

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

—He 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 morning 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 we do? I reckon Miss Mary is sick, too."

"She is very calm, Mammie June. She trusts in God."

"De blessed child! But do trust do n't keep do heart-ache away, Jim did n't get no letters. Miss Bertha, I reckon we must do something."

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 birth-place. 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. Do n't Mammie know by do foot, and do hand, and do step on do 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 do good old Virginny race."

The clock struck twelve. I rose to go.

"Please, Miss Bertha, stop one minute. I heard a tramp, tramp, along do road. It sounds like a horse. Hark! It comes nearer. Ah, me! If it should be dat rider on do 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 ears were quickened by her fear. Her face brightened.

"Ah, Miss Bertha, if it be do pale horse, he only arter one ob de niggers. I so relieved!"

I could n'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 do 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 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, sir."

"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-suppressed 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. BRITTON.

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

CHAPTER I.

SEANATHA 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 friends 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 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,

almost hopeless victims of disease and malpractice, have been effectually cured; while—so far as is known—not even ten persons 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 self-conceit 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 every 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-destruoying power; the languid pulses leap, and the expiring hopes of multitudes have revived in her presence; and a subtle, 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 philosopher, 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-physiological and therapeutic powers, 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 record, 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. CLAIRVOYANT 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 to 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 fancied 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 pharmacopoeia, 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.

PSYCHOMETRICAL DELINEATIONS OF CHARACTER—Dr. Buchanan—Portraits of Distinguished Characters—Prof. E. I. Sears—Influence of the Autograph of a Murderer—Mr. Gallier, of New Orleans—No Impressions from blank paper—Test of the Infant Child—Reading the Lords and the Literati—Impressions from the Autograph of a Terrorist—Remarkable Psychometric Portraits 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 numerous 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 advantages, is possessed by Mrs. Mettler, in an unusual degree. By placing a sealed 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 *SKEETCHES* the Psychometrical 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 Mrs. 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 Union—to 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 following 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:—

New York, Oct. 18, 1853.

PROF. S. B. BRITTON:

Dear Sir,—In the *Telegraph* of last Saturday I was agreeably sur-

prised to find a "Psychometrical Portrait of myself, from the pen—as I presume from your introductory remarks—of the highly gifted Mrs. J. R. Mettler. I have read the portrait carefully, and, for truth's sake, feel bound to say that, while I cannot pretend to deserve the very high estimate which the lady has given of my character and faculties, (without, as you observe, having known ought about me except through the medium of a letter she had not read,) my friends, as well as myself, have been astonished at the fidelity with which she has portrayed my peculiarities.

Were I a believer in "Spiritual Intercourse," I probably should not wonder so much; but I am not—never have been; although I have always read your paper with deep interest, and have sincerely admired the 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 consciousness of being *en rapport* with a superior mind.

Permit me, dear sir, to express my best thanks to you for the large space you have devoted to your talented Journal to this highly complimentary portrait; and should a convenient opportunity present itself, I should feel under a still deeper sense of obligation, by your telling 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 paroxysm—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 envelope was received by Dr. Mettler, with a note requesting that the envelope 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 letter. It was subsequently ascertained that the envelope 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 sealed 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 examined, 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 old—had made some singular pencil lines and scratches!

Many other psychometrical 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 envelopes—submitted 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 tolerably 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 a request that his mother would send him a volume of poems, and some worsted shirts of a certain color; then followed four well-written stanzas 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 happy; 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 will build a nice house, and put beautiful things in it, and make every thing lovely 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 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,

and birds in cages, that the children might have something to love; he also planted a garden with every kind of sweet and gay flowers. When all was done, he said to himself, "Now, who can help being happy here? I will find some people to live here who have none of these things, and I will look upon their pleasure, and think how beautiful a place Heaven is." He thought that Heaven was somewhere besides in the heart.

