

# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## THE SERMONS

OF REVS. HENRY WARD BEECHER and EDWIN H. CHAPIN are reported for us by the best Phonographers of New York, and published verbatim every week in this paper.  
EIGHTH PAGE—Lecture by Rev. H. W. Beecher.  
THIRD PAGE—Rev. Dr. Chapin's Sermon.  
SIXTH PAGE—Cora L. V. Hatch's Discourse.

Written for the Banner of Light.

## "BERTHA LEE," OR, MARRIAGE.

To the Memory of my Husband this tale is dedicated.

BY ANN E. PORTER,  
Author of "Dora Moore," "Country Neighbors," &c., &c.

### CHAPTER XVI.—(CONTINUED.)

The fall term was usually one of vigorous study, and, though I must acknowledge that the body suffered, the mind made progress—progress, however at the expense of bone, muscle and vital powers.

I was hard at work, one evening, over my algebra lesson, when Miss Lincoln came to the house, and asked permission for me to spend the night with her. We went together to Miss Garland's room, where we found her in conversation with "Mr. Calvin." He had not been at Rookford for many months; for he had now completed his studies at the theological school, and was preaching at a place some hundred miles distant. I would gladly have turned back at once, for a strange tremor came over me at sight of him. "I certainly was a nervous little body," as my mother always said, with no self-control; but, fortunately, Miss Lincoln was with me, and her calm, quiet manner gave me some strength.

Permission was accorded me to spend the night with my friend, and we were kindly invited to remain awhile in Miss Garland's parlor. But Uncle Nugget was quite ill, and could not be left, (I inwardly thanked the old man for being worse that evening,) and we hastened to him. It had been snowing and blowing all day; but, in the quiet, warm study-room I had not thought of the storm at all, save once, when my seatmate pointed to the snow that had drifted high up on the outside of the windows. Mary wrapped a large shawl carefully about me, bade me put on my snow-boots, and follow her footsteps through the garden. But the path was already filled with snow, and the wind and sleet almost blinded us. It was with much difficulty we made our way, and should have had much trouble but for the lamp which Mary had placed in the window to guide us.

As we entered the house, covered with snow, and panting for breath, the old man raised himself in his bed, looking wild and haggard.

"And so this is the way you treat me when the wind is blowing directly ashore! I tell you, we'll be wrecked in five minutes! All hands aboard—roof topsails! The devil's in the gale!—do ye hear him whistling in the shrouds? He'll have every soul of you to-night! Never mind, Mary, if I go to the devil—I shall go where you—ha! ha! I'd like to have let it all out; how Molly wanted to know the whole of it; but she died in ignorance—bless her old soul! She never harmed a fly! There, do ye hear—there's the devil and all his imps having a concert—hear 'em sing:

"To Davy's locker with ye all—  
Every mother's son;  
When the vessel's wrecked and gone  
Then our song is done!"

"We'll strike soon—there's a rock ahead! I know the spot—we're driving right on to her! Helm about! Work, my hearties! What's the matter? Ay, I see! them devils are the strongest; ye can't beat 'em—hear 'em yell!"

"The wind is piping loud, my boys—  
Then drive the ship ahead;  
The white caps dance upon the rock—  
They'll dance above the dead!"

As he sung, in a cracked, harsh voice, strained to a high key, the wind without screamed in unison; and then moaned and sighed for a moment; and then again it increased in force, and the old house rocked, and the naked branches of the lilacs scraped against the windows with a harsh sound, and we could see the tall, old poplar bending its stiff, gaunt form toward us, and swaying in the storm, as if its roots writhed in agony. I watched it for awhile, as Mary was trying to soothe the old man, when, suddenly, a wild, strong blast came, as if the storm had gathered all its strength for the battle; and the poplar bowed its tall head, and, as I watched to see it rise again, with the lull, suddenly there came a sound like a quick, sharp groan, and the tall, old tree lay prostrate on the snow. The noise attracted the attention of the old man, and he raised his hands, and tried to throw himself from the bed.

"The ship has struck—we're all dead men!"  
"No, no, uncle," said Mary, her voice calm, and her face, as I gazed upon her, in my fright, serene as that of the angel when he came to soothe and heal the sick at the pool of Bethesda; "no, uncle, only the wind has blown the old poplar down; it lies directly across the road."

"The old poplar! the old poplar, Mary? Why, my father said that tree out the very day I was born—so I've heard him say. Where am I, Mary?"

"Why, here, uncle, in our own home—the old house that you said your father built only a few years after the town was settled."

"Oh, yes, yes, so I am; but I thought I was at sea! Is that the wind blowing?"

"Yes; it's a wild night out of doors; but I have kept up the fire, and it is warm and comfortable

here. I have your drops all ready—will you take them now?"

"Yes—give them to me!" He took the cup and drank them, and laid himself down gently, merely saying, in a sad, low voice, sad as the wind that was now sighing, in fitful gusts, around the house:

"And so the old poplar is gone! We began life here together, and now we shall end it together! He lies prostrate on the earth, where I too shall lie to-morrow!" and thus talking, he fell asleep.

Mary and I sat together, my hand in hers. We did not speak, lest we should disturb the slumbers of the sick man, but we listened to the wind, and we watched the snow drifting against the window, and once Mary rose, went to the old man's bed, bent her ear to listen to his breathing, then drew the covering gently over him, replenished the fire and sat down by my side.

A half hour passed—the clock struck twelve, and at the sound the sick man woke. His eyes looked calmer, and he seemed like one to whom sleep had brought rest and peace.

"Mary," he said, more gently than was customary with him. She sprang to his side. "Mary, it was such a night as this I found your mother on the wreck. I saved her life, and you have rewarded me by your patience and kindness in my old age. I leave you all I possess—this poor old house, and the quarter of an acre that joins it. Your mother was a lady, of good blood and high connections in Lincoln, England; you need not seek them, for they will never own you. You must battle with life as I have done, and, if what you say is true, there is a better world, where there'll be no rich to oppress the poor, and no proud to scorn the weak. I am dying, Mary. I want a minister. Can you get one for me?"

Mary and I looked at each other, and then out at the storm. The clergyman of the parish lived a mile away. What could be done? There was but a moment of hesitation with Mary.

"Bertha, could you find your way to the boarding-house? I will trim the lantern for you. Mr. Calvin," he said, "I will give you a shawl, and giving me a lantern, bade me keep as near the fence as possible.

I had not overcome my native timidity, and when I found myself making my way along that path; now plunging into a snow-drift, and now falling against a shrub or stone, my sensations were none of the most pleasant. In one of my first falls I broke the lantern, and had to pursue the rest of my way in darkness. The wind was at my back, which was favorable; but I was driven along almost like a snow-flake, till at last, quite bruised and wet, I found myself at the kitchen door of the boarding-house. There was a bedroom near the kitchen, where Bridget slept, and I knocked at her window.

"Let me in, Bridget—please, quick."

The noise waked her, but she did not recognize me, and screamed at the top of her voice—

"Thaves! thaves! they'll be murdering me!" and when I knocked again, she ran out into the hall, and screamed the louder, till she roused the house. It was a strange scene, that stormy night. I stood without in the storm, but I could see the commotion within. All in that part of the house were in the hall on the instant, and they looked strangely enough by the dim light of the hanging lamp; the girls in their long night-dresses and flowing hair, running wildly about. "Where?" "Where?" "Is it fire?"

Somebody halloed "murder!" and Bridget, who kept explaining to her mistress, "I'm certain, ma'am! there's no mistake at all, ma'am; right at me window a horrible looking man, with great whiskers, ma'am; and I'm thinking the spoons will all be waiting in the morning, ma'am!"

"Only think, girls!" exclaimed some of the scholars, "a great, big fellow, with black eyes, and huge whiskers has been prowling round all night, and knocking at the windows!"

"Oh, dear! what shall we do?" a dozen voices exclaimed at once.

In the mean time I was trying to knock at the door, though my fingers were benumbed with the cold. No one noticed me for some moments, though I could see them through the side glass. At last, one, more observing than the rest, heard the knock.

"There, girls! there he is! don't you hear him?"  
"For mercy's sake, don't let him in Mrs. Norton!" exclaimed a number, as the housekeeper approached the door.

I might have perished there if Miss St. Leon had not made her appearance, and, on the instant, opened to me. I could hardly speak, but she threw the light of the lamp directly on my face, and drawing me at once into the house, and to the warm kitchen, asked me, quietly, how I came out of doors at that time of night. I explained my errand as briefly as I could, and, after sending the girls back to their rooms, she ordered Bridget to make up more fire, while she went herself to call Mr. Calvin.

He made his appearance in a few moments. I was hoping Miss St. Leon would return with me, but she said—

"Tell Miss Lincoln I will come soon; but you and Mr. Calvin must not wait a moment, for you have been detained so long already."

We started without a lantern. Mr. Calvin had trodden that path before, and knew the way. I followed, telling him that I could walk better than us, which, indeed, was the truth, as the wind was in our faces. His steps were longer than mine, and I found it difficult to keep the track, and was, moreover, hardly recovered from the late excitement. I paused an instant for breath. He turned round—

"You are tired, Miss Lee; let me assist you."

The tone and manner in which he spoke were different from those which he had always assumed toward me; but I declined his offer—

"No, I could walk better as we were."

The next moment I found myself on the earth, having set my foot in a deep hollow, which his longer step had enabled him to avoid. I recovered my feet immediately, hoping I was not observed, but he now drew my arm within his, and though I persisted in saying I could walk better alone, he thought differently. I walked on, impatient to arrive, for I knew Mary was waiting in great anxiety for us. But there was no haste to be made, for we had to battle with the storm, and it was hard to keep erect. Mr. Calvin's arm now encircled my waist, and though I felt much as I would if a snake had wreathed his slimy folds around me, I endured it, for Mary's light was in the window. The next moment we were in the broader path which led to the door, and, with a sudden jerk, I threw his arm from me, and ran on before him.

Mary was sitting by the old man's bed, rubbing his hand, and bathing his head.

"Has it seemed long?" I asked hastily.

Her face was pale and troubled.

"I am so glad you have come back, Bertha!"—and she turned again to the bed, evidently afraid to take her eyes from the dying man.

"Has he come, Mary? You promised he would be here soon."

"He is here, Uncle; will you see him?"

"Yes; hand me the small trunk in my sailor's chest. There, turn the key; my hands are too weak. Now leave me alone with the minister."

We retired to Mary's room, while Mr. Calvin approached the bed. They conversed awhile, and then we heard the minister's voice in prayer. The door opened gently during the exercise. We knew it was Miss St. Leon. When we returned to the room, the old man had sunk down apparently much exhausted. The little trunk had been replaced in the chest. Miss St. Leon was removing her wrappers. She administered some spirit to the invalid. He revived a little, and then seemed to drop to sleep. He remained so till just before dawn, when he awoke suddenly and called for Mary. She took his hand. It was cold. He tried to speak again, but his tongue refused his bidding, and after one hard struggle, he ceased to breathe.

There were few real mourners at the funeral of the old boatman. He had been a rough, hard man, and there were even rumors that he had once been one of the crew in a piratical vessel. Few knew him well, and those few were aged men, who could not leave the fireside on a winter's day. The clergyman of the parish attended, but he had little to say of the deceased. A prayer, a chapter from the Bible, and the singing of a hymn, included all the exercises. A few of Mary's class accompanied Miss St. Leon to the grave. Mr. Calvin was not present. He left Rookford the day after the death; and when I saw him in the morning, he made no inquiry for Mary, though he remained in the dining-room on purpose, he said, to bid me farewell. Does my reader believe in anticipations? I hope so; for it is only in this way that he can account for my treatment of this "good man," as most of the scholars called him. I never met him but with a feeling of recoil; I never saw him depart but with a sense of relief. Was this a girl's whim, or a dim prescience of the future?

### CHAPTER XVIII. SERMONS.

In the winter of 183-, a noted Methodist preacher, who had been a play-actor in England, came to Rookford and held a series of meetings in the Methodist chapel. My friend Anna, who had listened to him in her native town, and was exceedingly interested in his style of eloquence, urged me to go with her to the chapel. Miss Crooks, who, amid the changes which had been made in the rooms, was again my room-mate, objected.

"Why, girls," said she, "it will do you no good, for you will receive as much error as truth. He denies the doctrine of election, and no one can go to heaven unless they embrace this with the whole heart."

"It is not his doctrine that I care for," said Anna; "but, Miss Crooks, he is such a beautiful speaker! I wish you could only hear him. He has such small, white hands, and he uses them so gracefully; and his raven black hair curls around his broad, white forehead, and his eyes are black and piercing, so that when he looks at you, it seems as if he were looking right into your heart, and you can't help trembling; and then he sings so charmingly—sometimes soft and low, as if he would win you to his faith, and then joyous and exultant, like the song of a conqueror. Do come with us, Miss Crooks—do, now."

"Not I," said she, firmly; "there is but one way into the fold, and he that climbeth up some other way is a thief and a robber. I do not believe Miss Garland will permit you to go."

