beneath the surface, and find no perfect assurance of an hereafter. For, behold, as they who have at this moment for this. I have been unhappy every me builded their tabernacies upon the sand, stand before the new life, their tabernacles begin to topple, and, as the spirit leaves the body, they crumble to nothing. These creeds of men, and all that have sustained them in the past, fall to sustain them in their time of greatest need. They who had supposed thomselves the especial favorites of the Creator, shall stand before him, and they shall find that God is a God of nationsthat He foldeth to His bosom all the children of earth; that He gathereth not one nation and casteth away the other, for Ho eathereth in morey and saveth in love

Who, then, are God's elect? All his creations, whether ow groveling in the lowest hell, or praising Him in the highest heaven. Behold, all are His especial favorites; all see His name in the internal, and however rough and crude the casket may be, there is a gem within, and He who hath placed it there will bring it to everlasting happiness. He will cause the tabernacle of materialism to crumble into nothing, and shall rear up a tabornacie of truth that shall be accoptable unto Him.

When men and women will turn to the interior temple of their spirituality, and will seek to work their way to heaven from thence, they shall see as they do not now see-shall understand as they do not now understand. And behold, the mantle of Charity shall be thrown around them, and that which now surrounds them shall be as good for nothing; for a new highway shall be opened before them, and they with the ungodly, and feel that they are cating with God's children. And as they meet with one of God's children, who shall not yet have turned his eyes heavenward, they shall not say, "Go hence, you child of the Evil One; you are not God's elect!" But they shall extend the hand of Charity toward him, and shall say, "Come with us, for you are a child

But while manking clothe themselves with garments of self-love and self-rightcousness, they shall not know their in their own strength, defying Jehovah-yea, defying His power! for they tell us He cannot reclaim the wicked, unless he chargeth his path; that He cannot speak peace to the wanderer, if he do not call upon Him for aid. Oh, ye blind sons of God! how long will you full to see the angel who stands beckening you to new light?

David Hamilton.

The folks that seemed to know me once, do not seem to know me now. My name was David Hamilton; my age, 48 years, I suppose—are you very particular to know where I died, then? But it won't sound well to say I died in a watch-house. I had been sick sometime-well I suppose I had dropsy of the stomach, or somewhere about there; but I wasn't sick enough to be confined to the house, anyway. I suppose I drank too much, and was picked up, and carried to he watch-house, here. I do not belong here in Boston, but that's what I am told you call those places. I don't know how long I had been there, but I died there. I used to have spells so I could n't lie down very well, and I got so drunk that time I could n't got up, and I died in that situation. I was n't carried home, that's certain—they did n't know any. thing about me. It was in the year 1852. I belonged in Bolfast, Me., and I came in here in the schooner Oswego. At the time I died, I had a wife living, though I hain't got one living now; but I've got three girls and a boy. It ain't just the where they shall have wisdom enough to understand their thing for me to come back and tell that I died in this way, is it? If I was going to talk privately to them, it would be well enough. They do n't know how I did die, and I want they and as I control this form with my magnetism, I leave a por- with the wind; He lives with the infant and with old age; should. I did n't leave any money, so I do n't come back to who are interested in the dissemination of truth,"

The state of the section of the sect

speak of it. I might have had statellars in my pocket, but

iot more The folks where I live now, told me I had better come back and speak to my friends. And hore I am, bound for some port, I know not which,

Well, there is one thing; I am sober, and what is more, I am sure to be so hereafter. I do not seem to want anything necessity, uses, etc. I have been gratified at the amount of here that I used to drink. I used to wonder if people, after they died, did n't come up again in some other shape. Well, 'vo como up, no I can talk.

My boy William, I suppose, sails out of Boston. Let me see -how old will he bo? He must be twenty years old now; but I do n't know where to reach him. He say, if any body gots I'll do them a good turn some day. I'm in a fog here; it do n't seem to be a storm, but a dead calm, and you don't know how to push, hardly. I am in about

as bad a fix as I was cloven years ago. I was going into Hallfax, and there was n't a soul on board knew where we were; but we get in port safe, and so I hope it will be now. I ain't the worst chap, nor the best. I never professed religion, and I do n't know about it. I do n't see any Christians

here—perhaps they have gone up a step higher; but I do n't I never learned a trade-was n't a farmer, nor was I a trader. If I had kept sober, I might have done well, and been worth money; but as it was, I was n't worth anything. Tell the boy that if I have told a little too much here, I'll make it straight when I come to him. Do you know a man by the name of Miller in Ann street? I put up with him, about

two years before I died. A crazy set of fellows round there, but pretty good. He keeps a boarding house. Wonder if he would n't like to hear from me? I'll go down there and see I L can't find him. Jim, his name was, I believe. Nov. 1st.

John F. Whitmore.

My heavens! I thought I should never get here. I 've been trying these three months to get here, but if you do n't have influential friends here, you can't get in. It's " wait till Mr. do-and-So gets here." My God, I've a good mind to swear! guess, if you had walted as long as I did, you'd swear, too, My name was John R. Whitmore; born in Portland, and died in Washington street, Portland, Me., and I was eighteen years old. By heaven, I don't know as it's any reason why can't have my chance to come as well as the rest. I do n't want to spout three hours, either. I've asked for a chance to come here three hundred times, for the last three months, and then some confounded satan got in ahead of me. I tell you, influence goes a good ways; whether dead or alive, you want somebody to give you a hoist.

I've got a mother in Portland, sick, and the cursed doctors keep her sick. I told her to take this paper, and I'd come and toll her about it. I want to tell her that the cursed doctors are keeping her sick. I'll bring her a doctor that will cure her up. She can't get half money enough to buy

The old man-that's my father-seconds the motion. I suppose she'll feel bad to hear me speak in this way, but 'm mad; I've been mad three mouths. Now, how soon that time? I want her to get a medium, and if she can't, let her tell me in some way, and I 'll pick out a doctor, and he says he'll come here, if I will open a way. So if she can't got a medium, I'il bring a doctor here, and tell her how; out I want her to try first.

By gracious! it's just here as it is on earth. If you have no influence here, and have not got any go-ahead, you get disappointed. I was determined to come to-day. Some of these fellows that palavor, give you insults in their way. They say, when you get here, "it's all settled-such a one is But, do you believe I've been here four hours before there was a soul here, and I began to get afraid I couldn't come here, because no one else was coming? I could hardly keep still; but the old fellow told me to keep quiet, for I was to commune to-day.

I went to sea once, and went to learn the baker's trade once, but didn't stay. Die with ? Well, I guess it was halfway consumption. I had a cough, fell away, but I don't know what to call it-I was sick, that 's all. The cursed octors do n't know anything; so I can't tell you, for I can't look at my body now.

My mother's name is Maria.