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 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 you could have seen the change that had taken place since the first day, you would understand how little good beautiful things can do for those who have not a spirit of beauty within them. The carpets 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 rocking-horse 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 times 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 pond 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 lilies, 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 pinned 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 saw
Some tender, hopeful wish of love,
Nor thought of hate or wrong.

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 away,
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 heaven;
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 loves the dance, and all the whirl
Of a merry play at school;
Do tell me what this heaven is,
Or if 't is 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 goodness 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;
You are 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 for it; their music is sweet to the ears that listen to it; until, before 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.

Letter from Vermont.

MEANS, EDITORS.—On the margin of the town of Bethel, Vt., is a little settlement long known as Lympus, where are industrious and intelligent population, have long been piling rocks, digging out homesteads, planting apple trees, and cultivating the soil on the flats and slopes, and pasturing sheep on the mountains. After many years of hard toil, they have secured the necessities and many of the comforts of life, and are now hungering for mental and spiritual food. During their long and hard struggle with the hard soil and deep snows, the Methodists and Universalists have been digging with equal assiduity, 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, (Gayville) 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 at Lympus, and the Methodists began at once to fight the enemy, and have been growing more and more wrathful ever since they began, and seem now to have nearly whipped themselves up, as every angry man 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 settlement of bigotry and sectarianism. The Banner goes all round here. I see many copies nearly worn out; for they borrow and lend, and many read it who do not feel able to take it. A few energetic minds in each settlement 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 harmonious philosophy would do more good than in Vermont. The people are temperate, industrious, intelligent, candid, and much given to reading and thinking; and this is all we need to fit them for Spiritualism, when the subject is fairly presented to them. We have many excellent and devoted friends in Vermont, and she has furnished full quota of preachers for the campaign. 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; there are not a few preachers who fear they shall lose caste with other denominations, or lose their salaries and occupations that support them, before they can qualify for teaching 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 disciples, 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 Montpelier, where I hope to have many members of the Legislature for hearers.

October 18, 1859.

WARREN CHASE.

The Proposed National Convention.

MEANS, 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 statement:
The Committee has not as yet come to a final determination 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, 1860.
The principal cause of hesitancy is the lack of any general 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 participate, 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 Spiritualist movement, and to take such action as shall then be deemed expedient. It is, therefore, designed as much for the opponents as for the 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 look each other in the face, compare notes and views, and take fraternal counsel as to the duties devolving 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.

MEANS, EDITORS.—Our city has been favored by a visit from Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch, and she has been the means of awakening a greater interest in the cause of Spiritualism than any medium we have had. She is truly an eloquent 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 Norwobega Hall, afternoon and evening. This hall will seat two thousand, and was well filled by an intelligent and appreciative audience. The ladies and all available room was occupied by those unable to procure seats.
The Bangor Daily Times of Oct. 9th, in an editorial of some 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 earnest, 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 heartily welcomed.

Bangor, Me., Oct. 22, 1859.

D. O.

Christianity and Temperance.

The Grand Worthly Patriarch of the Sons of Temperance in Eastern New York, in a recent report to the Grand Division 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 never been guilty of ostracism for so trivial an offense as drunkenness—but it had given up all hope of reformation in his case, and practically ceased to recognize him as one of its 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 devotee to Bacchus, raised him from the gutter, introduced him to the Division room, clothed him in regalia, and proclaimed him a Son of Temperance. Nor did they stop here; but procuring him a temperate situation, and watching over him kindly, they soon had the pleasure of seeing him again take rank among the most honorable and respectable portion 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!"

Notice to Correspondents.

D. B. WATKINS, Wm.—Back numbers, postage paid, four cents each. The articles referred to will probably be published in book form within a year.

Letter from Ohio.

MEANS, EDITORS.—Often in my wanderings, do I look upon your loved and valuable paper, and think of many friends 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 earnestly attending a life of literacy, 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, 9th, a committee was appointed, consisting of Dr. L. F. Warner, D. Woolsey, A. Thorp, John Hutchinson, and E. W. Curtis, 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 earnest 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 audience will be good, if the speakers are—and the cause has, 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.
F. L. WADSWORTH.
Geneva, Ohio, Oct. 17, 1859.

