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NO. 6

THE SERMONS

Of Revs. HENRY WARD BEECHER and Epular and the arms round me, in a superstance of breast, and wept.

Mary, Mary! said he, 'pardon me, if I speak in this paper.

Topped tell you what divides us—I cannot Of Revs. HENRY WARD BEECHER and EDWIN H. EIGHTH PAGE-Rev. H. W. Beecher's Sermon

Written for the Banner of Light.

BERTHA

MARRIAGE.

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

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

CHAPTER XXI.

HEART TRIALS. I did not wait long after the first beams of daylight shone into my room, to waken Addie with the news of her father's return. She sprang up at once, and dapped her little hands together.

dapped her little hands together.

'Ned will be sure to come to night, as he wrote; and then—and then! Oh, Berthal we'll have fine times yet! You can't tell how badly I felt yesterday. What if Pa should be sick and die! I cried myself to sleep with the thought. Hush! what is that? A carriage at this hour?'

'Only Jim, with the carriage, as you ordered.'

'Ah, yes; the fellow thinks I 'll ride to the stage house, even if Pa is in the house.'

ouse, even if Pa is in the house."
I will tell him to put up the horses—no. I will ride over and see Mary a few minutes. Your father probably rode round that way last night, which made him

so late."

10 Oh, do, please: and here is a kiss for her!" Do n't hurry, Bertha; we will have a late breakfast, to accommodate yourself and Pa. How I long to see his dear, handsome face! but I'll not waken him."

The after was keep and breakfast and the survey with

The air was keen and bracing, and the surrose without a cloud. Exhilerated by the scene and the exercise, my spirits revived, and I looked upon the fancy of last night as a dream. Mr. Harper had ridden hard and was tired. All would be right yet.

Mary was still in her room, and I ran thither. She

was dressed carefully, and with more than her usual taste; but her face was pale, and her eyes heavy. It was evident she had not slept.

**Our fears were useless, dear Mary. He was n't siok, after all; but I suppose he has told you the cause

of his delay."

What did you say, Bertha?" her face brightening, and her eyes full of inquiry.

"Is it possible you do not know that Mr. Harper has come? Then I am the first to tell you. He came on horseback, at midnight last evening. He does not know that I am here, or he would probably have sent me message. He is resting, and needs it, for he looked very weary last night."

As I have seen a green hill, in my own New England.

As I have seen a green hill, in my own New England.
rosting under the shadow of a cloud, and then brighten and shine in all its emerald beauty, as that cloud passed and shine in all its emerald heauty, as that cloud passed away and the sunlight rested upon its brow, so was Mary's face when I had spoken. She ran out with me on the piazza, and we danced and chatted till we had warmed ourselves, and felt the glow of a bright morning and fresher spirits. The young ladies joined us—they were not surprised to hear of Mr. Harper's return at midnight; it was like him to come in haste. No doubt some vote in the House detained him: and he

hastened home as soon as that duty was over.
I cannot say that my cheerfulness did not ebb a litte when I found myself alone in the carriage. Mr. Harper's face, as it appeared to me by the flickering fielight, expressed more than fatigue. I felt impatient to be at home, that I might assure myself of my mis-

Breakfast was on the table, and Addie was waiting for me. "Pa sends a good morning' to you, Bertha he is still fatigued, and will breakfast in his room. have seen him but a moment, and he looked so tired, I begged him to rest longer. I don't like politics, Bertha. I'll tell Ned so at once, that he may never

After breakfast we busied ourselves in the house, ar ranging the evergreens, which the servants had brought

from the woods.

The wedding ceremony was to take place in the little church, which was about two miles from Stanley Hall. Both families, with other invited guests, were to return to Madame Green's to dinner, and in the evening she would give a party. About two hours after we had breakfasted, Mr. Harper rode away, and we saw no more of him until dinner, which was served that day at four. A short time after dinner-during which he was the gentleman, as usual, though very grave and still pale—he sent for Addie to come to his room. While she was there—a long time indeed it seemed one of Madame Green's servants came to Stanley Hall,

"Come to me. Bertha—come soon, darling. I need our sympathy and love. Yours, MARY." your sympathy and love. Yours, Now Mr. Harper had ordered a horse for my use. while I remained at his house. I had it brought at

while I remained at his nouse. I had it brought at once, and rode over, leaving a message for Addie that I wished she would follow.

I again found Mary in her room. This time there were no roses on her cheeks, no dancing brightness in her soft, blue eyes, but she sat, with folded hands and drooping head, like a flower blighted by a sudden drooping head, like a flower blighted by a sudden frost. It was my turn now to fold her to my bosom,

and bid her trust in God.

But it is so dark, Bertha—so dark all round me! Only this morning it was brightness and peace! Something has changed Mr. Harper; it is almost as if an evil spirit had power over him. I saw him coming—oh. how my heart leaped at the sound of Sunbeam's hoofe as he came up the avenue, not with the usual swift pace, but slowly and sadly, as one rides to the grave! And well he might come so; for around no grave lingers such gloom as gathers over shattered hopes and a wounded heart! I longed to run out and meet him. before he should be seen by any one, even the servants; but I husbed my beating heart, and sat still, in the verandah, to await him. He came toward me. Oh. how pale and worn he looked! I longed to penetrate the secret of his heart. His look, at first, was stern and cold. I could not meet that gaze; my eyes fell and tears rushed to my relief. He softened; he took my hand, and led me into the drawing room, where should be free from all inquisitive eyes or eage

Mary, sail he, I feel that I am about to inflict a deep wound upon your heart; it will seem the more bruel to you because I cannot explain. For the pres-ent, I am involved myself in doubt and perplexity.'

He stopped, and his countenance expressed much agitation. 'Mr. Harper,' I said, 'there can be no doubt and mystery between us. I can trust without an explanation. I have faith in you; why, then, need there be doubt? He averted his look from me as he said— There should be mutual confidence between us.

Mary—there should have been from the first.

What could this mean? Now, indeed, it was my turn to be perplexed. I said nothing—what could words avail? He went on, not yet turning his gaze

Mary, a marriage without a perfect understanding between us, a knowledge of all our antecedents, a perfect, free, fall knowledge of each other, so that our hearts are but as one, would not be such a union as I

I kept silent, for I had no reply to make. He rose and walked the room. I looked up once; our eyes

met; he was moody and stern; but the look suddenly changed, and he came toward me. I rose; he threw his arms round me, and I leaned my head upon his

riddles. I cannot tell you what divides us-i cannot speak it. There is a great gulf between us; but God knows how I have loved you! I love you still, and perhaps I am wrong. I have struggled against this pride, if it is that I have tried to crush it; but it will not down at my bidding. I could have borne it better if there had been no concealment. You might have trusted me—that trust would have gone far to have weakened this pride that overmasters everything

else!'
He stopped, turned away from me, and continued to me stopped, turned away from me, and continued to walk the room. Once I thought reason had forsaken him; for had he not known my whole history? How often had he laughingly called me his little 'wait,' his mermaid,' his 'Uudine;' and I said 'Yes, I am like poor little Undine; for I never knew the value of the soul, its rich wealth of love, till you waked it within

too had pride, and could not stoop even to repel I too had pride, and could not stoop even to reper the insinuation thrown out. I resolved to hear all, to bear all, in silence. Suddenly it occurred to me that he had never seen the miniature of my father. I had worn it constantly—it was near my heart then. Might worn it constantly—it was near my heart then. Might not some enemy (but here I was puzzled—I knew no enemy) have led Mr. Harper to suppose that I had loved before, or that I had about me the memento of some buried love, or former friend? In a moment I withdrew the looket; and, touching the spring, I turned to Mr. Harper, and said, 'This is the miniature of my father; is n't it a line face?'

Oh, Bertha! Heaven spare me from ever seeing again the face of a friend! The expression which Mr. Harper wore at that moment—it was anger, contempt and scorn, without one particle of pity! His lip ourled, his eye flashed—he was another man! He bade me shut it up, take it way. I shrunk from him! 'What new phase of his character is this?' I said to myself; 'surely, the brain is dissolved, or a demon has whispered falsehood in his ear!' I sat down, speech-

whispered falschood in his ear!' I sat down, speechless. He continued to walk the room, when, suddenly, as if his resolution was taken, he stopped short. 'Miss Lincoln, we are betrothed! James Harper never broke his word! To-morrow was to be our wedding-day, and I shall be ready, if you desire, at the appointed hour. Your concealment and deception I might plead as nullifying our contract; but I scorn even that subterfuge. I will meet you at the church; but, though the law may bind us together, the higher, holier, purer law, which can only make two souls one, has been broken, and, though united, our lives must has be n broken, and, though united, our lives must

Bertha, I can't describe to you the strange feeling Bertha, I can't describe to you the strange feeling that took possession of my heart as he uttered these words. I had been long enough in the county of Culpepper to hear of the pride of the Harpers; but there sprung at once in my own soul a might of will and a pride that could defy them all. I rose, with a flushed face and a beating heart, but with words that were measured, not by heart beats, but by the power of a stern purpose. stern purpose.

Sir, I would not now be your wife if all the Har-pers from the days of William the Conquerer till now,

pers from the days of William the Conquerer till now, should sue at my feet.'

With these words, I passed out of the room, nor turned a glance backward. He hastened after me.

Stop, Mary, stop! one word—let us not part thus!'
I heeded him not, but, with a firm step, and head erect, I walked up to my own room. Once here, with the door locked, I sunk down, and fainted. I do not know how long I lay senseless, but, on coming to myself, I was lying on the rug, with my head against the sharp corner of this heavy bureau. I had bruised it, as you see; and since I have recovered from the swoon; I am so bewildered with pain, that I cannot think

as you see; and since I have recovered from the swoon; I am so bewildered with pain, that I cannot think clearly. But I believe I have given yon a correct account of the interview. As I told you, it is all dark, dark—not one ray of sunlight, not one spot of clear, blue sky in all my horizon. I am like one blind, groping in this darkness, with no support, no guide."