Miss Garland did let us go, Miss Crooks to the contrary, notwithstanding; but perhaps it would have been better for us had she refused; for we were like most school girls of that age—susceptible, impulsive, easily swayed. The speaker was glib with the graces of oratory—a fine person, a warm heart, and an ambition to count the number of his converts by hundreds and thousands. The first evening, he preached from the text, "Come to Jesus." It was full of gentle persuasion; and he, who had learned to modulate his voice, and educate expression and gesture on the boards of the theatre, so as to draw

smiles or tears, at will, from the thoughtless crowd who came only to see how fiction could be made reality, had no difficulty now in portraying truth to the mass of upturned faces, who held their breath to listen. They were uneducated and rough, brought together from the workshop, the farm, the fishing schooner, and the factory. They had little knowledge of books, save the Bible, and that they had spelled out, and read with a semi-comprehension of its great truths, that left them in a twilight of thought and speculation. This man came, and pictured in simple language—but all the more powerful for that—the judgment hall, the stern Sanhedrim, the timid Pilate, and the faithless disciples. They saw, as never before, the meek, suffering Saviour, alone amid his enemies, calm and patient at rebuke and scorn, deserted by his friends, and tauntingly told by the haughty Roman, "Thine own nation and the chief priests have delivered thee unto me." He saw the busy fingers of the spiteful Jew, plating that crown of thorns, weaving in, with wicked art, the sharp points that should pierce the sufferer's head. He saw him standing in meek silence amid the cries of the multitude, "Crucify him! Crucify him!" And when at last Pilate, in the pride of his power, would fain force words of self-condemnation from his victim, there came that memorable sentence, uttered, not for the blind, ignorant multitude there, but for the ages to come: "Thou couldst have no power over me, except it were given thee from above." Ay, here was the secret of that power to suffer—of those triumphant words, spoken still later, on the cross, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

I cannot even now go over the scene of the crucifixion itself without having emotions stirred within me, to which, till then, I had been a stranger. We saw him extended upon the cross, forgetting the intense suffering of his death in his compassion—and "for you he suffered, for you he died," exclaimed the preacher. "Will you turn away? Come unto him, and he will give you rest. Come, poor, weary man, borne down with the burdens of life, come and he will give you rest—come, poor heart-broken mourner, for whom earth has no more brightness, come to the cross of Christ, and he will give precious balm for your wounded spirit—come, thou aged pilgrim of four score, standing with wearied feet and trembling heart in the valley of the shadow of death, come to Christ, and he will make that valley bright as the sunlit Pisgah when the departing Moses beheld the promised land." He paused a moment—turned his eyes full upon the seat where Anna and myself sat with two or three more young, blooming, merry girls. "And you, my young friends, come in the brightness of life's morning, when your hearts are fresh as the opening bud; come, before a life of sin and sorrow shall wither the flower, and you have only a faded wreck, to offer him who died for you. More beautiful than the priceless gems of the East, more fragrant than the spice groves of Arabia the blest, more acceptable than the treasures of earth's mightiest monarchs, is the offering of the youthful heart to its God. Come, then, when beauty tints the cheek, when the heart beats high and warm with the aspiration of youth, when the world is bright before you—come to the Saviour, and he will guide you through the sorrows of this life, sorrows that will surely come with time and age, to the world where there is everlasting youth, and where beauty is perennial."

His voice was full of tender pathos, his countenance expressive of deep emotion; and, as he knelt to pray, I believe that tears fell from the eyes of all our group.

At the close of his prayer, he came down from the pulpit, and went from pew to pew, urging people to go forward and kneel at a low balustrade around the pulpit. It was a novel sight to me to watch the variety of character influenced by him—the old man and the child, the matron and maid. I was so interested in watching them, that I did not hear the preacher's step, nor know that he was near us, till Anna's sobs attracted my attention. I turned, and saw him entreating her to go with him to the "altar," while she, poor child, shook violently, and seemed so troubled that I threw my arms round her, and whispered—

"Dear Anna, don't, don't; be calm."

"Bertha, will you go with me?" she said, entreatingly.

"Yes; come, too, Miss Bertha," said the preacher; "come to the blessed Saviour; let me not ask in vain."

That small white hand with a plain, gold ring on one of the fingers, rested on the side of the pew; it held a perfumed handkerchief; the voice was low and melodious, and we could see now that the curls of the dark hair were of nature's twining.

The whole scene was new to me, and I know not what we might have done had not the clock struck nine at that moment.

We had promised Miss Garland that we would be at home at that hour, and we told the preacher so, and he politely waited upon us to the door. The next evening we went again, and again, and again, often without permission, which was certainly a very audacious act; but so fascinated had we become, that rules would have had little influence over us. We made due confession, and were pardoned; but the very fact of our going clandestinely, prevented our "going forward," much to the disappointment of the young preacher, who never failed to come and speak to us. Whether that added a charm to the service, I will not now pretend to say; but I know we thought him eloquent beyond all speakers we had ever heard before.

Older and more judicious critics might have called him redundant in his imagery, and too fond of adjective phrases; they might have objected to his manner, and to the frequent display of the finely-formed hand and delicate handkerchief; but they were to us only agreeable adjuncts. We emptied our purses into the contribution-box, which was sent round to defray his expenses; and we wept over certain little hymn-books which he gave to us on the last evening. His popularity in our country, increased, and now I frequently hear of him as drawing crowds of delighted listeners, and often wonder if he ever recalls the school girls of Rookford, whose admiration must certainly have awakened any latent vanity which grace had not subdued. He stirred the waters of the community there, and they did not subside at his leaving; the circles gradually widened, till the whole place felt its influence. But I am anticipating.

Sometime before this I had received Charles Herbert's note, written on his departure for the West Indies. How little I thought then it would be his last!

The coming of the preacher awakened a new train of thought in my heart. I began those speculations which have troubled older and wiser heads—whence came I? whither am I going? Is the soul immortal, or will it perish with the body? I found sects of Christians differing widely in sentiment, and each one believing that it only held the key to future happiness. Where is truth, and how shall I find it? I ventured once to ask Miss Crooks the question—

"Find it? why, in your Bible, to be sure."

I did turn there, but I say it now, and with all due reverence to that Book which is now I trust a light to my feet and a guide to my path, that only while I read the Gospels, could I understand—all the rest save a part of the Psalms, only plunged me into deeper perplexity and darkness. True, the beautiful sketches of patriarchal times, so full of Oriental imagery, had a charm for me, as for all children, but I was now looking for the mystery of Jewish sacrifices, to be solved, and for gleams of a future life. Alas! I found none in the Old Testament save that angels came and talked with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, and Isaiah—that they counseled Daniel, and answered his prayer. Then I prayed that an angel might come and teach me, and then I should know the way. I asked Miss Crooks if it was right.

"Why, no, you silly child, what's the use of praying for angels to come, when you can know the way without it. You are like the stubborn Jews of old. You know the rich man, when he was in hell, lifted up his eyes in torment, and prayed that a messenger might be sent from heaven to his two brethren, so that they need not come into that place of torment. What did Abraham say? 'They will not believe, though one rise from the dead.'"

"But, Miss Crooks, his prayer was answered, for Jesus Christ was sent unto the Jews."

"Yes, and the Jews rejected him."

"But," said I, "this rich man had one good thing in him—a desire that others should not suffer, though he was miserable."

"Well, Bertha Lee! you are a curious child—just as if there could be anything good in a lost soul!"

"Lost soul! lost soul!" how those words filled my heart that day. What does she mean? I kept asking myself the question. Night and day it was ringing in my ears. When I awoke in the night, I repeated it, and wondered what its full import could be. True, I had heard my mother use similar expressions, and in childhood all those passages of Scripture containing the fearful figures of intense future suffering, were familiar, every-day language on her lips. I remembered too, Mr. Calvin's first address in the stage to me, three years before, and how I trembled at the thought of physical, endless suffering—but that was an idea only of bodily pain—of fire, of agony which the mind could picture more keenly than the tongue express in words. But now the words *lost soul* implied more than that; *soul*, that was not material—it is of a higher nature than the body—it can suffer more keenly, but what that suffering was I could not define. I thought of what the preacher said—"Come unto Jesus," and then I would turn to St. John, and read of Jesus till, I was filled with admiration and love. I thought if he were only here, I would go unto him as Mary Magdalene did, and bring all the treasures I had—that I would gladly anoint his head, and like her, lay my flowing hair at his feet.

One Sunday, when I was full of these thoughts, an aged minister preached upon the text, "Follow thou me." He described the character of Jesus in meek, loving language, and I lingered upon his words with a deep interest, till he told us that we could follow him only by being like him, to forgive our enemies, love those that hated us, and return good for evil.

"Have you an enemy?" he said, "have you no longer, but let your love transform their hatred, or if it has no power over them, let it melt the hatred of your own heart, that you bear the weary burden of hate no longer. Look upon the whole world as the children of one Father, alike sharing his goodness, and open your heart, as he does, to all. If there is one person in the wide world to whom you cannot speak words of kindness, one toward whom you harbor a wish for revenge, upon whose head you would willingly see trouble descend, then you are not like Jesus, and the dove of peace cannot rest in your heart!"

"Oh dear! I said to myself, 'what shall I do? There is my mother, and Miss Crooks and Mr. Calvin; I do not love them, and I am afraid I never shall—and then the words 'lost soul' would rise up



before me, and I would say—"If I do not love them what will become of me?"

Now Miss Crooks had grown more and more fretful and disagreeable. I wondered if I should make her a present if it would not help me to love her.

I had hurt her feelings by laughing at her black blot and once, when she was fretting at me, because the room was not in perfect order, I said, "I don't like old maids, one bit, they are so set and fussy."

She was very angry, and said, "If you mean me, Miss Bertha, you call folks old maids till they're thirty."

"Lawful sake! Miss Crooks, do you say you're not thirty? I should think you were all of thirty-five."

It wounded terribly, but terrible was her revenge that very day. When the mail came in she had a letter from my mother, with one enclosed for me.

I do not think my mother meant any unkindness in this—it was one drop of mercy in her heart, and, had Miss Crooks been Miss Lincoln, a precious flower of sympathy would have bloomed in the heart thus watered, but for Miss Crooks it yielded thorns that pierced me to the heart.

But to the letters—mine run as follows:—

DEAR BERTHA—We have had letters from Charles Herbert; he will stay at the Islands for the present. You know he is now about twenty-one, an early age to marry, we think; but he writes that he is to marry a young girl, the daughter of the gentleman they used to call "Uncle Paul." This will explain why you have had no letters from him for so long a time. Your father is in New York, or he would write you to day. He will be absent a week or more on business.

I have not known, Bertha, that you and Charles Herbert were any more to each other than simple friends—perhaps you had thought that friendship would ripen into a nearer union. You know I never fancied the intimacy, and it has terminated as I supposed it might. Do not let it trouble you too much; but if you wish to come here, do so, and I will be to you a mother and a friend in your trouble. I have written to your room-mate and teacher, Miss Crooks, that you have my full permission to come home if you wish.

Then Miss Crooks knew it! Yes, but not one word of sympathy, only the cruel taunt—"So you don't like old maids, Miss Bertha; better be an old maid, and have no lovers, than a rejected!"

"Stop!" said I, with a stamp of my foot and a flash of my eye, that told too truly of the rising anger in my heart—"I am not rejected. I was never engaged to Charles Herbert. I never expected—no, there I broke down; grief overmastered anger; no, the falsehood was not spoken. My conscience told me I did expect to spend my days with Charles Herbert, that life would be no life to me without his love, and my heart told me that that expectation was shared with him. There had been no words, for there was need of none. Like two operators, one at each end of the electric wire, we understood the signals without forming them into words. It was enough for us that the electric fluid was there; we asked no telegram in form.

I crushed my mother's letter in my hands, and, throwing on my bonnet, went out of the house, somewhere into the fresh air, where I could breathe more freely, for I felt as if I were choking, and my heart seemed almost to stop its beating.

Some one has said that the disappointment of a great hope is like the setting of the sun. Oh! what darkness followed my sunset! There was no twilight, not one solitary star, but my heart, struck blind for want of light, groped its way along alone, all alone, not even a light to bear upon. And that heart was full of hatred toward its enemies, and had not the good man said that the dove of peace could not dwell in such a heart? So I dared not pray—I could not turn to God—I had no earthly friend who could give me comfort. Once I turned my face southward—I would go to New York and find my father—I would walk on and on till I met him. But then came the shame and mortification of confessing the deep love which had filled my heart. No, no—I will bear it alone, all alone.

Now, toward Charles Herbert, strange as it may seem—it is contrary to the theory of most novelists—I had not one thought of revenge, one emotion of anger. Does not the poet say—

"Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned."

But I believe, and experience has confirmed, that where two hearts have truly, honestly, deeply loved, that love will never be wholly rooted out of the heart. However much of the demon I might have when thinking of Miss Crooks, and Mr. Calvin, and my mother, I had only grief and despair whenever Charles Herbert's image was before me. There was a terrible mistake somewhere, but no change in his heart. I imagined everything but that he had proved false, and for a week or two I thought perhaps the letter was forged, but this hope was blown away on my father's return home. He had seen the members of the firm in Boston. Charles was married—married the very day that he was twenty-one. He was a partner now in the business, but would remain on the Island. A greater gulf than the ocean was now between us. I walked till the coming darkness reminded me of study hours, and then I turned homeward, passing the house where Miss Lincoln had lived. It looked very desolate and old; I stopped and looked in at the window, and then I sat down on the door-step. Memories of the past thronged around me. I thought of my friend Mary, happy in her present home, surrounded by those who appreciated and loved her. All her letters spoke thus, and lately there had been a freshness and a charm in them which was new to me—as if there was in her heart a fountain of peace, some hidden source of joy. How I longed to see her, and lean my weary head on her bosom. The wish was hardly formed in my heart when I thought I saw her come out of the door, with her favorite book in her hand, and read these words—"When all things look sadly around us, it is good to have God for our friend, for of all friendships that only is created to support us in our needs."

The vision was so distinct and clear, that at first I believed it a reality; but it vanished slowly away, and then, as I repeated the words, I remembered that she had used them to me, long, long ago.