Items.

Translated for the BANNER from the *Journal Four Times*, published in Paris:—

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

A nobleman of Rome condemns three hundred slaves to the torture for an escaped lamprey eel from his artificial lake; and with a serene 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 study.

If we discerned and took care of half of our duties with the solicitude 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 some praiseworthy traits. They are not virtuous.

We persuade ourselves easily that we are capable of distinguishing 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 must 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 Samaritan. If you have compassion and lift him up again, he may yet be strong in virtue, and stand upright in the dignity of a divine Manhood.

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 Ukero, which appears to be the great reservoir of the Nile. It extends from 2 deg. 30 min. south to 3 deg. 30 min. north latitude, lying across the equator in east longitude 35 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. ROLLIN M. SQUIRE.

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 less real, when far away
Thy spirit walks the realm of dreams.

Sometimes the lamp of memory,
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 wail upon life's ocean swell,
To bless the tide that bears me home.

Still 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 lie me home again,
To all its loves, less dear than thine,
Oh, shield me from life's direst 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, &c."

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. Pardo is speaking for us this month. We wish to make pre-arrangements 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 Tiffany 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, Dixon, 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 Lectures.

These lectures, as they have been published in the *Dawn* or *Lion*, have been the most marvelous productions of the human intellect that it ever has been my fortune to have read. They relate to a great variety of subjects in no way allied to each other, and they are all treated in the most profound and discriminating manner. Thus we have lectures upon the Egyptian, the Persian, and the Hindu religion, upon Confucius and Mahomet, upon Geology, Chemistry, Plants and Animals, upon the Science of Government, and upon numerous other subjects. And each of these lectures seems to have proceeded from the mind of some one who has thoroughly examined the subject discussed, and made himself 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 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 elaborate and copious 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 scholars.

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 sceptics who cavil at Spiritualism, and express their belief that neither these, nor any other pretended 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. E. 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 deadlier than "war, pestilence and famine" combined. Temperance men, in their wholesale condemnation of liquors, find no time to attend to this matter, and consequently make no distinction between use and abuse; hence their efforts to reform the inebriate is time wasted, as, having once become poisoned, 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 from dealing out death to those unfortunate whose moral blindness leads them into temptation.

Lectures.

PLYMOUTH, Mass.—N. Frank White spoke in Plymouth, on two successive Sundays, the 9th and 10th 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 beautiful, which could not fail of making a lasting impression on every appreciative heart.

Discussion.

The following question will be discussed at No. 14 Bromfield 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. Hopworth's Discourses.

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

Rosa T. Amedey.

Miss Amedey being disengaged on Sunday next, on account 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 our reverence and esteem because they have profaned the altar, or coveted "the chief seats in the synagogues" and on the judicial bench.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.—First Page—Chapters nineteen and twenty of Mrs. Porter's story—"Bertha Lee." Second Page—"A Record of Modern Miracles," chapters first and second of a new article by Prof. Britton: Stories for the Young—"A Sad Mistake," by Mrs. Willis. Third Page—Chaplin's Sermon, Sunday Morning, Oct. 16th; Leslie Dole'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. Hopworth's Sermon at Music Hall. Seventh Page—"Principles and Laws," by Prof. Spencer; "Drury"—A beautiful poem—by Augusta M. Kimball, a new contributor. John Beeson's Address in behalf of the Indians; Lectures, etc. Eighth Page—Beeson'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 contemporaries; 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 Crisis calls Spiritualism the child of Diabolus, about eleven years old; and it argues that this young child subverts and abolishes Christianity, and substitutes Infidelity and Atheism. Christianity, or what is called Christianity, must be rather weak to be subverted by so young a child.

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 Italy 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 spoken of quite liberally at the South, and several delegates to the Charleston Convention favorable to his nomination have been recently chosen in the North.

