

BANNER OF LIGHT.

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THE SERMONS

OF REVS. HENRY WARD BEECHER AND EDWIN H. CHAPIN, as 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.
EIGHTH PAGE—Rev. H. W. Beecher's Sermon.

Written for the Banner of Light.

"BERTHA LEE," OR, MARRIAGE.

To the Memory of my Husband this tale is dedicated

BY ANN E. PORTER,

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

CHAPTER XXXIII.—CONCLUDED.

One day I was putting in order the articles of clothing which I had packed in my trunk for my journey, when I recollected the package which my mother had handed me. Lily was asleep. I sat down and read, in the old, familiar handwriting of Charles Herbert, the following:—

"MY DEAR BERTHA.—I have a strange task to perform; so strange that I hardly know how to choose my words. Bertha, I have never asked you in so many words if you would be my wife, but your own heart tells you that I could have chosen no one else. Our friendship has not been a child passion, but a deeply rooted love, which has grown with our growth, and strengthened with our strength. I feel its power now, when I am about to read so rudely the lines which have bound us. But to my story at once. You know and will pardon my directness.

Years ago, when my father died, my mother found a firm and faithful friend in Mr. Gomez—Uncle Peter, as we called him. Through him we saved the little property which was our due, and which, but for him, would have gone to those always ready to 'devour widows' houses.' When my mother was ill she was nursed to health in the mild climate of Cuba, and in the hospitable mansion of Uncle Peter. When I was old enough to enter a store, his influence procured me a situation, and his money a partnership. His wife died some years since, leaving a delicate child, a girl of rare beauty. This child was with us on our first voyage to the islands. As was natural, we were much together, and once during the time, when in her childish needlessness she had fallen into the water, I saved her life. She called me 'brother Charles,' and I was pleased to be so considered. But another eye was watching this intimacy with growing interest, and encouraged it. It seems now that from the first it had been Uncle Peter's pet project to marry us when we should be old enough; had I been aware of this I should have avoided the danger. As it was, I loved sister Lily as I should have loved a sister, had God given me one. She is a willful, capricious beauty, but neither so loving and warm-hearted, so impulsive and generous, that one loves to do her bidding. She is a tropical plant, fit only for a bow of beauty, or a war as one before me. She was a rare and costly gem, only on occasions; not the wife for the stern, hard-working, Charles Herbert, who must make his way through life, and conquer a fortune for himself. Had I supposed that my friendship could be construed into anything tenderer than a brother's interest, I would have thrown up my position at the islands, lucrative as it was, and have gone away—anywhere, to California or the wilds of Africa.

My mother's health continued to fail; consumption was slowly wasting her precious form. In the meantime Lily fell ill. I was with her often, for my mother sat by her side, or when weary reclined on a couch. Lily was now fifteen years old, and was as lovely as ever. Her illness became alarming; she sunk into a kind of stupor, or rather indifference, to everything around her. Her physician said there was no help unless a change could be produced—some excitement, or another residence. My mother, who knew every thought of Lily—for they were as mother and child—once heard her say, when she was asleep, or wandering:—'No, no, Charles; you do not belong to her—that Bertha, that writes to you—you are mine, Charles—mine while I live; that will not be long. Oh, Charles! you'll forsake your Lily—you saved her life, once; you'll stay by her now; will you not? I am better when you are here; I will be well if you'll stay all the time.'

Mr. Gomez heard something of the kind, and he said to my mother:—'Charles is now twenty-one; as soon as Lily is better, let us have a wedding.'

My mother, supposing that our friendship was like that of most other boys and girls, entered into the plan with interest. I could hardly listen respectfully at first to her views upon the matter, and for awhile the subject was dropped. Gradually she, too, failed, and we knew must soon die, but we had no idea it was to be so soon. She called me to her bedside one night, and, as she took my hand, said:—

'Charles, you have been a good boy to your mother. God will reward you for it. One more request, and I shall make no more of you. Marry Lily. I can die easier if I may leave the child under your protection as her husband. Her father may die at any moment. I feel that he will do so suddenly, and then what will become of my poor Lily. I know you will never regret it; promise me this, at least, that if I do not live to take her with me to New England, you will do so?'

I looked at my mother, pale and worn, but I had often seen her so before. I could not believe she would die before summer. I thought it safe to promise. I did so. My mother died that night! Before she died, she said to Mr. Gomez prevent the union of the child and me. And at his request we are to be married just before leaving the islands for the summer.

Farwell, Bertha! One letter from you would be a great comfort; just to say that I am not wrong in fulfilling my promise to my dying mother. But I ought not to expect it—perhaps you will say, I do not deserve it. I cannot blame my mother; her love to Lillian was very great, and she knew that no one could live with her without loving her. God help me to guard her tenderly, and watch over her as I would that mother, were she living. She seems to me like a legacy left by my dying parent. You will love her, Bertha, sometimes. I hope, once more, farwell. God bless you now and ever. Your true friend, CHARLES HERBERT."

It seemed, as I folded this letter, as if the long closed fountain of tears was unsealed now, and I wept long and fully. Oh how cruel to have kept this letter from me! But then it was all for the best. God had ordered my lot, and I will not repine.

The first burst of feeling over, the bright sunshine seemed to stream from the reft cloud upon my heart. Now, surely, I could depart in peace. The hand that penned this was cold in death, but the words had swept away the lingering mistrust, the only shadow that had darkened our friendship. All was now explained, and the only tie that bound me to earth was his child.

That evening, just before dark, Joe came into the house, and pointing to the village, said:—

'See there! what is there for supper?'

I looked in the direction in which he was pointing, his eyes dilated with surprise and anxiety was depicted on his countenance, as he thought of supper for strangers. A handsome carriage drawn by two horses was ascending the hill.

'I'll make some bliscuit, Joe, and you can get some

large sweet apples to bake. Now run out, and be ready to hold the horses when the gentleman comes.'

I thought I recognized my portly friend, Colonel James—and I was not mistaken.

'Heigh, ho! my little woman! how in the world did you come up in this eagle's nest? I thought the boys would speak out like Balaam's ass, when I urged them up the steep. Well, it is a glorious prospect!' turning round and looking off upon the hills and valleys. 'I always knew you were aiming for heaven, but I didn't know you'd got quite so near; hard work, coming after you, though. Holla, there!' he continued, as he caught sight of Lily's face peeping out of the door, 'so you have angle up here! Is n't she a beauty? has her mother's eyes and curls. Thank God, the little one has found another mother! and she needs it, if what I hear in Vernon is correct.'

'Have you any definite news about her father?' I inquired, in as firm a voice as I could command.

'Nothing but what I hear at Elmwood; but then Herbert is n't the man to forsake home and child in that way while he is living. But if he's gone, I'm sure he died like a man and a Christian, somewhere. I view these matters differently from most people, and I say about my friends, as I wish them to say about me when I put off this mortal coil. Well, the old fellow's gone—sorry to hear it—he was a jolly old boy, God bless him! This endless whining and cant and dolorous sighing which some people make because the great changes which come to all, has come to some of their friends, is, in my eyes, nothing but rank impiety. If, as we Christians believe, death is a glorious change, why should we repine if our time approaches, or if our friends are called by the Master to 'come up higher?' But how do you suppose I found you out? Why, by this watch; and again Charles's watch was placed in my hands. 'Do n't blush so, my little woman; we all know ministers haven't great riches in this world. God keeps them on small allowance here. I suppose, to discipline them for the great treasures laid up above. You parted with this trifle like a true woman, to find bread for your family. I know all about it, I've been to the minister's down, and now I have come on purpose to see what had best be done. This little lady here is heiress to a vast deal of wealth, if it can only be found, and I intend to constitute myself an attorney in her behalf. I have been away all summer among buffaloes and bears on the western prairies and wild lands, or I should have seen to this business before.'

I should have told the reader that all this was not said on the hill-top, but we had gone into the house, where, with Joe's help, I prepared supper, which the colonel seemed to enjoy. It was pleasant to know that we had some efficient friend who would see to Lily's interest; I could trust it all to him. When he left, the next morning, he told me that I should hear from him soon; if I did not in three weeks, to write to him in the care of friends whom he named, in New York.

The three weeks had nearly passed, and no tidings came from him, though Joe had traveled daily two miles for a week past, to the village post-office. Lily's cough was still very troublesome, my own time had been taken up with her, and Joe's business had not been very lucrative. My journey had drawn heavily on my slender funds. I had expected to procure some money for Joe at Oldbury, as he had not received his allowance for some years; but on inquiring of my mother, I learned that she had taken all Joe's little inheritance to aid Edward in getting his profession. Edward did not know this, or he never would have taken it. I was angry, my mother said, 'but he's gone, and there's no help for Joe, as I see. I'm sorry, but I can't alter it now. It do n't make much difference, however; Joe can be placed in the poor-house, here. Folks like him never mind such changes; they are not as sensitive as others.'

I was too indignant to reply calmly, and therefore kept still. But I was never more thankful for the little weather-beaten farm-house than at that moment. It was a shelter, and Joe and I would share our crust. As I said, the three weeks were almost expired in which we were to hear from the colonel. I was weary from night-watching, and had drawn Lily's crib into the warm sitting-room, hoping that, as she had fallen asleep, she would rest quietly for a few hours. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon—I remember distinctly, for Joe said, just as the old kitchen clock struck:—

'Joe'll go down to Brown's—the man who hired our little farm—and get some hominy. Yes, yes, Joe will.'

Brown was in the habit of carrying our own and his corn to the mill, and Joe would get our share from him. We had nothing but potatoes in the house to eat, save a few apples, and Joe had been busy at his bench all day, but saying, as he placed his arm on my shoulder, 'I'll get some hominy and milk for supper.'

And Lily had sung herself to sleep with, 'Joe, get hominy and milk, yes, yes—no, no.'

As soon as she was sound asleep I rose, smoothed my hair, moistening and rolling afresh the curls which I still wore as in younger days. The setting sun flung a few parting rays into the little west window, and one stray beam fell on Lily's crib, and across the silken counterpane—a relic of Elmwood days. My faith had become weak, and my heart had died within me that day, as I looked forward to the long, cold winter; but this sunbeam suggested these words, 'At the eventide it shall be light,' and I knew not why, but they brought peace.

The old iron tea-kettle which Joe had filled and put on before he went out, was singing its well-known tune. I stood looking at Lily as she slept; now that her eyes were closed I could see a strong resemblance to her father, and as I looked at the full lips with those peculiar lines around them, which I remembered in the boy, my thoughts went back to my childhood and the happy days when Charles Herbert was my guardian angel, making all my troubles light. But I would go back I asked myself. No, no; I am happier now than then. In the words of another, 'Believing in God's goodness and his infinite and everlasting love, I believe in evil as a part of the divinely appointed means by which my soul is to be educated and disciplined for its highest possible destiny. So I take my life as I find it, believing that Infinite Love ordained it, and that if I bow willingly, tractably and gladly to its discipline, my Father will take care of it—and of the future, too, that I trust with him.'

As I thus mused, the door opened. I thought it was Joe with the hominy, and turned to speak to him, when Charles Herbert stood before me!

'Bertha! my long lost, my beloved Bertha!' and he opened his arms, while in the impulse of the moment, with the old childish feeling strong within me, I spoke no word, but I pillowd my head on his breast and wept.

'Rest thee, henceforth and forever, my poor stricken one,' were the words that fell like dew on my withered heart.

We had few words then, but we stood together over Lily's crib, the father drinking in with all a father's love the infantile beauty and sweetness of the sleeping child. Joe found us thus when he came in with his hominy and a pail of milk. His eyes opened wide, and his face was strangely contorted—but the very grimace expressed heartfelt joy.

'Joe, my good friend,' said Charles Herbert, as he shook him warmly by the hand; 'I can now repay you for the care you have taken of my precious ones. I have heard all about it, Joe. The good minister down in the village told of himself after his visit here.'

'Yes, yes, no, no,' said Joe, quite disconcerted, and as if to turn the subject. 'Ha, ha! Charlie, the old chimney! bread and cheese!'

'Indeed, I would like some after my long ride.' Joe looked troubled, I was not in the least so, but said frankly:—'We have hominy and milk for supper, Charles.'

'Ah! my favorite dish when I was a child: nothing would suit me better.'

Joe was not more than half pleased, however, for he had a hospitable heart; but he forgot his trouble when Lily awoke, and, refusing to go to her father, or even look at him, she clung to Joe for protection.

Charles Herbert had been traveling for three years—had visited Egypt, Arabia and Turkey—realizing, as he said, the dreams of his youth. He had left ample funds, in the hands of an agent in New York, for Elmwood and Lily; but he had proved dishonest, and left for parts unknown. Colonel James was on his track when Charles arrived from his long tour; and the latter, after one interview with his friend, lost no time in hastening to the old farmhouse; and the colonel said that he fulfilled his promise, though he wrote no letter.

We were married (Charles Herbert and Bertha Lee,) one winter's morning, in the little sitting-room, with no pomp or display. The minister and his wife, Auntie Paul, Joe, and Lily—save Colonel James, to give the bride away—were all the guests. Our wedding trip was merely a visit to Stanley Grove, to be present at the nuptials of Ned Green and our friend Addie. Ned had received an appointment as attaché to some foreign minister, and was going abroad. 'La, ho, ho,' and Mamma June, 'begin to think I'm getting ole. I was a woman grown when her grandmother was married; but I'm goin' a long journey soon, to the New Jerusalem, when I'll be young again.'

I am writing now in the library at Elmwood. The place has been improved and altered somewhat, and Charles's taste has made it a little earthly paradise. But we do not cling too closely to it; for we have learned the instability of all human things. But this one thing we know: that our love will survive all change, for it has withstood all trial.

Auntie Paul has a life-size of the old farm. She took a great fancy to the place, and lives there with her son. We have enlarged and repaired the house, and every summer we spend a few days there.

Joe lives at Elmwood, as fond of Lily Herbert as he used to be of Bertha Lee.

At your request, my friend Ann, I have written these pages. I found my journal, where I left it a few days before my first Lily was born, under the eaves in the garret of the paragonage, and have copied it for you. If it has afforded you amusement, or will teach the lesson of patience to one suffering heart, my labor will not have been in vain. BERTHA LEE HERBERT.

ADOLPH: OR, THE POWER OF CONSCIENCE.

Translated from the German of FRANS HOFFMAN,

BY CORA WILBUR.

CHAPTER I.

GOOD RESOLUTIONS.

Would you look upon a cheerful, quiet, comfortable and thoroughly habitable home?—one of those places that make your soul call out, 'Here, would I live forever—hither would I flee from the turmoils and discords of the world.' Would you behold it? Then take a walk from Hamburg to Blankensee, on the right bank of the Elbe, and you will find this home amid the villas and palaces that arise so proudly from the green hillsides by the river. 'This is the place!' you exclaim, as your eyes rest upon a neat, one-story building, its windows surrounded by a framework of richest ivy and grape vines, a shady verandah, adorning its portal, the slender pillars covered with twining plants. Before the house is spread a vividly green grass-plot, and blooming flowers artistically arranged in ornamented urns and sculptured baskets, delight the eye. To the right, and to the left, and in the background, are inviting woods, with shady and winding walks, filled with a variety of birds, whose morning and evening songs of praise issue sweetly from that cool retreat. Then there is the garden, in front of the house, with its wealth of fragrance and bloom; and the vegetable realm, guarded by thick, green hedges; and last, the mirroring stream with its leaping waves, and its sailing ships, its boats, and steamers, that rush swiftly by, leaving clouds of white smoke behind them. When you view this scene, and reach that cottage, embosomed in foliage, you will know it to be the one you are in search of, and the wish will arise from your heart, to be its owner and dwell there forever.

At the time that our story commences, many may have vainly uttered this wish; but the house was in the possession of Madam Brackenber, the widow of a wealthy and influential Hamburg merchant, and she would not have parted with it for any consideration, for she loved the spot; it was endeared to her by the loving memories of the past. As a child, she had played in the garden, which was owned by her parents. After her marriage it became the playground of her children. Herr Brackenber was wealthy, and delighted in giving pleasure to his loved ones; he had the cottage built as a summer residence for his family, and some of the happiest hours of his life were spent in the garden with his wife and children beside him.

No one was happier in the possession of that rural homestead, than Madam Brackenber. She longingly awaited the spring time to return to it; she left it reluctantly in the fall, often remaining there until the trees were stripped of all their leafy covering, and the ground was covered with a thick mantle of snow.

In this manner ten years sped on, and Herr Brackenber departed this life. He had lost much of his honestly acquired riches, and silent grief and gnawing care had accelerated his death. His wife, who knew not of his altered circumstances, was surprised, when informed of them after his decease. But she was a reflective and energetic woman; she summoned all her resolution, and sought to save from shipwreck all that could be obtained. She satisfied the demands of all her husband's creditors, and yet retained for herself a small sum of money, sufficient for the maintenance of her children, by the exercise of prudence and economy; she retained, also, the beloved cottage and the much prized garden.

'God be thanked!' she said to her children, after she had paid off all her husband's debts. 'We shall not have to starve, nor to suffer privation. We shall go to the country to remain; and live peacefully by ourselves. How fortunate I am, that our cottage is so comfortable; we can live there in winter, too.'

They removed thither, and would have been as happy and contented as they had been in the days of their wealth and ease, but for their recent bereavement. They missed the kind husband and father; his loving embrace, his footsteps on the gravel walk, his cheering voice and affectionate words, all, all, were remembered painfully, and sadly missed; when the summer was most glorious and nature most inviting, they longed and wept for him. But care has been taken by the goodness of God, that the deepest anguish shall be allayed by the soothing balsam of time. The first great sorrow, therefore, gradually changed to a softened, melancholy remembrance; and the tender mother devoted all her time to her children. They returned her solicitude with appreciative hearts. Adolph and Emma grew up cheerful and obedient, the joy of their mother, whose all of affection was centered in them.

So passed several years from the time of their father's death.

It was a lovely summer evening, following upon the departure of a glowing day; the setting sun cast its glory-streams upon the heavens. The birds twittered from amid the boughs—the flowers offered up their evening prayer of sweetest incense—a light breeze, cool and fragrant, played upon the mirror-surface of the Elbe; this breeze was so inviting, it irresistibly lured the footsteps out into the open air.

A young girl, of about sixteen or seventeen years, stepped out upon the verandah, cast her eyes upon the blooming scene before her, breathed quick and delightfully of the inspiring freshness, and with a smile upon her lips turned toward the house.

'Mother dear!' she called, with clear, silvery voice, 'it is charming out here. Shall we not take our tea in the verandah?'

'As you please, Emma,' was replied in soft, mild tones from within. 'Call the girl, and have the table spread.'

'I will do it myself, mother, for Christel is busy in the vegetable garden,' said the young girl. 'But where is Adolph? he could give me his help.'

'He has gone to the Elbe to fish,' said the smiling mother, now standing in the opened door. 'You must not scold him, Emma; he has been very industrious to-day, and deserves the slight recreation. And, who knows, he may bring home a splendid fish for our supper.'