Written for the Banner of Light. AUTUMN REVERIE: To Lita H. Barney.

The bleak winds are out on their wintry march, They have spoiled of their honors the maple and larch, Triumphantly swept o'er the withering elm, And mightlest oak of the great forest realm. They have rushed o'er the hills and the mountains afar, In their hurtling course to the wild ocean-war; The earth, in their pathway, lies barren and white, The wave where they glanced, straight congealed with

Oh. flerce Autumn winds I your career ye must check, Or nought-will remain of the forest but wreck : Ye have winnowed, already, the bloom from my heart, And the fresh-budding hopes all to soon may depart; Full dreary and desolate lately appear The lovliest forms of the vanishing year. Conjure me the spirit of each fallon friend, Oh, bend, as the whirlwinds the lithe willows bend The pickets around and the palisades stout, That confuse and confine me within and without. Lol what joy dwelt of inte, both in bower and glen. The haunts of the insect, of beast, bird and men! There was rapture divine in my buoyant soul, For a vision of youth o'er my memory stole. When the beauteous Spring-time delightfully shone, And breathed its perfume o'er the wakening zone; When the rose and the lilac and iris put on Their splendors more fair than the bright-blushing dawn Whon May flower gatherers, blithesome and young, Were met in the meadows and wildwoods among; And I saw, too, the radiance of Summer, and heard, Mothought, the free music of streamlet and bird; The rich hues of even and crimson dawn-light, Reflected afar, quite enchanted my sight, As if heaven and earth were commingled around With clyslan light and symphonious sound. But nought, for my solace, save dreams, can restore

That sunshine, and beauty, and music of yore,

For dreary November all desolate reigns, And only despair in my bosom remains. I look to the East, where my fond heart first gave Its sympathy deep, and bowed down like a slave, To the semblance of virtue, as false as a shade, A pitiful relic of honor decayed; I look to the West, but no comfort appears To soothe my affliction through long, weary years; The cold winds are howling without and within. I am chilled by their breath, and confused by their din. But see in the South a bright angel arise. With grace in her aspect, and Heaven in her eyes! She comes to unburthen my serrowing heart, And hope, with its train of delights, to impart: To bestow on my life the sweet balm of affection, To lighten my cares and accept my protection; In her hands are the needle, and pen of the bard. Her soul is exalted, her temple's regard, Where Nature alone, with a wonderful skill, Has joined senso and wit to an excellent will! Oh, what shall be wanting my bliss to complete, If our hearts shall together in happiness beat? Then the future would gleam on my mind's joyful eye, Like a sun-lighted cloud, from the mystical sky; No more should November encompass my soul, No more should it bow to the tempest's control; But, living in sunshine, such sunshine as thou, Shall thus shed upon me, and art shedding now-The light of thy smiles, the sweet tones of thy voice, The nature Heaven gave thee, would make me refolce, And thank the great Giver for life on this earth, Which else had been useless and vain from my birth. Boston, Ms., Nov. 25th, 1850.

A Correspondent's Opinion. C. H. COPPRAN, ROOKLAND, MAINE, Writes as follows :-"I think the doctrine of Spiritualism is good for a religious verted, and this lack of equilibrium, or harmony, is the great pelief-indeed, I think it adapted to men's wants and feellngs, in a spiritual sense; but when every one, of either sex, it is unnecessary, for the spirit could much more casily profancies that they are called to prescribe medicine for the gress if freed from these incumbrances. I grant the fact of sick, I am inclined to think they go beyond the prescribed limits of the doctrine. In this respect I do believe there is fact, that the spiritual lives in, and mingles with, the animal. more imposition practiced upon people, in other respects Why are the animal desires in man unlike these of the infe-intelligent, than in almost any other department of life. Let rior races? In man, they are insatiable, while, in the brute, some of your correspondents speak out upon this subject, they are satisfied with their appropriate food. But the spiritual aspirations of man, which are, in a strong sense, infinite,

T. I was your sources in

Evil and Good.

The following letter is from the pen of J. S. Loveland, dated at Oswego, N. Y., Nov., 1859, addressed to A. B. Child, M. D.:-

I have read with no little interest the recent debates of

the Boston Conference upon the question of Evil-its nature, real philosophical insight ovinced by these who spoke, and for the comprehension of the great problem discussed. And, while it is foreign to my ideas to commend, or to blame any of the views thereon expressed, you will allow me to make some suggestions tending to aid in clucidating this momenthis what knows me, I want them to send it to my boy, and I'll do them a good turn some day.

He say, if any body gots to us subject. The question, whence the origin of our notions of good and ovil? seems not to have presented itself to any of the brothron engaged in the discussion. This scems the more unfortunate, inasmuch as it would solve the whole mystery of the subject. The true ontology of human ideas, that is, the basic ones of human history, would pour a flood of light upon the mooted questions which divide humanity into warring seets and partisans. I doem it axiomatic, that no great idea which has awayed the heart of humanity for ages, can be intrinsically false. In its forms and dress it may be uncouth, or even monstrous; but when the dress is stripped off, the disguise penetrated, we shall always find a pearl of beauty—a glorious truth.