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

England and France, it is said, will soon "conquer a peace" 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 commerce will thereby be promoted, ultimately; but we are not 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 makes right," and that they are only instruments in the hands of God, to sift the "chaff" from the "wheat."

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

filled with proclamations and proposals for the fête, which is to extend over at least three days; and poems are coming in at such a rate as entirely to eclipse our late Burns centenary enthusiasm.

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 projector of the stone to his arm for about two minutes.

There is an Irish woman in Chelsea, Mass., 104 years old, who does all her own housework. She's ahead all the fashionable 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 language.

THEODORE PARKER, owing to his continued indisposition, recently by letter tendered his resignation as pastor 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.

Kosuth 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 ten thousand dollars for the peaches that grew on these trees.

EPISCOPAL INTERFERENCE AT RICHMOND.—A correspondent of the *Churchman* inveighs vehemently against the careless way in which the religious services have been conducted during the Episcopal Convention at Richmond. A huge demonstration stood near the Communion Table during the whole of the opening services, in full view of the congregation, while the altars were collected in an old Kosuth 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 3d, 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 drubbing.

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

Buffalo at the West are more plenty this year than ever before. They increase in number every year—the same as "boars" 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 happier:—

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

Gov. Packard, of Pennsylvania, has appointed the 24th of 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 wars.

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 Messrs. Ticknor & Fields.

Mr. Bly, the anti-spiritual lecturer, now lecturing in Maine, calls himself "Professor."

Jo Coee desires to know whether Harper's Ferry is a relative of Mrs. Weekly's, a Journal of Civilization?

It will be seen by her advertisement on our seventh page, that Ada 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 philanthropist here has 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 Peking in a box, without being allowed to peek out.

A "FAIR" SLAVE TRADE.

Circassian maid, exposed in Turkish squares, Are sold by parents—bought by millionaires! So Yankee dancels 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 boilers of the Great Eastern were tested on Thursday, the 8th inst., says an English paper, by hydraulic power, and proved themselves highly satisfactory. She was to start on her 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 "downcasters" will gaze some, we reckon, when the "uncertain" monster makes her appearance.

A RARE 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 be of a permanent character, has informed the pension office that he is happily restored to health, and therefore relinquishes his claim to the beneficence of the government. A similar instance has not occurred for many years, and it is honorable to the gallant mariner as it is novel."

Diogenes may blow out his candle. Here is one honest man.

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 amusement, 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 brutalizes the mind, batters the body, unfits those engaged 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 (Me.) 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 sharps.

Lecturers.

L. L. FARNSWORTH.—Medium for answering sealed 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.

DEAR ROOM.—Any person desirous of obtaining space for a writing desk, before a front window, in the second story, with such agreeable company as we can furnish, can be accommodated in our New York office, on the most equitable terms. Apply at 143 Fulton street.

NORRIS.—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.

DR. ALFRED G. HALL, M. D., PROFESSOR OF PHYSIOLOGY, author of the New Theory of Medical Practice on the Nutritive Principle, may be consulted on the treatment of every form of humor, weakness and disease, in person or by letter from any part of the country. It is restorative in its effects, reliable in the most prostrate cases, and justly worthy of the confidence of the afflicted. All the Medicines used are purely vegetable. No. 10 Central Court opposite 283 Washington street, Boston, Mass. 173

New York Advertisements.

HORACE H. DAY.
OFFICE AND PRINCIPAL DEPOT, 23 CORTLANDT STREET, NEW YORK, manufacturer and importer and exclusive owner of *Gooden's Patent Elastic Rubber*, in its application to all kinds of Elastic, Combed, Bowed or Woven Fabrics, Blackett Elastic or other Fabrics, Black Elastic, Elastic Goods of every kind, Braided Fabrics, Knit Fabrics of every kind, Ties and Suits of Rubber by the Pound, and Combined with Cloth. All these goods for sale, and licenses granted to make, use and sell. Terms moderate. All these Articles and Goods not having the Stamp and Fac Simile of my name are infringements.
Oct. 19.