I did not love my friend. God was not my friend, for I had no enemies. The hard, bitter words of Miss Crooks still rankled in my heart, and it seemed almost impossible for me to forgive them. I walked on, listless, indifferent, caring little about my studies for the evening. I had suddenly lost all ambition. Henceforth it mattered not how I stood in my class. I was late, for the clock struck seven as I entered the house, and was going to my room for my books. But the girls were not in the study-room; they were on the stairs and in the halls.

"Oh, Bertha?" exclaimed a number, "where have

you been? We have looked for you all over the house. There are no study hours to-night. Miss St. Leon came in just as we were seated, and told us that the celebrated Dr. H., of Boston, would preach this evening, and we might all go. Run, quick, and get your bonnet; you like sermons, you know."

One little roguish girl, all dressed, looking bright as a little daisy, came running up to me:

"You see the Methodists have fired off their great gun, and the Congregationalists are going to fire a bigger. You'll hear it go bang to night, and blow your curly-headed parson where he will never find himself again."

"Run, quick," said another. "We'll be late, and have to sit back where we can see nobody, and nobody us."

I was ready to lay aside my books, as I cared little whether I stayed or went; but, as to finding any one who would interest me more than Mr. M., that was out of the question; but even I, indifferent as I felt, was a little disappointed when I saw the preacher come in. He was a man of middle age, rather short in size, thick set, with stiff hair, partly turned gray, which he wore brushed back from his forehead. His dress was plain, with little regard to fashion, and he walked up the aisle, and into the pulpit, with a short, quick step, and a direct, prompt, manner, as if he had work to do, and was going to do it with all his might. He was not a handsome man at all, and I wondered what there was about him to render him so popular. He rose, threw off his surcoat, as it was called in those days, (a close fitting outer garment,) and putting on his spectacles, read the following hymn—

"Hasten, slumber, to be wise;  
Slay not for the morrow's sun;  
Wisdom, if you still despise,  
Harden it to be woe."

Hasten, slumber, to be wise,  
Slay not for the morrow's sun;  
Least perdition you arrest,  
For the morrow is begun."

There was no attempt at oratory, no display, and when the hymn was read, he pushed his spectacles back upon his head, and giving one look at the singers, and then round upon the congregation, he opened the large Bible, and sat down.

As I said, he was not a handsome man, but he had marked features, and a face that when once seen, we felt a desire to see again. His text was, "Now is the accepted time—now is the day of salvation."

It was direct, pointed, full of strong figures, with few flowers of rhetoric, but delivered in a prompt, earnest manner that riveted attention. Now and then he left his notes, and turning his spectacles to the top of his head, made a direct appeal to his hearers. So earnest and sincere was his manner that you felt whatever his doctrine, he believed it himself. The object of the discourse was the danger of delay, and he illustrated it by figures drawn from the every day concerns of life, and enforced his doctrine by arguments, hard, solid arguments; there was logic and method in his brain, and the hearer felt its force.

I became interested, and as my attention was attracted, I became more and more troubled and perplexed. I had been for some days, coming reluctantly to the conclusion that before I could have peace of mind, I must make peace with my three "disagreeables," as I had been in the habit of naming them to Addie. Now Mr. Calvin was away, and perhaps he would not return for a great while; my duty to him might be deferred—my mother too, might wait till vacation for any demonstration of friendship. But here was Miss Crooks at my side—annoying, troublesome, fretful Miss Crooks; I must love her and do her good.

I was now going to work my passage to heaven by certain acts of penance, the first of which was harder than for Simon Stylites to stand on his pillar, or for a nun to live forty days to bread and water.

I could not sleep that night, but tossed restlessly on my pillow, full of mental suffering; it increased till my head seemed on fire, and my heart without one ray of hope, for this world or an hereafter. "Why not die now?" I said to myself—"Why live when life has become a burden?" I had heard that people sometimes took poisons, and slept, never to wake again.

I actually rose from my bed, and went to a bottle of laudanum that Miss Crooks had obtained for the toothache. I looked at it by the moonlight at the window. I sat down with it in my hand, and I know not what I might have done, had not the idea occurred to me that the soul could not die; and if so, could I end my suffering by destroying the body? My reading lesson that very day had been Hamlet's Soliloquy. I can recall it now—236th page in Porter's Analysis; but I little thought, when I practiced it with so much interest in the morning, that it would have a personal application at night.

"—the dread of something after death,  
That undiscovered country, from whose bosom  
No traveler returns, puzzles the will,  
And makes us rather bear the ills we have,  
Than fly to those we know not of."

I turned to the piece and read it, and then I opened a Bible. Unfortunately it was Miss Crooks's, and opened readily to the ninth chapter of Romans, which only puzzled my poor little head the more. I shut it up, half in anger, half in despair, and walked the room, thinking that no one could suffer as I did. There was a sense of loneliness in my suffering that was most oppressive. Charles Herbert could have no sympathy with me, for I could carry no more troubles to him. He had always made the rough places smooth, and now I thought if I could only sit down and write him all about it, he would show me a way to peace. My trunk stood in a corner of the room, near the bed. I went there to get Charles's likeness, to look at it; but instead of opening the trunk, a sudden impulse seized me to pray; and I knelt and prayed that my Heavenly Father would bless and comfort me, for I had no other friend to whom I could look for help. After this I laid myself down, and soon fell asleep. I dreamed that I was at the old farm-house with Charles, and we were playing by the brook, near the grapevine swing. We stopped to eat a luncheon. Charles's father had sent us some oranges, and he selected the largest and finest one—a very rare and beautiful specimen it was, too—and held it up admiringly. I supposed he was about to give it to me, because such was his custom when he had anything very choice; but he said:

"That Bertha, is for little Mary Wood, the pretty girl that lives in that brown house over at Kent's Island. You can see the chimney of the house above that piece of woods. She has the spinal disease, and can't run and play with us, and I know she will be pleased with such an orange as that. She has a sweet, gentle face, as if pain and poverty had only made her purer and better."

Then he took out the rest of the fruit, and selecting the fairest, gave them to me. We were about eating them, when it seemed, in my dream, that Miss Crooks came along, and, looking at us with a frown,

said that I must go back to school, and not play with Charles any more—it was against the rules; and then she looked very wistfully at the oranges. Charles gathered them all in the basket and gave them to her.

"Take them," he said, "they are nice." And she took them all, not leaving one for us, and then bade us follow her.

"Ain't she an ugly, cross old maid?" I whispered to Charles.

"I am very sorry for her," said Charles. "You see she has no one to love her, though she craves sympathy like others; and she never feels well, and she is disappointed because Mr. Calvin does not return some of the interest she feels in him. Then she is plain in person, and is too poor to afford the ornaments which women love so much. Very kind, I pity her, and if I were you, I would be very kind to her."

At that, he ran into a lane that led to Mary Wood's house, saying:

"I'll carry her the orange now, and then we'll be sure not to eat it. You do not mind, do you, Bertha? You know anything I have is half yours; and when I'm a man, you shall have all the oranges you want. Good-by, and be kind to poor Miss Crooks."

At that I awoke. It was broad daylight. Miss Crooks was dressing.

"Get up, Bertha, for I want to make the bed. It is strange you can't make it to suit me. I never can sleep well, unless the bed is made just so. Now watch me this morning, and see if you can learn."

I was about to reply that I thought the fault was in herself; but I checked the taunt that trembled on my lip, and said "I would try to learn."

That day I purchased a pretty brooch, and left it on her table, with a little note, asking her to forgive my rude speech; that I had spoken hastily, and under the excitement of anger.

When I came from the recitation room, she looked as if she had been weeping; and I found, afterwards, a note addressed to me, full of gratitude for the gift, and an apology for her own severity. Perhaps, she said, she was cold and hard, for want of friends to love her in her childhood. I thought of my dream.

The next evening there was a meeting in the school-room for all who wished to attend. Dr. B. would address the young ladies. It was a dark, stormy evening, but I went with the rest.

"Young ladies," said he, "you must be as anxious for the interests of your soul, as you would be as if your salvation depended upon your carrying a light safely across the street this stormy night. How anxiously would you watch it, how carefully guard it, how cautious your step; and if it should be extinguished, what despair and darkness would settle upon your soul!"

There were many there who might be benefited. I believe there were—perhaps I was myself; but at the time, such illustrations were, to my lacerated heart, like burning coals to raw flesh. I winced and quivered at the torture.

Another night of suffering came, with no comfort, save a few kind words from Miss Crooks, which were most grateful at the time. Day after day passed, and I found no peace. No letter came from Charles Herbert, though I anxiously every mail. This was "the unkindest cut of all," to forsake me thus, and give me no information, save what reached me through my mother. Nature at last succumbed to the mental conflict, and I was carried home, ill with a fever.

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

## AN INVALID'S MUSINGS.

VISIT TO THE GREENWOOD BOWERS.

BY SARAH BENNETT, J.

When the outer man is struggling in the chains of disease, and can no longer go forth to the green fields to enjoy the radiant smiles of nature, oh, then, how pleasant it is to roam on inspiration's angel-plumed wings of thought through her green embowered halls, where the song of streamlet and bird echoes with enchanting melody, and the air is perfumed with the fragrant breath of flowers, to beguile the wearisome hours in musing over the truth-glowing pages of her unsealed volume.

In spirit as I wandered forth  
Amid the sylvan bowers,  
Where tasselled buds and flowers  
In vernal beauty smile,  
I sat me down awhile  
In silent muse.

Around me all seemed hushed praise;  
The bee, as forth it flew  
To sip the honeyed dew;  
The bird in carols sweet,  
While all the woods replete  
With echoes ring.

The rill, too, in sweet praises joined  
The glad, exultant song  
In silvery chorus, long,  
The nymph and singing breeze,  
The nymph and singing breeze,  
While auditory strings  
Kept joyful time.

Meanwhile my soul the echoes caught  
Of mingled love and praise,  
To nature's God did raise  
My heart in gratitude  
For woodland solitude,  
Its blissful charms.

Not in a temple built with hands  
Did thus my heart adore,  
Where words were torrents poured  
From ostentatious vain,  
But Nature's leafy fan—  
Unawed by fear.

There, there beneath its arching screen,  
With loving angels, kind,  
Whose arms were round me twined,  
At Nature's founts I drank,  
For all her gifts did thank  
Creative Power.

Oh, then inspiring muse of thought,  
Hold now my pen no more  
To roam in spirit o'er  
Sequestered vale and wood,  
Lest of my chimes I should  
Reluctant grow.

Although affliction's fetters bind,  
And dark misfortunes frown,  
And bear the mortal down,  
Yet shall the spirit rise  
Into its native skies  
On wings of thought.

Miami, Ind., 1859.

A man always measures more within twenty and thirty minutes after rising in the morning than at any other period of the day, the muscles being relaxed. An army officer says that he has seen men who were rejected the previous day, walk into the orderly room of his regiment, hot and steaming from their beds, near the barracks, get measured, and passed as being of the proper height. He explains the cause of this, by stating that the system is more relaxed at that time.

Ask any of the husbands of your great beauties, and they will tell you that they hate their wives nine hours of every day they pass together.

## EDWIN H. CHAPIN

At Broadway Church, N. Y., Sunday Morning,

October 24, 1859.

REPORTED FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT, BY DUNN AND LOND.

Text—Two men went up into the temple to pray, the one a Pharisee, and the other a publican.—LUKE XI, 10.

The radical differences between men are comparative. If we classify them by temperament, manners, degrees of culture, we may draw up quite a catalogue. But if we let them fall into rank, according to essential tendencies, people wide apart in external conditions will fall into the same group. Indeed, in the last analysis, it is only a truism to say that every body is full of human nature. We can easily believe that, in a great city like this, the whole world is represented, and each form of good or evil which is exhibited by mankind on the face of the whole earth, from the grossest barbarism to the most exquisite refinement—the most abandoned depravity to the saintliest excellence, here has its type. But is it not true that the elements of all these exist, not only within the compass of a single city, but within the depths of every human heart; and that there is a sense in which each man is all other men? It would astonish a man, sometimes, to take the torch of introspection, and go down through his own heart, and see how many different faces will look out upon him from his chambers, each one himself, in some phase of possibility that lurks in his own nature. But not to push our analysis too deep, I may say that, as a general rule, those who, for instance, on a Sabbath assemble in the different churches in our land, whatever their name or profession, essentially belong to the one or the other of the two classes; essentially they are either Pharisees or publicans. They may worship according to some form, or they may form at all. They may kneel at the altar, or repeat from the prayer book. They may call themselves Presbyterians or Universalists, Baptists or Quakers, or nothing. But inwardly, by actual condition of soul, they have affinity with that worshipper who counted up his good deeds, or with him who cried, "God, be merciful to me, a sinner."

In the first place, observe the fact that these men described in the narrative connected with the text, were both in one place; they both went up into the temple to pray. It appears that they had very different notions of the needs and objects of prayer; but after all, they both started from the ground of common spiritual consciousness. We know that this consciousness was deep and vital in the case of the publican. And, however defective and unworthy his motives, it could not have been wholly wanting even in the case of the Pharisee. And so it is with men everywhere; so it is with men here to-day. In the depths of their hearts there is some feeling that they cannot entirely get rid of; some conviction of duty; some sense of their relations to infinite realities and to God. I must believe that they are very few, who enter the doors of the Church, looking at this as mere ceremony, and I know it. Say that the crowds on a Sunday morning have been taught on their way to the church to comprehend something of the meaning of it; that they are conscious of motives; it may be dead custom; but something has moved them, and turned their feet in that direction. Ostensibly they go up there to pray; and though with so many it may be merely ostensibly, few would own that it is so. And in this very reluctance to own that it is so, there is a conscious purpose of their heart. And few, in that act, then, there is some vague stirring of spiritual life, some movement of that which is profoundest in our common human nature. At least, I will believe this of that crowd of men who, on Sunday morning, enter the churches, that but few are entirely insensible and indifferent to the relations which they bear to great spiritual realities. From their various planes of life; from their study and their toil, from their pride and their humbleness, they come, drawn not wholly by custom, but in some little degree, at least, by that which has made it custom, by a sentiment common to humanity, a sentiment older than the days of the Pharisee or the Publican.