I too was strangely bewildered, though better prepared for this trouble than Many; for I had seen the about heavy to the materials of the strangely bewildered the mutaring of cloud before the storm—I had heard the muttering of the tempest in the silence of the night. I could sym-pathize with Mary—she knew that well—but I had no words of comfort. I bethought me, however, of her favorite book, and I opened and read this prayer:

"Guide me, Oh Lord, in all the changes of this world; that, in all things that shall happen, I may have an evenness and tranquility of spirit; that my soul may be wholly resigned to thy divinest will and pleasure, never murmuring at thy chastisements and corrections.'

She bowed her head, but her whole frame shook with emotion. Words would not come at my bidding. I persuaded her to lie down, while I bathed her head. Gradually, after a long while, as I sat by her side, and passed my hand over her head, smoothing her hair, her eyes closed; her strong feeling had spent itself, and she fell asleep. How her countenance had altered in the space of a few hours—so wan and mournful—and the lines around the mouth contracted by suffering! My Heart was full of indignation toward Mr. Harper, and I felt rejuctant to meet him again.

Mary's sleep was troubled, and of short duration.

When she awoke, her mind seemed wandering. She put her hand to her head as if in pain.

Where am I, Bertha? Oh, I have had such a hor

rible dream! He came, but oh, so changed I and he wounded me—he sent an arrow into my heart—take it out, Bertha!"
This soon passed away, and the more painful reality

returned. But there came, at last, quiet—outward quiet, at least—and she rose, changed her morning dress for her blue cashmere, bathed her face in cold water, and sat down, with some sewing in her hand.

This last occupation was mechanical, the mere force of habit. It was some work that lay on the table, the trimming to a talma, which she had intended to wear on her ride to church. I took some embroidery of my own from my pocket, and we sat there in silence for the correspondent of the state of the stat some minutes. It was interrupted by the sudden en-trance of Addie. Mary arose, and looked wildly round for some means of escape; she shrunk from secing her. But Addie was too quick for her—her arms were round her neek, and her teans were flowing fast.
What is it. Mary? What can it mean? There is

What is it, Mary? What can it mean? There is some terrible mistake here. Pa came home, looking like a spectre, and ordered Jim to get the carriage ready, for he would go back to Washington. I heard the order and rushed to his room. He was stern and cold; but I thought he suffered. What does this mean tables, gaing healt to Weshington? I be tell surely

—father—going back to Washington? I asked, surely, you forget to-morrow! Forget to-morrow, he replied; I wish I could blot to-morrow out of existence. But I will be calm, Addie. I was about to seek you, and say o you that our marriage is deferred—rather, I ought to to you that our marriage is deterred—rather, I ought to say, the contract is broken forever! There are reasons, sufficient, you would say, could you know them; but I cannot give them to you now. Trust your father, that he has not dishonered his race and name! . But Mary, father?'

His brow contracted, and he looked like a thundercloud. I pray God for her happiness l' said he.

I stood still an instant, looking at my father's face so flerce and stern. Father, some evil spirit has come between you and Mary; but be assured, if you suspect her of wrong, and if you have wounded her pure heart, you will, at some future day, see the error, and mourn

I can't imagine what put the words in my mouth, but they came without effort, and with a bluntness that startled myself, it was so unlike my usual way of ddressing him. I was almost sorry that I had spoke for he was not angry, but a deep gloom settled on his

'Oh, daughter! I have had a dream, a beautiful dream; I fancied she was so like your mother. I might have known there could be but one such angel

·Father,' I said, as I threw my arms about his neck, it is now that you are dreaming—a very bad and troubled dream; you will waken, sometime, and we shall know it was all a dream.'

Would to God it might prove so. Addie! but no, no—'t is proof as strong as holy writ! But I must not waste time in words. I shall miss the coach. I am sorry. Addie, to have spoiled your holidays. See, at least, that the servants are made merry; and I give you carte blanche as to expense !'

In a moment more he was waving an adieu from the In a moment more he was waving an adicu from the carriage, the servants, with open mouths and wondering eyes, gaping at the sight. Poor Mammie stood in the doorway, her capacious self filling the whole space, with her hands on her hips, her broad, fat face clongated as much as possible for it to be, and the tears actually running. She is keen on the seent as a trained hunter, and, though not a word had been said, she had divined trouble. I watched the carriage till it had disappeared, and then I followed Mammie into Pa's room. She took me in her lap, as if I were a baby, and I wept till I was exhausted. till I was exhausted.

till I was exhausted.

'There, Honey I stop now—it's de Lord's will; he neber make earth heaven only jes' a little while. I've seen the darkness a coming along, creeping, creeping, like ugly old snake, to det pretty bird's nest; but it's all dark now—thank de good Lord, it can't be darker—and now Mammie 'il be looking for one ray of light!'

One of the servants came in just then with your message, Bertha, and I ordered Sunbeam saddled, and came at once. There, Mary, don't look so pule—don't

came at once. There, Mary, don't look so pale—don't be so quiet and still—thed some tears—scold away— I'll bear it, even it is my own dear father, because, as Mammie says, he's under some 'allusion,' and aint 'sponsible jes' now."

''sponsible jes' now.''

A faint smile played around Mary's mouth, but it passed quickly away. There was a sound of horses' feet in the yard, and a volce said, 'Whoa, Jenny!''

"It's Ned! it's Ned!'' said Addie, as she sprung to the window, but thoughtful enough even in her impulsive joy, to conceal her little head behind the folds of the window curtain. "There he is! Maybe, dear Mary, he'll find out the trouble, and make it all straight. He's going to be a lawyer, you know, and Pa says he has very 'keen, perceptive powers'—that's the expression, I believe—I thought I'd remember it

exactly; it means, I suppose, that he can square the circle, and tell the dimensions of a piece of chalk!"

How the little witch fluttered as she stood there, How the little witch finttered as she stood there, peeping at her lover—the color coming and going in her fair face, and her bright eyes dancing with delight. I turned from her to Mary. Here was joy and sorrow—the opening bud, and the drooping flower—the bird, with spread wing longing to mount—the weary one, with drooped head and folded pinion.

There was a bustle in the hall below—the greeting of the sisters, the noisy welcome of the little ones, the harking of Ned's favorite dog, and the clear, calm

barking of Ned's favorite dog, and the clear, calm voice of Madame Green: Welcome home, my boy."
He answered briefly to them—
First and foremost, before I go a step further, I

must know what is the trouble at Stanley Hall. I met Mr. Harper, looking as if he had spent three days and nights in the tomb of the Capulets. He never smiled, as he bale me 'good morning,' and I thought he was about to send me back to college, as he took my hand; but no. 'Make it pleasant for them.; Ned, at home,' he said; 'business will keep me at Washington for the meant.' What the dayse it to may? Hos thet little present.' What the deuce is to pay? Has that little Yankee school-ma'am broken her troth, or found a younger lover?'

younger lover?"

"Oh, Ned, Ned!" said Addie, "stop."

He did stop for a moment as his mother replied—"I
know of no trouble, Ned. Miss Lincoln was with him in the drawing-room awhile this morning, and since then she has been in her own room."

"Miss Addie there, too, ma'am. Peter jes' put Sunbeam in the stable."

"You good-for-nothing Pete!" said Addie, shaking her little fist in the direction of the door, but, with all her effort, not looking very savage.

The next minute Madame Green was knocking at our door. Poor Mary neither moved nor spoke, and Addle drew back within the folds of the window-curtain. I admitted her, and I knew that her first glance at Mary confirmed the fears that Ned had raised.

"My dear Mary," she said, as she laid her hand upon her head, "I see there is trouble. Confide in me as in a mother—trust me; you shall not be betrayed."

The tears filled Mary's eyes, but she pressed the hand

of her friend without speaking.

"Supper is waiting, young ladles," said MadamaGreen, addressing Addle and myself. "Jennie will
being Many of her proposition of the proposition of th Green ways to keep the spirit calm. Our only resource then

Mary found the friend she needed in Madame Green anary found the friend she needed in Madame Green—calm, prudent, judicious. She knew the Harpers, and half-divined the cause of the trouble; but she said to herself and others, "Let us wait—we gain nothing by battling with a storm when it rages flercely. We by batting with a storm when to largest necesy. who has are only beaten back, and, like a weary bird, who has tried to mount the clouds, must after all fold our wings and pant till the tempest is over. We will be wiser, and wait meekly in the valley till the sunshine gilds. the mountain tons."

the mountain tops."

Madame Green's energy and decision were called in requisition during the holidays. She planned our amusements, she kept us busy, and, as far as possible, kept the gloom from gathering too thickly over the household. In my heart I thanked her; and I left Virials with his area of requirements. rinia with but one sad reminiscence.

> CHAPTER XXII. CHARLES HERBERT'S WIFE.

"Mary, will you go home with me?" I asked, a few days before leaving Stanley, Hall. Madame Green answered—

answered—

"She is my daughter now," and threw her arm around her, caressingly. "You will not leave us, Mary—we cannot spare you. Two years from now, Bertha, when my Emma is eighteen, we will take a tour of the Northem States, and Mary will go with us; I hope to visit her old home. Then we shall surely seek you, and renew this pleasant acquaintance.

Two years! where shall 1 be then? I said to myself—in India, teaching the little Hindoo the religion of the Bible, and the poor, oppressed, ignorant mothers.

—in India, teaching the little Hindoo the religion of the Bible, and the poor, oppressed, ignorant mothers, the way of life the Saviour has pointed out to us!