'That would be the first time in his life,' laughed Emma. 'He has often gone fishing, but I have never seen the result of his expeditions; he has never brought a fish into the kitchen—one or two little white-fish, perhaps, excepted.'

'But what do you say to this one, sister?' cried Adolph, suddenly emerging from the bushes at the right, holding in his hand a large fish, at least two feet long.

'Ah! now you open your eyes, eh, mocking-bird? An angler must have patience and take no heed of trouble, and at last he reaps his reward. There—take him, mother! He is a splendid fellow, weighs at least five pounds, and will taste good, I am sure.'

'Is it possible, Adolph? you do indeed confuse me,' said the laughing Emma. 'Christel must be called now, for that fish must be cooked. And you, Adolph, most wonderful and admirable of all anglers! please help me arrange the table.'

'With pleasure, little sister,' replied he. 'Come, quick, then.'

The cloth was spread, the tea served, the fish eaten; and yet no one desired to return to the house. They remained at the table, enjoying the delicious coolness of the evening, the beauty of the full moon, showering its stream of silver radiance upon the earth. The reflection of that glorious light upon the waters, the white sails of the gliding ships so swan-like in their motion, the silence and charm were potent and felt by all. At first mother and daughter spoke enthusiastically of the loveliness of the evening; then they returned to their domestic arrangements, then spoke of the past and the future. Adolph had joined in the conversation, but after a while had grown silent and fallen into thought.

'What is the matter, brother?' inquired Emma, noticing his abstracted manner. 'You are not taking any notice of us, and you look so thoughtful and earnest. What ails you, Adolph?'

'Ails me? Nothing, no,' replied the brother. 'But how much longer shall I sit with you thus, and hear your friendly chat?'

'Yes; that is so, dear boy,' replied his mother, while a shade of sadness crossed her face, and she tenderly took the hand of her son. 'But,' she continued, in a cheerful tone, 'we have no right to complain. You will still remain near us, and, though we cannot see you daily, we shall meet every Sunday. How would it be if you had become a seaman, as you once so ardently desired?'

'But what is this?' said the astonished Emma; 'is Adolph going to leave us?'

'He is—he cannot always remain at home; and to-day, while you were visiting your friend Pauline, we formed a resolution. Adolph has resolved to become a merchant, and I agree to his desire.'

'But this is quite sudden,' cried Emma. 'Is there not time enough for this?—Adolph is so young!'

'Well, my child, he is fifteen,' replied the good mother; 'and, although I am sorry that he is obliged to leave us, I cannot withhold my consent that he should choose a profession in life. You know, my children, we are no longer rich; and Adolph will be obliged to choose some business. His father was a merchant—he can become one also. If our Adolph will be honest and industrious, he can gain knowledge for himself, so that I need have no cares for his future. And you will strive, my son, not to disappoint my hopes for you. You will never forget that you have a mother who would be most deeply wounded and abashed if ever you strayed from the path of rectitude! You have always been a brave and good son; you will be so in the future, will you not, my Adolph?'

'Yes, yes, dearest, best beloved mother! I promise with my heart and lips,' cried Adolph. 'I have indeed the will to give you joy, and only joy! and God will give me strength to make deeds of my good will.'

'God bless you, child! The Almighty bless you for these words!' replied the mother, with glad tears in her eyes. 'I do not doubt you; your father was a strictly honest man, and you will be one, if you keep the Heavenly Father before your eyes and in your

heart, as I have taught you from your childhood. And now, enough of this. To-morrow I shall write to Herr Freising, and I have the certainty that he will take you into his business.'

'But why this hurry, mother?' said Emma, uneasily. 'Is there not time enough for all this a year hence? Let Adolph remain with us. He is not losing time; and I do n't know why—but I feel quite troubled when I think of him, so young and inexperienced, thrown upon the great stream of the world.'

'If he would become a good swimmer in this mighty stream, he must begin early,' replied the mother. 'There certainly are cliffs and sandbanks there that will threaten him; but a pure heart, a true, steadfast soul, that is determined not to swerve one hair's breadth from the path of right; a conscience resolved to remain free from sin—these serve as the best compass and strongest anchor, and will not allow him to sink. If a temptation come near, Adolph will think of Him who sees the inmost heart, who penetrates the hidden thought; and he will think, too, of his father looking upon him from the Beyond; and of his mother, whose heart would break, if she were compelled to shed tears of sorrow and disappointment over his conduct. You will remember this, Adolph; and if you do, you will be safe from sin, and temptation will retreat from before you. Adolph, my darling boy, will you fulfill the bright hopes your mother entertains for you, always remembering to see God before you, to live with God in your heart?'

'So may God help me, dearest mother!' he replied. 'Every tear that I should cause you to shed, would fall upon my soul like molten lead! Yes, I promise to be true, honest and industrious; I promise you, my mother!'

A bright line of light shot athwart the sky; for an instant the fiery streak was visible—then it vanished in the night.

'Heaven has heard your promise, my son, and I accept it!' said the mother, deeply moved. 'God grant that you exercise moral courage and resolution; to hold it sacred. Enough for the present. The evening is growing cool; we will return to the house.'

They soon retired for the night. For several hours Adolph lay awake thinking over his mother's words and counsel, renewing the vows he had given into her hand. He was determined to be ever brave and true and honest; this was his fixed resolve and will. At length he fell asleep, good resolutions in his heart; nor awoke until the warm greetings of the morning sunlight streamed into his window and called him to the enjoyment of the summer day.

CHAPTER II.

FOUR YEARS AFTER.

The road to darkness, misery, ruin and degradation (sometimes called the road to hell,) is paved with good intentions. It has been said. But this path is for a time so even, so convenient and pleasant, that thousands enter upon it, without reflecting that it will grow rough and stony; that its flowers will be exchanged for thorns and stinging nettles, and that it leads to a deep and dismal abyss, out of which there is no return; save with tortured body, and torn and bleeding heart. Adolph had entered upon this path.

About four years had elapsed since that peaceful summer evening on which the boy had vowed allegiance to truth and honor. It was again evening; the sun was high its setting, and threw its golden gleams upon the stream and the many vessels balancing upon its waves. There was yet bustle and activity at the landing places. Sailors and porters, wagon and carriage drivers, passengers arriving and departing—all mingled in gay confusion. To the observer of life in its varied aspects, the scene was a pleasing one. But it was unnoticed by the young man walking up and down the harbor of Hamburg; he had not one glance to give to the ever-changing panorama before him. With his hat pressed closely upon his forehead, with eyes bent gloomily upon the ground, his hands folded behind him, and head sunk upon his breast, he continued his walk, as if urged on by some inner restlessness. A hundred persons passed by without heeding him, or being noticed by him. At last, a young man approached, tapped him on the shoulder, and said in a cheerful voice:—

'Good evening, Adolph; what in the name of wonder are you doing here?'

The person addressed lifted up his head, and revealed a pallid face, that, for the moment, was lighted up with a faint, sad smile.

'Is it you, Robert?' he said. 'Well, it is a fine evening; you see I am enjoying a walk.'

'Poor! there is something better to be done,' rejoined Robert. 'Come with me, you know where—come!'

A slight shudder passed over Adolph's frame, and he retreated a step.

'No,' he replied; 'I have taken the resolution, never again to touch a card.'

Robert laughed.

'Nonsense!' he cried. 'Such resolutions are taken, only to be broken. You have probably had ill-luck, and that makes you sly. But the world is round, and moves; and what was below yesterday may be uppermost to-day. Don't be a child, Adolph! Come with me, and if you need money, my purse is at your service.'

Adolph shook his head.

'No, no,' he repeated with a repellent gesture. 'No, Robert; this time I have not only taken the resolution—I mean to keep it.'

'But you act childishly,' retorted the young man. 'Don't I know how deeply you are involved? How will you pay your debts, and get rid of your creditors, if you do not seek the opportunity to regain your good luck? You are a good comrade, and I am sorry for your situation, and would willingly help you if I could. Take a few Louis d'or from me; if they bring you good fortune, well and good! if you lose, we will not again speak of it. Don't strive to reflect, Adolph! I know that to-morrow you must pay five hundred dollars, or march into the debtors' prison. Make use of to-day, before it is too late.'

The young man became still paler, and clenched his teeth.

'It is true,' he murmured. 'But how do you know?' he asked.

'Because I saw your signature upon the desk of my

employer, was Robert's reply. "I thought at once, when I saw you wandering about so despondingly, that these five hundred dollars were rolling about in your brain."

Adolph gave vent to a wild imprecation against himself.

"Yes," said he, "I was thinking that the best I could do, would be to embark in the first ship for the East or West Indies. I should then, at least, be out of the reach of shame and discovery."

"Time enough for that, to-morrow," said Robert. "Try my remedy first; if it does not succeed, you can use yours to-morrow."

"Well, then, for the last time!" cried Adolph, with desperate resolve—"one way or the other."

The two young men went their way together arm in arm. The night passed on, the morning dawned; the first beams of the rising sun greeted with friendly light the cottage home upon the bank of the Elbe, illumining its windows and its flower-encircled verandah. The coolness of night had refreshed the smiling landscape; trees and bushes displayed the most vivid green; on every leaf and flower glistened the diamond dew; the birds sang exultingly sweet and clear their loveliest morning songs.

At this time they approached the house, with uneven, staggering steps, a young man. His hair hung in disorder around his pale brow; his eyes were inflamed; his dress hung carelessly upon him; his face was pallid and distorted as that of the dead. It was Adolph, the widow's son. His burning eyes revealed that no sleep had visited them that night. He leaped the low fence that separated his mother's garden from the high road, and advanced toward the house. It lay in peaceful beauty before him; not a sound arose from its quiet rooms.

"Good!" murmured he; "they are all yet sleeping. Without being seen, I can reach my chamber, and from thence cast a last look upon my mother. Poor, unfortunate mother! Yes, once more will I look upon you, and then I will die! To extinguish my anguish and my shame, I must die; nothing else remains to me. Poor mother! could you have foreseen that I should ever thus return to you, you would have died ere this of grief and terror. Unworthy that I am! miserable wretch! thus to repay the devoted love of such a mother!"

A deep sigh burst from his burdened heart; suddenly bursting into tears, he threw himself upon the ground, and pressed his burning and pallid face to the drowsy freshness of the grass. Sobbing convulsively, he lay there, giving way to the fullness of his grief and remorse, that, like fiery torture, seethed in his brain and raged in his bosom.

The front door was opened that led to the verandah. With cheerful mien the mistress of that cottage home stood upon the threshold; she was fully dressed, and with evident pleasure her mild eye rested upon the fullness of nature's beauty, so amply spread before her gaze.

"It is a charming morning," she said, softly to herself; "I will go in and awaken Emma; she would reproach me if I allowed her to sleep any longer." As she turned around, her eye fell upon Adolph, who, not twenty paces distant, lay upon the dew-wet grass, unconscious of his mother's nearness. At the first sight of him, she was slightly alarmed; then, advancing and recognizing her son, she smiled in glad surprise, and called his name. "Adolph, my dear son," she said; "how glad I am that you come to us so early in the morning."

The tones of this soft and loving voice penetrated to his soul like thunder-tones of accusation! He sprang to his feet and gazed upon his mother like one bereft of reason. One glance at his face revealed to her the strangeness and wildness settled there; she turned pale with apprehension, and tremblingly advanced toward him. "Adolph, for the love of heaven!—some great misfortune has befallen you!" she cried. "Speak, my child, speak!—what has occurred?" Her trembling hand seized the ice-cold one of her son; he attempted to flee from her clasp, but she clung to him, and cried imploringly:

"You must not leave me, Adolph!—at least not before I know what terrible misfortune has overtaken you; what has so changed you—so frightfully altered you? Adolph! my son! what is it?—tell me quickly!"

He endeavored to reply, but his voice failed him; only deep sobs swelled up from his tortured breast; and, hurrying into tears, he fell at his mother's feet unable to articulate a word.

"Merciful God!" she murmured, with quivering lips and folded hands, "here is some dreadful ill! Give me strength, oh, heavenly Father, to endure all, to bear all patiently!" Then she turned to Adolph and said—"Get up, my son, and come with me. I must know what has overwhelmed you so. You are suffering, and I must know why you suffer. Come with me to your room; there we are alone with God! Come, follow me, my son."

The voice of his mother sounded so imploring, so touching, and yet there was in it that tone of command, that he could not disobey; he rose and followed her. When they reached his chamber, his mother locked the door, then seated herself in an arm-chair, and would have drawn Adolph into a seat beside her. But he fell upon his knees before her, and hid his face in the folds of her dress.

Again, as in the garden, the poor mother cast an appealing glance to Heaven, as if to ask strength of God. Then turning to the supplicant son, she said: "You are unhappy, Adolph, and I must know the cause. Open your heart to me, my son!"

"Oh! if I were only unhappy!" sobbed the unfortunate. "But I am something far worse than that. I am a miserable wretch! an unworthy being! a criminal, who dares not raise his eyes to God or to you! Mother, my offence is so great, only my death can blot out its remembrance!"

"What have you done, my child?" questioned the mother, with a still paler face, with trembling voice and quivering lips. "You are speaking to your mother, Adolph! Speak! tell me all! However great your sin, the love and mercy of God—a mother's love is greater still!"

Adolph wrung his hands, and ventured not to cast a look upon his mother's face. He vainly essayed to speak; his voice was lost in uncontrollable sobs, that shook his frame convulsively.

"Speak, I entreat you," she continued. "I will and must know what has happened this night! Do you hear, my son? Your mother implores, she commands you to speak!"

"Be it so, then! It is useless to seek concealment; for in a few hours all must be known," said Adolph, as he sprang to his feet, and lifted up his pallid countenance. "I have played, mother, and I have lost!—lost all! My gold and the gold of my employer, and my honor also!"

The mother's face grew still paler. "The gold of your employer? How happened it, Adolph?"

"I was to go early this day to Bremen in order to settle some business with a house there," he replied. "Herr Freising entrusted to my care a large sum of money yesterday. I allowed myself to be enticed—into a gambling-house—and I have lost it all. Nothing can save me, mother!"

She sat with corpse-like pallor on her features, with her hands clasped tightly over her heart's deep agony, that injured, sorrowing, most unfortunate mother!

"You have taken what belongs to your employer—you are then a thief," she said, and she shuddered with terror and motherly grief. "Almighty and merciful God!" she cried, "what a disgrace is this upon your father's unblemished name! What a dread upon the heart of your wretched mother! But silence—peace! Before the eyes of the world this shame must not be displayed. What is the sum you have appropriated? No evasion, no falsehood to me, Adolph! By the memory of your father, tell me the truth!"

He named the sum. It was so large a one that she could not forbear an explanation of surprise and terror, and her head sunk upon her breast as if in utter discouragement. She sat silent and despairing awhile. Adolph, again upon his knees before her, dared not meet her eye, or implore from her one word of compassion.

"Well, well," she said at length, "the honor of your father's name must be saved, no matter at what cost." She arose and turned to him again: "Remain here, Adolph—I command you not to leave this room until I return."

"Oh, mother, mother, forgive me!" cried the wretched boy, again bursting into a bitter flood of weeping; and he stretched out his arms toward her.

"Be calm—a mother forgives everything," she gently and sorrowfully replied. "Promise me, now, that you will patiently await my return."

"I promise, mother. But what are you going to do?"

"To save the honorable name of your father," she replied, as she left the room.

Pale and weighed down with grief, she hastened to her chamber,

knelt down, and prayed. Then she put on her shawl and bonnet, and left the house with quick footsteps, taking the road to Hamburg. It was noon when she returned; with a calm demeanor, but with tear-stained face she entered her son's chamber.

"Take this, my child," she said, handing him a pocket-book; "it is my entire fortune. Play with it all your debts, and return to Herr Freising the sum you have dishonestly taken."

"But, mother, what is this you have done?" inquired Adolph, anxiously.

"I have sold our house and garden," she quietly responded. Adolph uttered a piercing cry, and struck his clenched hand to his forehead:

"Oh, my God!" he cried, in deepest heart-tones of anguish and remorse; "I have cast my mother and sister into misery. No, mother, no! I will not take this money. I will sooner die, or bury my disgrace in the farthest corner of the earth! I would rather die than suffer for my sins!"

"Be still, my son!" said his mother, with a sad smile. "Do not forget that I do not bring this sacrifice all for your sake. I offer it for the name of your father. And now, go! I command you to take this money and use it for the purpose I have said."

"But, mother, what is to become of you and Emma?"

"What God wills," she replied. "Poor, and deprived of all possessions, we have yet God and a clear conscience. Go, my son; whatever fate awaits us, nothing must prevent the fulfillment of our nearest and holiest duties; we must observe them, no matter at what earthly cost."

"I cannot go, mother! I cannot carry away this money," said Adolph, throwing the pocket-book upon the table, as if it burned his hands. "I pray you, mother, tell me, what will you have to live upon, if you give away all you possess?"

"How shall I live? Why, by the labor of my hands," she calmly made reply. "Thanks be to Heaven, Emma and I are healthy and strong enough to be enabled by our own industry and skill to earn our daily bread. We do not need much, and have learned to economize. Enough—you will yield obedience, my son. Go, and I hope all that is necessary will have been done when you return. No opposition more—I demand your obedience!"

His mother's manner was so determined and commanding, that Adolph could no longer oppose it. He took the pocket-book, murmuring a few unintelligible words of gratitude, and hastened to the door. But he returned once more, fell once again at his mother's feet, took her unresisting hand and covered it with tears and repentant kisses. Then he rushed like a madman from the room. She followed him with her eyes, and saw from the window that he took the road to the city. He stopped several times to look at the house from which his sin had banished mother and sister. When his feet away no longer he discerned, Madam Brackenbreg wiped her tears away and said:

"All is gone! But as dear as the sacrifice cost me, I would thereto joyfully add my life, if I could thereby purchase the peace of his soul. One consolation, one only, is mine. His repentance appears to be as sincere as it is deep. Grant, oh, Father of the Universe, that it may lead his heart unto the paths of rectitude and duty!"

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

Written for the Banner of Light.

STORIES FOR THE YOUNG.

BY MRS. L. M. WILLIS.

"WHAT MARY DID, THAT SHE MIGHT SAVE HER SOUL ALIVE."

"Dear me!" said Mary Mason, "I am tired of meetings and Sunday Schools! I do not understand what I hear, and I don't believe it does me any good to go!"

"Very well, Mary," said her mother, "you shall stay at home. I shall like it quite as well."

"But, mother, have I a soul? for, if I have, I should like to save it."

Now Mary had heard a great deal of what is called preaching, and, as she had a very active mind, she did not feel satisfied not to understand what she heard. I think many children do not care to understand what they hear; but Mary could think, and so she was always asking questions, that she might understand.

"Do you love me?" said her mother.

"Oh, yes, dearly, mother!"

"Do you love your sister Annie?"

"Oh, yes, mother!"

"And your father and Charlie?"

"Oh, yes, ever so much!"

