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NO. 5.

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. THIRD PAGE-Rev. Dr. Chapin's Sermon.

EIGHTH PAGE-Rev. H. W. Reccher's Sermon.

Written for the Banner of Light.

BERTHA LEE

MARRIAGE.

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

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

CHAPTER XIX .- (CONTINUED.)

No. Massa James, no, because you see, she's sent the dove to comfort you. Mammie June don't know much, only to love God, and all his children; but love makes us wise, Massa, and gives us light to walk in

makes us wise, muse, make the right way.

Then Massa smiled jes' his old boy smile, and I know he was comforted. So you see, Honey, I have known all along how they loved each other. La, chile, 't want none of them French dancing ladies, your father would let take my Missus' place. He knows a dove from a heattering parrot.'

chattering parrot.'
Mammie is making great calculations upon the dinners and suppers which are to come off on the holl-

Mary is to be married at Mr. Green's. You cannot imagine how they love her, and Madame Green is de-lighted at the idea of having her in the neighborhood.

I wish you could see how kindly Pa treats Ned now.

A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind, you know.
With all our happiness we are going on regularly with our studies. Mary (will it not seem strange to say Mother?) is as quiet and screne as a summer's morn, but I never saw her look so radiantly beautiful.

The dresses with much taste and you with four orne. She dresses with much taste and yet with few ornaments. I never thought I could see another fill my mother's place, and there is no other in the wide world but Mary who could do it. Come to us, Bertha; a sight of our happiness will do you good."

· And so it will," said my father; . and a change from our cold climate for a few weeks will also be good. You must go. Bertha."

I had read the letter loud, forgetting in my eager de-light, that Mr. Calvin might not feel like pleasure with myself. There was a dark shadow on his brow,

and he remained silent.

The next morning, at breakfast, my mother said, "And so, Bertha, as soon as you are a little stronger, you are to go to your friends, in Virginia. Fortunately, Mr. Calvin has business which calls him as far South as Washington, and has consented to take charge of you." I made no objection to this arrangement. I was too

passive to do so, and too indifferent now to feel either pleasure or pain; to see Miss Lincoln once more, to participate in her happiness, was the only thought of my heart.
I was too young to have lost the zest of life, but sick-

ness and suffering had prevented the rebound from sor-row which usually accompanies youth. My heart was filled with ideas of penance, of sacri fice; I had no more thought of enjoyment, save peace purchased by self-denial. My mother managed everything for me; I was resigned that it should be so. The family were satisfied with my situation, all but · Joe. 'Poor Joe, did not like Mr. Calvin; he made all sorts of thing for me; I was resigned that it should be so. The family were satisfied with my situation, all but "Joe."

Poor Joe, did not like Mr. Calvin; he made all sorts of grimaces when he prayed, and queer faces behind his back, and said to me. "No, no, Sisy; black coat and room. He was about to impress a grimaces when he prayed, and queer faces behind his back, and said to me. "No, no, Sisy; black coat and room." He stretched out his arms." white neckcloth do n't suit Joe. Sisy, stay at home, let

white neckeloth do it said Joe. Say, stay at home, let-king go alone." I often thought of it afterwards—this aversion of Joe's to my going; simple people seem sometimes to have a spiritual insight donied to wisso men, who trust their own judgment alone. Joe would do nothing to aid in my journey. He refused even to bring a package from the dressmaker's, or my trunk from the garret. "No, no, Sisy; Joe savs no, and he bring a package from the dressmaker's, or my trunk from the garret. "No, no, Sisy; Joe says no, and he means it." The poor fellow actually hid himself on the day of my departure, and was nowhere to be found when I would say "Good-by." Little Eddle was a great comfort in my sickness; he was a beautiful child, with his mother's regular features, but my father's warm, generous heart. He was my mother's ideal and was worthily so; and between

my mother's idol, and was worthily so; and between him and myself a warm friendship had long existed, which was not so pleasing to Joe as I could wish.

Indeed, poor Joe was growing more odd and outre every day, and seemed to feel himself authorized to find fault with all the plans made for me. I leved him too well to be impatient with him, but l'alone of all the household, save my father, found no fault with

My father accompanied us to Boston, where I re-mained a day or two. One of the firm to which Charles Herbert belonged, called upon us. He had just re-turned from the Islands, and told me as a piece of news in which I must of course feel an interest, that Charles was doing well. He had become a partner and would manage the business at the Islands; his father-in-law had retired, and entrusted all affairs of importance to his son. Their residence was one of the finest in Trinidad de Cubu; and, in fine, from the description, Charlie seemed to be riding on the top wave of prosperity.

He has made a fine marriage, 11 said the gentleman, in a business sort of way; but as I asked no questions, the subject was not continued. That night I lay awake, the table of the transfer of the provinces that a gentleman. but more from weariness than emotion. I had ceased to feel-I was petrified, or rather the hot lava of passion and excitement had cooled, and there lay in my heart a mass of black scoria and ashes. At Boston an old lady joined us, an aunt of Mrs.

Green; such had been the arrangement, and my father bade me farewell with bright hopes of seeing me again in two months' time fully restored to health. The old lady was very garrulous; she knew every town on the route, and had a story to tell of some adventure in former days at every stopping place. I became weary of her incessant talk, and as I roomed with her, I was of her incessant talk, and as I roomed with her, I was often glad of a little rest by remaining in the ladies' parlor, now, than I should otherwise have cared to do. One evening, we had stopped at a town in Maryland, to avoid night traveling. Mrs. More had retired early. I was sitting on the couch in the parlor, listlessly looking over a New York paper. Mr. Calvin came in and seated himself by the fire. I still retained the paper, but I neither knew nor cared what I read.

Mr. Calvin was silent, and sat looking in the fire. I was wondering if Mrs. More could be asleep, not wishing to go to our room till her tongue was quiet for the night, when I was roused from my reverie by Mr.

the night, when I was roused from my reverie by Mr. Calvin's rising and taking a seat near me. I shrunk into my corner (an old habit with me, when he came He perceived it.

Bertha, do n't avoid me; you have no better friend in this world, and the late change in your character has won my esteem. I look upon you now as fitting yourself for usefulness. Are you not willing to devote your life to a great and noble cause?

"Me, Mr. Calvin? what can I do? If I were a Roman Catholic. I would like to be a nun!"
"Oh, no, that is not your nature. You are active, impulsive—you would weary of so inactive a life. No; you need action—a life of work not december. you need action—a life of work, not dreaming. You would serve God—you would make a sacrifice to him.

be sure, that was the want of my heart-who could ow me such a way?
"It is a life of toil," continued Mr. Calvin, "of

suffering, of poverty, perhaps of martyrdom!"

He knew to whom he was speaking; he had read the phase of my heart. The picture pleased me. He went on, "but its end is peace."

"Show me such a way, Mr. Calvin, and I will walk

"If you can but have the courage, you shall have the reward; if you will bear the cross, you shall have the crown. You must renounce friends, worldly honor, wealth, the applause of the world—all that the apostles renounced, and the early Christians; but, like them, it shall be said of you. 'The world is not worthy of such,' and your reward will be to sit down with them in the kingdom of our Lord!''

I looked at him with brightening eyes and listening

ear. I felt the flush on my cheek, the quickening of my heart. There was a strange eagerness in his own eyes that made me half afraid; I wondered what he

meant, what he would say.
Bertha, you are longing for rest, for something on "Bertha, you are longing for rest, for something on which to lean your weary heart; you begin to feel that the friendship of this world fails in our hours of need. Come with me, and I will show you a path of toil, but a way of peace." He took my hand. "I have chosen a missionary's life," said he; "thus will I serve God. Will you bear the toil with me? Will you obey the call of your Master, or, rather I would say, will you dare refuse? I need your aid. Together we will serve in God's vineyard; and if the sacrifice is great to you, great will be your reward!"

I withdrew my hand from his. A cold shudder passed over me. I shook like one suddenly pierced with cold. I did not speak, but, covering my face with my hands, bowed my head. He rose and walked the room, and left me to my own thoughts for a mement.

Bertha, let not the carnal mind within you speak. That must be subdued; and the greater the struggle, the more noble the victory!"

Did he know what the struggle was in my heart?

Did he know what the struggle was in my heart?

A missionary's life! Ay! there was no struggle there; it was full of charms for me—there was even romance in it—and my heart leaped at the thought of such a life of sacridee. But must I also subdue this revoit of my heart toward a life of sabjection to this man? Oh, God! bitter has been my lot thus far; must I drink this cup also? The true woman within me said. "No;" but a strange, misguided conscience, and a will weakened by disease, held up before me the awful spectre of neglected duty, and the wrath of God. I could not speak. I dared not say no; I could not say yes. I rose and would have left the room; but my limbs trembled, I shook like an aspen, and fearful lest I should fall, I sat down again.

"Bertha, do not let the tempter gain power over you—your conscience should be your guide alone. And let me beg of you not to defer your answer; you may have a life-time of regret, and an eternity of sorrow. With me I trust you will learn the right way, and know that peace which springs from a life of entire consecration to God's service."

A strange idea now took possession of me; if I consent to this, my, salvation is sure: the seartifice is se

A strange idea now took possession of me ; if I consent to this, my salvation is sure; the sacrifice is so great my reward will be proportionate. Still I spoke not, but this time ose again, and moved toward the door. His eyes were upon me; he reached it before me, and stood with his back against it.

"I do not mean to prevent your going out, Bertha; but stay one moment."

How I qualled and shrunk at the bright glare of his eyes—at the look which held me, but which sent the blood fresh in a swift current to my heart.

"Stay—one word—as you value your eternal peace, to mine."

One shudder, a faintness like the heart in the cold

He stretched

"One moment, Bertha; only one moment;"
"Not now, not now, MR. GRAY," and I went on, without looking back.

CHAPTER XX.

THE JOURNEY. "Mr. Calvin" Gray has already been so fully introduced to my readers, that they may have a good idea of his person; but as we have had to do mostly with his character, let me describe him. Medium height, well proportioned, dark hair, some two or three removes from black; whiskers, not heavy, but with a slight, very slight tendency to red; face rather thin and long somewhat sallow, teeth good, large and much disclosed in talking. His dress was invariably black, with a white neckcloth. He wore gold buttons, and a gold watch chain. He was scrupulously neat, very particularly the sallow of lar, quite fussy indeed, and inclined to make a minute examination of his dress and person in the mirror be-fore going out. He wrote and spoke with grammatical accuracy, and his sermons were generally spoken of as "very good," very doctrinal and orthodox. He dealt much in invectives, and more frequently selected his texts, and the readings for the morning service, from the Epistles, seldom from the Gospels. His voice was good, his gestures correct, his pronunciation ac-cording to the most approved forms, and he never for got himself in the pulpit, so far as to improvise at al got himself in the pulpit, so far as to improvise at all or speak a word from impulse; therefore there was never any dispute after his sermons as to what he had said—there it was in black and white, written down. To be sure there was no warmth, but then there was no extravagance, no subtle power moved the hearts of his hearers, as with Whitefield and Edwards; but then he had fewer enemics. There was no originality, but then there was no accusation of heresy; he preached the older as he had learned it, and strick into no by theology as he had learned it, and struck into no by ways, or made any modifications, or palliations, at he wished his hearers to do the same. This specu This specula no wished his hearers to do the same. This specularitive, reasoning disposition, so prevalent at the present time, was his abhorrence. Believe as I preach, and salvation is yours, was the creed. He had the indomitable will and the self-reliance which usually accompanies such a character. When a man believes he is right, wholly right, he is usually positive, decided in his character, and clings with great tangety to an his character, and clings with great tenacity to an opinion formed, or a resolution taken. I had some idea of this trait when I said. "I will go with you." I knew full well that it was a die cast for life—that my destiny was cettled. destiny was settled.

destiny was settled.

I awoke; no, I rose from my bed the next morning with a calmness amounting almost to despair; the one thought that buoyed me up was a missionary's life. How I longed to enter upon that scene of toil and suffering, and for the first time I felt reluctant to pursue my journey. What had I to do with Christmas festivities in the home of a Sauttern planter.

ities in the home of a Southern planter?
What were wadding gayeties to me? I would be married in a plain grey traveling dress, and go directly on board the ship that should bear me to the shores of India. Jewels and gay apparel must henceforth be laid aside.

It was a strange feeling that I had that morning when It was a strange feeling that I had that morning when dressing—new, certainly, to a young girl of eighteen—a perfect indifference to dress—no ambition to be lovely in the eyes of my betrothed—no joyful, timid delight at the thought of meeting him. I was dressed and reading my Bible when Mrs. More awoke.

"Bless my heart, child, are you up and dressed? You should have slept longer, for we will have a hard day before us. We shall be at Washington by ten, and Lam reserved to enquire through the day and see

day before us. We shall be at Washington by ten, and I am resolved to remain there through the day, and see the changes. John Quincy Adams was President when I was there, and now they say I should hardly know to may be said to you, 'Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!''

I was there, and now they say I should hardly know the place. They have improved the streets, introduced servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!''

I was thered and improved the Capitol, and built some fine national offices; but, dear me, they do say that the

members are not improved at all; that the ladies are memoers are not improved at all; that the ladies are terribly extravagant, and no better than they ought to be, and the men ten times worse. Well, I always said, when Adams went out, that our country had seen its best days. I wonder if Mr. Harper will be there to meet us? We shall need him for an escort. Your Mr. Gray is a stranger they. Now I think of it, I must lay my black silk and my best cap in the top of my trunk. What shall you wear, Bertha, at Washington?"

"I had not thought of the matter at all,"
"Dear me I when I was a girl, I should have had it

"Dear me! when I was a girl, I should have had it all arranged days before. It 'a a grand place for beaux. Take out your pink sailn, with the blonde, Bertha."

"Oh, that is an evening dress."

"La, yes, child, but who knows that you will not go

to a party this very evening? When I was your age, I attended a ball at the President's, and I were—let me see, what was it?—oh. crape—a lilac-colored crape, embroidered around the skirt, with short sleeves, and lace around the neek. I danced with Commodore Perry. What do you think of that?"

lace around the neek. I danced with Commodore Perry. What do you think of that?"

"I should have esteemed it a great honor."
"So did I. Well, now, who knows but you may dance with a foreign minister, an attache, or some-body else, and it will end in a splendid match! It is not every girl that can be introduced by Mr. Harper. He rides the top wave. Now hold your head up, Bertha, and say nothing to the minister. He is one of the solema kind, I see, and maybe he'll not wish to go to a ball, or party; but Mr. Harper can introduce him to the chaplain, or seat him in the library; and then he'll go to bed by the time you are fairly in for the dance."

The breakfast bell rang, or I know not when Mrs. More would have ended.

Mr. Harper was awaiting us in Washington. He seemed transformed; and I fancied that his heart-happiness had purified and elevated him. He seemed like one apart from the factious, busy crowd, and I fancied

one apart from the factious, busy crowd, and I fancied he lived a hidden life, which was little understood there; and yet it was said that he was always in his seat, and ready to vote on every question which demanded his attention. He could not go with us, but would be at home during the holidays. We had no desire to remain long in the city; and a visit to the Capitol and public buildings, a view of the Senate chamber. tol and public buildings, a view of the Senate chamber, and a very brief visit to the turbulent House, satisfied us. We parted with Mr. Gray here, Mrs. More and myself going to Virginia, while he remained a day longer, and then returned to New Jersey, where he was engaged to preach for some weeks.

I remembered well the pleasant hour spont in Mr. Harper's company, the morning before I left, during the brief absence of Mr. Gray to call on a brother minister. We talked of Mary, her life at the old beatman's.

ister. We talked of Mary, her life at the old boatman's, her patience, and sweetness of temper; and as we talked, Mr. Harper's face grew bright with the radiance of a fondly-cherished hope. It was beautiful—the union of these two souls—and realized my idea of perfect human happiness. I dared not look at my own nect numan happiness. I dared not look at my own heart then. It was a pleasant smile and a cordial pressure of the hand, when he bade me good by, and said, "We meet again soon."

"Ay, yes," I said to myself, "how I long to behold you and Mary in each which coulety, to see her trust and confidence, to look at his dove folding its wings in a peace that no storm and disturb.

in a peace that no storm and disturb.

"Bertha, I will write you to-morrow," said Mr.
Gray. "Be careful of your health; remember to what
you have dedicated your life, and enter not too deeply
into the gayeties at Washingto n."

It was a relief to find myself in the coach, surrounded by strangers; and I hoped Mrs. More would be silent for awhile, but I hoped in vain. She kept up an incessant chat, concerning her former travels over this road, where they dined, what was their fare, how slow they used to travel, how the drivers drank and swore, &c., do., till I was wearled, and would fain have slept; but surely as drowsiness overcame me, I was aroused by Mrs. More.

"There, now we're most at Haventon. I do hope they will give us something beside bacon and hoe cake; that was my dinner when I was here ten years ago; not egg for love or money. One does want eggs, when they get among these negro cooks—eggs, or potatoes with their jackets on. Aint you very hungry, Ber-

It was a beautiful affernoon; the coach drew, up at a It was a beautiful atternoon; the concu drew up at a low house, with a porch runing all around it, in which two or three negroe; were lounging on wooden seats, and three or four half-naked black children rolling in the dirt before the doors. We had scarcely alighted. when I observed a corrage coming rapidly toward us. recognized Mr. Harper's carriage at once, and the best horses in old Virginia," which were now put upon their speed. A bright face was peeping out of the window, and the curls were dancing in the breeze. A moment more, and Jim had drawn up with a flourish which was intended to make the poor hacks of the mail coach look with enry upon their better fed and more aristocratic cousins; but the attempt was a failure, for our faithful animals that had brought us over hill and dale, had eyes now only for their provender.

dale, had eyes now only for their provender.

Another moment, and I was clasped in Mary's arms.

"My poor Bertha, we will nurse you back to health again, and plant some roses on those pale cheeks."

"There, there, that will do—now it's my turn, and here are the roses," said Addie, while she gave me a warm kiss on each cheek; "Now, Jim, turn those hares, when he had a divent the provent and the p warm kiss on each cheek; "Now, Jim, turn those horses' heads homeward, and drive at the rate of 2:40."

Not jes' yet, Miss Addie." said Jim, who was carefully placing blankets over his favorite horses; "ye see, Fanny would like water, and she's so warm I does n't dare give it to her now, and Fashion breathes hard, and needs a spell."

Mrs. More was all this time in the house, and I turned

Mrs. More was all this time in the house, and I turned to speak with her. She was at the window, lowing

ospeak with ner. She was it the window, lowing eagerly at Mary.

Well, now, if she is n't a pretty piece of God's work—Mr. Harper is a judge of beauty, certainly l'.

Addie kindly invited my companion home with us; but no—Mrs. Green's carriage would come for her. We did not wait long for it, and, bidding her good-by, Addie finally persuaded Jim that his horses might safely be driven two miles, and we were soon going at a rapid rate toward Stanley Hall. The scenery grew brighter to my eyes; I had such confidence in Mary, that it seemed to me as if all would be right, when I had told seemed to me is it all would be rail, when I had one her all my perplexities. There she sat, looking so serene, so quietly happy, as if the well of her joy were deep, and the Lord sat beside it. We turned into a long avenue of noble old trees, which half concealed and half revealed a quaint man-

sion, built in rather ancient style, but very pleasing to the eye. The kitchen and offices were not attached to the house, and we saw numbers of black children run-

A large, hospitable fireplace, in which a huge fire cracked and blazed, sending its ruddy light over a room somewhat richly furnished, in antique style, made our welcome doubly cheerful. A tea-table, covered with a damask cloth, that shone under the hand of the ironer, a silver tea service of old time style stood in the centre of the room. We lingered here but a moment, for Addle said, "Come to your own room, Bertha, you are weary." I followed her up stairs to a large, commodious apartment, where a fire stairs to a large, commodious apartment, where a lire that form so emaciated. My poor called my poor was also burning, and an easy chair before it, whose capacious dimensions well entitled it to its name of listential states. She would have clasped me in her arms, but I drew sleepy Hollow." A large bedstead, with ample curtains around it, a carved mahogany wardrobe, a little writing deek, a few choice books, and a queer looking table, with feet like a lion, completed the furniture of the would not believe, and insisted that I was still the reserved to the state of the st taole, with feet like a float, computed the furniture of the apartment. "Here is your own sauggery, Bertha, and here, see, is mine," opening a door which communicated with her own room. This was, indeed, thoughtful and pleasant. "I tried," said she, "to induce our Mary' to join us while you were here, but she was right, perhaps, in refusing; but she will be with us often. She stays to tea this evening, and when you was right, perhaps, ... Bhe stays to tea this evening, and when you are rested we will meet you in the parlor. There, now, one kiss, and I leave you awhile—one always likes to be alone a little while after such a journey."

I sunk down into "Sleepy Hollow" and burst into I sunk down into "Sleepy Hollow" and burst into tears. Why is it that kind words and a warm welcome from loving hearts will unlock the fountain of tears, when severity and reproach often harden the heart?

The warmth of the fire and my fatigue caused me to fall asleep—pleasant images floated before me; I had suffered, and through sufforing and trial had conquered. I was at my mother's feet in Paradise. I was roused from this pleasant reverie by a voice, "Please, ma'am, shall I hang your dresses in the wardrobe?"

I turned and saw a bright-looking colored girl stand-

I turned and saw a bright-looking colored girl stand-

I turned and saw a bright-looking colored girl standing near my open trunk.
I roused myself, and found I had slept an hour. I made good speed with my toilet, impatient to join Addic. I felt fresh and strong; the way seemed clearer to me, though I still clung to the idea that I must impose suffering upon myself; but beyond, far off in the distance, when the mortal should have put on imprestility. I could see home and rost

on immortality, I could see a home and rest.
We were three at the table, and needed no more, for we had so many school reminiscences to recall. I did ample justice to Mammie's honey cakes, and to the cold meat and biscuit, though I did beg off from the sweetmeats, which were too numerous to name; but Addie said she always ate an extra allowance whenever she thought of poor Miss Crook's sacrifices for Mr. Calvin. At the mention of that name, I felt the blood

Calvin. At the mention of that name, I felt the blood rush to check and brow, and supposed I had betrayed my secret; but no, I was safe, because it was beyond even the active brain of Addie even to guess.

After tea I must see "Mammie," who was spated in a large chair in the bake-room, presiding over some huge leaves of fruit-cake, which were now being taken from the over to frost. I was not disappointed in the old woman; she looked the picture of an African queen, with her gay turban, and her air of authority. It was busy times with her now, for she intended to have the Harper family duly honored as far as cookery have the Harper family duly honored as far as cookery was concerned, which, in her estimation, was the most important.

The second day was occupied in entertaining Madame Green's family, and this was but the beginning of daily visits to and fro from Green Hill to Stanley Hall. was not at home, but he would be with us on the

Both families were full of expectation and pleasure; the double marriage pleased them well. To be sure Ned must complete his studies, and Addie was too young to think of becoming a wife yet; but they had loved each other from childhood, and it was expected Mr. Harper would give his consent to their betrothal, on his own marriage.

We had a warm discussion upon the bridal dress-

Mrs. Green contending for moire antique, with a lace robe over it, and pearl ornaments—Mary expressing her preference for simple white muslin, with no jewel-

way.

'And now, Mary, tell me all about it,' said I,

'And now, Mary, tell me all about it,' said I,

'And now, Mary, tell me all about it,' said I,

when I found myself alone with her.

"I have little to tell," she said, "only, how day by day, when he gave me riding lessons, when he read to me in the library, when we wandered in fanoy over the old world, and when we talked of life and its duties, I found, before I was aware of the strength of the feeling that the best team was read to the strength of the feeling. I found, before I was aware of the strength of the feeling, that my heart was worshiping at that shrine. The world was bright in his presence—it was all shadow where he was not—and then I tried to crush the emotion, to avoid him. What could the little teacher be to him, save to amuse him for the passing hour?

He, whose talents and position might win a wife among the rich and noble of the world, what could he care for the poor shipwrecked child?

When I had such thoughts I would stay at home, and not go to Stanley Hall. I would avoid him if he came here: but he always had some reason for seeing me—a message from Addie, a new book, or what he found was most effectual, some little aid to himself in writing, for he was burdened with so many letters, it was

ing, for he was burdened with so many letters, it was almost impossible to answer them, and Addie disliked the task exceedingly. Once seated in the library, I would resolve to execute it faithfully; but there was always complying to interput, some article to read. something to interru t. some some subject to discuss, till we would forget our toil in the mutual interchange of thoughts and feeling. Bertha, I can't tell you how it was ; but Knowles expresses it better than I can:

Love 's not a flower that grows on the dull earth, Springs by the calendar, matures by parts—
Must wait for sun—for air—to bud—to stem—to leaf—to

blow---.
It boasts a richer soil, and knows a higher seed--You look for it, and see it not, And lo! e'en while you look,

The peerless flower is up, consummate in the birth. Enough, dear Bertha-we learned each other's hearts

—that tota all.

Is n't it beautiful, this perfect knowledge of each other's hearts? Earth is then like heaven—we know as we are known. We trust, because we see no longer through a glass darkly. We know by spiritual insight every heart-beat, and therefore doubt is lost and faith I never thought before that days and hours and years

are no measure of time. I have lived, oh, how much of happiness, in six short weeks! My whole life before had not so much as one day of this; and, then, do you know, that death, which seems so terrible to most, is robbed of even half its gloom. To love, and to have been loved, is a remembrance to carry with usinto the future, a sweet consoler to the one left on earth for love is spiritual, immortal; death has no power over it

over it."

I looked at Mary as she talked, her countenance glowing with the all absorbing emotion of the heart, and something whispered—"Sorrow has taught you wisdom; you are wiser than your friend."

I said nothing, but she put her arms round me, and

arew my nead to her bosom.

And now, dear Bertha, tell me about yourself; you understand this experience. Where is Charles Herbert? I wish he were here with its. Noble and true as ever, no doubt, fighting life's battle manfully, that he may be worthy the precious little heart that is now beating so near mine. drew my head to her bosom.

I bowed my face low—I hid it on her bosom; with great effort I suppressed the emotion which shook my

Charles Herbert is married!" Mary started as if an arrow had pierced her. She would raise my head and look at my face for confirma-tion of my strange tale, but I kept it away from her;

I could not bear the scrutiny of those calm eyes.

Bertha, do I understand? Married, did you say?
Ah, yes, dear child, I see it now. Your mother-in-law opposed, and you were married without her knowledge. opposed, and you were married wishout her but you were young, too young. I wish you had trusted in me.

"Charles Herbert is married." said I calmly, and married to another. Her name I do not know; I do not wish to know, lest—lest I should curse it."

I raised my head; I was calm now, outwardly so, at least, but Mary was pale as death.

Charles Herbert married, and you live, Bertha!

Ah! I understand, now, why that face is so pale, and that form so emaciated. My poor child! my poor

under the influence of fever, that I must have nursing

and medicine. I drow the letter from my pocket which I had received from Mr. Gray that morning. She knew the hand-writing too well. Then I sat down and told her all. Oh! Bertha, Bertha, you have mistaken your own heart. God is merciful; he never requires such sacrifice as this. It was not that you wished to serve him by this act; it was desperation under the influence of a wounded heart. You believed, too, that Charles

Herbert would suffer as much as yourself by this rash not wreck your peace for life."

not wreck your peace for life."

"It is too late to look into my heart now, Mary. I keep it shut; no one will ever have a glimpse of it again. I am going to India. I shall be happy there."

"God grant it," said Mary. "Lie down and rest you are very weary."

I did so, and she sat by me with my hand (feverish) there was contacted by more than the sat of the same and she sat by me with my hand (feverish).

it was certainly, now.) in hers. Her face was full of anxiety and sorrow. She was too truthful to conceal

tt, too penetrating not to understand my heart better than I knew it myself.

She read to me, she prayed for me. She said noth-ing about Mr. Gray, but I think she was resolved not to let me fulfill my promise to him, unless she found some evidence of a stronger attachment.

The morning of the day on which we expected Mr. Harper was bright and cloudless, rather cold for the

Harper was bright and cloudless, rather cold for the climate, but pure and bracing.

Addie and myself rode over to Green Hill, early in the morning: "for," said Addie, "we will yield her society, in the evening, to Pa, and you and I, Bertha, will amuse ourselves at home."

We found so much to say, and Madame Green and her daughters had so many plans of amusement, that we remained till after dinner. Mary was more reserved than usual. Like others of deep feeling, she expressed little when she felt the most; but there was a deeper tinge on her cheek, and an added brightness to her eyes, which I well understood. Now and then I caught her looking carnestly at me, and then her face was full of sympathy. "Alas!" I said to myself, "it will avail nothing!"

We left her in her own room, with little Ellen Green, a child of five years, sitting in her lap, to whom she

We left her in her own room, with little Ellen Green, a child of five years, sitting in her lap, to whom she was singing the nursery tale of "Little Dame Crump." She was dressed, for the evening, in a blue cashmere, with no ornament but her simple brooch. I went back once, to look at her again. Ellen had fallen asleep, and her head nestled lovingly on Mary's bosom. Mary once, to look at her again. Ellen had fallen asleep, and her head nestled lovingly on Mary's bosom. Mary looked up, and smiled—a smile that lighted her face, and made sunlight all around.

"Come over to-morrow, Bertha—I shall want you.

One kiss more!" and she held out her hand. "God help me to bear my happiness meekly; for it comes from him!" she whispered. I shall never forget her

as she looked then!

"Come. Bertha," said Addie, "we'll go and meet
Pa. Drive to Downer's, Jim. We shall be there in
time, I think," said Addie, looking at her watch.
Jim made no haste; he was too careful of his horses.

Addie became impatient.

"The coach never comes in till four, Missuses.
Them horses never make three miles an hour!"

"It's only ten minutes to four," said Addie, "and our horses will have no time to rest, unless you drive

This had the desired effect, and we arrived just as the passengers in the coach were alighting, but we looked in vain for Mr. Harper; his fine figure was not to be

en.
What can it mean?" said Addie, her face assuming of the a look of anxiety, while she bade Jim inquire of the griver. Mr. Harper had not been on the coach that day, and, as all the other passengers were strangers; nathing else could be learned.

Drive to the Post-office," said Addie to Jim. There, to her great relief, a letter was found. It was very brief, merely exting—u. I cannot come to day—asse Mary and

to her great relief, a letter was found. It was very brief, merely saying—"I cannot come to-day—see Mary and toll her that I am detained here."

"Strange, passing strange!" said Addie. "My father never wrote me such a letter as this before—not one word of explanation, not one word for Mary, save that simple, cold message," and for once, Addie looked grave and was silent.

Jim was sent to Green Hill with the message, and, as I thought of Mary. I wondered if she would bear this

as I thought of Mary, I wondered if she would bear this disappointment with her usual quiet.

At tea Addie's face brightened—she could n't bear to be sad long.
"There, I jes' knew Massa would n't come to-day,"

ing the big bridge, to go to Mary, while she was waiting on 'tother side, and the bridge broke right in the middle. Now I know what dat dream mean."

Ah, but Mammhe, here is his plate and his china coffee-cup, and I smell the coffee. Bertha and I do not

take it for supper. For whom did you make it?" said Addie. "Oh, la, chile, you seem alone; when Massa say he's coming, why Mammie June make believe he is, though she knew better by the dream—now you eat

your supper—dere's ham and corn cake, and dere's cream biscuit and honey. To-morrow I'll make Massa-James some tip-top fritters—apple fritters he like when Mammie June was in good spirits. Her dream, no doubt, had troubled her, and she saw in the detention its fulfillment, and her mind was relieved that it was

"Dem plaguy politics, Miss Addie; it's a heap of work to govern de white folks, and my young Misaus used to say de Washington lawmakers didn't know how to govern demselves. Ah, me, Miss Addie, den dey can't govern others."

dy can't govern others."
"I wish Pa would let politics alone," said Addie, pettishly: "I do think he night have come; now all our arrangements must be altered. And then, only three days to the wedding! What can he be thinking company." After tea we went into Mr. Harper's room; the fire

was burning, the slippers were on the hearth, a dress-ing gown thrown over the chair, and everything made for the occasion. Addie sat down and wept—that was her way to get

-and the tears usually washed it all away. In a few minutes the clouds passed, and the sun

Jim returned with a note. Madame Green thought that there were some important bills to be passed that day, and Mr. Harper's vote was necessary.