I was to return to Rockford one year and complete my course. In the meanwhile, Mr. Gray was to preach in the United States, devoting part of his time to special preparation for his missionary work. I was a little surprised to find myself, on my return, an object of interest in the school. The knowledge of my engagement had preceded me, my mother not being at all anxious to conceal it. I was Mr. Gray's affianced gagement had preceded it. I was Mr. Gray's affianced bride, and dedicated to the missionary cause—a future heroine or martyr; for the memoirs of Mrs. Judson had been read by the young ladies, and the true heroism of her life and her heroic character fully appreciated. It had all the charm of a romance and the beauty of truth. It was an honor to follow humbly in her foot truth. It was an honor to follow humbly in her footsteps. I became a pet of the teachers, and a sort of consecrated character among the scholars. It was stimulating to spiritual pride, and rather tended to aid me in my determination. My former room-mate, Miss Crooks, was not there; Miss Garland, in mercy to her feelings, had sent her to the far West as a teacher, where her firmness of character, her black bow, and

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year. It was the camel's load which never could have gone through the narrow gate called The Needle. I dressed in plain, dark colors, with no ornaments. I kept a day of fasting once a week; read no books but my Bible and one or two devotional works. My studies were Algebra, Butler's Analogy, and Evidences of Christianity. The hours for recreation were spent in religious conversation with my companions, and all the evenings not devoted to study were passed in social prayer-meetings. I kept a daily journal of all the phases of my religious feelings, now full of rapture, looking from the mountain top on the land of Canaan, annon in the depths of gloom and despondency—all these were carefully noted as if the control of t anon in the depths of gloom and despondency—all these were carefully noted, as if they were of impor-tance to myself and the world. I lived on the plainest of food, and ate only a small quantity of that to accustom myself to the self-denial of a missionary. If a scholar was gay and worldly, and inclined to ridicule serious matters, I considered it my duty to converse with her, at all times and places, esteeming the ridicule and reproach which I might thus incur, as borne for Christ's sake. I was becoming fitted for Mr. Gray's purpose, and it certainly was a pity that our intention of going to India was not fulfilled immediately on my leaving school.

Our marriage, which was to have been in the spring was deferred to October, on account of the severe illness of my youngest brother, Edward. For some weeks he lingered on the threshold of the grave; and during that time my mother's usual firmness wholly forsook her. She could not trust herself with the charge of his medicine, nor stand near him when he charge of his medicine, nor stand near him when he had intervals of derangement, caused by the excitement of fover. The thought of losing him nearly deprived her of reason. The little boy wanted me by his side constantly, and I seldom left him, day or night. Joe was not with us much; he never loved Eddie, though a most loveable, gentle child; and, as Joe was too honest to express a sympathy he did not feel, he kent away. kept away.

Eddie recovered slowly; and as I was suffering from the confinement and labor of a sick room, my father sent me to Boston, where I became more of the world, worldly, among fashionable friends, who gradually led me from some of my strange notions, as they called them, to some conformity with their own views. Mean-while, Mr. Gray had received a call from the peo-ple of a church in Vernon. It was a tempting one, and as he lingered in the field, and partook of the hospitality of the liberal, kind-hearted people. India was seemed more and more difficult to endure—and, without informing me of his change of purpose, he accepted the call to settle among them. I felt at once that I ought to be free; but how could I confess the motive of my heart in making the engagement? I think my mother had some suspicion of the real state of my heart. She sent for me to come home, and kept me constantly with her, and busy in preparation for the marriage. She was indulgent and liberal; but her gifts and her labor were not appreciated by one whose heart was indifferent to a bridal paraphernalla, and looked forward with little pleasure to her new home. Sometimes. labor were not appreciated by one whose heart was indifferent to a bridal paraphernalia, and looked forward with little pleasure to her new home. Sometimes, when at home, I would start from my bed at midnights and walk the room with a determined step, saying, will break this hated chain. As soon as day dawns, I will break this hated chain. As soon as day dawns, I will make a frank arowal, in writing, to Mr. Gray, He shall know all." But the day found me shrinking and fearful. Once I took courage, and expressed my feelings frankly to my mother. "Perhaps." I said to my. self, "she will pity me, and aid me to free myself." She listened kindly, and in a voice of the stand the writer's reasoning; but my poor little intellect soon got lost in a fog. like a small fishing smack off Newfoundland, and, as I carried no light ia my fow, I was in danger of being run down by the larger craft. After pushing on awhile in the fog, I actually foundered on two rocks, viz., the terms "subjective" and "objective;" and I reckon I 'm not the first one that has struck these reefs. After that, I read mechanically for an hour till. self, whe will pity me, and aid me to free myself."
She listened kindly, and in a voice of unusual mild-

She listened kindly, and in a voice of unusual mildness, replied:

"Why, my daughter, your feelings are not peculiar.
Every woman shrinks from this change in her life, and the more as she approaches it. I think more highly of you for this timidity and reluctance. It argues a humility of spirit which will render your future life more happy. You cannot now retract—it is too late; for it is better not to vow, than to vow and not pay. The curse of God will follow you, and your whole life will be filled with remorseful regret. Do not allow yourself to indulge in the thought; it is but the temptation of an evil spirit, to which you should say, 'Get thee behind me, Satan.'"

Then she would propose a ride, or a walk, in search

Mr. Gray was asleep. How long he had been so, I could not tell; but I returned to my stitching and to my lesson of kings.

I had got as far George III. when the door-bell rung. I went myself to wait upon my visitors, when, lo! went myself to wait upon my visitors, when, lo! went myself to wait upon my visitors, when, lo! went myself to wait upon my visitors, when, lo! went myself to wait upon my visitors, when, lo! went myself to wait upon my visitors, when, lo! went myself to wait upon my visitors, when, lo! went myself to wait upon my visitors, when, lo! went myself to wait upon my visitors, when, lo! went myself to wait upon my visitors, when, lo! went myself to wait upon my visitors, when, lo! went myself to wait upon my visitors, when, lo! went myself to wait upon my visitors, when, lo! went myself to wait upon my visitors, when, lo! went myself to wait upon my visitors, when, lo! went myself to wait upon my visitors, when, lo! went myself to wait upon my visitors, when, lo! went myself to wait upon my visitors, when, lo! went myself to wait upon my visitors, when, lo! went myself to wait upon my visitors, when, lo! went myself to wait upon my visitors, when, lo! went myself to wait upon my visitors, when, lo! went myself to wait upon my visitors, when, lo! went myself to wait upon my visit

Then she would propose a ride, or a walk, in search of furniture or housekeeping articles, or a call upon a friend. She was shrewd enough to keep Mr. Gray away. He was not to come till the wedding day. Ah! this was a masterpiece of policy. Had he come only one day before, my heart would have betrayed itself. But, as my readers will remember, (and I wish they would now turn back to Chapter First.) I did not see him until dressed for the ceremony. Let me not dwell upon that scene. A bride of six months, and would not wait for me to do so. As soon a theorem. Then she would propose a ride, or a walk, in search called here.

pered no more.

"Like the dew on the mountain, Like the foam on the river, ... Like the bubble on the fountain, Thou art gone, and forever !

While I have lingered over my journal, Helen has come home. I had more difficulty now in keeping the secret of my little garret retreat. Sometimes I rose early, just as the first light of morning peeped in at the little window; but, fortunately, after a few days, she joined a class of young people in the study of chemistry. It was taught by a gentleman who came, they try. It was taught by a gentleman who came, they said, from B——, a large town three miles from Varnon. He is very popular in the village for his skill in performing experiments, and his thorough knowledge of the science which he professes to teach. They call him Dr. Cameron; but I cannot learn that he is a regu-lar physician, though he has prescribed for his pupils in one or two cases of illness, and with great success. Helen has never missed a lesson, and all the class seem equally attracted to the new teacher. I have not seen him, but I am half determined to join the class, and him, but I am half determined to join the class, and were it not that I wished my time to myself for awhile each day, would do so.

June—the month of roses! How beautifully the

garden at Elmwood looks! I do not walk there now, as I'did before I learned who owned the place. I was sitting at the window with my sewing to-day, when an old gentleman, with a broad Panama hat, a gold-headold gentleman, with a broad Panama nat, a gold-nead-ed cane, and a loose-sleeve sack, came slowly down the garden path, and, seating himself in the summer-house, or "grapery," began to smoke a cigar. He was a large, portly man, with a bronzed complexion. When he lifted his hat, as he did to catch the breeze—for it was a warm day—I could not help admiring his broad forehead and his noble shaped head, nearly bald. The organs of benevolence could be seen from where I sat as lainly as the little mounds of myrtle in the flower beds. In a few minutes he took out a newspaper, and, throwing himself back in the broad garden chair, which should think had been made expressly for his use, coked like contentment personified. He had not been there long, when she came running out. Ay, I knew her! It is as if the picture had stepped out of the frame! Her golden curls are rippling over her brow and neck, and her step is light as a fawn's. See! she don't mind the newspaper at all, but springs upon the old gentleman's knee and throws one arm caressingly his neck. He lets the newspaper drop, and turns toward her, while she kisses his cheek, and then nestles her head on his broad bosom. I can see a whole heart full of love in his face as he looks down upon her. She remains still but a moment. Now she is up and has gathered a handful of rose-buds and some sprigs of myttle, which she weaves into a wreath and place. of myrtle, which she weaves into a wreath and places upon her head. She is dancing now; but soon a barkwhere nor armness of character, her black bow, and her ancient puris had won the heart of a widowed home missionary with four children. Oh, those children! I laid awake nights commiserating their fate!

I look back now and smile at the amount of self. I look back now and smile at the amount of self. I look back now and smile at the amount of self. I look back now and smile at the amount of self. I look back now and smile at the amount of self. I look back now and smile at the amount of self. I look back now and smile at the amount of self. I look back now and smile at the amount of self. I look back now and smile at the amount of self. I look back now and smile at the amount of self. I look back now and smile at the amount of self. I look back now and smile at the amount of self. I look back now and smile at the amount of self. I look back now and smile at the amount of self. I look back now and smile at the amount of self.