"Well, then, you have a soul that is alive."

"Yes, is that it?"

"Yes, all that makes us love is our soul's life. Now, Mary, tell me how you think it best to save your soul alive."

"Why, by loving more and more."

"Yes; but what does love tell us to do, Mary?"

"Oh, that is the worst of it!" said Mary. "If I love enough, I suppose I shall be very good and very kind—very obedient to you, and very kind to Annie and Charlie, and never displease my father, and never be unkind to my playmates, or be cross to Fido, or pinch kitty. Oh, dear! my soul has a great deal to do!"

"Now, Mary, you have learned something about your soul, and I shall soon know whether you wish it to be alive; for all hate deadness love, and so is a great loss of your soul's life."

"But loving God will save my soul, will it not?"

"How can you love God?"

"Well, I don't know. I suppose I ought to love him."

"Yes, most certainly; but perhaps you have heard it said, that if you do not love your brother, whom you have seen, you cannot love God, whom you have not seen; which means that God has given us affections, so that by loving everything that is his, we show our love to him."

"Oh, now I understand how. If my heart is alive, it will be full of love for all that is good; and that will be the love that God wants."

"Now, Mary, you have a week's vacation, and you can learn a good deal about the state of your soul, as you hear people say; and we can all know whether you want a real, live soul, full of love, or whether you are willing to have it dead, or half dead, because it has not love enough."

Mary Mason had a friend, Susan Lee, that she loved very much—a pleasant, kind girl, who never got angry, and never plagued her. She had, also, a companion, Lizzie Thomson, who was sometimes very fretful. There was also another little girl in the neighborhood, Nancy Jones, whose mother was very poor, and therefore Nancy could not dress as well as the other children; so that the girls often laughed at her. Mary Mason was quite as likely to ridicule her as any one, and sometimes she made Nancy cry. She also had a habit of making remarks about other little girls' clothing, about their dresses and bonnets, and called them proud if they were dressed better than herself, or mean if they did not look as well as she did. Mary began her vacation by inviting these girls to come and visit her. They were in the garden, gathering flowers, for some wreaths for their dolls, when Mary said—

"Stop, Nancy; who told you to pick flowers? I should think you had better go after the buttercups down in the meadow."

"But the buttercups are very pretty," said Nancy.

"Yes, I suppose you do, because you come from a buttercup family."

Then all the girls laughed, and Nancy looked at her faded gown and worn shoes.

"For I'd be so selfish," said Lizzie. "I should think nobody ever saw flowers before; I guess we have lots and lots."

Mary whispered to Susan, "Did you ever see such a proud thing?"

When they went into the house they put their dolls on the couch, and began to twist the wreaths. Now Nancy could do that better than all the rest, and soon, out of her few clover blossoms and pansies, she had made quite a fine wreath; while Mary, with all her roses and larkspur blossoms, had hardly a single stem in order.

"Well," said Lizzie, "I think the buttercup family knows about as much as other families."

"Oh, don't plague her," said Nancy. "I will help you all; and soon the dolls were dressed in fine show. All was pleasant and

bright for a time, for Nancy had been the peacemaker, and the girls forgot her dress in her willing hands.

But now Charlie came in; he was wild and full of fun, and loved to tease the girls, so he slyly hid Mary's wreath. She was vexed that she could not find it, and tore the other wreaths in pieces, and gave Charlie a hard push. He pushed back, and Susan Lee helped Mary; but Lizzie looked on Charlie's side, and they looked as if they were ready for a pitched battle.

Nancy tried to gather up the dolls that fell on the floor, and as she picked up Mary's, it was broken. This made all the children stop their contentions, and Charlie ran into the yard.

"Oh, dear me," said Mary, "that was my birthday present, and Charlie has spoiled it; and I hope he will be whipped, and I'll tell father," and then she cried, and then she scolded, and all the time her face looked very red and angry.

"My mother has some cement, perhaps she can mend it," said Nancy.

Lizzie, who had been rather pleased than otherwise at the trouble of Mary, said to Nancy: "I wouldn't try to help her; she is just as cross as she can be."

"Well," said Mary, "she wants a doll if she is cross."

The little girls went home, and Mary sought her mother. When she had told her troubles, her mother asked her if she thought her soul was alive, when she called the kind Nancy by disagreeable names, or when she grew angry at Charlie?

"Oh, dear me," said Mary. "I believe it is worse off than ever; but now I understand better how I can save it, for Nancy, who was so good, showed me how; but I guess Lizzie's soul is no better than mine."

"Take care, take care," said Mrs. Mason. "Lizzie Thomson has something to do with your soul."

"Well, she's a proud, hateful thing, and I don't love her a bit."

"What do you suppose Nancy thought of you?"

"Oh, mother, mother," and Mary cried a long, hard cry; but she resolved to see if she could learn to be loving, even to Lizzie Thomson.

The next day Mary wanted to go over to play with Susan; but her mother wanted her to stay and care for Annie. This made her very fretful, and she pouted her lips and went into a corner to find the sulks. Little Annie pulled her gown, and said, "Please turn," and Mary, remembering her resolution, made a great effort, and began to play with Annie. She felt much happier after she had done this; and Anna was so cunning and playful, that Mary grew very pleasant, and her soul felt very warm and full of life.

She went to visit Lizzie in the afternoon, and as she went she remembered what her mother had said. "Lizzie has something to do with your soul," Lizzie had a very disagreeable way of ordering others about, and Mary found it very hard to do right or be pleasant long with Lizzie; but this day she had conquered once, and so she found it easier to try again.

"Let's play hide and seek," said Mary.

"No, I won't; I don't like it. You shall play what I choose in my house."

Mary choked down a great swelling throb of anger, and said—

"Well, choose quick, then, or I shall have to go home."

"Go home! what for?"

"Well, because I want to be good, and you make me lose some of my soul."

"Well," said Lizzie, "if you can be good I can, for I always try to be ugly where you are, just to plague you."

Mary's example seemed to help Lizzie so much that there never was a happier couple than those two girls all that afternoon. They kissed each other good-by, and Mary invited Lizzie to come and play with her very often.

The next time that Nancy went by, Mary called her and said—

"Don't you want some of our flowers to put with your buttercups?" and so Nancy stopped.

"I think buttercups are beautiful, too."

Lizzie was on the point of saying I am sorry I made you feel badly, but she was too proud to let Nancy know she thought she had done wrong.

"Yes," said Nancy, "mother says buttercups are like God's love; they grow just as well by the poor man's door as by the rich."

"Then I suppose you like to be called the buttercup family," said Mary.

"I didn't like it at first," said Nancy; "but when mother explained to me what it could make it mean, I didn't care."

"Oh, said Mary, "I wish I was as good as the buttercups;" and then she felt her heart glowing with love; and she was sure her soul was alive. Mary asked her mother if she could give Nancy the new apron she was making, and whether she could not show Nancy how to braid mats, that she might earn some money to buy her a new dress.

Now, every day that Mary tried to be good, she felt her love growing more and more; and when she was the most loving, then she felt sure she loved God. It required a good deal of patience, and she thought her soul must be a very difficult soul to save, but every effort gave her new courage. After a time she was kind to all; and when she felt the selfish wishes creeping in her little heart, she tried to think of God's love, and how much love he must have to make everything so pleasant and beautiful, whether people were good or not. Mary tried to save her soul alive, by being very good, and kind, and loving; and you can hardly think how much she helped others. Charlie grew more thoughtful, and did not tease her, and Susan became more anxious to do right, and Lizzie was ashamed to fret when she saw Mary so pleasant, and Nancy forgot her poor clothes, and looked as gay as the flowers when she saw Mary coming; and Annie was not half the trouble when she had no one to fret at her, but some one to amuse her.

Thus Mary, in saving her own soul, helped others; in loving others, she learned to love God, and to understand about his love.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE FEELINGS AND EMOTIONS.—NO. 3.

BY PROF. FAYTON SPOONER, M. D.

What seems to be, at present, the great object of education? Is it to unfold the deep elements of our nature, the feelings and emotions? Not at all. It is rather to teach us to think, to reason, to memorize. Such is the effort, though even that is, to a great extent, a failure, for the reason that, in this discipline, the natural laws of the mind are not consulted. Is there not a natural magnetism in the mind by which it outreaches after, and gathers unto itself, that which truly belongs to it? It is by such elements as are thus drawn into the mind, and appropriated to itself, that the mind is built up and consolidated. Yet is this law of mind made the basis of our systems of educating either the youth, or the adult? Not so. Children, youths and adults are made to believe that the end to be attained is to get knowledge, easily and naturally, if they can, but if they cannot, then they must get it by labor and anguish; and if that which is involuntarily to the mind finds nothing there to which it claims to—nothing that is spontaneously clinging to it, and adorns it, and will not let it go, then it must be tacked on by some mechanical process. But, though the mind is a mechanism of many parts, still it is one without seam or suture. It has parts, yet it is an inseparable unit, and love is the plastic element which binds all its various parts and particles into one. What the mind does not love can never be made a part of it, and what the mind does love no power on earth can take from it. Love is the invisible magnetism which goes out in search of its like, and which can never be deceived. It knows the wealth of the chaff. It is the fluid mercury that runs out of the mind, and thence pours through all nature—the shifting sand-heaps and the solid mountains—and searches out and amalgamates with the pure gold, leaving the sand, the rocks and the rubbish untouched, or floating loosely upon its surface, self-repelled. Then all that we gather to ourselves with our hands, as it were, and tack on, or plaster over the surface of the soul, must moulder, and crumble, and fall. The unnatural effort by which we cling to that which is not ours, is unequal to the task—unequal to the contest between itself and that steady, unyielding, spontaneous and eternal repulsion by which the soul drives from it that which is ungenial. All voluntary efforts are temporary, because they exhaust the very energies which sustain them.

There is another kind of unnaturalism which deserves our attention. I think I shall inter a truth which is not recorded in the books; yet I know that it is a truth. I know, too, that many will feel its truth, and also up to meet it, and embrace it. The consequences of the unnaturalism, to which I now refer, are felt in every department of the mind. Effects; not a faculty of the mind but what has felt its injurious effects; not a movement of grace, or of beauty, or of loveliness, but what has been blurred and distorted and made to speak an unnatural and repulsive, instead of a natural and attractive language by the perversion of which we speak.

Look at that young man—pale, meagre, depressed, subdued. He cannot weep, and yet he dare not laugh for fear that he might lay open his soul, which he would rather have the mountains fall upon him than have any man behold. He seems constantly hiding his soul from the gaze of men. He hurries with rapid movements among his fellows as though he was in the midst of spies and enemies. He looks anywhere and everywhere but at the very spot which is most attractive to a noble mind, anywhere but in the eye of his brother man. Catch his eye and it rolls with agitation to the right and to the left, and then falls to the ground as if conscience smitten, overcome and subdued with his own depravity. The eye of his brother is to him like the glare of the sun reaching down into that soul of his which he would fain conceal from all, and which he dare not even let a child behold. The attractive irradiations which play around the mouth, the eyes, and all over the faces of natural men, are not on his. His face is, as it were, dumb and expressionless, for he has tried to teach it not to speak. Yet that unsteady, shrinking eye, that agitated manner, that hurried step, that dumb, shrinking countenance, are all full of meaning. They all talk. His very silence is audible, and the effort which he makes to conceal him, self betrays him. That man has, written all over him, "self-stimulation, self-pollution."

But enough of that. I am endeavoring to reach what we are not afraid, or ashamed of, what I have written all over every one of us in characters as clear and as legible as those upon that man from whom we involuntarily shrink. It is the same thing in many forms and various guises, so changed, so approved of by society, that we do not know it, and we give it a new name and commend it to each other. But I shall call it by its true name, and if it is lovely still, it may be courted still. The laws of the mind run through every faculty, and proclaim them akin. There is a self-stimulation of every faculty of the mind, and wherever it is operative there the real detriment to the mind is the same, the same expenditure of the powers of the mind must ensue. There is no escape from the results of a violation of the laws of mind, any more than of those of matter. Now, the man who voluntarily enters into himself, and stimulates and energizes any moral, or intellectual faculty, or any emotion of his nature, is guilty of self-pollution. There is but one healthful way for mind to be set in motion, and that is spontaneously. We must reason, because we cannot do other than reason. We must sing, because the soul involuntarily runs over with music. It is easy to laugh when the laughable is before us, easy to love when the lovely is with us, easy to shout when the soul is full of joy, easy to think when thought is about us by what we see, and feel, and hear—easy, in fine, to do anything, when the feelings that lie at the foundation of every faculty are enlisted. But how hard it is to love what to us is unlovely, to weep when there is no cause of grief, to throw up an exulting shout when there is no joy, or exaltation in us; how hard, in fine, to bring into action any faculty of the mind, when the feelings that underlie it are dormant, untouched. Look at the miserable poet in his garret. He has gone there because he does not know what to do with himself; and now he is determined to write something grand, beautiful and sublime. But the poetry does not flow spontaneously. His mind does not move as he wants it to move, because it has not been set in motion. Nothing has rushed in upon it so as to give it an impetus onward. But he says, "It shall move—shall flow out in poetry." In short, he stimulates himself, and when he has finished the production it is tame and lifeless; yet it has been produced at the expense of life. He rises up from the unnatural effort, worn out and exhausted. His mind has fed upon itself and consumed itself, but produced nothing. Now let the same man, if he is a poet indeed, go forth and visit the beautiful, the grand, and the sublime in external nature, and come in contact anywhere with material things, or with the immaterial thoughts of others that wake up the poetic elements of his being, till the spontaneous rush and tumult of his soul make him feel like the cataract of Niagara, as though beauty, grandeur, and sublimity, rainbows, and clouds, and tempests, rushing elements, and restless power, were all within himself. While the spell is upon him, let him write, or speak, and poetry will well up; he knows not and cares not whence, but on it comes, restless and uncontrollable. When he gets up from such a spontaneous effort, instead of being exhausted, he feels a glow, an exhilaration, an strength, as though he had been feasting upon the inspiration of nature, and riding upon the elastic ether, "like a flower, from a tree by the south wind shaken, and into the clouds upborne."

The greatest miracle in mind, the mightiest thing in nature, the vastest universe in nature, is mind. Nothing can escape the scrutiny of mind. The invisible atoms it shall see, and weigh, and finger in its delicate touch, and the stupendous whole of nature it shall step to one side of and behold it as a unit, and put it all in the balance against itself. The discovery of each new truth, and of each hitherto unperceived beauty in the outer world, is a new marriage of the man—a new response between what existed unconsciously in himself and what existed unobserved in nature, and hence the great joy over the wedding. But why should I want to see what others see, and see it as others see it, immediately? There is time enough for all things. What is for me cannot escape from me, nor I from it. Then let us not commit adultery with nature. If I read another man's thoughts, and try to make them mine simply by an intellectual perception of them, they are not mine, for I do not yet know them. They have not yet germinated in my own feelings—they have not taken root in depths of my own spontaneous nature. A man reads a piece of poetry, and, having an intellectual perception of its beauty, he tries to feel as the poet felt. He tries to reach his own feelings by a process of self-stimulation. Yet, it is miserable failure, as any man may know who will compare those mock, poetical emotions with the true poetic enthusiasm which thrills and glows within him when he sees the beauty with his own eyes, and the slight stirrings up the true poetry of his soul, and that poetry then outflows into intellectual light, visibility and tangibility. If, however, the vision does not reach him—does not rouse and stir up his dormant faculties—if the beholding of his bride does not enchant him, and so absorb him in the mutual rapport and the deep raptures of love that he becomes unconscious of all things else, then the marriage is not yet for him.

It may be supposed that such principles as those which I have expressed would, if carried out, destroy the energies of men, and bring them down to the sluggish condition of the mussels and the oyster. But principles are not to be tested by consequences arising out of the present state of society. Principles are eternal, while all existing institutions and customs are temporary; and the ruins and wrecks of the past tell us that the eternal must ever rule the temporary. Those of us who are naturally torpid and sluggish no unnaturalism can ever make any better than the mussel, or the oyster. Yet, when I condemn all modes of self-stimulation by which one endeavors to goad himself on to a task, I do not wish to convey the idea that I am opposed to action. It is not action which I condemn, but labor—mental and physical drudgery—that kind of labor which consumes our energies without compensation, which feeds upon our life, but never vitalizes us—which wears out our strength, but never refines us. Of true and legitimate action there cannot be too much. Action is but another name for life, and it is a law of the mind as well as of the body that everything reproduces its kind. Life gives birth to life, and action leaves behind it a still greater capacity of acting. Nor has man been left without an incentive to action. 'Tis true, indeed, nature has placed him no gymnasium; yet she has, in the fullness of her bounty, built him in the midst of surroundings which will not let him slumber. She has laid him open at every pore—made him bibulous all over, and then dipped him in this enveloping ocean of inspiration. I know, indeed, it is said that the season of inspiration has come and gone forever; that, in the dim shadows of the past, a God did, and now and then,

age shall have no bright lights of its own—nothing fresh and glowing from the land of inspiration, but that it must feed upon the stale fragments of the past, and clothe itself in the tattered, worn-out garments of antiquity. "It is not so, however. The age of inspiration dawned with the birth of humanity, and the rosette streamers that lit up the horizon of the past were but the forerunners of coming noon, when, in the full brightness of perfect day, humanity shall walk erect in the glowing effulgence of universal illumination. Everything in nature is man's inspirer—the shifting elements and the changing seasons; the enameled day and the jeweled night, unwrinkled as a dewdrop and as fair; the shining mountains that sit down the slanting sunbeam with momentary flash, and the great suns that are hung up, like lamps, in a boundless, temple to glow with their own light forever; the babbling brooks and the tumbling cataracts; the rivers that move in majesty, and the vast ocean which, like a great hungry soul looking up to heaven, drinks in the music of all the stars, and murmurs its own solemn anthems unceasingly; the bright-eyed fowls of the field, and the joyous birds that soar in the air and sing, and flutter, and tremble with overflowing delights; the ephemeral insects that creep and crawl away their one-day life in the compass of an inch; and men, and the spirits of men, their fellows, whose home is the universe, and whose day is eternity.

EDWIN H. CHAPIN

At Broadway Church, N. Y., Sunday Morning,
December 18, 1859.

REPORTED FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT, BY DUKE AND LORD.

Text.—"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."—MAT. V. 8.