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The Messenger.

Each message in this department of the *Banner* we claim was spoken by the spirit whose name it bears, through Mrs. J. L. Cowan, who 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 addressed.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits, in these columns, that does not comport with his reason. Each spirit speaks of the spirit world as it is—no more. Each can speak of his own condition with truth, while he gives opinions merely relative to things not experienced.

Visitors Admitted.—Our attendants are free to any one who may desire to attend. They are held at our office, No. 313 Brattle Street, Boston, every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday afternoon, commencing at half-past two o'clock; after which time there will be no admittance. They are closed usually about 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. 23.—"Is there any True Religion?" W. F. Johnson, Boston; Patrick Murphy, Dover; Helen Frances Gray, New York; William H. Seaver, Boston.

Invocation.

Thou Great, Eternal Source of Life, we will offer praise unto thee, because thou hast so liberally blest us; because thou 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 Great 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, with thou send messengers of Hope and Faith beyond the spirit-world, that each message, when it reaches their people, may find a response of joy, that shall echo in the spirit-world.

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, the 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 earth-life.

Almighty Father, do thou give unto all the inhabitants of the lower degree of life a due knowledge of the Truth, 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 did 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 praying for more, should do so.

I have been dead upwards of twenty-three years; and I and 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 know if you know of no better way?

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 eschewing 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 places, and 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 over 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 do 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 committed on earth."

"What is it?" I asked.

"I was sent to this life before the time appointed by my Creator, 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 time. That circumstance was a mirror, as it were, in which I saw myself, and I was made to suffer. Such suffering your 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 failed to do his duty, as many mortals do; and as I do not want him to pass through the hell I have, I do, as he did, 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 ignorance.

I said I was no religionist. I repeat it. I had no fellowship with any code of religious laws that are in existence on 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 access to some hidden treasures, which may be of some service to them. It may inspire them with faith in my coming; and when faith is once established, they shall hardly want a welcome. I am done for to-day, sir. Good-by.

Oct. 19.

Josephine Carleton.

Is it here I am to speak? Oh, why not let me confess to you from human care? 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. I left them nearly four years ago, and they have mourned for me—not as they mourn who lose their friends by death, for I did not die four years ago—since 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 name was Josephine Carleton. I lived in Chicago. Tell my parents I should be happy here, if I could obtain their forgiveness. Then I should be happy, and would 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 so cruelly wronged.

I have many acquaintances in the Southern and Northern States, but none in those Northern States. I see nothing here but what I saw on earth. They tell me when I am not 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. I told me that all that was wanting was peace—peace with my parents. Oh, tell them I would have to speak with them. 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 a letter or note, which seems to be addressed to myself in spirit. The note runs in this wise: "Will William Fenno, who is in 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 spirit-world?

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

Question No. 2.—Can William Fenno tell me who wrote this note, or letter?

Ans.—Yes. Charles L. Williams. The note is in the gentleman's pocket.

Question No. 3.—Which question, by the way, seems to be two, if 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 do so, he would be very sure to make trouble for certain parties on earth. That he does not wish to do.

With a good wish for the writer, and hope for further communion, 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 doesn't tell me what to say. My name was Anna Prince. I don't tell my sister anything. 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 could n't. My father sent for me to come, but my mother didn't. This is n't so nice a place as I have, and I don't like to feel so big as I do here. My grandfather says I must conform to conditions and not complain.

I want you to tell my father and mother how much I love them—a good deal; and I am learning a good deal, and I can talk 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, when I went away. I don't want to stay here, your house ain't pretty. You don't have any birds here, nor flowers. Wont you make an anchor at the bottom? My father 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 sends you manna in abundance? Oh, let not your spirits find entrance to the spirit-land without the wedding garment of knowledge on, for such are unhappy here—yes, with themselves and all around.

I have often tried to commune with you since I left you, but many barriers have come between you and myself; thus I have often left you with regrets.