She is in her usual working costume, a very dark-grey dress, in which two breadths more would not be supernumary ones; the sleeves are very seant, and her hair is drawn very tightly to the back of her head. Dear, Aunt Paul! I wish you were not so much of a non-conformist: but your heart is full of rare gems—like the pearl oyster, your beauty lies hidden beneath rough exterior! How particular she is in hanging out those clothes—every one put on with mathematical accuracy as if they were expected to step down, and march, in rank and file, to the house, when dry. Her nicety and precision attract the old gentleman's eyes; but his precision attract the old gentleman's eyes; but his companion seems highly amused at something, perhaps Aunty's costume. Well, there is a contrast between them, enough to make my picture more perfect. But, see! who is coming now from the house? Ah. Charles Herbert. I should know that prompt, decided step; slower, however, than formerly—a tropical climate may have caused that. How quick she hears the step and turns round! Now she runs toward him like a child who expects a welcome; and she does not expect child who expects a welcome; and she does not expect in vain. She can stand under his extended arm; she draws the arm around ber, and they walk on together. Now the arm around per, and they wank on together. Now they are all three in the grapery. Charles—Mr. Herbert, I mean—is tying up a fallen vine, and pointing out something to the old gentleman, some improvement. I fancy. She has curled herself up with her likitie dog in her arms, on one of the head garden settees. Charles—Mr. Herbert—disappears for a moment, and returns with curleng and sheet and places one under returns with cushion and shawl, and places one under her head, and the other tenderly over her. Now she is asleep; the flower has folded its petals, and is quiet; now the two gentlemen light a fresh cigar. The paper is picked up, and they sit with their chairs tipped back, and their feet raised, evidenty having a nice time. of it. And me? Why, I should have stitched two wristbands, and I have only one half done. Now, Berand as no ingered in the field, and partook of the nos-pitality of the liberal, kind-hearted people. India was removed far into the distance—a missionary's life seemed more and more difficult to endure—and, with-out informing me of his change of purpose, he accepted the call to settle among them. I felt at once that I Norman to Victoria.

I had gone only as far as Richard of hateful memory, when Mr. Gray came in, "Bertha, I am tried, and will lie down awhile;" but,

as I shall not sleep, you may read aloud this treatise ou the 'Freedom of the Human Will.''

and "objective;" and I reckon I'm not the first one that has struck these reefs. After that, I read mechanically for an hour, till, on looking up. I found Mr. Gray was asleep. How long he had been so, I could not tell; but I returned to my stitching and to my lesson of kings.

I had got as far George III. when the door-bell rung. I went myself to wait upon my visitors, when, lo! they were the very persons I had just been trying to forget—Charles Herbert and his wife!

"I am glad we have found you at home," said Mr. ... Herbert, as coolly as if he supposed I, too, would be glad.

nim until dressed for the ceremony. Let me not dwell upon that scene. A bride of six months, and would fald forget her wedding day!

Such has been my life; for I have given a faithful transcript of the past. But one thread of silver runs through its otherwise unvarying shadow—my childish attachment for Charles Herbert, but now to be remembered no more.

On. I thought I could not speak; but Mr. Herbert did not weit for me to do so. As soon as there was a pause, he remarked—
"I was not aware. Bertha, until after your marriage that Mr. Gray was settled in this place. I am hoping that you and Lilian will see each other every day. I must leave town soon; shall I leave her under your

Now I felt as if I ought to resent this talk of friendship and future familiarity. Had I not suffered neglect and wrong from him? I tried to think so; but, in spite of all the seeming wrong, there was something so frank and calm in Charles Herbert's manner that I could not harbor revenge; moreover, I too found my-self calm, and able to do the honors of the house with the regulsite dignity.

Mr. Gray came in; and while the gentlemen discussed.
the state of the country, and local interests, Lilian and

wandered over the house.

"Such a dear little box," she said, "just large enough for two." She wished Elmwood was n't quite enough for two." She wished Ethawood wasn't quite as large. From the house we went into our garden, where I had a few flower-beds. She admired everything. My roses were more perfect, she said; the ugly little bugs destroyed all the beauty of her choicest. We sat down in the little arbor that was on the boundary line of the two gardens, and Lilian was chatting as fest es her little targue could run, when the gardensen. fine of the two gardens, and Lilian was cnatting as fast as her little tongue could run, when the gentlemen joined us. Mr. Gray was making some complaint of the parsonage, and the selfishness of the parish committee. "There were no early apple trees," he said, "and the other fruit was not choice or valuable."

"Never mind, Mr. Gray," said Lilian, laughing.

"Never mind, Mr. Gray," said Littan, laugning.
"Bertha and I are going to pull down this fence, and
there are plenty of summer harvest apples this side.
Come. Bertha—may I call you Bertha? I like the name
so much, and Charles does, too—do you know," and
she whispered in my ear, "I think he loves you, next to
me, of all the world. He loved his mother best—dear
women! you know she died at our house in Trailad. me, of all the world. He loved his mother best—dear woman I you know she died at our house in Trinidad, only a little while before we were married. He mourns for her yet—no, he'll not let me say motions; for he says the life she now lives is so much more beautiful than a life on earth can be. It is queer to talk so, is n't it? I never want to think of death, or hear any one else talk about it. I want to live always, and mever grow any older, and have Charles live, too, just as he is now. I think he's handsomer now than he was five years ago—do n't you?"

was five years ago—do n't you?"

"He was a fine-looking boy."

"Yes, so I have heard father say. Oh, come and see father; there he is in the garden with Green. He's had his siesta, as he calls it, and he will feel in good splitts."

The months and a live is in the garden with Green.

The gentlemen had already gone forward to look at some fruit trees in blossom, and we followed.

And this is Bertha Lee," said the old gentleman, kindly. "one of my friend James's pets? Welcome to

Elimwood, where we hope to see you often." And he gave me his arm to walk with me to the orchard. From there we went to the greenhouse, where grapes were already ripe; and the old gentleman ordered the gardener.

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

Indolence is the rust of the mind and the inlet of every

Reported for the Banner of Light.

REV. A. D. MAYO, AT THE MUSIC HALL, BOSTON.

Eunday, Oct. 23. 1850.

The Rev. Theodore Parker's congregation was addressed, on Sunday, the 23d of October, by Rov. A. D. Mayo, of Albany, upon .. The Organization of Religion in the United States."

The subject, he said, was of no secondary interest. It is vitally connected with the success of religion in our country. Whether the chief American republic is to be religious or atheistic, depends, to a greater degree than we may acknowledge, on the mode of organizing the religion. Every idea must become an institution, in order to aid in the achievement of the destiny of a people. Liberty unorganized is anarchy; organized, is free society. Love unorganized is lust; organized, is the home. Religion unorganized either becomes superstition, or vanishes into atheism; organized, it is a Church and a Christian civilization. The experience of the ages has decided that the world has always rushed into the worst church as a shelter from unbridled superstition and atheistic despair. The American people believe in nothing that cannot be shaped into an institution. The United States must be given over to no faith, or to a faith which can be embodied in some practical working form.

He should assume that there is a great religious faith in this Republic, to be organized. There never was so much genuine religious faith in this country as to-day. He granted that if by faith we mean faith in existing churches, there is a "suspension," in some cases verging near a bankruptcy. But there never was so perfect and true a faith in any nation, as to-day in this republic. There are two classes of men now affirming that there is a suspense of faith. First, those who look constantly into the slough of our national sensuality and barbarism; secondly, those who look into the region inhabited by the over-educated, over-refined, the spiritual and social Sybarites that loange in every great city and village, and who see that the clique is larger than ever before. Either of these classes is large enough to hide the American people from the demagogue who affects the company of blackguards, or the theologian who affects the company of the overrefined. Nobody expects faith in this society. The highest and lowest strata of every people have always been in a state of suspended religious animation. But whoever is sufficiently honest and clear-minded to look between these two classes, both smaller here than in any modern nation, and contemplate the real, acting people, who are making America the best thing she is, and who are the hope of the country for what it shall be, must confess that there was never so much true faith displayed before. The speaker knew that the mass of the American people are far below the ideal of the Sermon on the Mount. But never before was there such a mighty interest to know the truth about God and man, such growing impatience with popular and ecclesiastical faleshoods. If the people are sometimes disappointed in the priests, the mediums, the agitators, yet the blind, high impulse, is growing into clear religion.

Some kinds of religion are already organized in the Republic. The two great forms the Christian religion has assumed in the past are on the ground. The Church of the infallible hierarchy, and the Church of the infallible sacrificial creed, are each claiming to organize the entire Christianity of the nation. Let us inquire if either of these is able to truly organize religion.

First: the Church of the infallible hierarchy claims Divine authority to:organize our religion, claiming to be the exclusive medium of saving grace. This Church will do all the good it can that is consistent with the support of that hierarchy; all other good it will leave undone. It has two wings, the Roman Catholic, the Continentalthe Protestant Episcopal, or Anglo-Saxon form. Both stand on the radical basis of being the Divinely-authorized Church. Both divisions are growing stronger each year. In the great State of New York, the chief organizing State in the Union as Massachusetts is the chief State in the realm of ideas, they modify the most liberal churches, and influence the whole social fabric of the State. They represent the principles of European civilization to this country. Whether this form can organize religion in the United States depends upon whether we are drifting toward the aristocratic tendencies of that civilization. The highest and the lewest classes are drifting this way. This Church never offends the slave power, the representative of despotism in America. The late attempt to reinstate Bishop Onderdonk was referred to as an illustration of the spirit of hierarchical Church, the support of a Bishop being held above that of morality and just public opinion. The scorn with which the proposition to act against the African slave-trade was received in the late Episcopal Convention, was cited as an example of the shrewdness with which this Church, aiming at the possession of the slave States, avoids offence to the slave power. It will finally organize the aristocratic elements of America. Very good people do believe in an aristocratic government, and an authoritative Church. This party will become a formidable force in the Republic, but will always be an anti-democratic minority. It will, doubtless, have its uses, as confervative ballast; but it cannot organize a religion that regards the Church as the servant of the soul; and that is the religion which is to prevail more and more as the kingdom of light and love pre-

Second: the Church of the infallible sacrificial creed proposes to orgatizo religion in the United States, around a theological system. This Charch will do all the good it can, consistently with that, and what good is outside of that it will leave undone. Its doctrine and organiza. tion are as compact as an armor of links, but still yielding with wondrous elasticity, to the deep inspiration and Titanic struggles of its freest advocates. It tolerates all sorts of theoretical and practical errors in its followers; it repudiates all philanthropy in the heretic. This Church is called the Protestant Evangelical, and is the most powerfal in the land. It was the religion planted in the most enterprising part of the country, and has spread wherever our enterprise has gono. It has practical possession of our whole educational system. It is composed of a dozen sects, but they all stand together when their great banner is displayed, and the awful spectacle of God's sacrificing his Son on Cavalry glares forth on its canvass. The "Business-men's Prayer-meeting" was referred to as the most efficient and powerful organ for the consolidation of these Churches into one. The men who manage it know what they are doing. So far, the people appear to follow with commendable facility. It is successful because it represents the average condition of the American people. Its creed is doubtless the best that ever prevailed in any Church so large. Perhaps there is as much truth included in its catechism as the people can comprehend. It is the Church of the actual present of the United States. But the atmosphere is full of indications that it is not the Church of the highest present life, much less of that ideal future which is the creed of democracy. The creed is assailed by the best science and philosophy of the day. Every large thinker is brought up against one of its points. The rising humanity of the country rises up against it. The growing freedom of the country commands it to estimate men by their character, not by the Catechism. Under this pressure it is convulsed to the centre. The New York Independent well represents this struggle. The speaker suspected that this ·Church will be the ruling religious organization for half a century to .come. Professor Park may give it a lease of life for another quarter of a century. But many a progressive church will fall off into heterodoxy. It cannot permit even religious toleration, without suicide. To acknowledge that character is the test of salvation is to sink the ...plan" into speedy forgetfulness. It will do neither. Representing the highest faith of the present, that which alone prophesies the true democracy of the future is to be organized by another power.