The beatitude to which I invite your attention this morning, is, in its sentiment, intimately connected with the passages which follow it in this remarkable chapter. They all illustrate the idea of spiritual inwardness, as contrasted with merely external conditions. They declare not the destruction but the fulfillment of the law, by the action of the mind or by the motive of the heart. They enjoin a righteousness exceeding the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees. Not only is it commanded that we shall not kill, but we must not cherish even the disposition to kill. Not only are we forbidden to commit the external act of impurity, but we must expel and utterly drive away even the impure thought and desire. And so what is urged in these verses, is just what is commanded in the text, purity of heart, cleanness or righteousness of the motives and affections, of the inward life. This is regarded as distinguished from mere ceremonial cleanness, simply external, overt rectitude and compliance. Under the old dispensation the ceremonially pure, might enter the temple, which was regarded as peculiarly the place of God's presence. Under the new dispensation, the spiritually clean, may be companions of God's presence, and enjoy his communion everywhere; for this is declared the privilege. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

In the discourses upon these beatitudes, which from time to time I have addressed to you, I have endeavored to show that not only do they announce great privileges, not only do they assert blessed rewards, but they contain a declaration of spiritual laws. There is nothing arbitrary about them. They show what must be in the very nature of things. It is in the nature of things that the merciful should obtain mercy; it is in the nature of things that they who hunger and thirst after righteousness should be filled; it is in the nature of things that the pure in heart should see God.

Let me try now to unfold this truth. My friends, each class or kind of object in this universe, requires its own corresponding faculty or organ. To take minute instances, we know that some men have a faculty for music, and that it is necessary to have this faculty in order to apprehend anything concerning music. What to some men are sweet sounds and harmonies, to others are the rumbling of wheels in the street, and strike upon the ear as discord. Some men have an eye for art. Others have no taste for it at all. Each species of branch seems to require its special faculty, by which it is to be tried, by which it is to be discerned; and no man has a right to condemn a work of art, who cannot show a warrant for his criticism by the power to perceive the beauties as well as the defects in it.

"Or to take a more general instance, in classes of facts, for the perception of the material world, we need only the material or the sensory eye. We need only the faculties or organs of a bodily nature, to become conscious of it; to feel it, in some sense to know it. I say in some sense, because in nothing like a profound or complete sense can we by our mere bodily faculties know this material world. In fact, it appears that some other faculties than those of mere sense are necessary for the knowledge even of the objects in the material world in which we live. It is the mere physical organization of the eye which sees, or of the ear which hears. It is something beyond this, that sees and that hears; that collects and applies, and reports it through these senses, through these avenues. But then this may be nothing in man distinct from his animal nature, for it is true that animals often have a finer eye and more acute ear, for seeing and hearing, than man; so it is possible that our perception of the material world may be only the animal vision, and an animal perception, may be only earthly faculties; and what more we see in beauty, or hear in harmony, may be owing to a higher and more sensitive organ than the animal possesses. Man is a grander kind of animal, dwelling in a universe of glorious sights and sweet sounds, living to eat, drink, sleep, and die; and yet with all this, we may live without God in the world, because the faculty for discerning God is not in the senses. And thus a great many, it is to be feared, virtually do live without God in the world, without spiritual perception, no communion with the realities beyond the pale of sense and matter; or, at least, with only the dim and vague perception residing in all men, from the fact that no man is merely animal; no man is merely an organ for sensations. Sometimes men highly organized and very sensitive, living with a refined sort of sensuality to be sure—perhaps I should say consciousness—love harmony, have a sense of beauty, are controlled by a love of decency and order, and yet live without any true vision beyond the outward animal sense. It is the same scale of being, belonging to the mere brute, but which renders man even more gross and brutal, and in some respects lower than merely brutal, because the brute has not such power to twist himself out of his proper orbit as man has. It is well for the mere animal to live as a brute, because he is only that, but it is a shame for a man to live like a brute; in the first place, because he is more than that; and in the second place, in his brutal descent and gratification, he does more than any brute can or would do in this universe.

Now, upon whatever degree of this sensory or animal plane a man may live, whether as a highly organized and noble animal, or as a wallowing, sensuous animal, of the meanest character, it matters little as to the condition of seeing God. If a man does not cultivate and use the means by which God is seen. Because God is not matter. God is not the stone which we handle with our fleshly organs, the tree which we see with these fleshly eyes. God is matter to be discerned through matter; but it is in something more than the material vision that we behold this. He is to be discerned with a finer eye than that which looks at the stone or the tree, or upon any form in the material world. So, I repeat, that the man who looks with sensory eyes upon the world, will not see God; because God is not matter. He does not appear in distinct shape as matter. He has no definite features, no form, such as those possessed by men, which another man may behold. We may, with our earthly eyes, behold our fellow-man, our fellow creatures in bodily form. But we cannot behold God in this way. He has no definite features, no shape. By nothing which can be grasped in any way by the senses, does God manifest himself to us.

This very class of men go further than this. They do not discern that which is Godlike, divine. As I have said, one must have a Godlike, divine, art to qualify him to judge of art. And we find men with this faculty so thoroughly educated, who are so deeply imbued with the spirit of painting, that they can discern the works of any great master wherever they behold them. Some little coloring or hue, something in the shape or form of each work, will be sufficiently marked for them to discern the work of the master. So there are men who have educated their faculties so as to be thus cognizant of God, who can recognize God anywhere. But the man who lives merely upon the sensory plane of life, using only the material organ for seeing or hearing, does not merely not discern God, but does not discern any manifestation of God. He does not discern Godliness. He does not discern the divine. Christ to him is without form or comeliness, as he was to the most prominent men of his own generation—a root out of the dry ground. They saw no beauty in him—nothing to desire. Why? Because he was not the Christ they were calculating for, or prepared to see. They expected a Christ coming with a

glittering crown and royal robes. They expected a Christ coming with a sword and banner—with the clanking of armor at his heel—with power to dissolve the political combinations of the time. They saw this man, and they were disappointed. "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy; blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." They saw no beauty in him, because he was not the Christ they were prepared to see. To be sure the great heart of the people dimly and vaguely recognized something of the morally beautiful in Jesus Christ. They felt in their own souls that there was something which had touched them as the Scribes and Pharisees never had—something which had blessed them and lifted them up. And even the near disciples of Jesus did not see him as he was. They were not prepared by their modes of thought, or by their education, to discern what was in him. They said to him, "Show us the Father, which brought from him the sand, the almost mournful remark, 'Have I been so long a time with you, and yet have not known me? He that hath seen me hath seen the Father; and how sayest thou then, show us the Father?' Even they, brought to him by their moral faculties, rather than by any intellectual perception, did not see Christ as he was—did not recognize the true divinity which was so fully exhibited in him. And the great mass of the people, those in power or in any prominent places—only saw in Christ one who damaged their interests and rebuked their sins—only an agitator, disturbing the status quo, and thus the time; and they had so little perception of God's work and God's truth, that they thought that with the crumbling of certain forms, and the damaging of certain interests, all that was real and good was to pass away. And when Christ came, and paid comparatively little respect to ceremonies and law observances, they thought all religion was involved in that, and that any attack upon the precise forms and ceremonies of religion was an attack upon religion itself. And so Jesus, in the chapter before us, shows them that he came to fulfill all that was true in religion, instead of destroying it—that he gave the spiritual meaning or essence of religion, and that they were confounding essence with form.

So it often now. Men do not discern that which is true and divine. They take material estimates, instead of spiritual standards of things. Whatever damages their interests or rebukes their sins is to them wrong, no matter in what shape it comes, or from what source. Alas, it is too true, even now, as the Psalmist so emphatically expresses it in the verses I read to you this morning, "All the gods of the nations are idols, but the Lord made the heavens." All the gods of the nations are idols, even yet—idols of legislative creation, idols of human interests, and prejudices, and passions, and the like. They are made of the heavens, and until that God is recognized, there will be strife and agitation, there will be wrong and meanness. Until he whose right it is shall reign, men will measure by their own standards and their own scales, and that which advances their temporal interests, or their own comparative good, they will approve. But they will not recognize the divine sanctions which control the world. Through the only eyes with which they look they cannot see God.

No, my friends, we cannot see God from any sensory point of view. From any sensory standard we must have a purer and more inward vision in order to see him. Then, again, men standing upon this plane of life have no spiritual resources. They only grasp external substance; they only regard the external aspect of things; they feel that which they can count, weigh, and measure, as the only and highest good, not that which passes inward and becomes the substance of their own souls; and they therefore frequently find themselves without resources. They lose their property and are entirely poor; they say that all is gone. They lose some beloved object, upon which their eyes rested and their hands pressed, and when that object is gone, thank nothingness is before them. Men look out upon this day of dawning day, and wintry desolation, and they call it a dull Sunday, a Sunday which has for them no suggestion; just about wet enough to keep them at home, too wet for them to go to church, and they have nothing to draw from; it is dull and dark. They do not feel the propriety of the hymn which we sang this morning—"Welcome delightful morn." They do not see that this day is delightful, that it is rich in God's beneficence, glorious with Christ's resurrection, and that it is suggestive of spiritual realities which deeply concern all mankind. So when it is dark without, those upon the sensory plane of being see nothing of God, and do not have faith enough to look out upon this day of dawning day, and wintry desolation, and they call it a dull Sunday, a Sunday which has for them no suggestion; just about wet enough to keep them at home, too wet for them to go to church, and they have nothing to draw from; it is dull and dark. 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He defended against her persecutors the woman caught in adultery. In these days, a person found guilty of such crimes would be driven from the church. The spirit of Christ was precisely the opposite to that of modern Christianity.

But Jesus became the Christ by hard experiences. So it is with many. Indeed, the Christian principle can be developed only by severe experiences. When the soul is full of aspiration, that aspiration will conduct it through such experiences, and they are productive, to it, of good. These afflictions, which endure but for a moment, cause the soul to long for peace and rest in another sphere of existence. That desire lifts us up. It is the true prayer—the desire of the soul. It is the bursting germ of immortal life. This is that which brings us into the kingdom of heaven. For what is the kingdom of heaven? It is not a literal city. What means the injunction—first to seek the kingdom of heaven, and its righteousness? It means, to seek to develop the spiritual nature in ourselves. When this is done, we no longer so much desire other things—we no longer seek for outside wants, but only to gratify our natural necessities. When we come into the spiritual nature, all mankind become our brethren. We know no blood-line there. We enter into the kingdom of heaven, and there meet the great unity of soul.

As the lecturer had already remarked, the sole end of all religious forms, the sole end of prayer, is, to surround the soul with conditions favorable for the development of the spiritual nature. And these means are valuable only as they help us to attain that great end. If it can be reached by other means, then we may safely put these aside. The end must be reached, but, in order to attain it, we should avail ourselves of those means which are most consonant with our nature. We are not to force upon ourselves unnatural conditions, with a view to the development of our spiritual nature. It is the independence of the world, and their truth to their own nature, in these things, which has caused most of the scandal and abuse of Spiritualists. If we go into society freely, to find a full and needed sympathy, we are accused of being low persons. Why? The world hates that which estranges itself from it. To the world, this course may be low, vulgar, obscene. To us, it is the means of escape from obscurity. There is, indeed, a necessity of caution. But the world demands of us more than this. If there is a social party that is based upon custom, everybody dreads to go, because they must be controlled by the rules of etiquette and what is called social decorum. We should, indeed, be careful to avoid anything which may give rise to scandal. But the social feelings are not gratified, under these arbitrary restraints of social etiquette. The world imposes these rules upon itself, because it dares not trust itself. But if we have truth in our souls, there is no harm done, if there is no harm thought. They require these arbitrary customs, because they are thinking on a low plane; and, consequently, social enjoyments are made satisfying to the soul. Let a young man leave a sister, whom he would protect from insult with his life, and return in a few years; and let her conceal from him the fact that she is his sister; let him endeavor to seek her love, until he thinks he has gained her affections; and then, when he is upon the point of attempting her ruin, let her avow herself his sister,—and how are his feelings changed. He would now, in a moment, resent with all the force of his nature, from another, the wrong which he had himself intended to commit. Should not every sister be so guarded? When men learn to have confidence in each other, they will forget libertinism and sensualism. When the reign of truth and love shall come among men, then the world shall see a true virtue, untarnished by any stain of sensualism. None can appreciate love until the spiritual nature is dominant within them, controlling the earthy nature. Then, and not till then, can the schemes of socialism be carried out. The early Christians attempted a system of socialism. They established a community of goods. But mark how the imperfection of human nature interfered with and prevented the success of their scheme. At the very outset, Ananias and Sapphira, according to the legend, were struck dead, for a lie, in attempting to withhold from the community a portion of their goods. Human nature cannot enter into the Divine life, or live in accordance with it, until it is born into it.

The speaker closed with a glowing description of the attitude and glory of the Divine life. She had herself seen the real element and essence of that life—a little substance of light. It expands until it radiates through the whole nature, until it illumines it utterly, and works out its perfect regeneration. This regeneration does not take place in the twinkling of an eye, or by any ordinary religious means and forms. It comes by a full development of the spiritual nature, through sympathy, and union, and exchange of thought. It comes by the growth of the soul, as it feeds on its proper food, which is truth. This regeneration removes from the soul all jars and discords, and teaches it to forget suffering. It gives the individual to feel, indeed, that sin is death. She would not be guilty of egotism; but she felt it her right and duty to say, that, after passing through the terrible experience of suffering, through which a skeptical nature must pass, in its path to a spiritual plane of thought and feeling, she had reached that serene development of the spiritual nature, which is known as regeneration; and now she felt the peace which that alone can bring.

Mrs. Spence, at the close of her lecture, invited all the mediums of Boston to meet her during the succeeding week, for mutual consultation and sympathy.

Consciousness versus Intellect.
Messrs. Editors.—Perhaps your correspondent (N. Osgood, of East Pittsfield,) who takes exceptions to a remark by me in a late conference meeting, may thank me for suggesting to him that he has quite mistaken the sense in which I use the word "consciousness." He confounds "consciousness" with external or sensual perception, as distinct from the conclusions of enlightened reason and judgment; whereas I employed the word in the sense in which it is used by careful thinkers and writers—namely, as including all internal realizations, whether in the rational, the moral or the spiritual departments of our being; in other words, (to quote the language of Worcester's Dictionary,) "the perception of what passes in one's own mind."

Your correspondent will see that in this (which I suppose is the correct) use of the word, no man was ever conscious "that the earth is fixed and immovable," or "that the sun revolves around the earth," or "that the moon is as fixed as the sun," or of any other supposed fact outside of himself. All these are matters of external sense, not of consciousness. Our senses may and often do deceive us; and our intellects, so far as their deductions depend on the evidence of the senses, may mislead us too. The beliefs that the sun goes around the earth, etc., are mistaken conclusions of the intellect, founded on fallacious testimonies of the senses.

The only things that we really know, then, are those that exist or transpire within us—the facts of consciousness. Hence this is the most reliable of all our sources of knowledge—is in fact fundamental to all knowledge—and must be appealed to, to correct the errors and seeming of mere intellect.

Doubtless your correspondent will perceive that having made so important a mistake at the start, his conclusions need to be exactly reversed.

Yours for truth against all illusion.
A. E. NEWTON.

Healing Medium.
Mr. Levi Kinne, of Connecticut, who possesses remarkable powers as a healing medium, is in Boston for a short time, and may be consulted at No. 3 Winter street. Mr. Kinne's powers as a test-medium, also, are unsurpassed.

Laura Keene.

An enterprise that only calls for the exercise of a single class of faculties, may be easily and successfully prosecuted, by any one who combines with a natural adaptation to the profession or the pursuit, an ordinary skill and perseverance. But in proportion as the duties and responsibilities, connected with the place, are complicated, the chances of honorable success diminish. Few individuals are endowed, either by Nature or Education, with such numerous and various gifts and acquirements, as may be demanded in a position that invites the constant play of the ideal faculties; and, at the same time, imperatively requires a quick and profound perception of human nature; a sharp discrimination, and reliable judgment, respecting the natural relations and peculiar fitness of persons to places; and, withal, an inventiveness that is prolific in expedients, and ever ready in the adaptation of means to ends.

Such a person is Miss LAURA KEENE; and such a position as we have indicated—one involving peculiar contrarieties, in respect to the faculties exercised, and the duties to be performed—has she occupied for years before the Metropolitan public. During these years the cultivated taste of the more enlightened supporters of the Drama, and the rigid scrutiny of the dramatic critics, have not failed to discover much to admire and applaud; while the microscopic vision of a few captious people, who are seldom suited, has, perhaps, revealed nothing that more obviously requires extenuation or apology, than their own extreme littleness, and the want of just appreciation of real merit in a woman.

As proprietor of one of our most attractive and popular places of amusement, she has displayed remarkable skill and amazing energy; and all the while—acting in a different and a higher capacity—she has shone conspicuously and steadily—a fixed, "particular star," in the midst of a brilliant dramatic constellation. Few persons have been subjected to so severe an ordeal, and we are hardly prepared to name another who has endured the trial so well. Her power of physical endurance; her capacity for business; and her genius as an Artist, have all been severely and constantly tested. And yet, while multitudes have failed, disappeared and been forgotten, she has nobly triumphed over every obstacle; and to-day stands—with laureled brow and a queenly self-possession—in the temple of Theatrical Art.

A Spirit Message Tested.

Messrs. Editors.—In the ninth number of the BANNER OF LIGHT, bearing date November 26th, 1859, I read a message purporting to come from the spirit of Mrs. Catherine Gage, who died in this city in July last, of consumption.

In every line of that message I recognized her identity. Besides, the facts were stated correctly, with one exception, which was, that her husband is a church-member; and in some acceptations of the term he is, inasmuch as he is an active member in one of the religious societies in this place, making—as he possesses ample means—large contributions to the same. She left a little girl named Katy, four or five years of age, for whom she always felt deep solicitude.

It is an unspeakable comfort to have messages from the spirit-land, from those we love.

Yours in the bonds of faith,
B. L. E.
Nashua, N. H., Dec. 17th, 1859.

Ten Days to the Pacific.

By next March, we shall be within ten days communication of the Pacific coast. At that time will be completed the telegraphic line between St. Louis and Fort Smith, at this end of the route; and from San Francisco to Los Angeles on the Pacific, thus cutting off three and a half days on each side. The stage time between these two termini will then be thirteen days, which the stage proprietors, by an extra expenditure of horseflesh, have promised to reduce three days. The time between Fort Smith and Los Angeles, the two extreme telegraphic points, will then be ten days. This indicates very plainly that an entire telegraphic communication between the Atlantic States and San Francisco, will at no very remote period be a successfully completed enterprise.

Remedy for the Small Pox.

As many cases of small pox have occurred in Boston of late, and as several persons are infected with it at the present time, it ought to be generally known that the pure bitartrate of potash, cream of tartar, is an infallible antidote to this various fever. The discovery of this important fact was first made about thirty years ago, by the late Mr. T. Ross, of Dorking, Eng., who, in a petition to the House of Commons in March, 1836, stated that he had successfully tested the efficacy of the remedy in more than three thousand cases. With this simple medicinal agent, in combination with rhubarb as an adjunct, and a refrigerant mode of treatment, Mr. Ross achieved such a triumph over this hitherto fatal disease, as to reduce the death rate to a single exceptional case.

Art Enterprise.

Mr. G. Q. Colton, 37 Park Row, New York, has come in possession of Rembrandt Peale's great picture of "The Court of Death," and has embarked in the enterprise of issuing 100,000 copies of it, in chromolithography, reduced in size to twenty-three by thirty inches, at the low price of one dollar per copy. The original picture is valued at \$25,000, and each subscriber will have an interest in the picture after the 100,000 copies have been sold.