The world-wide idea of good and evil cannot be an excep-

tion to this universal law. To know their actual import, we

are not to consult the psychological impressions of our child-

hood, derived from the 'Now England Primer,' or the plous

teachings of Aunt Nancy; but we must take the rugged path

of philosophical investigation, and success will crown our

toil. I grant, that the grand cutlines of truth present themselves to the intuitive soul of the seer; but only the patient investigator can map out clearly and fully the tortuous path of human progress-in other words, the growth and changes of ideas. Let us for the present pursue this course. In the infancy of humanity there were pleasure and pain-the one was good, the other evil. The simple fact that one thing or event produced pleasure, was enough to settle the question of its goodness, and vice versa. Morals were unknown to the infant race, but pain and pleasure were. Persons, as well as things and events, were judged by the same rule. In process of time came the manifestation of spirits, and, as a result of this, the notion of personal gods, to whom worship was paid. And, as these gods were supposed to be the authors of pain or pleasure to man, in all the departments of human activity, it came to be considered that those dispositions and actions which pleased the gods were good; while the opposite were ovil. Ages were requisite for this change. The primitive man saw only effects. Generations were necessary to reveal to him the fact, that human actions spring from affections; and that actions are of themselves nothing, only as they are exponents of affections. But he learned this, and then learned to call the affections good or evil, as they affected him pleasantly, or unpleasantly. And, as he attributed the management of the world to his gods, he naturally connected the idea of good and evil with their plersure, or their anger, The progress of the race in wisdom has gradually eliminated all the gods but one, whose severeign pleasure is the sync-nym of all good—opposition therete, of all evil and badness. will you print this? Four wooks! Keep a woman sick all The mass of civilized mankind occupy this position at the present time. They are the mon of moral law, of moral good and evil, of rewards and punishments, of salvation and damnation, heaven and hell. Good and evil are opposites in nature, in origin, in tendency and result; the one to be beloved, the other hated. And, I think, you will not fail to see that there is some foundation, in logic and in fact, for their conclusions. Pleasure and pain are unlike. There is a most obvious distinction between them. The blow of the bully, which starts the claret from your nose, is certainly very unlike the sweet kiss which loving woman imprints upon your lips. There is a wide distinction in the sensations experienced in the two cases; but they are no more unlike, than the impulses are different which prompted them. Bo long as man recognizes a personal Delty-the Maker, Governor of Nature, so long will it be difficult, if not impossible, for him to entertain views essentially varying from those stated above; and, the fact that they are at the basis true, renders it more difficult to escape the falsity which links therein. I admit the fact of the distinction which is claimed. Pride, hatred and malice, are not the same as humility, love and forgiveness, though they are the product of the same human nature, with precisely the same qualities. But, I see in the great laboratory of nature, that the same elements, mixed together in varying relative proportions, produce substances wholly unlike, and totally opposite in their qualities; and this is the law of their union—it is nature. Hence I am not allowed to feel surprise when, in the blending of human attributes into action, I find the results so very unlike, I cannot blind my eyes to the fact that they are unlike; and, therefore, distinction in terminology is inevitable, because difference exists in fact. It would be felly and a fraud to call the ferocity of the tiger lamb-like; and equally so to pronounce the ambitious blood thirstiness of Tamerlane Christlike. The actions are different, and the prompting motives

> But I must give a more generic statement of good and evil, as it lies in the advanced minds of the race. That condition of human nature denominated solfish, is evil; while unselfishness is good. Selfishness is the natural necessary status of the animal. Unselfishness can only be predicated of the spiritual. The purely animal is utterly incapable of unselfishness; while the purely spiritual is ine of schishness. Schishness never looks beyond selfgratification, as an end; while unselfishness always contemplates the good, or happiness of others, as its chief end Man is neither one nor the other, but both are blended in his nature—he is animal and spiritual. But the animal, in his constitution, is not like the animal in the inferior races; its union with the spiritual gives it a widely different aspect, Bo also, is the spiritual modified by the union with the animal in one personality. But in the order of development, the spiritual is not first, but last. This is true of the race, and also of the individual. The infant exhibits neither intellect nor spirituality-their birth is a subsequent and longer process than that of the animal body. The birth of the spiritual, in the consciousness of man, is that era in his existence, when he first really senses the fact of moral distinctions; which sensing is, in reality, nothing more nor less than the felt incompatibility between a life of animal intulgence, as an end, and the real dignity and grandeur of the spirit's nature and destiny. Hitherto, this arousing of the spiritual nature, this inner sensing of man's immortality, has been attended with the revival of all the old impressions of childhood, respecting God, devil, duty, self-denial, prayer, etc. etc.; which, instead of aiding in the healthy growth of the new life, created a hell of confusion, sorrow and strife. "The flesh (or the animal) lusteth against the spirit, and the spirit strives against the flesh." And, as a man more and more clearly appreciates the greatness and glory of eternal life, the more is he inclined to call that evil which tends in the direction opposed to his highest aspirations-the more clearly does he see, and the more keenly does he feel, the distinction between the upward and downward tendencies of human nature; until perhaps in his overmastering agony, he cries out, "Who shall deliver me from this body of death?"

are equally so. Nor is the affirmation of such differences, of

itself, necessarily the offspring of bigotry or self-righteous-

ness. Still, I grant, that often it is so.

Now, the question is, are all these cylis-this solfishness and sin, necessary in order to the soul's progress? They are, or they are not. Bear in mind that man is an animal; he has an organized animal body. Also, that the animal is in and of itself solfish, i. o., self-gratification is the law, and the righteous law, of its nature. This is one of the iron necessities of nature. Again, there can be no souls, without priorly existing, or organized bodies. I enter into no discussion as to the pre-existence of soul-substance, or the ascension of the spirit from matter; I simply affirm the fact that an individualwed, self-conscious spirit, is not, and cannot be, without a priorly organized animal body. This is another necessity of

Again, it is not the demoralized condition of the animal, or somi-animal attributes of human nature, nor the subjugation of the intellectual faculties, which gives rise to the notion of the sinfulness of those qualities; but, as we have seen, that notion is the result of spiritual growth. It cannot be denied, then, so far as the selfish, animal propensities and passions of man are concerned, that they are not only necessary, but, in themselves, are as hely and divine as the aspirations of a scraph. That the antagonism between "fiesh and spirit" should exist, is equally necessary and divine. These positions, most likely, will not be questioned, but it will be said these proponeities are inordinate—these passions are perwrong-the great hindrance to soul progress; and, therefore, disorder, and I have hinted the reason. It is found in the

infect the lower passions with semething of their own un- pravity as co-relative diseases, will seek out and apply the limiteduces. Honce, the reculiarity of man's passions evince remedies to both as we find them; and that we would no his immertally. This is also a necessity. Were the spirit sconer put a man in the pillory or the prison, as a nunthborn with adult strength, entirely disentangled from connec- ment for stealing, or a moral crime, than we would for chewtion, or sympathy with the body, so that they would not ing tobacco or having a fever; and that society is bound to naturally, and, honce, necessarily affect each other, as the guard and protect its members in charity, and to nurse and reciprocal elements of a unitary being, then, we might ex- cure them of all curable diseases, whether of drunkenness, post 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 infincy 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 it 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 bedstead 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 prependerance of the soul'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 wants 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 tron 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 well in body, or perfect and beautiful in soul. Man is not where he is, nor what he is, through defect or perversity 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 time meet, by the laws of spiritual affinity, another soul kinare; for they are the enes 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 that binds human affections and affinities, is as unchanging discovery of the means. Man approximately comprehends as our Father's laws that bind worlds in unison, in one unthe end of existence, but the slow-paced tread 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 solicited, and saints entreated to help man to be speedily saved. The Devil is denounced, the flesh abused, and the world abjured, to haston 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 suffciently (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, whother 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 socalled law of harmony is an idealism, not an actuality-I mean in the sense in which it is used. What does not exist of past life and its affections had stronger attractions still, cannot be violated. Harmony, or holiness, in the sense of human progress, and does not now exist; consequently, viola- the union cherished and loved, that exists with another soul tion is an impossibility. Real laws, being the seen, the defined in marriage, will be broken or discontinued while Its desired 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

. I do not present these remarks as an exhaustive statmen of the question, much loss a full argument, but only a brief outline of the true path of investigation. J. S. LOVELAND. Yours truly,

Written for the Banner of Light.