My children, you may not seek without hope, for this will be 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 century 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 suppose they will be visible eternally. So 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 LINDLAND.

Olling to the branches
Of the shivering trees,
To be a little longer
Silvery sounding keys
For the winds of autumn
Soft to murmur o'er,
Ere they are forgotten,
Ere they are no more;
Still the leaves are waiting
Till their time is come—
Till the cold winds beat them
To their long last home.
Then, with softest murmur,
Bearing down a song,
Their own requiem sounding,
They will float along
Down to dreamless slumber,
Only to awake
When some passing footstep
Shall the leaves break.
And thus the leaves are falling
All around my heart,
No more in joyous murmur
To bear their merry part;
No more soft airs of summer
Can stir those trembling leaves—
Wakes now each breeze of autumn
His sadder sembler's leaves!

October 24th, 1859.

Palpable Spiritual Manifestation.

The Boston Daily Traveller is authority for the following interesting statement:—

Mr. Hector McDonald, of Canada, was recently on a visit to Boston. When he left home his family were enjoying good health, and he anticipated a pleasant journey. The second morning after his arrival, when leaving his bed to dress for breakfast, he was struck by the bed to satisfy himself if he was lying in the bed from which he had just risen. Spell-bound, he gazed with intense feeling, and tried to recognize the features of the corpse, but in vain; he could not even move his eyelids; he felt deprived of action, for how long he knew not. He was at last startled by the ringing of the bell for breakfast, and sprang to the bed to satisfy himself if he was indeed the same person who had just risen. He found the bed as he had left it; he looked again into the mirror, but only saw the bed truly reflected. During the next morning he thought much upon the illusion, and determined the next day to look into the face of the corpse to the grave. 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.

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 conquered upon 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 thought in his own house, leaning over the coffin of his wife. His friends were assembled, the minister was performing the funeral service, his children were weeping in the house of death. He followed the corpse to the grave. He heard the earth rumble upon the coffin, he saw the grave filled, 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 coffin.

He looked in the face of the dead around him, but he seemed to notice him; he tried to weep, but the tears refused

to flow; his very heart felt as hard as a rock. Enraged at this own want of feeling, he determined to throw himself 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 breakfast was ready. He started as if awake from a profound sleep, though he was standing before 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 breakfast might be waiting to dissipate his unpleasant impressions. A few days afterwards, however, he received the melancholy intelligence that his wife had died suddenly, 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 details of the funeral he had seen in his vision, and they corresponded with the facts. This is probably one of the most vivid instances of clairvoyance on record.

Mr. McDonald 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. HEPPWORTH AT THE MUSIC HALL, BOSTON.

Sunday, Oct. 16th, 1859.

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

"I create new heavens, and a new earth."—Isaiah lxxv. 17.

The American community is, to-day, in such a 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-orn 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 from the throbbing heart of the world, and it is that men—human souls, feeling their dependence upon the same God—that 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 his 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 silently assuming its rightful position. It is being gradually converted from a mysterious something which saves a man from God's everlasting displeasure, into a plain, and wholesome, and beautiful something which concentrates man's powers, and enlightens 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 bore and into its secret, or on the pulpy luxuries of a scholastic 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 ferocious forces of business, and law, and literature. These are, in religion as in everything else, demanding a truthfulness of the practical benefit produced, as the only proof of significance of doctrine. That creed is best to the world of to-day which makes it crystallize men, which cuts the cores 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 work-day thought of the age. The immense sales of books crammed with facts, the decrease in the sale of those which are merely theoretical, shows our peculiar character. The metaphysical leaves his manuscript and takes up the spindle, 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 do. This, too, is not more true; it has all been ophered 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 you all you can; when it is done, you will see you have not taken away from the working force of the world; you have but opened a new gate, through which poor laborers gladly pour to get ten shillings instead of six.

Action, then, in contradistinction to mere 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 philanthropies? Is it the General of society, leading on to higher hopes, to nobler aims, to more splendid achievements?

