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THE SERMONS

Of Revs. HENRY WARD BEECHER and EDWIN H. CHAPIN are reported for us by the best Phonographers of Mew York, and published vorbatim every week in this paper THIRD PAGE-Rev. Dr. Chapin's Sermon.

RIGHTH PAGE-Rev. H. W. Beecher's Sermon.

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 rend so rudely the ties 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, property which was our due, and which, but for nim, 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 gether, and once during the time, when in her childish heedlessness she had fallen into the water, I saved her life! She called me 'brother Charlie,' 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 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 gonerous, that one loves to do her bidding. She is a tropical plant, fit only for a bower of beauty, or to wear as one would wear 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 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—any

where, 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, as I said before, beautiful: almost too lovely for this rough world. 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 don't 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 not 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

sime.'
Mr. Gomez heard something of the kind, and he said o my mother— Charles is now twenty-one; as soon as Lily is bet

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.

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 shail 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 easier if I may leave the child under your protection as her husband. Her ther 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—
Do not bet my death prevent the union of the childers soon.' And at his request we are to be married

dren soon. And at his request we are to be married just before leaving the islands for the summer.

Farewell, Bertha! One letter from you would be great comfort; just to say that I am not wrong in ful-filling 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 Lilian 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. wenderly, 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, sometime, I hope. Once more, farewell. 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 want long.

fountain of tears was unscaled 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 refted 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, gers. A handsome carriage drawn by two horses was ascending the hill.

"I'll make some biscuit, Joe, and you can get some per?"

his eyes dilated with surprise, and anxiety was depicted on his countenance, as he thought of supper for stran-

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.

James—and I was not mistaken.

"Heigh, ho! my little woman I how in the world did you come up in this eagle's nest? I thought the bays 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 did n't know you'd got quite so near; hard work, coming after you, though. Helloa, there!" he continued, as he caught sight of Lily's face peeping out of the door, "so you have angels 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

"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 Elimwood; 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 mo 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 change which comes to all, has come to some of their friends, is, in my eyes, nothing but rank imploty. 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?' 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. 'Don'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 bread for your family. I know all about it. I've been to the minister's down yonder, 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 buffaloes and bears on the western prairies and wild lands, or I should have seen to this business before."

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 dld not in three weeks, to write to him in the case of fellowle whom he nomed, in New York

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-olice. 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 cetting his profession. Edward did

to aid Edward in getting his profession. Edward did not know this, or he never would have taken it.

"I knew he would repay it with the first money he earned," 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 ut that moment. It was a shelter, and Jee and I would share our crust.

As I said, the three weeks were almost expired in which we were to hear from Colonel James. I was

weary from night watching, and had drawn Lily's orib 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

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

a lew appies, and soo mad been busy at misched all day, but saying, as he plied his awl merrily: "Yes, yes—no, no, 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 ny hair, moistening and rolling afresh the curls which my hair, moistening and rolling afrest the curis 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 even tide it shall be light," and I know not why, but they brought peace.

The old iron tea-kettle which Joe had filled and put

The old fron 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 would I 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, and with the old childish feeling strong within me, I spoke no word, but I pillowed 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 sleep ing child. Joe found us thus when he came in with his hominy and a pall 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 my friend Colonel James, and the colonel was full of it himself after his visit there."

"Yes. yes; no, no," said Joe, quite disconcerted, and as if to turn the subject. "Ha, ha! Charlie, the old chimney | bread and cheese !' This was a fortunate speech, for it set us all to laughing, and the next question was, "Shall we have sup-

"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,

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

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 awake, 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 Elmand of the proved dishortest, and left ample funds, in the hands of an agent in New York, for Elmands of the proved dishortest, and left ample funds. wood and filly; 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, Auntic Paul, Joe, and Lily—save Colonel James, to Auntic Paul, Joe, and Lily—savo 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 attache to some foreign minister, and was going abroad.

"La", honey," said Mammie June, "I begin to think I se 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 lam writing now in the horary at Emwood. 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.

change, for it has withstood all trial.

Auntic Paul has a life-lease 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 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 eves in the garret of the parsonage, 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.

For the Banner of Light.

THE POWER OF CONSCIENCE

Translated from the German of Frans Hoffman. BY CORA WILBURN.

CHAPTER I.

GOOD RESOLVES.

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 for ever-hither would I flee from the turmoils and discords of the world." Would you behold it? Then take a walk from Hamburgh to Blankenese, on the right bank of the Elbe, and you will find this home mid the villag and nalaces that arise so the green hillsides by the river. "This is the place !" you exclaim, as your eye rests 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-plat, 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 oottage 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 Brackenberg, the widow of a wealthy and influential Henburg 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 Brackenberg was wealthy, and delight ed in giving pleasure to his loved ones; he had the cot tage 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 rura

homestead, than Madam Brackenberg. She longingly awaited the spring time to return to it; she left it re Inctantly 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 Bracken berg departed this life. He had lost much of his honestly acquired riches, and illent 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 women; she summoned all her resolution, and sought to save from shipwreck all that: small sum of money, sufficient for the maintenance of my Adolph?" her children, by the exercise of prudence and economy: prized garden. "God be thanked!" she said to her children, after

she had paid off all her husland's debts. "We shall

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 busband and father; his loving ombrace, his footstep 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 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, stopped out upon the verandah, cast her eyes upon the blooming scene before her, breathed quick and delight edly 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 basy 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.

"Aha! now you open your eyes, ch. mocking-bird? An angler must have patience and take no heed of trouble, and at last he reaps his reward. There-take im, 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 ear nest. What ails you, Adolph?".

"Ails me? Nothing now;" 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 today, 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 could be obtained. She satisfied the demands of all the path of rectitude! You have always been a brave her husband's creditors, and yet retained for herself a and good son; you will be so in the future, will you not,

"Yes, yes, dearest, best beloved mother! I promise abe retained, also, the belored cottage and the much 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 not have to starve, nor to miffer privation. We shall | these words |" replied the mother, with glad tears in go to the country to remain, and live peacefully by her eyes. "I do not doubt you; your father was a ourselves. How fortunate to is, that our cottage is so 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 don'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 ciffs 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, Adolphe 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 i" 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 moth-

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

"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 bleed-

ing 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 nigh 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 Hamburgh; 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 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." "Pooh! there is something better to be done." re-

joined Robert. "Come with me, you know wherecome !" 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 shy. But the world is round, and moves; and what was below yesterday may be uppormost to-day. Don't be a child, Adolph! Come with.

me, and if you need money, my purso is at your ser--

vice." Adolph shook his head.

"No. no," he repeated with a repellant 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

"It is true," he murmured. "But how do you

know?" he naked. "Because I saw your signature upon the deak of my

comfortable; we can live there in winter, too."

employer," was Robert's roply. "I thought at once, when I saw you wandering about so despairingly, 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 I" oried Adolph, with desperate re-

solve-"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 dews; the birds sang exultingly sweet and clear

their loveliest morning songs. At this time there 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 carclessly upon him; his face was pallid and distorted as that of the dead. It was Aolph, 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 i 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 dewy freshness of the grass. Sobbing convalsively, he lay there, giving way to the fullness of his grief and remorse, that, like flery torture, scothed in his brain and raged in his

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, sho 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 sprung 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 oried. "Speak, my child, speak !-what has occurred?" Her trembling hand seized the ico-cold one of her son; he attempted to fice 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

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

"Merciful God!" she murmered, with quivering lips and folded hands, there is some greatur mil 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

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 sprung 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 I"

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

was to go carly 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 corpselike pallor on her features, with her hands · lasped 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, 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 re-

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

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

Lieft the room. Pale and weighed down with grief, she hastened to her chamber,

left the house with quick footstops, taking the road to Hamburg. . It was noon when she returned; with a calm demeaner, but with tearstained face she entered her son's chamber.

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

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

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

"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! You and Emma-you must not 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 1 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 posessions, 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

"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 oppoition 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 and to the city. He stopped several times to look at the house from which his sin had banished mother and sister. When his form could no longer be discerned, Madam Brackenberg wiped her tears away and said:

.. All is cone ! 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 repentence 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

Now Mary had heard a great deal of what is called preaching, and, s she had a very bright, 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." "Oh, is that it?"

"Yes, all that makes us love is our soul's life. Now, Mary, tell ne 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 I 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 deadens 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

.. 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 will have a great deal of time for your own pleasure, 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 muchleasant, 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." "I think buttercups are very pretty," said Nancy.

"Yes, I suppose you do, because you come from a butteroup

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

knott down, and prayed. Then she put on her shawl and bounet, and bright for a time, for Nancy had been the peacemaker, and the girls forgot her dress in her willing hands.

were ready for a pitched battle.

picked up Mary's, it was broken. This made all the children stop attractive language by the perversion of which we speak. their contentions, and Charlle ran into the yard.

her face looked very red and angry.

Nancy.

cross as she can be."

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

names, or when she grew angry at Charlie?

"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 Thom-

The next day Mary wanted to go over to play with Susan; but her and her soul felt very warm and full of life.

She went to visit Lizzie in the afternoon, and as she went she with your soul." Lizzie had a very disagreeable way of ordering moral or intellectual faculty, or any emotion of his nature, is guilty 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 ny 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 nover 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 butteroups are beautiful, too." And 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

"Yes," said Nancy, "mother says butteroups are like God's love;

hey 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 ex-

plained to me what I could make it mean, I did n'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 n't show Nancy how to braid mats, that she might earn some money to buy her a new

Now, every day that Mary tried to be good, she felt her love grow ing 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 Lizzle 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

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. PAYTON SPENCE, 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 comes unconscious of all things else, then the marriage is not yet for mind by which it outreaches after, and gathers unto itself, that which him. 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 the present state of society. Principles are eternal, while all existto 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 of the past tell us that the eternal must ever judge the temporary. presented to the mind finds nothing there to adhere to-nothing that | Those of us who are naturally torpid and sluggish no unnaturalism involuntarily and spontaneously clings to it, and claims 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 goad himself on to a task, I do not wish to convey the idea that I am without seam or suture. It has parts, yet it is an inseparable unit, opposed to action. It is not action which I condemn, but laborand love is the plastic element which binds all its various parts and mental and physical drudgery—that kind of labor which consumes 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 never vitalizes us-which wears out our strength, but never reinstates from the chass. It is the fluid mercury that runs out of the mind, the body that everything reproduces its kind. Life gives birth to and thence pours through all nature—the shifting sand-heaps and the life, and action leaves behind it a still greater capacity of acting. gold, leaving the sand, the rocks and the rubbish untouched, or float indeed, nature has built him no gymnasium; yet she has, in the fullto ourselves with opr hands, as it were, and tack on, or plaster over will not let him slumber. She has laid him open at every porethe surface of the soul, must moulder, and crumble, and fall. The made him bibulous all over, and then dipped him in this enveloping are temporary, because they exhaust the very energies which sustain that he might flit across the heavens like a streaming meteor and, for a moment, bathe their upturned faces with light; that the present

There is another kind of unnaturalism which deserves our attention. I think I shall uttor a truth which is not recorded in the But now Charlie came in; he was wild and full of fun, and loved books; yet I know that it is a truth. I know, too, that many will o tease the girls, so he slyly hid Mary's wreath. She was vexed feel its truth, and rise up to meet it and embrace it. The consethat she could not flud it, and tore the other wreaths in pieces, and quences of the unnaturalism, to which I now refer, are felt in every gave Charlie a hard push. He pushed back, and Susan Lee helped department of the mind. There is not a faculty of the mind but Mary; but Lizzio went on Charlle's side, and they looked as if they what has felt its injurious effects; not a incament of grace, or of beauty, or of leveliness, but what has been blurred and distorted and Nancy tried to gather up the delis that fell on the floor, and as she made to speak an unnatural and repulsive, instead of a natural and

Look at that young man-pale, meagre, depressed, subdued. He "Oh, dear me," said Mary, "that was my birthday present, and cannot weep, and yet he dare not laugh for fear that he might lay Charlie has spoiled it; and I hope he will be whipped, and I'll tell open his soul, which he would rather have the mountains fall upon father," and then she cried, and then she scolded, and all the time him than have any man behold. He seems constantly hiding his soul from the gaze of men. He hurries with rapid movements among "My mother has some cement, perhaps she can mend it," said his fellows as though he was in the midst of sples and enemies. He looks anywhere and everywhere but at the very spot which is most Lizzle, who had been rather pleased than otherwise at the trouble attractive to a noble mind, anywhere but in the eye of his brother of Mary, said to Nancy: "I wouldn't try to help her; she is just as 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 The little girls went home, and Mary sought her mother. When is to him like the glare of the sun reaching down into that soul of she had told her troubles, her mother asked her if she thought her his which he would fain conceal from all, and which he dare not soul was alive, when she called the kind Nancy by disagreeable even let a child behold. The attractive irradiations which play around the mouth, the eyes, and all over the faces of natural men, "Oh, dear me," said Mary, "I believe it is worse off than ever; are not on his. His face is, as it were, dumb and expressionless, but now I understand better how I can save it, for Nancy, who was for he has tried to teach it not to speak. Yet that unsteady, shrinkso good, showed me how; but I guess Lizzie's soul is no better than ing eye, that agitated manner, that hurried step, that dumb, meaningless 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 is 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 mother wanted her to stay and care for Annie. This made her very know it, and we give it a new name and commend it to each other. fretful, and she pouted her lips and went into a corner to find the But I shall call it by its true name, and if it is lovely still. It may be sulks. Little Annie pulled her gown, and said, "Please turn," and courted still. The laws of the mind run through every faculty, and Mary, remembering her resolution, made a great effort, and began to proclaim them akin. There is a self-stimulation of every faculty of play with Annie. She felt much happier after she had done this; the mind, and wherever it is operative there the real detriment to the and Anna was so cunning and playful, that Mary grew very pleasant, 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 remembered what her mother had said. "Lizzie has something to do voluntarily enters into himself, and stimulates and energizes any others about, and Mary found it very hard to do right or be pleasant of self-pollutiou. There is but one healthful way for mind to be set long with Lizzie; but this day she had conquered once, and so she in motion, and that is spontaneously. We must reason, because we cannot do other than reason. We must sing, because the soul invol. untarily 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 educed from 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 exhileration in us; how hard, in fine, te 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 else to do with himself; and now he is determined to write something grand, beautiful and sublime. But the poetry does not flow spontaneous-

ly. 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 resistless 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, resistless and uncontrollable. When he gets up from such a spontaneous effort, instead of being ex hausted, he feels a glow, an exhiloration, and a strength, as though he had been feasting upon the inspiration of nature, and riding upon the clastic ether, like a flower, from a tree by the south wind shaken, and into the clouds upborne."

The greatest miracle in nature, 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 per ception 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 miscrable failure, as any man may know who will compare those mock, poetical emotions with the true poetical enthusiasm which thrills and glows within him when he sees the beauty with his own eyes, and the sight stirs up the true poetry of his soul, and that poetry then outblooms into in! tellectual 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 be-

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 mussle and the oyster. But principles are not to be tested by consequences arising out of ing institutions and customs are temporary; and the ruins and wrecks can ever make any better than the mussle, or the oyster. Yet, when I condemn all modes of self-stimulation by which one endeavors to our energies without compensation, which feeds upon our life, but

from it. Love is the invisible magnetism which goes out in search us. Of true and legitimate action there cannot be too much. Action of its like, and which can never be deceived. It knows the wheat is but another name for life, and it is a law of the mind as well as of solid mountains and searches out and amalgamates with the pure Nor has man been left without an incentive to action. 'Tis true, ing loosely upon its surface, self-repelled. Then all that we gather ness of her bounty, placed him in the midst of surroundings which unnatural effort by which we cling to that which is not ours, is un- ocean of inspiration. I know, indeed, it is said that the season of equal to the task—unequal to the contest between itself and that inspiration has come and gone forever; that, in the dim shadows of steady, unyielding, spontaneous and eternal repulsion by which the the past, a God did, now and then, clothe some chosen spirit of soul drives from it that which is uncongenial. All voluntary efforts earth with fire, and, on flaming pinions, lift him above his fellows,

and tremble with overflowing delights; the ephemeral

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

REPORTED FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT, BY BURR AND LORD. -"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see

Text.—"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."—Marr. 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 that they are confounding escence with form.

So It is often now, Men do not discern that which is true and divine. They take material estimates, morning, is, in its sentiment, intimately connected with the passages which follow it in this remarkable in the passages which follow it in this remarkable in the passages which follow it in this remarkable in the passages which follow it in this remarkable in the passages which follow it in this remarkable in the passages which follow it in this remarkable in the passages which follow it in this remarkable in the passages which follow it in this remarkable in the passages which follow it in this remarkable in the passages which follow it in this remarkable in the passages which follow it in this remarkable in the passages which follow it in this remarkable in the passages which follow it in this remarkable in the passages which follow it in this remarkable in the passages which follow it in this remarkable in the passages which follow it in this remarkable in the passages which follow it in this remarkable in the passages which follow it in this remarkable in the passages which follow it in this remarkable in the passages which follow it in this passages when the passages which follow it in this passages when the law, by the action of the mind or by the market of the law, by the action of the mind or by the action of the mind or by the action of the mind or by the market of the law, by the action of the mind or by the morning. The passages is the true and divine. They take material estimates, metad of spiritual standards of things. What source. Alsa, it is too true, even now, as the value, in the source. Alsa, it is too true, even now, as the value, in the source. Alsa, it is too true, even now, as the value, in the source. Alsa, it is to

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 the nature of things that they who hunger and thirst after righteous-ness 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 the pure in the mineral section of the mineral section. To take mineral section of the mineral section. its own corresponding inculty or organ. To take mi-nute instauces, 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 What to some men are sweet sounds and harmonies, to others are as the rumbling of wheels in the street, and strike upon the ear as discords. Some men have an eye for art. Others have no taste for it at all. Each specific branch seems to require its special faculty, by which it is to be tried, by which it is to be discerned; and no man can be a critic in art, who has not this faculty. 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 sensuons 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 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 ne cessary for the knowledge even of the objects in the outward universe in which we live. It is not the mere physical organization of the eye which sees, or of the earwhich 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 an-imal nature, for it is true that animals often have a then this may be nothing in man distinct from his an-imal nature, for it is true that animals often have a life? Men say they must have something external, some finer eye and more acute ear, for seeing and hearing, some sound, some communication. They wish to than man; so it is possible that our perception of the material world may be only the animal vision, and an imal perception, may be only carthly faculties; and what more we see in beauty, or hear in harmony, may perance, there is no touch, no material demonstration, the which we can learn that those who go hence shall what more we see in beauty, or near the what more we see in beauty, or near the what more we see in beauty, or near the what more we see in beauty, or near the what is a grander kind of the animal, dwelling in a universe of glorious sights and sweet sounds, living to cat, 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 things, when the only proof lies in you; the only proof the senses. And thus a great many, it is to be feared, the senses. And thus a great many, it is to be feared, the senses. And thus a great many, it is to be feared, the senses. And thus a great many, it is to be feared, the senses are the senses and thus a great many, it is to be feared, the senses are the senses and thus a great many, it is to be feared, the senses are the senses beyond the pale of sense and matter; or, at least, with only the din and vague perception residing in all men, from the fact that no man is merely animal; no man is merely merely an organism for sensations. Someone highly organized and very sensitive, living with a refined sort of sensuality to be sure—perhaps I should say sensuousness—love harmony, have a sense of beauty, are controlled by a love of decency and order, and yet of a representation of God, of a symbol of God, live without any true vision beyond the outward an imal sense. It is the same scale of being, belonging to the mere brutes, but which renders man even more gross and brutal, and in some respects lower than morely brutal, because the brute has not such power to twist himself out of his proper orbit as man has. It is not the organ by which in the truest and deepest sense we see God.