There is but one faith which can shape the best religious condition of the American people into a true form. That is, the faith of God always and evermore in humanity. There has never been a time when the best souls of the world have not acknowledged this faith. .First among its prophets was Jesus Christ. The sum of his whole life and teaching was the eternal union of God and man. He was God in the same sense that you and I and all men can become participators of the Divine essence. He has been the world's pioneer . to these good news which in these latter days have at last burst forth with a force that will hereafter be irresistible. But especially has this majestic faith of God now with man grown in our own land. At that magic word, our creed-bound theology has sprung into a new life! and has shaken itself clear of the doctrine of a sacrificial salvation. The new Church of Philanthropy has leapt into life, challenging slavery, sensuality, selfishness, in the name of man's Divinity. Industry has revived, and our people have revived to a consciousness

that true labor is the highly hway to that God of whom Jesus said; waty Father worketh." Our entire politics have come to concentrate in a question concerning that race which, by its sorrows and wrongs, is the representative of humanity. It is no cause of surprise that the priests are shrinking from this new glare of light, and calling on the rocks and mountains of a new ecclesiasticism to cover them. It is this faith which we are called to organize into some form befitting its august reality. How shall we make this true revival of religion a permanent fact in our national life? This new idea will shape a church and school of that liberal Christianity which is nothing more nor less than the absolute religion, where generations shall be taught in its comprehension and application. This Church will have its foundation in the perpetual inspiration of man by God. It will have no test of worth, short of holy character. It welcomes the forms and ceremonies that spring from the true nature of man, and symbols of manhood and womanhood to the imagination, fired with the eternal beauty. It asks no bond but the sympathy and honor of according souls. Men who love God and man can work together without the guardianship of a spiritual police. It demands perpetual activity in man; it will be the scourge of sin, the salvation of the sinner. This is what all good men now sigh and plead for, in all lands. And if America is to go on and become a true republic, the crowning height of civilization, the heaven-kissing hill, whence all holy influences shall pour in crystal tides to refresh our popular and private life, the sooner the wise begin to organize this community to a higher culture, the less danger that it will drift away into a new fanaticism. He would not deny the fanaticism and folly attending this new religious movement. But we can point to greater excesses in the early Christianity. We deliberately prefer, said he, the perils of liberty to the perils of despotism.

How, then, shall be realized this ideal of a true religious culture in the United States? First, there are three thousand church organizations which have nominally cut loose from the authority of the hierarchy and the creed, and profess to stand for a reformed Christianity. They are the Unitarians, the Universalists, the Christians, and the Hicksite Friends. There is progress throughout all these sects. Dhey are all gradually falling into the position, practically, of independent religious organizations. There is, indeed, in each, a party who believe in consolidating; but it will finally be defeated. Then there are the independent congregations of whom Rev. Mr. Parker is the foremost man. So far from being a failure, Mr. Mayo regarded the career of these new religious bodies as a great success, for fifty years of controversy. A portion of these churches will become the nucleus of all the future of religious culture. The various reform movements" of the day were instanced as another branch of the liberal religious movement of the age-the anti-slavery agitation, the woman's rights movement, temperance, et celera.

"Spiritualism," said the speaker, "is another, blind, push in the same direction. While fastidious scholars are lampooning its absurdities, and conservative preachers are calling on it to subside, the wiser observers behold in it a new popular outbreak of faith in immortality, a natural reaction against the Pagan Church theories of the future life. It is now/so complicated with physical problems, so overlaid and shot through with crude speculations, that nobody can accurately prophesy its real meaning and mission. But it has broken down a wall between earth and heaven, that no priesthood can ever rebuild. Any Church that will lead the people, must henceforth preach a progressive futurity. Spiritualism may subside, in its present forms; but the result will only be gathered up in the Christian Church of God in man." The numerous Conventions for free discussion of questions of reform are another hopeful omen. The great need, now, is concentration, in associations for religious culture and conduct. This is going on. In the independent congregational churches arising all over the land is to be found the great hope of our future culture in religion. They shall vary in their forms of worship, and so they shall represent the infinite variety of religion. Each shall be free to develop its religious life, all shall be one to fight the great battle of man's deliverance from tyranny and sin. and prophesy of his eternal union with God. There shall be no retreat into dead observances, but an advance into the glorious liberty of

A RECORD OF MODERN MIRACLES.

By S. B. BRITTAN.

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

CHAPTER II.—[CONTINUED.]

As a convincing illustration and proof of Mrs. Mettler's extraorlinary psychometrical powers, I will here introduce her portrait of the great Hungarian Apostle of Liberty. A letter written by Kossuth to Judge Edmonds—whilst the former was in St. Louis—was inclosed in a buff envelop and handed to Mrs. M., without the least intimation respecting the source of the communication. It is proper to remark that, in a note accompanying the original publication of the portrait. Mr. F. L. Burr of the Times, observes that \cdots the letter from which these impressions flowed was penned by Kossuth immediately after the close of one of his most eloquent and self-exhausting specches to a multitude in St. Louis."

PSYCHOMETRIC DESCRIPTION OF THE INSPIRED MAGYAR. "This person must feel exhausted—this is the feeling produced in me. I incline to be sighing. I am oppressed for breath, and feel like fainting from exhaustion. Must I give way to my feelings? ['Yes.'] Then my hands and arms must be raised; there must be a waving first of one hand and then of the other. This person gesticulates like one speaking to a crowd. Who can it be? I feel much exhausted after these exertions.

This gentleman has a massive brain; at times the head seems almost ready to burst with the ideas which flow through the mind. He possesses great intelligence and rare gifts of oratory.

Intuition is the great governing principle with this individual. The spiritual element predominates in the character. There are no bounds to his calculations—there is no one thing too great for him to undertake. His perceptive powers seem to lead him almost, if not altogether, beyond every other mind, enabling him to calculate the end from the beginning.

This person's knowledge is truly astonishing. His mind must be naturally educated, and not governed by books, or the opinions of others. He forms his own conclusions, is extremely firm and fixed in his own opinions, and never seems to waver, or turn from what he conceives to be right.

This person seems to possess unbounded benevolence. He cannot rest contended by being blest himself; but his great aim and desire appear to be the redemption of the world. His fellow beings must all partake of the great bounty and blessings of Liberty.

His powers of concentration are truly remarkable. He has also large cautiousness-but no timidity-with very large combativeness, which he would be likely to exercise in defence of Self, Family and

He is one that would win all hearts to himself; and no one could see him, or become acquainted with him in the least, without feeling an attachment which cannot be severed. I never came into the sphere of such a mind. I feel at times as though I was almost lifted from the Earth-that I must be a spirit. Words flow into my mind in such a manner-with such wonderful rapidity, that the tongue is scarcely able to utter what I feel, and desire to express. I feel at times as though appealing to the sympathies of those around me; and then again such boldness and consciousness of right, that I could face a whole nation—and they would sink into insignificance before the principle for which I contend. I seem to be supported and sustained by a constant influx of spiritual strength, which enables me to speak in such a manner, that not only astonishes myself, but all who

This must be a great Statesman. All the common affairs of life appear to be nothing, compared with the great end which this individual seems to have in view. He cannot be bound by either sect or party. He seems determined to throw off all shackles from himself and country. Freedom of thought, speech, and action, is his motto. He is untiring in his exertions, and must be self-forgetfal. He appears to be spending his life for a cause most dear to his heartand that must be Lineary. But by his exertions he is fast exhausting his physical strength; and were he not sustained by spiritual

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Of this class I will cite two examples as additional illustrations of years, though only a mile distant. Mrs. Mettler's powers. Alvin Adams, Esq., of Boston, having received a mystical message through a Medium, in characters resem. oling Chinese; inclosed the same and forwarded it to Dr. Mettler, bling Chinese, inclosed the same and forwarded it to Dr. metters, stantly in bed, and was unable to sit erect. She had the most scienwith a note requesting that it imight be subjected to the blands of tiffe physicians of the various schools, and took a great deal of medi-Mrs. M., and a significant portion of her impressions will be found in cine, without relief. On Mrs. Mettler's first visit the distress of the subjoined extract:

"In placing this letter to my forchead, I feel a burning heat, as hough I were approaching the sun. As I draw nearer, the light becomes bright, and almost dazzling. In that light I see etherial and angelic forms. I see one with a massive head, a keen piercing eye, and a mind that seems to hold all other minds about him in breathless silence. They bow in submission to him, or rather feel their inferiority in his presence. His subject appears to interest the group that encircles him; and what he has to say appears to relate to matters on the earth. Massive ideas enter my brain, accompanied with such an anxiety to make known to the world mysteries of which you have iever yet dreamed !.

This writing must have emanated from the Spirit World. I see no distinct character individualized; but there are presented to me Spirits who have lived in different countries, and have spoken diverse lanuages. One of the number appears to have given the communication that I now hold against my forehead. It is in an unknown tonque."