This was satisfactory, and no doubt Mary was by

this time sleeping quietly, and dreaming pleasant dreams. Not so with myself, when I sank down into "Sleepy Hollow" that night, I had no disposition to "Sleepy Hollow" that night, I had no disposition to sleep, and sat there watching the flickening of the firelight, full of moody thoughts. That brief, unsatisfactory letter was a puzzle to me. It was unlike Mr. Harper. In the busiest parts of the session he had found time to write often. When he had already made his arrangments to return at that time, could he not at least here written Mary a short note of explanation? least have written Mary a short note of explanation?
I turned it over and over, and was still puzzled. I took a book and read, for, as I said, I was not inclined

took a book and read, for, as I saw, I was not to sleep.

Midnight came, and found me still up—not reading, but musing on the coals. Suddenly a dark shadow was in the room. I started and turned round.

"Be casy, Miss Bertha—it's only Mammie June. I could n't sleep, and I come in to ask if you're troubled about Massa James.' I did n't say nothin' to the dear chile, 'cause perhaps she hasn't thought about it; but it's on my mind that Massa James is sick. I tole Pomp so; but Pomp, la', he haint no fidee of nothin'; he do n't see nor hear. He was fast asleep before I done talkin', and I law thinkin' all about it, till I looked out of the and I lay thinkin' all about it, till I looked out of the window and see your light; and I come straight here to ask you how to do; 'cause, if he's sick, he must have

Mammie June, or he'll die." I was glad that Mammie June had come. It did me good to comfort her. I was sure that if Mr. Harper was sick, he would have written so. I believed he would

sick, he would have written so. I believed ne would come on the morrow.

"I hope so, Miss Bertha, and I pray the good Lord not to send trouble. But you see, I was born here, and I have n't lived so long in the family without making my observations; and, Miss Bertha, jes' as sure as dero comes a bright day, widout one cloud, I look for a storm. I always want to see one little cloud; den I storm. I always want to see one little cloud; den I reckon de storm-king let us be. Dat is tribute money to Casar. But here now we've been jes' like heavely

-too happy, too happy. Miss Bertha, do good angels be camped roundabout us, and I seem to see dere white wings spread over de house. I 'fraid de wicked angels peep in, jes' like de akunk into my hen-coops."

I had feelings similar to Mammie June's; but I supposed my own sad heart had given its gloomy hue to my thoughts.

Mammie June went out, but soon returned with some warm mulled wine, which she made me take, and then said I must go right to bed. Thanks to her care, no gloomy dreams disturbed my sleep.

The morrow came, but not Mr. Harper. At night I sought Mammie June, whose fears were now wrought up intensely.

"Ho's sick, Miss Bertha-he will die. He must have Mammie June.

What will wo do? I reckon Miss Mary is sick, too." .. She is very calm. Mammie June. She trusts in God."

"De blessed chilo! But do trust do n't keep de heart-ache away, Jim didn't get no letters. Miss Bertha, I reckon we must do some thing."

But Mammie June was anticipated. Our prompt, impulsive Addie had decided what to do. She had ordered Jim to be in readiness the next morning to take her to the stage-house. She would go to Washington.

There was no sleep that night for Mammie June. We had persuaded Addie to retire early, that she might be prepared for her journey. A fire had been kept burning all day in Mr. Harper's room. Mammie June had been sitting there to watch it. I went in and amused myself awhile in looking over some pencil sketches made by Mr. Harper when he was in Europe. There was a very fine one of the old cathedral in Lincoln, England, and of the ancient castle there, and part of a street. I looked at it with interest, as associated with Mary's birthplace. I showed it to Mammie June.

· See there, Mammie; that is a picture of the place where Miss Lincoln was born."

She looked at it a long time.

"It is in the old country, Mammie."

"Yes, yes, Miss Bertha-I know. She's come of good blood. Don't Mammie know by de foot, and de hand, and de step on de floor? It is well, because Massa James has some pride in his big heart. He got it from his mother's milk. Sometimes I think maybe he carries it too far. De Harpers are 'fraid some one come in dere family dat aint like de good old Virginny race."

The clock struck twelve. I rose to go.

"Please, Miss Bertha, stop one minute. I heard a tramp, tramp, along de road. It sounds like a horse. Hark! it comes nearer. Ah, me! if it should be dat rider on de pale horse! I've looked for him two days and nights."

The sound became more distinct. It came nearer and nearer, till we heard it along the avenue; and then, turning a little from the house, toward the servants' quarters.

Mammie's cars were quickened by her fear. Her face brightened. · Ah, Miss Bertha, if it be de pale horse, he only arter one ob de

niggers. I so relieved !" I couldn't help smiling, though I must say I had forebodings lest we had indeed the messenger of evil near us. I was going to the door. Mammie stopped me.

"No, no, Miss Bertha-when de pale horse comes, neber let him see you."

I drew back, but we heard a voice:

"Holloa! Jim, here, take care of this horse. Rub him down well; he has been hard ridden."

Mammie June clapped her hands, and shouted "Glory!" as if she were in a camp meeting.

"It is Massa Jim! It is Massa James! How lucky I got dat nice chicken ready to broil!" And she disappeared to her royal dominion, the kitchen.

I left the room to go up stairs, but I had hardly opened the door. when I met Mr. Harper. The bright light of the fire, on which Mammie had just thrown fresh fuel, and that of the candlebras, fell full on his face. I was startled, for it was pale, and worn, and haggard. He must have been ill or in trouble. He was surprised to see me, but his usual gallantry prevailed. "Good evening, Miss Bertha. Is Addie up?"

. No. sir; she retired early. We have all been anxious about you, and Addie had decided to go to Washington to-morrow. Mammie June has been much troubled; and not being very sleepy myself, I have sat here with her. She seems superstitious."

"Yes, the colored race are very much so. Are you all well?"

" Yes, Bir."

.. All well in the neighborhood?" Yes, sir. We came from Madame Green's this evening."

What could there be in my words to pain him? The deadly paleness of his face increased, and I heard something like a half-suppressd groan. I bade him good-night, and he asked me not to call Addie. He would see her early in the morning.

I sat down in . Sleepy Hollow," and mused awhile. Shadows. shadows, everywhere !

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

A RECORD OF MODERN MIRACLES.

By S. B. BRITTAN.

"He is the best Physician who most alleviates the sufferings of mankind."

CHAPTER I.

SEMANTHA METTLER—Her early unwillingness to be publicly known—Personal sacrifices—30,000 examinations—The people satisfied—How Science alleviates suffering—The achievements of the Faculty, recorded on innumerable tables of stone—Success inspires confidence—Psychometry—Psycho-physiology—Clairvoyance, etc.

Some ten years since Mrs. Mettler was unknown to the world. Only the few persons who composed the little circle in which she moved-and by whom she was cordially beloved-had ever breathed her name. She had an ardent desire to remain in the same obscurity, and her sensitive nature was instinctively disposed to shrink from contact with the rude, incredulous and thoughtless world. At length when the force of circumstances, and especially the gradual development of her remarkable powers, began to index the opening future, and to dimly foreshadow the duties and responsibilities of her life. she was filled with emotions of mingled doubt and apprehension. The writer of this was an interested witness of the mental struggle that ensued, and well remembers how constantly she endeavored to escape from the wide arena of public observation, and sought (only because she dreaded notoriety) to limit the exercise and even the knowledge of her powers to the little circle of her fireside and immediate friends.

But, in the course of human events, Providence selects appropriate instruments for beneficent purposes, often choosing the weak and irresolute among men to confound the wise and the brave. Humanity demanded the exercise of Mrs. Mettler's faculties, and by degrees her native timidity was overcome by the importunity of friends and her own lively sympathy for suffering humanity. She yielded to a sense of duty, and-trembling betwixt hope and fear-she at length determined to consecrate her life to the work which imperatively called for : the exercise of her powers. It certainly required a strong motive and e no little resolution to prompt this step, and especially to actualize the purpose of the mind and heart. The sweet retirement of private life and the solace of undisturbed repose—so precious to every person of acute sensibilities-were to be sacrificed for a life of constant solicitude. Her house was to be made a public thoroughfare; she was expected to retire daily from the sphere of her outward relations and enjoyments, and thus to sacrifice a large portion of her waking life; she must be willing to be constantly immersed in the impure emanations from diseased bodies, and have her own peace of mind · left to depend—in no small degree—on the welfare of all who might be pleased to seek her presence or assistance. With what scrupulous fidelity she has discharged the obligations incident to her place and profession, let those answer to whom she has been a minister of hope and health and life.

Ten years have now transpired since Mrs. Mettler came before the public. During this period not less than three years of the world's waking existence have been a blank to her. . So much of her time she has spent in the magnetic trance and in the exercise of her clairvoyant vision. During her daily transfigurations-within the period first named—she has made 30,000 examinations of diseased persons. Of these nearly all have resulted in relief to the patient; many. | Dear Sir, -In the Telegraph of last Saturday I was agreeably sur.

almost hopeless victims of disease and malpractice, have been effectually cured; while-so far as is known-not even ten persone have. publicly or otherwise, expressed dissatisfaction with the general results of her clairvoyant examinations. The fault-finders, with scarcely an exception, have been the poor slaves of popular prejudice, too ignorant to express or to have an intelligent opinion, too full of selfconceit to discover the merits of others, and withal too blindly attached to their exploded dogmas to be willing to so much as witness an exhibition of Mrs. M.'s powers. And yet her success has, perhaps, no parallel among the practitioners of her class. Of course it would be quite useless to look for the proofs of a similar success in the records of the Medical Profession. To be sure the scientific but unskillful doctors, no doubt, release a great number from their sufferings very year. [Those who would make a proper estimate of the cures wrought by them, are respectfully referred-for matter-of-fact information-to the books of the undertakers, and likewise to the long lists of names that constantly appear in the newspapers, under the head of obituary notices.] Probably more people have been sent to heaven by the Medical Profession than by the mere profession of religion. In numerous instances the representatives of accredited science have been put to shame by Mrs. Mettler's disclosures respecting the original cause, the particular seat, the precise nature, and the ultimate result of a disease, when these were previously all unknown by the afflicted parties, and not to be detected by ordinary professional sagacity.

By the constant and successful use of her faculties Mrs. M. has very naturally acquired a degree of confidence, and no longer exhibits the reluctance that characterized her early experience. Owing to her extraordinary success, her name has found its way into almost every city and hamlet in the United States, and scattered abroad all over the continent are the people who rise up and call her blessed; for when they were ready to perish she visited them, and a spirit of healing went with her. Many have found in her touch, a soothing, pain-destroying power; the languid pulses leap, and the expiring hopes of multitudes have revived in her presence; and a subtile, mysterious energy has often been imparted to the very springs of life. It is not. of course, pretended that she is an infallible oracle: that her impressions are to be received with implicit confidence, or that she has discovered the art of making mankind immortal in the flesh. Whoever claims such gifts for any human being is neither an enlightened phiosopher, a prudent counselor, nor a true friend. As imperfection of necessity belongs to all human gifts and faculties, and is inseparable from mundane conditions, only they are truly wise who are conscious

of their weakness while they realize their power. The writer could easily fill a volume with well-authenticated facts, illustrative of Mrs. Mettler's various and extraordinary gifts. Her clairvoyant examinations of the sick, and her psychometrical delineations of character, afford many of the most convincing proofs of her susceptibility to the most varied and delicate, yet reliable impressions from the physical, mental, and moral conditions of others; whilst many of the examples of her psycho-physcological and therapeutic lowers, have rarely been equalled since the times of the early Christian Apostles. Without even attempting a complete classification or any nice metaphysical or technical distinctions. I propose to place on ecord, in this connection, some of the remarkable facts which have been developed in the course of Mrs. Mettler's professional experience. In the accomplishment of my present object these may very properly be comprehended in three general classes, as follows:-

1. DELINEATIONS OF CHARACTER—from information derived from autography, and through the channels of psychometric perception.

2. PSYCHO-PHYSIOLOGICAL CURES—wrought through the agency of the will and the hands; or the equilibration of the Electro-vital forces by volition and magnetic manipulations.

3. CLAIRYOVANT REVELATIONS; or the discovery-by interior or spiritual sight—of organic and physiological conditions, mental states, and moral qualities, together with objective forms, natural phenomena, incidental occurrences and local circumstances,-all of which may be remote from the seer, both with respect to time and place.

The facts disclosed in the succeeding chapters are not only sufficient to rebuke the popular skepticism, but they should likewise humble the arrogant and unfounded pretences of many who claim to belong o the scientific classes in society. The ideas and the institutions of ages, and those who have entertained and defended them, are on trial to-day before the august tribunal. The theories and systems which once were cherished as the constitutional embodiment of all human and divine wisdom, even now depart to mingle with the residuum of dead and forgotten things. As the great trial proceeds, the public confidence in the popular system of Medicine is being shaken; and the practitioners who once funcied they had a secure footing, already find that what appeared like solid ground, moves beneath their feet, and gives sensible signs of passing away. Our old pathological treatises, and the ancient pharmacopoxia, are beginning to be especially interesting as the fossil remains of obsolete ideas, preserved as carefully as the old bones in the Medical Colleges, which they otherwise much resemble in their freedom from the principles of essential life.

CHAPTER II.

PSYCHOMETICAL DELINEATIONS OF CHARACTER-Dr. Buchanan-Portraits of Distinguished Gharacters—Froi. E. I. Scars—Influence of the Autograph of a Murderer—Mr. Gallier, of Now Orleans—No Impressions from blank paper—Test of the Infant Child—Reading the Lords and the Literati—Impressions from the Autograph of a Prisoner—Remarkable Psychometric Portrait of Kossuth—A Spirit-communication in "an unknown tongue"—Thomas L. Harris, Dante and the "Inferno."

The capacity of certain impressible persons to perceive, by an exquisite power of cognition, or semi-spiritual sensation, the general and particular characteristics of unknown persons, by merely holding their autographs in the hand, or against the forehead, has been demonstrated to the satisfaction of numberless experimental observers. Dr. J. R. BUCHANAN was the first and most scientific investigator in this department, and his observations and experiments form a large portion of the early history of Psychometry. This faculty-which, in numerous instances, may be wisely employed and with great practical dvantages, is possessed by Mrs. Mettler, in an unusual degree. By placing a scaled letter against her forehead she is able to establish a sympathetic rapport with the writer, when she immediately becomes receptive of impressions from his mind and respecting his character. We have subjected her powers—as manifested in this particular phase of psychical phenomena—to numerous trials, and the results, with scarcely a remembered exception, have been highly satisfactory. Some seven years since the writer published in his Shekinah the Psychometical Portraits of Prof. George Bush, Theodore Parker, Dr. J. R. Buchanan, Virgil C. Taylor, Horace Greeley, Isaac T. Hopper, Thomas H. Green, Sarah Helen Whitman, Alice Cary, and other distinguished persons. The letters from which Ars. Mettler gave the psychometrical delineations referred to, were carefully sealed before they were forwarded to her, and they were subsequently returned to the present writer with the seals unbroken, accompanied in each case with a transcript of her impressions in her own language. The names of the parties, whose characters were thus submitted to her inspection, were first disclosed to Mrs. M. when the delineations were published. On one occasion the writer of this submitted a letter just received from Prof. E. I. Sears, the New York correspondent of the Boston Transcript, who is widely known as a facile, graceful and forcible writer. [I may observe in passing that Professor Sears has long been an able contributor to a number of the more influential secular papers-in the Eastern, Western and Southern sections of the Unionto say nothing of his frequent and more elaborate contributions to the Journal of Education, as well as to several Popular Magazines and. Literary Reviews. By his classical attainments; his familiarity with several modern languages: his varied, extensive and practical information; as also by his genial spirit and unaffected liberality, Professor Sears has done much to improve the moral tone and to elevate the literary standard of American Journalism.] At the time the letter referred to was submitted to the psychometrical ordeal, I had no personal acquaintance with Professor Sears, and Mrs. Mettler had never even heard of that gentleman. However, faith in Psychometry and confidence in the powers of Mrs. M. induced the determination to give publicity to her impressions, without waiting to have them confirmed by information communicated through the ordinary channels. Accordingly, the Portrait was published in the Spiritual Telegraph of the date of Oct. 15th, 1853. Immediately after it appeared, the followng polite acknowledgment, of the fidelity of the picture, was received from the gentleman whose mental and moral likeness was appropriately set in the Psychometrist's description :--

PROP. S. B. BRITTAN:

New York, Oct. 18, 1853.

prised to find a .. Psychometrical Portrait of myself, from the pen- and birds in enges, that the children might have semething to love; as I presume from your introductory remarks—of the highly gifted he also planted a garden with every kind of sweet and gay flowers. Mrs. J. H. Mettler. I have read the portrait carefully, and, for truth's When all was done, he said to himself, " Now, who can help being sake, feel bound to say that, while I cannot pretend to deserve the happy here? I will find some people to live here who have none of through the medium of a letter the had not read.) my friends, as well where besides in the heart. as myself, have been astonished at the fidelity with which she has portrayed my neculiarities.

Were I a believer in "Spiritual Intercourse," I probably should not wonder so much; but I am not-never have been; although I have althe ability and talent with which it has been conducted. How to account, therefore, for Mrs. Mettler's truthfulness, in regard to my disposition, habits, etc., I am utterly at a loss. Of this, however, I am convinced, that let what may inspire her-let it be " light from Heaven," or from the disembodied, inspiration she certainly has-no one can read her sparkling sentences and graphic pictures, without the onsciousness of being en rapport with a superior mind.

Mrs. Mettler how highly I appreciate the distinction with which she has honored me.

Believe me, with friendly respect,

Your obedient servant, E. I. SEARS.

The writer once placed in the hand of Mrs. Mettler the autograph of a man who had taken the life of his own child. She at first described -in broken sentences-the confusion of her mind, and the strange, bewildering, and painful sensations in her head, exhibiting, at the same time, strong indications of delirium. This was succeeded by violent gesticulations, a convulsed action of the whole system, and signs of strangulation. Then lucid moments supervened, when the muscles were relaxed, the disposition became childlike, a sweet smile played over the features, and the whole manner and spirit were gentle and devotional. Again, the wild paroxism—like a sudden tempest swept over the soul and the countenance. For some time fearful convulsions and brief seasons of placidity and apparent exhaustion alternated like succeeding waves of light and darkness, when the right hand-which had hitherto held the autograph with a preternatural grasp-was, all at once, relaxed; the offensive object was violently thrown from her, and the spell was broken. On one occasion a carefully sealed envelop was received by Dr.

Mettler, with a note requesting that the envelop and its contents might be submitted to Mrs. M. for her inspection. It was at length returned with the acknowledgment that the character could not be discovered, Mrs. Mettler having received no impressions while holding the etter. It was subsequently ascertained that the envelop contained a piece of blank paper. At another time Mr. James Gallier, a wealthy gentleman, whose residence is in New Orleans, forwarded sixteen letters to the Doctor, for his wife to psychometize. Delineations of character were given in every case save one. The exception was a closely scaled package from which Mrs. M. could obtain no impression. Her mind was a blank; and she observed to her husband, that the person was either an idiot, or, for some other reason, exhibited no development of mind. The letters-all numbered and with the seals unbroken, together with a record of the impressions desired from each—the portraits being numbered correspondingly-were returned by mail to New Orleans. On the receipt of the package, Mr. Gallier invited a number of his friends to meet him at the residence of his son. When the party had assembled, commencing with number one, he proceeded -without mentioning names-to read the several psychometrical descriptions, in each case leaving it for the company to decide as to which person-of their number or within the circle of their acquaintance—the portrait belonged. Fifteen portraits were in this manner xamined, and the letter bearing corresponding numbers laid aside. The remaining letter, from which no impression could be obtained, remained to be disposed of. On breaking the seal, it was found to contain a sheet of paper whereon an infant child-only six months oldhad made some singular pencil lines and scratches !

Many other psychometical descriptions of distinguished public characters have from time to time appeared in the Hartford Times, Spiritual Age, Telegraph, and other public journals. Among the number, the portraits of Charles Dickens, Daniel Webster, Lydia Maria Child, and several other noted statesmen and popular authors may be remembered. Some time since the editor of the Hartford Times, having obtained autographs from three very prominent men in the Old World-which he enclosed and sealed in separate envelopssubmitted them to Mrs. Mettler. The personal, intellectual, moral, and social characteristics of each were so accurately described, that an intelligent gentleman, to whose judgment they were submitted, instantly recognized the likenesses, saying as he examined them-'This is Lord Brougham;" "this is Ashburton;" "and this is D'Israeli;" and there are remarkable points in each."

At the same time a letter written in the Connecticut State Prison, by a man convicted of burglary and an attempt to kill, was handed to Mrs. M., whereupon she remarked:

"The sphere of this writer is unpleasant; he has a double character; that is, he has much secretiveness, and is not just what he appears to be. He has conscientiousness, but it does not control him; he loves to read poetry-can write poetry tolerbly well; he dwells a great deal upon home and the scenes of his childhood-indeed more than upon any other subject; he has a great love of order, is odd in his expressions, but his general character is not pleasant"

Of this case, the editor of the Times says:

"I had not read the letter, but had liberty to do so. In it was request that his mother would send him a volume of poems, and some worsted shirts of a certain color; then followed four well-written stanza on the . Home of his Childhood.' This letter was written with an extraordinary regard for order, every comma, semicolon, period, dash, apostrophe, and hyphen, was in its place, and some of his ideas were oddly enough expressed.

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

BY MRS. L. M. WILLIS.

A SAD MISTAKE: OR, "THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN IS WITHIN YOU."

You have all thought about Heaven, and wish to know something about it. Perhaps you think Heaven is a far off place, where you cannot go until you leave this world, but Jesus says that Heaven is within us. If you wonder how that can be, I will try and make it plain to you. Heaven is a place of happiness, made so by goodness and the child that is good and happy knows about the Heaven Jesus tells of. I dare say, some of you think you could be very good if you had all you wish to have. Perhaps some of you think that if you had all the beautiful playthings you wish, you would always be hap py; and some think fine clothes, and sweetmeats, and candies, would make them the happiest girls and boys that could be found; but all these things, and every beautiful thing we can have, will not really help us to be happy unless our hearts are happy, and that can only be by goodness. If you are gentle, and kind, and loving, then wherever you are, whether you have much or little, you will find true happiness in your spirits, and will know about Heaven.

I will tell you of a man who thought fine things would make children happy. He had plenty of money, and wished to do good, so he said to himself, "I will try and make the world happier. I think people will become very good if they have all that they need. I wil build a nice house, and put beautiful things in it, and make every thing levely about it, and then I will place in it those who have no fine things, and I will see if I cannot make some people learn about Heaven.'' 🛭

He built his house, and adorned it; he furnished it with rich carpets, and elegant chairs, and tables; he hung beautiful pictures on the walls, and arranged vases and statues. He also fitted up rooms purposely for children, and placed in them everything that children for it; their music is sweet to the ears that listen to it; until, before could ask for. There were little baby-houses for girls, and hoops and balls for boys; and there were books of all kinds, with gay pictures and pleasant stories. He had play grounds, with swings, and with little yards for pet animals; he brought dogs, and horses, and goats,

very high estimate which the lady has given of my character and fac- these things, and I will look upon their pleasure, and think how ulties, (without, as you observe, having known ought about me except | beautiful a place Heaven is." He thought that Heaven was some-

He soon found people enough who thought they could be very happy if they could live in so fine a house, and have so many fine things; he did not think to learn whether they had good, kind hearts, but chose rather those that had handsome faces and sweet names. The ways read your paper with deep interest, and have sincerely admired children belonging to the family were called Ellen, Clara, Theo and Frank. They were immediately furnished with an abundance of fine clothes, silk dresses, and bright ribbons, velvet and broadcloth garments. It was the beautiful summer when they entered their new home, the flowers were blooming, and the fruit was ripening.

Now these little children had not happy hearts; they had always been discontented and fretful; they were quarrelsome and fault-finding. In a few days after they had entered their beautiful home, if Permit me, dear sir, to express my best thanks to you for the large you could have seen the change that had taken place since the first space you have devoted in your talented journal to this highly compli- day, you would understand how little good beautiful things can do mentary portrait; and should a convenient opportunity present itself. for those who have not a spirit of beauty within them. The carpets should feel under a still deeper sense of obligation, by your telling were covered with sand and faded flowers, the vases were broken, the books were torn, the play-house was a scene of confusion; Master Frank had cut open the arms of Miss Clara's doll, to see what they were stuffed with; Ellen had broken Theo's hoop; on the rockinghorse was one of the little girl's dresses, torn and soiled, and in the corner lay the boys' boots and coats, looking hardly fit to be worn., Now let us look in the garden, and try to find the children. Frank

is chasing the goat over the beds of flowers, and beating him with a stick; Theo is throwing stones at Bruno, the dog; Clara and Ellen are contending with each other for the swing, and the words you will hear are, ... I will," "you sha'n't," "go along," "be still." In a month from the time these children came into this fine place no one would have known it was the same, and they looked no better than when they ran the streets without a home. Their hands and faces were not clean, their clothes were torn, and their hair tangled.

" Alas," said their unwise friend who had placed them there, "how little like the Heaven I hoped to make for these children does this place seem. Am I to think that all the good things of this world will not make people happy?''

These children had no Heaven in their souls, and they could not make any place beautiful, but changed everything to make it as much like their own disordered spirits as possible. They were selfish, and so they were not kind to each other; they were cruel, and so they injured their pets: they were untidy, and so they tore and soiled their garments; they did not love to study, and so they injured their books. Heaven was not within them. Suppose the children had been gentle and kind, would there not have been something there more beautiful than the flowers, better than the garments, lovelier than all the lovely things to be seen? I want you to think about these children, and if any of you have any of their bad habits, I want you to remember that you cannot know about Heaven until you break yourself of them, and become really good.

Next week I will tell you of some little children who found that Heaven which Jesus tells of.

AMY'S DREAM.

Little Amy laid her head One summer's night upon her bed, At time the shadows creep; And soon her quivering eye-lash fell, And as she felt night's witching spell, She gently fell asleep.

For she had wandered all the day Beside the pend and brook at play, Nor knew of weariness; But now her happy spirit kept, The while her willing body slept, Its conscious thoughtfulness.

She culled, that day, her apron full Of pretty flowers; she reached to pull The far-off lilles, too: She talked to fishes in the brook. And in high nests she tried to look When off the old bird flew.

She strung on grass the berries red, She hunted shells in the sandy bed, And chased the thistle down; She made a frog take nimble leap And picked soft ferns in a book to keep, And pined with thorns her gown,

And all the while her heart was full Of happy thoughts; she did not pull A flower without a song; In every living thing she wove Some tender, hopeful wish of love,

And as she closed her eyes she prayed; Not many words of prayer she said, But, "Let thy kingdom come;" And she was wondering if a day In blessed heaven, where God had sway, Could be like this at home. .

It was not strange, then, that she dreamed Of bright, glad things, or that it seemed She lived in "the happy land;" She thought she saw the birds and flowers, She thought she lived life's merry hours. But with an angel band.

"How came I to this land?" she said, "Tis just like home—this place I tread— And yet I know 't is heavon; And here are birds and flowers the same, Only they bear a sweeter name, And a brighter hue is given.

And I am Amy, the same girl Who leves the dance, and all the whirl Of a merry play at school; Do tell me what this heaven is. Or if 'tis heaven at all-all this, Like earth where angels rule?"

"Yes, these are flowers," an angel said. "And birds and soft sky over head, With only brighter sheen: And you, an angel just like us. Yet love the gladness none the less, Or the birds, and flowers, and stream,

And we will tell you what it means; All this heaven of your dreams, So like to earthly homes; Heaven will be, to loving souls, What the loving heart enfolds When to heaven it comes.

You live amid all earthly things: For us a brighter glory flings Its light around the day : But all our joys can be for you When you are good, and kind, and true, And love like ours has away."

Then Amy learned that all the heaven That ever could be found or given, Must be within the soul: For angels only had the bliss Of homes not brighter far than this. If love all hearts could rule.

TIME. - Time wears slippers of list, and his tread is noiseless. The days come softly dawning, one after another; they creep in at the window; their fresh morning air is grateful to the lips that part we know it, a whole life of days has possession of the citadel, and time has taken us for its own.

The man who loves his fellow-men-The king of the Cannibal Islands.

Section 2

EDWIN H. CHAPIN At Broadway Church, H. Y., Bunday Morning,

Octobor 16th, 1839. REPORTED FOR THE BANKER OF LIGHT, DE BURK AND LORD.

TEXT.—"He that is falthful in that which is least, is falthful also in much; and he that is unjust in the least, is unjust also in much."—LUKE XVI, 10.

This declaration of our Saviour is closely connected with the passage which immediately precedes, containing the parable of the unjust steward. While it is especially illustrated by that parable, it unfolds a great law of moral and spiritual action. Indeed, i may say that the statement in the text is itself a proclamation of the unity and the dignity of the law. Look around in nature; its ordinances are represented in the minutest as well as in its grandest form. Motion and gravity are observed in the drop of water as in the planet. In fact, through the assured faithfulness of these lesser phenomena men cllimb to the noblest discoveries. Induction is simply confidence in the integrity of nature. The immense aggregate is made up of atoms of truth; the rebellion of atoms would be universal anarchy. Moreover, we have many imperfect and conventional conceptions of space and size. An infraction of matural laws in a world woulf strike us as an enormous incongruity. But that world, as compared with the chiffip physical system of the universe, is only as a grain of sand. But that wisdom, to which both great and small are only finite relations, sees it to be as necessary that a grain of sand should be obedient as a world.

Moreover, it is by no means improbable that finally it the found that no world is a closely contained and the world and should be obedient as a world. Moreover, it is by no means improbable that finally it the found that no world is not the finally it the found that no world is not content and should be obedient as a world.

Moreover, it is by no means improbable that finally it the found that no world is not content and should be obedient as a world. Moreover, it is by no means improbable that finally it the found that no world is not content and the finally it is a compared with the found that no world is not content and the finally it is found that no world not content and the final process of a man; and while he is which takes it is little scrolls in their arms, are flying toward Heaven. Its mysti This declaration of our Baylour is closely connected Moreover, it is by no means improbable that finally it the common, habitual things. And of duties, as of will be found that nature is but one great law, out of which these myriads of phenomena are developed, and thing dramatic, something world-wide. In this we fortain which they converge. And if it be 'so—if lightning, and sunshine, and rain, and wind, are but the uttername of the law of the law.

love the Lord thy God, and thy neighbor as thyself."
One sanction and one element in both of these branches. The common rule is love; or, as the Apostle states it more exactly to the point, "love is the fulfilling of the law." Here is no long code of specific duties, no list of permissions and prohibitions—only one great inw. What a law! You see at once that if we are radically obedient to it, if we have that spirit which is absolutely necessary. ically obedient to it, if we have that spirit which is absolutely necessary to all true obedience, we cannot willfully neglect any duty, however small we may deem it to be. Ponder this law, and see how far it reaches; what depths it sounds; what heights it overtops; into

the spirit of righteous dealing, and it leaves us to presume that it is only cowardice that caused such a man to keep his integrity, to anchor near the coast line of respectability. Take some princely secondarel who is clothed from head to foot in the greatest magnificence, who itois in defalcation at the rate of a hundred thousand dollars a stroke. We entertain for him a sort of inverted respect; we regard him somewhat with the feelings which we entertain for Milton's Satan, as we behold him in the magnitude of his plans and achievements floating many a rood over the arena of embezzlement, with a continental stretch of grand larceny, sweeping away banks and railroads by his villany, we denounce his enormous guilt; but still we admit the splendor of their statutes to bear upon you. Very true: you have us a million of dollars' worth of harm. Both of them, no doubt, are bad; but the smaller one is mean. Therefore, I say, we would be disposed to think that the

to go, is as bad as the man who dared to go further, and did go.