So I observe, in the next place, that the intellectual faculty is good; good for intellectual truth, good for the sphere where intellectual truth can be grasped and

brute; in the first place, because he is more than that; and in the second place, in his brutal descent and gravitation, he does more than any brute can or would do in this universe. Mow, upon whatever degree of this sensuous 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 and use the means by which God is seen. Because God latrix of science. The notices forms of interest may been expressed in science. The grandest achievements with our fleshly organs, the tree we see with these fleshly eyes. God is in matter, to be discerned through field, and splendfully does it adorn our time. Glorious matter; but it is with something more than material are its trophies; wonderful are its works. No man can vision that we behold this. He is to be discovered look upon the past revelutions torm from the womb of Meshly eyes. God is in matter, to be discerned through matter; but it is with something more than material vision that we behold this. He is to be discovered the tree, or upon any form in the material world. So, I repeat, that the man who looks with sensuous 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 perior; so in the field of observation, the intellect is superior; so in the field of relations. That is the pecupossessed by men, which another man may behold. We may, with our earthly eyes, behold our fellow-man, our world with the field of relations.

possessed by men, which another man may behold. We may, with our earthly eyes, behold our fellow-man, our vellow 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 meh go further than this. They is do not discern that which is Godlike, divine. As I have said, one must have a certain faculty for 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 dis-

imbued with the spirit of painting, that they can dis imbued with the spirit of painting, that they can dis-dern the works of any great master wherever they behold them. Some little coloring or hae, something in the shape or forms of each, will be sufficiently marked for them to know the work of that master. So there are men who have educated their finer faculties as to be thus cognizant of God, who can recognize God the earth that moves; and it was only after ages that anywhere. But the man who lives merely upon the sensous plane of life, using only the material organ the senses in this respect. The senses tell us that if for seeing or hearing, does not merely not discern God, but does not discern any manifestation of God. He metal, it will burn. No, says the intellect; under certain the senses in this respect.

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. 'Tis not so, however. The age of inspiration dawned with the birth of humanity, and the reseate 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 coloments and the changing seasons; the enameled day and the jeweled night, unwrinkled as a dewdrop and as fair; the shining meats that fit adown 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 catanacts; 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 selemn anthems unmajesty, and the vast ocean which, like a great nangly soul looking up to heaven, drinks in the music of all the stars, and murmurs its own solemn anthems unceasingly; the bright-eyed flowers of the field, and the joyous birds that soar in the air and sing, and flutter, and tremble with overflowing delights: the ephemeral 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, 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.

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, blank nothingness is before them forever. Men look out upon this day of damp fog, 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 They do not feel the propriety of the hymn which we sung this morning—"Welcome delightful morn."

They do not see that this day is delightful, that it is rich in God's beneficance, glorious with Christ's resurretion of the state of the second sta rection, and that it is suggestive of spiritual realities which deeply concern all mankind. So when it is dark without, those upon the sensuous plane of being see naught of God, and do not have faith enough to look up and say, "Lord, lift up the light of thy countenance upon us."

tenance upon us."

To these people a future life is absolutely incredible. They may hold to it as a doctrine, recognize it as a tradition, but in their heart of hearts they put no real faith in it. "Give us." they say virtually, "some evidence of it." What kind of evidence will you have? The grave giving back the dead to life? That is no evidence of a future life. That would be evidence of resuscitation, of somebody coming back into this life. But how can we have evidence of a future life, a material presentation of it? Does anything which has passed Identified a material presentation of it? Does anything which has passed into the great laboratory of nature come back in the re nemerous mere out mere away, do we expect to see the same flower again? But the seed and the flower come out again in some other form in nature. So when we lay the dear forms of humanity, whom we love in our souls, in the sepulary of the can we expect to see the same form come back again? And if we did, would it be evidence of a future life? Men say they must have something external, some ing out and taking hold of the realities of God. But men upon the sensuous plane of things, looking for an outward manifestation, still feel a little doubtful of a future life. They have none of these evidences, and are doubtful. This is the reason: We cannot see God with the sensuous eye, because he could not come to us in any way to prove him to be God. It would be proof only of a representation of God of a symbol of God.

> the sphere where intellectual truth can be grusped and used. It has a legitimate sphere. The intellectual faculty is the faculty which combines the sensuous and the abstract. The man who has been sufficiently developed to use his intellect, and to walk by its light, has risen above this mere sensuous plane, and has reached a plane which connects with the sensuous facts of the material world about him, spiritual realities to a certain extent, or at least, abstract truths. His is the world of observation. That is the great peculiarity of science. The noblest forms of intellect have liarity of the intellect. It not only sees the material world with the sensuous eye, but sees it in all its relations. It not only beholds the stone and the tree, but traces the wondrous harmony between the stone and the tree; between every little leaf which quivers in the June breeze, and the constellations which sparkle in glory; traces out those wonderful relations between the finest filaments revealed by microscopic investiga-tions, and the worlds which crowd the field of the lions, and the worlds which crowd the field of the telescope, and finds that all these worlds are braided together, that every artery and fibre of this universe beats in harmony. That is peculiarly the gift of the scientific and intellectual eye.
>
> Again, it is the faculty which corrects the estimates of the senses. The senses tell us one thing; the intellect tells us a very different thing. The senses tell us that the sun moves. The intellect tells us—no; it is the cert that moves; and it was only after ages that

but does not discern any manifestation of God. He metal, it will burn. No, says the intellect; under cerdes 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 line. The shores are falling down. There are constant

movements and mutations in nature. The intellectual cyc, the actionities eye, has the advantage of taking wide cycles of time. The senses confine us to the present; and we think that in the present all things are to be reckened; we count the present all things and to be reckened; we count the present as containing all that we know or can feel. We concentrate all the processes of nature upon the present. No, says the scientific eye; there are vast cycles of time in which these changes are wrought. Down I went the other day into the heart of the earth, and saw the roots of the old forests that waved millions of years ago, before man ever came upon the earth, when there was the rolling of other seas, the shining, perhaps, of another sun. But continually, in the long lapse of time, a change has taken place; the earth has been clothed over with its present covering; another foliage has age peared, new lowers, new beauties; while the great cellarage has been stored with this very coal by the

defines relations, as I have said; but how can you defines relations, as I have said; but how can you define the infinite? It is a centradiction in terms, in its Prove that you can see the columns of this church, the very language. How can you apprehend and speak of relations between infinite attributes? How can there be relations between infinites? How can there be relations between see them; then the pure in heart can fall back upon infinites attributes? We want there is the columns of this roof. very language. How can you appreciate the relations between infinite attributes? How can there be relations between infinites? How can there be relations between infinite attributes? How can you apprehend such a thing as relations at all, which imply separation as far as certain limits, between the infinite and the finite? And this is where metaphysicians, and sometimes theologians, who think that they are doing service to relations when they talk about these metaphysical puzzles, the shipwreck. Every true heart is as sure as when they talk about these metaphysical puzzles, looking upon the eternal mountains, that he sees God.

but they do not recognize a God.

Again, when intellect, as I have shown, attempts to define and grasp God, it thereby gets confused. It darkens and does not reveal. It gives us riddles, not revelations. The pure in heart alone lies like a mirror, and reflects God, just as the still lake reflects the starry heavens. Grien in its submidd glory. Rootes that more heavens, Orion in its splendid glory, Bootes, that mag-nificent procession of worlds, vast as they are, infinite as they are, all reflected by that calm, quiet depth of water; and so the pure heart in its silence and its great purity reflects God and sees God. In its own consciousness and experience, it determines what God is. It feels what God is, just as the child feels what its mo-ther is. The child cannot see what its mother's love is by its eyes. It cannot perceive it with its senses, or intellectually comprehend that love. But it knows its mother's love. It sees all the moral beauty of that motherly love by its own consciousness and its own experience. So man, not through the proud telescope with which he pierces the depths of space, not by the ensuous eye which limits him to sense and matter. but by a pure; divine instinct within, recognizes God and wmpathizes with God. For there are different classes sympathizes with God. For there are different classes of sympathy, according to the plane upon which men stand. Material minds, as I have shown you, make material estimates. Worldly good is all. They sympathize with that. The intellectual man makes intelectual estimates. The musician sympathizes with the nusician; the artist with the artist. It takes something of a poet to apprehend and get into the depth, the lus ciousness, the spiritual life, of a great poem. And so we must be in some way like God, in order that we may see God as he is. There is some fragment of this in every man, in the very nature of man. It is a great truth which nothing can obliterate, which no skeptical conceit can explain, that in every man there is some little fragment, so that, with all his sensuousness, he may very often recognize God; but then very often, to counterbalance this perception, he gets the idea of God being sensuous. It is a sensuous God, dark with human passions, black with wrath, flery with vengeance, still more degraded than the heathen conception, the intellectual conception of a bleak first cause, a primum mobile, a dim, distant something back of all forces and

all forms. It is only the pure heart which sees the pure and loving God. Only that which is pure, which is loving, can recognize the great force which lives in the universe and directs all things.

Still, if you ask how, since the finite intellectual cannot grasp the infinite, the pure heart can grasp God, since it also is finite, I reply that the pure heart sees God and no other. It does not see God complete-ly, because it is finite; it is acquainted with him and is love. It does not thoroughly know him, but it gets the right conception of God so far as it goes. Just as the child gets a conception of the parent, it gets no false conception; it sees the truth, though not the whole truth. I know that the apostle says, we know in part: but when that which is perfect is come, that in part; but when that which is perfect is come, that which is in part shall be done away. We do know in part, and only in part, but what we do know is real knowledge. We do not know the whole of God., but after all it is true knowledge as far as it goest; and when we come to know God better, if that which is in when we come to know our better, it that which is part shall be done away, it will not be destruction, but fulfillment. The child's knowledge is done away when the child's knowledge passes into the knowledge of the man. But the child's knowledge is true so far as it was the track destroyed. In nature, all parts of the knowledge is true to destruct the way. goes; it is not destroyed. In nature's larger truths we are all children here in the dim galleries of time, all more or less under the limitations of sense, all more or less puzzled by the mysteries of the intellect. Still we

change has taken place; the earth has been clothed over with its present covering; another foliage has appeared, new flowers, new beauties; while the great cellarage has been stored with this very coal by the process, ready for the needs of civilization, when men should come upon it. So selence lifts us up from the narrow limits of the present, and takes a wide sweep of time.

be the sense which we doe with our fleshly organs. Do we expect to see flod with our fleshly organs. Do we expect to see flin in a form, in the future? How can be take a form or limits, who is infinite? The moment be takes a form he becomes limited. We should come upon it. So selence lifts us up from the narrow limits of the present, and takes a wide sweep of time.

So to the sensuous eye, the firmament is right over our heads, and the stars are little dots of light near by; but the intellect carries its observation into immensity, and these very stars fly apart myriads of miles, in the vast spaces of the universe, vaster than any conceivable sea. Oh, it is a great power and a great pivilege to live the life of the intellect. It is a great thing to be one with all time, and feel that we have a relation with all the centuries which precede and with an eternity to come. It is a great thing to live in space; to find that we nee bound with this web of know why we are, and in what kind of a universe we are placed, to know that it is not merely of the centh, earthy.

But, after all, the intellect is blended with the earth; it is partial, confused, earthy; it is a medium, a lens; you cannot see God with the intellect alone; but through the intellect wou may be able to see him, bear the flesh, a seeing in the flesh, a seeing.

What is it then? It is a spiritual apprehension of sis character, clearer and larger views of his ch an intellect, the intellect might in some way apprehend him. If God was nothing but a bleak, immense, thend him. If God was nothing but a bleak, immense, then the eye of the soul, the pure heart, is authentic in grasp God, because God is something more than pure preason.

Again, the intellect of man is a defining power. It defines relations as I have said: but how can you declines relations as I have said: but how can you declines relations as I have said: but how can you declines relations as I have said: but how can you declines relations as I have said: but how can you declines relations as I have said: but how can you declines relations as I have said: but how can you declines relations are seen to express the two can see a store by the said.

come from the fact that with the littellect allone we cannot see God.

But he finds the truth of God when something deeper than the intellect only, more primal, more fundamental, more allied to God, breathes in over him the thought that there is a God. And when the germ of that mystic conception of God is planted in our souls, and blossoms and flowers, then the intellect finds God everywhere, list see God and knows that the laws of eternal rectitude will never die or perish. The pure in heart behold that are everywhere. It sees God in the star, in the little daisy; in the futtering of every leaf, as well as in the awful stupendous majesty of worlds. But while it is a faculty littled for its sphere, it is not the faculty by which in a true and fundamental sense we see God. No, my friends; here is the simple and profound truth; here is the infinite reality, that it is the pure in heart who see God, and they alone can see God. What is God; but the revolutions which he made to us of God; bwill be the see God. What is god; but the revolations which he made to us of God; bwill be seen. The merely sensous eye does not see him at all. It beholds only the vell which like him. It sees only the drapery of him, and regards not that which the drapery clothes. To the sensous eye does not see him at all. It beholds only the vell which like him. It sees only the drapery of him, and regards not that which the draper

WHAT THEODORE PARKER BELIEVES. We make the following extract from a printed sermon, delivered by Mr. Parker in the old Melodeon November 14th, 1852:-

The question is not how a man dies, but how he lives It is very easy for a dying man to be opiated by the doctor and minister to such a degree that his mouth doctor and minister to such a degree that his mouth shall utter anything you will; and then, though he was the most hardened of wretches, you shall say, "he died a saint!" The common notion of the value of a little snivelling and whimpering on a death bed is too dangerous, as well as too poor, to be taught for science in the midst of the nineteenth century.

I have taken it for granted, that religion gave to man the highest dearest, and descreed all enters.

men the highest, dearest, and deepest, of all enjoy-ments and delights; that it beautified every relation in human life, and shed the light of heaven into the very humblest house, into the lowliest heart, and cheered, and soothed, and blessed, the very hardest lot, and the most cruel fate in mortal life. This is not only my word, but your hearts bear witness to the truth of that teaching; and all human history will tell the same

thing.

These have been the chief doctrines that I have set forth in a thousand forms. You see at once how very widely this differs from the common scheme of theology in which all of us wore born and bred. There is a vast difference in the Idea of God, of Man, and of the Re-

Of course I do not believe in a devil, eternal torment, nor in a particle of absolute evil in God's world or in God. I do not believe there ever was a miracle, or ever will be; everywhere I find law—the constant mode of operation of the infinite God. I do not believe in the miraculous inspiration of the Old Testament or the New Testament. I do not believe that the Old Testament was God's first word, nor the New Testament his last. The Scriptures are no finality to me. Inspiration inst. The scriptures are no unapity to me. Inspiration is a perpetual fact. Prophets and Apostles did not monopolize the Father; He inspires men to-day as much as heretofore. In nature, also, God speaks forever. Are not these flowers new works of God? Are not the feetile not be the series of the fossils underneath our feet hundreds of miles thick, old words of God, spoken millions of millions of years before Moses began to be?
I do not believe the miraculous origin of the Hebrew

Church, or the Buddhist Church, or the Christian Church; nor the miraculous character of Jesus. I take not the Bible for my master, nor yet the church; nor even Jesus of Nazareth for my master. I feel not at all-bound to believe what the church says is true, nor what any writer in the Old or New Testament declares true; and I am ready to believe that Jesus taught, as I think, eternal torment, the existence of a devil, and that he himself should, ere long, come back in the clouds of heaven. I do not accept these things on his authority. I try all things by the human faculties; intellectual things by the intellect moral things by the conscience, affectional things by the affections, and religious things by the soul. Has God given us anything better the course try? How can we serve Him and nature? How can we serve Him and his purposes but by its normal use?

But, at the same time; I reverence the Christian Church for the great good it has done for mankind; I reverence the Mahometan Church for the good it has done—a far less good. I reverence the Scriptures for every word of truth they teach; and they are crowded with the property from end to end. Above all less puzzled by the mysteries of the intellect. Still we with truth and beauty, from end to end. Above all do see God to some extent; and doing away with that partial knowledge will be development, and not destruction.

The pure in heart shall see God. None of us here upon earth are perfectly prepared, and we cannot perfectly know God. But the more we become pure in heart, the more perfect will our knowledge here. heart, the more perfect will our knowledge be. greatness; not without errors, not without the stain of "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see his times, and I presume, of course, not without God," Yes; you know it, and I know it. In the sins; for men without sins exist in the dreams of girls, greatness; not without errors, not without the stain of

not in real fact; you never saw such a one, nor I, and not in real fact; you never saw such a one, nor I, and we never shall. But Jesus of Nuzareth 1s my best bistoric ideal of a religious man, and revolutionizes the vulgar conception of human greatness. What are your Caesars, Alexanders, Cromwells, Napoleons, Bacons, and Leibnitz, and Kant, and Bhakspeare, and Milton even, mon of immense brain and will—what are they all to this person of large and delicate intellect, of a great conscience, and heart and soul far mightier yot?

Written for the Banner of Light. DREAM LAND.

BY G. L. BURNSIDE, MEDIUM. I have lately seen it In its evening glow; I wandered some time in it, Ere I well could know Where I wandered wildly. Doubting all the dream. Wietfolly and wildly By the haunted stream Went I weeping, woful, For the lost and loved Of the wintry world Where I lately wept, And sentence hurled At the dead who slept In the grave I wanted; And wept in doubt; For I find the dead . Are loth to come out. And they wrap their shrouds Around them tight; And the worm and the eft

Are wizard light To the gray and dark Sepulchral stone That came and drank The heart and bone Of the dead and damned That round them lay In the light of the lamp That their fingers play With-wildly aghast At the lurid glow Of the sun-like shaft That laid them low. Laid up in store,

And the dead are there For the warmer land 45.74 6.26 They wish for more or hopen Than the heart can tell. For the lamp is out, And the newt is well Ensconced in the shell That was the lamp Of their light on earth. And they wistful wear it. In its worn-out And loathly, hollow, And wizard state, That is all askance Sugar Assignation With its blind catata. And tremble wildly
In doubt and dread,

As the lamp is swinging Above their head; And sigh for those Unheard of shores. Of the lost abyss Of the desert, dank With the dew of tears, 1.1.11.11.23 Ascending to him Who lights them all With the glow of love; And fain would call er ergegilte s Their souls above. assect art But they wander far; 5 . 100.8 And they wander stil a de liber Where the bill-sides are

That they wish to fill.
With the dread of their fears, And the gloom of death. And the light that shines Above them cannot Give them all The light they sought, distrib. For they will not let Its light come down; The side But the lamp is set Where the emmets frown Monde In the caverned place

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And the worm is dank With the dew of death. And the soul is still With unnumbered sighs, Endeavoring to fill The wild-witch eyes Of the wizard eft. As he silent lies, In the silent cleft. Of the rock where he sits

Of their latest breath;

For the dead who want All he has filled With the wintry tears Of his silent cell: And wishes them wildly, And wishes them well, A last and lingering And long farewell.