A few days after Rev. Thomas L. Harris had completed his improvisation of the remarkable Poem entitled "An Eric of the Starky HEAVENS," an incident occurred one evening, that will interest the reader, and with the citation of which I shall leave this part of my subject. Several persons were assembled at the residence of Mr. Part. ridge, in New York; the Doctor, Mrs. Mettler, Mr. Harris, and the writer being among the number. In the course of a general converof paper, on which he had previously, (during the delivery of the controlled, and the name was written.] Folding the paper into a Tribune. Speaking of his wife's case, Mr. Wilkie says: small compass, and in such a manner as to entirely conceal the name, Mr. Harris, without giving any explanation, placed it in the hands of Mrs. Mettler for her impressions. In a few moments the psychometrist persons supporting her round the room, or raising her from the ned or was profoundly entranced. At first she exhibited emotions of sadness and grief. Then rising and walking toward a remote corner of the her back perhaps a fortnight, so as to be unable to support being apartment, her eyes being closed, she appeared to hold converse with moved from the bed. Under these circumstances of course she has invisible beings. She paused, and seemed looking at objects beneath. Her whole frame shook spasmodically, and the muscles of the face were distended and convulsed, as if the images of the "Inferno" were passing visibly before her. At length she spoke with uncommon emphasis, and we caught the following words:

"No! No! I am not mad! I am not mad! Keep me in bondage, if ye will. Are ye flends? Ye hellish bigots of Earth, curses [a pause] nay, blessings be upon your heads. [Here Mrs. M. raised her head, and appeared to be looking into the Heavens; the muscles of her countenance gradually relaxed, a sweet smile irradiated her features, and she continued:] Bright Angels hover in the upper air; they smile on me, and their presence gives me peace."

Mrs. M. continued at some length in a strain that led those of the company who were acquainted with Dante's history to think that she was en rapport with his spirit, and that visions of the Poets' earth life, and the seeing of the Divina Commedia were passing before her.

CHAPTER III.

Psycho-physiological Gures-Mary Mosman—Sight and Speech Restored—Mrs. Burt of Chicopee—Straightening the Crooked Limb—Cases from Mrs. Green's Biography of Mrs. Mettler—Grand Locomotion of bed ridden Women—Sudden Restoration of Mrs. Wilkie—Typhoid Fever arrested and a sick Prophet made to take up his bed and walk.

The astonishing cures wrought by Mrs. Mettler, after the method which has been variously denominated the "Laying on of Hands," Magnetic Manifestations," "Psychological Control," etc., indicate hat she possesses remarkable healing powers, and is capable of exercising a vital and renovating influence over others which has not been surpassed during a period of fifteen centuries. In this respect, at least, it must be concoded that she is a far more worthy successor of the early Christian Apostles than the modern clergy. It was in the beginning of the year 1850 that this mysterious power was first made manifest through Mrs. M., in the sudden and wonderful restoration of Miss Mary Mosman, at Cabotville, Mass. The details of the case are given by her venerable father, Deacon Silas Mosman, in the following symptoms was exceedingly accurate. Out of several millions of communication, which was widely published immediately after the medicines which exist in the world, her discriminating perceptions

"CABOTVILLE, Jan. 9, 1850.

"Be it known that my daughter, Mary, now twenty-two years old. ras, for about three years past, been mostly confined to her bed, and | plaint the wisdom of a clairvoyant only could discover, my fever was unable to walk alone. About the middle of July last she lost all subsided. power of the organs of speech, and a few days after was deprived of her eyesight, becoming entirely blind, with no power to even raise her eyelids. All possible means have been used for her relief. She has been attended by twelve or thirteen different physicians, some of which exhausts itself or the patient—one or the other must die. But the same condition, changing only for the worse; and was finally told that she could never be any better.

"By this time we had almost despaired of obtaining any relief. But through a kind Providence, we noticed a letter in one of the the daire voyante, in healing and restoring the sick. We immediately quieted her a good deal.

about half an hour, with NOTHING BUT HER OWN HANDS, she succeedastonishment she triumphantly put the case beyond all question, by making my daughter walk entirely alone, which she had not done

"Such are the facts in this most remarkable cure. Mary continues to her former good health."

Miss Mosman's singular recovery created no little excitement in the neighbothood of Cabotville, and Mrs. Mettler was soon called to attend Mrs. Climena Burt, of Chicopce, Mass. Mrs. B. was afflicted with Spinal Disease and Inflammatory Rheumatism, and several eminent physicians had declared her case hopeless. For more than a year she had been unable to walk, and for seven months had been compelled to sit in a rocking-chair day and night. The muscular system was powerless, and one lower limb was so contracted that it was some four inches shorter than the other. During Mrs. Mettler's first operation, and within the space of twenty minutes, the contracted limb was straight ened to its full length; the patient immediately stood erect, and walked about the room without the least extrinsic aid or support. Mrs. Burt continued to improve, and the cure was permanent.

The following brief statements of several important cases are extracted from Mrs. Frances Harriet Green's Biography of Mrs. Mettler, which was published in 1853:

Mrs. Sophia Taylor, of Granby, Mass., had been suffering six years from a complete prostration of the nervous system. She had employed soveral of the most skillful physicians, but gradually grew worse for four years, during most of which time she had been unable to walk, without taking hold of whatever she could reach for support and then only for a few steps.

quieted her for the night by making passes; and in the morning the inaw, and conversing with him. He gave me the same account

influence, he could not last long. I sliculd never the in contem- magnetic treatment was renewed. In less than half an hour Mrs. Tayplating and sympathizing with this remarkable man. His sphere is let became strong and was able to walk erect, when she went into shother room, took breakfast, sat a long time, and walked round the In giving psychometrical delineations of the characters of persons house. The next day she went up stairs, and came down again, withllying in the body, Mrs. Mettler is seldom or never entranced, but it out the least help, which she had not done before throughout her is said that written communications from Spirits invariably induce whole sickness. On the third day she went all over the house, then this state. Psychometry may, therefore, aid us to determine the went out, and walked the entire length of the piazza; and a few days this state. Psychometry may, therefore, and us to determine the origin of such mystical writings as are of questionable authenticity. after she-rode out to visit her sister, whom she had not seen for five

Mfs. Renaude, of Stamford, Ct., had been sick three years, most of which time she had been confined to her bed, and was unable to walk without assistance. During the previous year she had been kept conthe patient was greatly mitigated, and she was made to walk alone, with a firm and strong step, from one room to another. The next day, after a renewal of the same treatment, Mrs. Renaude went into the street, and returned without being tired.

Mrs. Rowley, wife of Harmon Rowley, of Chicopee Falls, Mass., had been sick fourteen years, of a general debility. For two years she could not rise from her bed, or walk without assistance. In a very few minutes she was made to rise, and walk across the room without help; and after a few applications of the same power, she could walk, and run briskly.

Mrs. Mary M. Ferry, of Granby Centre, Mass., was sick between three and four years, and during the last year had been mostly confined to the bed, and was wholly unable to walk alone. She continued to grow worse, and the case was considered nearly, if not quite hopeless. When Mrs. Mettler first visited her, which was March 7, 1850. she found the patient in bed, scarcely able to move.

After making a clairvoyant examination, Mrs. Mettler was restored o the natural state, when she magnetized the patient so powerfully. that she soon had her on her feet. Mrs. Ferry walked through several rooms, returned to her chamber, and after sitting awhile, rose and went out into the dining room, sat at table, ate dinner, and walked to her room again. The patient continued to walk, and to advance generally in a rapid recovery of her former health.

Mrs. Wilkie, of Brooklyn, N. Y., is another of the living witnesses whose accumulated testimony long since forwarded Mrs. Mettler's desation on Psychometry, Mr. H. went to his room and procured a slip tractors—by an express line—to their own place, and left popular skepticism with but the poor support of its unblushing and incorrigi-Eplo) been impelled to write the name, DANTE. [The chirography, | ble ignorance as a ground of defense. Mrs. W. was a great sufferer which was wholly unlike that of the Medium, was executed—as Mr. for months while under the treatment of a distinguished physician, Harris firmly believes—by Dante himself. A Spirit, dressed in antique but was mysteriously restored by Mrs. M. To indicate the nature of costume, appeared standing before him. He felt a strong desire to her case and the manner of her cure. I will extract portions of a letter know something of the immortal visitor, when his hand was suddenly from her husband, which originally appeared in the New York,

> • So extremely weak and tender had her system become, that the slightest jar or unequal movement on the part of the; sofa, was attended with serious consequences, so much so as to throw frequently felt much discouraged, and disposed to entertain but faint hope of ultimate recovery.

> I should have mentioned that for six months my wife was unable to articulate above a whisper, and by great exertion only was she able to make herself heard so as to be understood. Shortly after being awake, Mrs. Mettler desired to be left entirely alone with Mrs. W., in order that Mrs. W.'s attention should not be diverted from being solely concentrated on herself (Mrs. M.) In about twenty minutes she called me to come and see my wife, and sure enough, there, in the middle of the floor, she stood erect, expressing, in a loud and natural voice, her fears that she would fall. Mrs. M. told her to walk toward her, which she did with ease, evidently charmed and delighted at her novel situation. She repeated her walk three or four times across the room, entirely by herself; seated herself, by Mrs. M.'s directions, in an arm-chair; put her hands on the arms of the chair, and raised herself out of it, and walked across the room to Mrs. M., all the time talking in a delighted way, in quite a loud voice. She then walked into her room and lay down in bed, without any assistance-for the first time in ten months. Of course, the children and servants, that is, the whole household, looked on it as nothing less than a miracle. Her power of voice and limb were suddenly restored, in the most agreeable way, and as if by magic. Nothing, in my opinion, can be more absurd than for medical men and others to affect to sneer at Mrs. Mettler's art. Facts are stubborn things. Here is the case of my wife, who has been ten months in the hands of the regular medical practitioners, and not unlikely, under the same course of treatment, to continue many months more, suddenly raised from her bed of weakness and suffering, and made to walk and speak!