But this principle, which we so easily apply in the transactions of business, and which we regard in man things, runs clear through the entire scope of human He who violates God's moral law, whether in action. He who violates God's moral law, whether in business or anywhere else, in the least respect, he who willfully violates it, is guilty of sinning against the whole law, and of breaking the whole law. It is so bound together, it is so homogenous, and in keeping, that, snap it anywhere, and you fall in your responsibility and relations to God in the whole law. For "he that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much; and he that is unjust in the least, is unjust also in much; and he that is unjust in the least, is unjust also in much." It is not the thing we do, but the spirit that we work in, that tests our moral and spiritual condition—and that is the point we are to consider. nees at the core. It may not be so much proof of our talfrom which we start; it is the end to which we aim—ents it is may not show so much splendor of faculty as set the beauty and the proof of the work of the wor not the thing we do or do not do, that furnishes the test of our moral and spiritual position, our relations to God's universe and to God himself.

small act was really baser because it was meaner than

the large one, while it furnishes fully as great a test of

And the man who went as far as he dared

"He that is faithful in the least." What idea does that word "faithful" suggest to you? "Faithful!" You word "faithful" suggest to you? "Faithful!" You think probably now of some great duty laid upon you, of some high post which you are called to fill, of some wast work which you are summoned to discharge. Oh! one great danger of error and sin in this world, I am afraid, lies just here—we are looking in great fields of action, in high posts and prominent occasions for duties, and not looking to things that lie close to us; we are not looking to the habitual emotions of our thoughts—we are not looking to the ordinary rounds of our transactions for those things we call duties, and concerning which we are summoned to be faithful to that which is the least. I am afraid, I repeat, that in too many instances duty does not come to us as a divine sanction. We do not take it up and behold it in all its sacredness, as sent and commanded by God himself. We do not think how the little cares and ordinary temptations and momentary irritabilities involve this divine sanction, and in what a network of spiritual relations we care involved, and how every moment we stand, as it were, the farthed the hour, let us ask ourselves how they became heroes. How did the man become a martyr who stood up in the hour, let us ask ourselves how they became heroes. How did the man become a martyr who stood up in the hour, let us ask ourselves how the hour, let us ask ourselves how the become a martyr who stood up in the hour, let us ask ourselves how the hour, let us ask ourselves how the become a martyr who stood up in the hour, let us ask ourselves how the did the man become a martyr who stood up in the hour, let us ask ourselves how the filter and the first age before the devouring flames, and the revenues, bloody jaws of the wild beasts? By doing daily, as Paul said, in the first age before the devouring flames, and the reversuity should beasts? By doing daily, as Paul said, in the first age before the devouring flames, and the reversuity should beasts? By doing daily, as Paul said, in the first age before the devouring flames, and the revers

and in what a net-work of spiritual relations we are involved, and how every moment we stand, as it were, before the judgment seat of God to render our account.

People paint out on the horizon of the future a great general judgment, a great gathering together with a clanger of trumpets, and a glare of fire, with the apreading out of angels' wings in the universe. We have argued his fitness to be a leader and a general, to

thus detract from the selemnity of every moment, and from the selemn sanctions in which every man stands steeped to his heart and his lips, because every moment we render up our account to God, every moment files charged with a report of our having done or not having done. I remember how that eccentric artist, Blake, illustrated a line in Young's Nights Thoughts:

"T is greatly wise to talk with our past hours, And ask them what report they here to Heaven."

He represents the hours as sitting in little forms upon the knees of a man; and while he is whispering to one

in which they converge. And if it be so—if lightning, and sunshine, and rain, and wind, are but the utternances of a single law—what a marvel of simplicity and comprehensiveness do we behold, and how must it fill to be duries of some problems of a single law—what a marvel of simplicity and comprehensiveness do we behold, and how must it fill to be duries of some problems of some problems of the divine of Him by whom all things of the church, to be duties of some problems occasion, to be duties of some problems, and of every transactors of the divine working. That is all we mean by "law"—lit is a forth-going of the divine will. And thus the characteristics of what we call "law" in nature, prepares us for the characteristics of all law in moral and spiritual affairs. In both departments of being and of action it is the same divine will that appears in law; and, therefore, the sanctions are the same in each, only differing according to the nature of the agents to which they are related. At least, the moral law of Ohristianity, its spiritual law of life and action, is like the law of nature in this respect; it binds men to the least obligation as well as to the grandest duty. See how Christianity indicates its origin and foundation in the same divine authority as nature. As it may be presumed to be with nature, so it is with Christianity in reality. There is only one great law: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, and thy neighbor as thyself." One sanction and one element in both of these branchons.

moral heroism, anything like spiritual loyalty, anything like principle, with great transactions and world-wide affairs; when in reality, while we honor the great and the good, while we feel that there was a providential call in their position, yet we feel, after all, that what depths it sounds; what heights it overtops; into what remote channels it runs; and how, in every complication of emotion and action, you still find it there. Thus, Jesus Christ brought into the world the very great many men—some comparatively small men now essence of universal morality—the very spring and substance of all spiritual life.

We are now prepared to take up the specific declaration in the text, and consider some of the practical suggestions which grow out of this saying of Christic He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much; he that is unjust in the least, is unjust also in much. I observe, then, in the first place, that the truth of this declaration appears in the fact that he who is guilty in the smallest instance, he who violates principle in the least degree, violates the easence of the law as a whole. In the light of what has been said, we see how the divine sanction presses in the original presses every moment upon the will, and the pressure of which no eye recognizes but that of God. I think, after all, the muscles of heroism are more called for and more developed there, than they might be in larger things, it would be to find ten thousand ordinary men, steadily into every act, fills it with moral responsibility, and essence of the law as a whole. In the light of what has been said, we see how the divine sanction presses into every act, fills it with moral responsibility, and environs it with eternal relations. Now, my friends, of side of the law and environs it with eternal relations. Now, my friends, of source of the law and environs it with eternal relations. Now, my friends, of onsider it as more or less, as great or small. But if would be to find ten thousand ordinary men, steadily and strictly, overy moment, hammering out the work of only on the anvil of action. Then again, in looking for these great instances and world-wide illustrations, doubted it is a great thing, and our obedience to small. But if we break this link, however slight, we violate a great thing, and our obedience to it is the test of our allegiance to the right, of our allegiance to God himself. If we break this link, however slight, we violate entire chain of moral obligation. And that principle of violence, carried out on the same plane of action, would convulse the moral universe.

Now every one of your actions, too, in the transactions, though it looks as though he did; but he principle, if he adheres to that principle in the smallest affairs. He may or may not, as we see him in the great transactions, though it looks as though he did; but he may or may not as a respective or the same plane of action, would convulse the moral universe.

Now every one of your actions, too, in the transactions, though it looks as though he did; but he principle, if he adheres to that principle in the large affairs of every day business. The right test of a man of right is not held by principle, but by some other sance of every day business. The right test of a man of right is not held by principle, but by some other sance of every day business. The right test of a man of right is not held by principle, but by some other sance of every day business. The right test of a man of right is not held by principle, but by some other sance of the world, the fear of the world

ments floating many arood over the arena of embezzlement, with a continental stretch of grand larceny, sweeping away banks and railroads by his villany. You could be brought before men and loudly condemned We abominate his conduct, doubtlessly; we denounce his enormous guilt; but still we admit the splendor of his audacity, and in the proportions of his nature, blackened and corrupt as they are, we see the outlines of possible greatness. Which of these men do we think of possible greatness, Which of these men do we think the worst? This small delinquent had a penny nature, and he has done us a penny's worth of harm; the great delinquent had a million-dollar nature, and he has done us a mounty's worth of harm. Both of them, that not to murder, and not to steal, was like beating that not to murder, and not to steal, was like beating against bars of burning fire, and you had to pray to God Almighty to drag you out of temptation? Oh! this easy compliance of morality, where we move along unimpeached, because you have not done any public wrong! Is not the whole thing a question of what has been your temptation, and how you have been kept from temptation? If you have been tempted in little things, and have yielded to the temptation in little before God you are as guilty as though you had

things, before God you are as guilty as though you had been tempted in great things, and had yielded to temp-tation in great things.

And I may say, further, that things evidently little, furnish more certain tests than large matters. I have already evolved this thought, perhaps, too some extent in what I have said. But, I repeat, that little things furnish a surer test of principle than larger things; because larger matters are supported by external mo-tives; they are kept up in the eye of the world, they a great act; but it does show just as much the real sore and substance of moral character. And when we speak of great men, and of heroic men, who have been so, not merely sham heroes, not merely tinsel heroes of the hour, let us ask ourselves how they became heroes.

conduct with credit and glory a perilous cause; in the hour of success not vaulting too high, nor slaking too low in the dark hour of misfortune, but prepared for all contingencies. And so it is that we are to honor principle, and to do the work of duty in the least things, and in the most common affairs, that we may be prepared for all contingencies: in the battle-field, in the Benate, in the theatre of the broad world with all eyes upon you; in your home, in your place of business, in your place of social transactions, wherever you may be that requires of you to walk in the sphere; and, the place of the property of the property of the property man having his mission, about every man having his mission, about every man having his particular sphere; and, we say so much about it, that it has become a ridiculous word. But after all, of falthfulness.

the truth. And it is as great a thing to be kind in dally intercourse, where you are called upon to be kind, it is as hard a thing to do as it was for Howard to go

Oh! look out into the universe, and see the wonder of little things, of every tiny atom. See how God has been faithful to the little things as well as to the great. That is the beauty of the universe. It is not its grand masses of efforts and order simply; it is not the vast field of stars that stretch away before the telescope; it is not the colossal mountains that heave up their heads on high. But it is when you pick up the little violet or the daisy; it is when you pick up the tiny insect and see how God has embroidered its wings, and find that he has created it with all the care and attention that he has bestowed upon the brighest worlds. God that he has created it with all the care and attention that he has bestowed upon the brighest worlds. God has set the example of being faithful in that which is least; and the tiniest atom of life that vibrates into existence only for an hour, finds itself considered and provided for with all the care and exhibition of God's love and wisdom which are shown in the great host of worlds that light up the broad canopy of the heavens. It is the wonder of creation that the least things are as perfect—or, if we might use such a solicism, such a kind of speech—that the least things are even more perperfect—or, if we might use such a solicism, such a kind of speech—that the least things are even more perfect than the greatest. God is faithful in that which is least, and that is what he calls upon us to do in moral affairs, and that is what we are sadly in danger of not doing.
The great sins I am not afraid of, but of the little

The great sins I am not afraid of, but of the little sins I am afraid. That the great duties will generally be discharged, I believe; great occasions will call out great men; great occasions will provide great strength of performance. But with the little things of everyday life; rentember, my friends, that they have all the sauctity of great things. The angels may have wider apheres of action, may have nobler forms of duty. But right with them and with us a one and the save thing. right with them and with us is one and the same thing. And throughout the moral universe there is no difference in the essence of the thing, but only in the spirit And throughout the state of the thing, but only in the spirit in which the thing is done is there any difference. Christ set that forth in the parable of the vineyard. One man came into the vineyard and tolled all the day, and received his penny; another man came in at the eleventh hour, and he also received a penny. The man that came in the early hour of the morning, murths and the spirit of religion to be within us, for that spirit is covice. Service; that was Christ's spirit, that was the

of life, one step depends upon another. You cannot accomplish that which is set before you until you have taken each step faithfully; and the whole result depends upon the faithfulness with which each preceding result has been accomplished. Oh! the importance of this "now" in which we stand. We do not exist in the dead and buried yesterdays that have gone by; we do not exist in the possible to-morrows; they are possible, but they may never come. We exist in the "now," in the strain and pressure upon the present moment; and the demand comes from the instant and immediate duty. That which you think is a little thing, that which you are called upon at the present moment to do, everything hinges upon that, and everything that may flow out of all life's actions rests just here. Oh! it is curious how much in this world depends upon the little things in the world. Here a man goes to work and builds a greatsteamship, the triumph of modern art and mechanism. It is glorious in its promise of achievement; it is launched upon the waves; its red banner is ready to stream across the deep. Oh! what a triumph of human mechanism is it. But a little hitch in nature, an ugly twitch in one direction, and the whole thing is floore for the present; a small infraction of nature and all the inmense work must be done over again. And it is very often so in life; the great consequences of life depend upon the little things of the moment. How do you know what the least thing you do is pregnant with, and how much it may produce? You tell a single lie, and how many lies that may set going. It may be the spark to explode a whole magazine and powder-mill of lies upon the community. Just that one lie you have told, may set fire to a whole train of deceit, the evil consequences of which no single man and no community can limit. Speak one kind word, and you do not for the present: a small infraction of nature and all the nity can limit. Speak one kind word, and you do not know how far it may reach in its influence. A man comes down town in the morning, and all seems dark to him, either because his mind or his body is diseased, or some temporary irritability has roused him, or some some temporary irritability has roused him, or some sad naws has fallen upon him; he comes out, at any rate, with the conviction that all is dark with him, that rate, with the conviction that an is dark with him, that everything is unfortunate and wrong. He meets a friend who speaks one kind word to him, and then passes on, and as the sun sends a ray of sunshine across the sky that was before dark and lowering, and changes the whole appearance of nature, that one kind word sends a ray of sunshine into his heart, and changes the whole world, and he comes down and does his work bet-

much; he that is unjust in the least, is unjust also in "He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much." He is faithful in much—not only will be, but is faithful in much. It is much to do the least thing, because the least involves the much. And, I thing, because the least involves the much. And, if repeat, no man can tell how much he may do in his least and simplest act of good or evil. The world is carried on best by every man attending to his own department; and in that attention to his own department. ment there flows out a benefit which all the rest of the ment there flows out a benefit which all the rest of the world gets. Let one man undertake to do everything, and everybody undertake to do everything, and nothing is done well; there is no feeling of dependence; the basis of society, and all society, is at loose ends. They found that out, in science, long ago; and the great things in it are accomplished by one man taking one department of science, and another taking another department. One man taking another taking another and score the science of the science o department. One man takes a microscope, and coes to work examining the infusoria in stagnant pools, to work examining the infusoria in stagnant pools, and on old dead lily pads. Another man takes chemistry, or rather some particular branch of it, as his special field of study and examination. Another man takes topography, and pursues it in all its secret ramifications. And by and by the great association of science meets together, and each man comes lugging in his load of truth which he has dragged from the fruita great harmonious science we have! If each one had of trying to do, of meaning to do, the spirit of doing

Call it a small thing! How dare you say it is a small thing, and it does not matter? But it is the immedi-

ate duty, though you consider it a small matter. ''Ile that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in

shiess, in your place of social transactions, wherever you may be that requires of you to walk in the sphere; of faithfulness.

You are required to be as faithful in that which is trifling, as in the trusteeship of millions. You are required just as much to speak the truth, as was the marty to burn for the truth. Only think of that. A great many people would burn for the truth, that could not speak the truth. There is that obstinate willfullness in human nature that would lead a man to do so. Say to him—"you must deny this assertion that you had, or you will burn for it." and he will say, "burn away!" Man has just that pluck and wilfuliness that would lead him to burn for the truth, in high places before the world. But to speak the truth, to speak it when, perhaps, the world will shame you for speaking it; to speak it when it will cost you the sneaking ridicule of your companions among young men; to speak it when to do so it might prove that in some assertion you had previously made you had committed an intellect; speak the truth then, and it will be found as difficult a thing, as heroic a thing as it was to burn for the truth. And it is as great a thing to be kind in dally intercourse, where you are called upon to be kind in dally intercourse, where you are called upon to be kind in dally intercourse, where you are called upon to be kind in dally intercourse, where you are called upon to be kind in dally intercourse, where you are called upon to be kind in dally intercourse, where you are called upon to be kind. every piece of work faithfully, that you may have something in the great whole. Only as you are faithful in the least, can the much be well done. And, sometimes, the work that is to be done is not active work, and people think, therefore, that they are doing nothing at all. dally intercourse, where you are called upon to be kind, it is as hard a thing to do as it was for Howard to go into the damp dungeons and to walk through the thick pestilential air of the lazar house. Do you not know the test that Christ gave? "He that giveth a cup of water to one of the least of these my brethren, gives it unto me."

Oh! look out into the universe, and see the wonder of little things, of every tiny atom. See how God has been faithful to the little things as well as to the great. That is the beauty of the universe. It is not its grand masses of efforts and order simply; it is not the vast field of stars that stretch away before the telescope; it is not the colossal mountains that heave up their heads on high. But it is when you pick up the little violet or the daisy; it is when you pick up the little violet or the daisy; it is when you pick up the tiny insect and see how God has embroidered its wings, and find that he has created it with all the care and attention that he has created it with all the care and attention the last care in the much be well done. And, sometimes, the work that is to be done is not active work, and people that it is to be done is not active work, and people think, therefore, that the is to be done is not active work, and people think, therefore, that the be do not hing what the least, can the much be well done. And, sometimes, the work that is to be done is not active work, and people that is to be done is not active work, and people that is to be done is not active work, and people that is to be done is not active work, and people that is to be done is not active work, and people that is to be done is not active work, and people that is to be done is not active work, and people that is to be done is not active work, and people that is to be done is not active work, and people that is the work that is to be done is not active work, and people that is to be done in not the work that is to be done in the their is to be done in the last, the fiest, can the much be well d solved, until at last it is solved in those whitened bones scattered upon the Arctic ice? Patience is a small-thing, is it? To stand and let God's heavy clouds drop down upon you? I tell you, be faithful in the least. and not only will you be, but you already are, faithful in much.

And that is the spirit of all religious existence; all re-

And that is the spirit of all religious existence; all religion is in being faithful in that which is least; because all religion is service, and the glory of service is faithfulness in the smallest and the least. Suppose that you had a man who had entered into your service, and did the things he thought were the great things to do, and attended to all the principal attains of your establishment, and said that your work was well done when he had done those great things, and that it was no matter about those small things—would you not say that the man that came in the early hour of the morning, murnured at it, because he had borne the heat and the burden of the day, while the other had wrought but an hour. But the latter had wrought up to the fullest of his capacity, and that was all that the man did who had been at work all the day; and each got his penny. And so it is not the occasion, it is not the faculty, and it is not the scope or the opportunity, but it is the spirit of fulthfulness that Christ Jesus commands, and it brings all upon an equality. If the great thing, not the wise and the good, was virtue, there would be a great many diversities. The great thing is the will, the devotion to principle manifested; and that it is which places all men upon an equality, because all have the opportunity to cherish and manifest that devotion to principle. And depend upon it, the result will be according as we do, or do not revere right principles; not merely conventional forms of duty, but moral principles; according as we see or do not see how closely each duty is related to the other, how each has all the sanction of eternal right that apy other duty has, and how the right of each is founded upon the majesty of God himself.

But I proceed to observe, in the next place, that the ciples, not merely conventional forms of duty, but moral principles; according as we see or do not see how closely each duty is related to the other, how each has all the sanction of eternal right that any other duty has, and how the right of each is founded upon the majesty of God himself.

But I proceed to observe, in the next place, that the truth of Christ's declaration in the text appears in the fact that only through the least can the greatest be accomplished. There is the point; that only through the least can the greatest be accomplished. What is life's It is but a succession of moments, it is but a succession of steps; and whatever may be the consummated work of life, one step depends upon another. You cannot cacomplish that which is set before you until you have taken each step faithfully; and the whole result depends to have the habit of looking everything right in the to have the habit of looking everything right in the face as a reality. To-day it is my work, to-morrow it is my church, and the next day it is this or that. But whatever it is, make it real. But to make a solitary class of duties real, and all others unreal, is no way to be religious. And, remember, that the spirit of religion itself is in consecrating the little and common

things.

People seem to think that religion is something that must be locked up, an etherial essence, something like those volatile things which, once the cork is taken out, all goes away. That is not so; religion is the out, all goes away. That is not so; religion is the most substantial thing in the world; it can take more hard knocks than anything else. Geology has jammed great boulders against it, and it is not even scratched; astronomy has assailed it, yet amid the bright spheres of heaven it lifts its glorious head. It has stood all the wear and tear of all sciences and all discussion; it is the most substantial thing you can think of; it is the most robust thing in the world. Do not think you can most robust thing in the world. Do not that it out of hurt it by taking it into your workshop. Let it out of the control of th your close pocket, it will suffer there. The only thing that religion dreads, is lack of room, lack of freedom, lack of breath. Take it out of your pocket and bring it into everything. Do not fear that it will descerate religion to bring it in contact with the world. It will consecrate the world; it will consecrate every deed and every act and make them glorious.

Oh! my friends, the least things-attend to them. How many are there, too, who are mourning for things they have done, when they do not seem to think of the things they have not done, and which, I think, are a great deal more to be mourned over. I think these are the bulk of sins in this world, those things we have not done because we thought they were of no great consequence. Do the least things, and nothing will be left undone; do the least things, and all things will be done. even the greatest. We need not think that this old maxim is a mercenary maxim, which says, "Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of them-selves." It is the law of spiritual economics; take care of the little pence of duty, and you may depend upon it the great things will be done; and if you are ever called upon to be heroes, or to stand in some high places, you will have the means already, and not be trading upon borrowed capital that you have snatched from the ter all the day long in consequence of it. Yet you thought it a matter of no great consequence. How dare you call anything little that you are called upon to do?

A word or two more, and I will close. The truth of Christ's declaration in the the text appears in the fact that the use or the abuse of our opportunities in the least things indicates the mind and spirit in which we work, rather than the work itself; it indicates the mind and spirit in which we work, rather than the mere work performed in itself. Now some people will say, this is all morality, to preach what men have got to do, to say that men ought to be honest, and just, and temperate, and chaste, and pure. Well, I have not much faith in that kind-of morality, in that architectural morality that a man build up hearn where we had stone morality that a man builds up, beam by beam, and stone morality that a man builds up, beam by beam, and stone by stone, and never gots it completed; or if he does, it is a mere shell. I believe in the morality that grows out of a renewed spirit, which is indicated by the inward spirit manifesting itself in faithfulness. Observe: "He that is faithful in the least." It does not say, "He that does the least." or "He that does the greatest." it does not indicate the work to be done, but the spirit with which we should go into all our work, the spirit with which we should go into all our work, the spirit of faithfulness. That is the thing; "He that is faithful in the least;" he who has an inward spirit of faithful in the least;" he who has an inward spirit of faithfulness. It is not the outward performance; noman can do the whole work. Do you say—must I do everything, or else I violate God's law, and I am guilty before him? must I perform every turn of duty, and if I fail in doing that, I stand guilty of this great infraction? My friends, if you are in the right mood, you need have no scruples in this matter. If you have the spirit of laye to God, and laye of the divine goodness, you need have no scruples in this matter. If you have the spirit of love to God, and love of the divine goodness, you have the spirit of faithfulness; you will do any little or great work then. We are all before the law; it stands up before us as a precipice which we can never climb nor overtop. We cannot do every duty. But the spirit

all we can, that we can have; that is faithfulness. The all we can, that we can have; that is faithfulness. The mother is faithful, who loves her child, and there is no fear but what she will do the least things as well as the greatest: The soldier will do the least things as well as the greatest; he does not always do them all, but we call him faithful because of his spirit. Bo God calls us faithful when we say—Oh God! we are weak, and frail, and poor, but we do strive to love thee, and do thy work, and we will strive. Then there is no fear that we shall say that this is a little thing, and it is not worth attending to, but we will be faithful in the least as well as in the greatest. We shall be faithful; in trial and temptation we shall be faithful, and leaning in all hours against the oternal right. Before God's throne hours against the elernal right. Before God's throne we shall be able to bow with humility, and say, We have done that which was least in our spirit of faithfulness to thee, oh God; and in our spirit of faithfulness to thee, trusting in thy mercy, we have also been able with thy grace to do that which is much.

THE NOBLENESS OF LABOR.

There's a nobleness in labor : There's a nobleness in labor;
There's beauty in the deed;
For without its recking glory,
Idle lords would stand in need!
'Tis the coiner of the splendor
That adorns our happy land;
Though the titled fear to mingle
Where the sons of labor stand,

In its mighty grasp the kingdoms Of the earth are made to gleam Like the rivers in the brightness Of the morning's blushing beam! From its action springs the blessings And the comforts that we feel, As from out the rearing furnace Comes the hot and burning steel. We may lose our hue of whiteness

In its turmoil and its sweat; In its turmon and its swear;
But no greater men than workers
In a nation ever met!
There 's a grandour in its spirit,
For its might is nover broke,
There 's music in its westle, And a braveness in its stroke.

In the world its course is righteous, In the honest heart it dwells; Speaks the history of beauty Clear and full as rising bells! And its hope is never dead;
Though the idle pluck the blossoms
Round its ruddy glances shed.

Though its sons may lack the polish And the grace that idlers boast; Yet it gives to life a fitness Yet it gives to life a niness
That arrays and crowns it most!
For I love the son of labor,
And will ald him all I can;
Though unskilled in art and fashion, He's a monarch and a man.

Reported for the lianner of Light. MISS LIZZIE DOTEN AT ORDWAY HALL. Sunday, October 16th, 1859.

In the afternoon, Miss Doten lectured on the theme, 'Jonathan and David, or, Man's Mission to Man." She spoke of man's influence over his fellows: of his nower to call around him such as are his affinities; of his dependence upon his brothers, in all the various conditions and degrees of life, and, in turn, their dependence upon him. She referred sarcastically to the exhibitions of this spirit at about election times, when men sacrifice everything for self-interest.

Men are woven into a net-work by society, and one man is a representative of the whole. She said: You polish each other by your magnetism, till they reflect ourself.

She made caustic allusions to the Mr. Grundys of society—who fashion as much the opinions as the dress of men. Many a poor criminal in the State Prison has been made so by the effect of the teachings of the Church and society. He says: "If all men are villains, why should I not be so too?"

Every one is a walking sermon, and every glance of the eye and every footfall leaves its magnetic influence on some other human being. The first impression a man makes on a woman's nature is her standard forever after. Shall a woman lose all faith in man, because you have chosen to act the part of a libertine and seducer? What shall be your intercourse with woman? It is a question no more of to-day than of all coming generations, for incidents and accidents make the temperaments of men and women unborn.

In creation the whole race is represented by one man, and you can learn the whole of society by one man. You know the many by the few. Man is by nature fitted for a law-maker and a theologian; woman has rights, and a sphere, but her relations in life are on the affectional plane, and she could not be further from her sphere than when she assumes the duties of man.

The medium spoke touchingly of those great souls who labored for mankind's good-who go to their brothers, as Jonathan went to David, to comfort, cheer, and wipe away sorrow's tears; she bade man be noble, and the world will be noble, to keep him company.

Miss Doten's evening lecture was on the subject of 'Spirit Influences." The lecture was closely connected with that of the afternoon, and a continuance of it. She labored mainly to show the power of one man's soul over another's, and the influence exerted by the souls of the departed over dwellers in mortal. She spoke of the mental conditions required to produce the phenomena of mediumship. She said, paradoxical as it may seem, that man could never gain anything unless he lost something, and quoted the words of Moore:

"Some flowerets of Eden ye still inherit.
But the trail of the serpent is over thom all."

The noblest things can be perverted; and the higher. they are, the baser they become by the perversion. Who is more sensitive than the one who loves? And a look has the effect to cause joy and happiness, or suffering and pain. The soul looks out not only through the eyes, but through every pore.

We hear men mourning over the wickedness of society, and shuddering lest the doom of God should fall apon this adulterous generation. Your charitable institutions prove that men love each other better now than they used to.

.The medium alluded to the power of magnetism in uniting men to each other, and spirits to men. In a beautiful simile she described men as strings in a universal harn, and the smiting of one echoes upon them all. With life the golden bowl is broken, but the silver cord is never loosed. Affection's chain ties the dead to the living, as firmly as when they both were alike dwellers in garments of flesh.

She spoke of the influence exerted by the spirits of the great and gifted, in the various channels of mechanic arts and of science, and told us to hope for the closer communing of the mortal with the immortal. when the great truth now obscured behind the veil of mystery should be known to the experience of all.

THE USES OF TOIL.

The uses of toil reach beyond the present world. The capacity of steady, earnest labor is, I apprehend, one of our great preparations for another state of being. When I see the vast amount of toil required of men, I feel that it must have important connections with their future existence; and that he who has met this discipline manfully, has laid one essential foundation of improvement, exertion and happiness in the world to come. You will here see that to me labor has great dignity. It is not merely the grand instrument by which the earth is overspread with fruitfulness and beauty, and the ocean subdued, and matter wrought into innumerable forms for comfort and ornament. It has a far higher function, which is to give force to It has a far higher function, which is to give force to the will, efficiency, courage, the capacity of endurance, and of persevering devotion to far-reaching plans. Alas for the man who has not learned to work! He is a poor creature. He does not know himself. He depends on others, with no capacity of making returns for the support they give; and let him not fancy that he has a monopoly of enjoying. Ease, rest, owe their deliciousness to toil; and no toil is so burdensome as the rest of him who has nothing to task, and outcken his nowers.—Dr. Channing. and quicken his powers .- Dr. Channing.

Bunner of Night.

SATURDAY, OUTOBER 20, 1850.

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BEING AND SEEMING.

Hamlet may have sounded a profounder depth in his own mind, when he gave utterance to that immortal soliloquy, commencing-"To be, or not to be"-than learned interpreters suppose. He may not have been thinking of existence merely, a state of being, of living on the surface of this planet, but likewise of a life that is genuine and harmonious, healthy and at all points consistent, actual and not professional and pretentious. His "to be" might have stood out in strong contrast, in his mind, against the to seem, -or the "not to be." For to seem is as much death and negation as "not to be:" it is, in truth, the same thing.

Simplicity is the first proof of excellence. Directness offers us the primary pledge of truth. Where we see so much inlaid or overlaid work, we are very apt to suspect that this work is all. Where men are solicitous chiefly about appearances, their work cannot of course be as thorough or as enduring. Speciousness goes to the charge of quality; and a beautiful surface, unless organic, only detracts so much from the value of the

It is difficult, we know, to enlarge on this topic at all, without being more or less didactic. It is easier to touch the matter with the aid of illustration. For we may declaim against hollowness till our words and phrases shall seem to be nothing else themselves; but if we can point a moral with our example, its immediate effect cannot fail to be more marked, and it holds out the additional promise of being longer remembered.

Our modern society, unfortunately, offers fower illustrations of being than of seeming to be. Within that charmed circle-to many.-the men and women of pretension find it easiest to go. Perhaps even they will not admit the fact; but it is one, nevertheless. There the habit is, not to search out the hidden and valuable qualities of a person, but to find out what amount of jewelry they wear; not if they possess purity of character, but if their diamonds are of the first water; not if they are of sterling worth, but if they are worth a hundred thousand dollars.