Sorry am I, brethren, that this should not be. Sorry am I that this is not a truthful picture. Sore am I that it ought to be a correct portrait, but I spare you this criticism. It sees the religions of the community, as they are, a logical 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 grew, imperceptibly and almost irresistibly, out of the hard natures of those pioneers, but which is alien to this period. It finds but a 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—there is—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. Princeton 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-bath, and emerged a true water-grown, your soul runs a terrible risk.

Here, then—for these, brethren, are solemn facts, they are fearful facts to think of—there are those hundred sects, the spiritual fixtures 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 common glories, to push up into bold relief their theological speculations, that of regenerating the world, cleansing our prisons and our poor-houses, putting a Godly face into our laws of legislation and our courts of justice, but are ever wasting their precious time in wrangling and bawling, 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 intolerable without it. You cannot take away our church without cutting an artery. There must always be some great national altar 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 righteousness, that it may be forgiven and strengthened. I have but to touch a father's kind heart, a mother's tender heart, to prove to you that there is a religious instinct, in both, that must cling to something above it, to some idea that it calls God, to some great emotion which it calls love. Take it away, and you take away the inevitable purity of the home, the glory of the maiden's bosom, and the integrity of the citizen. But, acknowledging

this necessity, when this altar is built on the wrong foundation, when it begins to crumble, then should it not be kept because our fathers sacrificed thereon, but, in the true spirit of reverence, should it be torn down, and a new one built, which will keep the sons worthy of their noble sires. And now, when all systems seem alien, 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 built; 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 woven 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 religious systems since Christ? What has been the basis of 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, unconsciously has fallen into the theory of Romanism. Here, too, 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 for man, is based on direct authority from God. That is, as an institution it is outside of life, it pretends to be, while it 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 selfhood, one which it shall preserve. 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 centuries 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 toil 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 duty, we have stood like a man who looks up through the large end of a spy-glass, and called the infinitely distance, a small speck, our God. Yea, by looking thus in human nature, we have discovered an antagonism—which never was there—which seems to be born 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, and which covers the whole of life with gloom.

And there is the Church to-day. It does not pretend to be a worldly force, a force that goes hand in hand with our commerce, which sees a temple in a warehouse, which delights in political reform because all men are lifted up thereby. It does not claim authority on the ground—the only possible foundation of a strong structure—that it represents a noble, trusting truth, a truth that makes you strong in life and helping in death, but simply and only upon the ground that it came from God. It never admits that it is a proper product of society, that it has grown out of, and naturally, from the religious nature unfolding itself in the progress of civilization, and therefore demanding to be received; it is rather a great commanding force, having an origin away from the race.

I will tell you in another way exactly what I mean. No community can exist without a code of civil laws. Society would be once laid back into barbarism, should a sacrilegious hand be lifted against it. Now what is that code of law? As I speak it, simply and only an outgrowth from the necessities of life. It is built on those elements of character which have life 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 naked as the world. They have grown out of the world; they are based upon the human heart and human experience. 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 the magic circle of the Millennium.

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 spiritual wants of the people; it does not run parallel with the spiritual development of man, as civil law runs parallel with his political development. It did not have its origin in his religious nature. It is not a result of the experience of the race. But, heeding never the experience of men, it stood outside the work which man has ever been doing in civilization, a hard, unyielding, harsh thing, and giving its cold, stern commands.

I am aware that, of late, our own sect has joined with other sects 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, denounced as fatal to a high religious life. Aye, it was but yesterday that some man said that our Protestantism will end in indolence. The Reformation must be carried no further. It has all been a magnificent blunder. Its basis—fact is a falsity; it must retract our steps, until we get back to that authority which the Church had when Teitel said indulgences. The sacred right of private opinion, the sanctity and authority of private judgment, which was the pith of the life and struggle of Luther, are suddenly found to be dangerous.