CREEDS.

BY WARREN CHASE.

Religious creeds are rapidly losing their value in our them all to unite and centralize, as wittestant neighbors. In the midst of this, what might be less among Spiritualists than any class of people. called decline before the fall of Protestantism, there will no crumbling walls, and offer a double front to Catholicism on one side and Spiritualism on the other: but the failure in Men's Christian Association" to contralize the "evangelical" societies.

There are some of the most liberal preachers, with a few followers and a few Spiritualists, who long for an inheritance is not hatred; it is not unkindness; it is not a desire for self-—an heirship in the old salary-estates of the Puritans—who would form "Congregational" societies with a common creed, more liberal and charitable than any other, but still it is the opposite of all these things. binding and restricting from change of belief, and restraining from further knowledge on the subjects called "sottled," 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 more perfectly developed, she will not hate the meanness of or ornament, inalienable, but subject to change. As such individual "sovereign" 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. 8 .- 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 mem-

Art. 4.—As privileges and restrictions on account of religious opinions, or pretences, have been the curse of every nation and generation which has dealt in them, therefore no person shall be rewarded or punished, favored or rejected, from any civil, social or religious privilege, on account of his or her opinions concerning God, Davil, Heaven, Hell, or the that hell could not excel. How does Mr. Garrison feel to-

past, present and future of man. Art. 5.—As God has revealed nothing to us concerning the outer or inner world, except by phenomena and through the use of our intellect applied to things and their phonomena therefore we will "examine all things, and hold fast that

Art. 0.—As we have no God's-word revolation of the spiritworld more reliable than our ancestors had of the heavens tions, experiments and demonstrations, as shall enable us to get knowledge on this subject as we have of the earth and

Art 7.-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 passive as an angel, is as innocent as a little child; feels

tobacco fits, insaulty, profanity, or murderous and thioving diseases; and has no right to expel, or disinherit of life, or the power to reform, because God in nature has not set the example.

As seven is called a encred 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 carlier. Whother 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 some dred to itself, and the male and the female spirit will be joined in holy oneness for eternity. I feel sure "that cord broken link, through the mighty universe.

This law of affinity is God's embodiment in man, as in all formations. Particle attracts particle; 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; when the laws of God shall be annihilated, then shall soulaffinities 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-to the condition of the inharmonies 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 the union becomes closer and more inseparably blended: it those who urgo this plea, is only the forescen possibility of may be for eternity. Ne dear soul on earth need fear that 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 exists gloams 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 ficeting 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: country. Most of the popular creeds are already consider-the consequences spiritually, like other consequences that ably below par; the stricter (Calvinistic) are very much spring from cvil, are productive of good. In the superficial, slackened; and the broader and undefinable (Unitarian and Universalist,) are tightened in a little, and there seems a is obnoxious to respectability, something that wars with mathat produces inhar orial excellence. nessed in the union prayer-meetings, Dr. Bollows's sermon, raises the devil. Where does this kind of free love exist? the united effort to put down spirit intercourse, &c. All except the Catholic, which stands aloof from all such move up the curtain of secrecy; take away the mantle of darkness ments in hely horror and great dignity, from age, wealth and that covers the deeds of human life, and you will see free love numbers, feligning to despise the childish changes of its Pro- where you did not expect to see it. I think you will see it

Spiritualists, by the unseen power that has fallen upon doubt be an effort to unite and centralize on a common plat- them, are compelled to act with less disguise and deception form-creed, from which they can hold up for a while the 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 this seems certain, after the signal failure of the "Young 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 superiority in progression, in goodness, in holiness; it is not fault-finding and condemnation; it is not war and opposition;

"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 so 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 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 right is over to be loved by spirit love.

"I hate those airs of self-ribgteousness," 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 devil-ish, 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 ove. And hatred, which alone belongs to self-righteousness, is a necessary step, too, in, the soul's progress, that comes before the hely influences of perfect charity and of spiritual love.

The reformer has hererefore opposed the evil of a palpable wrong with fervent hatred, with a bitterness and disgust ward the slave-holder and the slave-dealer? How does Horace Seaver feel toward the Christian Church? How does Theodore Parker feel toward the fictions and whitewash 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, Bly and Grimes, and the daily and weekly and earth, therefore we will endeaver to make such observa- insults 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 lave's government. Soul-affilities 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 and heaven; and treating moral depravity and physical de- toward every one, whatever their condition or manifesta-

evil; has infinite forgiveness and true Christian affection. A soul like this is susceptible to the influences of spiritual affilulty, 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. Buch 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.

DY EDWARD GILBERT. I halted on a winding way,

To scan the solitary scene Which the dim shade of dying day Made e'en more solemn than serene! The stars' faint gleam, the moon's mock-sheen Silvered sweet Summer's glorious green, And but the daisy fields did show In contrast clear, like winter snow. Or that the buttercups 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.

Bolomn the stillness, like the hour Which waits some Sybil's scaled suspense, As though dread nature plied her power In secret o'er 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 defled control, And almost paralyzed the soul-No dismal sense, 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 dear utterance! nor the bending Of the sweet heavens with twilight blending, Nor orbs in music mute contending, Dissolve that spell which nigh, I ween, Transfixed me in that silent scene.

Anon a zephyr floated by. All balmed with Flora's fragrant breath, Anon a magic melody

Woke from this silence and this death. And now from yonder poplar heath Upon the aspen boughs beneath The moonbeams cambol, and mine ear Bends to a rustling murmur near. This limned scene like landscape drawn, Where stars and twilight tinged the lawn. The silence broke, now leaned 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 truce to-day, And on the marshaled hosts of heaven Marched to a muffled lay.

Yet o'er the daisled mead That fairy form swept by: Hushed were the zephyrs at her tread, And at hor liquid oye The stars seemed sterner, and the moon Waxed paler in the sky.

Near and more near abe 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 Unon that shrine was laid: And now, behold I before me move The stark, sequestered shade Of one whose wifes had mocked my heart, And I bereft-betrayed!

A blast from the bleak, boreal zone, Now instant burst amain, And wild and deep a shriveled 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 grandour to the gale. And earthquake's roar and bolts of death Wakened a milder wail: While lightnings glistening on the hail. 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 hall Lay on the meadow, heath and dale.

The full moon burst from out a cloud, In zonith-splender 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. MANSPIELD IN BALTIMORE.

J. PORTEE HUDGDON, M. B.,
ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN,
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Psychometrical delineations of character, and Clairvoyant
examinations of disease, daily, from 0 a. m. to 5 r. 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. Mesers, Editors of the Banner of Light: Mr. Manafield 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 distan regions of the dead, but who now feel assured of their presonce 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, yould 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 em ployed without intermission until cloven o'clock. A day was allowed to poor women. His parlor was thronged; and to throbbing hearte, seventy-six messages were given.