· Hence follow shams, springing up as thickly as toadstools in the night. Hence came pretensions, of the boldest and baldest character. Thus professions pass current for deeds, because they are easier put forth, and are found to be a little more convenient if they will only answer as well. Out of this rise assumptions of every stripe and hue, that seek not to find what is of worth in others so much as to get the better of them, whatever they may be worth. The facility with which fortunes are made in this active age of commerce only aggravates the complaint, because it helps those who have them to purchase all those countless robes, insignia, trappings, and uniform, by which the genuine dignity is chiefly manifested to common eyes. Therefore money comes at length to stand for all,—the means and adjunct; for the end; and he who has the funds is thought more of than he who makes the noblest use of

It is not less so in other respects, as well as in those which appertain to society merely. All departments of life, all characters of men, all shades of belief, are alike infected with the mania for seeming. It is found to work well as an experiment, and so its practice is kept up. Once become popular, and it has achieved the standard of authority. With the prestige of fashion, it is easily able to work its way anywhere. There is just as much pretension, or shamming, in literature as in other matters. Our modern books-alas! what do the bulk of them amount to? Who reads them to romember them? or if remember, then how much is retained? We rejoice at least over the fact of increased intellectual activity which they demonstrate, but we must still deplore that activity is not action, any more than the play of lightning on summer evenings is warmth. There is so much show and sham; so much gilt and tinted paper; there are so many high-sounding phrases, and so few kernels of thought in all the chaff! We write before we get experience. We tell before we know. We publish that we may sell and make much money, not because our souls are full and must find relief only in pouring their riches out into others' lans. There is an empty vanity to shine, to attract attention. to draw down remark. We wish to have people point to us as having written a book that sold to the extent of so many tens or hundreds of thousands, rather than as having scattered so many golden grains of seed. Yet we may hope that eventually this evil will cure itself; it may be said to be doing so already, and because it is amenable to the sense of the great public, instead of to the whims and pretences of a little clan or coterie.

But in another department of life men are greater pretenders still; and that is in their religious walks. It sounds strangely, but the shock of such a statement can do no harm to those who secretly kno whow much af truth there is in it. Here is the very point at which the world suffers the most; in this shallow deceit, respecting principle. When the foundations are de-. . . cayed .. the superstructure is in imminent danger. The social state cannot be infected here, without being in danger indeed. For the religious principle in the nature of a man is the fundamental principle; underlying all others, running its veins and arteries into all directions through the length and breadth of the being, and finally crapping out, like ore on the surface of the earth, above all circumstances and conditions into the sunlight of reality. Hence if a person is willing to try to deceive others here, he most fatally deceives himself.: . His hollow professions may pass now, but Time is the great critic, and will prove the steady avenger. It is impossible that we should long be different from what we seem; indeed, the very act of seeming in timecomes to make us what we pretend. A hypocrite will betray it: perhaps not to-day, but then to-morrow. A mere professor will in , due time show his hollowness, and all ke can do to prevent it will not matter.

There are good people; in the churches, we make no doubt; but we insist that as good ones are to found out of them. Were it so, all goodness would necessarily lie in the act of profession, which is not so. Therefore .. we would protest against laying the stress of judgment ... so much upon the profession as the practice,—the title 23 the act at the seeming as the being. It is because so | York.

much is thought of the pretence of a religious life, which is conveyed by church-membership, that there are so many hypocrites in the church; were it not so, even as human nature goes, there would be a much much as the chemical and atomic changes in the human better chance of a uniform goodness and sincerity. We body do not circumscribe consciousness and memory, could not of course undertake to say that hypocrisy or otherwise destroy one personal identity, we are auflourishes to any greater extent within the pale of the thorized to infer that this imperishable identity of the church than without; yet it certainly would be more individual must inhere in a spiritual and indistinctible likely to, where a partizan feeling, like that which rules constitution. A single accompanying remark, conecclesiasticism, is admitted into the judgment, than ceived in no controversal spirit, but designed to call where every individual's pretensions and professions the attention of the Investigator to the subject, has must needs be made good on the spot, every day of served to elicit the views of the editor of that journal. his life, at all hours, and in all places.

Then how much power is lost in the work of seeming. It has been estimated that if a rogue took as print the paragraph from our English cotemporary, much pains to succeed in an honest calling as he does and, lest we should do our candid neighbor some injusto succeed in his reguery, he could not help reaching tice, we copy his objections, in extense, and in his own any mark of high achievement he chose. It is not less language:true, either, in the particular of which we are speaking; f a man would only concentrate the efforts he absolutey throws away, in pretending to be what he knows he is not, upon actually being what he pretends, he could not at once estimate the additional strength it would bring to his character. So much is wasted in these profitless externalities. So much of internal value decays because of its misapplication. So much actually dies within us, because we will not let it work out its own true character. Alas! when shall we all learn what is wisdom? that what is simple, and costs nothing, because it is entirely after nature, is also true and will abide to the very end of time? When shall we allied to the very end of time? When shall we allied to the very end of time? When shall we allied to the very end of time? When shall we allied to the very end of time? When shall we allied to the very end of time? When shall we allied to the very end of time? When shall we allied to the very end of time? When shall we allied to the very end of time? When shall we allied to the very end of time? When shall we allied to the very end of time? When shall we all learn of the individual; and since it is as demonstrable as any proposition in geometry that that something which thus abode in the body, retaining the consciousness of the past, could be pleased to have the "Investigator" give his views upon this interesting subject.—Banner of Light.

We copy the above from an English magazine. We should be pleased to have the "Investigator" give his views upon this interesting subject.—Banner of Light. profitless externalities. So much of internal value

point where the fatal mistake begins:-it is, primarily, that we may be thus and thus, and in the searching eye of our own knowledge and consciousness. We are the first and last censors. We pass judgment, after all others have done. Our own secret convictions are all that avail: there is no faith to be put in any others, for we may not know that they are so acute, so comprehensive and so sincere. The judgment-seat of every man is set up within his own heart; to that are dragged up all his actions, and the motives to all his actions, every hour of the day; not merely upon his own wish and pleasure, but whether he will or no. And from that thorough, searching, and final judgment, there is no appeal. We may think that if we can impose upon the world, we can getalong well enough with that; but no idea is more eroneous. The truth is, we can practice deceit every-

roneous. The truth is, we can practice deceit everywhere but in our own hearts: there the necessity lies that we hould be direct and true.

If our own eyes served us, rather than the optics of other men, the chances would be ten to one—may, a thousand to one—in favor of a greater truth and a larger individuality. How much we pay every year as a tax to foreign vision, surpasses even our own power of computation. It is enough to know that we can feel our mortification at times, in being made aware, as we certainly are, of our secondary and unimportant position; conscious, in fact, that we might be somewhat of ourselves, if we would stop thinking what other people thought about us. It is a truly heavy punishment for any one to bear—this same knowledge of his self-imposed inferiority—feeling aware how he though the control our power out his own neutron which is all-sufficient for the control our power. The control of the proposition out the control of the of his self-imposed inferiority-feeling aware how he throws out his own nature, which is all-sufficient for himself, that he may make room for a magnified and even a worthless fraction of somebody else. He who can endure this with equanimity, never repining that he has consented voluntarily to such dimensions. can truly say that his existence is never likely to be of any use to him.

The only man who may be said to live, is he who stands on his feet. There is no need of all this congoeing and crouching, and nothing is made by it. We cannot possibly cheat anybody else, and we certainly cannot cheat ourselves. When we go into what is styled society, if society will not bear a noble and courteous frankness, if we find it snubs manly bearing, and sneers at truth-telling as a piece of verdency, then we may make up our minds that society is not worth the trouble we had thought to bestow upon it; but we can thus decide without any mixture of sourness or cynicism in our opinions; for that argues unworthiness in ourselves as well. We can learn how to practice even a pleasant contempt, if we will; and it does not occur to us that it would be impossible to cultivate, with decided success, such a feeling as a cheerful dislike. We must learn to condemn for reason only, and thus we shall escape the unwelcome tinge of bitter prejudices.

All Nature does but preach this single sermon-he yourself. Do not imitate. Never fly false colors. Carry true papers only, and not two setts. Let Nature play freely through the whole being. Attempt no bar gress of scientific investigation and discovery. ns or compromises, such as giving away a part of The main objection will not, of course, be urged yourself on condition that somebody else gives you an equal portion of himself-a thing that is impossible. At the risk even of being misunderstood, better be true -not cross-grained and waspish, nor yet bluff and disagreeable, but simply, unostentatiously, quietly and then, in its application to the fluid portions of the that is within you, and so it shall the sooner reach a to lead none. Never pretend. Never profess. But in a full-grown human body seldom exceed ten pounds. always be forever do. A true life is being, and a true By the simple process of evaporation the body that life is doing. For, though we neither opened our weighed one hundred and fifty pounds may be reduced mouth nor lifted our hand, there is that in each individual life as distinct as the ray of golden light that travels from the furthest star in the universe.

WHAT THEY WANT IN GEORGIA.

Our esteemed friend and able co-worker, Dr. L. F. W. Andrews, of the Georgia Citizen-likewise editor and proprietor of the Spiritualist, published at Maconwrites us that the friends in that city are making active efforts and effective arrangements to receive, entertain and compensate public lecturers on Spiritualism. and Media for Spirit Intercourse, during the ensuing winter. Our friends in Macon want-more especially for the benefit of the public-test Media, whose claims are above any well-grounded suspicion. Any one who has the capacity to afford frequent and convincing proofs of the presence and identity of Spirits, will find warm and true friends in Macon, and a most desirable place to spend a portion, or the entire cold season. Moreover, such an one will be sure to remove a vast amount of skepticism from that beautiful city, and at the same time be richly rewarded for his or her time and labor. We also speak, with the assurance derived from the remembrance of a delightful personal experiencewhen we say, that able lecturers, who may be pleased o visit Macon, will be sure to meet with a similar welcome, and to receive a generous material "recompense

Persons who answer the above description-whether s lecturers or channels for a direct intercourse with the Spirits, and who have a desire to escape the northern vinter-would do well to correspond immediately with Dr. Andrews, respecting the accomplishment of his plans and the realization of their own wishes for the oming winter. Address Dr. L. F. W. Andrews, Maon, Ga.

CRIMINALS AND CHRISTIANS.

We are told that the criminal is an enemy to society. and this may be as true as the converse of the proposition. But the criminal is likewise an enemy to himself. Moreover, Christians profess to love their enemies, and to do good, as they have opportunity, to all men. Surely, the criminal is a man, (or he could be no criminal) and it is only by humanity and kindness that we can reasonably hope to do him good.

All communications, whether of a public or private nature, intended for the New York Editor, should be adressed to him at the office of this paper, 143 Fulton street, New

REPLY TO THE INVESTIGATOR. Some weeks since, the Bannes copied a paragraph

from a foreign Magazine, designed to show that, inas-As the question must be one of unusual interest to many of our readers, we have thought proper to re-

From the Investigator of Oct. 5th.

"It is a known fact that the matter composing the human body constantly undergoes a complete change. This, then, being the case, let us again ask, what it is that was identical in the Duke of Wellington dying at Windsor, in 1832, with the Duke of Wellington commanding at Waterloe, in June, 1815? Assuredly it was not possible that there should have been a single particle of matter common to the body on the two occasions. The interval consisting of thirty-seven years

this interesting subject.—Banner of Light.

As our Spiritual neighbor seems to have copied the above paragraph for our particular benefit, we are obliged to him for his courtesy, which we prize much higher than the argument, for that is exceedingly weak, though somewhat different in form from what it used to be. When it first appeared, it made the "change" take place every seven years—now it is "constantly" occurring. The idea in either case is absurd, and contradicted by the most casual observation: for if the body does not contain "a single particle of the matter" the time of the matter of the matter of the matter of the contain marks and sears for any long duration. Yet retain certain marks and sears for any long duration. Yet every observer (we do not say theorizer, for such people are not apt to see much that is right before their eyes,) yet every observer is aware that these marks continue for many years, and oftentimes for a long life. We are acquainted with a wart that has been where it is now for nearly or quite thirty-five years, and this fact completely upsets the above argument, even if we say nothing more in regard to it. The Duke of Wellington, also, if he had received a sovere fieshwound at the battle of Waterloo, would have retained the injury, or the marks of it, "thirty-soven years and two months after." But if he did not, other soldiers have, and the fact the contradiction of the proper years.

The Banner's Answer.

That the matter which enters into chemical and organic combinations in the living body is changed by a gradual process, and that as rapidly as the effete substances are thrown off from the system, the places, previously occupied by the eliminated particles, are supplied by others-assimilated and deposited by the processes of vital chemistry—is a truth we supposed to be well understood and generally admitted. But on this point—as on others of paramount importance our friend of the Investigator has long been skeptical, and he still remains to be satisfied. In the present instance we might be permitted to confine our observations to his objections, which appear to be rather specious than sound. It may be proper, however, to briefly hint at some of the accredited facts and scientific proofs of the atomic changes which go on uninterruntedly in the living body.

It is a fact well known to every student of vital chemistry, and clearly enough illustrated in the vegetable and animal physiology, that all the forms of the organic creation are subject to constant mutation. Upon the reciprocal interchange of elementary particlesbetween the vegetable and animal kingdoms-the life of both essentially depends. That a similar process is constantly going on with respect to all the matter of which the human body is composed can scarcely be doubted by any one who has kept, paco with the pro-

with reference to the fluid portions of the human body It is only in respect to the solids that it has so much as a seeming plausibility when-in the full light of modern science-it is submitted to careful inspection. If, naturally true. Have respect chiefly to the divinity body, the objection has no validity, it follows that comparatively a very small portion of its substance development to be desired. Follow none, and presume may be supposed to remain unchanged, since the solids to twelve; and the embalmed bodies taken from the Egyptian tombs-from which all the fluids have been completely dissipated-are sometimes found to weigh only seven or eight pounds. Now, if all fluid substances may be exhaled, or otherwise expelled from the system-by the vital forces and processes-it will be perceived that but little remains, and that little is easily disposed of. It is well known that the very elements of which the muscles and the bones are composed, may exist in a fluid state. Indeed, they did so exist at first; for the solid tissues are woven from elements held in solution, and constantly circulating through the body.

That the denser substances, in solution, are expelled from the system through the cuticle, is abundantly confirmed by the uniform testimony of physiologists, and demonstrated by the results of scientific experiments. According to Lovoisier, and others, not less than six pounds of matter are often removed from the body, through the perspiratory ducts, in the course of twenty-four hours. † This is not all water. By a skillful analysis of perspiration, M. Favre—as appears from a paper submitted to the French Academy-detected the presence of certain metallic salts; and from the quantity employed in his experiments he obtained no less than six grammes of lactate of zinc-about a quarter of an ounce. § If we may credit the class-books in physiology-now in common use in our schools-usbout one per cent." of the perspiration from human bodies consists of solid substances, which are the products of the decomposition constantly taking place in the

That even the substance of the osseous system is perpetually changing is demonstrated by the fact that the bones of swine, after they have been eating madder-a plant of the genus Rubia-are found to be red. If matter is thus readly, introduced into the composition and structure of the bones, it must be as readily and as rapidly removed from them, or otherwise they would continue to increase in size after the animal had reached the last degree in his normal development. A

This argument for immortality, which so recently an-This argument for immortancy, which is recently appeared in the English Magazine, was more fully presented about eight years since, and originally (so far as we know) in a paper on Aspiration and Memory, by the present writer, which was published in the year 1852—in the Shekinah, Vol. I, page 63.

8. n. b.

† See Brande's Ency. Art. Perspiration. The reader is referred to the Annual of Scientific Discovery, for 1853, for a notice of Favro's Experiments. Appendix to Appleton's Becond Edition of Coming's Phys-iology, p. 255.

mission of mineral poisons into the circulation and the point we cite the demonstrative experiments of M. Orfila, also of the French Academy:

Orfila, also of the French Academy:

"In eighteen months I was able to experiment on only four polsymous substances—bleihoride of mercury, acctate of lead, sulphate of copper, and nitrate of silver. These experiments have taught me that when the above polsonous substances are administered to animals, that mercury disappears in general from the organs in eight or ten days. Lead and copper are found in the intential parietes and in the bones eight months after they have ceased to be introduced into the stomach. Silver, whose presence in the liver may in some cases be demonstrated after six months, is not found in any organ of other animals, seven months after the administration of nitrate of silver."

"Should a man survive a poisoning by corrosive sublimate for face adays, it is very possible that the chamists consulted in the case would find no mercury in the organs. They would, however, commit a greaterror should they conclude that there had been no attempt to poison."

From the foregoing facts and observations it will be

From the foregoing facts and observations it will be seen that the molecular changes occur through all the solid portions of the body, and the same chemical elements alternately assume a fluid and solid form. The vital action as observed in the processes of organic chemistry is essentially one with combustion; and while from day to day the vital fires consume the body, they also prepare the foreign elements wherewith Nature rebuilds the temple of the Soul.

The several objections urged by the Investigator will now receive our special attention. We can scarcely think that the editor of that journal is serious when he assumes that the argument from the foreign Magazine has been changed, or essentially modified in its form, since it was first introduced. We are sure that no sane man ever so much as intimated that the body-in its entirety-was changed "every seven years," in any way save by the uniform, natural process we have already described. ence it may be equally true that it is changed [entirely] once in seven years-more or lessand yet that the change is constantly going on.

"It is better to reason than to cavil."

But we are told that "the idea in either case is absurd, and contradicted by the most casual observation." While we think that the absurdity will be found in the denial rather than the affirmation, we cordially agree with our neighbor that it is precisely from such heedless observation that the idea is contradicted. Really careful observers, patient students of Nature, and scientific investigators, are neither so ready to dispute the natural evidences of their own immortality, nor so willing to believe in

"A gradual diffusion of the soul Among the elements that make the world."

But what are the grounds of the Investigator's objections to this argument for the spiritual nature and immortality of man? They should be very strong to warrant his own sweeping conclusions. We will endeavor to treat them gravely-not on account of their intrinsic character, but for the sake of our skeptical friend, in whose mind they assume a fictitious importance. The first objection maintains that if the whole composition and structure of the body thus undergoing a gradual being thrown off by a natural process, and their places supplied by new molecular deposites-all the old fleshmarks and scars, produced by accident or otherwise, would be completely obliterated. This objection, so well calculated to confound all those who have merely been illuminated by "the most casual observation," has really not the slightest weight in the judgment of the enlightened physiologist. When the injury does not penetrate beneath the epidermis, it leaves no scar but when the instrument that inflicts a wound severs, or otherwise obstructs the channels of circulation, a scar may remain after the healing process is complete, for the obvious reason that the anastomosis of the vessels through which the fluids circulate is never as perfect as before. The re-formation of the parts must thereafter proceed without a complete inosculation, and the subsequent molecular deposites are consequently ren dered irregular and unequal.

The Investigator's next objection, like his first, is presumed to "completely upset" the argument for another life, now under consideration. And on what adaman tine basis does that very formidable objection find secure repose? It might surprise the shade of John Lock to be informed that it rests on a WART! Nothing less-nothing more. It is a terrible personal excrescence that so utterly subverts the claims of the universal Manhood to its immortality. When our neighbor can no longer support his skepticism by a rational use of the present normal developments of the human mind, it is not without a peculiar significance, and at least a seeming propriety, that he hangs "a forlorn hope" on the preternatural and superfluous parts of the years," and that it still presents the same general appearance, proves nothing in respect to the pending is sue. With equal propriety it may be assumed that, inasmuch as the individual so far resembles himself—as he existed thirty-five years ago-that his friends are still able to identify his person, we are therefore authorized to conclude that the same matter formed his oody at the commencement of that period that constitutes it to-day. And this is begging the whole ques tion in a manner that does not, it appears to us, exactly comport with the general character and logical pre tensions of the Investigator. The nails on the editor's fingers doubtless present the same general size and spe cific form that distinguished them twenty-five years ago; but it would be extremely difficult to sustain an argument designed to prove the identity of each ultimate atom in their composition, after each one of them has been gradually pared off to the extent of two feet

Again, it is insisted that physiology proves that the mind and body never exist separately or independently of each other." Had our friend assumed that the human mind never exists except in a body, or organic form, through which its faculties and affections that it is not possible for physiology to prove any such dependence of the mind on the body. Physiological mind and body are capable of existing together under proper conditions-no more. But our imperfect knowl tain specific conditions, does not authorize us to fix arbitrary limits to the exercise of its faculties under other conditions and circumstances, which have not his nature, and may determine his downward career. occurred in our private experience or come within the range of our too "casual observation." This loose and dogmatic theorizing, (we had supposed to be confined to sectarian theologists) about what the mind cannot do, while we disregard the most startling illustrations of what it has done and is doing, will not be ikely to settle any question of vital importance.

In his last objection the editor of the Investigator says, "the mind is always affected by the condition of the body, which would hardly be the case if they were distinct." We may perhaps admit the premise without specifying any qualifications, but we must emphatically deny the conclusion. If we admit that the mind may be affected by the conditions of the material body, so long as they co-exist, the concession offers no support or countenance to the negative proposition that the mind is incapable of a separate existence. Different persons in the same company influence each other. The writer has often governed the mental and bodily functions of other people; but this neither proves that the separate individualities among them were annihilated, nor that our own existence is forever and absolutely dependent on those who may have sociate, Prof. Brittan, came to hand too late for this aumber yielded to our influence. According to our neighbor's of the Bannen. It will appear in our next.

further illustration may be found in the fact of the ad- peculiar logic, if one child in school has the mumps, and communicates the inflammation to the paretid glands of tisanes, and their subsequent climination. On this one hundred children, we must conclude that they can never exist apart from each other. In order words, if so many are "affected by one body," they can have no separate existence, "independently of each other," since this "would hardly be the case if they were distinct."

A friend at our elbow has an additional objection which may likewise be briefly disposed of in this connection.

"A child's arm is pictured with India ink, and in his manhood or old age he dies with the pictures still on his arm. What becomes of the seven years' theory in view of this fact?"

Our answer is-that the India ink is a foreign substance that was never naturalized in the human body by its own process of assimilation; and it is; therefore, ne more a portion of the matter belonging to the body, and subject to its vital processes, than my lady's carrings ; the gold plate on which the dentist sets his teeth; or the pistol ball that General Jackson carried so many years in his shoulder. The seven years' philosophy is safe enough; but pray what becomes of the objection?

In his concluding observation the Editor of the Investigator expresses his fears that "the light that is in " our BANNER may prove to be "darkness." Considering his strong anti-Biblical tendencies, our friend discovers a peculiar aptness in quoting Scripture; and as he can have no reasonable objection to a free and fraternal reciprocation of "every good word," we respectfully submit for his consideration-"The light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehended it not."

Spiritualism at Harvard College in 1836.

The following remarks were made nearly a quarter of a century since, (1836,) by Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, at the Centennial Celebration of Harvard College. In reading them the inquiry naturally arises, whether the sentiments hoy embody, if presented at this day, would not be voted heretical by the Albien House Committee, and whether the Hon. Robt. C. would not subject himself, in advancing them, o the mild rebukes of the Grecian philosopher. The ideal; ties of that time have become the realities of the present. If the wish expressed in these remarks is granted, and in 1936 those who now preside at Harvard return in spirit to the scenes of their present labors, we trust they may meet with a better reception than those who labored there one hundred years since and now seek to be recognized, are receiving at their hands.

But to the extract. We quote from the published account

"The Chief Marshal of the Day, Robert C. Winthrop, being then called upon for a sentiment, arose and replied as fol-

At the very instant I received this summons, Mr. President, I was rising in my official capacity, and under the direction of the Committee of Arrangements, to move that the Alumni do now adjourn to witness the lilumination which has been prepared in honor of the occasion, by the students of the University. But so loth was I to express, or even to entertain the idea, that the adjournment was to be without, day, and that this pleasant company of friends and brothers, decomposition and re-formation—the ultimate particles | would meet no more forever on this side of the stars, that I had already framed the motion in my mind, and fully intended so to give it utterance, that the Alumni do now adjourn until the next Centennial Day. I would not appear to triffe with so solemn a thought; but who is there among us who would have opposed such a motion? or that part of it, at least, which contemplated the reassembling of this company; yes, even a hundred years hence? If, sir,-as who of us has not felt ?- the spirits of our fathers have been in the midst of us to-day, througing and clustering beneath this vaulted canopy, listening with an earnest delight to the blessings which have been breathed from every heart upon their memories, gazing with an eager joy upon the luxuriant growth of that goodly vine which here they planted, and beckening us, with an almost visible finger, onward in the course of its care and its culture-why may we not hope, that some part of the same pleasure, proportioned, indeed, to our far inferior desorts, may be permitted hereafter to ourselves?"

The Lost Coat.

We recently heard a good story-one that can boast, not merely of being "founded upon fact," but of being a fact itself. It was in this wise: A philanthropic convention was held in this city not many years since, and so earnest became the zealous advocates of reform, that the clock struck the hour of midnight before any idea was entertained of an adjournment. Occasionally a gentleman, having a sort of intuitive sense of the flight of time, would put on his overcoat; then the debate would get the better of his moral sense of home duties, and down he would sit and become absorbed in the arguments. It was a terrible cold night-a perfect stingr-a night when an old orthodox creed might not be objectionable to lovers of comfort. At length the ignitor of the building informed our reformers that they must go home, whether they would or not; and, as it developed upon him to close the building before he went, he should extinguish the perishable body. But the alleged fact that "the wart lights, lower the fires, and lock up. This proved a moving has been where it is now for nearly or quite thirty-five speech. As one after another became enveloped in coats and furs, Mr. B. found his coat missing, and as no one had seen it concluded it had been stolen. What should be do? There was little time for necessity, that prolific parent, to device ways and means. So off he started on a full run for home. He was a light built human, and every one had given vent to their sympathies by saying, "It was too bad !" "poor fellow," &c. Of these none more than Dr. P., who on his return home related what had occurred to Mrs. P., and, for the hundredth time, remarked, "Poor fellow ! it's too bad !" He proceeded to divest himself of his outer garments-drew off his overcoat when lot there was another! He had come home under two coats, and one of these the coat of his shivering brother, over whose sad lot he had been lamenting !

It appeared that at about the usual time to close the meet ing, he had put on his proper coat, then sat down, and an hour afterwards, forgetting the first, put on the second.

Organization and Action.

Let us illustrate the influence of organization on action. Suppose a watch perfect in all its parts except one wheel. Let that be constructed without any proper regard to the relative proportions of the several parts of the machineryso large, if the reader please, as to be unfitted for its place and office. This disproportion, if it did not interrupt the motion altogether, would inevitably render it irregular and uncertain, for the reason that precision in the movement may be manifested, there would have been no occasion Now, without assuming that any man is as destitute of colmust always depend on the perfection of the mechanism. for controversy; but as he has reference only to the untary powers as a watch, let the clumsy whoel represent present organic instrument of the mind—the corporeal, the sullsh proponsities of a thief. As the wheel, from its dy-we dispute this naked assumption, and affirm disproportionate size and mechanical imperfection, occasions an irregular and uncertain, instead of a uniform movement, so the undue prependerance of the propensity must, in the science furnishes abundant evidence to prove that the nature of the case, prevent that beautiful and harmonious action which results from the perfect balance of all the faculties and affections. This great wheel in the mental and moral mechanism of the thief-his solfish propensities-may adge of what the human intelligence can do, under cerfashion his character, and determine the course he will pursuc. Or, to drop the figure, this excessive development of the proponsities at once destroys the moral equilibrium of

"The Movement of Faith."

We are happy to learn that the very able lecture on "the Movement of Faith which must follow its suspense," delivered by Rev. J. F. Walker, of Glons Falls, at Dodworth's Acadency N. Y., -on Sunday evening, the 16th instant-is to be given to the public in pamphlet form. The discourse is a Review of Dr. Bellows' "Suspense of Faith." We were unable to be present on the occasion of its delivery, but learn from those who were more fortunate than ourself, in this respect, that it awakened an unusual interest.

Munson will publish the discourse in a few days, and thore who want it need make no delay in forwarding their orders. It will, undoubtedly, have a large sale.

Salvation.

The Christian Repository, published at Montpelier, Vt., says that salvation consists in the deliverance of the human soul from a state of ignorance, sin, and woe, in which humanity is involved, and this salvation comes of the soul's volition.

Art Works at the New York Fair. An article with the above caption, from the pen of our asLetter from Vermont.

Maters. Entrons .- On the margin of the town of Bethel, Va. is a little settlement tong known as Lympus, where at industrious and intelligent population, have long been piling rocks, digging out hemlocks, planting apple trees, and cultivating the soil on the flats and slopes, and pasturing sheep on the mountains. After many years of hard toll, they have secured the necessaries and many of the comforts of life, and are now hungering for mental and spiritual food. During their long and hard struggles with the hard soil and deep snows, the Mothodists and Universalists have been digging with equal assidulty, to secure a support from the religious feelings of the hardy settlers. They have done much to awaken an inquiry and interest in another life, and thus to prepare the minds for Spiritual revelations, and the facts, and truths of our philosophy; the Methodists had begged up a church, and kept meetings up for several years, and the Universalists joined with them at a place about four miles distant, (Gayaville) and built together a neat little church about which they are still wrangling, and no doubt will till the Spiritualists get it. Spiritualism awakened an interest early ar Lympus, and the Methodists began at once to fight the enemy, and have been growing more and more wrathy ever since they began, and seem now to have nearly whipped themselves up, as every snap seems to leave them shorter and beautifully less. Last year I was called here to give seven lectures, and this year have just closed another course of seven, and have scattered a large number of our books among the people; last year they used the church—this year they had bought out the largest owner, who had become a Spiritualist, and shut it against the people who built it, and sent us to the school-house, which being too small, we left for a large new barn, even when the church was not used. On Sunday they had a call for money, but few, very few came, as

nearly all the people were at the barn. Most of the Universalists, and many of the Methodists, have already become Spiritualists, and the prospects now are that there will be nothing else here, in a few years more except a small sediment of bigotry and sectarianism. The Banuer goes all round here. I see many copies nearly worm out; for they borrow and lend, and many read it who do not feel able to take it. A few energetic minds in each settle: ment might do the work for the whole State of Vermont, as It is done here, and send sectarian bigotry staggering to the "Tomb of the Capulets." I think there is no State in the nation in which a missionary work for the harmonial philos phy would do more good than in Vermont. The people are temporate, industrious, intelligent, candid, and much given to reading and thinking; and this is all we need to fit them for Spiritualists, when the subject is fairly presented to them. We have many excellent and devoted friends in Vermont, and she has furnished her full quota of preachers for the campaigns. The Universalists have done a good work in this State in freeing the minds from the terrors of hell, and with their generally progressive tendency, they are fast coming into our philosophy, and we should soon have them all with us were there not a few preachers who fear they shall lose caste with other denominations, or lose their salaries and occu pations that support them, before they can qualify for teach ing in the new school. Some of them are loth to lose their places and influence, and go into the ranks with those called as Jesus called his deciples, preachers from the publicans and sinners; but these few, who are only exceptions in the noble and generous army of Universalists, will soon see the folly of opposing the great movement of the people to a still higher and brighter light than that which they hold up. I am now going to Montpeller, where I hope to have many members of the Legislature for hearers, WARREN CHARR. October 18, 1859.

The Proposed National Convention. Mesers. Editors of the Banner of Light:

I am desired, by the Committee to which was entrusted the matter of calling a National Convention of Spiritualists, to ask a place in your columns for the following statements: ? The Committee has not as yet come to a final determine tion in regard to the calling of a Convention; nor will the decision be made before the first of January next. It has, however, been decided that the Convention should not be convened till about the first of June, 1800.

The principal cause of hositancy is the lack of any genera response from the friends of Spiritualism in the Middle and Western States. It is desirable that this should be a truly National movement, if it proceeds at all. It is hoped that between this and the first of January, the Spiritualists of all sections will express their sentiments, pro or con., on the question of holding a Convention, either through the papers or by letter to the Corresponding Secretary of the Committee.