And permit me, my friends, to say here, that a very sad thing indeed it would be, if, in some extravagant notion of spiritual freedom, or anti-puritanism, we should succeed in oblitterating all distinctive tokens of the sentimentality bound up with the very essence of that type of religion that would make Sunday a day of kindred and our observance. Whatever other sanction it claims or lacks in its connection with Christ's life and resurrection, it is a day of peace and of true spiritual freedom—of serene joy, as it celebrates the emancipation of the human soul from the fetters of death and the darkness of sense, as it lifts the burdened and weary spirit above the doors of worldliness and the conflicts of the mortal cares, as it opens the earthen gates, and to the poorest and most guilty of God's children, let the King of Glory come in. Therefore, while I would have the very character of the day itself, its spiritual features all dissociated from everything like a sour, gloom observance, just as strenuously must I oppose that other extreme which would obliterate all traces of Sunday as a distinctive day, which would disturb this true joy and peace with the holiday tramp of noisy revelry, and, professing to deliver men from ceremonial bondage, would bring them into bondage to unrestrained appetite and reckless sensuality. I have no sympathy. I say again, with the Phariseeism that on Sunday would lock up every natural and glad emotion of the human heart, and forbid the tired workman that needed rest and freedom which they themselves may enjoy on any day of the week. And I have quite as little sympathy with the mis-called liberation which, in its assertion of liberty, would infringe upon the privileges of those to whom Sunday is sacred for its opportunity for peaceful worship—which, while other labor rests its weary arms, would call into special activity that labor which deals out poison and death by the glass full, and would hardly allow the poor publican an undisturbed chance to go up to the temple and pray. Let every man be free to act from his own conscience—that is my motto. But let him remember that his liberty people have conscience, too; and let not his liberty be the expensive that in its indulgence, jars and crushes against the liberty of others. I do not believe in chains, or in despotic interference of any kind; but I do believe in liberty with some kind of fence to it. A great many people—a large majority, I believe—want liberty to worship on Sunday, and to worship in peace. And I repeat, I should be sorry to have that liberty abridged. However, especially now do I say this, that I should be sorry to lose the distinctive signs of a sentiment which, however vague and imperfect, does exist. It existed in the Pharisee as well as in the publican. It exists to-day in the souls of those who fall into the same rank with the Pharisee, as well as those who fall into the same rank with the publican.

And now, starting from this common ground of a relation to, and at least some kind of acknowledgment of, these great spiritual realities, men who come up to the temple to pray, do there and elsewhere very generally fall into the class of Pharisees, or the class of publicans. Now whom should we be likely to set off in the first named class, among the Pharisees? For, I suppose, nobody now looks to see the Pharisee in form and in name like the Pharisees of old. Nobody looks round, expecting to see him coming in long robes, with phylacteries bound on his forehead, fasting twice a week and giving tithes of all he possessed. There is a typical Phariseeism of the present day present to the minds of a great many people. They summon him with their imagination, the moment the term is mentioned. Why, they say, Phariseeism is typical of all ostentations of formal worshiping; it includes those who confound names with things. We take up, for instance, those who, distribute, are especially called the religious classes, and we distribute the term "Phariseeism" pretty liberally among them. We say, that man is a Pharisee who thinks the number of his ceremonies will atone for his want of practically scrupulous life; that man is a Pharisee who is not given as much evidence of his belief in things; who, inside of the church, amid the sanctities of the altar, exhibits sometimes a practical atheism more ghastly than anything that appears in the world without. We say that is Phariseeism in a church, where rites and ceremonies, in altar cloths, in albs and cassocks, and the antiquated discussions about those things, take the places of justice, mercy, and the love of God; that is Phariseeism where men titter, amuse and cummin, and neglect the weightier matters of the law; that is Phariseeism which makes the God's name upon the lips, and cares so little for God's image in humanity; that is Phariseeism which professes to adore the Christ which has risen, and cares so little for those for whom Christ died—which leaves the traveler, wounded and bleeding, by the wayside—which leaves humanity to lift up its cry of despair and of need, and is only anxious about sharp points of creed, and particular forms and customs, inside of the church, and on Sunday. We say that is Phariseeism—it is so, no doubt. The term is very well applied here in the text; it is a pity it is not applied to-day—that it is so expensive and exuberant even at the day.

But my friends, I do not suppose that all the Pharisees are inside the churches formally, or, at least, are included among those who are especially called the religious classes. I suppose, for instance, that that man is a Pharisee whose morality is simply a legal morality, a formal morality; that is, the man who is content

with being as good as his neighbors, and is good, to a certain extent, because his neighbors are good; whose virtue is respectability, whose moral reputation is but the common vanity of the society in which he moves, but who never had a deep sympathy in his spiritual nature broken up; who has no sense of the sense of God and of spiritual realities; who has never looked into his own heart, and felt his own sin, but is simply content to be good, as the common run of men are good. The vague, dim influences of vital religion, I say, are in him, as in all men. But vital religion in him has been pretty much scrubbed out by attrition with the world, and there is no real meaning to him in the name of God; there is no real meaning to him in the name of Christ; the words of religion are drowsy and formal words to him; they repeat, without hollow dullness upon his soul, and I repeat, although he cannot be impeached in his outward morality, though his respectability may stand clear, after all, it is only a morality of form. He is moral, according to American or New York morality, but he is not moral according to Chinese morality, if he lived in China. He recognizes no absolute sense of spiritual realities; he does not ascend into depths of moral life, and makes no appeal or reference to God as a real presence, a living God. He says, "Lord," in a hollow, formal way, as the Pharisee of old men said. "Lord, I thank thee that I am not as other men are." That is Phariseeism, and in it there is a great deal of it out of the church, as well as in it. There is a great deal of it manifested in those who profess to be very liberal and broad in their moral views, as well as among those who are more liberal and more narrow.

Then I should say that man was a Pharisee in spirit, and it is related, in fact, to what I have just said, who is satisfied with himself; who in his own heart commends his own moral position. Now I do not suppose that a man is to be continually picking himself in pieces, and finding fault with himself. Some of the most feeble and wretched attempts at anything like moral and religious living come from this habit of introspection and self-dissection, so to speak, where people are continually probing their own hearts, dissecting their own motives, looking at their own weaknesses. It is just as fatal as it is to be only a Pharisee, the sum of our own virtues, just as fatal as it is to be a man look exclusively, as it were, upon one side of the case. A man says, "Why, I live as well as others do; I do as much as they do; I have been honest; I have never defrauded any man; I have been industrious; I have pursued the even tenor of my way; I have never harmed any man to my knowledge." They bring up, sometimes, the whole sum of their moral vitality in this one expression: I never did any man any harm; as though God Almighty placed a man here just to do nobody any harm, and with no other thing for him to do. And I repeat, when a man is in this self-satisfied position, feels completely satisfied with himself, that he is as good as a Pharisee, for he is just in the position of the Pharisee. It is no matter whether he is a professor of religion or not, in the church, or whether he is out of it; if this is his feeling, it is the feeling he should out of it; that is fast twice in the week, and give tithes of all I possess." Self-satisfaction is one of the most dangerous positions in which a human creature can get—to be perfectly self-satisfied. For the moment we become real in what we do, become earnest, and hold up our hearts and our lives before the eye of God, the ideal of Jesus Christ, what a little shivered-up business it becomes, this living about as well as other people do, this doing no injustice, this never doing anybody any harm, this enjoying even in that. Have you ever done anything for a self-sacrificing spirit and motive? Have you ever done any good deed when it cost you something to do it? Have you ever, for instance, in holding to a particular principle, sacrificed something for that principle? That is a grand thing that you find in one part of the New Testament, descriptive of the early disciples of Christ. It is said of them that they were "men that have hazarded their lives for the name of our Lord Jesus Christ." That is something to do. They were not the moral men who of to-day have a comfortable life in the church, and sit in their pew a comfortable hour on Sunday, and then go home and have a good dinner the rest of the week. But they were men who hazarded their lives for Christ. Now what principle have you hazarded your lives, reputations, fortunes, or even your ease for? Probe down into your motives, and see how your having done as well as others stands from the view of that plane; and then take up the positive ideal of Jesus Christ. That transcendent beauty, that perfect holiness, that ideal standard, as the mark and the guide to which at least we should aspire, and toward which we should struggle; and do you not think that your being so very satisfied with yourself puts you far away from that? Have you ever, for instance, in holding to a particular principle, sacrificed something for that principle? 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look [its wander into a brighter world."—*Mueller.*



Written for the Banner of Light.  
STORIES FOR THE YOUNG.

BY MRS. L. M. WILLIS.

LITTLE LUCETTE;

OR, THE TRIAL OF GOODNESS.

"If you love those that love you what thank have you?"

Little Lucette was, what most people call, a good girl. She had a pleasant home, and kind friends, and every reasonable wish was gratified, so that she had not as many temptations as some children. She had only one sister younger than herself, who was under the care of others, so that Lucette had not vexed or troubled by being called upon to give up her pleasures. But there were a few children who do not have their virtue tested at some time, and so Lucette had an opportunity, as we shall see, to understand just how much real goodness she had. Her cousin Eleanor, who lived in the city, and had been indulged and petted all her days, came to visit her. She was a wild, frolicsome child, and very selfish. She was vain of her good looks and proud of her fine clothes. Lucette was at first quite delighted to see her move about like a beautiful butterfly; she followed her quietly, or helped her in all her sports, asking no greater delight than to be with her, and look at her gay attire, and see her dance and frolic. But after a time she wanted a little sport herself, and so she danced, too, and joined in the frolic, and became very happy. There was no trouble between the cousins as long as one was willing to yield to the other. But Lucette had a proud heart as well as her cousin, only it had not been tried, and she hardly knew of it herself.

It was a bright, glowing day in summer; the air was fresh and full of life, and all things seemed as if more lovely than ever before.

"I think," said Lucette, "that I shall go into the woods and build me a bower; I have found a fine spot where the moss is soft, and where I can bend the branches of a tree down to form a tent. Will you go, Eleanor? Oh, do—it will be such fun. Mary Jones and I built one last summer, and we had dolls to live in it, and we thought that we were wood-nymphs, and had power to make people happy that sat under an oak or a maple—or said, that sat under a poplar or pine. Come, we'll play it all over again."

"Oh, nonsense!" said Eleanor; "I am going after berries; I shall go alone if you don't go. Who ever heard of people being happy or unhappy that sat under trees?"

"Well," said Lucette, "it is not nonsense, but real truth, for I've tried it. But I'll give up the bower, if you wish—though I don't like always to give up, nor do I think it is fair."

"Oh, Miss Justice," said Eleanor, "who told you what was right? I think the one is right who has her own way, and I'll have mine."

This was not a pleasant commencement to a day's pleasure; but the girls found their baskets and started for the berry-field. It was a wild, rough place, but the children did not mind, for they thought of the bright flowers and the singing birds, and the bright red raspberries, that loved the wild pasture better than the cultivated ground.

Lucette was used to hunting for berries, and her nimble fingers soon filled her basket; but Eleanor was not industrious or patient, and would not even attempt to gather the fruit.

"Now," said Eleanor to her cousin, "you have filled your basket, and you can take mine and fill it, for I am too tired."

"Too tired! I guess you'd better say too lazy, Miss City Pique," said Lucette.

"Well, I'm sure I'm glad I am city fine, instead of country coarse. You, who have no dress better than a delaine, and tie your bonnet with a cotton string, had better talk so to those who are your betters by a whole trunk full of silk dresses, and an organdy, and a blue silk hat."

Now Lucette knew very well that she had spoken the first harsh word; but she did not stop to consider that, for she was angry at such words; and when one becomes really angry, one does not allow the better voice to speak, but returns evil for evil more and more. So Lucette grew very red in her face, and threw her bonnet on the ground, and ran from her cousin, who sat on a rock, being really tired.

"You call me country-coarse, and I suppose I am; but I know some things you do not—I know the way home, and, as my basket is full, I'll go!" So she ran as fast as her strong yet nimble feet would carry her.

"Oh, don't! don't!" said Eleanor; "I am afraid to be alone. Oh, dear, dear, don't leave me!"

Now Lucette did not intend to desert her cousin, but only to frighten her. She thought she would run around the hill, and soon come back, and find her cousin very sorry for what she had said to her. She was too proud to acknowledge her own faults, and only wished to see her cousin humbled.

But Eleanor was a timid child when alone, and the thought of her cousin's leaving her made her almost frantic. She started in pursuit—she ran on and on—but she missed the path her cousin had taken. She went further and further from the right way; she jumped on to the high rocks, and called, in a pitiful voice; she came to a little stream, and crossed it; she did not stop until, completely worn out with fatigue, she fell in the path, and knew nothing more.

But what has become of Lucette, the little girl who had been kind and loving when nothing troubled or vexed her? She ran around the hills so quickly that before Eleanor had passed the first rock, she was hidden behind a fir tree. She stopped there, thinking to herself, "I will teach my cousin better than to laugh at me; she thinks I do not know much, because I do not look as fine as she!"

But Lucette had not a few moments before she began to look around her. There was the beautiful sky, with its clear blue, looking down softly upon her, just as serene as when she was gentle and loving. There was the gleaming sunshine—oh, how warm it was, and how bright it made the mountain look, and how golden the river gleamed in its rays! And there was the fresh fir beside which she was sitting—how green and fresh it was, and how softly it murmured in the wind! There, too, was the summer daisy, and the pimpernel—how bright and yet how tender seemed their soft eyes looking at her! Hark! there is the robin, too, what a sweet note it has—is it singing to her? Ah, Lucette! Do you begin to think how good and beautiful all things are to you, no matter how wicked and sinful your heart is? that God shows his love to you, and that it blesses you while you make your heart proud and sinful by your wrong thoughts and purposes?