Scaled 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 stitings, and re colved 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 rela tives almost at my elbow, who are the bitterest of skeptics.

I had prepared a letter, enclosed it in an envelop, and having carefully pasted the parts together, run the pen in waving lines across the junction; it boing impossible to reseal it and make all the lines meet. This was enclosed in another, treated the same way, and then finished with m private scal in wax. If answered, I designed showing it to

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 Drar Sor—The letter you have taken so much pains"

"My Drar Sor—The letter you have taken so much pains"

"A CARD.

MRS. STOWE, TEST AND HEALING MEDIUM, SECOND house from State street, west door, Smith's Hill, Providence, R. I., can be consulted every day, (Saturdays and Bandays 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. Bronson's Preparative for the cure of diseases.

tions may be, as a mother feels toward her darling infant; to fiddledee all about the edges, we will have nothing to do hates not, blames not, condemus not, wars not, resists not with. You require no such tests.

Your mother,

M. S." "True, dear mother, but the test is not for myself, but for

have it answered. Frequently after this, he told me, the letter was placed before him-some influence felt, but not

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:

M——?
I wish you to speak of these things as tests, should I show this letter to your family.
Your sincere friend,
P. H. Smith.

November 20 .- After copying the above for your paper, I

called on Mr. Mansfield, when a very singular manifestation

I called, in the usual way, for my colored servant Anne,

who died at my house about eighteen months ago. Her an-

Just then a gentleman attached to the telegraph office, pre-

sented his folded question written in telegraphic characters.

dred 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

Orthodox Proceedings.

to appear before the session to answer in her own defence.

After reading her suspension, upon the ground that she was

a Spiritualists, he assumed the liberty to pronounce her a

witch, and stated to the congregation, that in the days of

Industry is an excellent guard for virtue: the more active

MRS. R. H. BURT

your life, the less opportunity have the passions to corrupt

MRS. GRACE L. BEAN WRITING, TRANCE AND TEST MEDIUM,
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Nov. 26.

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Letters on business questions answered for \$1.

Full Nativity written, Consultation at all hours. Terms 50 conts each lecture.

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LAIRVOYANT EXAMINATIONS, with all the diagnostic and thorapeutic suggestions required by the patient,

carofully written out.

Mrs. Metrler also gives Psychometrical delineations of character by having a letter from the person whose qualities she is required to disclose.

It is much preferred that the person to be examined for discase should be present, but when this is impossible or in-

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.

Tenms—For examinations, including prescriptions, \$5, if
the patient be present; and \$10 when absent. All subsequent examinations \$2. Delineations of character, \$2.

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Oct. 1.

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"Seek and ye shall find."

PERSONS who believe that spirit communion and its men-tal developments can aid them in the difficulties of life, can have my services in their behalf. For my time and ef-

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.

O'clock. Full oral examination at the office, \$1,00.

Address H. L. BOWKER, Natick, Mass
Nov. 19.

3m

FRANCIS II. SMITH.

After waiting for some time, the following came:

fairness with which the whole is conducted.

Moses such were stoned to death."

occurred, which is worth relating.

swer came in very scraggy writing:

Baltimore, 8 Nov., 1859.

November 17.

the benefit of others."

enough to write.

Two lines, under this head, will be inserted free of charge. All over two lines must be paid for at the rate of siz cents per line for each insertion wanted. "You can do nothing in that direction-your over-zeal will only make the matter worse. It is so, Francis. Your Mother."

Lecturers will please remit, after the first fascrifon, at the above rate. The increasing demand upon us in this department renders this step necessary. Changes in appoint-ments will be made free of charge, at any time. Nevertheless, I left the letter with him, hoping still to

MOVEMENTS OF LECTUREUS.

Mas. Ananda M. Spenca will lecture in
Boston, 4 Sundays of Dec.—Providence, 4 Sundays of Feb.
Taunton, 2 Sundays of Jan.—Nerwich, 4 Sundays of March.
Floxbore, 8 Sundays of Jan.—Philadelphia, 4 Sundays of May.
Address, the above places, or Station A, New York City.

Address, the above places, or station A, New York City.

Miss Emma Handings will lecture in December, in New Orleans; part of January in Georgia, returning to the East via Cincinnati in March, 1800. Applications for lectures in the South to be sent in as speedly as possible to the above address, or 8 Fourth Avenue, New York City. Address, or 8 Fourth Avenue, Now York City.

John Mayhew, M. D., will visit Grand Haven, Grand Rapids, Lyons, Ionia, and other places in Northern Michigan,
where bis services may be desired. Friends on this route
will address him before the end of this month at Grand
Haven. This will probably be bis last journey in Michigan.
From the middle of January to March 1st, he will labor in
Indiana, and from thence, to April 80th, in Illinois, and the
eastern part of Jowa. Letters from the three last named
States may be directed, if before the end of the year, to the
care of S. Bretherton, Pontiac, Mich.

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

F. L. WADSWORTH speaks Dec. 11th and 18th, in Terro Haute; 25th, in Attlea; Jan. 1st, in Delphi; 8th, in Elk-hart; 15th, in Sturgis, Mich; 22d, in Adrian. He can be ad-dressed as above.

ANNA M. MIDDLEBROOK will lecture in Providence, Dec. 18th and 25th, Jan. 1st and 8th. Applications for week evenings will be attended to. Address, Box 422, Bridgeport, Conn.

Dn. P. B. Randolph's address, till further notice, will be Boston, care of Banner of Light. Enclose stamp for return etter.

WARREN CHASE lectures Dec. 11th. in Providence, R. I.: Oct. 18th, in Taunton, Mass.; Dec. 25th, in Waltham; Dec. 17th, 28th and 29th, in Windsor, Ot.; Jan. 1st, in Hartford, Ct.; Jan. 3sl, 4th and 5th, in Winstead, Ct. Address as above, at 14 Bromfield street, Boston,

Your sincere friend, P. II. Saith.

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, then 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 failer 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; but we ofton come together.

Oh, tell my kind, good nurse, that I have much to say to her by-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 what 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 friend, say to them, calmiy and candidly, the day is not far oil when they will be compelled to believe as you do. Now, my friend, be not too anxious to crowd your ideas upon them—live your faith before them.

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

November 20.—After copying the above for your paper, I MRS. CHARLOTTE M. TUTTLE'S address will be at West Winted, Ct., during the winter, and the time of her present sick-ness, which is very delicate, and any messages from filends o aid to cheer her, will be thankfully received.