The locality at which the Convention shall meet, will depend upon the responses from the Western States. Cleveland, Ohio, has been named as the most central point for the whole country. But if the West does not choose to particinate, the convenience of other sections will point to a more Eastern city.

Let none suppose that the establishment of a National Organization, of any kind, (much less, one of an objectionable sectarian character,) is to be the necessary result of the proposed convocation. On the contrary, if called, it will be to consider the question of organization, and others pertaining to the general interests of the Spiritualistic movement, and to the general interests of the spiritualistic action to take such action as shall then be deemed expedient. It is, therefore, designed as much for the opponents as for friends of organization; and it may be expected that the side which shall present the most cogent reasons for its faith, will prevail.

That a meeting of earnest friends of Spiritualism from all sections of our widely extended country, where they can loo each other in the face, compare notes and views, and take fraternal counsel as to the duties develving upon them, may result in great good, hardly admits of a question. If it shall then and there appear that fraternal co-operation for any common end is impracticable or undesirable, so let it be. Is the Convention wanted?

In behalf of the Committee, A. E. NEWTON, Cor. Sec'y.

Boston, Oct. 18th, 1859.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch in Maine.

MESSES. EDITORS-Our city has been favored by a visit from Mrs. Cors L. V. Hatch, and she has been the means of awakening a greater interest in the chuse of Spiritualism than any medium we have had. She is truly an elequent and interesting speaker. Tuesday evening, Oct. 4th, she lectured to a large audience in the City Hall. The subject was selected by the audience, viz.: "The condition of the Pagan after death." On Sunday, Oct. 9th, she lectured in Norombega Hall, afternoon and evening. This hall will scat two thousand, and was well filled by an intelligent and appreclative audience. The aisles and all available room was occaped by those unable to procure seats.

The Bangor Daily Times of Oct. 5th, in an editorial of som length, quotes the opinion of N. P. Willis, editor of the New York Home Journal, and fully endorses his sentiments in regard to Mrs. H.'s powers as a speaker.

The people of this city are zealous and carnest, and those who have embraced the philosophy of Spiritualism are warm and sincere, and among our first citizens. Mrs. Hatch has lectured in other places in this State to large and attentive audiences. We were sorry that her engagements were such as to prevent her stopping longer with us, but we are in hopes that she may ere long be able to visit us again, when, she may be assured, she will be heartly welcomed. D. C.

Bangor, Me., Oct. 22, 1859.

ion of that jurisdiction, relates the following fact:

Christianity and Temperance. The Grand Worthy Patriarch of the Sons of Temperance in Eastern New York, in a recent report to the Grand Divis-

ion of that jurisdiction, relates the following fact:

"A certain man had for years been a respected and worthy member of a church in Saratoga county. At length, however, his associations became impure, his habits worse, and the whole community looked upon him only as an abandoned drunkard. The church, to be sure, did not excommunicate him—it had nover been guilty of ostracism for so trivial an offonce as drunkenness—but it had given up all hope of reformation in his case, and practically cased to recognize him as one of their members. Under such circumstances, the Sons of Temperance felt that they had a work to do. They had confidence in the Pledge, and an abiding faith in the saving power of the principles of Love, Purity, and Fidelity, exemplified outside as well as inside the Division room. Accordingly, the brethren sought the unfortunate devotes to exemplified outside as well as inside the Division room. Accordingly, the brethren sought the unfortunate devotes to Bacchus, raised him from the gutter, introduced him to the Division room, clothed him in regalla, and proclaimed him a Son of Temperance. Nor did they stop here; but procuring him a remunerative situation, and watching over him kindly, they soon had the pleasure of seeing him again take rank among the most honorable and respectable pertion of the community. And then (shall I state the fact?) he was excluded from the church, because he was a member of a secret society, and would not sever his connection with the Order of the Sons of Temperance i."

Notice to Correspondents.

D. S., WATERTOWN, Wis.-Back numbers, postage paid, four cents each. The articles referred to will probably be published in book form within a year.

Letter from Ohio.

Mrssas, Entrons-Often in my wanderings, do I look upon your loved and valuable paper, and think of many riends that peruse it weekly; and quite often I feel a desire to speak to them from its columns. My time, however, will not allow it. When one answers the cares necessarily attending a life of itinerancy, there is time for little else, except he or she overwork themselves.

To-day I write especially to speak of the prospects of our cause in Syracuse, N. Y. For a long time, dark clouds have symbolized the movements there, and the experience of the

laborer has testified to their truthfulness.

I have reason to believe, however, that this will be no longer the case—by the combined efforts of some of the friends and the speakers, that of late have visited that place, a revolution has been effected. On Sunday, Oth, a committee was appointed, consisting of Dr. L. F. Warner, D. Woolsey, A. Thorp, John Hutchison, and E. W. Ourtis, whose duty will be to provide ways and means for a continuation of free meetings in the future. Dr. L. F. Warner was appointed Corresponding Secretary, and I can say, with confidence, that all competent speakers-whose great aim is humanity's good-will find a good friend and carnest co-operators in Syracuse. I hope the speakers who visit Oswego, after this-if time will admit-will arrange to spend some time in S. The audiences will be good, if the speakers are-and the cause has few. if any, more noble friends and supporters than can be found in Syracuse.

Praying for your success, with a hand in the prayer, I am thine for humanity's freedom. P. L. WADSWORTH. Geneva, Ohio, Oct. 17, 1859.

Items.

Translated for the BANNER, from the Journal Pour Tous, published in Paris :-

The savage cats his brother, and, at the end of his frightful neal, he falls asleep thinking of his gods.

A nobleman of Rome condemns three hundred slaves to the torture for an escaped lamprey cel from his artificial lake; and with a screne conscience he goes to the senate, meditating some way by which he can restore his lost virtue. Virtue reigns only over our lives when it reigns over our thoughts, and it should not be our rule when it is not our

If we discerned and took care of half of our duties with the olicitude that we employ to take care of money, what progress would we not make in virtue!

Most men have only an exterior conscience. Those who have never thought of virtue, wish to have

ome praiseworthy traits. They are not virtuous. We persuade ourselves easily that we are capable of dis-

tinguishing good from evil without any trouble, by reading at first sight from the book of duty.

How to Reform Offenders.

There is but one way in which we can reform a fallen man -we fmust lift him up again. Suppose that among the trees of the nursery you should find one inclined to take an oblique direction; you would never tread it down into the dust, if you designed to have it stand upright. On the contrary, you would lift it up, and support it in its proper place. Thus its original downward tendency would be gradually overcome, and it would finally stand erect in its own strength. Learn from this not to trample thy fellow to the ground because he is morally bowed down. If he has fallen among thieves, who have stolen the divine loves from his heart, stripped him of the robes of innocence, and robbed him of his peace of mind; be to him, not a priest nor a Levite, but a good Samarilan. If you have compassion and lift him up again, he may yet be strong in virtue, and stand upright in

The Source of the Nile.

The great problem of the source of the Nile, which has occupied the attention of the world during so many ages, may now be considered as definitively solved. Capt. Speke, who has just returned to England from an extended tour in Central Africa, in company with Capt. Burton, discovered a lake, called by the natives Nyanza, but by the Arabs Ukerewe. which appears to be the great reservoir of the Nile. It extends from 2 deg. 80 m. south to 8 deg. 30 m. north latitude. lying across the equator in east longitude 33 deg. Its waters are the drainage of numerous hills which surround it on almost every side. The new lake washes out the Mountains of the Moon as at present existing in our atlases.

> Written for the Banner of Light. TO M-

BY J. BOLLIN M. SQUIRS. When slumber comes with mild appeal, And softly nestles on thy breast,

Oh, may no grief like this I feel Disturb the dreams which crown thy rest. May angels fold their snowy wings,

And kindly watch above thee keep, Though my sad heart's imaginings My tearful eyes may rob of sleep. And may the Hope which lights the day,

When Hope thy only comfort seems, Be not loss real, whon far away Thy spirit

Sometimes the lamp of memety,
That still must burn through all our years, Will light thee back to this, and me, And touch some hidden fount of tears.

Then think thee, how more dearly dear Thou art, with more than friendship fraught, That every word of thine shall cheer, As monitor of heart and thought.

Our trembling lips have breathed farewell, And I am left alone to roam, A walf upon life's ocean swell, To bless the tide that bears me home.

Btill shall thine image be the star To beam above the future's hour, To guide my footsteps near, or far, And shield me from temptation's power.

Thus when I hie me home again, To all its loves, less dear than thine, Oh, shield me from life's direct pain-To find thy truth unequal mine.

Then fare-thee-well, dear one, good-by, Be constant to thyself and me; The love that lights thy memory Shall bring me back again to thee.

Uriah Clark in Boston.

Mr. Clark, editor of the Spiritual Clarion, will speak at the Hall, No. 14 Bromfield street, on Friday evening, Oct. 28th. Price of admission 10 cents.

Mr. Clark "speaks extemporaneously, under normal inspiration. At the close of his lectures, he allows the audience to select an entire stranger to him, when he reads his character, gives tests, in detailing past accidents, diseases, events,

These tests are said to be very interesting. As Mr. Clark has not had the pleasure of addressing a Boston audience, it is hoped the friends will not be backward in responding to his invitation to test his powers.

Call for Speakers.

DR N. B. WOLFE, CINCINNATI, OHIO. - Will you please give notice in your columns, Messrs. Editors, that the Spiritualists of Cincinnati have lately reorganized for the purpose of having regular Sunday Lectures? Mr. Pardee is speaking for us this month. We wish to make pre-engagements with lecturers, and respectfully desire such as are able and reliable to write to the above address, with a view to future engagements. Can Mr. Joel Tillany speak for us next month-November? R. P. Ambler, Miss Martha Hulett, of Illinois, and Miss Laura De Force, of Wisconsin, are respectfully requested to drop us a line giving their address, or stating if, or when, they can come this way.

Psychology.

The Republican and Telegraph, Ditson, Ill., and the Rockford Daily News, both speak of the psychological lectures of I. G. Stearns as being admirable and wonderful. Psychology, Mesmerism and Biology, are each branches on the tree of Spiritualism. It matters little, if anything, whether the lectures on the various subjects admit this. The facts exist, and, sooner or later, will be acknowledged. We do not know whether Mr. Stearns professes Spiritualism. It is all the same, whether he does, or does not.

Mrs. Hatch's Loctures.

These lectures, as they have been published in the Dannan or Lionr, have been the most marvelous productions of the human intellect that it over has been my fortune to have read. They relate to a great variety of autjects in no way allied to each other, and they are all treated in the most profound and discriminating manner. Thus we have fectures upon the Egyptian, the Persian, and the Romish religion, ipon Confucius and Malioinet, upon Goology, Chemistry, Plants and Animals, upon the Science of Government, and upon numerous other subjects. And each of these lectures cems to have proceeded from the mind of some one who has thoroughly examined the subject discussed, and made itself master both of the facts and the theories relating to it. Now it is evidently impossible that Mrs. Hatch can have the requisite learning and intellectual capacity to have so ably examined and presented these views upon the topics discussed, She is quite young-not more than twenty years old-and has had but very limited advantages of obtaining an education. It cannot have been in her power to have read so extensively upon these subjects, even if she had had a taste for such a variety of reading, as would be necessary to handle them in so masterly a manner. And her own mind could not by possibility have framed such claborate and coplous treatises upon them, even with all her requisite information for the purpose; for they are of such a character, as would do credit to the most profound thinkers, and the most thorough and well-trained acholars.

The question then arises, whence did these lectures originate-what mind produced them? They must either have come from her own mind, or some external intelligence That they did not come from the former is placed even beyond the possibility of a doubt. They then must have come from the latter. And these aceptics who cavil at Spiritualism, and express their belief that neither these, nor any other protended communications, ever came from departed spirits, will please to solve this puzzling question upon their own theory, and see if they do not have to encounter more difficulties and impossibilities than upon the spiritual one. And unless they can do this, let them act as candid and rational men, and where one theory will explain it, and no other known theory will do it, adopt the former, as they would in all other departments of human investigation. W. S. A.

Adulteration of Liquors.

The subject of the adulteration of liquors has attracted the attention of the New York Senate. It should also attract the attention of our own Legislature. The infernal practice should be abated at once. More disease, misery and death are traceable to this cause than anything else. It is deadler than "war, postilence and famine" combined. Temperance men, in their wholesale condemnation of liquors, find no time to attend to this matter, and consequently make no disinction between use and abuse; hence their efforts to reform the inebriate is time wasted, as, having once become poison ed, he is obliged to resort to the bottle to appease his vitiated appetite. If prohibitory liquor laws upon our statute books are of no effect, let us make such as will restrain cupidity rom dealing out death to those unfortunates whose moral lindness leads them into temptation

Lectures.

PLYMOUTH, MASS.-N. Frank White spoke in Plymouth, on two successive Sundays, the 9th and 16th of this month. The first evening that he spoke to us the controlling influence improvised a poem, upon the "Errors of past ages in Church State, and Society," which was very beautiful, and was listened to by a large and attentive audience. His other discourses were in prose, and were full of truth, and deeply interesting.

The oratorical powers of Mr. White are very fine, and the teachings that flow from his inspired lips, are of the most elevating character; the purest ideas clothed in language most cautiful, which could not full of making a lasting impression on every appreciative heart.

Discussion.

The following question will be discussed at No. 14 Brom field street, on Wednesday evening, Oct. 26th:

"Are the manifestations of human life that we call evil, or sinful, a necessity of the conditions of the soul's progress?" The public are invited.

Rev. George H. Hepworth's Discourse,

At the Music Hall, Boston, on Sunday, 16th Inst., may b found on the sixth page of this paper. It was fully reported by one of our best phonographers, J. M. Pomeroy. The subject discussed is an important one, and was handled with marked ability.

Rosa T. Amedey.

Miss Amedey being disengaged on Sunday next, on accoun of a misunderstanding with East Abington people, would like to make an engagement to speak in this vicinity on that day should there be any one in want of a lecturer.

Charles W. Burgess.

Bro. Burgess writes us from West Killingly, Conn., that he has just recovered from a painful and long-continued illness, and is now ready to respond to calls to lecture, directed as above.

The enemies of Humanity are no more entitled to altar, or coveted "the chief scats in the synnagogues on the judicial bench.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER. - First Puge-Chapters nine teen and twenty of Mrs. Porter's story-" Bertha Lec." Sec ond Fuge-"A Record of Modern Miracles," chapters first and second of a new article by Prof. Brittan : Stories for the Young -"A Sad Mistake," by Mrs. Willis. Third Pugo-Chapin' Sermon, Sunday Merning, Oct. 16th; Lizzie Doten's Lectures at Ordway Hall. Fourth and Fifth Pages-Look and see. Sixth Page-A column and a half of Spirit Messages ; Poetry by Grace Leland-"Autumn Leaves." Rev. Mr Hepworth's Sermon at Music Hall. Seventh Page-" Principles and Laws," by Prof. Spence; "Drury"-a beautiful poem-by Augusta M. Kimball, a new contributor. John Reeson's Address in behalf of the Indians: Lectures, etc. Eighth Page-Beecher's Sermon.

The Providence Journal makes a very handsome notice of the forthcoming book on Spiritualism by Robert Dale Owen The editor of the Journal sees into the future with a clearer vision than some of his cotemporaries; he sees above the clouds of bigotry and conservatism which hide from view everything except what immediately surrounds self-he sees truth in Spiritualism.

The World's Orisis calls Spiritualism the child of Diabolus about eleven years old; and it argues that this young child subverts and abominates Christianity, and substitutes Infidelity and Athelam. Christianity, or what is called Christianity, must be rather weak to be subverted by so young a

The Sardinian government has issued a note, intended for general circulation, but addressed to its diplomatic agents at the great European Courts, in which the establishment of a strong and independent Kingdom of Upper Raly is urged with eminent ability. The most touching instance of disinterestedness we have

lately seen is that displayed by the Boston Courier, which argues against the plea of insanity, thus cutting out the ground from under itself.—Boston Traveller. The prospects of Mr. Douglas appear to be improving. He

is snoken of quite liberally at the Bouth, and several dele gates to the Charleston Convention favorable to his nomina on have been recently chosen in the North.

A month ago the flowers were pale, And, like a loving friend, October wrapped them in her voll, And nursed them to the end; And when her last warm sun was set. And frost and rain began, The winds, like lover's passionate, Took up the leaves and ran .- Alice Cary.

England and France, it is said, will soon "conquer a peac with China-meaning, probably, that they will thoroughly pick the pockets of the Celestials, and appropriate a large piece of their territory. Undoubtedly civilization and com merce will thereby be promoted, ultimately; but we are no as yet exactly prepared to say that justice will have any hand in the matter at all. However, we suppose the English and French, just at this time, believe in the theory that "might right," and that they are only instruments in the

The Germans are making great preparations for the celebration of the centenary birthday of Schiller, on the 10th of November next. Already the majority of the papers are

hands of God, to sift the "chaff" from the "wheat."

filled with proclamations and proposals for the fete, which is to extend over at least three days; and noems are coming in at such a rate as entirely to eclipse our late Burns contenary

anthusteere. The man in Stamford, who was hit in the shoulder by a stone thrown through a car window when the train was in motion, says he would like to welcome the prejector of the stone to his arms for about two minutes.

There is an Irish woman in Chelsen, Mass., 104 years old. who does all her own housework. Blie's shead all the fashion-

able women who are not a quarter so old. "Loving-kindness."-This is one of the best, if not the

very best, words in the English lauguage.

THEODORS PARKER, owing to his continued indisposition, recontly by letter tendered his resignation as paster of the Music Hall Society; but their affection for him is so great that they refused to accept it.

Three hundred thousand bushels of oysters have already been dredged from the newly discovered oyster beds in Long Island Sound. Frank Leslie says that two hundred and fifty vessels were dredging there at one time.

Kossuth says he was disappointed by the peace of Villafranca, but he denies that he was deceived.

James Sheridan Knowles, the dramatic writer, has taken to the pulpit.

Five years ago a farmer in Illinois was called a fool by his neighbors for setting out one thousand fruit trees on his farm. This year he was offered ton thousand dollars for the peacher that grow on these trees.

EPISCOPAL IRREVERENCE AT RICHMOND .- A correspondent of the Churchman invelohs vehomently against the caroless way in which the religious services have been conducted during the Episcopal Convention at Richmond. A huge demijohn stood near the Communion Table during the whole of the opening services, in full view of the congregation, while the alms were collected in an old Kossuth hat. After the communion, at the consecration of Bishop Odenheimer, the elements left after all the communicants had partaken, were treated with irreverence.

Hon. John Y. Mason, Minister to France, died in Paris, October Sd. of apoplexy.

France has sent 10.000 men from Toulon to be added to her forces on the frontiers of Morocco, where they will be employed, ere long, in giving the barbarians a thorough drub-

There is one mile of railroad in the United States to every thousand inhabitants; in Great Britain, one to every three thousand inhabitants.

Buffalos at the West are more plenty this year than ever before. They increase in number every year-the same as bears" do in State street, Boston, or Wall street, New York. If people who are continually desponding would heed the advice contained in the following lines, they would be much happler:-

If to hope overmuch be an error, 'T is one that the wise have preferred; And how often have hearts been in terror Of cylla that never occurred. Have faith, and thy faith shall sustain thee; Permit not suspicion and care With invisible bonds to enchain thee, But bear what God gives thee to bear.

Gov. Packer, of Ponnsylvania, has appointed the 24th o November, the last Thursday of the month, as a day of Thanksgiving. Also, same day, in New York, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, and Maine, has been set apart for the same purpose.

The Zurich Conference has done nothing, as yet, though there are reports that it is getting toward a treaty that will afford excellent opportunity for the breaking out of future

A new monument has been erected to General Brock, at Queenston, U. C.

There has been another deadly duel in California a Mr. Gatewood killing a Dr. Goodwin. The parties fought with rifles, at the rather murderous distance of forty paces. The Atlantic Monthly has passed into the hands of Mesars.

Ticknor & Fields. Mr. Bly, the anti-spiritual lecturer, now lecturing in Maine.

alls himself " Professor." Jo Cose desires to know whether Harper's Ferry is a rela-

tive of Harper's Weekly, a Journal of Civilization ! It will be seen by her advertisement on our seventh page, that Ads L. Coan, the rapping and writing test medium, is located at 45 Carver street.

We would like to have all our readers peruse the address of Mr. John Beeson to the people of America in behalf of the Indians. The philanthropic have here a chance to focalize themselves on a point less distant than some places where modern missionary societies expend their funds and their sympathies.

Our Minister to China has been sent to Pekin in a box. without being allowed to peck out.

A "PAIR" SLAVE TRADE. Circassian maids, exposed in Turkish squares, Are sold by parents—bought by millionaires! So Yankee damsels flock to watering places. With prices marked upon their soulless faces: The "slave trade" here finds social operation

With or without a- Cuban annexation! The bollers of the Great Eastern were tested ou Thursday, our reverence and esteem because they have profused the the 6th inst., says an English paper, by hydraulic power, and proved themselves highly satisfactory. Blie ner trial trip the 8th, and was expected at Holyhead on Tuesday, October 11. During this trip on the Atlantic her sailing qualities, as well as the speed of her steam engines, were to be fully tested. The business agent of the Great Eastern Company was in Portland lately, making arrangements for the visit of the mammoth ship. The "downeasters" will gape some, we recken, when the "uncertain"

monster makes her appearance. A RABE CASE .-- The Washington Constitution says:--"A person who was recently allowed a pension on account of a disability incurred in the naval service, and supposed to of a disability incurred in the naval service, and supposed to be of a permanent character, has informed the pension office that he is happily restored to health, and therefore relin-quishes his claim to the boneficence of the government. A similar instance has not occurred for many years, and it as honorable to the gallant mariner as it is novel."

Diogones may blow out his caudle. Here is one honest

The N. Y. Sunday Times contains the following sensible paragraph. We endorse every word of it:-"We are tolerably liberal in our views of the popular taste and popular amusements, but we can't see anything to approve in prize-fighting. We cannot perceive anything calculated to elevate the character of human nature in a sport which brutalises the mind, batters the body, unfits those en-

gaged in it for honest pursuits, and commonly terminates in making them candidates for the penitentiary." Judge Terry has been placed under \$10,000 bonds to appear for trial on the charge of killing Senator Broderick. The Rockland (Ma.) Gazette, states the somewhat remarkable fact that four of the churches in that place are, or soon

will be, destitute of pastors. The city of Wilmington, Del., has been lighted by gas made from water, at a cost one-quarter that made from coal.

The man who presented a forged check to be cashed at the Union Bank, Haverhill, met with a check he didn't expect. Those Haverhill chaps are sharper than the New York sharpers.

Lecturers. L. L. Farnsworth—medium for answering scaled letters—may be addressed at Oswego, New York, until the middle of November.

J. H. CURRIER's address will be Lawrence, for the future. DR. JAMES COOPER, of Bellefontaine, Ohio, answers calls to lecture in the trance state.

DESK ROOM,-Any person desirous of obtaining space for

a writing deak, before a front window, in the second story, with such agreeable company as we can furnish, can be so commodated in our New York office, on the most equitable terms. Apply at 143 Fulton street. Notice.-A widow lady, who resides in a pleasant part of

the city, can furnish two gentlemen and their wives, or four single gentlemen, with pleasant apartments and good board, at reasonable prices. Those who may desire to avail themselves of such an opportunity, are at liberty to inquire of the New York editor of this paper, 143 Fulton street. MEDICAL TREATMENT—NUTRITIVE PRINCIPLE.

MEDICAL TREATMENT—NUTRITIVE PRINCIPLE.

D. R. ALFRED G. HALL, M. D., PROFESSON OF PHYSIOLOGY,
Nutrative Principle, may be consulted on the treatment of
every form of humor, weakness and disease, in person or by
lettor, from any part of the country. It is restorative in its
effects, reliable in the must prostrate cases, and justly worthy
of the condidence of the afflicted. All the Medicines used are
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1988

Oct. 1.

Helv york Advertisements.

OFFICE AND PRINCIPAL DEPOT, 28 CORTLAND?

OFFICE AND PRINCIPAL DEPOT, 28 CORTLAND?

BTREET, NEW YORK, manufacturer and importer and exclusive owner of Goodyens's Varientized Klubber, in its application to all shirted Elastic, Comented, Stowed of Woven Fairles, Stockinett Elastic or other Fabrics, Flock Cloths and Fabrics, Elastic Cloths of every kind, Bradded Fabrics, Kink Fabrics of covery kind, Threads and Shocks of Rubber by the Found, and Combined with Cloth. All these goods for sale, and liceness granted to make, use and self, Terms moderate. All these Articles and Goods not having the Stamp and Fac Simile of my name are infringements, Oct. 20.

TOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT IS THE HOUSEHOLD REMEDY of all nations, for burns, scalds, cuts, bruises,
sprains, sores, contracted sinews, cruptions, tumors, cancer,
rheumstism, and all external pain and inflammation, whether
produced by accident, disease, or materatment. Warm fomentations should precede its use. Sold at the manufactory,
No. 80 Maiden Lanc, New York; and by all druggists, at 25c.,
63c., and \$1 per pot. 1p Oct. 20.

R. T. WILDE & CO. OFFER TO THE TRADE, AT THE LOWEST PRICES,

FALL MILLINERY GOODS. INCLUDING

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ALBO. SILK, VELVET, AND FANCY BONNETS,

DRESS CAPS AND HEAD DRESSES. PLAIN AND FANCY STRAW BONNETS, FRENCH FLOWERS AND FEATHERS, BONNET FRAMES, CROWNS, RUCHES,

> ETC., ETC., ETC. R. T. WILDE & CO.,

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PARKER SEWING MACHINE.

Price \$40. Complete.

VERNON & CO., NO. 469 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

THE PARKER FAMILY SEWING MACHINE is a new one of great merit, combining all the important principles in the most simple manner, making it the most desirable machine in use. It sews from two common speeds, making a seam of proceedings of the process of the

the most simple manner, making it the most desirable machine in use. It saws from two common spools, making a seam of unequaled strength—runs rapidly, without noise—will do all kinds of work any other machine will do. Is less liable to get out of order, and the price is cheaper.

This machine is manufactured by the Parker Sewing Machine Co., Meriden, Ct.—Charles Parker, Esa., President—for the Grever & Baker Company, which gives it stability as well as freedom from the risk of being used without

All letters and orders addressed Vernon & Co., 469 Broad-MAP BEND FOR CIRCULAR.

Agents wanted in every town and city. Sm Sept. 8. ORRIGNTAL BATHS,

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

Mas. France.

Portable Oriental Baths (a very complete article) for sale. CLARVOYANT PHYSIOIAN, Examinations made daily.
Absent persons examined by the aid of a lock of hair.
Also all Mrs. French's Medicines carefully prepared and for sale at No. 8 Fourth Avenue, N. Y.

T. GULBERTSON.
Oct. 22.

DR. J. BOVEE DODS' IMPERIAL WINE BITTERS.

WILL CURE INCIPIENT CONSUMPTION. WILL CURE WEAK LUNGS AND STOMACH,

WILL CURE GENERAL DEBILITY, $A^{\rm ND}$ for purifying and enriching the blood are unsurpassed. They are put up in quart bottles with the Doctor's name blown in the glass, with directions for use. Price \$1.00 per bottle. For sale by CHARLES WIDDIFIELD, 649 and 351 Broadway, N. Y.; BARNES & PARK, 18 Park Row, and by all Druggists. 8m

Pianos, Melodeons, and Organs.

THE HORACE WATERS PIANOS AND MELODEONS, for The Holizon watering Francis and Melodeons from depth, purity of tone, and durability, are unsurpassed. Prices reasonable. Second-hand Planes and Melodeons from \$25 to \$150. Planes and Melodeons to rent. Monthly payments received for Planes. HORACE WATERS, Agent, No. 333 Broadway, New York.

TERTIMONIALS: "The Horace Waters Planes are known as among the very est."—Evangelist.

"We can speak of their merits from personal knowledge."

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"Waters's Planos and Melodeons challenge comparison
with the finest made anywhere in the country."—Home Journal.

Oct. 22.

Homœopathische Heilanstalt.

HOMEOPATHIC HEALING INSTITUTE, 398 Broome Street, opposite Center Market,

NEW YORK. DR. WIESECKE, Proprietor and Homeopathic Physician.
DR. Lewendahl, Magnetic and Electropathic Physician.
All medicines free. Terms for consultation, cash. No par-

All medicines free. Terms for consultation, cash. No partient but those deemed curable taken in treatment. Office hours, from 7 to 12 A. M., 5 to 7 P. M.

We consider it more important to prevent than to cure discase, and have therefore concluded to visit families by the year for both purposes. We have also introduced manual, fitctions and gymnastica as auxiliary means of cure. Dr. Wiesecke, a personal student of Dr. Hahnemann, and afterward chosen by the latter as his own physician, has practiced twenty-five years in the first circles of Paris, and has immigrated to this country in consequence of revolutionary; ovents. Dr. Lowendahl is the well-known magnetic and electropathic physician, formerly of Brooklyn, whose wonderful cures have created so much interest throughout the United States.

MRS. PHEBE A. FERGUSON TOWER. MRB. PHEBE A. FERGUSON TOWER,

TAVING returned from the country, with recruited health
and renewed powers, is ready to receive applications
for examinations and treatment of disease. She has had a
long and extended practice. Her varied experience and tried
abilities entitle her to the respect and confidence of those
needing her assistance. Address, or apply personally, at her
residence, No. 65 East Sist street, New York city.

Oct. 8.

Books with Gifts.

Honesty is the Best Policy. Don't be Deceived nny Longer.

WE (the originators of the Gift Book Business,) will send our new Catalogues, postage paid, to any adddress. ALBERT COLBY & CO., No. 20 Washington st., Boston, Mass.

"SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS," "SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS."

TOR THREE DOLLARS.—The subscriber, publisher of many valuable spiritual and Reform Works, will send at retail prices, tree of postage or by express, three dollars, worth of any books published by him, and in addition thereto, either the Spinitual Acc or the Banker of Liture for six months. This is a favorable opportunity for all who want to. months. This is a favorable opportunity for all who wast to purchase an assortment of the above at reduced prices.

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14 Bromfield street, Boston, P. S.—This offer will continue until January 1st, 1860. Oct. 29.

CARPETS AT LOW PRICES.

NOW OPENING FROM THE RECENT NEW YORK AUG-TION SALES. 87 1-2 cents. 100 pieces Brussels Tapestry for -- - - 55 cents. 60 Rolls Kidderminster, 112 1-2 cents.

75 Rolls Velvet Tapestry, 30 Rolls Extra Heavy Superfine, 75 cents. 40 Rolls Union,
5 Bales Hemp Carpets, 37 1-2 cents. - 25 cents. 85 to 50 cents. 800 Rolls Oil Cloths, -20 Rolls Stair Carpets, - - 12 1-2 to 50 cents. Also, late productions of Elegant Wilton, Brusols, Tapestry,

Kidderminster and 8-ply Carpets of English manufacture. suited to city retail sales. As the name of our establishment has been closely imitaed by others in our neighberhood, it will be welk for purchasers to mark the location of our warehouse.

New England Carpet Company, 75 HANOVER STREET, OFFOSITH AMERICAN HOUSE, BOSTON. Oct. 22.

AGENTS WANTED.

READER, if you want employment that will pay, take an Agency. Address, with stimp, for particulars, Oct. 22. 4p S. Mi, MYRIOK & CO., Lynn, Mass.

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

diesed.

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

We ask the reader to receive no destrine put forth by spirits, in these columns, that does not comport with his reason. Each expresses so much of truth as he perceives—no more. Each can speak of his own, condition with truth, while he gives opinions merely, relative to things not experienced.