Lucette did think of all this, and she felt ashamed of her conduct; and if she had not been proud, she would have run while yet Eleanor was in the field where she left her. But she kept waiting, saying to herself, "She will sit there on the rock, and she will grow sorry for being so unkind!" But Lucette was not quite sure of that, and she thought she heard a faint voice, far up the brook, calling to her; and as the "bright sunshine still had its voice of love to her heart, and the blue sky, and the fir tree, and the robin, and the flower, all seemed to be saying, "Lucette! Lucette! we love you—why do you not love, too?" she started and ran back to the place where she left her cousin. But there was no one there! There lay her bonnet, as she had thrown it in anger, and Eleanor's pall, with its few crimson berries, in the green grass—but nothing more. "Oh, she has hidden, as I did," said Lucette, to herself. "I will wait, or better, I will be filling her basket for her; and by-and-by she will come out from her hiding-place, and then she will be so glad to find her pall full! Oh, I am sorry I was so unkind!"

But Eleanor did not come, and the pall was full, and the sun was growing hot, and she knew it was noon. Then she began to call, "Lily, Lily, my cousin, come. I am not angry now; come, come!" but she only heard her voice echoing back from the hill—

"come, come." She ran all over the pasture, she climbed the highest rocks, she called, until she was hoarse, but she heard nothing but her own voice. She became terrified, but knew not what to do; her nimble, strong feet were weary, her head drooped, her tongue was parched, so she thought to get some water by the brook, and went thither. As she lifted her head from drinking she saw Eleanor's pink frock, and in a moment she forgot her fatigue, and was at her side; but Eleanor's fall had injured her head, and she was senseless. Oh, what grief was that to Lucette's heart. She emptied her pall on the ground, and ran for water; she bathed her forehead, and spoke gentle, tender words to her; she broke fern leaves, and sheltered her from the sun; she tried to lift up her body, but she was not strong enough. At last she ran to the road side, and called for help. Some men chanced to hear her, and came to her aid. They bore the little girl home, and Lucette ran before. She looked so pale, and her eyes were so firmly closed, that Lucette thought she must be dead, but after a time she opened them, and when she was laid on the couch, she turned her eyes and said, "Lucette, I am sorry." It was many days before she recovered, and she suffered much pain; but she grew gentle and loving, for she knew that she had brought the trouble upon herself. But Lucette did not think so; she blamed herself for her anger, and as she saw her cousin's suffering she could not forgive herself. But this lesson was not soon forgotten. She felt that her heart had not real goodness in it, because when the trial came she lost her gentle, loving ways. There are none of us that can be sure of our goodness until it has been tried, that is the reason that we are told that trials are blessed; and so Lucette found, for she said to herself, "Unless I can be patient when others vex me, and unless I can be loving when others are unkind, I am not really good." These little cousins had many a pleasant day together after that, and many a pleasant summer, and although they were not wholly good and kind, yet they tried to be forgiving, and to remember the bitter lesson they learned in the raspberry field, and that real love cannot be unkind, or return evil for evil—but only good; just as God loves always, and seeks to reclaim us from all that is wrong.

What is best of all earth's treasure?

What of all gives truest pleasure?

Look at birds, and flowers, and tell me,

What is sweetest, best, most lovely.

Look at meadows in the sunlight,

Look at water by the moonlight,

Look at mossy banks in summer,

Look at frost gleams in the winter.

Then look in the happy faces,

Gentle by all holy graces,

Glad in every thing of beauty,

Hopeful in each thought of duty.

Tell me, children, if the summer,

If the moonlight, or the winter,

Can bring aught to bless and cheer you,

As the gladness faces near you?

## Banner of Light.

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Berry, Colby & Co.

S. B. BRITTON.

We take pleasure in announcing to our readers, that we have concluded arrangements with the above gentleman, to take charge of our New York office and editorial department in that city. He is now permanently located in New York, and will henceforth give his undivided attention to this paper. Our readers will undoubtedly congratulate us upon the acquisition of one of the brightest minds, whose energies are devoted to the developments of the age we live in.

Our next issue will contain the first fruits of this arrangement with Mr. Britton.

### THE TENDENCY OF THE TIMES.

As Dr. Bellows himself characterized his last summer's discourse at Cambridge, on the "Suspense of Faith," it was no more nor less than an attempt—and a very successful one, in our judgment—to describe and define the undeniable tendency of the times. He was frank to avow—that is not susceptible of anything like a demonstrative denial—that the practical worth and result of creeds are to be looked for outside of church organizations—that Protestantism showed itself more truly among the masses that never went inside of a church, than in the lives of those few and exceptional persons whose temperaments and sentimental inheritances would make it difficult for them to be anything but religious; that the general habit of free discussion, on all and all sorts of subjects, that prevailed at the present time, is not of necessity proof that the popular mind has become, or is becoming, infidel in any sense, but rather the contrary; and that, in fine, the logical result and outgrowth of Protestantism is Individualism, in its widest and truest sense, each person coming to know God primarily through himself, and acknowledging that the divine laws can in no way be set aside or overturned.

We were struck with the large thoughts and bold expression of Dr. Bellows in the sermon to which we have already alluded, and believed it was calculated to work a large amount of good at this present juncture. It embodied so many convictions that had already become a corporate part of a large class of the foremost minds of the age, and furnished sympathy to so many souls that needed just such assistance in the present season of their need, that we welcomed it as a timely word for a strong man, and wanted to hear more from the lips of the same high oracle.

But all are human, at the best. Dr. Bellows has recently returned to his church, after the lapse of the summer's vacation, and appears to have taken unusual pains, in the very first discourse to his congregation, to set himself right in the face of certain misrepresentations that seem to have given him more or less un-

casiness, relative to this same sermon at Cambridge. Fearful lest he may have gone too far in one direction, he now takes pains to convince his parish that he is going in another; or, to state the case more fairly, he has seemed to be fearful lest he has blurted out the truth before the proper time had come, and therefore would now be at some pains to persuade his friends that what he said ought to go for nothing.

But it happens to be a fortunate thing for the world that what has once been written and spoken forever remains. The free expression of the honest and unrestrained thoughts of Dr. Bellows is still doing its work. He uttered his sincerest convictions at a moment when their utterance was doubtless the only relief his soul could find; and those fresh and large utterances the world has heard, deriving untold benefit from the same. He can take nothing back now. He can qualify nothing. When his soul spoke, it uttered syllables from whose profound spiritual significance no after-thought, or prudent theological refinements can diminish one jot or tittle. And we are glad, for the sake of humanity, that this is so. The masses have heard the noble and true utterances, which their own deep instincts tell them are of the highest character and importance, and they will refuse to listen to any of the qualifications by which the meaning and value of those utterances can by any means be whittled away.

The tendency of the age, according to Dr. Bellows, then, is to liberality of thought and a large freedom of expression. So we believe it. What else is proved by the frank mode in which Beecher comes forward to address his people, week after week, speaking openly of things that have hitherto been kept concealed, faithfully interpreting by his own marked example that general liberality which is the chief characteristic of the times, and even defying the assaults of that secret and oftentimes treacherous ecclesiastical power, which, like all other forms of power, does not hesitate to put its foot on the neck of all individuals that speak without its license? What else but this same tendency to liberalism is shown by the eager haste with which the people will crowd to hear such preachers as Beecher, and Bellows, and Chapin, and King, and Parker, and Emerson, when they would not take the pains to cross the street to hear the most brilliant of the mere sectaries who tread in the ruts that have been worn smooth by so many weary feet already? What other meaning can we attach to the talk that is to be heard on all sides, in the streets, in public hotels, in the cars, and on the steamboats, as well on one day of the week as another, about matters of the highest import to the human soul, and involving the problem of its grand destinies?

It is useless to hope to push evidence out of sight, that is so palpable that it cannot be overlooked or mistaken. This day is like no other day the world ever saw; it may be worse in some of its characteristics, but it is nevertheless a great deal better in some others. One of its features is certainly a most desirable one, and a marked improvement on anything that has gone before; and that is, the better reception liberal sentiments meet with now than they would have met with, less than a generation ago. Not that the authorities, self-constituted and arrogant, would not exercise the same tyrannical sway that marked their earlier existence, for we have abundant evidence that they would do so if they felt sure of popular support; but there is the pinch—the people are not as willing to submit to mere spiritual authority now as they once were, and the strong prop of it is therefore at once knocked away. It is only necessary for the popular mind and conscience to become enlightened, and the end of tyranny and authority in matters of religious import has already arrived at the door.

Timid men deplore this spread of this intelligence, and naturally; because they have been educated to believe that just as soon as the reins are taken out of the hands of the few, and surrendered up into the hands of the many, there will at once be an end of all government whatever. But this does not follow. And even if it did, we are not altogether prepared to say that apparent chaos and confusion, for a time, is far better than a tight rein upon the natural impulses of the soul, and a cloud forever hanging over the aspirations and the thoughts of all. For this chaos could not last long; it is out of chaos only that divine order is finally evolved, and newer and better relations are established. When we break up these worn-out forms, we do not of necessity destroy the essence that has been contained in them; the process is only a natural one, and signifies progress—signifies that we have used up the old, and are ready to begin upon the new. Yet the truth within and behind all is eternal. That is never modified or changed by the externalities: the latter are no more than temporary embodiments of the soul's changing conceptions.

And this brings us around to the point insisted on in the eloquent and most thoughtful discourse of Dr. Bellows, and the one, too, with which we set out ourselves, that it is undeniable that all the great movements of the age tend to a larger and truer liberality in all things. Dr. Bellows himself states what we have ourselves many times argued, that the prevalent skepticism of the time, instead of being proof that the age had degenerated and fallen away, was merely evidence that the age was one of a more active and profound inquiry than any previous one. This may be, too, the identical reason why it is charged with so much self-confidence and conceit; it is a very natural concomitant of the first attempts at unrestrained questioning and discussion, and should be set down rather to the account of those who have always assisted to check and choke such inquiry, than of those who are for the first time permitted to enjoy the privileges of their free reason. It is a mistake to charge this offensive forwardness on the part of skeptics and free-thinkers to the credit of the skeptics and free-thinkers; it is no fault originally of theirs, but of those whose very lives and logic have compelled this forwardness, and given it the unwelcome shape and temper it sometimes betrays.

But there is another consideration that deserves attention. It is this: those who have not an abiding confidence in man, in humanity even at its lowest estate, but who insist that it never can get up because it always has been kept down, are not the ones to talk, or even to think of regenerating the race, or of leading them on to possibilities not yet generally dreamed of. To doubt of the final capacity of the race is to question the fundamental truths so earnestly laid down and so impressively expounded and illustrated by Jesus of Nazareth; for the genuine Christian doctrine appeals to none but the highest and best capacities of man, and searches out only what is good and true in his nature. It certainly does exhibit at all points a worthy confidence in man's instincts and capacities, and appeals to them alone, as if thus man were to be made nobler and better. Nowhere does it take the false and fictitious side for the true side. Nowhere does it intimate that man is to be kept under by some prudential tyranny, until he has learned a safe use of the native powers that lie dormant in him. It inculcates nothing at all like tyranny, but everywhere the largest liberty, which as St. Paul observes, is to make us all the sons of God.

These reflections point but one way. If the men who aspire to instruct, inform, and inspire the world of this day are lacking in faith for the final destiny of man, and feel afraid to entrust humanity with all the various rights and privileges that constitute its very existence, or seek to cramp, crib and confuse the heaven-born faculties of men and women within formalities and hard constraints that are the invention of man only—then it is certain that they may cease their aspirations and exertions as speedily as they choose; for they can have no doing with beings in whose destiny they have no faith. They must be content to let mankind go their own way, and submit to the consequences of occasional

errors for the sake of the valuable and enduring experience which is their compensation.

Galileo said, the world does move. The spiritual forces were never so awake and active as now. Man never was so earnest in trying to solve the grand problem of his being. Light is pouring down from the opened heavens into hearts that have till now been enveloped in clouds and thick darkness. The daystar has arisen on high. The mind is becoming free, and the dumb tongue is getting loosed. And he who does not see and feel this characteristic of our own generation, neither dreams of the splendid possibilities with which he is surrounded, nor yet is capable of leading others where he does not even know the way himself. It will not do for such an one to pass rapid judgment upon what he cannot now comprehend. He should be content to be a learner, a patient waiter upon the events of life as they are unfolded to him in the order of a Divine Providence.

### EXTRAORDINARY REVELATIONS.

The Secret Deeds of Earth, in High Life, brought to Light by Spirit Power, and tangibly proved by following Spirit Direction.

BY A. B. CHILD, M. D.

"There is less real difference among men

Than men imagine . . . . ."

"It matters not what men assume to be;

they are but what they are."

"The spirit reads

The tongue when still as well as when it moves."

There is a degree of growth which the souls of men shall gain in their progression, when the secrets of the heart, by their own volition, shall be unfolded to the gaze of others. The lower deeds of life are necessarily obscured by clouds of darkness; these clouds are the habits of secrecy. While the soul inhabits that condition of life where darkness reigns, it loves that darkness; and that love is right; it is adapted to the condition which produces it.