October, 1859.

BOOKS FOR THE FIRE .-- Young readers, you whose hearts are open, whose understandings are not yet hardened, and whose feelings are neither exhausted nor encrusted by the world, take from me a better rule than any professors of criticism will teach you. Would you know whether the tendency of a book is good or evil, examine in what state of mind you lay it down. Has it induced you to suspect that what you have been accustomed to think unlawful may after all be innocent, and that that may be harmless which you have hitherto been taught to think dangerous? Has it tended to make you dissatisfied and impatient under the control of others; and disposed you to relax in that self-governnent without which the laws of God and man tell us there can be no virtue, and consequently no happiness? Has it attempted to abate your admiration and reverence for what is great and good, and to diminish in you the love of your country and your fellow-creatures? Has it addressed itself to your pride, your vanity, your selfishness, or any other of your evil propensities? Has it defiled the imagination with what is loathsome, and shocked the heart with what is monstrous? Has it disturbed the sense of right and wrong which the Creator has implanted in the human soul? If so, if you have felt that such were the effects that it was intended to produce, throw the book into the fire, whatever name it may bear on the title-page. Throw it into the fire. young man, though it should have been the gift of a friend; young lady, away with the whole set, though it hould be the prominent furniture of a rosewood booknan - Southey.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher says of the "items column" in the newspapers, that it "is worth more than all the small fry of correspondents, with an editor thrown in to boot! Like a caravan, it stretches along in columns, with packages and parcels, spices and gems, bits of fragrance or cunningly wrought metals, gathered from the Orient and from the whole world besides. The items of a paper, like the stuffing of a Thanksgiving turkey, represents everything in the ouse-crusts of bread, crackers and all spices."

· The French ladies have decided to go to the House of God in a style of dress different from that which they wear in the ball-room. 'T is well, and 't will be better if they will resolve to go there with views and feelings lifferent from those they take with them to the dance.

In our Eastern cities the common bats fly only at the twilight hour-brick bats at all hours.

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THE ENGLISH CHURCH.

As an Establishment—by which name the Church of England, founded by the energy of the eighth King Harry, is frequently called—we should say it had lat terly become a little shaky. Considered only as a specimen of handicraft, erected and sustained by hands that are but human, it is apparent that the mother church is going through a series of internal convulsions, that must in time compel those who are entrusted with its management to modify the old system and arrangement, and perhaps start up a fresh and new structure, more truly continent of the spirit of religion and human brotherhood at the present day. For, with the falling down of ancient dogmas by the undermining processes of time and enlightenment, power and authority, bishoprics and archbishoprics, sees and fat livings must needs tumble down with a clatter, too: and the external being once changed, the pendulum will be likely to swing clear over to the other side.

An intelligent and trustworthy writer from London, in the columns of the New York Times, declares "that the orthodox soul of Oxford is sore troubled of late, by the development of a new school of theology, in teaching the most opposite in all respects to that which twenty years ago took its rise in that ancient seminary of learning. German criticism and the advances of the exact sciences at home have begun to tell upon the abler and younger scholars of the University. A series of works has appeared, from the pen of Rev. Baden Powell, Professor of Chemistry at Oxford, tending to shake the established faith in the literal inspiration of Scripture.

A still more powerful and influential teacher of the new school is Rev. Mr. Jewett, Professor of Greek. whose erudite commentary on the writings of St. Paul has thrown the heads of both the Puseyite and Evangelical Party into a paroxysm of rage. One of the latter, Dr. Golightly, not long ago called upon the Vice-Chancellor to summon Dr. Jewett before him, as the statutes authorizes him to do, in order that he might require him to renew his subscription of the Thirtynine Articles. The Professor attended; Dr. Golightly was there, and sought to bring about a conversation on the subject of their interview. But Dr. Jewett quietly baffled his tormentor by pertinaciously talking about the weather, and as soon as he had signed the list he took his leave.

But the greatest sensation of all has been excited by the publication of Rev. Dr. Maunsell's course of sermons, delivered by him as Brampton Lecturer for the year. In them the preacher, who is an eloquent as well as most exemplary man, lays down broadly that a very large portion of the Bible is beyond our finite capacity to comprehend, and that literal interpretation is the mere audacity of ignorance and vanity.'

We at home have rather been taking praise to ourselves because this is the only go ahead land under the sun, and hence have concluded that whenever anything like a new view of an an old truth is to be taken, it must of necessity be seen at our angle of vision. We have tenderly cherished the notion that, as we were born and have dwelt under the weight of no heavy and heary traditions, therefore we alone possessed the wouth, the agility, the nerve and the bounding impulse requisite to enter on a crusade against error of any kind. So we have come to adopt the very selfsatisfying belief, that we were a sort of Zouaves, expressly raised up, drilled, disciplined and equipped, to go soldlering against any and all the errors, prejudices and wrongs that crush out so much of the gladness from the heart of the world, and make so much unwelcome room for sorrow. But Providence does its work in it own way. None of us can afford to set up pretentions to being special aids or potent vicegerents. While we suppose that an institution of such deep foundations, such poetic and heroic traditions, and such a vast net-work of social and political power at its individual control, must be reformed, if reformed at all, by attacks from without, and busily set about wondering in what way the great work is to be begun, from what particular quarter the new influence is first to proceed, and who is the man, or are the men, that are to be specially deputed for so grand an enterprisesuddenly the movement begins, apparently of itself, almost without noise-certainly without the aid of any .external pressure, such as prognosticates an approaching crisis, and entirely within the organization about whose final fate the rest of us were all but despairing. And the above extracts from a London letter let us a little into the secrets of the matter. '

This, too, by the way, is the only natural, healthy and proper mode of procedure for all reform, because it obeys the very order so beautifully and universally prefigured in Nature, by the law of Growth. In the present instance, the adherents of the venerable Church of England do not think fit to come forth from the organizations they so dearly love, and take a position outside, from which they can both besiege and assail her; but. obeying the great natural law, and feeling quite unwilling to give over, much less attack and denounce, the many sweet, tender, and holy associations, that are in-

heart, they are quite content to remain where they so long have been, and there do the work which can in such a position be done so much more effectually. They need not, and probably do not, feel that the radical fault and defect lies with the church organization, for that does but take the appropriate form of the principlo it seeks to embody. Hence, they most sagaciously reason, if the spirit of the organization be renovated, by being held up again to a clearer view of truth, it must follow that the organization will adapt itself, in good time, to the renovation. And so it will. Buch reformers are, in the highest sense, radical reformers. because they strike straight at the root of errors, and waste no time over the tithes of anise, mint and cummin, that happen to be mere green shoots from the

great underlying principle itself. When so much talk is made over the reformation of existing institutions, it is well to pause and question, scarchingly and conscientiously, the character of the motive that sets the work on foot. If we are bestowing more thought on the external than the internal, we may doubt the value of any movement at all. If we desire simply to measure power with power, tearing down merely because it occurs to us that we are able to tear down, overthrowing and upturning for the mere sake of testifying an impatient dislike to what happens to exist, or impulsively assailing because we seek something like revenge for what we conceive to have been great wrongs long done to us,-then our spirit of reform proceeds from a principle altogether faulty and wrong, and needs the pruning-knife quite as much as do the errors we set out so valiantly to uproot. No class of men, in sooth, require to look after themselves with more care than the very class who make it their avocation to straighten the paths and lop off the burdensome excrescences for others. All action is of just that worth which the spirit of such action betrays, and cannot claim for itself any more. And if the professed renovator shows himself inconsistent with the principles he undertakes to proclaim, he may be sure that the day of his usefulness has come to an fend. A healthy view must needs be taken of this matter, or nd possible good can come of it. The single effort of the one who would reproduce the foretime to the world, should be to preserve a perfect harmony in all things to which either his thought or action is applied. He must not think to stand apart, and make impulsive and irregular dashes at spectral castles that are peopled with all forms of error and wrong, but rather, taking his part with the same, he must strive to exorcise the demons and foul spirits that so long have held possession, or, failing that, to introduce such a set of truly divine influences within, that these spirits will peaceably and silently depart, because they cannot breathe so sweet and pure an atmosphere.

But we have been led. almost insensibly, into some what of a digression. We set out to speak of the movement at present going on within the organization of the Church of England. It strikes us, judging it by the time and the many peculiar circumstances of its occurrence, as furnishing the most overwhelming proof of the fact that the genuine work of reformation and renovation is going on even there, where, in truth, advancing men had least looked for it. And because it has been undertaken with such boldness and courage by the leading men themselves of the Church, do we attach still more importance to it than ever. It was hardly to be expected, either. No peculiar signs in the sky had of late been observed, that would lead men to suppose there was any special activity beneath the thickly crusted surface of that ancient system of religious manifestation. It is not less a power alongside the English throne to-day, than it was in the days of Queen Elizabeth and King James. Its enormously expensive livings, parcelled out and bestowed chiefly from political, rather than religious considerations, are not less matters of wonder and popular dissatisfaction now their large store of power. The Church, as an establishment, still continues to be liberally represented in the House of Lords, the aristocratic branch of the English government. No favor has of late been lost to it from the throne. Its leading members and men labor under no special ban, whether religious, political, or gether. popular. And yet a movement, entirely unlooked for. and altogether astonishing, has suddenly been inaugurated in the very citadel of its strength and nower. which threatens to work ultimate destruction to the false principles on which the gigantic structure is erected, and force the whole system of religious worrhip throughout the Kingdom to conform more exactly to the spiritual needs and spiritual growth of the people at large.

Nor will the influence of this reformation—for such ndeed it may now be called—go unici churches in America that are modelled after the staunch sitive nature shrink from the atmosphere of cold indifold English pattern. Our soil takes new ideas with ference and neglect! When our earthly hopes are blast remarkable case, and the plant of reform soon learns od, like precious flowers touched by the untimely frosts. to assimilate itself to the elements it therein finds, and the storms of adversity sweep over the wrecks of elements of reformation, so truly the children of the with the pale shades of departed joys; when the shadpresent age and time, have been so long kept under by the dead weight of the organization. It is no hazard this poor life-in mournful numbers-draws to a close to assert that thousands upon thousands inside that church, in this country, have passively slumbered and refrained from asking impertinent questions, because they found it would be vastly more comfortable for them so to do, while they would be sure to lose none of their moment, now and then, felt the inward start and im. of the affections. The inward melodies, that made the pulsive leap of an inquiry, suggested by a rational and its very birth, and leave all troublesome matters of such amidst the cheerless solitudes of the darkened mind character to the weighing and gauging of the clergy. and the broken heart! man duly employed to feed his sheep on such scanty grass as will grow within the enclosure of the Thirty Nine Articles.

All this must change—is changing even now. Time will finish the work it has already begun. The Church of England was set up, for a certain time, to be a sort of bulwark against Romanism on the one side, and rad- Life is not so ephemeral as it seems. The tangible ical Calvinism on the other; but in that position it can forms perish only that life itself may be renewed. stand but a little while longer. When it professedly adopted the leading principle of the Reformation, that every man must construe the Bible for himself, it accepted an idea that will not let it remain inactive and lumbly conservative for all time, but must compelit to take constant steps in advance to meet the wants, not of its founders, but of the great brotherhood of man. Unless it obeys that call, therefore, it must go under the waves of oblivion, though its brave old hulk were the staunchest and the stoutest ever fashioned by the hands of men. Its rituals may remain, simply because they are religious, and speak with a soft and silent power to the human heart; but its creeds and its Articles, its views backward rather than forward, its forms and its ceremonies, its connection with the State and the throne, its representation in the aristocratic House of Lords, its countless canons and formidable ecclesi. astical polity,-all these will readily dissolve like the from earth away with youth's bright dreams unrealized, ·baseless fabric of a vision." disappear and give place to something that shall answer the deep and unutterable wants of the soul of man at the present day. For which let us all pray with sincerity and devoutness God speed the day I

Convention at Rockingham, Vt.

A synopsis of the proceedings of the Quarterly Spiritnalst Convention of the State of Vermont, holden at world, who calmly struggled with hoary wrongs-never Rockingham Centre, Dec. 10th and 11th, is unavoids fearing the tribunal nor the crucifixion-shall realize sertwined with all the advancing experiences of their bly deferred until our next issue.

REFLECTIONS ON WINTER.

Beveral days since the writer left the New York sanctum, and to-day finds bimself away out here by the Housatonic-at the hospitable home of W. B. Himman scated at a window, from which the eye wanders over the valley and the hillsides of North Canaan. Winter has fairly commenced his reign in this region, and now sits in kingly pride on all the snow-covered hills of New England. The spotless ermine that clothes the imperial presence falls gracefully over the throne and the footstool -covering alike the mountain and the valley.

The reign of Winter has been compared to a despotiem. There is at least a seeming propriety in the comparison, if we may characterize Winter by his stern aspect and lordly mien. He frowns coldly on all, and the forms of life and beauty turn pale and pass away.

"The last rose of Summer"

is blasted by his first breath; the Years die in his immediate presence, and he bars their sepulchres. Day and night his ministers are busy in forging icy fetters for the waters. The springs and brooks that sparkled in the sunshine, and danced to their own music through all the long summer days-whose voices, clear as the tones of silver bells, murmured vesper hymns in the twilight of every evening, and all night long poured liquid melodies on the listening ear-are no longer musical and free. How voiceless they are now, and how motionless they appear in their burnished chains!

When Winter inaugurates his court, the sweet symphonics of Spring and the full chorus of Summer are hushed; and even the soft autumnal refrain expires in diminuendoes, that touch the deepest chords of the heart with the subtle magnetism of their irresistible pathos. The orchestra of the sylvan arcades will not celebrate the coronation of Winter. The members disperse at the approach of his cloudy cavalry. The Oratorio of the field and the forest is suspended. The robins give no more Promenade Concerts on the fence and the furrow; and the Meadow Opera, at which Madame Bobolink sang with such prolonged sweetness. flexibility and power, is closed for the season. Winter never invites such music, and rarely entertains the gentle guests of milder sovereignties. He sits alone and silently surveys his cold estate; or summons-from crystal palace-halls in the Arctic zone-the rudest spirits of the air, to celebrate the imperial splendor of his

reign. Thus Winter makes new conquests where the storms from the Northland make their way. The killing frosts, that sear the tender herbage, and leave the flowers all withered on the cold ground, perform his work. He frowns in majesty in the midst of the desolation he has made, and holds his sceptre with a firmer grasp as the icy symbols of his despotic sway multiply around him. But the influence of the gentlest agents, and the application of the mildest means, often subdue the rude and powerful when other and more imposing agents and instrumentalities have failed. The fair Goddess of the Southland, who comes, anon, with gentle footsteps and a low, sweet voice, like

"The music in the air,"

has power to subdue the haughty ruler. Her first genial smile leaves him with a broken sceptre; and suddenly his crystal throne dissolves in the mild atmosphere of her presence. Her breath is inspiration and freedom to the slumbering and enslaved world, and to one of the great kingdoms of Nature she is the resurrection to a state of more abundant life.

The chains of Winter are burnished chains; but the cold restraints they impose are not less real, arbitrary, and unyielding on that account. Thus it is with the mind and its shackles. The soul that is in bondage is often provided with a gilded prison-house, and some cunning artificer is employed to garnish the walls, and to burnish the bars of his dungeon. But all this does not bring freedom to the enslaved. The golden and than they were fifty years ago. Its powerful bishops jeweled chains of wealth and fashion, often restrict and archbishops have parted, apparently, with none of our freedom in the most vital sense; the stately and elegant prisons, reared by custom and law, and adorned with the superficial embellishments of false learning, shut out the light as affectually as Egyptian tombs, and the frowning Tower, beneath whose shadows the hope and the life of many a princely nature have perished to-

The Seasons are often employed ito symbolize the several periods of human existence on earth, Winter fitly representing the closing scenes of our natural life. When the flowery freshness of Youth is gone, and the ripe fruitage of sober Autumn has succeeded the full glory of life's Summer time, then follows the Winter of our years, when the powers of life retire from outward observation, and the restless spirit sighs for a Home in the Sunny Land. Winter is cold. indeed. when it comes to the affections, and the icy mantle fulls on the chilled and quivering heart. How d Hence, as soon as doubt is seen to be tolerated within fortune—when the pallor of death sits on the brow of the pale of Old Mother Church, doubt and inquiry will the young, in whom our hopes were garnered up; when break forth here; and they will do so all the sooner, Memory, like some ruined fane, is only occupied with because, from the very nature of the case, these potent | broken and fallen images of sacred objects, or peopled ow of a heavy cross falls athwart our pathway, and -sadly as the last low breath of the dying falls on the chords of a broken lyre; oh, then, with what merciless power does Winter sway his cruel sceptre over our own little world, and above the very springs of life! Then the hoar-frost appears in the valley, the snows fall on social respectability, either. If they have for but a brief the summits, and the glaciers form about the fountain youthful bosom like a cage of singing birds, are all healthy doubt concerning any particular point of doc finished; and at last Despair improvises a requiem on trine, they have found it easier to strangle the same at the smitten and trembling nerves, as she sits alone,

In the order of Nature, Spring ever succeeds Winter. and death is followed by the resurrection to a state of enlarged life. So also there is an immortal Spring-time of the Soul; and the Love that has no alloy of selfish feeling shall yet dissolve the frosts of the long

--- "Winter of our discontent."

"Darkness and death are but residuum-The grosser portion of all human hopes, Thoughts, struggles, passions, labors and desires Whonce the eternal essence hath burnt out— Whouce the eternal essence hath burnt out—
The ashes of the Past. Yet not one trace
Of life can ever perish. 'Mid all changes
Of Mind and Matter, every ray of light,
All hope, all faith, all action, and all thought,
That has vitality within itself,
Lives for a fellowship with purer light—
With lottier action, thought, and hope, and faith—
Lives with an ever concentrating power,
Which, as it strengthens, reaches controward."

Those who weep over the grave of their buried treasires may rejoice, for they shall see them spring up again to perish no more forever, where the affections bud and blossom .. by the still waters" of the New Life. Many who loved on earth—so deeply and yet so vainly -whose bosoms were the sepulchres of unspoken desires, and hopes that perished in secret-who passed vet with

> "Their love still all unquench'd, Dwelling deep in the shut and silent heart.
> As dwells the gathered lightening in the cloud."

-even they may look for the sweet Spring-time of the affections, and find rest beneath the immortal palms in the Spiritual Elysium. There the companionless ones embrace the objects of their souls' idolatry, and lead them to nuptial bowers. The great Reformers of the

the poet's vision of Utopia, and far more real than Plato's invisible Land of the Bea. And yo worn and weary ones, who have watched so long, and prayed for the evorlasting Morning, until the heart is sick and the eyes are heavy with slumber-take your rest. "The night is far spent," and you shall wake.

"With Morning light," to join in the Grand Matince of the New Heaven and THE NEW EARTH!

o "Time and the Ages," by Frances Harriet Green.