> > Yours truly,

The only remaining example of this class, which my limits will permit me to notice in this connection, shall be that of Andrew Jackson Davis, from whose report I extract the following:-

"My case was submitted to her inspection, and her diagnosis of the selected, for my case, two simple vegetable remedies. Of these a tenwas made and administered according to her directions. Through the agency of this simple tea, the applicability of which to my com-

Now I put this down to the credit of clairvoyance; for the Typhoid Fever is the most obstinate of all positive disturbances; and, under the treatment of the most skillful physicians, it is known as a fever them being of the highest order and skill. She continued in about clairvoyance accomplishes in a few hours what the medical science of modern days classes among the impossibilities.

Combined with the tea, in the removal of this fever, was human magnetism, sometimes called psychology. I can never forget the morning when the following miracle was wrought upon me. The Springfield papers respecting the claims and powers of Mrs. Mettler, physician who had seen me but two days previous, gave it as his opinion that I should be obliged to remain in bed six weeks, and abapplied to her, and after several attempts we were fortunate in get stain from food twenty days longer. I had already sunk so low in ting her to make us a visit. On the evening of the above date she physical strength that I could not turn in bed, nor assist myself with called, made a clairvoyant examination of Mary's case, and prescribed my hands. And my food and medicine, for nearly three weeks, with for her. The next day Mrs. M. called again; and by manipulations but few exceptions, had been confined to Congress Water, which I drank freely. Such was my condition when Mrs. Mettler, in accord-"On the next Wednesday she called a third time to see her; and in ance with her interior directions while in the clairvoyant state, came to my bedside, and, taking my hand in her own, and gazing a few ed, to the joy of all, in opening her eyes, and bestoring her signt moments steadily in my eyes, said: Now you can raise up in your bed. AND SPEECH! The next day Mrs. Mettler called again; and to our The requisite strength and confidence to do so flowed throughout my system in an instant; and I forthwith raised up with ease. Now she made passes down my spine, and over my entire body, and bade me walk from my bed to a chair, which had been prepared for the purpose, about four yards from the bed I was occupying. This I did to see, talk, and walk; and for all we know she must soon be restored with astonishing ease; and I rested in my chair that day nearly four hours. Thus I substantially took up my bed and walked."

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

SPIRITUALISM AMONG THE INDIANS.

NEW YORK, Oct. 8, 1859.

MESSRS. EDITORS-The paper from which I cut the article, which send you, was sent to me by a gentleman of high official position in the State of Michigan. Perhaps you may think the article worth publishing, as evidence of Spiritualism among the Indians.

As it happens, I know Mr. Johnston, the writer of the article. very well, though my correspondent is not aware of that. When I was in camp, as U. S. Commissioner, with about 6000 Indians, in 1836, I met Mr. Johnston, and used him as an interpreter. I found him to be a person of intelligence and education. His father was an Irish gentleman, who had settled at the Sault St. Marie, at the outlet of Lake Superior, where he married a squaw, by whom he had several children, to all of whom he gave an education, and fitting themunlike most of the half-breeds-for life among the white men.

The writer of this article—then quite a young man—has ever since.

I understand, maintained a fair position in society.

My correspondent writes :- "Mr. J. is a gentleman of education. intelligence, and unquestioned integrity, and quite familiar with Indian character and history, having been raised among them from After having examined, and prescribed for the patient, Mrs. Mettler his infancy. I had the pleasure of meeting him last month at Mack.

of Wau-chus-co's experiments in clairvoyance, though more minute, and circumstantial, and prepared the article at my suggestion. Professor Felton, I prosumo, would reply by denying the existence of any such Indian, any such writer, and any such place, and at the same time pronounce upon us a fearful sentence, should we express a doubt of the reality of the appearance of the prophet to Saul at the command of the Witch of Endor, or the departure of the Devils into the herd of awine." Yours, &c.,

J. W. EDMONDS.

Indian Choos-a-koos, or Spiritualists.

WAU-CHUS-CO was a noted Indian Spiritualist and Clairvoyant, and was born near the head of Lake Mich olarroyant, and was born new the nead of Lake Men-igan—the year not known. He was eight or ten years old, he informed me, when the English Garrison was massacred at Old Fort Michillmackinac. He died on Bound Island, opposite the village and island of Mack-inaw, at an advanced age.

As he grew up from childhood, he found that he was an orphan, and lived with his uncle, but under the care of his grandmother. Upon attaining the area of fifteen.

of his grandmother. Upon attaining the age of lifteen, his grandmother and uncle urged him to comply with the ancient custom of their people, which was to fast, and wait for the manifestations of the Hichey-monedo and wait for the manifestations of the Glitchey-monedo whether he would grant him a guardian spirit or not, to guide and direct him through life. He was told that many young men of his tribe tried to fast, but that hanger or their bellies overpowered their wishes to obtain a spiritual guardian. He was urged to do his best, and not to yield as others had done.

Wau-chus-co died in 1839 or '40. He had for more than ten years previous to his death led an exemplary Christian life, and was a communicant of the Preshyte.

Christian life, and was a communicant of the Presbyte rian Church on this island up to the time of his death. A few days previous to his death, I paid him a visit. "Oome in, come in, nosis," (grandson) said he. After being seated, and we had lit our pipes, I said to him, "Nee-mee-sho-miss, (my grandfather,) you are now very old and feeble; you cannot expect to live many days. Now, tell me the truth—who was it that moved your Chees a kee lodge when you practiced your spirit-ual art?" A pause ensued before he answered:

"Nosis, as you are in part of my nation, I will tell ou the truth. I know that I will die soon. I fasted in days when I was a young a soon. you the truth. I know that I wan also compliance with the custom of my tribe. While my body was feeble from long fasting, my mind, soul, or spirit, increased from long fasting, my mind, soul, or spirit, increased in its powers; it appeared to embrace a vast extent of injace, and the country within this space was brought plainly before my vision, with its misty forms and belugs. I speak of my spiritual vision. It was while I was thus lying in a trance, my soul wandering in space, that animals, some of frightful size and form, serpents of monstrous size, and birds of different varieties and plumage, appeared to me and addressed me in human flagmage, appeared to me and addressed me in human flagmage, proposition to act on my guardian shifts. plumage, appeared to me and addressed me in human language, proposing to act as my guardian spirits. While my soul or mind embraced these various moving forms, a superior intelligence in the form of man, surrounded-by-a wild, brilliant light, influenced my soul to select one of the bird-spirits, resembling the kite in look and form, to be the emblem of my guardian spirit, upon whose aid I was to call in time of need, and that he would be always prepared to render me assistance whenever my body and soul should be prepared to receive manifestations. My, grandmother roused me to earth again, by inquirting if I needed food. I cat, and with feable stens soon returned to our lodge.

with feeble steps soon returned to our lodge.

The first time that I ever saw Cheesa kees, was on a war expedition towards Chicago, or where it is now located—upon an urgent occasion. We were afraid that our foes would attack us unawares, and as we that our foes would attack us unawares, and as we owere also short of provisions, our chief urged me incessantly, until I consented. After preparing my soul and body, by fasting on bitter herbs, &c., I entered the Chees-a-kee lodge, which had been prepared for me. The presence of my guardian spirit was soon indicated by a violent swaying of the lodge to and fro. 'Tell usl toll us I where our enemies are?' orled out the chief and warriors. Soon the vision of my soul of mind embraced a large extent of country, which I had never before seen—every object was plainly before me—our chemies were in their villages, unsuspicious of danger; their movements and acts I could plainly see; and, their, movements and acts I could plainly see; and, mentally or spiritually, I could hear their conversation. Game abounded in another direction. Next day we procured provisions, and a few days afterwards scalps graced our triumphant return to the miliage of

I exerted my powers again frequently among my ribe; and, to satisfy them, I permitted them to tie my feet and hands, and lash me round with ropes, as they thought proper. They would then place me in the Cheesa-kee lodge, which would immediately commence shaking and swaying to and fro, indicating the presence of my guardian spirit. Frequently I saw a bright, luminous light at the top of the lodge, and the words of the spirit would be audible to the spectators outside, who could not understand what was said; while men. who could not understand what was said : while men. ally, I understood the words and language spoken. In the year 1815, the American garrison at this post,

expected a vessel from Detroit with supplies for the winter; a month had clapsed beyond the time for her arrival, and apprehensions of starvation were enterarrival, and apprehensions of starvation were enter-tained. Finally, a call was made to me by the com-manding officer through the traders. After due prep-aration, I convented; the Chees-a-kee lodge was sur-rounded by Indians and whites; I had no sooner com-menced shaking my rattle and chanting, than the spir-its arrived. The rustling noise they made through the air, was heard, and the sound of their voice was audible to all

fsiands; the atmosphere tokee may, resembing our Indian Summer. My vision terminated a little below the mouth of the St. Clair river. There lay the vessel, disabled! The sailors were busy in repairing spars and sails; my soul, or mind, knew that they would be ready in two days, and that in seven days she would reach this Island, (Mackinaw.) by the south channel, [at that time an unusual route.] and I so revealed it to the inquirers. On the day I mentioned, the schooner hove in sight, by the south channel. The captain of the vessel corroborated all I had stated.

the vessel corroborated all I had stated.

I am now a praying Indian (Christian.) I expect soon to die, Nosis. This is the truth. I possessed a power, or a power possessed me, which I cannot explain or fully describe to you. I never attempted to move the lodge by my own physical powers. I held communion with supernatural beings, or souls, who sated upon my soul, or mind, revealing to me the knowledge which I have related to you."

The foregoing merely gives a few acts of the power exhibited by this remarkable, half-civilized Indian. I exhibited by this remarkable, half-civilized indian. I could, enumerate many instances in which this power has been exhibited among our Indians. These Cheesakes had the power of influencing the mind, or soul, of any Indian at a distance, for good or cvil, even to the deprivation of life among them—so also, in cases of rivalship, as hunters or warriors—this influence has even extended to things material, while in the hands of those influenced. The soul, or mind—perhaps nervous system—of the individual being powerfully acted upon by a nowerful spiritual battery, greater than the one by a powerful spiritual battery, greater than the one possessed more or less by all human beings.