The narrative I am about to relate is substantially true. The claims to spirit power, as manifested through mediums in this extraordinary affair, I shall not exaggerate, but shall aim to present facts, so far as I have been able to gather them. I shall fail to present all the facts in this case, for the reason that some of the mediums who have been unwilling but efficient instruments in this revelation, have a great aversion to the publication of their names, or anything relating to themselves; and their lips, to me, have been kept close on the subject. This love of secrecy and sacred privacy I have not one word to say against; for there is existing a cause which produces it, that is as just as the cause of the extreme opposite which makes me a tattler. Between the two extremes I hope to present half the facts.

Many may think that the following is a fiction; but thinking and saying that it is so, does not alter the fact of its truth. I affirm that it is true, as reported to me—not in the letter, perhaps, but in substance, and many others could verify this affirmation, did not the character of the revelation and love of secrecy stand in the way.

I shall ask the readers of this to rest its truth altogether on my feeble veracity. I could disclose many names, who know many of the facts in the case, but its peculiar nature forbids my so doing. I write it out for the reason that it shows another of the infinitely varied phases of spirit-life, and it is another of the innumerable, powerful, incontrovertible evidences that spirits do communicate.

Some will believe this, and some will disbelieve it; some will see a truth here; will see the progress of the soul through sin, conflict and suffering; others will see anything here but truth; will laugh, scorn and ridicule. The New York Tribune may caricature it, as it did the article published in the BANNER, last May, on "Obsession."

The spirit who made the following revelation, left the earthly form about one year ago. In society, he was intrinsically ranked with the aristocracy of the city of Boston, and also the hierarchy of the State of Massachusetts. He was a friend of Harvard professors; he was a minister of the Gospel, of liberal views, of good native talents and of excellent moral culture. His education was superior; at one time he held a conspicuous appointment as a State officer; he was a man of great use and influence in society; was kind, benevolent and forgiving; and to the eyes of the world his moral character was without a blemish, and his religious reputation was excellent.

He died, and all his dear friends on earth said in the language of a common prayer, "he has served God in his generation, and is now gathered with his fathers, having the testimony of a good conscience, in communion with the holy church, in the confidence of a certain faith, in the comfort of a reasonable, religious and holy hope; in favor with God, and in perfect charity with the world." "Thus departed," said the people, "a good moral and religious man; a man of letters, philosophy, manners and competence in all that is good and beautiful in this world. The grave covers his last remains and his soul has gone to that bourne from whence no traveler returns."

Let us see whether the spirit of this good minister is really far removed, or has gone to a place from which it cannot visit earth again. And, also, let us see whether according to the world's standard of morals and religion, his earthly life was more excellent than that of men who make no professions of religious and moral rectitude.

A few weeks after this minister died, his wife, by some unseen influence, was brought into the presence of a medium; or, we may say that the influence of circumstance brought her there. Spiritism, she knew little if anything of, and did not desire to seek or cultivate it; but, by some irresistible, determined influence, she was led on step by step till she found herself with a medium. Almost immediately upon her entering the room, the medium was powerfully seized by spirit influence, being still in a conscious state, but perfectly under the control of the spirit. The medium (a lady) affectionately grasped the lady's hand, and spoke in substance as follows: "I am your husband. I am in hell. It is in your power to make me happy. Your forgiveness will drive away the remorse and agony that now chains my soul in misery. Will you promise to redeem my soul from the hell of woe into which it has fallen?"

The wife was startled at the strangeness of this extraordinary manifestation. Mingled feelings filled her bosom; doubt and belief were at war; she could not think her husband was in hell, and yet she could not renounce this earnest and sincere appeal as false and deceptive; her feelings overcame her, and she wept; the cords of tenderness, sympathy and love in her soul had been swept by the utterance through the lips of the medium, and she answered:

"If my forgiveness can redeem a soul from hell, whoever you are—and whatever the crime may be for which you ask forgiveness, I forgive." The spirit manifesting great joy at the kind answer of the wife, continued—"I ask you not to believe what I am about to divulge to you, without tangible, positive, external evidence, which evidence you shall have if you will follow my directions."

To this the wife very willingly yielded her assent. The spirit then repeated that he was her husband; revealed his name, place of residence before death, time of death, etc., and said that as a husband, he had been untrue and unfaithful to her; that the consciousness of those wrongs which he had committed against her, had doomed his soul to a hell of suffering. He openly and boldly acknowledged all his deeds of guilt, specifying the times when, places where, and persons with whom, he had erred.

The wife on hearing this, though a disbeliever in Spiritism, spontaneously believed it, and said, as is a woman's nature on the first impulse of excitement, "If you have committed such awful deeds, and have kept them secret from me while on earth, you may stay in hell, and I will not help you."

Peter promised never to deny his Lord—so did this wife promise to forgive the sins of the sufferer in hell; but the weakness of each, in the moment of trial, was too great to fulfill the promises.

The spirit continued—"I read now the language of your soul—there I see forgiveness. The words you now utter are the effect of this sudden excitement which will pass away, and the joy of forgiveness shall fill your soul, and its rays shall go forth into the darkness of my soul, like the sunlight of the morning into the darkness of the night. I am forgiven by you."

After this communication the wife wept bitterly. She was in great agony, for she deeply felt the truth of all she had heard. It was a terrible shock to her sensitive soul; for she never dreamed of her husband's transgression; she had the most unlimited confidence in his good morals and his excellent religious character; and now that he was dead and gone, to hear his voice from the regions of the dead speak to her, and tell her that, was almost too much for her bereaved spirit to bear. But he was in hell, and she could forgive him, which forgiveness would make his spirit happy. This weighed heavily upon her soul. The agonies of the moment which

had come forth, an effect of the dark sins of the past, were soon to blossom in the flowers of forgiveness and love. The wife soon became more calm, and consented to listen further to the spirit's revelation, who, directed her to go to a certain room and to a certain place in that room, where a key would be found concealed.

This key would open an old box which was packed away with some rubbish in a certain attic room, which box contained his private correspondence, and in it would be found letters with names, which were written in full, subscribed to them; names of persons with whom he had sinned. If then directed her to call upon the persons whose names were subscribed to these letters, and tell them the whole story relative to his revelation, and they would verify the truth of his allegations, and at the same time gave her their full address. One of these women was an acquaintance of the wife, the others were strangers to her.

At this point of this unexpected revelation the spirit told the wife to go to another medium, who was a perfect stranger to her, as was the medium through whom the above was given, and he would verify the truth of what he had said, by giving to her again a part of what she had already received. This, the wife unhesitatingly did, and without delay, and the prophecy through the first medium was more than verified, for, with the later medium she received additional evidences of the fact that her husband had really talked to her.

At the earliest convenience of the wife, she looked for the key to the box as directed, and there found it; also found the box, and letters in the box, written and signed as she had been told they were through these strange mediums.

What think our readers must this good woman have thought, at heart, of the truth of Spiritism at these startling evidences of its truth? The truths of what she had received, rose up before her physical vision after the other—tangible, positive proofs. Could there remain one lingering doubt that her husband, though numbered with the "dead," had spoken to her? Perhaps, she still had lingering doubts.

But there is more evidence yet, which is of more weight than what has been given. A profound secret exists between the communicating spirit and each of these young women. Who knows it, save the guilty parties? No one on earth before it is told by the spirit through the medium. The wife seeks and obtains an interview, separately, with each of these young women, as directed by the spirit; and in tears, but in kindness, she relates the whole to them, each one separately. (No one knows, or probably ever will know, the names of these parties, as connected with this affair, but the wife, and her lips are sealed by spirit power, to never speak their names.) And however singularly strange it may appear, each one confessed that the whole, as related by the spirit, was true. This was overwhelming, tangible, external evidence that a spirit had talked with a mortal, and had shown his identity beyond the possibility of a doubt.

This good wife did forgive her husband, and what is more and greater—for a woman to forgive in a case like this—she has forgiven the women, too. She has had almost daily communion through mediums with her spirit husband since, who has, since the forgiveness of his wife, been very happy. It need not be asked if the wife now believes in Spiritism. She was a perfect stranger to both these mediums, and the spirit, when on earth, was a perfect stranger to them, too. This being the fact, how is it possible to account for these wonderful things, unless we accept the fact that spirits do communicate?

The spirit designed and desired no secrecy in this matter, except the names of persons now living, who were connected with it; excepting this part, the substance of the whole revelation was one day repeated by the spirit to a circle of five persons at the residence of a lady in Boston. The spirit said that he had suffered on earth and in the spirit world more than tongue could tell for the wrongs he had committed. He said at times his earthly sufferings had been so great that he had come near to committing suicide. Since he has been in the spirit world he has confined himself to the prison-house of convicts as a penalty for his wrong, and a means of his redemption. This, together with the forgiveness of his injured wife, has ended his suffering, and he is now happy.

### The Spiritual Clarion.

The Spiritual Clarion has, in its last issue, a very able editorial on "Organization and Political Action of Spiritualists." It treats the subject in a handsome manner; and deals with the different opinions of the Spiritualist and BANNER OF LIGHT on the subject in a many way. Of the latter it says:—

"The BANNER deals in gentle deprecation against large Spiritualist Conventions, and grows cautious in regard to all Organizations and Associations seeking to centralize the strength and the sentiment of Spiritualists. This position is doubtless entirely consistent with the general tone and contents of our large, enterprising contemporary. It does not claim to be especially or distinctively devoted to Spiritualism, though that is its leading idea; and it proves a faithful chronicler of spiritual phenomena. But the BANNER claims no more for Spiritualism than it does for certain











word to which we are referring, but it is the principle, which is no more like what humanity sometimes conceives than is liberty like what men call it.

We will only add, in conclusion, that if the similarity which exists between the highest form of human government, and our conceptions of divine government is carried out still further, you will find that in all analogies it is the same, for the majority of mind in all ages always conceives the highest truths. You have a greater quantity of intelligence to-day than your forefathers had. You have a greater quantity of moral truth; its quality does not differ, because all mind, of all ages, has conceived of the same quality of moral excellence which now is stamped upon the lives and characters of the best men. All ages have acknowledged the same powers and principles; and if in their state of intelligence, they could not penetrate into the sciences and arts which have since been discovered, it was not from the quality of the power of their conception.

Remember then, that freedom in government, and freedom in human souls, is about the same. Republicanism implies freedom under certain conditions; free-agency implies freedom under the ruling, controlling power of Infinite Intelligence. You are free, not for a day, but for eternity. You are free, not for an hour, but for all time. Therefore remember that the Divine economy is not only that which is good to-day, but that which is good forever. Principles always remain the same, and matter is forever under the control of mind and material things, and material things are the only things capable of being governed.

We thank the audience for their kind attention, and only trust that we have elucidated as fully as we would desire, or as our time would permit, so vast and complicated a theme.

## THE FLOWERS OF MEMORY.

BY H. L. CORBIN.

Our path of life, how often crossed  
By beings bright and pure,  
Whose radiant spirits kindly shed  
A passing gladness o'er!  
No more with ours their future blends,  
Their forms no more we view;  
Yet round our memory fondly cling  
The scenes they flitted through.

Their bark another current bears,  
Its course we may not trace;  
But perling waves have ta'en the joys  
No others can replace.  
Like morning mist their lingers still  
Around their names a charm,  
And gentle memories of the past  
Will oft emotions calm.

The wheel of time doth onward roll  
And changes intervene;  
And varied scenes have marked the space  
Of years that lie between:  
Still, in that sacred night enshrined,  
Their impress long since made,  
No time as of our being part—  
Doth dwell or change can fade.

Though oft in future hours the clouds  
May darkly round us lower,  
A light remembrance will impart,  
As strength the fragrant flower;  
And when earth's changing scenes we pass  
To realms of light above,  
'Neath cloudless skies once more we'll meet  
Those cherished ones to love.

## GOOD AND EVIL, OR RIGHT AND WRONG.

BY WARREN CHASE.

"Good and ill, in my bands,  
Fact and hollow seeming,  
Walk together with linked hands,  
Looming and redeeming."

There is no universal standard of good and evil in morals more than in the material things that surround us. Each individual has his own standard of measure, or none, and these standards vary as persons do in form, feature or education. I suppose we are all the same to God, as no one knows what God's standard is. To the natives of the West Indies, as Columbus found them—in a far purer moral condition than ours—it was no sin, or shame, or wrong, or evil for adult males and females to go naked to public gatherings; to all civilized nations this is the most immoral, profligate and shameless evil. To me it is a wrong and evil—to my red-skinned brother it is not; have I any reason to suppose God has more regard for my standard than for his, or that I am better on this account than he is? I have seen ladies who would consider it an insult, and evil, for a male friend to kiss them at meeting and parting, and others equally, and often more pure, who would feel it a slight, or neglect, or want of respect or good breeding, if it was not done by friends whom they esteemed. Which is right, and which wrong? Which good and which evil? Some persons consider a kiss in public, or before witnesses, wrong, or an evil, but accept and give them freely and readily when no eyes are looking on the scene; does the right and wrong consist in being seen or not seen? Is it not rather the use or abuse we make of everything and every act, that should determine its propriety or impropriety—its good or evil? To some people love, especially free love, is the most grossly immoral of all subjects that can be spoken of; to others even God is love, and, of course, free, and to them, all love to God or man must be free, to be pure and good. These persons occupy as wide extremes as the naked Indian and the muffled Turk; both are no doubt moral to themselves—no doubt God regards them as he does the flowers with their different colors, each containing the beauty and purity for itself.

To me love is an element, material, like magnetism or caloric, and subject to use and abuse for good or injury to ourselves or neighbors. As I could use fire to warm my house or burn it, or my neighbor's either, so of love; if I have it in sufficient quantity—as many have, and some have not—I can use it for good or injury to myself or others. It is good to me—in itself, as all things are. As to its freedom, as it is an element it has no intelligence or will of its own, therefore it is to me absurd to call it God, or speak of its freedom from laws or restraint, except as we do of electricity or magnetism. Sometimes when it is too much accumulated and concentrated in certain organs of the brain it causes insanity, overpowering the normal action of the mind. This is a bad use of a good thing—the fire burns the house—too much in the wrong place.