A TEST. Duan Banner-As you have often requested answers

to any spiritual communications that appear in your columns, from time to time, which may tend to prove their truthfulness or their falsehood. I send you this article. From the first, I have been a constant reader of your paper, and I have often noticed "communications" which have in them what seemed to me evidences which went very far toward proving that they came only from the medium, and, perhaps, the asso ciate or "familiar spirit" of the medium. But I do not often feel disposed to criticise these productions, and for reasons that I may not attempt to explain here. Now and then, however, I see a "spiritual communication" in your columns, which involves persons and facts with which I happen to be so well acquainted, that I conclude it may not be out of place for me to lay before your readers the evidences which force upon my own mind the conclusion which I have stated above. And, in doing this, let it also be borne in mind that the "communications" alleged to come from spirits through media, must be judged of together as a whole. One does not fix the character of them all. We must consider the whole together, and find, if possible, what is the tendency of them all? Is it to truthfulness or to falsehood? I am aware, indeed, that in many things appertaining to this whole subject, it is impossible for us to demonstrate whether the communication be true or false; because we cannot know all the facts which go to make up the case. In some instances we may be sufficiently acquainted with some of the facts, to be able to prove beyond all doubt, that the communication is certainly false in some of its most essential particulars. Thus, for instance, I notice an article in the BANNER of December 17th, 1859, headed "Death and Resurrection of Dr. E. G. Cutter." in which he is made to sav-

"Before my death I could not believe that a disem podied spirit could return and control a mortal form I thought it might be possible, but I could not believe it could be done. But I see it is quite as easy to con-trol after you change spheres as before the change."

This language means that he did not believe in communications from spirits previous to his death. But I do know, and can prove to you, that he did believe fi them, and he so announced this belief more than ten years ago. Thus, if you will examine the Boston Journal of July 8th, 1850, second page and fourth column, you will find the following statement of his belief in spirit communications, written unquestionably by himself at the time:-

"COMMUNICATION WITH SPIRITS. THE MYSTERIOUS RAPPINGS IN BOSTON.

MR. EDITOR-Mr. E. G. Cutter, the well known and MR. EDITOR—Mr. E. G. Cutter, the well known and successful lecturer on Pathetism, recently visited New York for the purpose of investigating the mysterious exhibition which has been given in that city for some time past, well known as the mysterious "Rappings." While there he was put in communication with the spirits of persons deceased, with whom, while living, he was familiar. While in communication with these spirits, he had the promise from them that they would grant him an interview in this city, at a certain time. The time came around, and the promised indication of the spirit was given at his residence on the 30t ult. the spirit was given at his residence on the 30t ult., and again on the 2d inst. The communications and manifestations were much more satisfactory and convincing than those which he witnessed in New York. In the presence of some ten or twelve persons, the rappings, in answer to questions, were given with an accuracy which was truly astonishing, and which produced the impression in the minds of those present, that they were really in communication with departed spirits, and that the time had come when, through persons whose minds are prepared for such manifestations we can had convey with the spirits of our tions, we can hold converse with the spirits of ou departed friends. Various questions were asked, which were in most instances answered correctly. We will not at present enter into particulars, as we understand that Mr. Cutter will soon take rooms in some con-vonient situation, and give some further exhibitions of this curious phenomena, where his numerous friends and the public will have an opportunity of judging of the reality of this, at present, impenetrable mystery. It is stated that this is the first indication of the kind which has been observed in this city, and it is also said that these spirits are good spirits, and not like those wicked ones which have been troubling the Rev. Dr. Phelps, in Stratford, Conn.

rom Elbridge G. Cutter, nine years ago, when he be mortals; and it puts the mark of falsehood upon what sentative of man's earthy nature. He was violent, excame through Mrs. Conant on the 8th of Dec., 1859.

Spiritualism, which has been, that death makes no change; we begin there precisely where we stop here. December 17th, 1859. PSYCHE.

Very good proof that our message was false, friend P., if it were true that what were Dr. Cutter's sentiments in 1850, were his in 1859. But we can at once destroy your argument, by informing you that since the message was published, we have been waited upon by brother of the deceased, who informs us that the statement there made is entirely true—that Dr. C. did or more persons, that if such a thing were possible, he known the fact.

He redeemed his promises through Mrs. Conant, reknowing of them. He made errors in his attempt. which we alluded to at the time of publication, but we see no reason why a spirit, with so little experience of which is often the case.

We publish the communication of "Psyche," because there may be others laboring under the same false impression he is, to whom the message of Dr. C. would be

In connection with this subject, we will further say, that we have received two letters from anonymous sources, requesting us not to publish anything further from Dr. C. "A friend" and "Many friends" are informed that we believe in spirit communion, notwithstanding we admit its imperfections and acknowledge the possibility of mistakes on the part of spirits; we also believe that a spirit is his own guardian, and has the right to speak when and where he chooses, using his own name as he pleases, and uttering such sentialways will be, while it is published by us, just as free to spirits out of the body as to spirits in the body, for this purpose. And while they do not use the names of other persons or give utterance to anything that is calculated to injure their friends, we shall receive and publish the communications of disembodied spirits whenever they request us to do so, leaving it to the spirit alone to decide whether it is right or judicious or him to employ the BANNER OF LIGHT in this way. We make these remarks in all kindness to the parties who have written to us. It is proper we do so, as we have once more used the name of Dr. C .-- Eds. BANNER

The sleighing is excellent over the eastern and northern sections of New England. In a large portion of the State of the promise of a New Atlantis, more enchanting than Maine the snow is uncommonly deep for December,

[Reported for the Banner of Light.] Mus. Amanda M. spence At Ordway Hall, Boston, Sunday, December 18th.

AFTERNOON.

Mrs. Amanda M. Spence lectured at Ordway Hall, on Bunday, December 18th. Her subject, in the afternoon, was .. The Natural Man. as Adam.

The lecturer explained the meaning of the word Adam, which signifies red or earthy, as representing, not an individual, but a principle—the physical, carnal nature of man. She proceeded to illustrate the force and development of the individual nature, the germ of which all our life and character is but the unfolding. Any attempt to control or check the development of this: essential principle of our being must result in failure. It demands its regular and progressive unfoldment, as much as the germ of an oak.

The child, as it advances into active intelligence, seeks, by the spontaneous forces of its nature, those toys and sports which its childish condition demands as a requisite to its healthy development. That desire is imperious, and should not be checked. Moral, even more than physical deformities, are occasioned by the false attempt to repress these tendencies of childhood. Under an erroncous theory of education, little girls are taught to be "little ladies"-to cease their noise and play, and seat themselves with the gravity as unnatural and unbecoming to them as the sports of infancy to the mature person. If this natural desire be checked, it must one day have its outworking. The man who has been set to work too early in his boyhood, feels, in after life, when he looks upon the sports of children, a longing to engage in them. That principle will not leave his nature until it have its fulfillment; and as it was repressed in boyhood, it continues into the life of a man.

As the individual grows older, other tendencies and desires are developed, which, in their turn, demand their appropriate gratification.

This nature is dual. First in the order of external development comes this Adamic nature, which, unbalanced and uncontrolled by the spiritual, leads to all the excesses of vice. Yet it is wholly good and right in itself, and only evil as it attains undue preponderance, or is abused. Even its apparent evils are ultimately productive of good. As the violence of Jesus, which, with scourges, drove the money-changers from the Temple, and denounced the Pharisees as a generation of vipers, brought forth that agitation which resulted in the establishment of the Christian religion. religion in advance of previous superstitions, so the seemingly disorderly manifestations of these lower inherent principles of the human mind work out, without intending it, the good of the individual and of society. They are right, for they are natural, because they exist: and they exist because they are natural.

But to attain to any true, final development of character, to accomplish the fullness of our nature, to attain the end of our being, this earthy nature must yield to the dominion of a higher principle. All onesided, partial development, is so far an imperfect and false one. To make this lower element of our being subservient to the true end of our xistence, the spiritual nature must be invoked; and this would constitute the theme of the evening's lecture.

EVENING.

The subject, in the evening, was, The Spiritual Man, us by Jesus of Nazareth.

Mrs. Spence remarked further, in regard to the language of the Scripture in relation to the character of Christ, which, she asserted, has been the great source of theological disputes, that the phraseology of the Bible may not be such as to give to our age and nation an adequate representation of the ideas which it intends to convey. Many terms used in the Bible convey to us a very different meaning from that with which they were employed when written. We have, given to us, the idea that Christ was a man, the saviour of the race; but, as Adam means earthy, and represents the earthy nature of man, so the word Christ has reference to the interior principle of man's life, which ultimates in the divine character. It is for this reason that we are told to have Christ within us. From such expressions as these, the Bible stands before the world a book important, and yet unimportant—a book which few can understand. The Bible ought to have been kent out of the hands of all except those who could properly understand and interpret it. It has been put into the hands of the whole people; and therefore it is that it has been so perverted and misunderstood. as to be used for sustaining the dogmas of every sect.

The Bible talks of the caterpillar and the butterfiv. This, as will be seen, was a veritable communication of the earthy and the spiritual nature of man. The Christ is the representative of man's spiritual na lieved in spirits controlling or communicating with The human nature of Christ—the Jesus—is the repretreme, inconsistent, melancholy, complaining-making It is, perhaps, worthy of remark here, that this sud- it his business to set against each other all the eleden change in Mr. Cutter's views, immediately after ments of society. This was right; for the spiritual death, is not in harmony with the general teachings of nature of man comes forth from such agitations as those which Jesus caused, when he came to bring not peace. but a sword. All life is the result of agitation. Immortality, the soul of man, is the last great fruit of agitation.

Christ, in his teachings, inculcated the doctrine of the New Birth. We have, in the Gospels, a narrative of a conversation between Jesus and Nicodemus, on the new birth, in which Nicodemus exhibited his ignorance of spiritual things, by judging of the new birth as an external physical phenomenon. He judged not believe in the power of spirits to control human externally. But this new birth must be undergone by forms, and so stated; and furthermore, promised two every human being who achieves the ends of the destiny which nature has purposed for him. He must be would embrace the first opportunity he had of making born from his carthy nature, the Adam, into his spiritual nature, the Christ. Both these natures are existent in the soul of every human being. Paul spoke of erring to them, our medium nor any other person them, when he complained, that, when he would do good, evil was present with him. We are, in humannature, infants to the spiritual nature. There are those, too infantile in soul to know their own wantsthe laws which govern spiritual manifestations, may like babes, too young to know what they need. Others not fail to impress his thoughts perfectly upon a sub- are in the juvenile sphere, aspiring to somethingject's mind, as well as the mesmeric operator on his, they know not what. No want knows its own supply until it gets it. The supply is limitless, exhaustless; the demand is restricted.

The history of Jesus is the type of that of the race, in this respect. All his sufferings were, that he might develop his spiritual nature, the Christ. He was tempted and tried, until, at last, he was get upon the pinnacle, and tempted by the Devil to fall down and worship him. Devil means the carnal nature of man. Jesus overcome that carnal nature; he became a spiritual man. He taught his disciples to come out from the world. But what does this mean, and how is it to be accomplished? The object of religious forms is but to provide conditions for religions experiences. If these forms fail to do this, we should no longer preserve them. Here is the error of the opponents of ments as suits him to utter. Our paper has been, and Spiritualism. Neglecting the truths which spring from the consideration of the essential nature of man, and the fact that the purpose of his existence is to develop to perfection the higher part of that nature, they place their dependence upon religious forms, which are, in themselves, barren and useless. They complain that Spiritualists are, of all people, the most perfectly reckless in regard to law, custom, and habit. Spiritualists have, indeed, but little respect for custom and law. Not because they are less virtuous, but because of their perceiving the corruption of these laws and customs. They are a law-abiding people, yet that which the world calls morality, they revolt at, because they see it as offensive. The heart may be corrupt; but, if we follow the forms of society, these religionists let us go without reproach. For, keeping company with vafious women, Jesus was accused of being a free-lover.

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 single class of faculties, may be easily and successfully spirit of Christ was precisely the opposite to that of prosecuted, by any one who combines with a natural modern Christianity.

can be developed only by severe experiences. When are complicated, the chances of honorable success dithe soul is full of aspiration, that aspiration will conminish. Few individuals are endowed, either by Naduct it through such experiences, and they are producture or Education, with such numerous and various tive, to it, of good. These afflictions, which endure gifts and acquirements, as may be demanded in a posibut for a moment, cause the soul to long for peace and tion that invites the constant play of the Ideal faculties; rest in another sphere of existence. That desire lifts and, at the same time, importatively require a quick us up. It is the true prayer—the desire of the soul. and profound perception of human nature; a sharp dis-It is the bursting gorm of immortal life. This is that crimination, and reliable judgment, respecting the which brings us into the kingdom of heaven. For natural relations and peculiar fitness of persons to what is the kingdom of heaven? It is not a literal places; and, withal, an inventiveness that is prolific in odty. What means the injunction—first to seek the expedients, and ever ready in the adaptation of means kingdom of heaven, and its righteousness? It means, to ends. to seek to develop the spiritual nature in ourselves. When this is done, we no longer so much desire other sition as we have indicated—one involving peculiar things—we no longer seek for outside wants, but only contrarieties, in respect to the faculties exercised, and to gratify our natural necessities. When we come into the duties to be performed—has she occupied for years the spiritual nature, all mankind become our brethren. before the Metropolitan public. During these years the We know no blood-tie 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 lewd 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 obscenity. 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, be cause 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 stultifying to the soul. Let a young man leave a sister, whom he would protect from insult religious societies in this place, making—as he posseswith 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 accord-

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 illumes it utterly, and works 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. right and duty to say, that, after passing through the exceptional case. 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 sione can bring.

The speaker closed with a glowing description of the

ance with it, until it is born into it.

Mrs. Spence, at the close of her lecture, invited all the mediums of Boston to meet her during the succeed ing 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 sens ous 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 sup -pose 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 externa 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, found ed 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

seemings of mere intellect. Doubtless your correspondent will perceive that hav ing made so important a mistake at the start, his con clusions need to be exactly reversed.

Yours for truth against all illusion.

A. E. NEWTON.

Healing Medium.

Mr. Levi Kinne, of Connecticut, who possesses re markable 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 Koone

An enterprise that only calls for the exercise of a adaptation to the profession or the pursuit, even ordi-But Jesus became the Christ by hard experiences. nary skill and perseverence. But in proportion as the So it is with many. Indeed, the Christian principle duties and responsibilities, connected with the place,

Such a person is Miss LAURA KEENE; and such a pocultivated 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 appland: 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 are forgotten, she has nobly triumphed over every obstacle; and to-day stands-with laureled brow and a queenly self-possession—in the temple of Thespian Art.

A Spirit Massage Tested

MESSRS. EDITORS-In the ninth number of the BAN-NER 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 ses 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. Nachua, 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 Angelos 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 Angelos, 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 bitartate of potash, cream of tartar, is an inout its perfect regeneration. This regeneration does fallible antidote to this variolous fever. The discovery not take place in the twinkling of an eye, or by any or- of this important fact was first made about thirty years dinary religious means and forms. It comes by a full ago, by the late Mr. T. Rose, of Dorking, Eng., who, development of the spiritual nature, through sympathy, in a petition to the House of Commons in March, 1856. 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. Rose achieved such a triumph over this hitherto She would not be guilty of egotism; but she felt it her fatal disease, as to reduce the death rate to a single

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 cromolithography, reduced in size to twenty three by thirty one 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. Hun-tington, Preacher to the University, and Plummer Profes-sor 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; consoling, 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 hely life—will revel in the beautiful pages of this book.

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

Of all histories no one is more enchanting than that of Layfnyette. 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 handso no 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 MDCCLY. A A Christmas Story. By Theodore Parker. Boston: Rufus

This is a very entertaining book, though small in size. The Christian 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 TALE OF TWO CITIES. By Charles Dickens. T.B. Peter son & Brothers, Philadelphia, have issued a very neat edition of this story. It is profusely illustrated, printed from large type, and is in every way worthy of attention. A. Williams

TALES OF A GRANDPATHEE. 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 \$5 for the complete set. Shepard, Clark & Brown, Boston.

Ordway Hall.

Rov. J. S. Lovoland will speak in Ordway Hall the first Sabbath in January. Mr. 1. is a progressive and and West streets, on Wednesday evening, January 4th, under forcible speaker, and will undoubtedly give forth ideas the superintendence of Messrs. J. H. Conant and B. K. Little. which will instruct and benefit his hearers. He always The music will be furnished by White's Fell Quadrille Band. says something when he opens his month, which is a Tickets one dollar each, admitting a gentleman and ladies, says something when he opens his month, which is a can be obtained at the Winthrop, Adams, Quincy and Maripoculiarity rarely met with in these days, when one boro' Hotels; at Bela Marsh's, 14 Bromfield street; at White 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 at the door. From the well-known ability of the managers, skim its surface as smoothly as summer breezes. Mr. and the talent of the musicians, we can prophecy a renewal Loveland is capable of doing this, and has a decided of the popular assemblies of last season. love of it.

Notices to Correspondents.

T. H. G., ADRIAN, MIGH.-Theordoro 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., NORTHYLLE, CONN.-We have bound Volumes 8 and 4, and most of the numbers of Volumes 5 and 6 to date. No complete sets of Volumes 1 and 2, though we have occasional numbers. Beccher'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 May 22d, 1858. We think we can furnish most of all the papers you inquire for.

L. B., No. RIDGEVILLE, OHIO .- We are of opinion the mat ter you speak of has been published. If, after consulting your files, you do not find it, send another copy, and it shall

L. G. R., RICHMOND, N. H .- Thirty-seven conts due us. M. S. B., BERLIN HEIGHTS, OHIO.-We do not pay in such ases. Will send extra copies, however, as a matter of ourtesy.

C. F. W., WEST WARREN, PA .- Your queries will be an wered 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 publica tion of a thrilling translation by Cora Wilburn, which wil 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 memo of Miss Ulevetta S. Potter, by Dr. Child: report of Mrs Sponce's lectures; report of Mr. Beecher's sermon; editorials, poetry, items, 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 ext week, probably.

Mr. H. C. Clayton, 45 Washington street, keeps for ale 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. Chanle, on our third page, is 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 mead ws in the vicinity of Boston, and the skaters are having a fine time. The new style of skate, (patent,) for sale by Ufford, 78 Sudbury street, is a superior article. See adverisement 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 iuel, 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 20th, 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 latterly of cad, were frequently reported.

A letter has just been received in Glasgow from Genera Garibaldi, of which the following is a translation: "I charge you to present to the generous sons of Scotland, in the name I 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 espice a rent in his unmentionables. "why have you not sewed this

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

Twenty-five thousand miles of rope, every month, were as one time used in the United States for ladies' skirts, and fif cen hundred miles are used in the same space of time fo 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 Congreganalist. Christians may weep at such sad sight Villager.

ROQUERY AT THE WATERTOWN ARSENAL .- The Journa says it was discovered recently that Mr. John W. Pratt, for a umber of years employed at the Arsenal at Watertown, wa missing, and also that a number of boxes containing five hundred and fifty pistols had been taken from the Arsenal. CONGRESSIONAL PROCEEDINGS-Gab.