Visitors Admitted.—Our stitlings are free to any one who may desire to attend. They are held at our office, No. 312 Brattle street, Boston, every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday atternoon, commencing at male-rate two o'clock; after which time there will be no admittance. They are closed usually at half-past four, and visitors are expected to remain until dismissed.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

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

Thursday, Oct. 20.—"Is there any True Religion?" W. F. Johnson, Boston; Patrick Murphy, Dover; Helen Frances Pray, New York; William H. Scaver, Boston.

Invocation.

Thon Great, Eternal Source of Life, we will offer praise unto thee, because thou hast so liberally blest us; because then hast overshadowed us continually with the wings of thy

Wisdom and thy Love.

We praise thee, oh God, in behalf of the many souls in spirit-life, because of the gifts of to-day; because, in thy wisdom, thy power, and thy goodness, thou hast been pleased to keep in sacred state, in mortal form, this gift thou permittest us to use at this moment.

Almighty Father of Heaven and Earth, we would praise thee in behalf of the inhabitants of earth-life-praise thee because thou art shedding thy light over the earth; because the firmament is being studded with many new stars, called forth by the hand of Progress and the finger of Time.

Oh, thou Great Eternal, wilt thou be pleased to look upon the gathered few who are here to commune with those in mortal? Give them of thy strength, that they may look beyond the dividing line which separates them from their friends in mortal. And as their messages are borne across this river, wilt thou send messengers of Hope and Faith beyond the spirit-land, that each message, when it reaches their people, may find a response of joy, that shall echo in the spirit-land.

Bless, oh Holy Father, thy children in mortal, who are present with us to-day. May they each one feel, yea know, that they are overshadowed continually with thy love: that although their path is seemingly crowded with thorns, fine flowers grow thereon that shall yield fragrance in spirit-life.

May they, oh God, praise thee for each shadow that falls upon their pathway; for, as the night betokeneth the morning, may they feel that when the shadow is darkest, they are nearing the morning of the loving light. May they, whilst walking through the dark spheres of earth-life, feel the continual presence of some bright one, that shall point them to scenes that are brighter, beyond the carth-life.

Almighty Father, do thou give unto all the inhabitants of the lower degree of life a due knowledge of the Troth, for Truth is the bright star that shall lead all thy children to thee. Do thou, oh Holy One, so inspire each seeker for Truth, that he may seek with wisdom, and receive with power and glory. Do thou bless every spirit that hath life. whether in the higher walks or the path of the humble. And to thee be all praise and power, now and evermore.

Oct. 19.

William Sawyer.

.I thought I knew how to control a medium some time ago; but I find it hard work now. I had the promise of being assisted to come here two months ago; but I could not come, and the reason is well known, I suppose.

I can't pray, for I never did pray on earth, and I shall not learn now. It is very good for those who enjoy it, but it is poor for those who do not. I do not believe that God will give his children any more by their praying for it than without. But they who believe they will receive more by pray-

ing for more, should do so. I have been dead upwards of twenty-three years; and I find myself in about the same situation as I was before I left, or died. My name was William Sawyer. I was sixty-nine years old when I died, and I resided in Boston. I can't tell you what disease I died of, for I do not know. I was troubled some with rheumatism, and some with dropsy, and I had a variety of complaints that an old man might be expected to

be subject to. My object in coming here is to open a way whereby I may commune with my son; for I have one here. I have been told that there was no better way than this; I should like to

you know of no better we I had no sympathy with the churches, while I was here. I called myself a moral man, but I was not a religious man, I had reasons for eachewing religion, which are known to my family-at least to my son, if he has not forgotten.

'I do not think I am quite as happy as many who are here. They tell me they are situated in fine places, and have music. and the like. I do not care for fine abodes; they would not serve to make me happy. Money will make people quite happy while they are here; but I find they who have the most here, are the least happy in the spirit-world. And I would like here to tell my son that I regret ever being the possessor of a thousand dollars: and I think that every man and woman who have more of the world's goods than they know what to do with, are virtually cheating somebody else. I find the great spiritual law runs in this way. To illustrate it let me say that when I was on earth. I lived very near a family by the name of Barber. They were very poor. One daughter was sick of fever at the time I have in view-at the time I wish to draw the attention of some to.

I was knowing to the condition of the family; but I said, they are nothing to me-it is nothing for me to do to administer to the wants of that family : I am under no obligations to them, and I might meet with a cold shoulder by going there. So I argued with my conscience, which was all the time prompting me to go there.

The young lady died, and I met the physician on one of the public thoroughfares, and I said to him, "Could not the girl have been saved?"

"Oh, yes," he replied; "but the family had no one to take care of her, and I could not save her."

Now the first one I met when I came here, was that young girl. She said, "You must suffer for one sin you committee on earth."

"What is it?" I asked. . "I was sent to this life before the time appointed by my Oreator, by you. Your guardian spirit was prompting you through your conscience to administer to my wants, and you heard the voice of conscience, but refused to obey it; and now

you must suffer." "What must be the nature of the suffering?" I asked. "It will be like a dark cloud before you, until you shall have lived so far that you have out-lived all that condition that prompted that act. You will be unhappy until you are resurrected from that condition." And I was unhappy for That oircumstance was a mirror, as it were, in which I saw myself, and I was made to suffer. Such suffer-

ing, you mortals know nothing of. Mortal pain is nothing to spiritual suffering. For my part, I would prefer the Christians' hell I heard of. Now my son fails to do his duty, as many mortals do; and as I do not want him to pass through the hell I have, I de. sire him to do his duty, when he knows plainly what his duty is. When he does not know, he may not sin, for he is in

I said I was no religionist. I repeat it. I had no fellow ship with any code of religious laws that are in existence or earth. But I have a code of my own-a mantle with which I have covered myself,—that is, Obedience to the dictates of Conscience, and the demands of Right.

Now every one can hear the voice, and obey its dictates and if they do, they will hardly come upon the plane I stood on when I passed from earth.

The little incident I have related will be understood by my son, and perhaps by some few others who remain on earth. It may prove as a key to them, whereby they may gain ac cess to some hidden treasures, which may be of some service to them. It may inspire them with faith in my coming; and whon faith is once established, we shall hardly want a wolcome. I'm done for to-day, sir. Good-by.

Josephine Carleton.

Is is here I am to speak? Oh, why not let me confessaside from human cars? No, I have no confession to make, but I would speak to my father and mother. They tell me you ask for many proofs of my identity. I can give you none, I must not. I would commune in private with my father and mother. Heft them nearly four years ago, and they have mourned for me-not as they mourn who less their friends by death, for I did not die four years ago-scarce one year is gone since then. My mother says, "If Spiritualism be true and there is no hell, oh, I pray that Josephine will come to me." My namo was Josephine Caricton. I lived in Chicago Tell my parents I should be happy here, if I could obtain their forgiveness. Then I should be happy, and should sing no more the song of the outcast. I should then be with those who are happy, and know no sin on earth. They say happiness is the fruit of contentment; and I cannot be contented until I receive the forgiveness of those I left and a cruelly wronged.

I have many acquaintances in the Southern and Western States, but none in these Northern States. I see nothing here but what I saw on earth. They tell me when I am no drawn so powerfully to earth, that I shall pass beyond it, and shall see far different scenes. Now I see nothing but houses, trees, people—such as I saw on earth. A few times I have seen happy spirits. One told me that all that was wanting was peace-peace with my parents. Oh, tell them that I vant to speak with thom. Oh, tell them I would have returned home, but I could not-no, I could not. Oh, ask them to go where I can speak with them. Good-by. Oct. 19.

William Fenno.

I am here this afternoon, for the purpose of answering etter or note, which seems to be addressed to myself in spirit The note runs in this wise: "Will William Fenno, who is n the spirit-world, go to some medium and send me the

answer to the following questions :--Question No. 1.-How long has William Fenno been in the pirit-world?

Answer.—Beven years, one month and sixteen days, to th time the note is dated.

Ques. No. 2.—Can William Fenno tell me who wrote this ote, or letter? Ans.-Yes. Charles L. Williams. The note is in the gen

eman's nocket. Ques. No. 3.-Which question, by the way, seems to be two I understand it right: Does William Fenno know what my

father did with certain records that would be very valuable to me if I could come in possession of them? and, if he knows, will he tell me? The answer is, William Fenno knows, but he is not bound

by duty or obligation to do as requested, for, should he de so he would be very sure to make trouble for certain parties or arth. That he does not wish to do.

With a good wish for the writer, and hope for further com nunion. I take my leave for this afternoon. Oct. 19.

Anna Prince.

I don't know what to say. My name used to be Anna My grandfather helps me to come, but he do n't tell me wha to say. My name was Anna Prince. Shan't let my sister hurt her any more. I am there most of the time, and I want you to tell my father and mother, too. My father wanted me to come, and my grandfather wanted me to come, because he couldn't. My father sent for me to come, but my mothe did n't. This is n't so nice a place as I have, and I do n't like to feel so big as I do here. My grandfather says I must con form to conditions and not complain.

I want you to tell my father and mother how much I love hem-a good deal; and I am learning a good deal, and I can alk real well, when my grandfather helps me. He puts her to sleep, and I speak.

Wont you say I don't want to stay any longer? Oh, I've been away most five or six years. I was sick all over me, when I went away. I was so high. I didn't go to school. I wish you'd lot me go. I don't want to stay here, your house aint pretty. You don't have any birds here, nor dowers. Wont you make an anchor at the bottom? My ather knows what for. Oct. 19.

Jacob Lewis.

My Children-You must not live too much in the material your spirits need food. Why starve, them, when God send you manns in abundance? Oh, let not your spirits find en rance to the spirit-land without the wodding garment o mowledge or, for such are unhappy here—yes, with them selves and all around.

I have often tried to commune with you since I left you out many barriers have come between you and myself; thu I have often left you with regrets.

My children, you may not seek without hope, for this wil o given as you knock. Therefore take the first step, and the second will be easy. You need not receive instruction about seeking; the light of the nineteenth contury will give you all knowledge.

Remember me in spirit love to all. JACOB LEWIS. Oct. 19.

Stephen Hunter.

When men see clouds they do not or should not suppos they will be visible cternally. Bo look up and beyond the shadows of to-day, and you will find less to make your spirit sad. From STEPHEN HUNTER to JAMES WILLIS. Oct. 19.

> Written for the Banner of Light. AUTUMN LEAVES. BY GRACE LELAND.

Olinging to the branches Of the shivering trees, To be a little longer Bilvery sounding keys For the winds of autumn Bott to murmur o'er. Ere they are forgotten,

Ero they are no more; Still the leaves are waiting Till their time is come-Till the cold winds bear them To their long, last home.

Then, with softest murmur. Bearing down a song, Their own regulem sounding. They will float along Down to dreamless alumbor, Only to awake When some passing footstep Shall the slience break.

And thus the leaves are falling All around my heart, No more in lovous murmure To bear their merry part; No more soft airs of summer Can stir those trembling leaves-Wakes now each breeze of autumn Its sadder semibreves! October 24th, 1859.

Palpable Spiritual Manifestation.

The Boston Daily Traveller is authority for the following nteresting_statement :-

Mr. Hector M'Donald, of Canada, was recently on a visit to loston. When he left home his family were enjoying gone tealth, and he anticipated a pleasant journey. The second norming after his arrival, when leaving his bed to dross to morning after his arrival, when leaving his bed to dress for breakfast, he saw reflected in a mirror the corpse of a woman, lying in the bed from which he had just risen. Spellbound, he gazed with intense feeling, and tried to recognize the features of the corpse, but in vain; he could not even move his cyclids; he felt deprived of action, for how long he knew not. He was at last startled by the ringing of the bolk for breakfast, and sprang to the bed to satisfy himself if what he had seen reflected in the mirror was real or an illusion. He found the bed as he had left hi; he looked again into the mirror, but only saw the bed truly reflected. During the day he thought much upon the illusion, and determined the next morning to rub his eyes and feel perfectly sure that he was wide awake before he left the bed. But notwithstanding these precautions, the vision was repeated, with this addition, that he thought he recognized in the corpse, some resemblance to the features of his wife.

the features of his wife.

In the course of the second day he received a letter from his wife, in which she stated that she was quite well, and hoped he was enjoying himself among his friends. As he was devotedly attached to her, and always anxious for her safety, he supposed that his morbid fears had conjured up the vision he had seen reflected in the glass, and went about his business as cheerfully as usual. On the morning of the third day, after he had dressed, he found himself in the other had seen reflected in the glass, and went about his business as cheerfully as usual. On the morning of the third day, after he had dressed, he found himself in the output in his own house, leaning over the coffin of his wife his founded were assembled, the minister was performing the funeral service, his children weel—he was in the

to flow; his very heart felt as hard as a rock. Enraged at his own want of feeling, he determined to throw blinself upon the grave and lie there till his heart should break, when he was recalled to consciousness by a friend, who entered the room to inform him that breakins was ready. He started as if awoke from a profound sleep, though he was standing before the mirror with a heir-brush in his hand.

After commoning himself he related to his friend what he

fore the mirror with a hair-brush in his hand.

After composing himself, he related to his friend what he had seen, and both concluded that a good breakhast only was wanting to dissipate his unpleasant impressions. A few days afterwards, however, he received the melancholy intelligence that his wife had died auddenly, and the time corresponded with the day he had been startled by the first vision in the mirror. When he returned home he described minutely all the dealis of the funeral he had been in his vision, and they corresponded with the facts. This is probably one of the most vivid instances of clairvoyance on record.

Mr. M'Douald knew nothing of modern Spiritualism or clairvoyance, as most of his life has been passed upon a farm and among forests. It may not be amiss to state that his father, who was a Scotch Highlander, had the gift of "second sight."

REV. GEORGE H. HEPWORTH AT THE MUSIC HALL, BOSTON.

Sunday, Oct. 16th, 1859.

REPORTED FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT, BY J. M. POMEROY.

"I create new heavens, and a new earth."-Isaiah Ixv. 17. The American community is, to-day, in much the same position which the German people occupied in the time of Luther; that is, the impulse which carried them successfully through a crisis, is akin to that which is now throwing us into confusion. Luther fought for the rights of the individual. He said the only true religion was that which took these masses and chopped them up into single and solid men. And this thought—that each man has a monitor in his own heart and brain, which is to be obeyed at all times and at all hazards-is the seed-corn from which all the fruit of the Reformation has been matured. And it is this thought which is now really in peril. We have reached the point in Protestantism when we must decide whether we will take this single thought, and confidently push on to any legitimate extreme, or right-about-face, and march back to the Roman Church, which will at once dispel all these fears concerning the logic of Protestantism.

The people are really thirsty; they are really hungry. They have been poorly fed, with a form when they wanted a prayer, with a mystery when they wanted a plain fact. They would not break up our religious system; there is something in the human heart which will not allow that. The cry comes up from the throbbing heart of the world, and it is that menhuman souls, feeling their dependence upon the same Godthat these men want such a religion as will corroborate and satisfy their yearning, and thus be natural; such a one as will laugh with men when they laugh, and yet be their hope in time of woe; one that seems to fit our every-day life, one that will ennoble it by making each man strong, not out of it, but in the midst of it. Through its experience in the various processes of civilization, the world has at last learned that the religious element is an important force in society; that by it alone is a man made a good merchant, citizen, friend, father, And so religion is sliently assuming its rightful position. It is being gradually converted from a mysterious something which saves a man from God's overlasting displeasure, into a plain, and wholesome, and beautiful something which concentrates man's powers, solidifies him and electrifies him by the power of its glorious truths, and makes him, rather, God's son. And men are learning, at last, that it makes a fearful difference whether this soul of ours is fed upon simple, but lasting and strong principles, which religion has discovered by taking a mighty life into its two hands, and looking down into its core and into its secret, or on the pulpy luxuries of a scholarly system which takes a man out of life when it takes him into its arms, which scorns the daily toil and suffering, and prefers the rhapsodies of a solitary enthusiast to those quiet words which sustain the poor man, and help him to bend his shoulders proudly to the burden.

Religion is about to be acknowledged as a means of general progress-which it has not been before-a necessity growing up in society, a balance-wheel to these thousand fervid forces of business, and law, and literature. These are, in religion as in everything else, demanding a sight of the practical benefit produced, as the only proof of truthfulness of dectrine. That creed is best to the world of to-day which most crystallizes men, which cuts the sores out of society and makes it healthy. in its commerce and in its philanthropy. The plough, the sewing-machine, the telegraph, show the drift of the workday thought of the age. The immense sale of books crammed with facts, the decrease in the sale of those which are merely theoretical, shows our peculiar character. The metaphysician leaves his manuscript and takes up the spade, for the simple reason that he can see the result of each distinct effort. The community carries a slate with it; it trusts no man: it conceives a daring enterprise, it pushes into it knowing exactly what it will cost; it builds the Great Eastern, with the hope of doing everything at once; and yet has firm trust in Providence that when everything is done there will be something more to de. This, too, is not more trust; it has all been ciphered out; it has been all proved, over and over again, that it is so. For when the railroad was built, was not the price and value of the horse doubled? Yet who would have thought it? When a machine was made, in Manchester or Lowell, that would do the work of ten men, were not twenty men, in some mysterious way, employed? Yet who would have thought it? Do all you can; when it is done, you will see you have not taken away from the working forces of the world; you have but opened a new gate, through which poor laborers gladly pour to get ten shillings instead of

Action, then, in contradistinction to more thought, is our peculiarity. And so, valuing the tree not because its branches sheltered our fathers, but only for the fruit it produces, the community has just turned its critical glance on the Church: and many a man has thrown his light of thought into the confusion, to see if he could not settle the problem; but in vain. It has tried to measure the length and depth and height and inherent vitality of our religious system. In the true spirit of Protestantism, the world asks, to-day, what kind of a power is this religious force? Does it fit this community? Is it in the van of our civilization, denouncing our bad laws, and pointing out new philanthrophies? Is it the General of society, leading on to higher hopes, to nobler aims, to more splendid achievements?

Borry am I, brethren, that this should not be. Sorry am I that this is not a truthful picture. Sure am I that it ought to be a correct portrait, else should I spare you this criticism It sees the religions of the community, as they are, each theory only, and that an old theory, each in itself a logical contradiction of all others.' It finds in them now the same exclusiveness which they had in Puritan times, times in which exclusiveness grow, imperceptibly and almost irrosistibly, out of the hard natures of those piencers, but which is alien to this period. It finds but little harmony, even within the limits of sects. There are a thousand splits running the whole length of the board; there is every shade of thought: there is is there !- there is nowhere a grand bond of union, conveying the united force of all Christian sects, and bringing it to bear, with focal intensity, on some vice or crime in society, till it is burnt out of the system. New Haven has a shade of blue peculiar to itself. It boasts, as it always has, that it alone has the true color of heaven. Prince ton presents a different shade; and yet each would dip you in its own dye, as your preliminary condition of entrance into the favor of God, caring less for your life-that is, for the bulk of your soul-than for the hue of your theology. The Baptist scorns the colors of the heavens, and has chosen as his peculiarity that of the water. Unless you have been thrown into his church-basin, and emerged a true water green, your soul runs a terrible risk. Here, then-for these, brethren, are solemn facts, they

are fearful facts to think of-here are these hundred sects, the spiritual guides of the world, inherently antagonistic Fundamentally fixed, as they profess to be, on the same rock, having, as they profess to have, as their destiny, the same God, they do not sink their differences, and forget their theological speculations, to push up into bold relief their common glorious work, that of regenerating the world, cleansing our prisons and our poor-houses, putting a Godly fear into our halls of legislation and our courts of justice but are ever wasting their precious time in wrangling and boasting, and thus clogging the whole machinery.

I believe that the Church is not doing all it can, nor all it should. I have the utmost confidence in its power. It cannot be destroyed. Society would become centrifugal without it. You cannot take away our church without cutting an artery. There must always be some great national alta around which the community can gather, on which it can place its naked, sinful, and weak heart, praying that it may be clothed upon with rightcousness, that it may be forgiven wife. His friends were assembled, the minister was performing the funeral service, his children wept—he was in the house of death. He followed the corpse to the grave; he heard the earth rumble upon the ceffin, he saw the grave filed, and the green sods covered over it; yet, by some strange power, he could see through the ground the entire form of his wife as she lay in her ceffin.

He looked in the faces of those around him, but he one seemed to notice him; he tried to weep, but the tears refused and strengthened. I have but to touch a father's kind heart.

this necessity, when this altar is built on the wrong foundstion, when it begins to crumble, then should it not be kept pecause our fathers encrificed thereon, but, in the true spirit of reverence, should it be tern down, and a new one built, that will keep the sons worthy of their noble sires. And now, when all systems seem allen, and fall to reach the springs of thought and action, now, amid the confusion, I turn hopefully to that Broad future Church, to that grandly natural religion which shall be the embodiment of the highest spiritual aspirations, and the deepest spiritual wants of the age. A new system must be builded: let us carefully look at the plans and proportions. Let us look critically and anxiously into the history of the Church, and discover, if we may, why it does not now hold the sympathies of the world; that, profiting by the past, we may make the new Church just as strong as the necessities of man, a system weven out of the heart-strings of the race, an ever-active impulse, giving us direction and incentive.

First, then, I ask, what has been the basis of all rolligious systems since Christ? What has been the ba sis thought of our systems? Here we hit against the primal error which has been the fountain out of which has come ineffectual doctrine and preaching. Here we see too, how Protestantism has been untrue to itself, and all insensibly has fallen into the theory of Romanism. Here, oo, we see that the only remedy will be found in the restoration of Protestantism, in its nakedness, to its proper footing That error is, that fearful error is, that the Church, which is or man, is based on direct authority from God. That is, as is not, independent of life. Hence, it is not a natural product of society, as it should be, an over present proof of our wants and of the Being in whom is our trust; but it is, as an institution, a gift of God, demanding of men that they shall put off their natural selves, and put on a new self-hood, one which it shall prescribe. Hence, too, instead of looking through the instincts of the soul, first through the known laws of the human heart, as they have been evolved, by con turies of observation, into the best Book of the world, and, believing that the book fits the want of the spirit, interpreting, then, its great commands, its prophecies, its promises by our cravings and aspirations—the only commentary on the Bible-instead of taking it into the midst of our lives, and pressing it close to our bosoms in our toll and suffering, we have surrounded it with a strange and miserable awe that precludes the possibility of its doing us any good. We have put it afar off, as a tremendous mystery, and then looking through it at human nature, and at Delty, we have stood like a man who looks up through the large end of a spy-glass, and called the infinite distance, a small speck, our God. Yes, by looking thus in human nature, we have discovered an antagonlam-which never was there-which seems to be bern in the soul between a man and his Maker-an antagonism which, if it be true, makes religion a fearful if not a wretched thing, nd which covers the whole of life with gloom.

And there is the Church to-day. It does not pretend to be worldly force, a force that goes hand in hand with our com erce, which sees a temple in a warehouse, which delights does not claim authority on the ground—the only possible oundation of a strong structure—that it represents a noble selping truth, a truth that makes you strong in life and rusting in death, but simply and only upon the ground that it ame from God. It never admits that it is a proper product ion, and therefore demanding to be received; it is rather a great commanding force, having an origin away from the

I will tell you in another way exactly what I mean. No community can exist without a code of civil laws. Society would at once fall back into barbarism, should a sacriligious and be lifted against it. Now what is that code of law is I take it, simply and only an outgrowth from the necessi ties of man. It is built on those elements of character which all have in common. And, since it comes straight from the heart of society, when society changes, as change it must, it too, changes. An old law dies of itself when there is no longer any use for it. A new law is made whenever a new need is recognized. Here, then, are certain principles which are as strong as the world. They have grown out of the world they are based upon the human heart and human experi nce. They can never be broken; they cannot be ignored They run parallel with the development of man in society and they can never be given up until we tread within th

nagic circle of the Millenium. Now the Church has an origin exactly opposite to this and hence the want of respect that is manifested towards it It is not, it does not claim to be, an expression of the spirit ual wants of the people; it does not run parallel with the ils political development. It did not have its origin in his religious nature. It is not a result of the experience of the outside the work which man has ever been doing in civilization, a hard, unyielding, harsh thing, and giving its cold, stern ommands.

I am aware that, of late, our own sect has joined with other ects in the effort to keep the Church on this very basis. I have heard, time and again, this individualism, which is the very germ of Protestantism, and which, carried to its proper extreme, would take away this very authority of the Church, esterday that some man said that our Protestantism will and in infidelity. The Reformation must be carried no further. It has all been a magnificent blunder. Its basis-fact is a falsity; we must retrace our steps, until we get back to hat authority which the Church had when Tetzel sold indulgencies. The sacred right of private opinion, the sanctity and authority of private judgment, which was the pith of the ife and struggles of Luther, are suddenly found to be dan-

Brethren, I confess to believing, with a full faith, in the hought at the root of our Protestantism. I believe in the sanctit, of an honest opinion, and I know no higher guide han the ever-burning light of conscience. I detect the ratchful providence of God in the Sixteenth Century. And, standing, as I do, with both feet ont he glorious privileges and possibilities of this very individualism, I would follow it, a principle, confidently, to the furthest logical extreme. I would tell men to give up their own convictions never, to learken to the voice heard in their own hearts, in preference o loud assertions of the whole world. If once we could fix it as a fact that a man's conscion

as not authority for action under all circumstances, we should throw the machinery of society sadly out of gear. I nive no fear from this tendency. Let each man have his wn alms, and his own sacred thoughts, and his own will. It will throw the Church from its present position-God grant it may—but it will place it on a stronger basis. It canot, it would not, tour down the building. It will compel the priest to put off his gown and speak as a man, to speak ege, and not as a duty. In these better times, we shall lisen. not as now, with the same spirit in which we take med cine, believing to be for our good, knowing it to be disarecable, but as men who know the weakness of their hunanity, and who seek from God help and wisdom. Who does ot know that this has not been the result of our present Church system? Who does not know that that is alien to us? There stands the Church; it says, "I am from God; obey me for this reason; question not." And then, in Euope, on this assertion, it has built the Inquisition, a perfect y legitimate consequence of its theory; while in America o-day, it forgets the claims of our great brotherhood, and re uses to sit at the same table, and from the pulpit consigns to the darkness and dreariness of eternal misery, any man who lares tell them they are wrong.

The only cure is to be found in re-asserting and re-acceptng the whole spirit of Protestantism. To get frightened in he midst of confusion is little use; to patch up our system lovelty. Who does not know that there are but two kinds freligion possible among men? And these two kinds are oposed, root and branch. You cannot modify either of them. You cannot make a new kind of parts of each. You must ecept the one or the other, and go just wherever it shall carwhat has been claimed in these later days-leads to infideliy, and from this monstrous assertion draws the equally nonstrous conclusion that man is not to be trusted to fashion his own creed, but that the Church, clothed with Divine have taken one step in this direction. It makes a very pretty picture, but it runs terribly against the grain of progress. results in an occlesiastical despotism, which depresses the soul's aspirations, and makes the soul the tool of its own ambition. The other kind is that which we profess to enjoy. Its nature is to make men intensely individual, fearing no result. It would place on each a terrible responsibility, and can never be moved. It changes as the people change. Is give him dignity, by reposing in him a large confidence.

Those two systems run, respectively, on the right and on the left; and it is not well—is it?—because infidelity is one concomitant of individuality, and impudence is another, to forget the great clevation which it allows, the grandeur to which it is the impulse, and turn wistfully to itomanism. Protestantism, with all its faults, is an ennobling force. 16 may seem rough on the outside, but underneath the dust that covers it is the pure diamond. It may cause, from time to time, a religious convulsion; like that from which we are suffering; yet trust it, for men shall come out atronger than ever. Trust it to-day, in the midst of our tumult; go not one stop toward Remanism; to-morrow there shall be a peace. A pure religion shall come out of this confusiononly the dress shall fall-the religion of good words and good thoughts, and good deeds. If we take one step, we must take the rest. If we introduce a Liturgy, the door is opened; and form after form will come in logically, until at last, we shall have Romanism with us, in a thousand diluted forms.

Place these two systems side by side; let them ron parallel for two hundred years. There-upon the North-is the magnificent religion of ferm and sacrifice. It is a structure not claiming to be part of our civilization; it is in itself Divine; it has a right to command. Its ministers are but the mouthpieces of God, as the Roman priests always have been. There itis; look at it carefully. Who of you cannot see at once that its logical tendency is both to ignorance and despotism on the part of its priesthood? Instead of watching the religious interests of the times, instead of dissecting with the scalpel of a sharp criticism the institutions of the period, an institution it is outside of, and it pretends to be, while it instead of examining all the political as well as the spiritual. forces of the world, instead of keeping just beyond the age, and, with the selemnity which gathers round such a grand! mission, warning the people of their sins, they have alwaysread the page of history—they have always scorned the common routine of dull life, clung to the Divine authority of their office, and at last degenerated into careless and capriclous men. Look at the priest of Europe to-day. He is the legitimate result of the system. Scarcely over will you find him full of patriotism, a lover of liberty, an independent' man, with a mind comprehensive in its grasp, and a heart open togthe miseries of his people. And he is thus, simply because he is not one of society, because his system beongs not to society.

Another inevitable result is that the theology and religion' of the Church cannot be progressive. They cannot be progressive. They cannot keep pace with society, because they have once been fixed by God. They cannot change to fit circumstances, for the same reason. The Quaker once made this assertion—but he has since gradually receded from itthat a truth is the same truth at all times, and that when there is a truth given, there is no such thing as progress. But the experience of man has told us that the truths of one age are the falsities of another. We get held of no absolute truths. Science, too, has not been slow in showing us that: as new laws are discovered, throwing new light on our conceptions of the character of God, and giving us a new standpoint, from which to view the whole code of duty, so is it as necessity of theology and religion, if they would exert their n political reform because all men are lifted up thereby. It hely influences in all ages and under all circumstances, to be of such a nature, in all times, as to admit of this change which comes through superior knowledge and suddenly inoreasing energy.

This, it appears to me, is the inevitable consequence of giving to the Charch the Divine authority which Romanism has of society, that it has grown out of, and naturally, from the given to it, and which Protestantism in these days is trying religious nature unfolding itself in the progress of civilization to give to it—a priesthood, secure in their power, unambitlous, and degenerating into an ignorant, tyrannical body. We may not be so now-we, as a body of ministers, may not be so now; but putting your hand upon the handle of that door is like putting a deadly poison on your tongue-you may swallow it and you are dead. A theology and a religion not peculiar outgrowth from the highest religious interests of a given period, but always the same unbending creed, making true life one thing and religion another, calling men out of life into religion, instead of uniting the two as the only means of making something beautiful out of our seventy years. 100

Brothren, I would not leave the subject here for anything.