We are a sort of Voltaic pile, and much depends on the direction and distribution of the love elements we collect or impart. If it have a downward tendency, passion and animal only, it debases us, or lowers us in the scale of being, and, to me, is wrongly used, producing evil; to another it may not seem so, for he may love animal life better than angel life. If it have a horizontal direction, and go out to the human race, to some it would be free-love and very obnoxious and evil; to me it would be good, because it would be fraternal and sympathetic, and tend to bind the race together in ties of magnetic attraction, and family brotherhood and sisterhood. Jesus gave the highest and strongest evidence and expressions of this direction to his love, which was exceedingly strong and abundant, and freely given to the race; but he was very immoral and evil to the priests and Levites of his time. He told them if they did not love man, whom they had seen—could see—they need not pretend to love God, whom they had not seen. If we give our love an upward tendency, it is not less or more free, that I can see, but it would connect us with and draw us to the spiritual, heavenly, celestial, angelic life, and we should (in my view) be making good use of it, and grow better for having and thus using it. Some persons do not seem to have much or any love to dispose of; but I have failed to discover that they were better than those that have, either to themselves, or the race, or to God. To me it is simply absurd for an intelligent and philosophical mind to talk of free love, or base love, or gross love, or sensual love, and so it would be to any one who could perceive it as an element for our use or abuse. If there is any freedom in our world, (which is doubtful), it is in the human mind, with its will-power as our agent. Angel is, by some persons, considered good and proper and useful; but, to me, its effects seem always to be bad or injurious, and, therefore, it is a bad or evil expression or action of every person. It may be a reversed or negative action of love, as cold is of heat or caloric.

This subject of the elemental and material existence of love, is too new yet for me to determine its laws; but I feel sure of the fact of such real existence of love—I have sought in vain for a standard of morals, or of good and bad, that I could adopt from others, and have at last concluded to adhere to my own, which is: that which injures me, or my neighbor, is bad, or a bad use of a good thing; that which benefits me or my neighbor, and injures none, is good, or a

good use, etc. I will try to so use my powers as to live as near this standard as I can, and trust God for the future, which I cannot see. If He will reveal to me any higher law, I will accept it, and try to live to it. Cannot judge my neighbor—hope he will not sentence me. I will not knowingly harm him because he does not have the same standard of right and wrong that I have—hope he will not pass with mine, for still, to me, right, wrong, good and evil, are convertible terms to society, without any settled meaning.

Natick, N. H., Sept. 20, 1850.

## A FEW BRIEF HINTS.—NO. 4.

MISTAKEN PREMISES, AND ERRONEOUS EXPRESSIONS AND CONCLUSIONS.

A person had, undoubtedly better make an assertion, than never speak at all; but if E. D. French, of California, meant to charge me with "misconstruing the language of others," he certainly had the opportunity, and ought to have exercised the privilege, of showing wherein. Anything that looks like a mere insinuation, shows weakness, especially where it is accompanied by an assumption of superior modesty.

If E. D. French does not wish to "imitate the vein of irony" which runs through "Mr. Mandell's" remarks, he surely is not obliged to do it; Mr. Mandell respectfully suggests that he could not successfully "imitate" it, if he tried. In this irony Mr. Mandell is fighting a battle with the world, and for the world, which he very well understands, and for which he has made a preparation of years. This irony has already carried Mr. Mandell through a multitude of contests with the "Bells of Bashan," more severe and prolonged than that which recently prostrated the noble-hearted J. L. D. Oile; and if E. D. French desires "truth without regard to conquest," I beg leave to suggest to him that he will find it all along, side by side with conquest, and with contest. Conquest is part and parcel of truth. In fact, truth is itself conquest. A man therefore cannot have a regard to "truth, without regard to conquest." I mean to conquer through the truth; and if truth is sometimes irony, it is because irony has its place in the realm of truth, and in the contest of truth, as well as the clear and rarer metals. When I have sufficiently illustrated the importance of the iron element, I may pass to the consideration of the place and value of brass in the conflict, (intellectually speaking, of course.)

And now—all my previous communications to the BANNER, having been but brief hints, like the present series of articles under this title, I am glad to see that the touches of criticism I have given, have not been without their due effect. From wrong premises, persons of a true intention have argued to erroneous conclusions, and some points intrinsically right, have been clothed in erroneous expression. We already begin to see a change in both the idea and the expression.

Here, for instance, comes neighbor French, of California, who thinks that "because sin is right, it does not make it right for us to sin;" the last clause of which remark is nearer to my repeatedly expressed views, than those of other writers whom I have had occasion to notice. Friend Child, also, whose first position, and direct statement, enumerated and admitted no evil in connection with the use of Hashish, Tobacco, Alcohol, &c.—who was not going to say a word for or against, and who plainly asserted his conviction that there is no wrong, no evil—now begins to talk of wrong and evil; lately said in his article on Tobacco, that "from a material standpoint, none will deny that the use of tobacco is a palpable and noxious evil"—and also in the same article says: "Out of evil cometh good," and, "all evil is pregnant with wise purposes of goodness," all of which statements are entirely unlike his previous statements; and in their philosophy and form of expression, are quite an approximation to those I recommended to him. Then, here comes Sister S. E. Collins, of Newburyport, with her wise and beautiful comparisons, to the effect that, "out of the dark, damp earth springs the tiny shrub," &c., &c., thus showing quite a tendency toward the main idea for which I have contended in these articles, throughout, viz: that God overrules evil for good—makes the former subservient to the latter, etc.

But these are mere approximations to the great idea involved; and it yet remains for the parties specified, to get rid of a few more of their mistaken premises, erroneous forms of expression, and conclusions, to be quite consistent in their statements and convictions, or philosophy.

A. B. Child, for instance—as we have seen—in his article on Tobacco, does, really, at last, express himself to the effect that tobacco—from a material standpoint, at least—is a palpable and noxious evil. Admitting this against it, why does he so inconsistently say, that "words spoken against it affect no good." And then, on the other hand, why does he say it "needs no words spoken in its favor"? Does he really mean to undertake discussion of this, or any other important subject? If, as he says in another sentence, "the use of tobacco, so general, so extensive, is a powerful argument in favor of the good it shall do,"—is not also the "use of words, now becoming so general, so extensive" likewise "a powerful argument in favor of the good" those words shall do? If "it needs no words spoken in its favor," why then does he speak of the good it shall do? If words spoken against it effect no good, why then should tobacco, or anything else, effect good? Why should he speak of it as a palpable and noxious evil, if his words against it were to effect no good? Does he really wish us to believe that tobacco-chewing, or any other such nuisance is really worth considering for the good it shall do, while the words of noble men and noble women against it, are of no account, and effect no good? When he says, in still another sentence, that "nature makes men smoke and chew and snuff, and it would be foolish to try to put down what nature puts up," is not he himself "foolish" in so unceremoniously and uncourtously pronouncing an effort of philanthropy to be "foolish"? Is he not "foolish" in setting aside the fact, that, according to his own theory, it must be nature which operates to the putting down of an evil, which, according to his declaration, she sometimes "puts up"?

In a word, does not Dr. A. B. Child, in pronouncing a reform effort "foolish," make himself "foolish"—his much-loved, and much-vaunted "Nature" foolish, and show how, from a "foolish" philosophy, sophistry runs into downright absurdity. In contrast with the wisdom of Dr. C., in the above quotations, I would refer him to the wisdom in good counsel of neighbor Three Stars, (699) from New Orleans, who, in BANNER of August 6, says that the spiritual "debaters" of that city "had better turn their minds to the discussion of matters of diet, drinking, smoking, chewing," &c.—the "light of Reason" being "too often shut out, because of taking too much food and drink, or chewing too much tobacco," etc. Bro. Child has called any effort foolish. If it is not sensible, then what is it? But Dr. C. has, as we have seen, made some progress in improving his ideas and expressions. It will not hurt him, nor cost him much trouble, to lop off a few more of the excrescences of his philosophy. I shall look for it, even if Nature has to "put down" what she has "put up."

As to Sister Collins, of Newburyport—notwithstanding I have already spoken favorably of her illustrations, I have, nevertheless, to inform her that I do not call even the "dark, damp earth," nor "darkness," nor any "uncouth and evil thing"—no, not even do I call poison, of itself, an evil. Neither will I quarrel with her most sincere trust in an overruling power, nor object to her idea that the "erring" are "only acting out their nature"—that we cannot "live outside the laws of God," &c. For these views do not affect the result of this discussion, in the least. Even on the ground that all things originated with God, and are governed by him, the question and the issue are unchanged; for even if God has ordained evil for good purposes, he, of course, ordained it as evil, and it is no more in place to call "evil" good, or "wrong" right, than it is to call falsehood truth, or injustice justice. As well might you say that man never told a lie, because God is truth, as to affirm that there is "no wrong, no evil," because God is good, or for any similar reason.

The same, in substance, would I also say to E. D. French, of California. He has "not the remotest idea of making Mr. Mandell believe" his views; and, sure enough, he might as well try to make Paul an idolater, as to make me believe that wrong is right. In frankly admitting the existence of such a thing as "sin," he is far beyond those who deny that there is any transgression; and I do not believe that he would attempt to show that sin is virtue, or even "better" than virtue, as some have undertaken to do. But his statement, that "it is not right to sin," I have already claimed as coincident with my own position; and his other ideas, that there is "relative wrong and absolute right," etc., is what I have always claimed and advocated, a thousand times, if I have one, in repeated discourses, for many years. So that the bulk of what E. D. F. has "not the remotest idea of making" me believe, has, in fact, been my belief ever since the dawn of belief within me. And "wrong" being only relative, while "right" is eternal, absolute and triumphant—therefore "wrong" cannot be "right," for there is both an "eternal" and an "absolute" difference between them. And hence, by virtue of the very propositions of E. D. French, he makes a mistake of just three words, where he says "sin is right," and that, too, is precisely where we differ.

Any invidious concerning a "vein of irony"—"considering

our own views infallible," &c., will be apt to find a resting-place on other shoulders than mine. Many of the advocates of "no wrong, no evil," who are very strenuous in their professed devotion to gentleness, modesty, &c., are quite as apt to be self-sufficient and indolent as many other people, and they can, with the utmost nonchalance, "snub" even the best intentioned and noblest moral purposes—making use of the terms "foolish," "erroneous," &c., whenever it suits them to apply it to others; and yet ever ready to cry outrage! if they see even a less display of it elsewhere. It may be just possible that my "vein of irony," or appearance of "infallibility" about my articles, has reference to this and some other things. Why is not a little upright dogmatism a good cure for downright dogmatism? A word to the wise is sufficient.

D. J. MANDELL.

## LETTER FROM PROVIDENCE.

Messrs. Editors.—My last was written just after Mrs. Spence had concluded her series of lectures here, and I also gave you a report of our clam-bake excursion. Mrs. Spence was succeeded by R. P. Ambler, who has never spoken to us previous. The weather was exceedingly oppressive during his stay with us, which prevented so full an attendance as has been common, but his lectures were very well received and appreciated by intelligent and attentive audiences. Indeed, no one can help being attentive who sits before him, for he carries you away by his continued bursts of eloquence, until you forget the form before you, and see only the man in his native majesty, and soar with his pure mind to upper regions of light and glory. He is what I call a free speaker, his language is elegant, chaste and voluminous, his gestures graceful and very expressive, and his logic sound, practical, and to the point. Brother Ambler was with us three weeks, and we hope soon to greet him again. After him, returned Mrs. Spence, who has won herself a high stand in the hearts of the whole community, and who met a cordial welcome. She was with us three Sabbath afternoons, at Norwich, Conn., and in that vicinity, in Taunton, Foxboro', Attleboro', and in the region of Providence, during her week evenings, so that when she started for New York, Sept. 12th, she had been absent twenty-nine days, and gave thirty regular lectures.

Upon Sept. 8th we had another excursion down Providence River, to the "Ocean Cottage," about three or four miles from the city. Here the scenery is most picturesque and delightful, the green, grassy banks sloping down to the river's brink, the beautiful groves and springing hills of pure water, meet the eye on every hand, and in this charming spot, so bathed in the glorious beauty of nature, met about seven or eight hundred of our band, who fed heartily and heartily on the "feast of reason and the flow of soul," not forgetting to indulge also in the delicacies of the clam-bake, such as fish and clam-chowder, baked clams and corn, with the usual condiment of drawn butter, which, by the way, is a part of the play which I do not followship. We took our music from the city, and those who wished whirled the light to the festivity. We also took our speakers with us, Sisters Spence, Rose and Lawton, with Brothers Loveland and Bugby from Connecticut, who favored us with appropriate remarks, which were very pleasing; and in joyous interchange of sentiment amid slow ramblings about the grounds, or seated in groups beneath the shade of trees, we happily passed the time away, and 5 o'clock came all too quick, and with it the steam-er Canonized, to take us back to the city. May we have many more such reunions. I spoke of giving an extended notice when we had another, but it was deemed advisable to have but a small party at this time.

Upon Sept. 12th we expected Prof. Payton Spence, of New York, to speak to us; but the violent storm on the Sound, the previous night, prevented his coming. Dr. E. L. Lyon, of Providence, who was present in the audience, being invited, kindly accepted the office of speaker, and gave us two lectures, which were very interesting and instructive.