DEAR DEALING WITH SPIRITE.—Both branches of the Leg-islature of Alabama have passed a bill imposing a fine of \$500 per day on "all persons dealing in spiritual manifesta-tions."

We find the above in one of our exchanges, and consider i hoax. If it is not, then it only proves that Alabama stand o-day precisely where Massachusetts stood in 1679.

Messrs. Brown, Taggard & Chase will publish, in lays, a new and revised edition of "Arctic Adventure." edited by Epes Bargent, one of the most successful books ever issue rom the Boston press.

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

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

He is a great simpleton who imagines that the chief power f wealth is to supply wants. In ninety-nine cases out of undred it creates more wants than it suppolles.

WATER GAS .- The Northern Liberty Gas Works Compan 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 oon as the retorts are ready the Northern Libertics will be

Aristippus thus very properly replied to a person who coasted 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 Worcaster, Grongs Edwin MacNeill, of Amesbury, Mass., to Addin J. Trefrenen, of this city.

OBITUARY.

On the 28th of August last—a beautiful morn—the spirit of Esther A. Fenn took its 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 functional statement of the family being said and sorrowful, they were joyous and happy, that

of sympathizing friends. Instead of the hearts of the family being sad and sorrowful, they were joyous and happy, that she had gone home where her weary soul might reak. No habiliment of mourning was worn, but the ordinary dress of the relatives told that not one moment of their happiness was diminshed, 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; and furthermore, six of her 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 carelessly thrown into the grave, together with a shovel of earth, by these persons. They then formed a circle, emblematical of the ties of love which were not to be severed by her dissolution. Her age was 24.

Social Levec.

A levee will be held at Amory Hall, corner of Washington Brothers' music store in Trement Temple, and at this office. As this is to be a first-class assembly, no tickets will be sold

Lecturors.

N. FRANK WRITE will lecture in Marblehead, Mass., Jan. lst and 8th; Taunton, Mass., Jan. 15th, 22d, and 29th. MISS R. T. AMEDEY Will lecture in Lincoln's Hall, in Hingham, on Tuesday evening, Dec. 27th; Williams' Hall, Cambridgeport, on Wednesday evening, Dec. 28th.

PREMATURE LOSS OF THE HAIR, which is so common nowa-days, may be entirely prevented by the use of Burnett's
Coccaine. It has been used in thousands of cases where the
hair was coming out in handfuls, and has nover falled to
arrest its decay, and to promote a healthy and vigorous
growth. It is, at the same time, unrivalled as a dressing for
the hair. A single application will render it soft and glossy
for soveral days.

10 1p

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

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CINGINNATI, O.—S. W. Pease & Co., 28 West 6th street.
MICHIGAN—ADRIAN—JORI HANDY; IONIA—S. L. WELCH;
COLDWATER—N. T. WATERMAN.
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Dec. 31. 1₩

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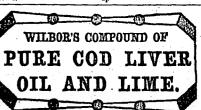
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Communications and Books for Review may be sent to the Editor, care of Mr. T. J. ALLMAN, 5 Camden Road, N. who will likewise receive subscribers' names.

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10 Dec. 31.

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Doc. 31.

S. T. MUNSON.

The Messenger.

Each message in this department of the Banner we claim was spoken by the spirit whose name it hears, through Mrs. J. H. Conanz, while in a state called the Trance State. They are not published on account of literary morit, but as tests of spirit communion to those friends to whom they are addressed.

of spirit communion to those friends to whom they are addressed.

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

We ask the reader to receive no dectrine 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. 8 1-2 Bratile street, Boston, every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday afternoon, commencing at HALF-RAT 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. 1750 to N . 37.

Wednesday, Nov. 9.—Eliza Chase, Buffalo; Thomas Campboll; Peter Schroudher, Washington; John T. Gliman, Excier, N. H.

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

Saturday, Nov. 12.—"Statalism;" Rufus Long, Portsmouth, Bugland; Mary White, Concord, N. H.; Olive Hedge; Joseph Winship; Thomas Walnwright.

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

Good.

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

Tuesday, Nov. 29.—"Was the natural body or Christ Resurrected?" Androw J. Gavitt, Boston; Irone; Jeremiah Wednesday, Nov. 30 .- "Shall the Jews return to Jerusa

Mednesday, 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?"
Simeon Kilson, Galvoston; Alfred Alien, Albany,

Saturday, Dec. 3.—"When and how shall there be a new
Heaven and a new Earth?" William Osgood, Boston; Sarah
Rilzabeth Tilden, Boston; Patrick O'Brien, Boston; A Prayer.

Tuesday, Dec. 6.—"Is it right for men to buy and seil and
held in bondage their fellow-men?" Daniel M. Wilson, Sacramento, Cal.; Mary Ann Tilden, Boston.

Thursday, Dec. 8.—"What is sin, and how are we in mortal
to avoid it?" Samuel H. Spencer, Thomaston, Me.; Joseph
Gardner; Luoy Bmith; Francis H. Smith.

Friday, Dec. 9.—"Are spheres in spirit-life localities?"
Stephen Carroll, Iowa; Lizzle Cordin, Richmond; A prayer.

Saturday, Dec. 10.—Joy H. Fairchilds; Clark Mason, Rochester.

Thursday, Dec. 15.—"Faith:" Thomas Bell Roston; George

ostor.

Thursday, Dec. 15.—"Faith;" Thomas Bell, Boston; George
James Harwich, London; Charlotto Maria Foster, New York.
Friday, Dec. 16.—"Is it possible for mortals to understand
God?" William Pope, Salem; Jack Seward, New York; Ellen

Frazer, Georgetown, D. C.
Saturday, Dec. 17.—"What is the condition of the Drunk-Squarday, Dec. 17.—"What is the condition of the Drunk-ard after Death?" Josh. Houston, Boston; To John Ferris,

prisoner.

Tuesday, Dec. 20.—"How are we to know when we serve God?" To Kahgigahgahbow; Anne Maria Roster, 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 n 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 list. 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 modern 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 scemeth good to himself. Nov. 5.

How shall Man discern Good from Evil?

"How are we spirits in mortal to always discorn 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 man of mighty 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 gence 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 these principles. It shall assist him in analyzing the mighty mysteries which have heretofore laid at the feet of Jehovah and been deemed incomprehensible.

"T 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 heavon. Thou, oh Jehovah, thou liast

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 shalt 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 evil through a glass darkly, and thus they are unable to discorn 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 Johovah, for he cannot err. Who, then? The false guides that float mon 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 Why do you not call it forth-and you will not ask, how shall we discern good from ovil? That light is your God. not less discernable than is He who guides us in the higher degrees of life.

William Sebley.

It is one thing to be ready on your side, and another thing to be on mine. I do n't suppose I have got many folks on earth, but I suppose I have some. My name was William Sebley. 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 took 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-would n'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 squash 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 wont hurt him to hear it now.

I have a sister between eighteen and nineteen years of age. She should have enough of the picayunes and dimes to keep her while she is here, but this confounded old fellow has cheated her out of all of it. My mother married him, and

by my father, and that ought to have gone to me and my sister. I managed to get my part, and she did n't, because I I was on the Massachusetts. she was fool enough to be gummed out of hers by her fatherin-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 does n'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 wont 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 cud will think I am protty 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 to-day, 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 source from whence our question cometh must be sadly perverted in na ture, else he would not ask this question. We answer ves 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 ells 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 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 ies hidden beneath the cloud of darkness which envelops nan, shall in time come forth, and evil shall be unknown. Is there any good in man? asks our brother. We will ask s there any God in humanity? or hath he withdrawn his power, his love from the human race? If he hath, then all s darkness and evil. If he hath not, then all is goodness hough certain acts may be perverted.

We perceive that our questioner entertains a fabulous be lef in certain theological dogmas. He believes, and honestly, oo, that all humanity is created in sin, and that the blood of Jesus who died eighteen hundred years ago can only serve o wash out the evil, and render man, the creature, pure Strange theory! Mysterious temple to rise in the midst of has been courted for many years, we cannot wonder that it has attained the sway it has. We can only wender that this gnis 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 mor should east off the dark exterior of their natures, and cause the bright gom of goodness to shine with refulgent 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 these garments the bright light of truth cannot be seen in all its beauty. If the men of to-day would understand Christ as ho is, they should throw off these 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, nodern 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 fashloned all things in the image of imself—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 voil, that, peradventure, God may smile upon them? To tear away the dark vell 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 ovil. Nov. 8.

James Fairbanks.

In the year of 1840 I lived in the city of Philadelphia. I yas a lawyer by profession : my name was James Fairbanks. was fifty-two years of ago, and I lost my life in the natural by a cancerous humor. I left a wife, one son, and two daugh ters and I visit you to-day that I may visit them. I am to tally unacquainted with the mode of controlling mediums. Although I find it is all perfectly natural, yet it is neverthe less 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 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, a created in wisdom, and therefore it is right that we derive enjoyment from what he has created. I can find no error in hat which seems to be of God.

I understand my God to be just what I understood him t be before I left my mortal. I considered him to be a princi ple of all Goodness, Wisdom and Power; and I find I am no 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 religious there that were presented to my view. I was over disposed to criticise 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 ultimated into knowledge, for I have every reason to believe that, had there been a Personal God should have been introduced to him long ere this.

I will now solicit an audience with my companion, at least fear, yea, I know, that her time in natural 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 mat ter, that they sit down, and say, "I have no bellef now; I am but an atom on the ocean of time—a pebble, thrown abou

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 ery 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 lo them no good, I will at least do them no harm; and the can but come and see. I here ask them not to stand back asking if there be any good in this dectrine—they can but come and see.

I have nothing more to say, and with your permission, sir

Louisa Davis.

Let me go! let me go! I came to talk, but not now domebody'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 mei I forget I am a spirit. I have been dead six months. Oh, I shall die, if you keep me here. I didn't steal. Wont you let me speak to the man behind you?

(To a visitor.)—They told you I stole, but I didn't steal

fell my mother I never stole; It 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

- 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 most 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. Do n't ask me what I went there for. Mr. Butler, the over- more truth. They have had some lecturers, among whom seer in Lowell, knows me. I knew Mrs. Demons. What do

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

Tell my mother to go to Ann W-s mother, and tell her Nov. 8. to save Ann.

John T. Gilman. Bay that John T. Gilman was present according to appointment, but, for reasons good, could not speak. John T. Gil-Nov. 8. man, of Now Hampshire.

Spirit Communion.

"How are we ever 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? Ho 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

The scientific man of the world would not work outside or beyond the laws of science, or the principles that over 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 spirit, we are to understand that he spoke of the spirit of natural, you may suppose, and truthfully, too, that the same man. This was created in goodness, in wisdom; and glory 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 courself 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 the intellectual world! But when we consider that the belief of the law, and every ray of light that comes by reason of it. And surely modern Spiritualism will come in for its share, for it existeth 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 thy own soul shalt 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 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 coriosity, you shall hardly say, I am satisfied that I have communed with a de parted friend, because the two points of law have not metruth 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 fall to recognize her child who knocks for admittance into the temple of the mether'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 thing to be so-they do not seem natural to me,-1 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 spiritual food, for the law of nature will procure it for them. Then, oh man, bring forth the law of thy own naturo and stand by it, for it is the law of God. Walk in accordance with it, fearing nothing, for it bath been given thee to guide thee to perfect happiness.

Written for the Banner of Light. LINES.

a letter from a young lady, commencing 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 untravel'd it returns To the home which is a part Of the love that in it burns.

Home again! Home again! Words of molody and power; Soothing as the wind-harp's strain, Drinking incense from the flower. Bwells the song of home again-Musical as zophyr's wing; Sweet as is 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 dews of star-lit 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 prophecies-

Softly, then, sweet home again

Falls upon the thirsty car. Binding with a magic chain Every heart within its sphere; Echoing through the soul which burns Love's sweet incense, puro-divine; When a wanderer it returns, By the hearth-stone's holy shrine. Taunton, Dec. 1859.

A Voice from Concord, N. H.

Annie E. Lond, Concond. N. H .-- As long as I have been a eader 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 were J. H. Currier, of Lawrence, Mass.; Mrs. J. B. Smith. of when she did so she had a comfortable little property left her you ask me the name of the paymaster for? Do you ask to Manchester, N. H.; Rev. John Pierpont, and Dr. Lyon. They

the little child, whose burial is above described. Uloy S. Potter bout 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 t mother alone can know, said to her first born-

"Fly away to heaven."

Closed her eyes, and fell into the arms of angels. Twenty ninutes after little Uley first breathed the atmosphere of arth, Uleyetta, her mother, was numbered with the dead mean by death that her beautiful spirit ceased to give life and motion to its physical form; the fetters fell off, and it ecame 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 coased-whethe she went away 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 Breet 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,
toving and confiding; her soul was too big to he held long in
the shacktes of a material body. Her soul had early grown
to the perfect stature of spirit-womanhoed. 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
carllest 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
importantly to know her history.

Hor medium powers have been very extraordinary. In
the private circles of her friends and relatives they have
excited wonder and admiration; and skeptidism 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,
hor uncles and annut, would listen, and they would say this
child cannot deceive; she does not make this; she is our
own; she is of ourselves; we know her, who she is.

Hor carthly life has been fraught with unavoidable affliction—seyere and painful affletion. And I cannot doubt that
it is often the powers had been fraught with unavoidable affliction—seyere and painful affletion. And I cannot doubt that
it is often the purest and most loving angels whose hands

That bears a mother's greeting to thy ear
Be watted from the ministrally grown
had here in the sealty grown
had here in the sall on the sall of the book. "Mother, oh, my precluse alled mentally
and proper gain, and then then."

That bears a mother is preclude to beas any purple for the moment. I
closed the book. "Mother, oh, Essex Street Church, in Boston. In reform movements Mr Sabine was a man far in advance of his day. We may not

t 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.

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 senso.

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

times, was opened to her normal perception.

The course of one's earthly life never runs smooth and even. Every true Spiritualist has had, or will have, considering thoughts whon contrasting the teachings of the past with the truths of heaven that are held out to the soul's intuition in this beautiful faith 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 them 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 both.

During one of my conversations with Roy, J. C. Stock bridge, 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!

On, my dear aunt, if I should live to be a hundred years old; I should never forget that night. Mother's hand rested in the my bead, and she prayed—oh, such a prayer I thought I must have passed beyond the mortal. My lips were slient, in the truths of head and she prayed—oh, such a prayer I thought I must have passed beyond the mortal. My lips were slient, in the story word of her found an answering che with in my took of her found an answering che within my own poor sinful bosom. A calm peace stole over me, and strength I felt as if I could love all the mortal. My lips were slient, we to every word of hers found an answering che within my yet overy word of hers found an answering ceho within my tendence stell evend the mortal. My lips were slient, in the length I felt as if I could love all the mortal. My lips The course of one's earthly life never runs smooth and

both.

During one of my conversations with Rov. J. C. Stock-bridge, of Boston, in connection with Spiritualism, I mentioned the circumstance of my possessing medium pewers; 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 really had not been able to find any reasonable fault with them. I told him that there was but one thought or feeling connected with the subject that had given me pain—and that was, that of Spiritualism was evid disguised as light, I should tremble at the bare possibility of leading human souls astray. I felt that a fearful responsibility rested upon me, as I was certain that I had already been the silent means of bringing many, very many, among my circle of acquaintance into a rote that I had already been the silent means of bringing many, very many, among my circle of acquaintance into a 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

communications as given through me than as though I were a stranger.

Mr. Bicekbridge asked me, then, if I could say positively that Spiritualism was from God, and was good and true. I told him that to answer yes, would be assuming mere than I dared; I had seen nothing (or, at least, very tittle.) 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 tendency. But I took up my Bible, one day, and there road that passage in the fourth chapter of the Second of Tinothy: "In the latter day shall many fall away from the faith, giving heed to the doctrines of devils and lying spirits." This, I must confess, with many similar passages—one, in particular, from which dear grandpa Babine communicated a sermon from—puzzled me, Mr. Stockbridge said, so long as my conscience had one single moment's anxiety upon the subject, it was my duty to with-

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

The manifestations that have been given through my mediumahly nor muscled and pylested ones, and have been thus it a satisfactory to all who have witnessed them; and I carnestly party that they may be the means of arousing the islumbering shods, and making them more active in the cause of truth.

DY A. B. GHID, M. D.

On the 11th day of the present month, in that beautiful city of the dead, Mount Auburn, I looked upon the features of a dead, decased young friend and relative. Life in the delicate and frail tenement of earthy matter had gone out. The physical copes and earth of the collar of the canada of the college o

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 had conspired to ruillo my spirit through the day—more, even, than I was willing to acknewledge to myself. It came the hour of rest and quiet. Forgetting that it was time for my proof to come, I took up a volume of Mrs. Sigourney's poems, which lay on my table—one which belonged to darling mother, and was of course sacred in my eyes. Those beautful thoughts of hers had often soothed my unquiet hours; for I do love poetry, passionately love it. It so chanced, the very. I do love poetry, passionately love it. It so chanced, the very. first lines my careless eye rested on that evening, were these and oh! I cannot tell you how they thrilled through me when I read :-

nd oh! I cannot tell you how they thrilled through I read:—

"Thou may'st never know The welcome of a nursing mother's kiss, When in her wandering cestacy she works. A thrilling growth of new affections spread Fresh greenness o'er the soul.

Thou may'st not share
Her hallowed teaching, nor suffuse her eye With joy, as the first germs of infant thought Unfold in lisping sound.

Yet may'st thou walk Even as she walked, breathing on all around The warmth of high affection, purified And sublimated by that spirit power.

Which makes the soul fit temple for its God. So shalt thou in a brighter world behold That countenance which the cold grave did veit Thus early from thy sight, and the first tone That bears a mother's greeting to thy ear Be wafted from the minstrelsy of heaven."

h, my dear aunt, these lines melted me in a momen

If some long-hidden, pent-up fire within my bosom, must have suddenly burst forth. I turned my head over, and, burled in my pillow, I sobbed until my poor temples throbbed intensely.

"I wish I could go to sloop," igain I said to myself. The words had hardly passed my lips, when a voice said to me, just as distinctly as you could have spoken, "Does my child seek rest with such a tempest in her soul? Rise, and ask forgiveness for these rash words."

You can botter imagine than I can tell you the effect of these words. There I was, wide awake; the full, bright meon was shining in upon me, making it almost as light as day. I started up in bed to see if I was not mistaken. All fear seemed to have left me, strange to say. At first, I thought some one had entered my room and was making sport of my feelings. I jumped out of bed and went to my door, but that was still locked. I went to the closet; there was no person anywhere near me, I soon assured myself. Again I sought my bed, half angry with myself for being so "taken in." I had barely touched my pillow again, when the same words were repeated, and a hand pressed on my forehead. I felt the very breath of that invisible being playing over my burning cheek. Almost involuntarily I exclaimed, "Mother, is this you?"

Again the hand rassed over my features, and was placed affectionately in mine, accompanied, a third time, with the appeal to pray to the Guardian of Night ere I sought his repose. I burst into tears—this time true and sincere sorrow, not an eger—no, oh no; I was grieved that my gentle mother should have witnessed such feelings as I had been Indulging in.