Miss Elizaberh Low, trance speakor, of Leon, Cattaraugus Co., New York, lectures at Ellington and Rugg's Corners, Cattaraugus Co., N. Y.,) every fourth Sabbath. She will inswor calls to lecture in Chautauque and Cattaraugus Coun-

Miss A. W. Spraduz will speak in St. Louis, Missouri, hrough the month of Dec. Her address while there will be are of James H. Blood, Box 3301, where these who wish her o call, as she returns eastward, can address her accordingly. MRS. M. S. TOWNSEND will speak in Quincy the second bunday of December; in Mariboro', December 25th.

LINDLET M. Andnews, superior lecturer, will visit the South and West this fall and winter. Address him, either at & Yellow Springs, Ohio, or at Mendota, IIL

H. P. FARRYIELD Will speak in Foxboro', Sunday, Dec. 11th; in Stafford, Ct., Sunday, Dec. 18th; in Now Bedford, Mass, Sunday, Dec. 25th. Those who may wish to engage his sorvices on week pyenings will address him at the above named

Mns. Mary Macomper, Carpenter street, Grant Mill, care of Z. R. Macomber, Providence, R. I. She will speak at Plynouth, Mass., Bunday, Dec. 11th; at Willimantle, Conn., Dec. 25th. Mrs. Macomber contemplates visiting California in the Spring.

in the Spring.

Miss Rosa T. Amedex will lecture in Oswego during the month of January, 1860. Friends in the South and West desiring her services, for Sabbaths, and week evenings, in the two or three months following, will please address her at 32 Alien street, prior to Dec. 28th, and during the month of January care of J. L. Pool, Oswego, N. Y. 10—tjanl.

LEO MILLER will answer calls to lecture in any part of New England, on "The Facts and Philosophy of Spiritualism." Address, Hartford, Conn. 10—10t.

Miss. Fannie Burnank Felton will lecture in Putnam, Ct., the second Sunday of December: in New York the third:

swer came in very scraggy writing:

"DEAR MAS. FRANCIS—What for you call your servant Anne? What can I do for you now? I aint dod. Wish Missus Bmith would spok to me. I will come to her and the dear children. They no think I come, but I do for all dat.

ANNE." Mas. FANNIE BURDARK PELZON WILLIEUTO IN TURBUL, UC., tho second Sunday of Docember; in Now York the third; and in Philadelphia the fourth Sunday of December and first two of January. Address, until Dec. 10th, Putnam, Ct.; until Dec. 20th, No. 12 Lamartine Place, 39th street, New York; and until January 10th, No. 610 Arch street, Philadelphia. "O Lor', Mas. Francis, dat aint our kind of wire hoppin'—
to, not at all—we no go dat, no how.

Anne."

Mr. Mansfield has thus answered while here many hun-

F. T. LANE lectures at Norton, Mass., on Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 11th and 12th. His address is Lawrenco, Mass.

day, Dec. 11th and 12th. Ills address is Lawrence, Mass.

N. Frank Whitze can be addressed until Dec. 25th, to Portland, Me., care of Geo. R. Davis, Esq.

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

Miss. J. W. Curnten, Lowell, Mass., box 815.

CHARLES H. Gnowell, Watertown, Mass. Address, Banner of Light colice.

William E. Rice, 142 Harrison Avenue, Boston.

Miss A. F. Pass's address will be New York City, till further notice.

Mits Ella E. Gibson, Barro, Mass.

Miss. H. F. M. Brown, "Agitator" office, Cleveland, Ohlo.

J. H. Curnten, Lawrence, Mass.

Dr. Jakes Cooper, Bellefontaine, Ohlo.

CHARLES W. Bungess, Inspirational Speaker. Box 22, West Killingly, Conn.

Rey. John Flerfont. West Medford. Mass. D. M. GRAHAM, M. D., EVANSVILLE, IND.—"Rov. Mr. C——, of New Brighton, Pa., has suspended Miss V. P. Graham from the communion of the church, on account of her being endowed with the gifts of healing, of seeing spirits, and speaking in divers tongues; and that too, without even a citation

Cillingly, Conn.
REV. JOHN PIERFONT, West Medford, Mass. MISS BARAH A. MAGOUN, No. 33 Winter street, East Camidge, Mass.

orlidge, Mass.
Miss Lizzie Doten, Plymouth, Mass.
Hi. L. Bowken, Natick, Mass., or 7 Davis street, Boston,
Benj, Danyonth, Doston, Mass.
ELIJAH Woodworth, Leelle, Mich.
C. T. Irish, Taunton, Mass., care of John Eddy, Esq.
A. B. Wfitzing, Providence, R. I.
Mis. Sarah M. Thompson, Worcester, Mass.
Mis. Brithelb, Chase, West Harwich, Mass.
E. P. Verma, Day 85, Oulney, Mass.

MRS. BARAI M. THOMFSOK, WOICEGET, MASS.

MRS. BERITHA B. CHASE, West Harwich, Mass.

E. R. Young, box 55, Quincy, Mass.
LOVELL BEEBE, North Ridgevillo, Ohlo.

MRS. S. MARIA BLISS, Springfield, Mass.
PROF. J. E. CHUZCHILL, NO. 202 Franklin street, near Race,
Philadelphia.

MRS. J. B. SMITH, Manchestor, N. H.

DR. C. C. Yonk, Boston, Mass.
J. C. HALL, Buffalo, N. Y.

CHARLES P. RICKER, Lowell, Mass.
A. C. RODINSON, Fall Rivor, Mass.
A. C. RODINSON, Fall Rivor, Mass.
LORING MOODY, Malden, Mass.
MRS. J. R. STREETER, Crown Point, Ind.
N. S. GREENLEAF, Lowell, Mass.
MRS BUSAN M. JOHNSON, North Abington, Mass.
MRS. A. P. THOMFSON, Raleigh, N. C.
W. K. RIPLEY, 10 Green street, Boston, care of B. Danforthey,
MRS. FRANCES O. HYZER, Moutpeller, Vt.
Mis. M. H. Coles, care of Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield street,
Boston.

WILL give lectures on every thing partaining to Spiritual and Practical life, Religion and Metaphysics, under the influence of spirits. Address the above at No. 2 Columbia street, Boston, Mass.

Sm Dec. 3.

oston,
H. A. Tucker, Foxboro', Mass.
George Atkins, Boston, Mass.
Dr. H. F. Gardner, 46 Essex street, Boston, Mass.
Lewis B. Monnor, No. 14 Bromfield street, Boston.
Daniel W. Snell, No. 0 Prince st., Providence, R. I.
Christian Lindy, care of Bonj. Tensdalo, box 221, Alton

Inols. Dexter Dana, East Boston, Mass. John C. Cluen. Residence, No. 5 Bay street, Roston. J. J. LOCKE, Greenwood, Mass.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS. MEETINGS IN BOSTON.—Mrs. Amanda M. Sponco, of New York, will lecture in Ordway Hall next Sunday afternoon at 28-4 o'clock, and in the evening at 71-2 o'clock.