I have attempted to tear down. Now do you ask me how I would build? Do you ask me if I would give no Divine authority to the Church? I think that Protestantism-not such as that which now we have-carried to its extreme, making all men individuals, will make the Church more Divine, and give to it a greater authority, than it has ever yet had. Beause we are now in a transition state, a state easily seen through, fraught with some change, but with more hopes, we should not hesitate, and look wistfully back. Let me explain the nature and ultimate results of the noblest Protestantism, as it ought to be, and as it shall be some day. It embraces that idea for which I would contend with my whole might. that idea which sects are not willing to trust, that the spiritual development of man, as civil law runs parallel with | Church, as a part of society, is an expression-just as much as a code of law is of its political necessities-of its purest aspirations; well-founded only because men are always in need of race. But, heeding never the experience of men, it stood help; not held down by God, but protected and sustained by the acknowledged wants of the whole race. It should say to each soul, "You have come from the Everlasting, and the Everlasting is always above you; none can suffer for you, none laugh for you, none can do your work. In your own arm is the requisite power, in your own heart is the needed love, in: your own brain is the proper wisdom. Believe, love, do, the highest things which are in your power. Rely on your simple self, and on God." This is the language of the highest denounced as fatal to a high religious life. Aye, it was but and noblest Protestantism; it is the language of individualism, too, carried out to its ultimate logical extreme Now what will be some of the results? It seems to me that

if we attempt this, the first result will be that the Christian Church and religion will have its only true foundation. As the world arranges a code of civil law because it is a first necessity to progressive society, changing that code-mark this-changing that code as the necessities of the people change, thus fixing law on the firm basis of the whole people's needs, thus making it a natural and irresistible outgrowth from the very life of society, so would I build religion; and so would I be sure that it could never die out of the world. It should come naturally out of the spiritual wants of the whole people. God's sacred word I would look at through my experience, through my tours and through my smiles, when my shoulder was bent with the burden, and when I stand erect and look upward to thank God for some joy. I would read its great principles, and I would interpret them by means of the known laws of my soul. If I could not interpret them by these laws, I would leave it as a mystery; I would not obey anything which I could not see through. I would have my spirit go to it from its struggles and its trials, from its wants and its possessions, and then only would I read that Bible aright. Thus alone would it be to me more than something out of which a Church system has been built. It would be a commentary on my own soul. and my own soul would be the truest commentary on the Word of God. I would have the people's religion represent the highest

spiritual hopes of the people themselves. You need not fear, too much license. No man takes the trouble to contradict on the authority of truth only, to deal with the religious innot more from a natural desire in themselves than from the unnaturalness of the religion of the world. It is not satisfied, and they have rushed to the other extreme. But take away our more forms, take down our stiffness, and coldness, and uncharitableness, not to say unmauliness, and put the corner stone of the new Church on the simple instincts which are in all hearts alike, on our yearnings, on our aspirations, on our lives. Let it deal with those mysterious voids which at some times all men experience, and of that dark future whose curtain at some times all men have tried to tear away, and you make the Church an artery in the societary system. Let it be a religion which takes hold of the father's heart and the mother's love, and weaves them together into one noble fabric. Let it be a religion which goes with the father into the midst of his hard and tollsome life, supporting him; let it go with the mother as she weeps over the dying infant. And then it is a religion without which we cannot live and without which we cannot die, and not an ornament, but a necessity. The mind may cover up olth a ritual is little use. That will have only the charm of its desire for the next world, and make the Atheist, but you cannot fill it up. There will be a void somewhere in the life, a restlessness which will be satisfied only with this idea. The mind of man, I have often thought, is like a mosaic; his commerce may fill one corner with a beautiful design, his art may fill another, and his literature a third; but all the pieces ry you. The one-here it is upon our right-is that which are loose, and you can easily displace them, until the last Rome has always had, which claims that individuality-just corner is filled, and tightly, too, with the idea of some invisible Being, at once a cause and a father. There is a corner, too, in each man's heart, for a devotion which nothing in this world can call out, which irresistibly goes out to something stronger than earthly things, wiser than earthly beings, more lower, is to do this thing for him. And, to-day, some of us loving than the closest friend. Religion is not a something put into the soul by a crafty priesthood, neither is it a matter of inheritance. It is as much a faculty inherent in all human nature as to think or to love is.

When, then, I say that our institution ought to grow out of and rest on the common religious wants of the whole community, I place that religion on a foundation from which it has first in its catalogue, the idea of one eternal and everlast?

vorite one, is that there is a communion between this heart | the moral principles as an "inherent part" of them. er in our ecason of trouble.

who want to pray. Let them pray from their life. Let them him into his business; let there be no mystery about it, but Great First Cause;" one open space between him and Heaven. Here he is, want-

nature to glorious achievements; we dedicate it to those wants which lift us above ourselves and make us more than men. Brethren, I think when we have such a Church as this, simple and not mysterious, an electrical battery in the midst of life, shall we feel that religion is a necessity in every day, one in every hour, something that accompanies youth in his youthfulness, guiding and giving hope, something that is with the man in his manhood, something that sits beside the old man in his age, and lifts his eyes, above the presentfor the future is all before him. This is the NEW Chunch which I would build for you, that you may be moved by it to become better men and better women, better fathers and better mothers.

Written for the Banner of Light. PRINCIPLES AND LAWS. Reply to H. Clay Preuss. BY PROP. PAYTON SPENCE, M. D.

It appears that, in my article on Principles and Laws, have not made myself clearly understood, oven to as acute and logical a mind as that of Mr. H. Clay Preuss, who has published a review of it in the BANNER of Oct. 8th. An au swer to the courteous criticism of Mr. Prouss, will enable me to explain myself more fully; and as his review is a very searching one, and one that is suggestive of thought, a reply to it will not only give me an opportunity of vindicating myself but also of amplifying and explaining what I may have left obscure, in a way which, I hope, will be interesting to the general reader. In my reply, I shall pursue the plan of first quoting a passage from P.'s article, and then stating wherein I have been misunderstood, and wherein I differ from him.

"Dr. Spence makes a distinction between laws and principles, the confounding or which occasions, he thinks, much ambiguity in the teachings of reformers."

I said that "a clear explanation of that difference would as sist them and others to clearer conceptions on the subject, and to that accuracy in the use of words which adds so much to the power of written or spoken thought, and to the elegance of the style in which it is expressed."

"Now as I," says P., "take cognizance of a principle only through its law, or manifestation, this distinction between law and principle might appear, to a philosophical mind, a mere 'splitting of hairs;' and I cannot perceive what ambigu ity would arise from its non-observance."

There are such things as attraction, chemical affinity, love, &c., which are called principles. Principle is the general name, while attraction, chemical affinity, love, &c., are the specific names; and each of these principles has its method, or law. It is obvious that each of these different things reexpress their method; otherwise our language would fall short of our ideas. Furthermore: a distinct perception of the difference between principles and laws, naturally induces a persistent, uniform use of the same word to express the same thing, and a dillerent word for each different thing. Now, as I said, "this accuracy in the use of words adds to the power of written or spoken thought, and to the elegance of style:" because it presents the ideas and conceptions of the mind Egypt was in the full tide of her civilization, and when she, just as they are, with all their different parts distinctly repesented, and their relations clearly defined; and, also, because the meaning of the words used being fixed and definite. the reader or the hearer is not compelled to stop and translate the words, as it were, or to determine whether here they mean this thing and there the other thing. This is what would be gained by clearly establishing the difference between principles and laws, and by always using the word "principle," when we mean a power, and the word "law." when we mean the method of a principle; and it is evident that P., by the very observance of the distinction which I had pointed out, has added to the power and clearness of his own remarks; and that if he had neglected this distinction, or if he had used the words "law" and "principle" in an uncertain, indiscriminate way, his article would have fallen far short of its present force and elegance of style.

"Dr. S. further assumes that principle makes law, and no law principle."

I assumed neither; though it is evident that law does not make principle; and it is equally evident that principle does not make law. My statement was this: "Many persons suppose that law is a thing which overrules the principle, and Pharach Menephthes of the nineteenth dynasty. compels it to do the thing which is ordained by the lawthat the law is superior to the principle. We shall see the it is not so." In the illustrations which I presented to prove "that it is not so," I used expressions which show that I hold the same opinion about the relation of law and principle that P. does, when he says, "law pre-exists as an inherent part of principle-independent of the subsequent action of the principle—neither creating the other, but both originating simultaneously from the Great Pirst Cause." I said in substance, the same, when I used the following language in reference to the vital principle: "Such is the nature of the principle within itself, that its method always has been, and always will be, the reproduction of the same species from the same;" and the following language, in speaking of man's passions: "But the spontaneous principles, with their eternal methods, are within him." I therefore deem the principle and its law co-existent-neither creating the other.

"Assuming that principles make their own laws," [I neither assumed it, nor do I believe it,] "the doctor proceeds to say, in substance, that principles require no external legislation, directions, or formula, either by man or God, but are to be left to their own free, spontaneous development; and hence the absurdity of the Decalogue; that is to say," &c., &c., "This is a bold proposition," &c.

I freely admit, that, in endeavoring to throw a strong light upon an error, I have used a form of expression which does not fully convey my own opinions upon a very important point, which, however, was not the point before me at the time, that is, the development of principles. That form of expression, as interpreted by P., I have no disposition to defend; yet I believe that the spirit of my remarks-which the above extract from P. falls far short of giving-is sufficiently manifest: and I am sure it is entirely defensible. The point before me, at that time, was this-that it is unphilosophical to conceive of God, or represent him as giving external, oral, or written commands, or moral laws to man." I made it a question as to God's method of action; contending that that method should be the same in the moral world that it is in all other departments where principles are concerned, and that is, to make the law and the principle inseparable-in P.'s own language, to make "the law an inherent part of the principle." Therefore I did not say "the Decalogue is absurd;" for I believe that it is as free from absurdity as most other statute books, which it resembles in being made by man, not by God; but I said that it is "unphilosophical" to represent God as putting the law upon stone, or upon paper. when his method (or nature's) is to put the law within the principle, and, in P.'s language, "originating both simultancously," Such is God, or nature's method of making laws; nor can I find a single law of a single principle which either God or nature has put upon the outside—they are all inside, of the principle; but all the outside laws which I discover, I trace to man; he is the maker of external laws,

When I endeavor to reach the spirit of P.'s criticism upon this point, it seems to be this, that I have either contended in believing that the negative necessarily implies its affirmathat principles can be developed without any outside influ- tive. Men believe they are moral, because they keep the ences; or else, if I admit that principles need outside influences to develop them, then I ought not to have said that it is unphilosophical to represent God as making an external formula the Decalogue for the development of man's moral

principles., With regard to the first part of the dilemma, I agree with P. that it is a "very bold proposition;" but it is not mine, consequently I caunot defend it. Each separate principle has all other principles, and their methods, outside of it, to react upon it and develop it; and, hence, I duly appreciate the influence of the "reasoning faculties" upon the mora principles; but, at the same time, I see the necessity of not confounding the devices of man's "reasoning faculties" with God, or nature's methods, as manifested in man's moral

ing God. One who is not afar off in the distance, but One who I and appliances which man's intellect, may deem it necessary is close to each seeking heart, One who sees every aspira- and expedient to throw around the dormant moral nature to tion, and reads every error. Its next idea, and the most fa- develop it, with the laws implanted by God, or nature, in

and that God, that in the time of our trouble we can go to Admitting, then, as I do, that principles cannot be develfilm, that Hola necessary to our success, that Ho is our help- oped without outside influences, I would say, in reply to the second part of the above dilemma, that I maintained, and do Then, here is God, and here is the human race; there is still maintain, that it is in his included to represent God as the helping Vather, here are the men who need help, and making an external formula the Decalogue for the development of man's moral principles, because it is inconsistent pray when they study out God in the petrified frog, in the with all our philosophy-with all our knowledge of God's (or play which they study out God in the potentiale, in the flow- nature's) method in all the departments of nature wherein or. Lot them feel that its is there above them, that they are principles are concerned—that incited always consisting (in looking upon something greater, and nobler, and higher, and P.'s own language) in making the law "an inherent part of purer, than themselves. Let the man carry that idea with the principle-both originating simultaneously from the

one open space between him and Heaven. Here he is, wanting God; there God is, wanting him.

And then we build the Church; we dedicate it to that
Eternal Being, to those great principles which arouse human
nature to glorious achievements; we dedicate it to those

"The dectrine of direct, personal communication from the Infinite Creator," is one of the doctrines which I think ought to be discarded; and the tendency of my remarks was to show that the laws, or methods of principles, are not personal communications from an Infinite Creator; but that his method (or nature's method) is to make the laws of a principle "an inherent part of the principle-neither creating the other but both originating simultaneously from the great First Cause," (or nature,) and, therefore, that all subsequent external, verbal expressions, or representatives, or conceptions of those laws, whether correct or incorrect, are the works of man. Therefore, be the Decalogue one of the lowest, or one of the highest expressions of man's conceptions of moral aws, it must " stand on its own intrinsic truth," or fulsity, to be criticised and judged, approved or condemned, as freely as we would any other product of man's mind, or of the mind of a spirit, upon a high or a low plane, and not to be reverenced as a personal communication from God. The moment we receive the Decalogue as a personal communication from the Infinite, there is, in our mind, an end to all criticism, and we no longer feel free to investigate its merits Furthermore: it will be remembered that my criticism of the Decalogue had no reference to the question as to whether it is or is not a good formula, calculated to facilitate the development of "moral principles which are undeveloped, vague and indefinite:" but I endeavored to show, in addition to the Decalogue's not being a personal communication from God, that its negative commandments are, furthermore, not verbal representatives, or expressions of the methods of moral principles, because the methods of principles are not negative, but positive-positive action-and because a principle cannot manifest itself by a negative, or by abstaining from action; for that would be the same as no action at all-no manifestation of itself. If the vital principle invariably manifests itself, throughout the animal and vegetable kingdoms. by making "like produce like," we learn, thus far, its law, or method; but if the vital principle did neither that positive thing, nor any other positive thing, then its existence would be negative, or the same as no existence at all.

"Moses-whether deriving his laws direct from God, or through angelic mediumship, or even his own mind—had a clearer view," &c.

I have already given my reasons for not believing that Moses "derived his laws direct from God." I am willing to admit that it is possible that those laws may have emanated from Moses's "ewn mind;" for there is nothing in them which is superhuman, or above man's capacity to produce, I am also willing to admit that it is possible that he may have received those laws "through angelic mediumship;" yet I do not see the nocessity of our tracing the Decalogue to guires a word to express it—a specific name for each princieither of those extraordinary sources. If he receives it from ple, a general name which includes them all, and a word to spirits, that would of course be extraordinary—out of the ordinary course of events; and if he produced the whole Decalogue out of his own mind, without any assistance from minds in the body, it would be extraordinary for two reasons -first because human codes, like everything else, grow they are the gradual aggregations of ages—no one mind doing all, but many minds doing each a little, until a code, or system of laws, is formed; secondly, Moses lived at a time when of course, had the codes, or systems of laws.

When, therefore, this ordinary source of the Decalogue is so obvious. I do not see the necessity of attributing it to either of the extraordinary sources above mentionedis, either to his own mind, or to that of spirits.

The laborious researches of modern times among the monments and records of Egypt, have not yet made us acquainted with the when or the how of her beginning as a nation. Even her wonderful and persistent civilization has not yet been traced to its commencement. But as far back as the most recent explorations have carried us into the history of Egypt, we still see her, in the language of Dr. Mett, "not in childhood, but with the maturity of manhood's age, arrayed in the time-worn habiliments of civilization. Her tombs, her temples, her pyramids, her manners, customs, and arts, all betoken a full grown man. The sculptures of the fourth dynasty—the earliest extant—show that the arts at that day -some thirty-five hundred years before Christ" /more than two thousand years before Moses,)—"had already arrived at a perfection little inferior to that of the eighteenth dynasty. which, until the last few years, was regarded as her Augustan age." Moses led the Jews out of Egypt in the reign of

"He (Moses) perceived that their (the Jews) innate moral sought to direct them by a fixed, definite, external formula." It is one thing to direct or guide a principle, or a people and quite another thing to make a law, or method, of a prin-

"The Jews received that formula in ready faith and obedience, and the action of that formula upon, and its correspon-dence to, their innate moral principles, served the more rap-idly to develop those principles."

"The innate moral principles in man are more or less acilitated in their growth by the external guidance of the ceasoning faculties."

All that is very true, and still it is also true that the Decalogue, the "external formula," and the external appliances of the "reasoning faculties." whatever they may be, are not moral laws, or the methods of moral principles, but are only the means which "serve the more rapidly to develon the moral principles," and to "facilitate their growth." so that they may make manifest their own methods-their own innate laws, which are positive, not negative. It is necessary, therefore, to discriminate between the external appliances, and the internal result produced by them. While making this distinction, however, I am sure that I can freely go as far as my friend, Mr. Preuss, in advocating the necessity of bringing to bear, upon the moral powers of man everything in the whole arcana of nature which is capable of reaching those powers as an inspiration, and arousing them into active growth and full exercise. I do also freely admit, that there are times and conditions when it is necessary to throw the restraints of an arbitrary law and an external formula around individuals and nations; not because the inaction, which that restraint may cause, is positive morality; but because that inaction is preferable to the destruction of the individual, society, or the race, or the great damage which might otherwise befall them; and also, because such occasional arrests of powers, which in their extreme action consume and destroy, are suggestive of thought: they raise the question, "Why this restraint?" and the answer of the intellect. "Because there is a botter thing to be done," throws an influence upon the moral principles which awaken them into life and action; and that life is the more easily awakened, and that action is the more easily continued while the other powers, which would give quite another action and quite another life, are dormant,

"In regard to Dr. Spence's objection to designate the Decalogue a moral code, because of its negative character, it might be said that a negative naturally implies its affirma-tive. When a man is bild not to kill and steal, is it not plainly affirmed that he must be homest in so far as the life and property of his fellow creatures are concerned?"

This is precisely the danger of those external, negative commands, and of weighing and measuring man's moral development by such formula. The error and the danger is commandments of the Decalegue; and so long as they observe the formula with that belief, it ceases, in a great degree to be suggestive to their higher powers; they are so absorbed and occupied with the not doing, that it rarely occurs to them that they ought to be absorbed and occupied in doing.

It appears to me that Mr. Preuss has deceived himself by substituting one grammatical form of expression for another In the following question: "When a man is told not to kill and steal, is it not plainly affirmed that he must be honest in so far as the life and property of his fellow man is concerned?" All negative forms of expression may be thus translated, as it were, into affirmatives which shall mean the same thing, and this is what P. has done. But when a man is told not to kill and steal, it is not affirmed that he ought to powers—of not confounding the "outside formula," means love anybody, or anything; and hence it is not affirmed that

extended meaning of the torm, "when a man is told not to with? kill and steal," it is not necessarily affirmed that he must be If thi on cautious, or too conscientious, or that he must esteem others, to kill and steal; for it is ordent that he may abstain rom killing from a deficiency of that power which in its action destroys, and that he may abstain from stealing from a deficiency of that power which, in its action, appropriates to self.

> Written for the Banner of Light. DRURY.

BY AUGUSTA M. KIMBALL. 'T was such a morn as this when last we met;

The autumn sunlight crowned the regal bills, But the green tracks of summer lingered yet By woodland fountains and by valley rills; Day's early robe swung through the breezy air, And all seemed good and gloriously fulr.

The flush of boyhood scarce had left his cheek: But in the varying hazel of his eye,

Where light and shadow played at hide and seek. I read the pure resolve and purpose high: Hope opened wide for him Life's shining door, And spread her wings the untried paths before

'T was here we met; where the o'er burdened bough Had cast her golden frultage to the ground, And dying leaves were falling then, as now,

With wayward course, this orchard path around: While you proud clm, whose verdant crown had paled, Through the soft air her fading tresses trailed.

Ten times has spring blew gales of sweet perfume, · O'er sloping hill, and valo, and shady grot; Ton times has summer, with a richer bloom, Clothed in now beauty all this hallowed spot, And, blushing came our landscape to adorn With fragrant gifts, since that remembered morn.

The earth looks yet the same; her form yet dressed In varied robes, which Nature's hands arrange: Time's finger on my brow has lightly pressed, Yet in my heart, I feel a deeper change; I've found a thorn the resiest paths along And know there 's discord in Life's sweetest song.

But where is he, the friend of childhood years, Whose memory makes this path seem hely ground? Oh. they who told me have not seen my tears ! In Southern vales there is a grassy mound: There selest light should fall, and zephyrs breathe Their sweetest songs, for Drury sleeps beneath.

Death chose that shining mark, when manhood's dawn Lighted a darker beauty in his eye; Just as his life a fairer hue put on

He calmly bowed his beauteous head to die: With white bands folded on his heaving breast, A spirit-mother lulled his heart to rest, Far from his boyhood home they made his grave:

Not in the deep green country's quiet breast, Where roses swing, and drooping branches wave Their cooling shadows o'er his early rest; But where the throng sweeps by with hurried tread. They laid him in a city of the dead.

And now I grieve, that stranger ears alone Heard the last words his failing tongue could speak; That no kind hand from this dear mountain home Was there, to wipe the death-damp from his cheek; Oh, fain would I have followed that lone bier, Kissed his high brow and dropped the mourner's tear.

Now, when the summer, with a rosy crown, Brings richer beauty to the vernal land, When woody glens with Naturo's songs resound. And forest verdure bows to breezes bland,

Is there no dweller in those Southern bowers, To seek his grave and garland it with flowers? Within my heart he lives; and oft in dreams I fancy that he seeks me here below; I see a brow crowned with celestial beams.

I hear the voice I heard ten years ago; And 't is a thought that makes Life's journey dear, That he is sent to guard my footsteps here. Croyden, N. H., Oct. 4th, 1859.

AN ADDRESS To the People of the United States in Behalf of the Indians.

In the progress of the settlements of our territories, a crisis reached, which demands national attention. The survey of different routes to the Pacific, and the discovery of gold. both east and west or the Rocky Mountains, has brought our people to the knowledge and occupancy of every fertile valley; in consequence of which numerous tribes of Indiana. who had heretofore lived in comparative peace and plenty, that unless wise and adequate means are taken to provide for them, several of the finest tribes of the Aberiginal race upon this Continent will soon become extinct.

It is no satisfaction to the humane and Christian mind to ny, that these people are destined to PERISH, and that, there ore, we may leave them to their fate. For it is felt that, as a nation, we are responsible to-day for the sympathy and proection which they need to-day, irrespective of what may be heir circumstances to-morrow. And hence, there is no more ustice in being indifferent to the well-being of our Indian neighbors, on account of their supposed destiny, than there yould be to disregard the comfort of the sick and the aged among us, whose destiny is also soon to pass away. I am ling resolves were adopted by the meeting:—

among us, whose destiny is also soon to pass away. I am aware that many conscientious and benevolent Christians lament the Indian's fate, and have really thought that it was owing to an inability for improvement, or, as it is said, a tendency to fade away "with the Buffalo and the forest."

But such should remember that it is through the persistent labor of the axe-man and the hunter, that these disappear, and if the continuous existence of forests and buffaloes are indeed necessary for the Indians, then it is only necessary to preserve a propor amount for their subsistence, during a transition state from the savage to the civilized condition.

But facts demonstrate that forests and buffalos are no more necessary to the Indian than they are for the white man, and that, when they are treated with common civility and with the common sense which is exercised toward the trees and squirrels, in the Parks of Philadelphia or on Boston Common, they live and flourish, surrounded by civilization, just as naturally as they. That the Indians are capable of advancement, we have the meeting:

**Resolved, That there is neither necessity nor justice in excluding the Indians on our Western Frontier, from public symplaty and from the protection of Civil Law;

**Thirdform, Resolved, That a Committee of seven be appointed by this meeting, whose duty shall be to use the cluding the Indians of riendship, and to use the meeting. This department of the desiration of their necessity nersities in excluding the Indians of condition.

Resolved, That there is neither necessity nor justice in excluding the Indians on our Western Frontier, from public symplates on the Indians of reindship, and to use the necessary to have a substant the said at the Indians of lendship, and to all in getting up a series of Mass Meetings in various cities, and as seon as practicable, convene a National Convention, which shall discuss the details for an improved retails of the committee, to be presented for the Action of Consensary to the Indian Parks of Philad

the Indian, but of HUMAN nature. For let the most vigorous and progressive community under heaven, be cut off from sympathy and honorable commerce with the whole world, and at the same time be victimized by overwhelming numbers for lustful purposes, and then cast off as nuisances, un- to in the resolutions-Edward Everett, Wendell Phillips, H. worthy to live, it would soon fade and perish from the earth. K. W. Perkins, John Beeson, Rev. A. A. Miner, Rev. Dr. Let us not wonder then at the disappearance of the undevel- Lothrop, Wm. H. Pillow. oped children of nature, in regard to whom this treatment is

not a supposition, but a pace. It is true that devoted men have worn out their lives in Mrs. Payne, of Leicester, Vt., formerly Miss Laird, of Stock-missionary effort, and the country has spent millions estensionally to Ohristianize the Indians. But, the well-known law one evening sitting by the side of a lightestand, began to hear missionary effort, and the country has spent minions ostensis by to Christianize the Indians. But, the well-known law one ovening sitting by the side of a lightestand, began to hear one with the stream cannot rise above its source, is potent in morals as well as in hydraulics. And honce Christian dectrine, at whatever cost or faithfulness it is presented to the Indian, unless it is accompanied with Christian conditions, will be forever useless. Who does not see the impossibility to save and elevate our frontier Indian, while the superabounding influences are to debauch and destroy them; and who does not see the equal impossibility of a romedy for this state of things, so long as the action of both the government and the church, is based upon the paralyzing sentiment which affirms that "destiny" or God wills that they should perish. I dwell upon this point; its vital importance to our own people will be perceived by the consideration of the superior condition which the public morals would attain with a prevailing sentiment, the reverse of that which we have bly to Christianize the Indians. But, the well-known law prevailing sentiment, the reverse of that which we have named. If, for instance, the life-inspiring words that "God wills all men to be saven," that progression and not annihilation is His law for man, and that the march of civilization of a great nation like ours, should be characterized by \$3,00. "Also, Healing by the laying on of hands. Sm Oct. 1.

he ought to have moral powers for there is no moral power the diffusion of prace and good-will unto all with whom is without love. It is possible that P. may give the word comes in contact-I say if these were the permeating south-'moral" a more extended meaning than I have done, and | ments of our people, and young Americans, under these influembrace, under that term, the powers denominated Caution, | ences, went forth as saviours and enlighteners of the Aberigicli-esteem, Love of Approbation, Conscientiousness, etc., by inal race, who does not see how much more nobly we should the phrenologist; if eo, I shall not object; yet oven in that fill the mission which God and nature has entrusted us

If this view is correct, let the intellect and the conscience of the whole nation espouse it; let the pulpit and the press ilmself too much, or be too solicitous of the good opinion of give it publicity, and let all be encouraged with the fact, that in spite of existing wrongs and serious failures, there is hope

Our pligrim fathers know nothing of stenmers and tolegraphs, and were as much averso to the fulth of Bantlats and Quakers, as they were to that of the Indian. But now we see the wires, like cords of sympathy, stretched from pole to pole, and while thought responds to thought, the great heart of the world yearns for brotherhood and love.

The practical questions before us, are these. Shall we do justice to the remnants of the Aberigines, and thus cultivate its predominance between the races, by the acknowledgment of mutual rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness? Shall we, for this purpose, appropriate and held sacredly for their use a territory which, for extent and adaptation, will be worthy of our nation to give and of the Indian tribes to recelva?

Let us realize that though the Indians have not the arts and science which we possess, they are nevertheless ambitious for honorable existence, and if there is any obligation in Divine law or religious principle, we are morally bound to secure for them the enjoyment of this right :-

1st. By allotting to them an ample territory which shall be absolutely and exclusively theirs, within which they may exercise religious and political freedom without molestation. But at the same time we are bound to give them all the facilities for improvements and aid in the development of their resources which their circumstances require. This would include assistance in making permanent locations, and the laving out of roads—the establishment of schools upon a plan adapted to their nature-also the necessary encouragement to attain the arts and sciences, and to practice agriculture and general commerce.

We can do all this much easier than we can convert the Japanese or Asiatics, and we can do it at a less cost than is required to support the present system of Indian agoncles and forts, and standing armies, and frequent wars: for we should not only save the lives and property of our citizens, the deterioration of morals, and the waste of public funds, but we should change hundreds of thousands of enemies into friends, and cause them to become a source of wealth and strength to the country, instead of as at present, a cause of loss and weakness.

And there should be no objection to this on account of what has passed, for if the Indians have been severe in their revenge, they have not been more so than others, with far less provocation, and though they are called "savages," yet it is affirmed by high authority, that as a race they are remarkable for their hospitality to strangers, and for their fidelity to friends. That they have never been first to break a treaty, have never shed a drop of Quaker blood.

We owe the Indian race a kind and respectful recognition as the progenitors of Randolph and Jefferson, and for the heroism and love of liberty which it holds in common with our own race, as well as for the historic associations which inseparably link the two together.

We are, therefore, bound by the respect which we owe to ourselves-to the age-and to posterity, to transmit, not mere relics and records of a race extinct, but a living, thrifty community of the people from whom we have derived a Conti-

In our engraved map we have an exhibit of the Territories out of which this should be done, before any more States are set of FIt will be seen by it, that since the treaty was made a few years are, by which the Indians were to have the absolute possession of the country west of the Mississippi, a whole tier of States, stretching West and South of that river and round the Western slope of the Pacific coast, has been taken from them. We see, also, Kansas and Washington territories almost meeting over the Rocky Mountains, and already governments are organized in the Territories of Dacotah, Nebrasks, Utah, New Mexico, and Arizonia, and arrangements are in operation to divide them into States, so that now there is really no acknowledged Indian Territory West of the Mississippi, except the space between Kansas and Texas; and even this is being encroached upon, and under present circumstance, there is no reason to believe that the Indians are more secure there than they have been in other sections from whence they have been driven. The fertile valleys of Oregon. California, Arizonia and Washington, teeming with exhaustless treasures of mineral wealth, are all monopolized by our people: while the tribes who occupied them, some of whom are distinguished for their industry, and would grace any community in the country, for their intellectual and moral worth, are driven away homeless to starve upon the mountains; and the saying is heard, that "ue must either feed or kill the savages." Thus they are made paupers and vagabonds, and then held up as "savages to be fed or killed" by those who have outraged them. Every reflecting mind will see that such treatment is unjust and unworthy the sanction of our people, and cannot be persisted in without a total departure from all moral principle, and from that "righteourness which exalteth a nation." Let the tongue and pen of every lover of justice respond to this appeal, and a year will not roll round,another fourth of July will not be celebrated, but with the participation of the red men with the white, in a common boritage of Freedom and Peace.

In furtherance of these views, a series of mass meetings vill be held in various cities, to ultimate in a National Convention for the purpose of considering a plan for the final settlement of the Indians, and all existing difficulties on their account. And it is believed that there is not a true souled American, but will respond to a call in this behalf, and do his best to insure speedy success to the movement.

JOHN BEESON. Yours respectfully, October 6, 1859.

In pursuance to a call, a mass meeting was held in Fancull Hall, Boston, on Monday evening, 10th inst., and the follow-

Resolved. That in furtherance of these objects, the Pastors, generally, attainments which many individuals among them have made, and in the fact that some entire tribes are proving themselves equal to their pale-faced neighbors in the various avecations of civilized life.

The fact of Indians having faded away under the circumstances which they have, is not owing to any poculiarity of the Indian, but of human nature, For let the most vigorous.

Resolved. That in furtherance of these objects, the Pastors, generally, throughout the country, be invited to preach to take up collections, so that the necessities of the Indian and the humanitary demands of the usak," and the humanitary demands of the age may be promptly met.

Resolved. That in furtherance of these objects, the Pastors, generally, throughout the country, be invited to preach to take up collections, so that the necessities of the Indian and the humanitary demands of the usak," and the kind promptly met.

Resolved. That in furtherance of these objects, the Pastors, generally, throughout the country, be invited to preach to take up collections, so that the necessities of the Indian and the humanitary demands of the usak," and the skeep the invited to take up collections, so that the necessities of the usak," and the humanitary demands of the usak," and the kind prepared to take up collections, so that the necessities of the usak," and the humanitary demands of the usak," and the kind prepared to take up collections, so that the necessities of the usak," and the kind prepared to take up collections, so that the necessities of the usak," and the kind prepared to take up collections, so that the necessities of the usak," and the kind prepared to take up collections, so that the necessities of the usak, "Indian and the humanitary demands of the usak," and the kind prepared to take up collections, so that the necessities of the usak, "Indian and the humanitary demands of the usak," and the kind prepared to take up collections, so that the necessities of the us

Association for the promotion of the Gospel among the In-dians and others, as established in the city of Boston, be the acting officers for the purposes herein named.