"But try, my child."

"But try, my child."
"No: I am not good enough to—"
"Try"

"No; I am not good enough to—
"Try."

Dear aunt, I rose and knelt down by the window, beneath the rays of the soft moon, so calm, so peaceful. The very stars seemed to ask me if I was not ashamed of my conduct. Oh, my dear aunt, if I should live to be a hundred years old, I should never forget that night. Mother's hand rested on my head and she prayed—oh. such a prayer! I thought I

heard the spirits stuging an angular right before me."

I cannot begin to tell you, dear aunt, all the wonderful things I have winessed. Since then, mether no longer needs to write, but comes personally. I have twice seen her, and every day hear her talk to me. I am almost adraid to tell you all the rest; it is almost incredible. I am convinced now, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that Spiritualism is true.

On one occasion, in the presence of a stranger, who was also a medium, Uley felt distinctly her mother's presence. The stranger medium was influenced, and immediately seized a pen and wrote as follows: "Dear Uley, do not mind if they tell you these beautiful scenes are not real. They are not imagination. The weakness of your mortal powers render the spiritual more impressive." Immediately after this com-

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solzed 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 a spirit-voice speak and say: "Hasten home, 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 know that it will semetime come. I am waiting and watch, hastqued home and found the letter exactly as the spirit had told her.

In one of her recent-dated letters, Uloy 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 over dared anticipate. What selfish. Perhaps I ought to rather desire to live, and do 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, 1850, 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.

Ulay 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 fey chill of death came over me; my sight, hearing and feeling failed; my breath was stilled; 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 angels. The development of this cousin, for the present, is 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 Ulcy's disposition a deeply religious nature, that was ever yearning for something not express and time cannot obliterate-with a deathless above the earth, to fashion it into an element of beauty. Re ligion, as presented through the medium of material things, was anything but congonial with her feelings. She over felt heavenly direction. Her spirit was mighty; her body was 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 over wrote was an invocation to her mother's spirit; notwithstanding, she was taught to believe her mother's spirit had passed far away to heaven, boyond the reach or knowledge of anything that fresh from the hands of angels. She felt of shadows, and 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 levely 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 offace; 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 hoaven. The interior consciousness of her mother's approval was her criterion of right. This may be called the of her mother, long before she knew aught of the workings ther was more to her than the counsel of countless mortals. She save: "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 grow 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 ornhan'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 nother."

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 has 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 pageantry and show Of earth that perisheth; 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: Strife 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 footstens 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, crystaline 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 port be near, what heeds the saller 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 felded 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 ing the long summer days through, for the change to come whon 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 he with my mother. But, oh, my dear aunt, I have prayed to check this feeling, for fear it may be 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 bower. Take me, death, in thy embrace-I'll come as bride to thee; The shroud shall be my bridal dress, The ivy wreath my orange flower. I'm waiting death; unfurl thy sail, And swiftly bear me to thy side. Haste, haste, ch death I my bridegroom pale I 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." 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 is often externally demonstrated under this name.

Miss Sarah Jucobs, of Boston, Uley's cousin, says that "alrays, when she wrote to Uley, she 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 in another direction; other work is to be done before the tangible communion of angels can come.

Ulcy'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 hely. 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 canlove. It was her medium powers, which were measured by soul-growth, that gave her this excellence and greatness in a weak and feeble. Spiritualism, to her, was all there was of life, except its shadows.

Little Uley was born and brought up in the immediate atmosphere of churches, creeds and written religious, 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 onabled to seize on the more real things of the spirit-world, and take her religion tried them; she reached out again and again to the churches to grasp the realities that existed in their external forms and coremonies; 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 unwavering believer in Modern Spiritualism

Miss Munson

Engraps Banker. The friends of Miss Munson, who loft Now York for San Francisco in the Baltic, on the 5th ult., will be glad to learn that letters have been received from her imagination, but it is more real than material things. This dated at Aspinwall and Acapulco, announcing her safe arrival consciousness, which Uicy felt, of the presence and influence at the latter port, after oncountering a severe gale off the Gulf of Tchuantepec. The ship burst a steam-pipe, sprung of Spiritualism, became her first silent argument in favor of aleak, and the pumps were kept at work during one whole that beautiful faith. The secret influence of her spirit mealarm, 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 letter was closed, the storm had passed, and all was smooth again.

The Baltic also had a severe storm on her way to Aspin wall, 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 ninetytwo 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 fire 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 find quarters 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 Bunday meetings, and which will sent 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 carnest 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 . Waterbury, Vt.

greatly exercised and much occupied with the nature of, and remodies for, diseases of the body which render it an unsuitable bonse for the spirite and through her have already been directed and propared a series of electro-magnetic remodies, such as the girdle, the cough-cure, the plaster, the viricine, the cintment, the elixir, &c., by which many remarkable cures have been effected, some of which are published in s 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 remedict 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 reaons 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 440, Providence, R. I.

Thus I see the great and glorious work of human redemp-

tion 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 deter mined to bring the circles, parties, levees, and social meetings, to a usefulness in this great struggle of redemption. I bave 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 carn est to redeem, refine and elevate man and woman; and long will the memory of their works remain dear to me, even if we neet no more on earth.

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 como; An end will come to e'en the worst estate-It cannot last, that's sure as surest fate,

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-betweens: I can be patient, let what may betide-I'm going home to meet my spirit-bride.

It cannot last; though clouds the sky o'ereast. 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 let go: The deepest wound must be assuaged and healed; The pain must vanish of the hardest blow.

For I the purpose and the good can see. It cannot last; no sting can always smart; On beds of pain we cannot always lie. Though blasts of discord blow us wide apart,

I can be cheerful, and wait patiently.

They'll "all in melancholy sweetness die." I can be hopeful: God is God in all i From out His keeping never one can fall. It cannot last; the stars forever shine,

Though days and rights may pass with none in sight; Though tears and terrors, hate and hell combine; Though painful failures eviry purpose blight. I can be truthful, and dismiss all fear-I see the lighthouse-know the harbor's near.

It cannot last; though disappointments fringe With dismal aspects all our loves and labors; We may be manful, slow to wince 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 holds the helm whose rudder never fails.

Whose anchor ever through all storms holds fast: Who sails with Him forover, safely salls. I'm only here a little while to come; Be still my soul, for thou art going home! Billerica, Nov., 1850.

Back Numbers of the Banner of Light, Containing HENRY WARD BEECHER'S and EDWIN H. CHApromptly 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 cent per line for each insertion wanted.

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

MRS. AMANDA M. SPENCE will lecture in Taunton, 2 Bundays of Jan.—Foxboro', 3 Bundays of Jan. Providence, 4 Bundays of Feb. —Norwich, 4 Bundays of March, Willimantic, 2 Sundays of April.—Philad'a, 4 Bundays of May. Address, the above places, or Station A, New York City.

WARREN CHASE lectures January let, in Hartford, Ot. Jan. 3d, 4th and 5th, in Winstead, Ot.; Jan. 8th, 15th, and 22th in Dodworth's Academy, New York; Jan. 20th, Newark, Martin and Martin and St. in Philadelphia. Address for January at our office, 143 Fulton street, New York. MISS EMMA HARDINGE speaks in December, in New O

leans. For Southern cities address care of N. O. Folgar, Esq., New Orleans. In January and Fobruary, Miss Hardings speaks in Momphis and Olucinnati, and in March in Phila-delphia and the East. Postofileo uddress generally 8 Fourth Avenue, New York City. John Maynew, M. D., from the middle of January to March lst, will labor in Indiana, and from thence, to April 30th, in Illinois, and the eastern part of lowa. Letters from the three last named States may be directed, if before the end of the year, to the care of S. Brotherton, Pontiac, Mich.

F. L. WADSWORTH Speaks Jau, 1st, in Dolphi, Ind.; 8th, in Elkhart; 15th, in Sturgie, Mich; 22d, in Adrian. He can be addressed as above.

ANNA M. Middlennook will lecture in Providence, Jan. Ist and 8th. Applications for week ovenings will be attended to. Address, Box 422, Bridgeport, Conn. Dn. P. B. Randolpn's address, till further notice, will be Boston, care of Banner of Light. Euclose stamp for return

MRS. CHARLOTTE M. TUTTLE'S address will be at West Win-

Mns. CHARLOTTE M. TUTTLE SHUUTESS AND CONSTRUCT Sted, Ct., during the winter.

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

LINDLEY M. Andrews, superior lecturer, will visit the South and West this fall and winter. Address him, either at Yellow Springs, Ohio, or at Mendotx, Ill. MRS. MARY MACOMBER, Carpentor street, Grant Mill, care of Z. R. Macomber, Providence, R. I. She will speak at Plymouth, April 8th, 16th, 22d, and 20th. Mrs. Macomber contemplates visiting California in the Spring.

templates 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. 10—101°

J. H. RANDALL inheads to travel through the contral and western part of New York, during the months of January and February, 1860, and will answer calls to lecture, to the friends of truth, during those months, through that section. Address Northfield, Mass. 11—6p°

Address Northfield, Mass.

Mss. J. W. Cunnien will lecture in Lawrence, January Ist; in Huntlegton, 8th; in Modus, Conn., evenings of the 10th and 12th; in Chiconec, 15th, 22d and 20th; in Paulman. Ct., Fob. 5th; in Foxbore, 12th and 19th; in Marble-head, 20th. Applications for the Spring should be sent in as early as possible. Address Box 815, Lowell, Mass.

Mass. W. Spracher, will seak at Daraphort, lower Crit.

Miss A. W. Sprakour will speak at Davenport, Insas.

Miss A. W. Sprakour will speak at Davenport, Iowa, first
Sunday in January; at Cincinnati, second and third Sundays; at Torre Haute, Ind., fourth and fifth Sundays; and at
Oblicago through February.

H. P. FARRITELD will speak in Portland, Me., the two first,

and in Willimantic, Conn., the two last Sundays in January.

Mas. A. P. Thompson, trance speaker on Bible subjects,

J. H. Cunnun, Lawrence, Mass. Hr. C. will speak, Sunday, Jan. 1st, at Warwick; Bunday, Jan. 8th, at Orange and Erving; Bunday, Jan. 16th, at Concord, N. H.

A. B. Whiring may be addressed at Brooklyn, Mich., till

Miss Busan M. Jounson, tranco speaker, may be addressed Miss Susan M. Joinson, tranco speaker, may be addressed at Clinton street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mis. H. F. M. Brown, "Agitator" office, Cleveland, Chio.
Janen D. Gaor, Oncida, N. Y.
Miss M. Munson, Ban Francisco, Cal.
Mis. Sanan M. Thompson, Toledo, Chio.
A. B. French, Clyde, Sandusky Co., Chio.
F. T. Lang, Lawrence, Mass.
Classes M. Course, Venezuro, Mass.

CHARLES II. CROWELL, Watertown, Mass. Address, DAN-WILLIAM E. Rice, 142 Harrison Avenue, Boston.
Miss A. F. Prass's address will be New York City, till fur-MISE ELLA E. GIRSON, BATTO, MASS.

DR. JAMES COOPER, Bellefontaine, Ohio. CHARLES W. BURGESS, Inspirational Speaker. Box 22, West

mingry, conin. Rev. John Pierpont, West Medford, Mass. Miss Sarah A. Magoun, No. 33 Winter street, East Cam-

Miss Sarah A. Magoun, No. 33 Winter street, East Camridge, Mass.
Miss Lizzie Doten, Plymouth, Mass.
H. L. Bowker, Natick, Mass., or 7 Davis street, Boston.
Bens. Danyorth, Boston, Mass.
Elijan Woodworth, Leslie, Mich.
C. T. Inish, Taunton, Mass., caro of John Eddy, Esq.
Mrs. Bertha B. Chase, Wost Harwich, Mass.
E. R. Young, box 85, Quincy, Mass.
Lovell Beebe, North Ridgoville, Ohlo.
Mrs. B. Maria Bliss, Springfold, Mass.
Prov. J. E. Chucchill, No. 202 Franklin street, near Raco,
Philadelphia

Philadelphia

MRS. J. B. SHITH, Manchester, N. H.

DR. C. O. York, Boston, Mass.

J. C. Hall, Buffalo, N. Y.

CHARLES P. RICKER, Lowell, Mass.

A. C. Robinson, Fall River, Mass.

Loring Moody, Maldon, Mass.

MRS. J. R. STREEFER, Crown Point, Ind.

N. S. GREENLRAP, Lowell, Mass.

MISS BUSAN M. JOHNON, NORTH Adjugtor Miss Susan M. Johnson, North Abington, Mass. Miss Frances O. Hyzer, Montpeller, Vt. Miss. M. H. Coles, care of Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield street, topion

H. A. Tucker, Foxboro', Mass. H. A. TUCKER, FOXDOTO, MASS. GENGRE ATKINS, BOSION, MASS. DR. H. E. GARDNER, 46 Essex street, Boston, Mass. LEWIS B. MONNOE, NO. 14 Bromfield street, Boston DANIEL W. SNELL, NO. 6 Prince st., Providence, R. I. CHRISTIAN LINDY, care of Benj. Toasdale, box 221, Alton

DEXTER DANA, East Boston, Mass.

JOHN C. CLUER. Residence, No. 5 Bay street, Boston.

J. J. Loore, Greenwood, Mass.

CHARLES H. CROWELL,

TRANCE HEALING MEDIUM, No. 3 1-2 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 DEING THE FIFTH VOLUME OF THE "GREAT HAR-MONIA," by A. J. Davis, is just published and ready for delivery. Price One Dollar, Single copies sent by mail, postage free, on receipt of the price. The usual discount on Addross, BELA MAROII,
No. 14 Bromfield street, Boston. le orders.

Dec. 10.

DR. E. ACKER, DR. E. ACKER,

EALING MEDIUM, late of Pougekeepsie, N. Y., has opened rooms for professional consultation and treatment
at 157 Grand street, New York, where he will be happy to receive patients and treat disease, especially consumption and
all kindred complaints, with certain cure and speedy relief.
Thousands throughout the country are afflicted with disease,
and would give haif their fortunes to get well. To such we
say, come and get healed.

410 Dec. 24.

MRS. B. K. LITTLE HAS. H. K. Initial:

AS POSTPONED GOING SOUTH THIS WINTER, owing to the earnest solicitations of her numerous friends and patrons. Mrs. L. will continue to occupy the same rooms—35 Beach street. Hours—from 9 to 12 A. M., 2 to 8, and 8 to 10 F. M. Torms, per hour, for one or two persons, \$1.00; clairvoyant examinations, \$1.00; examinations by hair, \$1.00.

In the street of the s

MRS. H. ALLEOUD, (FORMERLY OF ROXBURY,) TEST, CLAIRVOYANT AND TRANCE MEDIUM, WIII be at Mas. Smith's, corner of Dudley and Warren streets, Roxbury, on Wednesday, (day and evening) of each week for the future, where she may be consulted by those wishing her services.

4p. Dec. 24.

MRS. A. W. DELAFOLIE,
TEST AND TRANCE MEDIUM, examines and prescribes
for diseases. Also, Clairvoyant Examinations on business. Hours from 9. m. to 2 r. m. and from 4 till 9 r. m.
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Sm Nov. 26.

A GENTS WANTED throughout the State of New York, to canvass for REDPATH'S LIFE OF JOHN BROWN. Circulars will be sent on application. Price \$1.00, sent by mail. Persons wishing to subscribe for this work can do so by sending in their names to S. T. MUNSON, Sole Agent for Publishers for City, County and State of New York. Dec. 24.

MRS. R. H. BURT VILL give lectures on every thing partaining to Spiritual and Practical life, Religion and Motaphysics, under the influence of spirits. Address the above at No. 2 Columbia street, Boston, Mass. 3m Dec. 3. MISS JULIA E. LOUNSBURY,

CLAIRVOYANT, No. 98 Christopher Street, New York, Between Hudson and Bleecker streets. Back Room, No. 10.
Third Floor. In from 9 o'clock, A. M., to 9 o'clock, P. M. Snı CLATRYOVANCE AND MEDICINE

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Nov. 20.

NATURAL ASTROLOGY.

PROFESSOR HUSE may be found at his residence, No. 13 Osborn Place, leading from Pleasant street, a few blocks from Washington street, Doston.

Letters on business questions answered for - \$1.

Full Nativity written, - \$3.

Consultation at all hours. Terms 50 cents each lecture, Oct. 1.

Sm

Oct. 1. Sm

M. RS. METTLER'S CELEBRATED CLAIRVOYANT MEDICINES.—Restorative Syrup, quarts, \$2.00, pints \$1,00;
Pulmonaria, \$1,00 per bottle; Neutralizing Mixture, 50 ets.;
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ment, \$1,00; Healing Ointment, 25 cts. For sale by S. T.
MUNSUN, Agent, 143 Fulton street, New York. If Dec. 24.73 GREAT CURIOSITY. - Particulars cent free. Agonts wanted. SHAW & OLARK, Biddeford, Me. 7p Dec.10.

CEORGE ATKINS, CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN, HEALING AND WRITING MEDIUM, No. 3 Winter street, Boston, at the rooms of J. V. Mansfield. Examination, when the patient is present, \$1,00; by a lock of hair, when absent, \$3,00. Also, Healing by the laying on of hands. 8m Oct. 1. "Seek and ye shall find."

"Seek and ye shall find."

PERSONS who believe that spirit communion and its mental developments can aid them in the difficulties of life, can have my services in their behalf. For my time and effort in writing out a full examination of a person from their half, or handwriting, I am compelled to charge \$3,00; for attention to a single subject, or question, \$1,00.

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Nov.19.

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stitute," 49 Trement street, Room No. 0, Boston.

Torms—For answering sealed letters, \$1, and two postage stamps, for an effort to give satisfaction; for \$3 an answer will be guaranteed, or the money and letter will be returned within three months. For delineations of character \$1—the name of the person must be sent, written with ink. For clairvoyant examinations by a lock of hair, \$2; when present, \$1.50. Prescriptions or medicines sent on reasonable torms. All communications promptly attended to. See in Barnen of Light of the first promptly attended to. Also gives advice on business. also gives advice on business.

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39 Special attention paid to the cure of Cancers of all descriptions, Deformity of Limbs, Deafness, &c.
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Sopt. 10.

ADA L. HOYT, RAPPING AND WRITING TEST MEDIUM, is giving alt-tings daily, for the investigation of Spiritualism, at 45 Carver street. Sm Oct. 29.

TROY LUNG AND HYGIEMIC INSTITUTES.

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COMDINING THE MOST ABLE OF THE ECLECTIC FAO

ULIT AND MODERN BEHOOLS OF MEDICHNE.

This superior model health Institution postetee, it is conscientiously bettered, superior relaims to public confidence to day
other in the United States.

In this important particular, viz:—It has been the carness
a endeavor of the faculty to investigate, and thoroughly understand the numerous modern Maiadies, which have become so very provalent and fatal, especially to the young, known as nervous debility. The external manifestations of this class of diseases are felaxation and Exhaustion; Marasmus or a weating and consumption of the vital fluids and the muscular and nerve tissues; sallow countonance; pile lips; dizziness of the head; impaired memory; dimness of eyesight; loss of balance in the brain; nervous deafaces; palpitation of the heart; great restlessness; despendency of spirits; dreamy and restless sleep; fould or bad breath; vitilated or morbid appetite; indigestion; liver complaint; diseases of the kidneys; suppressed function of the skin; spinal irritation; cold extremeties; muscular debility or lassitude; rheumatic and neuralgic pains; hurried breathing; cough; bronchitis; sereness of the threat, catarrh and dyspeptite tubercular consumption.