A Ciscus for trance-speaking, 4c., is held every Sunday morning, at 101-2 o'clock, at No.14 Bromfield street. Admission 5 cents.

MEETINGS IN CHELSEA, on Sundays, morning and evening

METINGE IN CHELSEA, On Bundays, morning and evening at Guild Hall, Winnishmet street. D. F. Goddard, rogular speaker. Seats free.

Cambridgeport — Meetings in Cambridgeport are held every Bunday afternoon and evening, at 3 and 7 1-2 o'clock, P. M., at Washington Hall, Main street. Seats free. The following Trance Speakers are engaged: Dec. 10th, Miss Lizzic Doten; Dec. 17th, Miss R. T. Amedey.

LAWRENCE.—The Spiritualists of Lawrence held regular meetings on the Sabbath, forenoon and afternoon, at Lawrence.

rence Hall.
FONDORO'.—The Spiritualists of Foxboro' hold free meetings in the town hall every Sunday, at half-past one, and half-past six o'clock, P. M.
PLYROUTH.—Mrs. Mary M. Macomber will lecture Doc. 11th; Miss Lizzle Doten, Dec. 18th and 23th; Miss Fannio Davis, Jan. 1st and 8th.
Lowell.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings on Sundays, forencen and afternoon, in Wells's Hall. Speaking, by mediums and others.

SALEM.—Meetings have commenced at the Spiritualists' Church, Sewall street. Circles in the morning; speaking, afternoon and evening.

onuren, sewin senses.

Afternoon and evening.

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

SUNDAY MEETINGS IN NEW YORK.

Meetings are held at Lamartine Hall, on the corner of 20th street and 8th Avenue, every Sunday morning. Preaching by Rov. Mr. Jones. Afternoon: Conference or Lecture, Evening: Circles for tranco-speakers. There are at all times everal present.

Dodwonth's Hall.—Meetings are held at this Hall regu-larly every Sabbath. everal present.

DR. C. MAIN, SPIRIT AND MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN No. 7 Davis street, Boston.

Special attention paid to the cure of Cancers of all jescriptions, Deformity of Limbs, Deafness, &c.
Patients accommodated with board at this Institute.

MISS JULIA E. LOUNSBURY,

• CLAIRVOYANT,

No. 98 Christopher Street, New York.,

Between Hudson and Bleecker streets. Back Room, No. 10,
Third Floor. In from 90'clock, A. M., to 90'clock, F. F.

Oct. 15.

ADA L. HOYT,

RAPPING AND WRITING TEST MEDIUM, is giving sittings daily, for the investigation of Spiritualism, at 43 Carrer street.

Sm. Oct. 20.

HENRY WARD BEECHER

PLYMOUTH CHURCH, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Sunday Evening, Nov. 27th, 1959.

BEFORETE YOU THE BANNER OF LIGHT, BY T. J. ELLINWOOD. TEXT.-"And he that taketh not his cross, and followeth fier ine, is not worthy of me."-MATT. X. 29.

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 these 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 openly to reelve 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, haw. A man's fees shall be they of his own househeld."

household."
But our Saviour declares that no man could prefer 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 whatever else more highly. This is also expounded in this chapter, 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."

disciple."

We are not to stumble at the strength of this language. It is only the strength of truth in paradox. What it must mean will be plainer, 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 heather, eiter. It simply expresses or is called to, in the same way in which no 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 love itself. If there be anything stronger than such love, it is that instinctive, inevitable, and ineradicable love, which every man has for himself. ineradicable love, which every man has for himself, and which represents the force of nature exerted for the preservation of the race.

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—and justly holds—as dearest and best, when brought into conflict, so that they are the divine element must be sacrificed. so that they or the divine element must be sacrificed.

so that they or the divine element must be sacrificed, must give way, and the divine element must stand.

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 those effections and instinctive feedings or else God must be

that when circumstances are such that either these affections and instinctive feelings or else God must be given up, there should be none of 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. Contrawise, we are to hold all these, and add to them other affections. Nay, we receive from the hand of God, not only 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.

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 bent out of their ordinary lines as that demostic loves and Christian fidality should not so that domestic loves and Christian fidelity should not be in the same perspectives, 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 that which the soul owes to God.

We are propared, new, to understand what is meant

by this cross which is to be taken up, and what is bear-

Anything, naturally desirable, which must be sacrifleed 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 much more or much less, according to circumstances. It is anything taken, or anything thrown away, that stands between us and duty. If a man is placed so that almost all his relations correspond with Christianity, then he will have very little to give up, and very little to bear; and though he may have a

up, and very little to bear; and though he may have a cross to bear, it will be a very light and easy one.

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. What you are required to throw off or take on, may be little, and your cross may be light; or, if may be much, and your cross may be 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 relaby 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 love 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?

valuable than your God?
In view of these explanations, I proceed to remark:

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 their children for this very thing—to yield themselves up to the discipleship of Christ. This is the very consummation 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 habits, in your pleasures, in your imaginations in your affections, in your sinful enjoyments; and be cause 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 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 Divino truth, though afar off 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 so much that we shall

the higher ought to comfort us so 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 reinuncrative 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—and 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 pwell in it till its associations are richer than its fur-

nishings; and vet, a house may be better built, more gladly than when the opposite conditions exist. The

are down to ninety, and eighty-five, and eighty cents, which are surely worth a hundred and twenty, and a reproach and persecution gladly, is not a patriot. The hundred and thirty, how quick does he give his money man who, in endeavoring to reform the country in for them! He does it gladly, because he knows that in a month or two he will get it back with a large in the trials and injuries which are heaped upon him, is crosse. 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 the wind the area time, much increased. Men send the wind the area time, much increased. Men send the wind the area time, much increased. Men send the wind the area time, much increased. Men send the wind the area time, much increased. Men send the wind the area time, much increased. Men send the wind the area time, much increased. Men send the area time, much increased the area time, much in the trials and injuries which are heaped upon him, is not a patriot. Every man ought to be able to suffer that which is worth suffering for. It is not half a man that does not know how to suffer. The divine the trials and injuries which are heaped upon him, is crease. 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 soul is capable of doing precisely the same thing, in a higher way than this. If Christ be pre-sented to the soul as a real personage; if by the power of the Holy Ghost, he lifts himself ap 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 gran-deur 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 Him for myself;" when a man has full 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 less 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 another life. When these become real to a man, the work connected with giving

become real to a man, the work connected with giving up earthly things for heavenly things is all gone. So 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 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 can give, 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

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 overy friend—wife, child, father mother, brother, sister, companion—though we have done all this for Christ, yet, we have laid upon the done all this for Christ, yet, 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.