New Publications.

CHRISTIAN BELIEVING AND LIVING. Sermons by F. D. Huntington, Preacher to the University, and Plummer Professor of Christian Morals in Harvard College. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Company, 117 Washington street. 1860.

This book contains twenty-five sermons of one of the most popular, most religiously inclined, and purest-minded ministers of the present age. Mr. Huntington is well known to our readers as a minister of the Unitarian Church, whose creed may be read in practical life rather than in printed words. From Mr. Huntington's pen flows thoughts of heavenly beauty; exhorting, fresh and forcible; quickening the currents of dormant life, and raising the desires from old beaten paths to new efforts, to a higher, better world. Those who love religion—those who love a pure and holy life—will revel in the beautiful pages of this book.

LIFE OF LAPAYETTE. Written for Children. By E. Goddard. With six illustrations. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Company, 117 Washington street. 1860.

All of his stories no one is more enchanting than that of Lafayette. His career was brave, adventurous, noble and unselfish. The story of his life, as told in this new book, is truly enchanting. It is happily adapted to the understanding of children, and is so interesting that it will be hard for the reader to lay it down before it is finished. What is adapted to the interest of children always interests maturer minds. This book is neatly printed; contains 218 pages 12mo; has six handsome colored plates. It is a beautiful present for boys. It will teach them to be patriotic, and lead them to aid the weak and oppressed, instead of joining the ranks of the cruel and powerful oppressors.

TWO CHRISTMAS CELEBRATIONS.—A. D. I. and MDCCLV. A Christmas Story. By Theodore Parker. Boston: Rufus L. Lightfoot, Jr.

This is a very entertaining book, though small in size. The Christmas virtues, Charity and Love, are well exemplified in the exertions of Aunt Kindly and Uncle Nathan. It is very neatly printed on fine thick paper, and the binding is neat and appropriate.

A TALK OF TWO CITIES. By Charles Dickens. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, have issued a very neat edition of this story. It is philosophically illustrated, printed from large type, and is in every way worthy of attention. A. Williams & Co., Boston.

TALKS OF A GRANDFATHER. First series. By Sir Walter Scott. Another one of the cheap edition of Scott's Novels, published by Peterson, at 25 cents each number, or \$4 for the complete set. Shepard, Clark & Brown, Boston.

Ordway Hall.

Rev. J. S. Loveland will speak in Ordway Hall the first Sabbath in January. Mr. L. is a progressive and forcible speaker, and will undoubtedly give forth ideas which will instruct and benefit his hearers. He always says something when he opens his month, which one peculiarly rarely met with in these days, when one too often listens to words without being able to catch any new or startling thoughts. We want words in these times, which agitate the water of the spirit—not skim its surface as smoothly as summer breezes. Mr. Loveland is capable of doing this, and has a decided love of it.

Notices to Correspondents.

T. H. G. ADRIAN, MICH.—Theodore Parker is at present in Europe, and is not expected to return until the ensuing summer. Do all the good you can, and if you are to operate in the way you mention, circumstances will not be wanting.

M. S. NORTHVILLE, CONN.—We have bound Volumes 3 and 4, and most of the numbers of Volumes 5 and 6 date. No complete sets of Volumes 1 and 2, though we have occasional numbers. Beecher's Sermons were commenced by us in the fall of 1858. Parker's Sermons were first published by us May 22d, 1858. We think we can furnish most of all the papers you inquire for.

L. B. NO. RICHMOND, ONT.—We are of opinion the matter you speak of has been published. If, after consulting your files, you do not find it, send another copy, and it shall appear.

L. G. R. RICHMOND, N. H.—Thirty-seven cents due us.

M. S. B. BURLINGTON, ONT.—We do not pay in such cases. Will send extra copies, however, as a matter of courtesy.

C. F. W. WEST WARREN, PA.—Your queries will be answered in our next paper.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

CONTENTS OF THE BANNER.—The beautiful story of Mrs. Porter is concluded this week, and we commence the publication of a thrilling translation by Cora Wilburn, which will run through four or five numbers. A Story for the Young; The Feelings and Emotions; Dr. Chapin's sermon; Dream Land, a poem by G. L. Burnside; Spirit messages; a memoir of Miss Olyettia S. Potter, by Dr. Child; report of Mrs. Spence's lectures; report of Mr. Beecher's sermon; editorial, poetry, letters, etc.

Dr. L. L. Farnsworth, whose independent clairvoyant and psychometric powers are very correct, and in many cases very extraordinary, has removed his office to the house of Dr. Charles Main, No. 7 Davis street, Boston. We are told that Dr. Gardner has received some great tests through the mediumship of Mr. F., a summary of which we shall print next week, probably.

Mr. H. O. Clayton, 45 Washington street, keeps for sale boys' youths' and children's clothing. He has a very full assortment of this description of goods, and will dispose of them at as low a price as can be purchased elsewhere.

The sermon of Rev. Dr. Chapin, on our third page, is a fine production. It is based upon the text: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

The ice is thick and firm on all the ponds, lakes and meadows in the vicinity of Boston, and the skaters are having a fine time. The new style of skate, (patent,) for sale by Ufford, 73 Sudbury street, is a superior article. See advertisement in another column.

The Augusta, (Geo.) Constitutionalist of the 21st says that the Medical College of Georgia has resolved to invite Southern students at the North to finish their course of instruction there, free.

Judge Terry, indicted for killing Senator Broderick in a duel, was arraigned on the 28th, to plead in the Court of Sessions of San Francisco. His counsel moved to transfer the case to the Fourth District Court, also in San Francisco, which was denied. The case was postponed till the 30th, to give defendant time to apply to the Supreme Court for a mandamus compelling the transfer.

Encouraging news from Carson Valley continues to be received. New discoveries of gold and silver, and lately of lead, were frequently reported.

A letter has just been received in Glasgow from General Garibaldi, of which the following is a translation: "I charge you to present to the generous sons of Scotland, in the name of Italy, the most warm sense of gratitude for their chivalrous demonstrations of sympathy to the cause of our country. I pray you to assure them that if an eminent grade has been offered me by the magnanimous Victor Emmanuel, I have thought better than to accept."

"Wife," said a husband in an impatient tone, as he espied a rent in his unmentionables, "why have you not sewed this up?"

"Why, my dear," answered she, "it's an enemy that sows tares."

Twenty-five thousand miles of rope, every month, were at one time used in the United States for ladies' skirts, and fifteen hundred miles are used in the same space of time for clothes lines.

We doubt if the Devil ever laughs, but if he does it must be after reading the mutual attacks in religious papers, such as recently appeared in the Boston Recorder and Congregationalist. Christians may weep at such slight.—Amesbury Village.

ROBERT AT THE WATERTOWN ARSENAL.—The Journal says it was discovered recently that Mr. John W. Pratt, for a number of years employed at the Arsenal at Watertown, was missing, and also that a number of boxes containing five hundred and fifty pistols had been taken from the Arsenal.

CONGRESSIONAL PROCEEDINGS.—Gibb.

DEAL DEALING WITH SPIRITS.—Both branches of the Legislature of Alabama have passed a bill imposing a fine of \$500 per day on "all persons dealing in spiritual manifestations."

We find the above in one of our exchanges, and consider it a hoax. If it is not, then it only proves that Alabama stands to-day precisely where Massachusetts stood in 1870.

Messrs. Brown, Taggard & Chase will publish, in a few days, a new and revised edition of "Arctic Adventure," edited by Eges Sargent, one of the most successful books ever issued from the Boston press.

Thomas De Quincy, the author of "The Optimum Eater," and a half-score of other standard works, died in Edinburgh on the eighth of December. He was upwards of seventy years old.

Digby says that if the devil should die, one-half of the world would be thrown out of employment.

He is a great simpton who imagines that the chief power of wealth is to supply wants. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it creates more wants than it supplies.

WATER GAS.—The Northern Liberty Gas Works Company of Philadelphia have been studying the merits of water gas. Its President investigated the matter, and the Company have purchased from the patentee the right to make the gas. As soon as the retorts are ready the Northern Liberties will be lighted with water.

Aristippus thus very properly replied to a person who boasted of his extensive reading: "It is not those who eat the most who are hale and healthy, but those who can digest what they eat."

MARRIED.

In Boston, on Saturday evening, Dec. 24th, by Rev. Thomas Worcester, George Edwin MacNEILL, of Amesbury, Mass., to ADRIAN J. THOMPSON, of this city.

OBITUARY.

On the 28th of August last—a beautiful morn—the spirit of BENJAMIN F. FENN took flight to her mother's arms in Heaven. She is now appreciating the anticipated enjoyment and pleasure of being with the much-loved friends that have gone before her, and of being freed from the withering hand of the fatal disease, consumption, with which she has been a long sufferer, and during which time she often heard from her mother, and others, assuring her of the beautiful home and kind friends that were awaiting her, for which she longed. The funeral was attended the following Tuesday by a large number of sympathizing friends. Instead of the hearts of the family being sad and sorrowful, they were joyous and happy, thus she had gone home where her weary soul might rest. No habit of mourning was worn, but the ordinary dress of the relatives told that not one moment of their happiness was diminished, for she was still with them.

The rooms of the cottage were decorated with evergreens and flowers, fit emblems of their faith. As was her wish, words of sympathy were spoken from the lips of a progressed and liberal mind, which, together with appropriate songs, performed by particular friends, added much to the gratification of the family and others. They then formed a circle, and companions were seated, three on each side of her inanimate form, dressed in white, each holding in their hand a bouquet of flowers arranged by themselves, which were carefully thrown into the grave, together with a shovel of earth, by the persons who had been thus honored. The benediction of the ties of love which were not to be severed by her dissolution. Her age was 24.

Social Levee.

A levee will be held at Amory Hall, corner of Washington and West streets, on Wednesday evening, January 4th, under the superintendence of Messrs. J. H. Conant and B. K. Little. The music will be furnished by White's Full Quadrille Band. Tickets one dollar each, admitting a gentleman and ladies, can be obtained at the Winthrop, Adams, Quincy and Marlboro' Hotels; at Bela Marsh's, 14 Bromfield street; at White Brothers' music store in Tremont Temple, and at this office. As this is to be a first-class assembly, no tickets will be sold at the door. From the well-known ability of the managers, and the talent of the musicians, we can prophesy a renewal of the popular assemblies of last season.

Lecturers.

N. FRANK WHITE will lecture in Marblehead, Mass., Jan. 1st and 2nd; Taunton, Mass., Jan. 15th, 22d, and 29th. Miss R. T. ANDREY will lecture in Lincoln's Hall, in Hingham, on Tuesday evening, Dec. 27th; Williams' Hall, Cambridgeport, on Wednesday evening, Dec. 28th.

BRONCHITIS.—From Mr. C. H. Gardner, Principal of the Buffalo Female Institute, N. Y.—"I have been afflicted with Bronchitis during the past winter, and found no relief until I found your 'Troches.' 'Brown's Bronchial Troches' or Cough Lozenges, are for sale throughout the United States." Dec. 31.

PREMATURE LOSS OF THE HAIR, which is so common nowadays, may be entirely prevented by the use of Burnett's Cocaine. It has been used in thousands of cases where the hair was coming out in handfuls, and has never failed to arrest its decay, and to promote a healthy and vigorous growth. It is, at the same time, unrivaled as a dressing for the hair. A single application will render it soft and glossy for several days. Dec. 31.

Miss ROSA T. AMEY will lecture in Oswego during the month of January, 1860. Friends in the South and West desiring her services, for Sabbath, and week evenings, in the two or three months following, will please address her at 32 Allen street, prior to Dec. 28th, and during the month of January care of J. L. Pool, Oswego, N. Y. 10—Jan. 1.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT

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

SPECIAL AGENTS:

ROSS & TOUSEY, 121 Nassau street, New York, Will answer all orders for the BANNER OF LIGHT, from the South and West. Dealers will address them as no papers are sent from our office.

Our friends will confer a favor on us by purchasing the BANNER at the News Depot in the towns where they reside, if one is kept there, thereby encouraging the Paper Dealer to keep the BANNER OF LIGHT on his counter. PHILADELPHIA—SAMUEL BABY, southwest cor. of Chestnut and Fourth streets; F. A. DROVIN, 107 South Third street.

TOUGHKEEPSIE—KENTWORTH'S News-Room. BUFFALO, N. Y.—J. B. HAWES. OSWEGO, N. Y.—J. L. POOL; GEORGE H. HARRIS. SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y.—A. S. HURLING, (opposite American Hotel).

CINCINNATI, O.—S. W. FRANK & Co., 28 West 6th street. MICHIGAN—ADRIAN J. HARDY; JONIA—S. L. WALSH; COLDWATER—N. T. WATERMAN.

ILLINOIS—CHICAGO—MCNALLY & Co.; ROCKFORD—H. H. WALDO; PEORIA—STRIKLER & BROTHERS. INDIANA—RICHMOND—S. ELDER. MISSOURI—ST. LOUIS—GRAY & CRAWFORD, 54 Fourth street.

LOUISIANA—NEW ORLEANS—A. DAPPEMONT—C. H. SCHWARTZ, 59 and 61 Exchange Alley. WISCONSIN—MILWAUKEE—W. ELLIS; J. STOKESON & Co.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

TERMS.—A limited number of advertisements will be in inserted in this paper at fifteen cents per line for each insertion. Liberal discount made on standing advertisements.

TWENTY THOUSAND COPIES

ALREADY SUBSCRIBED FOR.

Great Book of the Day.

NOW READY,

The Life of

CAPTAIN JOHN BROWN.

BY JAMES REDPATH.

AUTHORIZED BY, AND HAVING THE SANCTION OF, THE BROWN FAMILY.

1 vol. 12mo., 400 pages. Handsomely bound in cloth.

TWO BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVINGS

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Price One Dollar.

This work will contain an ORIGINAL AUTOGRAPH OF JOHN BROWN'S EARLY LIFE never before published, which is the most characteristic and interesting thing of the kind since the AUTOGRAPH OF FRANKLIN. No reprint of it will be allowed. This work will not be put in the Book-stores, and must be obtained of the Publisher's Agents.

A liberal percentage of each copy sold is secured by contract to the family.

THAYER & ELDRIDGE,

PUBLISHERS.

114 & 118 Washington Street, . . . Boston, Mass.

Dec. 31.

A WONDERFUL CLAIRVOYANT DISCOVERY.

Atkins' Elixir Palmariorum. Instant relief and permanent cure for Consumption, Asthma, Coughs, Colds, Bleeding at the Lungs, Bronchitis, or any Disease of the Throat or Lungs, and Nervous Debility. For Whooping Cough, Croup, etc., it is a complete specific. For sale, wholesale and retail, by GEORGE ATKINS, No. 8 Winter street, Boston, and for sale by all Druggists. Price 50 cents and \$1.00 per bottle. Dec. 31.

OCTAVIUS KING,

654 WASHINGTON STREET, has always on hand every variety of pure and fresh Edible and Baking Drugs and Medicines, which he will sell at wholesale or retail as low as can be purchased at any Store in Boston. Dec. 31.

PURELY VEGETABLE REMEDIES.

ANTI-SCROFULA PANACEA, MOTHER'S CORDIAL, HEALING EXTRACT, WINE BITTERS, COUGH SYRUP, and other Compounds, which have been extensively and successfully prescribed by several of our most celebrated Medica, may be obtained of the sole manufacturer, O. KING, 654 Washington street, Boston. Dec. 31.

NOTICE.

LEWIS GEORGE, M. D., ELECTRIC PHYSICIAN; HATFIELD, G. GEORGE, CLAIRVOYANT; 307 Bow street, Charlestown, Mass., near City Square.

Having returned from our Western tour, we are located as above, and invite the sick and suffering who desire a thorough examination and careful prescription, to give us a call. Ladies preferring to consult one of their own sex, will find in Mrs. George a superior Clairvoyant and sympathizing friend. Terms for Clairvoyant examination \$1.00. To insure attention, those sending locks of hair will enclose \$1.00 and postage stamp.

For B-A Clairvoyant examinations warranted satisfactory. Our Motto—"The Golden Rule." Office hours, 10 to 12 A. M.; 2 to 5 P. M. 2w Dec. 31.

MEDICAL TREATMENT—NUTRITIVE PRINCIPLE

DR. ALBERT G. HALL, M. D., PROFESSOR OF PHYSIOLOGY, and author of the New Theory of Medical Practice on the Nutritive Principle, may be consulted on the treatment of every form of humor, weakness and disease, in person or by letter, from any part of the country. It is restorative in its effects, reliable in the most prostrate cases, and justly worthy of the confidence of the afflicted. All the Medicines used are purely vegetable. No. 18 Temple Place, Boston, Mass. Oct. 1.

A RARE CHANCE—\$4,000.

FOR SALE.—The entire interest, well-known and good-will of the most flourishing Weekly REPUBLICAN PAPERS in the Northwest, possessing a large State and County patronage, with commercial advertising amounting to over \$4,000 per annum. The material is nearly new, and comprises all the requisites for an extensive job business. The establishment can be carried on for less than \$1,500 a year. A young man of literary tastes this is a chance rarely to be met with.

Satisfactory reasons given for sale. Address W. T. Lodi, Bergen Co., New Jersey. Dec. 24.

A. B. CHILD, M. D., DENTIST,

NO. 15 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

PERUVIAN SYRUP

Or Protected Solution of Protoside of Iron Combined.

This well known Remedy has been used very extensively and with the greatest success for the cure of

DYSPEPSIA,

The Messenger.

Each message in this department of the BANNER we claim to be spoken by the spirit who called the BANNER into existence. It is not published on account of literary merit, but as tests of spirit communion to those friends to whom they are addressed.

We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earthly life to the beyond, and to do away with the erroneous idea that they are more than spirits. 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 purely alone shall flow from spirits to mortals.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits, in these columns, that does not comport with his reason. Each expresses 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. 812 Beattie street, Boston, every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday afternoon, commencing at half-past 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 read one from a spirit they recognize, write us whether true or false?