Also, Instrative Dyspersyl, known by capriclous appe-

situde; rhoumatic and nouralgic pains; hurried breathing cough; bronchitis; soroness of the threat, catarrh and dyspeptic tubercular consumption.

Also, Inantative Dyserera, known by capricious appetitic; sense of weight and fullness at the pit of the stomach: irregular bowels; tongue white; severe lancinating pains duriting between the shoulder-blades from the stomach; pulse quick and irritable; dull, heavy aching pain across the loing; excessive depression of spirita, despondency so intense as often to excite the most painful ideas; hence this class of disorders invariably indicate impaired nutrition, enervation in the organs of digestion and assimilation; so that had and unassimilated chyle gets into the blood. It should never be forgotten, therefore, that some of the worst and most fatal diseases to which flesh is heir, commence with indigestion. Among others, it develops consumption in those predisposed to tuberoular depositions in the longs.

The Directors and Faculty of this Institution purpose to oure all of the foregoing diseases, by the judicious combination of natural and scientific remedies, selected with great discrimination and judgment that directly sid nature in her recuperative energies to build up, throw off, and resist morbid action. They discard all drugs and poisonous remedies—mercury, calemel, and all the old school remedies are most scrupulously discarded, both from convictions of judgment and conselentious motives. Patients shall not be drugged at this Institution.

A Word of Selemn, Conscientious Advice to those

at this Institution.

A Word of Selemn, Conscientious Advice to these who will reflect!

Biatistics now show the solemn truth, that over 100,000 die in the United States annually, with some one of the foregoing diseases, developing consumption, prostration of the vital forces and premature decay.

There cannot be an effect without its adequate cause. Thousands of the young, of both sexes, go down to an early grave from causes little suspected by parents or guardians, and often little suspected by the victims themselves.

In view of the awful destruction of human life, caused by such debilitating diseases, such as Spermatorrhea, Seminal weakness, the vice of self abuse, Bylnal Consumption, Epilepsy, nervous spasms and diseases of the heart—and in view of the gross deception practiced upon the community by base

lepsy, nervous spasms and diseases of the heart—and in view of the gross deception practiced upon the community by base protenders—the Directors and Faculty of this institution, consolentiously assure the invalid and the Community that their resources and facilities for successfully treating this class of maladies cannot be surpassed.

Patients, for the most part, can be treated at home: On application by letter they will be furnished with printed interrogatories, which will enable us to send them treatment by Mail or Express.

All communications are regarded with sacred and conscientious fidelity.

The Institution gives the most unexceptionable reference to men of standing in all parts of the country, who have been

to men of standing in all parts of the country, who have been successfully cured.

The A Treatise on the causes of the early decay of Ameri-A Treatise on the causes of the early decay of American Youth, just published by the Institution, will be sent in a scaled envelop, to all parts of the Union, on receipt of six cents for postage. It is a thrilling work, and should be read by every porson, both male and female.

AND The attending Physician will be found at the Institution for consultation, from 0 A. M. to 9 P. M., of each day, Bundays, in the forencen.

Address Dr. Andress STONE

Address,
Dn. ANDREW STONE,
Physician to the Troy Lung and Hygenic Institute, and Physician for Diseases of the Heart, Throat and Lung,
Dec. 17.
19 66 Fifth-st., Troy, N. Y.

THE ONLY PREPARATION WORTHY OF Universal Confidence and Patronage.

For Statesmen, Judges, Clergymen, ADIES and GENTLEMEN, in all parts of the world tes-tify to the efficacy of Prof. O. J. Wood's Hair Restora-tive, and gentlemen of the Press are unanimous in its praise. A few testimonials only can be here given; see circular for more, and it will be impossible for you to doubt.

A rew testimonials only can be here given; see circular for more, and it will be impossible for you to doubt.

47 Wall street, New York, Doc. 20th, 1858.

Gentlemen:—Your note of the 15th inst., has been received, saying that you had heard that I had been benefited by the use of Wood's Hair Restorative, and requesting my certificate of the fact if I had no objection to give it.

I award it to you cheerfully, because I think it due. My ago is about 50 years; the color of my hair auburn, and inclined to cert. Some five or six years since it began to turn gray, and the scalp on the crown of my head to lose its sensibility and dandruff to form upon it. Each of these disagreeabilities increased with time, and about four months since a fourth was added to them, by hair failing off the top of my head and threatening to make me bald.

In this unpleasant predicament, I was induced to try Wood's Hair Restorative, mainly to arrest the falling off of my hair, for I had really no expectation that gray hair could over be restored to its original color except from dyes. I was, however, greatly surprised to find, after the use of two bottles only, that not only was the falling off arrested, but the color was restored to the gray hairs and sensibility to the scalp, and dandruff ceased to form on-my head, very much to the gratification of my wife, at whose solicitation I was induced to try it.

For this, among the many obligations I ewe to her sex, I strongly recommend all husbands who value the admiration For this, among the many obligations I two to her sex, I

strongly recommend all husbands who value the admiration of their wives, to profit by my example, and use it, if growing gray or getting baid. Very respectfully, BEN.A. LAVENDER.

To C. J. Wood & Co., 444 Broadway, Now York.

My family are absent from the city, and I am no longer at
No. 11 Carrol Place.

My family are absent from the city, and I am no longer at No. 11 Carrol Place.

Siamaston, Ala., July 20th, 1859.

To Prop. O. J. Wood: Dear Sir—Your "Hair Restorative" has done my hair so much good since I commenced the use of it, that I wish to make known to the PUBLIC of its effects on the hair, which are great. A man or woman may be nearly deprived of hair, and by a resort to your "Hair Restorative," the hair will return more beautiful than over; at least this is my experience. Believe it all!

Yours truly,

R. S.—You can publish the above if you like. By publishing in our Southern papers, you will get more patronage South. I see several of your certificates in the Mobile Mercury, a strong Southern paper.

WOOD'S HAIR RESTORATIVE.

PROFESSOR O. J. Wood: Dear Sir—Having had the misfortune to lose the best portion of my hair, from the effects of the yellow fever, in New Orleans in 1851, I was induced to make a trial of your 'preparation, and found it to answer as the very thing needed. My hair is now thick and glossy, and no words can express my obligations to you in giving to the afflicted such a treasure.

FINLEY JOHNSON.

The Restorative is put up in bottles of three sizes, viz: large, medium, and small: the amall bedde 1.0 a night and control of the called a called a control of the called a ca

afflicted such a treasure. FINLEY JOHNSON.

The Restorative is put up in bottles of three sizes, vizingre, medium, and small; the small holds 12-a pint, and retails for one dollar per bottle; the medium holds at least twenty per cent, more in proportion than the small, and retails for two dollars per bottle; the large holds a quart, 40 per cent, more in proportion, and retails for \$3.

O. J. WOOD & CO., Proprietors, 444 Broadway, New York, and 114 Market street, St. Louis, Mo. and sold by all good Druggiets and Fancy Goods Dealers.

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

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Dec. 10

Dec. 10 MR. & MRS. J. R. METTLER,

MR. & MRS. J. R. METTLER,

Psycho-Magnetic Physicians.

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

ymptoms.
TERMS—For examinations, including prescriptions, \$5, if

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Dec. 10.

W. H. NUTTER, HEALING MEDIUM.

THE SICK ARE HEALED BY THE LAYING ON OF hands at 105 Pleasant street, Boston. Torms moderate. Dec. 17.

HENRY WARD BEECHER PLYMOUTH OHUECH, BROOKLYN, N.Y.

Sunday Evening, Dec. 18th, 1859. REPORTED FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT, BY T. J. BLLINWOOD.

Texr .- For which of you intending to build a tower, alt TEXT.—For which of you intending to build a lower, sittoth not down first, and counteth the cost, whether he have
sufficient to finish it? lest haply after he hatch laid the foundation, and is not able to finish it, all that behold it begin to
mock him, saying. This man began to build, and was not able
to finish. Or what king, going to make war against another
king, sitteth not down first, and consulteth whether he is
able with ton thousand to meet him that cometh against him
with twenty thousand? Or rise, while the other is yet a
great way off, hesendeth an embassage, and desirch conditions
of peace. Be, likewise, whoseever he be of you that forsakoth not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple."—Luks
xiy: 28-53.

Nothing is more easy than simple religious sensibility: nothing more difficult than sound religious principle.

There is great susceptibility to religious impressions among almost all men that have been reared in a Christian community. There is something so grand and imposing in that eternity which the Bible teaches, and in all those truths which have upon them the lines of infinity, that one can scarcely stand in the presence of them unaffected, if he be a rational man. And when ost all men that have been reared in a Chrisone touches, with any degree of skill or power, the great chords of the soul—conscience, veneration, love, hope, fear, imagination—they resound with a prompt certain-ty. There are very few men, whether they are what the world calls good men, or what the world calls bad men, there are very few men of any kind. that have not religious sensibility so that they can, by the presentation of religious truths, be made to feel: and if feeling were all, they were safe; but if nothing more comes of it, their feelings are apt to be like those which rise up be-fore an acted drama, or those which arise in a musical concert, or those which apring forth in a picture gallery, or in any other circumstances where a momentary gl or in any other circumstances where a momentary glow arises, and sinks, leaving no impression behind, or the most fugitive memory. For the soul is like a camera obscura, and through the senses exquisite pictures are continually thrown upon its walls. They hover for a moment, disappear, and leave the box as dark and void as if nothing had ever invaded its emptiness. And so we are all the time subject to these evanescent impressions, which are sweet and beautiful, but which have their high and death in one and the same mement. their birth and death in one and the same moment.

their birth and death in one and the same moment.

Now I do not say that even such fugitive impressions are to be deprecated. There is nothing bad in them, even if there is nothing good about them. They are amiable and pleasant, and in some small way, it may which he needs. He needs something more than fugitive impressions and momentary feelings. We are called to a life not merely of pleasing emotions, of religious sensibility, but to a great and serious change; to a deep and abiding earnestness of faith; to a work large and the serious change; to a deep and abiding earnestness of faith; to a work large and the serious change; to a deep and abiding earnestness of faith; to a work large and the serious change; the serious change is the serious change. long as life itself. Therefore, no mistake could well be more fatal than that which should lead a person to suppose that all that God requires of him can be performed with absolute the country of the c with scarcely a thought-with a careless and unstrung

Wherefore, let it be distinctly remarked that, contrary to the popular impression, our Saviour does not here teach that religion is so uncertain that men should doubt and that religion is so uncertain that men should doubt and despond in view of its attainment. He does not say to them, "Religion is a thing which you ought not to attempt to attain until you have first made up your mind, in view of all the future circumstances, that you shall succeed." This is an exceedingly wrong rendering of the text. It means simply this; that religion is a boon so great, a change so all-important, an experience so comprehensive and abiding, that no man can take it as he would a time, by listening to it, or as he would. as he would a tune, by listening to it, or as he would a flower, by merely plucking it; but that every man must address his rational powers to it, and exert his moral nature in the attainment of it.

It is a question, not whether a religious life is sure and easy to those who are willing to enter upon it, but and easy to those who are willing to enter upon it, but simply this: whether a man can enter upon a religious life with inadequate means. There was a class of men, in the time of Christ, who thought it was only necessary for them to follow him, and call themselves by his name, in order that they might inherit eternal life. But Christ said to them, "In order that you may inherit eternal life, it is necessary that you should do more than to follow me, and wender a tmy miracles, and eat of the lowers I multiply, and listen to the parables I of the loaves I multiply, and listen to the parables I utter. Religion is something stronger and deeper than that." It was not meant, therefore, to discourage men from entering upon a religious life, but to intensify their activity in a religious life. It was not meant to hold men back from the performance of religious duties but to show that an intense, a vehement, performanc of those duties was required.

Let us, then, see, for a moment, what is required of us, that we may have some gage by which to estimate the means to be employed. What is this that we are the means to be employed. What is this that we are to rear, called character! What is this army that we are to meet and resist?

are to meet and resist?

1. According to the instruction which we obtain from the Word of God, we are to forsake all wrong courses in our outward life heartily, to repent of them; that is to say, to be so convinced of their evil and sinfal tendencies that we shall not only regret them as far as the past is concerned, but break off from them for the future. This is the first step. If you are indulging in any sinfal course, there is no such thing as the entrance of the grace of God into your heart, except through the cate grace of God into your heart, except through the gate of repentance. You are to shake hands with your sins, bid them farewell, be rid of them, and be free from them. If you are a swearing man, you are to cease your cards; and check the infernal appetite; if you are a drinking man, you are to forswoar the cup; if you are an impure man, you are to withdraw from all polluting temptations and pleasures; if you are a dishonest man, if you are a lying man, if you are in any way in the habitual or occasional indulgence of sinful things, the first step for you to take is that of rectifying your out-

ward life.

2. We are not to stop upon that. This is hut, as it were, clearing of the ground. It is not putting up the building. We are to seek next, and mainly, that reconciliation to God without which there can be no strength of plety here, and no hope of salvation hereafter. And mark: you are to be reconciled to God—God is not to be reconciled to you. You are to recognize the presence and authority of God. For we are all by nature without God. We rise, by the help of God, to the conceptual of the conce tion of an invisible and spiritual Being. But while we are yet under the dominion of the senses, there is no God to us, any more than there is to the beasts of the field, or the birds of the air. When we merely come to discern a Spiritual Being, we are not at agreement with God: we are not in sympathy, and certainly not in fellowship, with him. The first step for a man who is attempting to live a holy life to take, after he has forsaken his sins. is that of turning himself toward loving

God—that of beginning, by faith, to take hold on God.

3. We are then to enter heartily upon a life which shall be inspired by the spirit of God—which is given as freely as the sun, and the grass, and the flowers, and life are given—and in which we shall triumph, by the power of love, over all our lower passions—over selfishness, pride, avaries, the appetites, and every evil inclination. By the power of God revealed in the soul we are translated from the realm of our lower nature-into the realm of a higher experience, and we begin to live a life of faith and spirit, rather than a life

of appetite and flesh. of appetite and nesn.

4. Next, we are to live in this visible world, in the performance of all its duties, by a full faith of an invisible world. And this work is not to be done by a wistful looking at the things belonging to the heavenly states, as a picture. We cannot enter upon this life of repentance for sin and inward transgression, of reconrepentance for sin and inward transgression, of reconciliation to God, of regeneration by the power of the Holy Spirit, and of sanctification by the power of love—we cannot enter upon this whole blessed state by sitting down and dreaming.

How easy it is for a man at evening to build castles in the fire! He can populate the road with travelers; he can construct ships, and set them affect on the sea; he can erect fortresses, and see them bombarded; but let something call his attention from these pictures for an instant, and they all vanish. And so it is with the mere dreams of men on spiritual themes. They are flecting. There is no harm in them; it is not a sin to indulge in them; but they produce no lasting benefit. They do not constitute a religious life. It is only by an carnest beginning in the duties of a Christian life and a patient continuance in them to the end-it is and a patient continuance in them to the end—it is only by faithful application, from first to last, of definite means to definite ends—that men can enter the kingdom of God, and be living Christiaus.

Now, in the accomplishment of this end, let us seriously consider what are some of the instruments which

men propose to employ.

1. Let me group together some of the current notions of men about religion, and see if these notions will have any probable power on their life and heart, if they

maintain them.

1. One man says that a man's whole religious duty

conceptions, imaginations, and the making of new com-binations—these have nothing to do with it. Painting is the business of an artist, not dreaming." But has the formation of pictures in the mind, the creation of ideals

to be transferred to canvas, no relation to artist life? No man more than I believes that a man's duty lies in the family; that a man's altar is his business; and that of God; if to him there is thrown over all things that light which comes from the God; if to him there is thrown over all things that light which comes from the fact that God made them, and that they reveal the tastes and feelings of God, then

required of them. Why yes, that is all that is required of anybody—to do about right; but what is about right, as used by men in this category?

A man concludes to raise fruits for the New York market, as a means of livelihood. He buys fifty acres of ground, and says, "I am going to raise fruits. Here shall be my plums, there shall be my peaches, and youder shall be my grapes. And it is not worth while for me to trouble myself about the nature of fruits. It is not required of me that I should study into the principles of agriculture, or horticulture, or arborculture; it is not required of me that I should be a pomologist, and study into the science of raising fruits; all that is required of me is, that I shall raise good fruits." Well, yes, if a man raises good fruits, without studying into their nature, and becoming acquainted with the science of their culture? If he raises good fruits, in some way or other he has got to get the knack of doing it. If he says it makes no difference how he goes to work to raise them; if he says, for instance, that it makes no difference how he goes to work to raise them; if he says, for instance, that it makes no difference whether he digs the ground on which he raises them three feet deep or three inches deep, he will find, before he gets through settling his consolience. A man ought to live so that his life account with his commission merchant, that it does deep, he will find, before he gets through settling his account with his commission merchant, that it does make a great deal of difference how he goes to work to raise them, and that the man who studies into the nature of the fruits he raises, and makes himself acquainted with the science of their culture, wins in the

claims of God upon him, and of his relations to time and eternity. These things cannot be dismissed with such a brief statement as this—that a man must do

Would that be enough to make a navigator? Put a Would that be enough to make a navigator? Put a boy on the ship's deck, and say to him. 'Take the ship and manage it. Do not trouble me with questions. Go—and do about right!' Would that be enough to make an engineer? Go to a person unacquainted with engineering, and say to him. "Take your instruments, and lay out the road. Do about right!" Would that be enough to make a general? Say to a man, "Take the arms and compand it. As to all this toxics or the army, and command it. As to all this tactics, or strategy, it is of no account. Do about right?' How preposterous is this view, when applied to any department of secular life! And yet, men say, "The business of a man in religion is to do about right!" Of course it is!

3. Another man does not think that it is needful for a man to be troubled about religious beliefs. A great many persons are in the habit of saying, "It does not make any difference what a man believes, so that he is sincere—so that he does about right." But it does make a great deal of difference what a man believes. To be a great deal of difference what a man believes. sure, there are some truths, and many speculations about truths, which He out of the sphere of practical life; and of these it may be said that it will make no difference with a man's life and character, whether he takes one view or another respecting them. I think there are many theological questions of which a man may take the Calvinistic or the Arminian view, the super-lapsarian or the sub-lapsarian view, or any other view, without making any material difference with his life and character. But there are truths which are vital to life and character, with a belief of which a man has a chance of safety, and without a belief of which a man has no such chance, whatever. Look at it in civil and social affairs. A man may be

good citizen, whether he takes one side or the other f the tariff question; whether he believes in banks, or disbelieves in them; whether he is in favor of usury laws, or is opposed to them. A man may be an excel-lent neighbor and father, whether he agrees, on astronomical questions, with this or that party. A man may be a good man whether he agrees with those who hold one of the two great systems of geology, or those who hold the other; whether heagrees with those who hold the other; whether heagrees with those who uphold the Plutonian theory, those who uphold the Neptunian theory, or those who unite both of these things; and you are as much bound to theories. It does not make much difference how a man with the short of the respect type. When you worship believes about questions like these. They do not touch character. They are remote from practical life.