Ah! 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 compared for them to yield a reluctant, grudging com-

grace for them to yield a reluctant, grudging com-pliance 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. Solfishness can do them. Love asks for things that are difficult and trans. The more difficult and were a thing is ficult and rare. The more difficult and rare a thing is. the more significant is it as a token of true affection. And whatever the soul can do to show its love to Christ, 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 atillustrated 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 his friends, 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 have the many say or feel in moments of inspiration, but have the many say or feel in moments of inspiration, but have the many say or feel in moments of inspiration, but have the many say or feel in moments of inspiration, but have a many say or feel in moments of inspiration, but have a many say or feel in moments of inspiration, but have a many say or feel in moments of inspiration, but have a many say or feel in moments of inspiration, but have a many say or feel in moments of inspiration, but have a many say or feel in moments of inspiration, but have a many say or feel in moments of inspiration, but have a many say or feel in moments of inspiration, but have a many say or feel in moments of inspiration, but have a many say or feel in moments of inspiration, but have a many say or feel in moments of inspiration, but have a many say or feel in moments of inspiration, but have a many say or feel in moments of inspiration, but have a many say or feel in moments of inspiration, but have a many say or feel in moments of inspiration, but have a many say or feel in moments of inspiration, but have a many say or feel in moments of inspiration, but have a many say or feel in moments of inspiration say that the many say or feel in moments of inspiration say that a many say or feel in moments of inspiration say that a many say or feel in moments of inspiration say that the many say or feel in moments of inspiration say that the many say or feel in moments of inspiration say that the many say or feel in moments of inspiration say that the many say or feel in moments of inspiration say that the many say or feel in moments of inspiration say that the many say or feel in moments of inspiration say tha 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 what a man will suffer, if need be, for a principle or a cause, shows his estimate of that principle and that cause. A thing is worth to us just what what when the world of the ple and that cause. A thing is worth to us just what when the property of the property is the property of the property ple and that cause. A thing is worth to us just what we will give up for it, just what we will do for it, just what we will bear and suffer for it.

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 worth more in our regard than he is. 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 or manhood; 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; there 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, o religion, or friendship, or honor, or manhood; but when you come to the element of taste, they will not

when you come to the element of taste, they will not give that for it.

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. Are you willing to give up anything rather than truth? Is honor priceless to you? or do truth and honor occupy a low place in your estimation? Will not thirty pleces 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. how much the bribe must be, under such circumstances. There are hundreds of men that believe in truth and honor, who will not give them up for pleasure or for money, but who will give them up for ambition. Others will not give them up for ambition, but they will for money. Others will give them up for pleasure. But there is now and then a man who says, "There is nothing that is of 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 their value to him.

When a man gives up truth rather than to bear the

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.

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.

Bo it is in regard to friendship. A man's estimate of friendship is not to be measured by how easily he may have excited in him a superficial, mobile sympathy toward his friends, but by how much he will bear with them, and from them and for them. That man loves them, and from them, and for them. That man loves but 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

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 rendly exchange it. It is not a hardship to go out of a hove 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 that we do in reference to visible things, in this respect. In the cases I have cited, as illustrative of this principle, the things exchanged are visible; but there are numberless cases in which this same principle holds good, where visible things are exchanged for things invisible. Men who love thermoney 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 are 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 man and constitute the value of friendship to a man consistain what test of the value of friendship to a man consistain what less of the value of friendship to a man consistain what less of the value of friendship to a man consistain what less of the value of friendship to a man consistain what less of the value of friendship to a man consistain what less of the value of friendship to a man consistain what less of the value of friendship to, to be, and to suffer for his friends.

The same is true of patriotism. It is exercely needful that we should deseant upon this virtue! There is nothing to do, to be, and to suffer for his friends.

The same is true of patriotism. It is exercely needful that we should deseant upon this virtue! There is nothing to be made by being patriotic so long as their country's fleece is within reach of their country's fleece is within reach of their country's fleece is within reach of their country's fleece is within 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 same is true of religion. How much men value religion is not to be estimated by the loudness of their vows, or the ostentation of their worship, 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 was 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 com-munities 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 the company of the company o suffering. Paul preached well, Apollos preached well, and the other apostles preached well; but it was were, and the other uposies pleated were, but I wanted 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 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 logicians of God. Blood was the argument they employed.

And since their time all the successive elements that And since their time, all the successive elements that religion has developed, have been developed, not by much 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 heroic man 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 thoso found who were glad 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 conscience, when asserted only by the

and through Christ with God.

The liberty of speech, and of the press, went through the same ordeal. If there had not been found men that would speak, though to speak was 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 the men who produced them. There is resurrection of such men. The Miltons, and Hampdens, and Sidneys, 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 lost their heads; because of the men who lost their heads; because of the men who languished in dungeous; because of the men who thrust their hands into flery 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 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 die. But when men value that for which they endure

has but a very poor chance—and it ought to have but a

VI. The peculiar want of our times is the want of

VI. The peculiar want of our times is the want of heroes. There are some—there must be more. There are great things to be done in our day, and in 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 loss 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 considered as fauntical, and are derided—in itself, are considered as fanatical, and are derided such times, 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 mis-erable, dwarfed manhood. We have, I say, lent one to our brethren in the South. We shall have more; and orable, dwarfed manhood. We have, I say, lent one to 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 prophesics 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 die for the sake of the freedom of others. We shall populate prisons, and bring gallowses into vogue again; yea, 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 dangered into societies for the clusion 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, if not in words, "There are other 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 reports it before that place for its discenthat 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 an in-terpretation of Christ like that of such Christians breed? It will breed a million vermin, but never a

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—for that is not the only, nor the worst infidelity, that denies the Book.

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

Let us, then, look forward to that coming day with

be called to engage in the glorious work which it will inaugurate. But I fain hope that the mother's foot is now rocking the cradle 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 an act of prolonged sacrifice and extreme suffering. Judged by its obvious import, that act seems to be, and must always seem to be, effected to the world; but all to me, in my 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 this was God and the seems to me that the 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 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 native, that from eigenly he had been making this atonement for them; that as it is expressed in the Bible, the Lamb was visiain from the foundation of 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

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 differs 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 nore than half a century; am a tolerably healthy man, and ny whole life has been characterized by incessant dreaming. I seldom think of what I dream afterwards: but I had a dream in June, 1842, 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 beble, 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 unpleasan, 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 dawning light, dissipated my gloomy mood, and thought it was 'only a dream.' At two o'clock of the same day, I lay down to take a pap, 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 freetion 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 f 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. Their uncovered heads, and every particular of their dress, with their deep grief, was so much the same as to make 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."

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Case of Healing.

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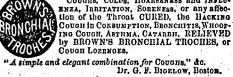
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