The following named gentlemen are the committee alluded

Test Rappings.

LECTUREUS.

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. Easypie copies sont

MISS EMMA HARDINGS will lecture in Memphis during November. Address, care of J. E. Chadwick, Eq., Memphis, Tennessee. December, in New Orleans; part of January in Georgia, returning to the East in Clucinnati in March, 1860. Applications for lectures in the South to be sent in as speedily as passible to the above address, or 8 Fourth Avenue, New

WARREN CHASE lectures in Mariboro', Mass. Oct. 80th; Natick, Nov. 6th; Nowburyport, Nov. 18th; Marbiohead, Nov. 20th; Plymouth, Nov. 27th. He may be addressed as

Join H. Randall will answer calls to lecture in the Western part of New York State, on subjects connected with the Harmonial Philosophy, during the month of October. His address will be, till further notice, in the care of Dr. H. M. Dunbar Pen Yan, Yates Co., N. Y. N. FRANK WHITE will lecture in Boston, Oct. 30th; Lowell, Mass., Nov. 6th and 13th; Portland, Mo., Nov. 20th and 27th; will spend the month of December in Maine. Calls for vacant Sundays or week evenings will be attended

addressed as above. H. P. FARIFIELD, Will speak in Stafford, Conn., Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings, Oct. 26th, 27th and 28th. Also, in Myetic, Conn., Sunday, Oct. 30th.

ANNA M. MIDDLEBROOK will lecture in Taunton, Mass. Nov. 18th, 20th and 27th; in Providence, Dec. 18th and 27th; in Providence, Dec. 18th and 25th and 18th and 18th Applications for week evenings will be attended to. Address, Box 422, Bridgeport, Gonn.

CHARLES W. Bundess, Inspirational Speaker, will lecture in Putnam, Conn., Oct. 26th and 27th. Address him at Box 22, West Killingly, Conn.

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MISS SARAH A. MAGOUN, No. 33 Winter street, East Cambridge, Mass.
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W. K. RIPLEY, 10 Green street, care of B. DanforthMISS M. MUNSON, care of Dr. H. T. Child, 510 Arch street,
Philadelphia, Pa.
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HENRY WARD BEECHER

PLYMOUTH CHURCH, BROOKLYH, N. Y.

Sunday Evening, Oct. 16th, 1859.

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

Taxy,-"Yo are God's husbandry."-1 Con. III, 0. Bo large, and various are apiritual truths, that they cannot be fully expressed by any one formula of words, nor by any single illustration. Repetition, in endless varieties, therefore, is the method of instruction in the Biblo. One class of natural objects gives one shade of truth; another class adds to it something else; and, by turning truths round and round, and varying the illustration, there is some approximation to the whole truth. But, at best, it is only an approximation. An exhaustive statement of even the smallest spiritual truths cannot be made in human language; and if it wore, it could not be received by the human mind. All are obliged, that are well instructed, to say, with Paul himself, in respect to the fullest disclosures. "We know in part, and we prophecy in part; and only whose that state which is perfect shall come, shall we know

as we are known. as we are known."

In the passage which I have selected, the apostle declares that Christians are God's husbandry. He likens the work of grace carried on in the human soul by the Divine grace and power, to the operations of the farmer. In varying my methods of instruction, that you may not be weary, I have thought that I might, perhaps, to-night, without being charged with funcifulness, follow out this figure; and, if I teach no new truths, I may at least attract attention to old ones, which is far better, by an extended analogy-almost

an allegory.

1. Let us apply it in regard to the first condition of the soil—the natural state of the soil, in its wilderness condition. You all know it is not without growths, and not without growths that have some degree of utility. Nevertheless, the natural growths of the soil must give way, before there can be civilized husbandry, Overgrown with forests, the land is, in its native state, choked with underbrush, and cumbered with fallen and choked with underbrush, and cumbered with fallen and decaying materials. The sun is always hidden from its interior. It is apt to be a lair of beasts—a refuge of wolves, and bears, and foxes—of owls, and hawks, and

every uncomely thing.

This is certainly the state of the human soil before religious culture is appled to it. It is eminently so of the barbarous and the heathen nations of the earth. who are gigantically fruitful of growths—but of wild growths, useless, or pernicious, or both. And it is so, in a modified sense, of the thousands of men in Christian communities, who are but externally restrained by Christianity, and whose passions, appetites and habits are wild, gross, and untamed. And this is the condition of all men alike. Though they vary in de-

condition of all men alike. Though they vary in degree of mental resources, as one piece of ground varies from another piece in degree of fertility, yet there is a general sameness between them: they are in a state of wilderness in the beginning.

2. The first step of husbandry is to relieve the soil of these wild growths, and prepare it for tillage. The era is of the ox, in the beginning. A long labor is required, and laborious indeed is the task. One of two ways is usually pursued. One part of the soil is, ordinarily, as it is said, "cut off clean." The trees are felled, and then gathered together and burned, that the ground may be disencumbered and laid open to the sum. But some, for expedition, are only girdled. All connection between the sap at the roots and the top is cut off, by a line of sbarp cuts around girdled. All connection between the sap at the roots and the top is cut off, by a line of sharp cuts around the trees; and so girdled, they will stand and carry the leaves already out through the summer, but will never leave again. When thus they have been left, gradually growing weaker and weaker, and decaying, the very winds help the farmer, by overturning his trees for him, and giving space for the air and sunlight, so that, little by little, more and more ground is susceptible of the play.

little by little, more and more ground is susceptible of the plow.

The first work of religion in the human soul is analogous. It is to cut up the grosser processes of life; it is to destroy the worst forms of men's habits; it is to cleanse them of vices, to rid them of vile associates, to cure them of evil dispositions; it is to drive away all the works of darkness. Many of the things which men practice in an unregenerate state, are, by the power of God's grace at their conversion, cut down peremptorily, and taken out of the way. But there are a great many things that must yet disappear from the human soul, before God's husbandry is completed—things that in the beginning are only girdled. They hold some leaves for a single season; they hold their trunk and branches several seasons, and only little by little are they toppled over, and brought to the ground.

S. When the process is complete—this preliminary

3. When the process is complete—this preliminary process—the pioneer farmer is ready for the next stage, which is that of seed-planting. It is not smooth sward that his plow is now to turn—no mellow field that it is a pleasure to plow; it is rough soil, full of the green atumps of but just disappeared trees. And worse than atumps of but just-disappeared trees. And worse than this, roots are coiled, and netted, and matted all over the ground, and all through it; and the furrow must be shallow; and only in spots can it be made at that, and very imperfect at the best—wretchedly crooked; but yet there is a furrow skimmed through the field, that shall be some sort of refuge for seed. The ground is, at any rate, open to the sun. Every year will bring away more of these decaying stumps; and every plowing will rip up and throw out some of their roots, infixed in the earth; and every wind will bring down some of those tall, great, gaunt, leafless, girdled trees, that yet encumber the soil. It is a very poor show, to be sure; but then, it is a beginning; and that is a good deal in some things. deal in some things.

deal in some things.

And so it is among mon. Their first efforts at goodness are very crooked and shallow, like a man's furnow in a newly plowed piece of ground—hit or n iss, and oftener miss. Indeed, many men compare the dreariness of their first essays in virtue, with the freshness of the wilderness of vice, and grow sad to see how barren and unsatisfactory is their reformation. There are men that look back, and say. When we dwelt as trappers and hunters in the wilderness, there was some comeliness to our wild life, rude though it was; but now that we have essayed regular husbandry. look at now that we have essayed regular husbandry, look at our bleak fields; look at our wretched processes; look how dismal the farm is!" Well, it is dismal!

And so, when men first begin to reform from their grosser passional vices—when the indolent man begins to be industrious and to work; when the drinking man begins to reform and turn to the virtues of temperance; when the obscene and salacious imagination begins to when the obscene and salacious inagination begins to cleanse itself; when men begin to let go of the lower forms of wickedness, and to sow the higher seeds of virtue—when these things take place, it is oftentimes like the sudden taking away of the forest, and the laying open of the soil to the sun. The first crops are very thin, very poor, very unsatisfactory; yet these inciplent steps must be taken if you are going to have a good form by and by

good farm by and by.

4. The good husbandman does not attempt to do all things at once. Having gone thus far, usually the home lot—the place where his house is to be builded—is cleared. There he lays out all his strength. With ronewed industry, he clears away the stones, roots out the stumes and grounders the grounders. the slumps, and smoothes and grades the ground—a little piece, say an acre—where his house is to be. Then next to this, and nearest to his home, lot after lot, ten acre after ten acre, he begins to give a more thorough farming. He begins to get what are called the home-lots into a better condition, letting the outlying ones go with ruder culture. Those nearest the house are first subdued. Every year he puts more and more work upon them, bringing them gradually into a

better and better condition.

So men usually begin to correct their faults, and smoothe down those traits of their character which lie next to themselves, as it were, and which are in the family. The later Christian attainments are, so to speak, outlying yet. There is a little place where they can live, as it were, and avoid the heat. Then one and another habit is attached, and trait after trait is

and another habit is attached, and trait after trait is added. To these, still more is gradually added by experience. And so they enlarge, more and more, every year, their husbandry.

5. Hitherto, only the great staples have been put into the farm—the grains and roots absolutely needed for sustenance. But now, the first work being somewhat advanced, this beginning farmer considers other things. He plans a garden; and not altogether for esculent things either, but for flowers as well. He sets out an orchard. He even considers the claims of beauty; and a door-yard appears. Beds of flowers are seen, and vines begin to twine around the lintels of the door.

the door.

There is a close analogy to this in spiritual life. At first it is a tough, hard fight for life, and men are doubtful how the thing will go. They then begin to reap a higher experience, and to taste some fruits of Christian dispositions. By and by they begin to have times of richer gladness—more liberty, more hope. Prayer grows out of the form of duty into the form of pleasure. God's Word opens like a garden gate, and they walk amidst beds of flowers. They reach up their hands, and pluck down clusters of fruit—richer experiences—the fruits of the spirit. They have an orchard, but it is young yet. Only one or two trees bear at all, and these bear but one or two apples apleod. But these single fruits on the boughs of a solitary tree here and there, are promises and prophets pleasure. God's Word opens like a garden gate, and they make amidst beds of flowers. They reach up their hands, and pluck down clusters of fruit—richer experiences—the fruits of the spirit. They have an orchard, but it is young yet. Only one or two trees bear at all, and these bear but one or two apples aplece. But these single fruits on the boughs of a solltary tree here and there, are promises and prophets of that which is to come; and they look on them with

the spirit of hope, and see not what is, but what soon shall be.

6. But, when a man has gone thus far, and has lelaure, and experience, and confidence, gained from success, he begins, if he be a good husbandman, to take an inventory of his whole place; and he determines that now he will bring in every acre. All outlying lots are to be cleared. Many acres of rocky soil, hitherto neglected till time and means would enable him to bring them into a state of cultivation, must now be subdued. Many low and swampy places hither to unfouched, must be drained. He is able to do it now; he was not before. Besides, he has a plan, now, for his whole farm. He sees it, not as just enough for a livelihood but he sees it as an estate—a thing of beauty as well as profit, to be made symmetrical in every part.

So, eminently, is it with advanced and advancing Christians. After a time many men experience a

So, eminently, is it with advanced and advancing Clustians. After a time many men experience a second conversion, as it seems to them. After they have advanced a certain way, they seem to be broken up anow. They have a sense of the completeness of Christian character. They assail certain states of mind, feelings, habits, inert affections, rugged dispositions—all things that are outlying—with a new zeal. They are aroused to a sense of the largeness of Christian character, and the symplecty of the largeness of th

feet deep, if he be wise; for deep draining, whether in the heart or in the soil, is very excellent, and shallow draining is very poor—better than nothing, but only that. And when he has his land underdrained thoroughly, so that all those stagnant pools, and all those cold and chilling springs that deluge the roots of tender-growing plants are carried away, then he subsolls. Before, he had only skimmed the surface of the ground, sometimes because the roots would not let him go deeper, and sometimes because it was cheaper, and he had not time to do his work more thoroughly. But now, having time and means for the most thorough, culture, he puts down the plow as far as iron can go, and mellows the soil and the subsoil down deep in the earth. Then he begins to select better herbs than he has had before. In the beginning he took whatover he could got, but now he will have only the finer seeds for planting. The old buildings must give way, one by one, to new and better structures, both for his own

iwelling, and the dwellings of his tenants—for he begins to have tenants now.

And just so is it with Christians. As they grow in grace, and as God, the great Husbandman, perfects the work of clearing up and bringing into a condition of complete tillage the human heart, the religious feelset out crab-apple trees in his orchard, and think that lings grow deeper. Many of those causes which obstructed their growth, are now drained and carried off a man should sow that most detestable of all detestable.

important is heart-culture above all earthly interests. And the later periods of Christian experience are by far the most assiduous and the most faithful.

8. There are several points which may be brought in here, miscellaneously, before we pass on to make an application of our subject.

First, we can perceive, from what has been said, the difference between instantaneous beginnings and gradual developments. No man ever suddenly cleared up forty acres of land. A man may begin such a work suddenly. No man ever begun to do a thing without making up his mind to do it. There is an instant of time in which he says, "I will do it." That is instantaneous; but the doing requires a long period.

And so it is in Christian life. No man ever began to be a Christian without a volition; and no

and so it is in Christian life. No man over not to be a Christian without a volition; and no volition was ever anything but a flash—an instantane of chaff. Neither can it make Christian graces out of chaff. Neither can it make Christian graces out of chaff. Neither can it make Christian graces out of worldly affections and worldly estates. There are certain truths that must be held, in substance, at least. The evolution of Christian character is gradual. Many men say, "I do not believe in the idea of a man being all wicked to-day, and all good to-morrow." Neither do II But that does not touch the question at all. Do do 1 But that does not touch the question at all. Do you not believe that a man who to-day gives himself up freely to that which is wicked, may say, to-morrow, "I will, from this time, deny myself of that which is bad, and undertake to be good?" The purpose is changed; that step in the work of reformation is instantaneous; but the thing to be accomplished must be brought about gradually—it must go on through days and weeks, and worthe and even wears before it can be consumed. months, and even years, before it can be consum-

In like manner, we can understand, somewhat, the meaning of succession in Christian experience. We know that, in husbandry, until some things are done, other things cannot be reached. There is an order of nature. There is no such thing as plowing till the forest is cut off; there is no such thing as planting till the plowing has taken place; and there is no such thing as planting till the plowing has taken place; and there is no such thing and measures off the line between himself and one the plowing has taken place; and there is no such thing measures off the line between himself and one the plowing has taken place; and there is no such thing as planting till depressed in the place of the line between himself and one though you may abate the time between one operation In like manner, we can understand, somewhat, the and another, you cannot do all these things on one and

life, which nothing can disarrange. We cannot anticipate those graces which come only after the ripening built. He must have the best fences that can be used fences in the most have the best fences that can be used fences in the most have the best fences that can be used fences. We are to labor for them; but only as the farmer does, knowing that things must go go them all built up, he goes to work and pulls them through an appointed evolution and development. Graces grow just as grains do—first, the seed sprouting under the ground, then the blade coming to the top of the ground, then the stem appearing, then the unity of the ground, then the stem appearing, then the unity of spritting lemma down, and calls that farming!

Do you not see the application? Did you never hear of spritting lumbandmen that were forever defining the stem of spritting lumbandmen that were forever defining the

"properly" and now hard is it for a man, at hist, to place right here, and fixing that crook there; building bring himself into such a state that he dares to think prayer!" How, when the plow was first put into one sect and another; but nover sowing and never reaptile ground, it bounded out, striking stones, and throwing? Their farms are untilled and unfruitful. Their ing itself hither and thither, and the holder with it! and how, when a man cuts his first furrows of grace, he is slung about at the tail of the plow, hither and their lines run, and exactly where they stop. Do you thither and made to be a grace deal way primit then. the is slung about at the tail of the plow, hither and thicker, and made to be a great deal more nimble than lever find me of this kind in our day, who are for he wishes to be! Yet, after ten years have passed, look upon that same operation in the field. Now, as the man plows, he whistles, and sings, and watches the birds, and only now and then takes account of the furnow. The ox scarcely sweats. The turr goes over farm; and there never was a fence that would keep moles and vermin out of a man's furnow. The ox scarcely sweats.

to be easy I

So it is with spiritual plowing. Some men, looking upon others, and seeing with what ease they perform their Christian duties, say, "There must have been more grace given to them than there has been given to me; for what it is almost impossible for me to do, they seem to do without the least trouble." The reason is, that their higher returns hed more callyses and the state of the control of the that their higher nature has had more culture than yours has had. If you will take the rocks out of your rocky field, and take the stumps out of your stumpy field, and take the rocts out of the field in which they still remain, in five or ten years you shall have just as good plowing as they have. But you have got to care

How many men there are who would like to be able How many men there are who would like to be able to get their graces, just as they can get an old, well-cultivated farm. They can buy a farm, after it has been brought to the highest state of perfection; but there is where the analogy stops. Although you can do that in natural husbandry, you cannot do it in spirital husbandry. Every man has got to take his own spiritual farm, and bring it, step by step, into a state of perfection, if he would have it in that state.

9. But I may, perhaps, without seeming fanciful, use this allegory to describe the various kinds of spirit-ual husbandmen and husbandry.

First, there is a kind of spiritual farmers that may

body together, and that is all.

And how many men there are, who, after having sorts of hunters I been in the church ten or twenty years, are just about where they were when they first entered it. They are a little better in this or that field—a little improved in to spiritual growt

and weeds, growing on every acre of them, than any wain, thrice loaded, could carry off! Their time and attention are absorbed by religious schemes and speculations. Poor, miscrable, thriftless spiritual has bandry is this!

bandry is this!

Then there are the pedigree farmers, not unknown among men in natural husbandry. They have got the very poorest fruit to be found in the whole neighborhood, bearing the highest sounding names. They have got the most marvelous pears, the most wonderful applies, the post corrections are strowbergles. They give They are aroused to a sense of the largeness of Christian character, and the symmetry of it, in a way that they did not know in the beginning. God often reveals the whole idea of Christian—its fullness, symmetry, perfectness and beauty—in such a way that men feel that they never before knew what Christianity was, at all. Nothing is more frequent than for men to say, "All my past experience was illusory, simply because it was so imperfect and low." "Now, at last," they say, "I begin to know what it is to be a Christian." And their purpose is to subdue every thought and every feeling to the will of God.

7. But, the farmer, advanced so far, begins, now, as his last step, to apply to his soil, thus brought forward, the most scientific methods of ascertained husbaudry. He underdrains the whole of his estate—for now he has the capital to do it with—and never less than four feet deep, if he be wise; for deep draining, whether in

and unfatable, to be sure; but ah, what a line of blood did they spring from!

Did you never see just such husbandmen in the church?—men who had no greater morality, or piety, or spiritual experience, but who went back through a long pedigree, one going plump up to Peter, and autother plump up to Paul, and others plump up to the prophets themselves! These were pedigree farmers!

Then, next, there are what may be called chaff farmers in spiritual husbandry—I do not know that there are any such in natural husbandry; but you can conceive what they would be there. Suppose you should find a farmer who said that he had been pondering monthe theory and science of farming, that he ing upon the theory and science of farming, that he was satisfied that farmers had been doing injustice to

was satisfied that farmers had been doing injustice to many kinds of seeds, and that he felt assured that if a man would sow cockle seeds, and do it sinceroly, God would give the increase? So he would—of cockles!

Here is a man who is sowing what appears to be black ashes. A friend accosts him, saying, "What have you got in your bag?" He learns that it is the hulls of buckwheat—the chaff of old wheat; and he says, "What are you sowing chaff for?" "Why," the man replies, "I have the impression that if a man is only faithful and sincere, it makes no difference what he sows!" Does it not make a difference? Suppose man affold sow couch grass, thinking that he was soing arriced their growth, are now drained and carried off a man should sow that most detestable of all detestable from the soul. Many passions are utterly staunched and healed, which before deluged the tender-growing experiences. Men give themselves more thorough religious cultivation. More and more do they feel how important is heart-culture above all earthly interests. And the later periods of Christian experience are by for the meet seighbor of Christian experience are by weeds. For what a man sows, in natural husbandry, for the meet seighbor of the sound sow that most detestable of all detestable of all detestable from the mean sows and the state of all detestable of all detestable from the mean should sow that most detestable of all detestable from the mean should sow that man so detestable of all detestable from the mean should sow that man so detestable of all detestable from the mean should sow that man so the stable is a man should sow that that man should sow that man should sow that man so the stable is a man should sow that the sound that the state of all detestable from the sound that the sound that man should sow that the should sh

weeds. For what a man sows, in natural husbandry, that shall he reap.

Now a great many persons say, "Why do you teach us such and such doctrines of the Godhead? Why do you teach us that we should believe in the everlasting Father, in the atoning Son, and in the Holy Ghost? Why must we go in this new and living way? What matter is it whether we believe in the Bible or not, so that we live about right? or so that we are sincere, and the beaut as well as we know how? Is not that do about as well as we know how? Is not that enough?" It is enough to deceive you, if that is what you want i But do you not believe there is the same connection between spiritual seed and the result? Sincerithere is between natural seed and the result? Sinceri tain spiritual causes, which are indispensable to cer-tain spiritual results. And that man who thinks that it makes no difference what he believes, so long as he is sincere, is a chaff farmer?

is sincere, is a chaff farmer?

Next, are what may be called fence farmers. What would you think of a husbandman who was not particularly careful of his mowing lot, nor of his grain crops, nor of his root crops, nor of his orchard, nor of his garden, but left them all in a sadly-neglected state, because he was giving his whole time to the building of his fences? One large part of his time is employed in setting up his surveyor's instruments, and taking measurements nerhans for the five hundredth time of and measures on the line between himself and one neighbor. After he has made a very careful measurement, he says, "Exactly here is the line, and not one ten thousandth part of an inch shall you come on to my land." When he has run the line between himself and that neighbor, he runs the line between himself and And as there must be an order of succession in natu-ral things, so there must be an order of succession or round his whole farm, marking out just where all the development in Christian experience and Christian lines are. Then he begins to lay his fences. And oh,

the ground, then the stem appearing, then the unrips car, then the ripening kernels, and at last the full cars of yellow, golden grain.

Again, we perceive that the hardest part, in both kinds of husbandry, is apt to come at the beginning, but that if well met then, it grows easier and easier every successive year. How hard was it at first to bring the soil to such a state that you dared to think "plow!" and how hard is it for a man, at first, to bring himself into such a state that he dares to think and reshuid the such a state that he dares to think and reshuid the such a state that he dares to think and reshuid the such a state that he dares to think and reshuid the such as the such a state that he dares to think and reshuid the such as the such a state that he dares to think and reshuid the such as the such pirus, and only now and then takes account of the that would keep moles and vermin out of a man's farrow. The ox scarcely sweats. The turf goes over and the plow tucks it down as a mother tucks a coverlet round her child. Now it brild. The best thing a farmer can do is to take care is very easy. Yes, it is very easy; but it had to learn of his soil, so as to have a harvest so rich that he will to be easy. be able to space a little to vermin and birds. No man ever had a confession of faith or system of doctrine, that would keep out the moles or the birds of the air. The only safe way is to have such practical tilth in the church, that it does not make much difference if it is stolen from.

But there is one other class of farmers. They may be called Nimrod farmers—hunting farmers. For you can imagine a husbandman who would neglect to care for his soil, and go out after squirrels, and all manner of vermin that were cating his grain—if he had any that they could eat; who would go out to shoot weasels in the wall, foxes in the field, wolves in the wood, and bears everywhere; and who, when he could lind nothing to shoot, would lie out at night, watching for raccoons, and range up and down through the day, watching for some stray dog, where there should be sheep, but where there are none.

Now what such a man's relation would be to natural ausbandry, that same man's relations are to spiritual husbandry, that same man's relations are to spiritual husbandry. There are in the church what may be called heresy-hunters. They always carry a rifle—a spiritual rifle—under their arm. You will find them forever outlying, watching for heresy—not so much in their own hearts, not so much in their own church, not so much in their own ministers; but in other people's hearts, and the readals have the same of the readals. First, there is a kind of spiritual farmers that may be called shifiless and lazy farmers—just such as we see in the natural world, and among real husbandmen. They have no ambition, and very little industry. They raise just enough grain to keep them through the year—just enough grain to keep them through the year—just enough to live on, and to make laziness fat. That is all they ask, and therefore they have no ambition to seek for more. They have no better farms at the end of ten years than they had in the beginning. They manage to get enough off from them to keep soul and body together, and that is all, hearts, and other people's churches, and other people's ministers. If any man happens to hold an opinion respecting any doctrine which does not accord with their own peculiar views, they all spread abroad to run him down. They are taking care of, and defending, the faith the care covering for favor and velocations.

relation to spiritual things. "Sowing" and "tilling" are both of them terms appropriated to spiritual instruction. The "sickle" and "resping"—these are familiar to you in their spiritual acceptation. "Thrashing," and "grain" and "chaff"—these are employed continually in the Scriptures. "Unthering," and "grainering," and "grinding"—these are set to signify spiritual trutis. Burning up of chaff, or lotting the wind blow it away, that it may be utterly scattered and gone forever—how powerfully are these things set forth, especially in the noulets!

gone forever—how powerfully are these things set forth, especially in the prophets!

Take another department—that of the orchard or vineyard. Mark the difference between the wild and native vine, and the wilding and cultivated plant, that is recognized in the Bible. Take the process of transplanting, by which a thing is taken from its parent stem, and grafted upon another; by which the old trunk and root are made to bear a new top; by which the natural man is made to bear gracious fruit—how is that set forth in the Word of God! Take the process of pruning, by which a certain wild luxuriance of wood is held back, in order that a greater degree of fruitfulness may be induced—how is that set forth in the Bible! Biossoming, in things in which men have blos-

ness may be induced—how is that set forth in the Blble! Blossoming, in things in which men have blossoms, and fruit-bearing, in things in which men bear fruit—how are these taken up and appropriated to spiritual uses in the Scriptures! I cannot go through the whole of these examples, they are so numerous.

Lastly, I wish to speak of this subject in its larger application. The whole world, in the Bible, is spoken of as being God's husbandry. Oh, what alease! What a breadth of tillage! Nations and races, in all their generations, spread abroad through six thousand years, and flowing on endlessly, so that no prophet's eye can and flowing on endlessly, so that no prophet's eye can discern the end to come; all the broad earth with its multiplied populations—these are God's husbandry. God is the Great Cultivator. He looks out over his God is the Great Cultivator. He looks out over his vast estate—the world—as a man looks over his smaller estate. For God are the agencies of nature. For him the nations are simple instruments of culture. Revolutions, famines, disasters, prosperities—all things that check or push forward the growth of men—ares or many implements in his hand, by which he tills this great farm of the earth!

The end of the world is the harvest. Sinners are the food and the weed. The righteous are the good seed.

The end of the world is the harvest. Sinners are the chaff and the weeds. The righteous are the good seed and the fruit—the one to be swept away, and the other to be garnered up. At last there shall come the winter, when all things shall cease and rest: and the glory of summer shall be in heaven, where all that which is vital, and which carries its life, like a seed, in itself, shall be gathered. When this has taken place, and the withered leaves, and the decaying stalk, and all things clee which have come to nothing, have fallon to the ground and perished,—then shall be the end!

Christian brethren, let us take solemn heed to these significant teachings of God's Word. We are a part of

significant teachings of God's Word. We are a part of his husbandry. "Ye are God's husbandry." For you he thinks. For you he tills. He is breaking in your disposition. He is preparing the soil of your hearts. He is sowing seeds now by ways that make you cry out with pain—for all plowing and harrowing is painful. The seed long sown may not have yet shown its nature. No affliction for the present is joyous, but grievous; but afterward it bringeth forth the peaceable fruits of righteousness. "Yo are God's husbandnne truits of righteousness. "Ye are God's husband-ry." Rejoice in it. Let your bosom lie open to his influence as the soil lies open to the sun. Let God do as seemeth to him good, and by and by, with all your faculties, with every feeling of your nature, you shall, in the great harvest, and in the great garnering day, bless God!

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

MERTINOS IN BOSTON.—N. Frank White will lecture in Ordway Hall next Sunday afternoon at 2 3-4 o'clock, and in the evening at 71-2 o'clock.

A Cincus for trance-speaking, &c., is held every Sunday morning, at 10 1-2 o'clock, at No. 14 Bromfield street. Ad-

A CIRCLE for trance-speaking, 26, is note every sunday morning, at 10 1-2 o'clock, at No. 14 Bromfield street. Admission 5 conts.

Mertings in Chelsea, on Sundays, morning and evening at Guild Hall, Winnisimmet street. D. F. Goddand, regularly at Evening Star Hall. Charlestown, on Sunday afternoons and evenings, at 5 and 7 1-2 o'clock. Admission flow cents Cambridge for the Month of the Cambridge of the Cambrid

PLYMOURH.—The Spiritualists of this town hold regular meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening at Davis's Hall, commoncing at 2 and 7 o'clock,
Lowell.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings on Sundays, forenoon and afternoon, in Well's Hall Speaking, by mediums and others.

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

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

SUNDAY MEETINGS IN NEW YORK.

Meetings are held at Lamartine Hall, on the corper of 29th street and 8th Avenue, every Sunday morning. Preaching by Rev. Mr. Jones. Afternoon: Conference or Lecture. Evening: Circles for trance-speakers. There are at all times several present.

Dodworth's Hall .- Moetings are held at this Hall regu larly every Sabbath.

OBITUARY.

OBITUARY.

Our friend and brother Joepen H. TRUMAN, long a resident of this town, entered on the higher life, Oct. 15th, agod forty-eight years five months. Mr. T. had long been an active and well developed medium; he had become a fluent speakor, and a good delineator of character. He was truly a ploneer in the cause, and braved the stormy wholes of opposing superstition, both at home and abroad. Though he had enemies, as all reformers must have, yet he had a large circle of devoted friends. He leaves a loving wife and five noble-hearted sons to mourn his loss. He suffered of fover for the space of two weeks, when death came to his relief, and the angels bore him away to a brighter, better home in the spheres above. He sank away at one sluks to rest, as the babe sinks to sleep on its methor's bosom. He, some time before, had a dream that warned him, and he was ready to go home. J. W. EGGLESTON

Milton, Wis., Oct. 17th, 1850. Passed to the spirit-land on the morn of August 30th, our friend, Mrs. Diana A. Barton, of Providence, R. I., in the forty-ninth year of her age. Her disease, a caucer, which had been endured with patient fortitude for years, and being, during that time, quite trying in its nature, became even more so at the last, and when the spirit passed, the light of reason seemed to have faded. That this was but a seeming. however, she has given us proofs of, since her spirit-birth. Her being cognizant of passing events when in such an almost lifeless state, shows us how careful we should be while around the death-bed of those who are going "over the river."

Aronna the death-load of those who are going "lover the river."

Many of the lecturing mediums who have met her at the house of brother Rufus Reed, whose residence was her home have known and appreciated the inunte goodness and truth-fulness of this inobtrusive daughter of Spiritualism. Her mediumistic powers were very singularly developed, she be ing endowed with a gift of prophecy, which was sure to mee its fulfillment. Kind hearted and gentle, she has wen a last has diffilment. Kind hearted and gentle, and has wen a last-ing place in the hearts of those who were fortunate by ob-taining an acquaintance with her, and many a one allied to her only in sympathy, misses the soft footstep and low-toned voice of their friend, who was wont to drop in upon them, for hope and encouragement to the weary soul, burthened with a weary body.

L. H. B.

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