- From No. 1759 on N. St.
- Wednesday, Nov. 9.—Ella Chase, Buffalo; Thomas Campbell; Peter Schrouder, Washington; John T. Gilman, Exeter, N. H.
- Friday, Nov. 11.—"When may we look for Christ's coming?" David Ross, New Hampshire; John Elton, Philadelphia; Abby Ann Tubbs, New Hampshire.
- Saturday, Nov. 12.—"Fatalism." Rufus Long, Portsmouth, England; Mary White, Concord, N. H.; Oliver Hedge; Joseph Winslow; Thomas Walworth.
- Sunday, Nov. 13.—"You shall not kill." George Talbot; Cornelius Goodale, Boston; Julia Hersey, Boston; William Good.
- Wednesday, Nov. 16.—"What is perfection?" George Washington Bowman, Portsmouth, Va.; Nathaniel Hill, Thorford, Va.; Charles M. Thorndike.
- Tuesday, Nov. 20.—"Was the natural body of Christ Resurrected?" Andrew J. Gavitt, Boston; Irene; Jeremiah Mason.
- Wednesday, Nov. 30.—"Shall the Jews return to Jerusalem?" Hannah Moore, Roxbury; Francis Stearns; Charley Robertson, New York.
- Thursday, Dec. 1.—"Are there animals in Spirit-Life?" Simon Kilson, Galveston; Alfred Allen, Albany.
- Saturday, Dec. 3.—"When and how shall there be a new Heaven and a new Earth?" William Ogden, Boston; Sarah Elizabeth Tibbott, Boston; Patrick O'Brien, Boston; A. Prager.
- Tuesday, Dec. 6.—"Is it right for men to buy and sell and hold in bondage their fellow-men?" Daniel M. Wilson, Sacramento, Cal.; Mary Ann Tibbott, Boston.
- Thursday, Dec. 8.—"What is sin, and how are we in mortal to avoid it?" Samuel H. Spencer, Thomaston, Me.; Joseph Gardner; Lucy Smith; Francis H. Smith.
- Friday, Dec. 9.—"Are spheres in spirit-life localities?" Stephen Carroll, Iowa; Lizzie Gordon, Richmond; A. Prager.
- Saturday, Dec. 10.—"Joy H. Fairchild; Clark Mason, Rochester.
- Thursday, Dec. 15.—"Faith." Thomas Bell, Boston; George James Harwich, London; Charlotte Maria Foster, New York.
- Friday, Dec. 16.—"Is it possible for mortals to understand God?" William Peck, Salem; Jack Seward, New York; Ellen Wrasor, Georgetown.
- Saturday, Dec. 17.—"What is the condition of the Drunkard after Death?" Josh. Houston, Boston; To John Merrick, Prisoner.
- Tuesday, Dec. 20.—"How are we to know when we serve God?" To Katharine Howell; Anna Maria Foster, Buffalo; George Walker, Buffalo; Jonny Wilson; Horace Atwood.
- Wednesday, Dec. 21.—"Evil Spirits." William Cooper; Prayer; Nathaniel Morton.

What do the Spirits think of the Man, Henry W. Beecher?

Notwithstanding we do fully understand and fully appreciate this meteor, that has shot across the sky of modern Orthodoxy, yet we shall decline to discuss it at this time and in this place.

It is our duty and our pleasure to notice every question that is found upon our spiritual life. It is also our duty and pleasure to set aside, for the time being, such as we do not care to speak upon, feeling our questioners will deal with us as they must with friends in mortal, ascribing to each a divine individuality, a divine right to do that which seems to be a duty, and that which seems to be lawful and right in their sight.

We will inform our questioner that we shall doubtless speak in reference to this mortal star at some future time; but at the present we do not care to cross his pathway. The time is not yet. He is guided by Jehovah, who is competent to control, and who giveth forth light from whomsoever he will, and in whatever way seemeth good to himself.

Nov. 5.

How shall Man discern Good from Evil?

"How are we spirits in mortal to always discern between good and evil, since the two are so closely, so intimately connected?"

"Since man in the natural and the spiritual is created with a certain feature of Divine Intelligence, that feature shall be his guide through life, whether in the natural or spiritual world. What is that feature? A law—a standard to govern the life of the individual. What is law and life to one, is not such to another; nor can the law of mightily will force be governed by a law peculiar and well-adapted to one of an inferior force—the two are antagonistic to each other. But our Creator hath given to each a certain degree of intelligence which is a law, a light, a Divine life, to each, and none need err in the way.

While man is cognizant of the principles at work in the natural world, he should seek to fathom to the utmost degree each of those principles. He should seek to enter the inner temples of each principle and behold each life. And behold the same principle of Divine Light shall assist man in the natural to understand those principles. It shall assist him in analyzing the mighty mysteries which have heretofore laid at the feet of Jehovah and been deemed incomprehensible.

"It is vain for a man at the present day to stand up before his God and say, 'I know not the way.' Thou has not given me light to guide to heaven. Thou, oh Jehovah, thou hast not dealt justly with me."

Vain, vain, we say, is it for a man at this day to charge Jehovah with being an unjust God—a fault we never find in God in spirit.

"How are we to know good from evil?" We answer, by never consulting the law of a neighbor, but by following the law of your own soul; by entering into your own soul and passing self-examination. When mystery comes up before you in the shape of evil, go into thine own soul and ask thyself, what is God? Thou shalt then unveil the mystery, and shall render unto God his due, unto mortals their due, and forget not thyself.

The men and women of the Past and Present have been and are taught to look at all through a glass darkly, and thus they are unable to discern its true qualities; they are unable to see the bright line of light which divides the good from the evil. Who was their teacher? Not Jehovah, for he cannot err. Who, then? The false guides that float upon the ocean of human life. Those frail ones who talk in your midst, muttering words you cannot understand; telling you of a God, a heaven, a devil, a hell, and yet falling to give you a full understanding of either. Where, oh where, is the light God has given? Why do you not call it forth—and you will not ask, how shall we discern good from evil? That light is your God, not less discernable than is He who guides us in the higher degrees of life.

Nov. 5.

William Soble.

It is one thing to be ready on your side, and another thing to be on mine. I don't suppose I have got many folks on earth, but I suppose I have some. My name was William Soble. I was twenty-three when I died, in New Orleans. That confounded city I wish I had never seen! I don't know as you are in the habit of letting everybody speak just as they are a mind to. I died in 1857; I look to vomiting in the first place, and next I took to burning, and then to swelling, and that is the last I know.

No, sir, not by a good deal—New Orleans was not my native place—wouldn't have been born there if I could just as well as not. I suppose the small town of Boston is my native place.

Well, now, have I given you all the bread and butter you want? Then I can help somebody else. Well, shall I say what I wish to? Well, then, I've got an old man the law obliges me to call father; but he is a confounded old rascal. No, sir, I can't soften that word; it's a flint, any way, and you can't make a squeak of it. I said he was a confounded old rascal, and so he is. I have told him so to his face more than once; so it won't hurt him to hear it now.

I have a sister between eighteen and nineteen years of age. She should be here, but this confounded old fellow has cheated her out of all of it. My mother married him, and when she did so she had a comfortable little property left her

by my father, and that ought to have gone to me and my sister. I managed to get my part, and she didn't, because she was fool enough to be gummed out of hers by her father-in-law. He took it into his head to guard her and hers, and he did do it to his own good. If he has a mind to shell over and do right, I'll keep silence in future; but if he doesn't, I shall come this way again, and shall talk. Out of the kindest consideration I am going to withhold the old gentleman's name; but if he does not square up, I shall out with his name.

You want make a mistake, and take me for a saint? Well, I am not—I am just the same as I ever was, and the old codger will think I am pretty near the same. Have you written just what I said? Left out the word rascal, have you, and put a dash there? Well, write the full word there.

I have given my communication in a simple way, but it is truth, and truth has got good wings—will always fly, and take care of itself; you may put it down today, but it will rise to-morrow; and I may as well tell it in my way as another person in theirs.

"Is there any Goodness in Man?"

We find this question before us to-day. The sources from whence our question comes must be sadly perverted in nature, else he would not ask this question. We answer, yes; all is goodness, and there is nothing evil. The Ancient Record tells us that as Jehovah looked at his creations in the morning of life, he pronounced them good. Now, if Jehovah, in his wisdom, hath marked goodness upon his creations, why should man, the creature, seek to stamp evil on the face of humanity? We answer, because the creature hath to some extent become perverted. That goodness which bears evil upon its surface has only become perverted, while the real germ exists in all its power, beauty and glory. The Record tells you that man was created in God's image. As God is a spirit, we are to understand that he spoke of the spirit of man. This was created in goodness, in wisdom; and glory was marked on his brow. Where, then, is the evil? Matter in the natural world hath, by various means and devices, perverted the goodness. But the inherent power of life that lies hidden beneath the cloud of darkness which envelops man, shall in time come forth, and evil shall be unknown.

Is there any good in man? asks our brother. We will ask, is there any God in humanity? or hath he withdrawn his power, his love from the human race? If he hath, then all is darkness and evil. If he hath not, then all is goodness, though certain acts may be perverted.

We perceive that our questioner entertains a fabulous belief in certain theological dogmas. He believes, and honestly, too, that all humanity is created in sin, and that the blood of a Jesus who died eighteen hundred years ago can only serve to wash out the evil, and render man, the creature, pure. Strange theory! Mysterious temple to rise in the midst of the intellectual world! But when we consider that the belief has been current for many years, we cannot wonder that it has attained the way it has. We can only wonder that this ignis fatuus hath not obtained more believers in humanity.

Jesus Christ told his followers to obey the law of their nature, and that by so doing they should become one with God as he was. He taught obedience to law, by which men should cast off the dark exterior of their natures, and cause the bright gem of goodness to shine with resplendent light.

But the darkness of the time in which Jesus lived and moved, hath covered his sayings with a mysterious veil; or, in other words, it has clad him throughout with garments peculiar to themselves, and through those garments the bright light of truth cannot be seen in all its beauty. If the men of to-day would understand Christ as he is, they should throw off those garments of mystery. A Christ of mystery we know not; a Christ of truth we ever worship. Men should worship this Christ, not the dark garments. Behold, modern Spiritualism will give man to know of Christ, and it will teach him also to know of the human race. It will teach him, too, that goodness is only perverted, but that the germ of light holds its value in man, now and evermore.

As the Creator hath fashioned all things in the image of himself—the image of holiness—why should man, in the natural, seek to become acquainted with evil? Why not seek to become acquainted with goodness; to seek beneath this mysterious veil, that pervertedness, God may smile upon them? To tear away the dark veil that hides the good in the murderer's heart, and behold him as he is, a child of God. Let men cast these appearances of evil upon the breezes of charity and the soft zephyrs of love, and they shall become unknown, and man shall stand forth entire in the image of his God. God liveth in all men; be sure, oh man! that though thy mantle be darkness, and thy surroundings black, God is there, and thus thou art good, and not evil. Nov. 6.

James Fairbanks.

In the year of 1840 I lived in the city of Philadelphia. I was a lawyer by profession; my name was James Fairbanks. I was fifty-two years of age, and I lost my life in the natural by a cancerous humor. I left a wife, one son, and two daughters, and I visit you to-day that I may visit them. I am totally unacquainted with the mode of controlling mediums. Although I find it is all perfectly natural, yet it is nevertheless very hard for a spirit who has been away any length of time from a natural body, to return to one which is totally different from his own, identifying himself to such an extent as to be recognized by his friends in mortal. Yet when a spirit wishes to return, although it is exceedingly hard to overcome, it matters not how many obstacles are in his way, he will strive to overcome all. If God created all things, he created these means whereby we come, and enjoyed in wisdom, and therefore it is right that we derive enjoyment from what he has created. I can find no error in that which seems to be of God.

I understand my God to be just what I understood him to be before I left my mortal. I considered him to be a principle of all Goodness, Wisdom and Power; and I find I am not mistaken. I said, "I can as well take counsel of my God in the flower as in the human intelligence." And thus I could not fully harmonize with the variety of religions there were presented to my view. I was ever disposed to criticize them, and found much fault with them. I said, "These are of man—not of God; and I now know what then I believed. I know now that my God is an impartial Being, who created all in Wisdom and Love. My good consort differed from me—she could not see God as I did, or regard him as I regarded him. A few days before I passed into the spiritual state, she told me she hoped I was not mistaken in my ideas of God, but feared I should be. I wish to tell her that my ideas of God have now culminated into knowledge, for I have every reason to believe that, had there been a Personal God, I should have been introduced to him long ere this.

I will now solicit an audience with my companion, at least, I fear, yes, I know, that her time in mortal is short, and that soon she must try the realities of spirit-life, and I would not have her enter in ignorance; I would not have her be so disappointed in God. Many are so disappointed in this matter, that they sit down, and say, "I have no belief now; I am but an atom on the ocean of time—a pebble, thrown about by the waves, and I will sit down in despair."

I would not have any of mine enter into spirit-life under such conditions; and I feel that I may be able to give spiritual sight to those who have been blind. I have been very happy in my new condition, and I would not have my friends less happy. I feel willing to do my duty to all the vast human family; but as the law of my nature draws me first to those I love, of course I come in obedience to this law, and I hope to have a welcome, and an opportunity to speak to my dear ones. I will here assert, then, that if I can do them no good, I will at least do them no harm; and they can but come and see. I here ask them not to stand back, asking if there be any good, in this doctrine—they can but come and see.

Nov. 8.

Louisa Davis.

Let me go let me go! I came to talk, but not now. Somebody's here that I am afraid of. I can't go, and I can't seem to stay. Oh, dear! what is this? Is it a court house? Oh, dear! I forgot I am a spirit. I have been dead six months. Oh, I shall die, if you keep me here. I didn't steal. You let me speak to the man behind you? (To a visitor.)—They told you I stole, but I didn't steal. Tell my mother I never stole! Was Ann W.—that stole. My name was Louisa Davis—that's my right name. They say my mother will come to see you about this. Tell her I can talk. My mother lives in Cambridge. It was Ann W.—that stole; her mother lives in Lowell.

I had the small pox. They said I stole a shawl, two dresses, and some jewelry. I was not twenty. I belonged in Lowell. My mother used to belong there. I used to work on the Prescott Corporation. I was in the spinning-room when I lived in Lowell—when I was fifteen and sixteen, seventeen and eighteen years old. I died in New York. Don't ask me what I went there for. Mr. Butler, the overseer in Lowell, knows me. I knew Mr. Demons. What do you ask me the name of the paymaster for? Do you ask to

find out if I was on the black list? Do you know Mr. Hill? He was on the Massachusetts.

Tell my mother to go to Ann W.—'s mother, and tell her to save Ann.

Nov. 8.

John T. Gilman.

Say that John T. Gilman was present according to appointment, but for reasons good, could not speak. John T. Gilman, of New Hampshire.

Nov. 8.

Spirit Communion.

"How are we to know that we in the natural world do hold communion with our departed friends, by and through the various media of these times?"

How are we to know, says our friend. He does not say, simply, how are we to believe, but how shall we know? He evidently desires positive knowledge; he is not satisfied with that which furnishes belief, but seeks knowledge. It is well for men to seek for wisdom at all times, for wisdom is knowledge, and they who possess it shall never go astray.

We find an article upon the old Record, telling the inhabitants of ancient time to try the spirits, to prove them, to see whether they be of God or not. If they be found wanting, to reject them.

Prove them by the law that governs them; you must first become acquainted with that law, and after that draw from them certain positive tests, and by your own judgment try them.

The scientific man of the world would not work outside or beyond the laws of science, or the principles that ever control the peculiar department of life he investigates. If he be truly scientific he will work in accordance with the law of the science he investigates. If he do not do this, but is a foolish man, he will find after awhile that he has sought in vain.

As the spirit world is in close rapport, at all times, with the natural, you may suppose, and truthfully, too, that the same law governs both, the same power controls both. One could not exist without the other. Each is held in position by the other. The natural world holds a plane inferior to the spiritual; therefore you may infer that the inhabitants of the lower sphere are to a certain extent governed by the inhabitants of the spirit-life. Although the latter are governed by a more perfect understanding of this law, yet the law is the same in each.

Now, as you have a great variety of ways and means to make yourself acquainted with the great natural law, which is God, you should use them for your own good and glory. That which has been given you by your God, is the law of your nature, and belongs to you alone. Each has his part, and it belongs to no one else, and can be used by none other. By that law of your being you become acquainted with the great general law. Then, as you travel in the journey of life and law, you will be in condition to shake hands with every atom of the law, and every ray of light that comes in by its share, for it is such by reason of this law of life.

These modern manifestations of life beyond are but the outgushing of nature, the outworking of this law, coming forth by the voice of God, which is nature. As every portion of intelligence is but an atom of the divine law of life, by that law which exists in its own soul shall thou receive all knowledge.

When the voice is heard by thee, oh mortal, speaking to you, saying, "I was once with you in the flesh; I communed to you frequently; I was related to you"—bring out this law of life within your soul, and scrutinize the voice; and if it comes not forth to meet you, proving itself to be true, reject it. This is the way by which you shall receive knowledge. But in the name of all law, go not forth blindfold in the great way of truth, for by so doing you will stumble. Seek not to witness these manifestations from curiosity; for if you go forth to meet the invisibles with the light of curiosity, you shall hardly say, I am satisfied that I have communed with a departed friend, because the two points of law have not met—truth with truth.

If you would test them, do so by virtue of your own law, and then you are satisfied. Go not forth into the highway to hear what this one hath said, for the law which is for thee is not for him—you cannot be guided by him. Go forth on your own strength, by the light within, and the mother shall hardly fail to recognize her child who knocks for admittance into the temple of the mother's soul—for the grand law of God shall approve his coming. How often we hear one in the natural world say, "I do not believe these things to be so—they do not seem natural to me—I cannot comprehend them, and I cannot be induced to believe. Why is this? It is because there has not been any direct appeal to him. Again we say, The spirit who wishes to commune with the mortal comes in obedience to the law of both, and when the voice is heard, the spirit—the internal life of the natural man or woman to whom the spirit wishes to commune—should say, 'I will test this voice by the law of my nature—if it stand the test I apply to it, I will regard it, for it is the voice of God.'

If men would only be governed by the light within, they would hardly cry for food; hungry spirits should hardly wait for spirit food, for the law of nature will procure it for them. Then, oh man, bring forth the law of thy own nature and stand by it, for it is the law of God. Walk in accordance with it, fearing nothing, for it hath been given thee to guide thee to perfect happiness.

Nov. 6.

Written for the Banner of Light.

LINES;

In answer to a letter from a young lady, commencing with the words, "Home again, Home again."

Home again! Home again!
Beautiful as household words!
Touching as the soft refrain
From the summer's early birds.
How they thrill the yearning heart,
As untraced! It returns
To the home which is a part
Of the love that is in its burns.

Home again! Home again!
Words of melody and power;
Soothing as the wind-harp's strain,
Drinking in essence from the flower,
Swells the song of home again—
Musical as zephyr's wing;
Sweet as the summer rain
To the earliest flowers of Spring.

How the song with rapture sweeps
Love's immortal harp, the soul
Thrilling through its soundless deeps
With a sweet, divine control—
Touching with magnetic power
Every latent instinct there,
Until thought's imperial flower
Effloresces into prayer.

Home again! Home again!
Mid life's weary days and sorrows,
Comes thy heart-inspiring strain,
Redolent of bright to-morrows.
Holy words—sweet home again!
Fresh as dew of starlit eve;
Touching as an angel's strain
Is the music which they breathe.

When the brooks are wildly ringing,
And the daisies blossom fair;
When the birds their songs are singing,
As they drink the balmy air;
When the morning breaks in glory,
Far along the eastern skies,
And the evening sunset's story
Of another prophetic—

Softly, then, sweet home again
Falls upon the thirsty ear,
Blending with a magic chain
Every heart within its sphere;
Echoing through the soul which burns
Love's sweet incense, pure—divine;
When a wanderer it returns,
By the hearth-stone's holy shrine.