Brethren, I confess to believing, with a full faith, in the thought at the root of our Protestantism. I believe in the sanctity of an honest opinion, and I know no higher guide than the ever-burning light of conscience. I detect the wonderful providence of God in the sixteenth century. And, standing as I do, with every foot on the glorious privileges and possibilities of this very individualism, I would follow it, as a principle, confidently, to the farthest logical extreme. I would tell men to give up their own convictions never, to hearken to the voice heard in their own hearts, in preference to loud assertions of the whole world.

If once we could fix it as a fact that a man's conscience was not authority for action under all circumstances, we should throw the machinery of society sadly out of gear. I have no fear from this tendency. Let each man have his own sacred thoughts, and his own sacred will. Let it throw the Church from its present position—God grant it may—but it will place it on a stronger basis. It cannot, it would not, tear down the building. It will compel the priest to put off his gown and speak as a man, to speak on the authority of truth only, to deal with the religious interests of the world. We shall enter the church as a privilege, and not as a duty. In these better times, we shall listen, not as now, with the same spirit in which we take medicine, believing it to be for our good, knowing it to be disagreeable, but as men who know the weakness of their humanity, and who seek from God help and wisdom. Who does not know that this has not been the result of our present Church system? Who does not know that that is all God to us? There stands the Church; it says, "I am from God; obey me for this reason; question not." And then, in Europe, on this assertion, it has built the Inquisition, a perfectly legitimate consequence of its theory; while in America, to-day, it forgets the claims of our great brotherhood, and refuses to sit at the same table, and from the pulpit consigns to the darkness and dreariness of eternal misery, any man who dares tell them they are wrong.

The only cure is to be found in re-asserting and re-accepting the whole spirit of Protestantism. To get frightened in the midst of confusion is little use; to patch up our system with a ritual is futile. That will have only the charm of novelty. Who does not know that there are but two kinds of religion possible among men? And these two kinds are opposed, root and branch. You cannot modify either of them. You cannot make a new kind of parts of each. You must accept the one or the other, and go just wherever it shall carry you. The one—here it is upon our rights—that which Rome has always had, which claims that individuality—just what has been claimed in these later days—leads to indolence, and from this monstrous assertion draws the equally monstrous conclusion that man is not to be trusted to follow his own creed, but that the Church, clothed with Divine power, is to do this thing for him. And to-day, some of us have taken one step in this direction. It makes a very pretty picture, but it runs terribly against the grain of progress. It results in an ecclesiastical 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 give him dignity, by reposing in him a large confidence.

These two systems run, respectively, on the right and on the left; and it is not well—let it be—because indolence is one concomitant of individuality, and impudence is another, to forget the great elevation which allows, the grandeur to which it is the impulse, and turn wisely to Romanism. Protestantism, with all its faults, is an undomestic force. It 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 stronger than ever. Trust it to-day, in the midst of our tumult; go not one step toward Romanism; to-morrow there shall be a peace. A pure religion shall come out of this confusion—the only 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 from that 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 run parallel for two hundred years. There—upon the North—is the magnificent religion of form and sacrifice. It is a structure not claiming to be part of our civilization; it is in itself Divine; it is a right to command. Its ministers are but the mouth-pieces of God, as the Roman priests always have been. There it is; 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 disassociating with the scepter of a sharp criticism the institutions of the period, 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 solemnity which gathers round such a grand mission, warning the people of their sins, they have always—read the pages 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 capricious men. Look at the priest of Europe to-day. He is the legitimate result of the system. Scarcely ever 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 to the miseries of his people. And he is thus, simply because he is not one of society, because his system belongs 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 it—that 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 our age are the falsities of another. We get hold 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 it is necessary of theology and religion, if they would exert their holy 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 increasing energy.

This, it appears to me, is the inevitable consequence of giving to the Church the Divine authority which Romanism has given to it, and which Protestantism in these days is trying to give to it—a priesthood, secure in their power, unambitious, 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 a 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.

Communications of an incongruous character properly dealt with. All answers returned in six days.
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