Our Committee of Arrangements merit much commendation for their manner of supplying our desk since their term of office commenced. We have had the best possible speakers provided; and the efforts of these worthy gentlemen are duly appreciated by the community that depends upon them. The financial interests have also been well attended to, and are in a flourishing condition. They have engaged the services of Mrs. Macomber, of Providence, for the last Sabbath of September, who, I neglected to say, has spoken very acceptably to us once before; in October, comes Brother Loveland and A. B. Whiting; in November, Mrs. Belton; in December, Warren Chase; in January, Mrs. Middlebrook, for two Sabbath afternoons; in February, Mrs. Spence; in March, we hope to greet Miss Sprague; and in April, Miss Harding will be with us. Thus we have an excellent list of lectures to look forward to, and the season will be well improved. Mrs. Amey and Mrs. Spence have, together, given three lectures in North Attleboro', which are the first ever given there. The leaves were certainly good; may it cause a resurrection among the "dry bones" of old theologues there! May she copy after her sister town, Foxboro', where seems to exist a lively interest!

In the bonds of love and fellowship we, as a body, wish to be affectionately remembered to the friends who are struggling with us to build upon the firm Spiritual platform made known to us by the inhabitants of another sphere; and among that number I have the honor and pleasure of writing my name.

LITA H. BARNEY.

Providence, Sept. 22, 1850.

## "SUFFERING AND PROGRESSION."

Messrs. Editors.—In your issue of 17th September, I find an article on "Suffering and Progression," by Dr. A. B. Child, whose views, as therein expressed, omit, at least, a recognition of some phases of progression which it is important to keep in view. That "suffering is progression" may be untrue; but that we must pass through crime, or even pain, as a necessary means of progression, be quite untrue. If "progression" carries the murderer to that condition of love where the dark deed of murder is known no more, and the other crimes mentioned are intended to illustrate the great aid to progression which crime supplies, and treats of "the virtuous and happy as standing still in their condemnation, while the prostitute, in her suffering, has passed on in her progression," where is the incentive to the life of virtue which all know exists, and which we should at all times hold before the public mind?

The exception I wish to make is not, at all, that crime may not be a means of progression to the soul committing the same, or to all connected therewith, but I wish to consider all the experiences of every human life, as so many varied means of progression; the life of virtue and of happiness, as well as the life of crime; and to show that all crime has its true antidote, does not sufficiently prove the divine law announced by Pope, that "Whatever is right," for it must have universal application to every human experience; then only can we appreciate the beautiful harmony of the laws which exist in, and through all mind, and all matter. "Whatever is right," because God is in all that is, and He is truly works in what may be called the lower developments of our humanity, as in the higher. "Discord is harmony not understood," because such event, however discordant to us in our peculiar relation to it, has its fitness to some other event not discerned within our range of observation, and because every actual thing necessitates harmony; that it is, proves its harmony with some other element. Both quotations show the prophetic power with which Pope was so wonderfully gifted, and illustrate beautifully the law which all must yet come to receive—that God is absolutely all in all.

I fully appreciate the value of the writer's conclusions, so far as may be necessary to show that even the vice (so called) which exists in accordance with God's universal laws, and but the natural outworkings of the laws which exist inherently in the human soul, which exhibits always a development in harmony with its individuality. But I wish also to have the beautiful laws recognized which operate in the harmonious development of souls, where conditions are such as to lead to aspirations after purity and excellence, and to lead every earnest heart to seek after "the best gifts," knowing that while even the depths of misery to which large numbers of our fellows are reduced, may be, for them, the necessary means of their progression, that each individual can have a progression, just as useful to his peculiar case, which may lead through the pleasant paths of virtue, and instead of darkness and sorrow, their pathway may be through wisdom's ways, which are pleasantness, and all her paths peace; and that this is the more excellent way, the only true and harmonious development. This is caused by perversion of law. Were all natural laws duly regarded, our conditions would be such here and now, as we hope to have them in the future, when we shall have become harmonious with the spheres of wisdom and love. If there be no progression in happiness as well as in pain, shall we progress in the future ages of our spirit-life painfully or joyfully?

No, progression is not formed only through the depths of sin—which is ignorance—but as well out from sin, without this overt act of crime as a necessity. But it is needful, also, to know how much higher and better would have been the progression without the crime, and, also, how much pain the

commission of the crime involves, that the crime and the penalty are inseparable. This distinction, we think, should be strongly marked.

I thank the writer for all he has said to show that even crime may be the means of a progression—a portion of the argument needful to show the world that God has not made anything in vain. Truly, the church of to-day, as well as of the past, has denied the very existence of God in our world. Only as separate from its active, breathing life, can they believe him to be. A God afar off is not a God in any sense. Either God must exist in and through all his works, or he does not exist. Why this effort to deny that God is seen in all his works, except that the theologian demands a God which man has formed, and has no conception of that God who is a spirit, and as such, permeates every atom of his universe, lives in each life, breathes in every breeze, and of his over-present spirit all things are instinct with his life? "And without him was not anything made that was made." When will man be content to allow God his own true majesty, which stamps everything which proceedeth from his hand with his own true divinity, instead of dwarfing him to the narrow conception of the single atomized mind, when God is all in all, and all is God?

CYRILLUS.

## What Spiritualists Need.

S. C. H., Boston.—May I claim your attention, Messrs. Editors, to a subject which, if not of the most vital importance, demands more, much more attention than it has received. I mean the difference between the teachings and practice of Spiritualists—which, to say the least, seems terribly out of joint. So far as my own experience extends, which has been about five years, I must say that the teachings of any religious sect. No body of people stand out more boldly or more clearly as the advocates and exponents of the great law of "love thy neighbor as thyself," than Spiritualists; but in actual practice they indeed go beyond the churches, whose faults are so constantly pointed before us as examples to be shunned and guarded against. Mere professions do not accomplish the "great good" so often predicted, without acts. What have Spiritualists to show at the present time? A whole army of believers—preachers—with but few indeed who practice. Look at our mediums—men and women selected by our good Father as channels and instruments through whom is given, to the world what no religion has before given; viz., a positive certainty of the immortality of the soul; the individuality of the soul, and its endless progression. These mediums are subject to the same laws that others are; they have the same faults and failings that others have. But there is one view which Spiritualists rarely take—that is: the transfer of spirit influences from one person to another. Mediums, by their vocation, become exceedingly sensitive and receptive to spirit influence; they must, to a certain extent, live through the different spheres of influence which, they meet in giving to investigators tests or spirit manifestations asked for. They are sensitive to disease, the ill feelings, and I might almost say, the sins of others—and still we demand and expect more from them than angels can give. Some who dare to speak plainly are charged with being obsessed by evil spirits, and unless they make every act to conform strictly to the "usage," or "laws of society," and court the approbation of a feeble public instead of their own consciences, they are branded with every epithet which can be devised against them. And what do Spiritualists do to refute or meet these charges? Actually nothing. Why are we not up and doing—refuting, by acts, the aspersions so freely heaped upon our mediums? Shame upon those would-be reformers who preach, but when the opportunity to practice is brought home to them, dare not act.

But, granting these aspersions true, is there not a greater need for prompt and energetic action? Shall we pass by on the other side, shaking our heads with the Pharisaical feeling of "I am better than thou"? Or shall we do as the Samaritan did, who bound up the wounds of the stranger, and cared for the sufferer until he was strong enough to again go forward on his journey? What were the teachings of Christ? Did he come to heal the well? Did he decline to mingle with publicans and sinners, fearing that they might contaminate him? No. He dared to practice what he taught, and dared to act without waiting for, or asking the approbation of others. When will that "public opinion" be seen in its true light, and instead of being used as a standard by which to try our actions, be placed under the feet of every truthful man and woman?

We need a better, truer and higher standard of right by which to test our thoughts and motives, as well as acts. Let us go forward with the honest determination to do right because it is right—this is the feeling, the motive to be cherished and fostered more than all others. We have too long lived double lives—covering up our true feelings with an externality which is opposed to our spiritual natures, taking to ourselves the right to judge our neighbors without first looking within our own souls to see if we, circumstanced the same, would have done as well.

Let us strive to not more plainly and truthfully one with another, laying aside all disguises, and more fully believing and trusting in the infinite love and wisdom of Him "who doeth all things well."

## Letter from Townsend, Mass.

Messrs. Editors.—The elements of spiritual life are considerably stirred in this place at the present time. Mr. Fairfield lectured here in the Academy a few Sundays since. He had been advertised to speak in the Town Hall, which is under the Methodist Church; but when the minister of the church came from camp meeting, and learned that the floodgates of heresy were to be opened right under the floor of his meeting-house, he seized fresh fire from the altar of the God of battles, and determined to stay the coming desolation. He had been "fighting the devil" all the week at the camp meeting, he said, and he was not going to fight him again at home. So he locked up the Hall—the Methodists having control of it—and the School Committee opened the Academy for the meeting. But the truth compels everything to serve it; so Mr. Bailey could not keep from "fighting the devil," even if he would; for when we have a "devil" within us, we must "fight" him *non solus*. So he appointed a meeting at Townsend Harbor last Sunday evening, when and where he proposed to renew the contest with the old "adversary," in a lecture against Spiritualism. I heard his discourse, which consisted of the usual jumble of denunciation, invective, sneer and fling, which characterize the efforts of such as attempt to stay the progress of the incoming light. He called the new dispensation "Spiritism," and said it was introduced by Miller. I believe it introduced itself, as the truth usually does.

I have given five lectures in town during the past week—three since Mr. Bailey delivered his—and the people here are fully awake, and desirous of knowing more on this subject; and I think our Methodist brother is doing his share to increase this desire.

I send you five new subscribers, as the result of our joint labors in Townsend Harbor. Others will doubtless soon come to. The Age, also, has increased its subscription fully a dozen in this town since Brother F. came here. So this is the way Spiritualism is going down. "The truth there is a diminished desire to merely 'seek after signs';" but there is a correspondingly increased desire to know more of the real aims and designs of this new era.

Yours,

LORINA MOODY.

## Miss M. J. King.

D. S. LAKIN, ELIZABETH, N. Y., writes us, that Miss Mary Jane King is lecturing in various places in the State of New York with much success. He speaks of her lectures in the highest terms.

A writer in the last number of Harper's Weekly gives the following characteristic verse of Macdonald Clark, which we never remember having seen in print before:

"Hail to thee who the wild-living grog-shop appears,

As the red waves of wretchedness swell;

How it burns on the edge of tempestuous years,

The horrible light-house of Hell!"

## SPIRITUAL CONVENTION.

A four days' Spiritual Convention will commence at the Court House, Penn Yan, Yates Co., N. Y., at 10 o'clock, Thursday Oct. 13th, 1850, and continue Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, the 14th, 15th and 16th. An invitation is extended to all normal Lecturers and Trance Speakers throughout the country.

Sessions will be held for the narration of facts and personal experiences by the people. Discussions on the various phases of Mediumship and Manifestations; the Formation of Circles, their Uses and Abuses; Public Meetings, the best method of disseminating Spiritualism; its Application to the individual, its relation to Christianity, the Church, Church, Science, Philosophy, Literature, Morals, and Institutions of the Age.

Arrangements will be made to accommodate as many as possible free of expense, speakers being first provided for; and boarding-houses and hotels will furnish a list of their lowest prices.

To meet expenses and protect the assembly from a disorderly crowd, a trifling door fee will be taken during part of the meeting.

Speakers who can attend from a distance will please communicate as early as possible to the Address:

Dr. H. M. DUNBAR, Penn Yan, Yates Co., N. Y.

## LECTURERS.

Parties noticed under this head are at liberty to receive subscriptions to the BANNER, and are requested to call attention to it during their lecturing tours. Sample copies sent free.

Miss EMMA HARDING will lecture in St. Louis and vicinity during October, addressing for that month care of A. Millenberger, Esq., St. Louis, Mo. In November and December, Miss Harding will speak in Evansville, Memphis, New Orleans and the South. Adversely during these months at the above cities, or by letter to 2 Fourth Avenue, New York. Her friends will receive invitations to lecture South up to February, and requests all such applications to be sent in as early as possible, as she returns to Philadelphia, in March, 1850.

WARREN CHASE lectures in Bethel, Vt., from Oct. 14th to 16th; Montpelier, Vt., from Oct. 16th to 23d; South Hardwick, Vt., Oct. 23d, 24th and 27th; Marlboro', Mass., Oct. 30th; Natick, Nov. 6th; Newburyport, Nov. 13th; Marblehead, Nov. 20th; Plymouth, Nov. 27th. He may be addressed as above.

JOHN H. RANDALL will answer calls to lecture in the Western part of New York State, on subjects connected with the Harmonical Philosophy, during the month of October. His address will be to J. H. Randall, 277 Madison Co., N. Y., 111 Oct. 12th, and after that date, till further notice, in the care of Dr. H. M. Dunbar, Penn Yan, Yates Co., N. Y.

N. FRANK WHITE will lecture in Plymouth, Mass., Oct. 10th; Boston, Oct. 30th; Portland, Me., Nov. 20th and 27th; will spend the month of December in Maine. Calls for vacant Sundays or week evenings will be attended to, addressed as above.

REV. JOHN PIERPONT, West Medford, Mass.

Miss SARAH A. MAGOUR, No. 33 Winter street, East Cambridge, Mass.

Mrs. MARY MACOMBER, Carpenter street, Grant Mill, care of Z. R. Macomber, Providence, R. I.

Miss LIZZIE DORRIS, Plymouth, Mass.

H. L. HARRIS, Natick, Mass., 277 Madison Co., N. Y., 111 Oct. 12th, and after that date, till further notice, in the care of Dr. H. M. Dunbar, Penn Yan, Yates Co., N. Y.

Miss DANFORTH, Boston, Mass.

ELIJAH WOODWARD, Leslie, Mich.

C. T. IRISH, Taunton, Mass., care of John Eddy, Esq., A. R. Whiting, Providence, R. I.