Taunton, Dec. 1859.

A Voice from Concord, N. H.

ANNE E. LORD, CONCORD, N. H.—As long as I have been a reader of the BANNER, I have never (excepting in one instance) seen any account of the progress of Spiritualism in Concord, N. H. Having spent some two weeks in the hospitable home of Mr. Samuel B. Foster, and having had the pleasure of holding circles for some of the most intelligent minds of the place, I feel very much interested for the many anxious minds that are waiting and watching for more light, more truth. They have had some lectures, among whom were J. H. Currier, of Lawrence, Mass.; Mrs. J. B. Smith, of Manchester, N. H.; Rev. John Pierpont, and Dr. Lyon. They

are now making arrangements to have a speaker every Sabbath. God bless them in their endeavors!

The manifestations that have been given through my mediumship are musical and physical ones, and have been thus far satisfactory to all who have witnessed them; and I earnestly pray that they may be the means of arousing the slumbering minds, and making them more active in the cause of truth.

ULEYETTA S. POTTER.

BY A. B. CHILD, M. D.

On the 17th day of the present month, in that beautiful city of the dead, Mount Auburn, I looked upon the features of a dear, deceased young friend and relative. Life in the delicate and frail tenement of earthly matter had gone out. The physical eyes were closed; the physical lips were silent; the whole physical organism was dead, cold and still, as the snow that covered the earth on which we stood. On the lid of the coffin was engraved—

ULEYETTA S. POTTER.
Died, December 18th, 1859.
Aged 20.

When the coffin was lowered into the grave, and when the minister repeated the words, "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," the doleful sound of gravel fell upon the coffin, the language of which was farewell to the earthly tabernacle—the earthly casket which had held the spirit of an angel in its infant sojourn on the earth; farewell to the beautiful garment that had fitted and protected a child of heaven in the rough journey of earthly existence.

I saw her beautiful spirit hovering over the pleasant scene. In gratitude she, too, said, "Let my earthly form return to dust—I need it no longer."

The minister continued—"I heard a voice from heaven, saying, Write, blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; even so saith the spirit." I heard her voice, with a company of holy angels, repeat in melodious strains the same beautiful words. I saw her spirit so real, in the air above the grave, that earthly realities seemed like visions and shadows. With words I fail to tell the loveliness of the scene that I beheld; the transparent purity of her spirit, the beauty of its emblems, and of the company of angels that were her attendants. The eternal youth, vigor and joy that beamed from every spirit face, made the air around redolent with the light of heaven. I said: Farewell, my beautiful young friend. She answered, "No; farewell, to me, be buried with my worn-out form of earth; heaven knows no farewell."

In the little town of Pocomac, Md., twenty years ago, Uleyetta Sabine, wife of Rev. Dexter Potter, gave birth to the little child, whose burial is above described. Uleyetta, after whose life the following is a record. When the agonies of labor were over, the mother looked upon her newborn infant, and with that undying and eternal love which a mother alone can know, said to her first-born—

"Fly away to heaven."

Closed her eyes, and fell into the arms of angels. Twenty minutes after little Uley first breathed the atmosphere of earth, Uleyetta, her mother, was numbered with the dead. I mean by death that her beautiful spirit ceased to give life and motion to its physical form; the fetters fell off, and it became free as the air of heaven, to wander, at its own sweet pleasure, with the company of angels. Her physical body died because her spirit could no longer stay in it.

The mother gone, and little Uley cast upon the cold ocean of time, without a mother's love and kind guardianship! The mother is gone from material perception, it is true; but the following may show whether her love abides—whether her guardian care for her little child has ceased—whether she would wait to return no more to her darling infant.

The mother was the daughter of Rev. James Sabine, whose parish, forty years ago, laid the foundation of, and built Essex Street Church, in Boston. In reform movements Mr. Sabine was a man far in advance of his day. We may not doubt that this daughter inherited all the elements of reform that he possessed. She was adventurous, amiable, passive, loving and confiding; her soul was too big to be held long in the shackles of a material body. Her soul had early grown to the perfect stature of spirit-womanhood. And from this early development we may reasonably presume that her spirit had gained a greater power to produce an influence over her earthly daughter, little Uley, to guide her, guard her, and direct her; which influence, this child, from her earliest consciousness, has, at all times, sensibly recognized.

In making this record I do not mean to exaggerate, but simply to record facts. I have given names, and shall give more, to make what I here write more credible. Little Uley's mother is my wife's sister, so I have had a good opportunity to know her history.

Her medium powers have been very extraordinary. In the private circles of her friends and relatives they have excited wonder and admiration; and skepticism about the reality of spirit-communion, in the bosom of many of her friends, has vanished like darkness when the sun rises. When the manifestations of loving spirits were made through her little hands and from her truthful lips, her own cousins, her uncles and aunts, would listen, and they would say this child could not deceive; she does not make this; she is her own; she is of ourselves; we know her, who she is.

Her early life has been fraught with unavoidable affliction—severe and painful affliction. And I cannot doubt that it is often the purest and most loving angels whose hands administer affliction to mortals to sooner bring kindred souls on earth to their own home of happiness and peace in heaven.

If the passage of our earthly life is accelerated, the love of matter must be sooner broken. Every affliction is an earthly love broken. A slow and long passage through the love of earthly things, is a life void of affliction; is peaceful and beautiful in a material sense, but not a rapid flight toward heaven in a spiritual sense.

About the age of thirteen, little Uley was adopted by her uncle, Mr. Wm. Cogswell, of New York city, a millionaire in the wealth of this world's goods, and a millionaire also, which is infinitely better, in the qualities of a kind and noble man. Both Mr. and Mrs. Cogswell have generously supplied every earthly want that, in the exercise of their judgment, should be supplied for the comfort and well-being of little Uley.

Sometime after her adoption in this family, the manifestations of her extraordinary medium powers were discovered. Volumes of communications were first made, with the alphabet, by raps; some of which were very beautiful, possessing clearly the peculiar characteristics of the different spirits communicating. Many hundreds of pages of manuscripts were given in this way. One story, containing five or six hundred pages, on footstep, was given. Writing followed the rapping development; then trance, and finally the spiritual world, at times, was opened to her normal perception.

The course of our earthly life never runs smooth and even. Every true Spiritualist has had, or will have, conflicting thoughts when contrasting the teachings of the past with the truths of heaven that are held out to the soul's intuition in this beautiful field of Spiritualism. Little Uley did not escape the conflicts that old religious opinions produce when brought in contrast with the facts and beauties of modern Spiritualism. To show this fact, I present the following letter—written near two years since—from Uley's pen, verbatim:

DEAR AUNT EMMA—I have something so strange to say to you; and in relating the facts, in all truth and sincerity, to you, I would also say to dear Aunt Eusebia; because, although I am indebted both to her and uncle Child for a kind letter, it may be some time ere I can reply to them. I feel that the subject will be one of interest to you both.

During one of my conversations with Rev. J. C. Stockbridge, of Boston, in connection with Spiritualism, I mentioned the circumstance of my possessing medium powers; that they had been frequently called forth by many of my friends, and particularly those with whom I resided in this city (New York); that I felt that the manifestations afforded them pleasure; and the teachings hitherto given through these powers, had been of so pure and good a character that I felt that a fearful responsibility rested upon me, as I was told him that there was but one means of bringing many, very many, among my circle of acquaintance into knowledge and belief in the subject, who would not, perhaps, have been induced by any means to visit a public medium. My position, at least, would seem to warrant honesty, and they would place more reliance upon the teachings and communications as given through me than as though I were a stranger.

Mr. Stockbridge asked me, then, if I could say positively that Spiritualism was from God, and was good and true. I told him that to answer him would be assuming more than I dared; I had seen nothing (or, at least, very little) apart from my own private, personal experience, consequently I was not a competent judge. So far as had been given me, it was all good in its moral and religious principles. But I took him that I had already been the silent means of bringing many, very many, among my circle of acquaintance into knowledge and belief in the subject, who would not, perhaps, have been induced by any means to visit a public medium. My position, at least, would seem to warrant honesty, and they would place more reliance upon the teachings and communications as given through me than as though I were a stranger.

draw myself from all spiritual influence, and impute to God, in earnest, heart-felt prayer, to show me the footpath of duty, and aid me to walk therein.

Now, dear Aunt, I feel that I have been very really heart-felt petition seems to have been heard and accepted at the throne of heaven—indeed, so marked that I could not, if I strove to, doubt the efficacy of prayer. To no one, save my heavenly Father, did I pour out my full soul at that moment, and, as I trust, my communications, as they term it, the struggles going so fearfully on within my bosom, and my nature ever to be silent when revolving any important step or event in my own mind. Perhaps this is a failing of mine, and perhaps not, but somehow I have painfully learned in my effort to suppress my feelings and emotions, and to control the workings of my soul, let them should be misinterpreted, or treated with ridicule and contempt. Thus it is that when my plans and projects are fully matured, and placed in open sight, they are deemed harsh and rash. I have often, very often, been accused of being far from the impulse of the moment, when in reality I have considered the subject a long time.

But all this is nothing. To my theme: I did make it my constant, daily prayer, that God would send me light, and aid, and I knew how many of my friends were Spiritualists, and enjoyed my communications, as they term it, more as I had not the firm moral courage to refuse to yield my powers to the controlling agency until I was satisfied, in my own mind, of the truth of Spiritualism—that is, its true source. I feared my friends would laugh at me for the idea of joining a church—for my sudden going, as they term it. Oh, that was dreadful fear! I could face anything but ridicule. But God knows I have had enough of it, both in religion and Spiritualism.

Well, I came home, when Aunt Emma asked me to sit in the circle, I felt how I felt, and my firm resolution to adhere to my intention of withdrawing myself from every means or influence which would be likely to affect me at all, until my prayer was heard and answered, either for or against. I was certain that I should receive an answer. I am told that if you pray, and the influence of your prayer, as they term it, I should be so thoroughly convinced of my error, as to leave not the shadow of a doubt on my mind. To convince me, I desired, if Spiritualism was not true, that my medium powers might be entirely taken away from me within one week's time. Go the other hand, if I was true, and was not doing wrong, that those powers might be increased seven fold, day by day; that I might receive not merely oral communications, but both hear and see the spirit communicating. And that prayer was answered, my dear aunt, as I never dared say, "I had faith in the power of the Good Being who rules over all." But, alas, it was, I fear, but as the grain of mustard seed, very small.

Now I come to that which startles me, even to think on. My week of probation was at an end, almost ere I was aware of it. It was Saturday night, and a variety of circumstances, and the fact that I was alone, led me to believe that, even, then, I was willing to acknowledge to myself. It came the hour of rest and quiet. Forgetting that it was time for my prayer to come, I took up a volume of Mrs. Sigourney's poems, which lay on my table—one which belonged to darling time. I had read of one which was called "The Light of Love," and I do love poetry, passionately love it. It so chanced, the very first lines my careless eyes rested on that evening, were these—and oh I cannot tell you how they thrilled through me when I read—

"Thou

seized by an invisible power, and, without any exercise of her own power, took up the needle; and she found that it possessed the power of attracting pieces of cotton, paper and other needles. Then her hand was carried to her temples, (for she was then suffering with some headache), and made three passes, which entirely removed the pain.

When she was walking one day in the street she heard a spirit-voice speak and say: "Hastion, my child, they are waiting anxiously for you to read a letter that has just arrived at your house, to be delivered in great haste." She hastened home and found the letter exactly as the spirit had told her.

In one of her recent-dated letters, Uley says: "I no longer need to write the communications from spirits, but I converse with them now as I do with my dear aunts and friends on earth. This is more than I have ever dared anticipate. What a comfort this is to me; it reconciles me to all the ills and vexations of life. People often ask what good does Spiritualism do? Oh, it does a great deal. No one can commune with spirits without becoming like them; without becoming more and more the children of light."

At another time, Uley writes: "You ask me, dear aunt, if the spirits of the beautiful and blessed are still my comforting companions? Yes, indeed, they are. Language would fail to describe the glorious scenes that I have witnessed existing in the spiritual world. Spirits are constantly my most real companions and my faithful friends."

One evening in January, 1859, Uley, in a letter to Mrs. Child, says: "I went to my room about dusk. An indescribable chill crept over me. I was startled by a noise which I heard in a distinct whisper. I looked around, and saw no one. It was the voice of my spirit-mother; she spoke to me direct, without the aid of pen or paper, and I conversed with her as with a mortal. We talked as mortals talk with words. Sweet to me was this conversation with my own dear mother."

In this interview her mother told all about her sickness, which, in the future, was to take place, and about the time when her earthly life would terminate—all of which proved true to the letter.

Uley continues: "After this communion with my mother, I thought to myself—'I wish I could know before death comes what the physical sensation is? And the voice of my mother said, 'Do you? Then you shall experience it.' This promise was literally fulfilled in a few days. The joy of death came over me; my sight, hearing and feeling failed; my breath was stifled; my heart fluttered, and almost ceased to beat, and my consciousness was lost for a moment. I then began to revive, and, as my consciousness returned, I heard the sweet voice of my mother say, 'Are you satisfied with your dear-bought experience? You felt the sensation of death.' I looked around, and before me were assembled my friends and a physician, who thought me to be dying."

Poetry has been spoken to her at various times by spirits, of which she says, that she cannot convey any idea of its beauty; that she has not been permitted to write down.

On one occasion she wrote seven verses of poetry which she heard from the lips of spirits, and by their direction carried these verses to a person in New York city, who recognized in each line a perfect answer to mental questions that had troubled her mind for some time previous.

She has heard a single spirit voice, come singing such melody as the earth cannot produce, when other spirits would join in, and she would hear not only the heavenly music, but every word distinctly pronounced. Many times, and often, she has listened to this angel music.

I have here recorded but a few of the multitude of spiritual manifestations that Uley has received.

She says: "After all the manifestations of Spiritualism that I have tangibly and surely witnessed through my own medium powers, can I doubt that Spiritualism is true? No, I cannot doubt; it is impossible for I know that Spiritualism is true. Doubts of its truth may exist in the darkness of the earth, but they cannot exist in the light of its reality."

There always was inherent in Uley's disposition a deeply religious nature, that was ever yearning for something above the earth, to fashion it into an element of beauty. Religion, as presented through the medium of material things, was anything but congenial with her feelings. She ever felt in early life the power of religion, but then could not define and understand it. She could never, for a moment, indulge the idea that God was stern, authoritative and vindictive; but the reverse. In her earliest life, she had an indescribable consciousness of her mother's watchfulness, of her mother's presence. The first composition she ever wrote was an invocation to her mother's spirit; notwithstanding, she was taught to believe her mother's spirit had passed far as she was heaven, beyond the reach of knowledge of anything that transpired on the earth. Her first impressions about her mother became more distinct when she was about nine years old.

When her grandfather Sabine reproved her, he would tell her how amiable and lovely her mother was. He would say to her: "You must try to be as good and gentle as she was; whose name you bear, and if God permits her to look down and see you, it will make her very happy." Such words as these have made an indelible impression upon her heart that years of sin and sorrow could not efface; for every word that told her of the presence of her mother was responded to from within. "What will make my mother happy?" has been her watchword through life. For she had a sure confidence that her mother was her own guardian angel. The name of "my mother" was to her more sacred than any name of earth or heaven. The interior consciousness of her mother's approval was her criterion of right. This may be called the imagination, but it is more real than material things. This consciousness, which Uley felt, of the presence and influence of her mother, long before she knew aught of the workings of Spiritualism, became her first solid argument in favor of that beautiful faith. The secret influence of her spirit mother was more to her than the counsel of countless mortals. She says: "I did not learn religion in my catechism; that taught me that I was a child of wrath; this was repulsive to my natural desires. My religion grew out of my own soul, or it came to me from angels. I only chose from the Bible such passages, for my religion, as breathed the deepest sentiments of Love, leaving out the passages of condemnation and wrath. When I tried to establish a system of worship, I drew before me the most glowing pictures of celestial glory. My God was not pictured on a throne of glory, far away; but I could recognize him more in the little orphan's heart who kneels in prayer, in tears, on naked knees, in her uncarpeted chamber, by the little table, over which alone hangs her grandfather's picture. 'God to me was a Being of ineffable beauty: a Being who could be approached as father, or as brother, or as mother.'"

When her development as a medium became external, tangible, she had heard nothing and knew nothing of modern Spiritualism. And when she began in this new, external phase of development, she did not receive and adopt it all at once; but she received it prayerfully, in tears, in humility.

Let us see what effect these spiritual developments had upon Uley's love of material things, in contrast with spiritual things. The following is from her pen, written in her last hours of sickness:—

I ask not the paeonary and show
Of earth that perishes;
Not the pomp and vanity of fashion,
Wearing on its face the painted mask
Which death shall dash away.

I ask not priceless gems of earth
To deck, perchance, an aching brow—
I ask not fame with trumpet-tongue
To sound my praise abroad when my
Poor lips are silent in the dust.

Fame is not peace to the burdened soul,
Nor speaketh it of heaven;
Stirre and emulation come not there.

I only ask for calm, sweet peace,
Which like a dove descends from heaven,
And brooding o'er the sin-sick soul,
Whispers pardon, mercy, truth,
And love. I ask for meek patience
Ever to endure life's seeming ills without
A murmur—deeming all as blessings
In disguise. Bright angels from the
Better land, to guide my weary footsteps home.

I ask the tender conscience
That shall duly warn temptation near;
Nor suffer me to follow where the Syren
Weaves her spell.

I ask the soul of truth,
That scorns to act a mean, dishonest part,
But ever seeks to keep its native, crystalline
Transparency so pure and bright, that
Its mirror may reflect the image
Of the heavenly world.

These are the gifts I ask; they may not
Fade with earth's perishing things;
These are God's gifts, my best of Fathers,
Wherewith to fashion beauteous garments
For my immortal soul.

After a severe paroxysm of pain, in her last sickness, her countenance brightened up, as if heaven opened to her view, and, in an earnest voice, she said:—

"If the destined part to bear, what heeds the sailor a few rough winds and waves, if he but reach his home, dear home. It will be but a little while before my home is reached, and I shall be folded to my dear mother's breast. Is this happiness for me so near at home? I dare not hardly think it is; for, like all earthly dreams, this may fade away; but still we know that it will sometime come. I am waiting and watching the long summer days through, for the change to come, when that heavenly voice shall call me home to my dear loved ones in heaven. If it be God's will, I long to go to the spirit world, and be with my mother. But, oh, my dear aunt, I have prayed to check this feeling, for fear it may be selfish. Perhaps I ought to rather desire to live, and do what I can to make others happy."

She said, in one of her last letters to her aunt: "When the time comes for me to go to my happy home, I shall go with a joyous spirit, without one single fear."

On the subject of death she recently wrote the following lines:—

Come to me, death, thou more than friend;
I've wooed thee from my earliest hour;
To me thy pinions hither bend,
And bear me to thy bow.