But are there not questions about which it makes

lifference how a man believes? For example, does t not make a difference whether a man believes stealing is right or wrong? What would you think of stealing is right or wrong? What would you think of a man who should say, "A man that believes that stealing is right can be a good citizen, as well as a man that believes stealing is wrong?" What would you think of the good citizenship of a man who really believed that stealing was not a sin? The more thoroughly a man believes this, the worse ho is; and if I vere to hear a man say, 'I am perfectly sincere when declare that I do not believe stealing is wrong,' should button up my pocket whenever he came near me! If a man does not believe that stealing is wrong, he must of necessity be a dishonest man.

Does it make no difference whether a man believes hat lust and drunkenness are virtues or not? Does it nake no difference whether a man believes that indus ry and frugality are of any importance or not? Does t make no difference whether a man thinks his word s worth keeping, or whether he considers lying an accomplishment? Does it make no difference in these ocial and civil affairs what a man believes?

You may think what you please about the stars, about the strata of the earth, and about political economy. On these subjects you may side with whatever parties and schools, or hold whatever theories, you like. But s to honor, and conscience, and purity of morals, you are not at liberty to take what side you please. Your character will turn on the things you believe; every

nan knows that.

And so on the subject of religion, a man may safely vary from the orthodox Christians on the mode of the divine existence, on the mode of the divine govern ment, and on many other points; but there are facts and truths of which no man can be joy ment, and on many other points; but there are great facts and truths of which no man can be ignorant, and respecting which no man can believe wrong, with impunity. Does it make no difference whether you believe yourself to be a sinful man or not? Does it make no difference whether you believe you are under the wrath and curse of God or not? Does it make no difference whether you believe, "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God?" Does it make no difference whether you believe, "because whether you believe, "because whether you believe whether you have an again he cannot see the kingdom of God?" it make no difference whether you believe you have an immortal soul or not? Are not these facts of transcendant importance? And when men say that it makes no difference what they believe do say so, usually, because they wish an apology for not performing their duty?

4. Another man thinks that although a man should

means that aspiration, reverence, faith, spirituality, are can fix her!" As if that was the time for changing a

means that aspiration, reverence, faith, spirituality, are all surplusage; that religion is merely daily doing; and that feeling is to be excluded. In other words, he denotes the molest part of human nature, turns men into drudges, and makes factual, routine life the whole duty of a man.

One might as well say, "To be an artist, is not to induge in picture-framing; it is to fix paints and canwas, and to take the pigment and lay it on; but as to conceptions, imaginations, and the making of new complete the property of the molecular to the fundamental facts and requirements of the molecular to the fundamental facts and requirements of the molecular to the fundamental facts and requirements of the molecular to the fundamental facts and requirements of the molecular to the fundamental facts and requirements of the molecular to the fundamental facts and requirements of the molecular to the fundamental facts and requirements of the molecular to the fundamental facts and requirements of the molecular to the fundamental facts and requirements of the molecular to the fundamental facts and requirements of the molecular to the fundamental facts and requirements of the molecular to the fundamental facts and requirements of the molecular to the fundamental facts and requirements of the molecular to the fundamental facts and requirements of the molecular to the fundamental facts and requirements of the molecular to the fundamental facts and requirements of the molecular to the fundamental facts and requirements of the molecular to the fundamental facts and requirements of the molecular to the fundamental facts and requirements of the molecular to the molecular to the fundamental facts and requirements of the molecular to the fundamental facts and requirements of the molecular to the fundamental facts and requirements of the molecular to the fundamental facts and requirements of the molecular to the fundamental facts and requirements of the molecular to the fundamental facts and requirements of the molecular to the fundamenta man's life passed upon you, before you can see God i II. Let us group together certain religious practices which mon employ, and consider whether they have any practical power to do what is required.

Some men conform to religious services, not so nuch for the sake of educating their conscience and en-lightening their spiritual senses, as for the sake of qui-eting their conscience, and satisfying their spiritual senses. It is to be feared that a great many men at-tend church, and wont themselves to the performance and that they reveal the tastes and feelings of God, then that man's life is properly developed in citizenship, civility and domesticity. But if a man sees no God, and no providence of God, and says, "I am born into this physical world; here are my physical duties; these things must I do; and to do these these things is all that is required of me"—that man is a drudge; he is scarcely a man; he vulgarizes himself; he lives a low, animal life, and calls that manhood and religion; he leaves out of his life that noblest part by which he affiliates with the Divine Nature.

2. Another man supposes that men should not trouble themselves too much about doctrines; that they should do about right; and that that is all that is required of them. Why yes, that is all that is required of anybody—to do about right; but what is about right; as used by men in this categor?

A man concludes to raise fruits for the New York

of religious service, not so much that they may make such performance a universal substitute for duty. There are a great their duty better, as that they may make such performance a universal substitute for duty. There are a great who go to church regularly on Sunday, because they who go to church regularly on Sunday, because they have a vague impression that God will oflect one against the other. They say, when Sunday morning comes, "I have been bad all the week—worse than some men, perhaps, but better than others: no worse than the average—and now it is Sunday, and I must go to church;" and when Sunday night comes, they say, "I have been to church all day, and sat on the hard seat, and performance a universal substitute for duty. There are a great their duty better, as that they may make such performance a universal substitute for duty. There are a great who go to church regularly on Sunday, because they who go to church regularly on Sunday, because they have been been been doing what I am others: no worse than the average—and now it is Sunday, and I must go to church;" and when Sunday and sat on the hard se of religious service, not so much that they may know

life, and that religious feeling must proceed from re-ligious rectitude. A man ought to live so that his life will be to him a perpetual source of gratification and

glorious feeling.
3. Others seek religion as a mere gratification of raise them, and that the man who studies into the nature of the fruits he raises, and makes himself actualted with the science of their culture, wins in the soil.

So it is in respect to living. In order that a man may live right, it is necessary that he should take a comprehensive view of his duties in this world, of the constructed in accordance with the principle of teachers of feed many him and of his relations to time ling by the imagination. And many who approaches ing by the imagination. And men who suppose that music and pictures cannuot be made means for conveying moral truth, and condemn them as unfit for such a ang moral truth, and concenn them as unit for such purpose, make war against the very genius of the Bible itself. But it is one thing to employ asthetic feelings for producing moral impressions, and quite another thing to resolve them into asthetic, enjoyment. If a man goes to church to the end that the induences there may lift him above the power and thraidom of secular influences, that is right; but if he goes to the end that he may enjoy the music, he substitutes a selfish pleasure for religious worship. If a man has a taste so exquisite that he desires the selection of such a form of discourse as shall minister to its gratification, that is legitimate. It may not be wise for him to be too fastidious in this respect; but if he finds that a form of discourse which excites his taste is more pleasing to him than any other, at the same time that it ministers to his spiritual edification as much as any other, it is proper that he should desire it. But it is not proper that a man should desire a particular form of discourse merely on account of the enjoyment which it will afford him as a literary performance. The rounding up of periods, the fitness of words, the power of human eloquence—these things should not be esteemed as of the highest importance in

a discourse. That is but a poor religion which merely gratifies a man's taste. That is a poor religion which causes a man's moral feelings to end in pleasurable excitements of ideality. Such a religion has not a strength competent to deal with the wickedness of the human heart.

4. Others accept religious forms and religious observances, not to enkindle a high and holy purpose, and minister to it, but blindly, because they think that in some indefinite way these forms and observances are insurances. They have an idea that if they conform to the church and her ceremonies and ordinances, it will inure to their benefit in some way. Now, far be it from me to say or imply anything in derogation of the ordinances or the ceremonies of the church. I recognize the right of any body of Christians to serve their religious needs by those things which their experience has taught them are beneficial to them, as much as I do my own right to serve my religious needs by those things which my experience has taught me are beneficial to me. If the Quaker communes with God best, and flourishes best, in the absolute simplicity of house, and In silence of public service, he has a right to wor. the church and her ceremonies and ordinances, it will with the chant of the organ and the choir, with robed officials, and with prescribed forms and ceremonies, bearing witness that by them you are most helped. But when a service is all hollow to the individual man; when he does not feel the inspiration meant to be con veyed by it, then, so far as he is concerned, it is perverted and misconceived, and there is no benefit in it. 5. Others seek religious service for the pure gratifica-tion of the intellect. Many men rail at those that go to church for the sole purpose of gratifying the taste; and yet, they themselves go for as barren a purpose. They go for mere thought-pleasure. It is the analytic or the synthetic feature of the discourse that pleases them, as much as it is the music or the poetry that pleases those who seek to have their taste gratified. They sacrifice religion for the pleasure of the lower

feelings.

Now of all these religious practices, I think Christ would say, "Sit down and calculate what their power is." Here is that which is to be done: a character is to be transformed. The world, the flesh and the devil, leagued in a common alliance, are developing what is evil in men. Unruly passions, mightily stimulated by human life, are holding them back from duty. In ten thousand ever-varying forms, fear is pressing upon them, and driving them from the path of rectitude. I have held up to you the loose notions, and the imperfect forms of religious service, which men are employing and relying upon in this great work of transforming character. And is there, in any one of them, or in all of them, power to change the nature of man—to subdue his lower passions, and lift him up into the sweet experience of a divine life? Are they adequate to the accomplishment of so important a work? If you suppose you can build a Christian character with these materials, you have not counted the cost. They are not sufficient for any such purpose. If you suppose leagued in a common alliance, are developing what is are not sufficient for any such purpose. If you suppose that with these you could make war against the things which oppose your eternal welfare, you have not wisely consulted. You have not ten thousand even, with which to meet twenty thousand. There must be a hotter callester that the state. better calculation than that!

Are there not those in this congregation, who have supposed that they could be Christians through such means as these? and is it not plain to you to night, that they are inadequate to meet your wants—that you need something deeper and stronger?

they not look at the subject in this light, and count the cost, it seems better that I should not venture at all."

II. But you will say, "This is discouraging. If I they not look at the subject in this light, and count the cost, it is seems better that I should not venture at all." 4. Another man thinks that although a man should prepare for the eternal world, yet that preparation need not be precipitated; that a man should exercise an economic prudence, and delay that preparation, to some degree, till the hour of death!

A man who is building a ship, is putting into it whatever timber he can most conveniently obtain, without regard to its suitableness; and is giving to it that shape which will cause him the least labor, with-But stop! Do not turn away from this view, if it pair

without regard to its suitableness; and is giving to it that shape which will cause him the least labor, without regard to its adaptation to the use to which it is to be applied. He is putting into it all sorts of worthless materials; and is building it broad where it should be narrow, and narrow where it should be broad. Being expostulated with about the folly of such a course, he says. "Oh, it makes no difference how she is built now. I will build her as I have begun, and launch her. She will be good enough for calm weather; and when a storm comes on I can fix her!" A great time that would be to rebuild and transform a ship, when she must be ing tossed about in the midst of a storm on the locan!

There are many in my hearing to night, I suppose, there are men in the worldly sense of the term bad. I suppose there are men in this congregation that are in danger of dying drunkards. I suppose there are men in this congregation that are in danger of dying drunkards. I suppose there are men in this congregation that are in danger of dying drunkards. I suppose there are men in this congregation that are in danger of dying drunkards. I suppose there are men in this congregation that are in danger of dying drunkards. I suppose there are men in this congregation that are in danger of dying drunkards. I suppose there are men in this congregation that are in danger of dying drunkards. I suppose there are men in this congregation that are in danger of dying drunkards. I suppose there are men in this congregation that are in danger of dying drunkards. I suppose there are men in this congregation that are in danger of dying drunkards. I suppose there are men in this congregation that are in danger of dying drunkards. I suppose there are men in this congregation that are in danger of dying drunkards. I suppose there are men in this congregation that are in danger of dying drunkards. I suppose there are men in this congregation that are in danger of dying drunkards. I suppose there are men in this congregation that are in dan 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 he

falled as many times, already. I calculate the chances,

and I see that there is no hope of my being able to live right, if I should attempt it," But have you calculated the chances the other way? Do you say that you cannot afford to travel toward heaven? Can you afford to travel toward hel? Can you afford to cling to the cup, and die a drunkard? Can you afford to let your morals, already swellen with disease, gangreno? Can you afford to have your heart grow corrupt till it can no longer discriminate between good and sell, or right and wrong?

good and ovil, or right and wrong?
The terrible fires of wickedness and lust burn slowly and steadily. In many and many a man they are like fires that burn in houses long before they are discovered. They smoulder day after day between the partitions and ceilings, and at last break forth; and the moment the air reaches them, the whole building is wrapped in swelling surges of fiame, by which it is smould consumed. There are near the answell to the consumed the many the real things are the surgest of the same that are successful to the consumed the same that are successful to the same that are the same that are successful to is wrapped in swelling surges of fiame, by which it is speedily consumed! There are men who are living so that their affections are being corrupted; so that their imaginations are being corrupted; so that the tropical, sweltering atmosphere of evil is acting upon them continually. They are gradually and steadily growing worse and worse, and being carried toward perdition; and if their downward steps are not arrested, ere long their utter ruin will be consummated!

Now do you say that the changes are against your

Now do you say that the chances are against your getting up? What are the chances the other way? Do you throw the line to know whether you can reach the shore? Have you thrown the line the other way? If there is no chance heavenward, are you not discouraged when you can be a benderal that the short of t when you see the redoubling cortainties of utter destruction?

I say to every man, You have got to make a double calculation. If it is dark in the direction of reformation, do not hesitate to look the other way. Are there ventures before you? Are there not greater ventures before you? chind you? Are there some chasms before you? there not a lurid abyss behind you, from which, if a man fall into it, he shall never come out again? Cipher both ways: not only toward heaven, but also toward hell; and make up your mind what you will do from a comprehensive calculation, and not a partial and flat-

Are there not those here whose lives are bound up in the things of this world; who are ungraced by divine communion; who are unenlightened by the truths that bring all the joy of salvation? And have you not thought that respectable morality, ordinary goodness, a sort of neighborhood goodness, was sufficient for your present needs, and that you would add to it by and by? And when revivals of religion have come, have you not tried to become a Christian, and failed? And having failed, have you not been discouraged, and ceased all further attempts to attain that state which you are

You know that in the business of publishing there are what are called "the remainders." If an edition of a book is published, and it is not all sold, the part that remains unsold, is called "the remainder" of that edition. And in manufacturing establishments and stores there is a great amount of stock which is called "remnants," and which consists of scraps, and shop-

vorn goods that are left over.

Now I think that the church and the community are full of 'remnants' and 'remainders' -men that are left over. The family works up some, and the church left over. The family works up some, and the church some; but there are great numbers of persons scattered throughout the world, that are not worked up, but are left. They are the "remnant" of which the Bible speaks, and perchance their being even a "remnant" is because they are as immortal as others; because they cannot die. We are born of a day; but once born, we live as long as Jehovah I Perchance it is because Christ has died for them. Perchance it is because as long as of these persons, because they have tried to rise once, and twice, and thrice, and each time fallen back, have come into a discouraged state, in which they say, "Why should I try? If I make calculation of the chances, there is very little prospect of my succeeding." Then do not calculate in that direction. Or, if you say, "I shall go to hell," as deliberately as you have said, "I do not believe I shall go to heaven," have you attempted to think what hell was? I preach no penal fire to you, in the literalness of the symbol employed for describing the future condition of the wicked. It is the perversion and corruption of the mind that constitutes the penalty for sin. And have you thought what it was to be herded with corrupt men, whose natures were growing more and more corrupt; whose appetites were growing less and less anisation. here is life there is hope of salvation. And yet, many were growing less and less spiritual; who were sinking lower and lower in degradation? Have you calculated what it was to go into a herd of such men—the offscouring of the universe—and dwell with them forever? If you have, and have chosen your part, no words of mine can affect you. But if you have not, I beseech you to make another calculation. Is not this the day of grace for some who have counted themselves unworthy of salvation?

But there are some that have oftentimes been awakened on the subject of religion, who have never fallen entirely back into a state of unconcern. There are some consciences that never have soundly slept. The consciences of some men are like sick children, that never sleep so soundly but that the opening of a door, the raising of a window, or the walking of a person across the room, rouses them from their slumber. There are many men whose consciences do not sleep, in the store, in the street, or in the house. And yet, they are not converted—they are not Christians; and oftentimes, when they are plied by the Spirit, and pressed to the performance of Christian duty, they fall back into a discouraged state, saying, "I have long felt as though I ought to be a Christian, but it is of no use for me to try to become one. I have resolved that I would do my duty, and have tried to keep my resolutions; but with all my endeavors I have come short of Christian life." All the more needful is it, then, my friend, that you should cut short this prevarication, this hesitation, this unprofitable agitation, and take up this matter according to its importance—and there is nothing else in this life so important as the salvation of the human can. is nothing else in this life so important as the salvation of the human soul. All other things come together in that. The value of all other things is measured by that. "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul."

All of a man's friendships become doubly sweet, all of a man's power becomes doubly useful, all of a man's hones become doubly sweet, all the salvation of the

topes become doubly joyous, if his soul is right with God, and the light of eternity falls upon it. How bright, and beautiful, and strong, and rich, are ever secular elements, when touched by the hand of God But all these things are like flowers on which frost shall surely come. The glory of the summor—where is it? Where are the flowers that so lately were in your yard and mine? Where are the leaves that, but a short time ago, we saw hanging, like so many banners, or the trees, as we walked to church? The frost sough them, and crumpled them to powder. And all those things that make the soul like a garden in summer— what will they avail you, when life is past, if there is no preservation for them in the grace of God, and they are open to the frosts which death will bring?

I beseech you to heed the monitions of Christ, who

never deceived any one; who never aroused a fear when there was not cause for fear; who never warned when there was not danger. Raise the question again to-night, "What is to be done for my soul? Have the instruments I have employed been adequate to the work necessary to be wrought in me? Is there any likelihood, unless I employ higher forces, and strive more earnestly, that my life will not end, as it is going on, in darkness and disaster?" I beseech you to turn, and with renewed zeal apply to your life and disposition those forces which shall bring you to God without delay, and which shall at last bring you to the land of God—the heavenly inheritance.

Yes, friend, you came in to spend the evening, not thinking that any postionies impression would be not

thinking that any particular impression would be pro duced upon you; but strange thoughts have passed through your mind while I have been speaking. I have touched old associations, thoughts and feelings con touched old associations, thoughts and feelings connected with your experience; and the question is rising
—dimly, it may be—within you, "Ought I not to attend to this subject of religion?" Accept this providence of God that brought you in here to-night. Accept this divine impulse that is resting on your soul.
God is speaking to you—oh, my friend, child of God,
poor soul bound over to destruction, God is speaking
to you! Will you not hear what your Saviour says to
von? Will you not say. "My Lord, my God, from you? Will you not say, "My Lord, my God, from this hour I am thino?" May God in his infinite mercy

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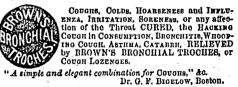
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