Take me, death, in thy embrace—
I'll come as bride to thee;
Thou shalt be my bride dress,
The ivy wreath my orange flower.

I'm waiting death; unfurl thy sail,
And swiftly bear me to thy side.
Haste, haste, oh death! my bridegroom pale!
Impatient waits thy bride!

Can there be stronger evidence of the true religious condition of a soul on earth, than such willingness as this to die? Language cannot paint the beauty of the soul of this affectionate, dear child, whose belief in Spiritualism was never excelled by a mortal on earth.

Uley's good uncle, Mr. Wm. Cogswell, of New York, says that "she was the most unselfish child he ever saw. It was so large that she did not afford that care for herself which is necessary in this world of selfishness." Uley's affection for this uncle was very strong; she said, "May God bless him for his kindness and goodness to me!"

Mrs. Emma Jacobs, of Boston—little Uley's aunt—says "that she always looked upon Uley as a child of heaven, not of earth; and now she was dead, she felt that she was nearer to her than ever before." This feeling with Mrs. Jacobs was the effect of her own soul-development, which enabled her to feel the real development of another soul like her own. Mrs. Jacobs, at times, has seen the spirits of her dear deceased friends, and is at all times conscious of their presence and influence; though, in profession, she is not a Spiritualist, but in interior development she is far more than an externally demonstrated under this name.

Mrs. Sarah Jacobs, of Boston, Uley's cousin, says that "at times, when she wrote to Uley, who felt as if she were writing to an angel." Sarah has a large development of soul herself, or else she could not have felt this reality.

Uley has another cousin in Boston, who thinks that she was crazy, because she "pretended" to commune with angels. The development of this cousin, for the present, is in another direction; other work is to be done before the tangible communion of angels can come.

Uley's Aunt Eusebia, my good wife, loves her with an undying affection; with a love so strong that no earthly power can shake or destroy it. She loves her because her soul is good and true, pure and holy. Uley's letters are sacred to the demands of her heart, and she reads and re-reads them in tearful remembrance, in spirit-love, that claims its own and joins two hearts in one true sympathy.

All who had capacity of soul to appreciate Uley's large and early spiritual growth, loved her with a love that words cannot express and time cannot obliterate—with a deathless love. It was her medium powers, which were measured by soul-growth, that gave her this excellence and greatness in a heavenly direction. Her spirit was mighty; her body was weak and feeble. Spiritualism, to her, was all there was of life, except its shadow.

Little Uley was born and brought up in the immediate atmosphere of churches, creeds and written religions, and yet her spiritual eyes looked through them all as being shadows of earth; as being things of time; and by her natural, spiritual growth, she was enabled to seize on the more real things of the spirit-world, and take her religion fresh from the hands of angels. She felt of shadows, and tried them; she reached out again and again to the churches to grasp the realities that existed in their external forms and ceremonies; but she found in her grasp nothing but an atmosphere of darkness. Prayerfully, tearfully, and earnestly did she do this. The pictures and the realities of the spirit-world were so vividly presented to the consciousness of her soul's persuasion, that she could not, she desired not to resist them; and she renounced the darkness of all external, religious forms, as unnecessary and worthless to her soul's eternal longing. And she died happy, triumphantly happy, a full and unswerving believer in Modern Spiritualism.

Miss Munson.

Editors BANNER.—The friends of Miss Munson, who left New York for San Francisco in the Baltic, on the 5th ult., will be glad to learn that letters have been received from her dated at Aspinwall and Acapulco, announcing her safe arrival at the latter port, after encountering a severe gale off the Gulf of Tehuantepec. The ship burst a steam-pipe, sprung a leak, and the pumps were kept at work during one whole night. As may be imagined, the passengers were in great alarm, aggravated by the acknowledged fact that there was not half a supply of boats for the extraordinary number of passengers in case of wreck, which for some time seemed impending over them.

It will be remembered that this same gale was encountered by the steamer from San Francisco about the same time, and therefore some anxiety has been felt until now, in relation to our friends who went out in the Baltic. At the time the latter was closed, the storm had passed, and all was smooth again.

The Baltic also had a severe storm on her way to Aspinwall, as we expected from accounts brought by the steamer which reached New York on the 11th ult., and all the females with one exception, among the twelve hundred and ninety-two passengers, were sea-sick. Miss M. was able to be on deck every day during the passage to Aspinwall, and speaks in the highest terms of the kindness of Captain Gray and the other officers of the ship, to whom she had an introduction before she sailed. The ship "behaved beautifully," as the nautical men expressed it, and all was done that could be, to promote the comfort of those on board. But the crowd was very great, and really, with the poor provision for ventilation, there was not much comfort to be had, even for the first cabin passengers. The condition of the remainder may be well imagined, for the lower portion of the ship was so close and hot, that ladies who were obliged to attend to weighing their baggage previous to their arrival at Aspinwall, were brought up from the room fainting. There should be some mode contrived for improving the ventilation of these ships, which is comparatively good on the other side, and some limit placed to the number of passengers taken. There were on the Baltic nearly twice as many as there should have been; and all these, with the exception of about fifty, were obliged to lie on the deck, on a smaller vessel on the other side. We may easily excuse the alarm among such a crowd in case of accident, and can but be impatient for the construction of our Pacific Railroad, which shall give us a safer and shorter way to the land of gold.

Providence, R. I.

The cause of Spiritualism is spreading its beautiful sunshine over this city of Roger Williams and "plantations," with a steady and rapid pace. Friend after friend, family after family, is adding its presence and influence to the meetings and the cause, until the large hall, secured by the Committee for Sunday meetings, and which will seat over one thousand persons, is often well filled. The largest and most interesting audiences I have met in New England, greeted me here, and it was surprising, even to me, to see the numbers and interest manifested on a stormy day. Much of this is owing to the earnest and consistent course of the Committee and the friends, in securing good speakers and suitable arrangements, and much to the honesty and intelligence of the people. The permanency of this movement would not be doubted by an intelligent mind who could look at the audiences which weekly assemble here—audiences of which any church in New England might well be proud, and would be, if they could get them, or others like them.

In this city I met my old and esteemed friend, Mrs. Frances H. Green, one of the early pioneers and earnest defenders of the modern spiritual philosophy of death unto life and life after death, and long a medium for impression and intercourse with spirits. For several years past she has been

greatly exercised and much occupied with the nature of, and remedies for, diseases of the body which render it an unsuitable home for the spirit; and through her have already been directed and prepared a series of electro-magnetic remedies, such as the girde, the couch-cure, the plaster, the virgine, the ointment, the elixir, &c., by which many remarkable cures have been effected, some of which are published in a circular, and concerning which more will be said in a book soon to be published by Mrs. Eliza J. Hall, M. D., now associated with her, and a thorough student and successful medical practitioner, who will set forth the science of these remedies in her book, entitled, "Attraction the Fundamental Principle of the Universe." I am glad to hear they are soon to open an establishment in Providence, where the proper and scientific application of these newly revealed remedies will be made to patients who need and come for them. I have already seen much of the power of our friends in the other life applied to the cure of physical, as well as moral and religious diseases, in this; and I have full assurances and good reasons to expect more remedies and more power as the cause progresses; and I see plainly one of the steps of progress in these persons and this movement. For further particulars, the friends can address Frances H. Green, or Eliza J. Hall, M. D., box 446, Providence, R. I.

Thus I see the great and glorious work of human redemption going on, with its firmest hope and fairest prospects in modern Spiritualism, with each significant finger pointing to another, often little aware of its own importance.

In no place in New England (perhaps I ought to except Lowell) have I found so great a degree of social harmony, or so many good, pure and true spirits engaged in bringing the kingdom of heaven, with its harmony and love, to earth, as in Providence; and especially the ladies, who seem determined to bring the circles, parties, lectures, and social meetings, to a usefulness in this great struggle of redemption. I have made the acquaintance of many in my short visit, whose names I am not at liberty to give, (as they seek not notoriety,) but which are registered in heaven, who are laboring in earnest to redeem, refine and elevate man and woman; and will the memory of their works remain dear to me, even if we meet no more on earth.

WARREN CHASE.

December 14, 1859.

Written for the Banner of Light. "IT CANNOT LAST."

BY DANIEL PARKER.

"It can't last; I'm only here for awhile; I'm going home by-and-by; I am content."—*Dealings with the Dead.*

It cannot last; I hear it from above;
And I rejoice, for I shall soon go home.

No matter through what thorny paths I rove,
Or to what poverty or pain I come;

And end will come to e'en the worst estate—
It cannot last, that's sure as sunset fade.

It cannot last; I only wait awhile;
I see quite plain what all this discord means;

I can at failure and the devil smile,
And snap my finger at their come-betweenings;

I can enquire, let what may befall—
I'm going home to meet my spirit-bride.

It cannot last; though clouds the sky o'ercast,
And bolts with fire their scalloped foldings stripe;

Though damning circumstances hold me fast,
And all my efforts seem a waste of life,

I can be happy, for I know the way,
And be contented while I have to stay.

It cannot last; the firmest grip must yield;
The strongest hold must by-and-by be let go;

The deepest wound must be assuaged and healed;
The pain must vanish of the hardest blow.

I can be cheerful, and wait patiently,
For I the purpose and the good can see.

It cannot last; no thing can always smart;
On beds of pain we cannot always lie.

Though blasts of discord blow us wide apart,
They'll all in all melt in sweetest die.

I can be hopeful; God is God in all;
From out His keeping never one can fall.

It cannot last; the stars forever shine,
Though days and nights may pass with none in sight;

Though tears and terrors, hate and hell combine;
Though painful failures e'er purpose blot;

I can be truthful, and dismiss all fear—
I see the light-house—know the harbor's near.

It cannot last; though disappointments fringe
With dismal aspects all our loves and labors;

We may be manifold, slow to win or cringe,
If wronged or slighted by our friends or neighbors.

I can be happy, for I know the way—
I'm going home! so come what may to-day.

It cannot last! suppose the storm should last?
One huddle the helm whose rudder never falls;

Whose anchor ever through all storms holds fast;
Who sails with Him forever, safely sails.

I'm only here a little while to come;
Be still my soul, for thou art going home!

Billerica, Nov., 1859.

Book Numbers of the Banner of Light.

Containing HENRY WARD BEECHER'S and EDWIN H. CHASE'S SERMONS, may be procured at this office. Mail orders promptly attended to.

MOVEMENTS OF LECTURERS.

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

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

Mrs. ANANDA M. SPENCER will lecture in
Baltimore, 2 Sundays of Jan.—Baltimore, 3 Sundays of Jan.
Providence, 4 Sundays of Feb.—New York, 4 Sundays of March.
Williamstown, 8 Sundays of April—Philadelphia, 4 Sundays of May.
Address, the above places, or Station A, New York City.

WARREN CHASE lectures January 1st, in Hartford, Ct., Jan. 3d, 4th and 5th, in Winsted, Ct., Jan. 8th, 10th, and 22d, in Doddworth's Academy, New York; Jan. 20th, Newark, N. J.; four Sundays of Feb. in Philadelphia. Address for January at our office, 145 Fulton street, New York.

Miss EMMA HARRINGTON speaks in December, in New Orleans, for Southern cities address care of N. O. Folger, Esq., New Orleans. In January and February, Miss Harrington speaks in Memphis and Cincinnati, and in March in Philadelphia and the East. Postoffice address generally 8 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

JOHN MAXWELL, M. D., from the middle of January to March 1st, will labor in Indiana, and from thence, to April 30th, in Illinois, and the eastern part of Iowa. Letters from the three last named States may be directed, if before the end of the year, to the care of Dr. Maxwell, Pontiac, Mich.

P. L. WATSON speaks Jan. 1st, in Delphi, Ind.; 8th, in Elkhart, 16th, in Sturgis, Mich.; 22d, in Adrian. He can be addressed as above.

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

Dr. P. B. RANDOLPH's address, till further notice, will be Boston, care of Banner of Light. Enclose stamp for return letter.

Miss CHARLOTTE M. TUTTLE's address will be at West Winsted, Ct., during the winter.

Miss ELIZABETH LOW, trance speaker, of Leon, Cattaugus Co., N. Y., lectures at Ellington and Rugg's Corners, Cattaugus Co., N. Y., every fourth Sabbath. She will answer calls to lecture in Chautauque and Cattaugus Counties.

LINDLEY M. ANDREWS, superior lecturer, will visit the South and West this fall and winter. Address him, either at Yellow Springs, Ohio, or at Mendota, Ill.

Mrs. MARY MACOMBER, Carpenter street, Grant Mill, care of Z. R. Macomber, Providence, R. I. She will speak at Plymouth, April 8th, 15th, 22d, and 29th. Mrs. Macomber contemplates visiting California in the Spring.

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

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

Mrs. J. W. CURRIER will lecture in Lawrence, January 1st; in Huntington, 8th; in Modus, Conn., evenings of the 10th and 12th; in Chicago, 15th, 22d and 29th; in Pulman, 30th; in Boston, 31st; in Portland, 1st; in Philadelphia, 2d. Applications for the Spring should be sent in as early as possible. Address Box 815, Lowell, Mass.

Mrs. A. W. SPRAGUE will speak at Davenport, Iowa, first Sunday in January; at Cincinnati, second and third Sunday; at Terre Haute, Ind., fourth and fifth Sunday; and at Chicago, sixth Sunday.

H. B. FAIRBANKS will speak in Portland, Me., the two first, and in Williamstown, Conn., the two last Sundays in January.

Mrs. A. P. THOMPSON, trance speaker on Bible subjects, Waterbury, Vt.

J. H. CURRIER, Lawrence, Mass., Mr. C. will speak, Sunday, Jan. 1st, at Warwick; Sunday, Jan. 8th, at Orange and Bristol; Sunday, Jan. 15th, at Concord, N. H.

A. B. WATKINS may be addressed at Brooklyn, Mich., till further notice.

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

Mrs. H. F. M. BROWN, "Aglator" office, Cleveland, Ohio. JAMES D. GAGE, Oneida, N. Y.

Miss H. M. ALMOND, San Francisco, Cal. Miss B. B. BARTON, 40 West 10th street, Toledo, Ohio.

A. B. FRENCH, Clyde, Sandusky Co., Ohio. M. T. LARK, Lawrence, Mass.

CHARLES H. CROWELL, Waterbury, Mass. Address, DANESON of Light office.

WILLIAM E. RICE, 142 Harrison Avenue, Boston. Miss A. F. THORP's address will be New York City, till further notice.

Miss ELIZA E. GIBSON, Barre, Mass. Dr. JAMES COOPER, Ballouville, Ohio.

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

RAY, JOHN, Westford, Westford, Mass. Miss SARAH A. MACQUE, No. 83 Winter street, East Cambridge, Mass.

Miss LIZZIE DORRIS, Plymouth, Mass. Miss L. BOWKER, Natick, Mass., or 7 Davis street, Boston.

Dr. DANFORTH, Boston, Mass. Miss FANNY WOODWARD, Lowell, Mass.

C. T. TISH, Taunton, Mass., care of John Eddy, Esq. Mrs. BERTIA B. CHASE, West Hartford, Mass.

E. R. YOUNG, box 85, Quincy, Mass. LOVELL BERRY, North Ridgewood, Ohio.

JOHN B. BARTON, 40 West 10th street, Toledo, Ohio. PROF. J. E. O'NEILL, No. 203 Franklin street, near Race, Philadelphia.

Mrs. J. B. BUTT, Manchester, N. H. Dr. O. C. YORK, Boston, Mass.

J. C. HALL, Buffalo, N. Y. CHARLES R. RICE, 40 West 10th street, Toledo, Ohio.

A. O. ROBINSON, Fall River, Mass. LORING MOODY, Malden, Mass.

Mrs. J. L. STREETER, Crown Point, Ind. Mrs. S. GREENHAY, Lowell, Mass.

Miss SUSAN M. JOHNSON, North Abington, Mass. Miss FANNY WOODWARD, Lowell, Mass.

Mrs. H. M. COLLE, care of Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield street, Boston.

H. A. TUCKER, Foxboro', Mass. GEORGE ATKINS, Boston, Mass.

Dr. H. B. GARDNER, 40 West 10th street, Toledo, Ohio. LEWIS B. MONROE, No. 14 Bromfield street, Boston.

DANIEL W. SNELL, No. 6 Prince st., Providence, R. I. CHRISTIAN LINDY, care of Ben. Toadale, box 221, Alton Illinois.

DEXTER DANA, East Boston, Mass. JOHN C. O'NEILL, Residence No. 5 Bay street, Boston.

J. J. LOCKE, Greenwood, Mass.

CHARLES H. CROWELL, 3-13 Brattle street, Boston, (Banner of Light office.) Medical examinations and prescriptions, \$1.00; general manifestations, \$1.00. Office hours, from 9 to 12 o'clock A. M.; and from 2 to 5 P. M. Patients visited at their residences, when required.

Dec. 31.

THE THINKER.

BEING THE FIFTH VOLUME OF THE "GREAT HARMONY," by A. J. DAVIS, is just published and ready for delivery. Price One Dollar. Single copies sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of the price. BELLA MARSH.

Dec. 10.

DR. E. ACKER.

HEALING MEDIUM, late of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., has opened a new era of medical consultation and treatment, at 157 Grand street, New York, where he will be happy to receive patients and treat diseases, especially consumption and all kindred complaints, with certain cure and speedy relief. Thousands throughout the country are afflicted with disease, and would give the world's fortune to get well. To such we say, come and get healed.

Dec. 24.

MRS. B. K. LITTLE.

HAS POSTPONED GOING SOUTH THIS WINTER, owing to the earnest solicitations of her numerous friends and friends, and will continue to occupy her usual room—30 Beach street. Hours—from 9 to 12 A. M., 2 to 6, and 8 to 10 P. M. Terms, per hour, for one or two persons, \$1.00; clairvoyant examinations, \$

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

1. One man says that a man's whole religious duty consists in performing his duty as a parent, neighbor, and a citizen. He says that every man should do the things next to his hand, day by day, and not trouble himself much about a spiritual life. He says that a man's religious duties are his civil duties, his neighborhood duties, and his domestic duties. And by this

And men, in building their bark for the other world, are putting all manner of trash into the construction; they are fashioning the very jib and keel of iniquity and unrighteousness; and they say to themselves if not to others, "When the hour of death comes,

struck through and through with the taint of
honesty. I suppose there are men in this congrega-
tion whose hearts, in the sight of God, are pure with-
out close imaginations. Now you were foul babes on
your mothers' breasts. In your younger days you were
tainted with the same evil. But now you are men, and
I have no doubt that you often go back, in memory, to
childhood, and contrast your early innocence with your
present wickedness. There are times you say, "I must
break away from the corrupt life that I am leading
and you will do for me to continue in it;" and then you
say, "I will do no more to try." If I should in-
quire of you, "What have I influenced and
I should save." I have killed a dozen times, and

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We are permitted to refer to the New York Edition of
the DANNER. 2m Dec. 18

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Dec. 17.

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