This influence, accompanied with charm powers, was often brought to bear in love matters, exhibiting powerful effects, which were unresistible. No young warrior was ever without his love-sack, containing his rior was ever without his love-sack, containing his love-powders, a pinch of which placed unawares upon the clothes or hair of the girl, they fancied, rendered them meek and gentle as lambs in wolves' clothing. If believe this unaccountable power, which is slowly and gradually developing by the action of the soul, spirit or mind of certain human beings, is the same

power or will which causes us to move our limbs, and exertion of the will upon the spiritual mind, which instantaneously obeys the commands of the will-thought strong mental excitement, as, for instance, at the absence of a near or dear friend which he is anxious to see before he dies; this strong mental exertion of the seal or mind, operates by a medium as yet unknown upon the soul or mind of the absent one. They, and we all, call it presentiment, because as yet we know not the power or the medium through which it is con-

veyed.
It is the same power by which the Almighty governs all animated nature, from the least to the greatest.
We find it mentioned in his holy word. In numerous
instances, the action of this power is instantaneous.
To reach the great centre of the solar system, where

heaven exists, a cannon ball with its velocity could not reach it for thousands of years; but the Spirit of Christ said, "this night thou shalt be with me in para diso;" a voice came from heaven, saying, well done,"
do. The souls or spirits of the Prophets and Apostles
ascended instantaneously and beheld the glories of heaven, while they were instructed by the spirit of the ancient days, in the duties they had yet to perform to their fellow-men on earth.

The power 1 have alluded to annihilates space—it is instantaneous. The minds or soul, for instance, wan ders to Venice, and if it was divested of its fleshy, earth ly covering, it would actually be there.

- Kours de.,

August 6, 1859.

Drunkenness turns a man out of himself, and leaves

a baest in his stead.

EDWIN H. CHAPIN At Broadway Church, H. Y., Sunday Morning, October 22d, 1869.

BREORTED FOR THE BANKER OF LIGHT, BY BURR AND LORD. Taxt .- "And another came, saying, Lord, behold, here

is thy pound, which I have kept laid up in a napkin. Luke xix, 20.

The parable, to which these words belong, applies to the entire conduct of life; and is, therefore, of course the entire conduct of life; and is, therefore, of course rich with practical suggestions. It is the parable of the ten pounds, which, whether it be essentially the same or not as the parable of the talents, contained in the tiospel of blatthew, and although it differs from it a great deal, at least in form, still conveys in some respects very much the same lesson, as we take it up for our meditation. I suppose that the questions which it would most immediately suggest to us, and to the in-dividual conscience and heart, would be this:—What use do I make of my powers and my opportunities? Or else, putting it in another form:—Am I putting my powers and my opportunities to the best use, or not? The spiritual significance of the parable, its practical application to ourselves, may be drawn out in the consideration of these three points: First, that every man in this world is entrusted with a power; second, that an obligation rests upon every man, to use his power; and third, that each of us is bound to make the best use of his power.
In the first place then, I say that every man has his

power; every man who stands in this world is himself a distinct and peculiar power. The application of the parable to this point, in my remarks, consists in the fact that in the case of man, this is entrusted power. The power of nature is unconscious power; it moves in blind obedience, in fixed orbits, and according to a higher will. The peculiarity of man's power, I repeat, is in this; it is power with trusts; he can use it or buse it; he can make much of it, or little of it; or, we may say, he can make nothing of it. Now it makes no difference what kind of power each separate individual is entrusted with, the principle is the same. In this matter of entrusted power, there is one respect in which men widely differ; and there is, also, one respect in which they are all alike. They differ very much in the power which may be brought to bear upon their social relations, upon their work and upon their influence in the world. They are alike in the possession of an inward trust, which is the gift of every man who comes into the world, and which he is expecially to keep, to exercise, and to watch. It is not necessary to dwell upon so trite a proposition as the truth that men differ in the power or gift brought to bear on their ex-ternal relations in the world. One man has wealth; another has talents; another has a prominent and in-fluential social position; another has nothing peculiarly distinctive in this way, and yet he, too, has his power; he can do something in the great work and movement of the world better than somebody else can; and ham-

this fact.
The first point is, that whatever the possession may The first point is, that whatever the possession may be in itself, it verily is a power; it has its capacity for influence, and for good or evil in the world. In form, it may be wealth, or genius, or social rank; it may be strength of body; it may be some very humble skill or capacity; but in any sense it is power, not in any sense incapacity or utter weakness. But let us remember, that whatever it is and however intensely our personthat whatever it is, and however intensely our personality may be implicated with it, it is a gift, it is a trust. Therefore, there is no legitimate ground for boasting in the thing itself, only there is, or there should be, a deep sense of responsibility. This man has great talents; he has vast scientific ability; he hus profound philosophical capacity; he is a poet and an orator. But where is his ground for boasting? what is there for him to be vain of? All this should be absorbed in an intense consciouses of a great trust to be discharged. him to be vain of? All this should be absorbed in an intense consciousness of a great trust to be discharged. You say—"He is a gifted man." And there is something more than mere compliment in that saying: it contains a strong moral emphasis, if you only consider it. He is gifted, he has ten talents, it may be; he has five pounds; and these are given by the Lord and master of all, who has bestowed them upon him: not for his own soft constructed to het the he should noble? his own self-congratulation, but that he should nobly employ them and cause them to bring in the highest rate of accumulation and interest. What a terrible rate of accumulation and interest. What a terrible thing is it—nay, my hearers, what a sinful thing is it—for a man to be strutting about with his talents, and beholding in the opportunities that lie about him, only a mirror for his own vanity.

The world, indeed, is a mirror, if he will look upon

ble and simple though it may be, that is his gift. It is not necessary, I say, to dwell upon this fact in itself. but to point out one or two inferences growing out of

it aright; but it mirrors not his capacities, but his responsibilities. In everything that stands or moves, in the forms of the natural world around him, he may behold the speciacle of obedient work and discharged obligations. All done unconsciously, as I have said, all done by the directions of a higher will; but this renders only the more emphatic his position, who has a will of his own, and may pervert or abuse his gifts as nature does not and cannot. What a terrible thing it is, I say, when a man of talents forgets that his powers are gifts, and in the fact that he is a gifted man age only a background for his own nonnous selfconsees only a background for his own pompous self-con-ceit, and so makes a mean, selfish, however splendid, use of his gifts. Another man has large wealth; he made the money, he acquired the property, by means of his own exertions, and he is very fond of telling of it. You see that is his peculiar crest of vanity, that he wears that as his insignia of aristoracy. He is very fond of telling you that he made his own way in the world; that he took his coat off, went into the world, and laid brick after brick, and stone after stone, The spirits directed my mind toward the southern and of Lake Huron; it lay before me with its bays and the spirits directed my mind toward the southern of Lake Huron; it lay before me with its bays and the spirits and that we alth he has gained? God Almighty strung the sinew frame, and endowed him wittl a vigor of health that could brave all sorts of weather, and do all sorts of work, and threw him, all prepared, into the very clr-cumstances by which he accumulated his weath. His money is a gift, and, therefore, he has no business to money is a gift, and, therefore, he has no business to make a selfish use of it. God did not, in direct language, as the master in the parable, say to him—there is your pound, occupy till I come." But, I repeat, he gave every faculty by which he has been enabled to obtain that position in life. And in the very circumstances that enabled him to obtain it, he did commit to him a trust, and he is bound to make something of that wealth, not only for himself, but for the giver. And if he does not, it is still but a pound, is, the world is no better in consequence of his being in it, for all his wealth; and in reality he is no better. He has made no great use of his talent, but is enabled

simply to say to the master, "Here is your pound; I have kept it laid up in a napkin."

Still another man possesses high social rank, and plumes hinself upon his birth and connections. Now, no doubt such a position as this has its advantages. Men thrown on a peculiar creet of the world's wave many up that next the tractice to which they are along for Men thrown on a peculiar crest of the world's wave may use that position in which they are placed for great and good purposes. But, after all, remember that this, too, is a glit. And it is worse than worthless; it is of all others the very meanest and scaliest kind of boasting, when a man speaks of how he is related, and how he is descended, and lies back lazily upon the feather-bed of hereditary luxury and pride; that is of all things the meanest. There is an element of that in our society, that is one of the worst things we have. We cannot, of course, boast of a true blue nobility: but we do boast of some little petty distinct nobility; but we do boast of some little petty distinction derived from money, position, &c.—at least many do. And it is well, therefore, to say to any man who stands up in this position, and swells upon it—"Whatever there is of good in it is a gift; and if you do not a standard the standard of the standard use it for something else than your own peacock vanity and miserable pride, of all things in the world you are the most useless of men."

the most uscless of men."

Now, here you perceive is the moral danger, in the case of those who are favored peculiarly with what we call power; they are in danger of forgetting that the special power which they have, after all, is a gift; and unless they use it to its highest possibilities, unless they devote it to something else than a selfish use, in God's weighing and God's reckoning, be it what it may, it is only a simple pound after all—only a possibility unused. But there is equal danger—in reality, I suppose there is more, for the drift of the marable is I suppose there is more, for the drift of the parable is I suppose there is more, for the drift of the parable is in this direction—in the case of those whose possessions of any sort are humble and small. And of course, take it in one way or another, this comprises the great majority of mankind. The very fact that men are distinguished, arises from the fact that they stand above the general level of men, either in talents, wealth, or social position. And, therefore, the danger of sinning against God, of taking a wrong view of life, I suppose, lies with those who are moderately and humbly endowed in any of these particulars: because humbly endowed in any of these particulars: because they are very apt to think that they have no power at all; they are apt to think that because their gifts are small and their means are moderate. It therefore makes little consequence what they do in the world. But they underrate not only their social position, but their moral significance, and cut of this grows that kind of moral significance; and out of this grows that kind of sin, and just that kind of evil results, upon which the parable was mostly intended to bear. "Oh!" say they virtually, "the rich, the intellectual, the educated, the virtually, "the rich, the intellectual, the educated, the great—God expects something of them; he has thrown them in prominent positions; he has endowed them with large facilities, and, of course, they must do a great work." Now, in the first place, how do we know that they do not do their work? There is a great

deal of injustice, sometimes, in this matter. People where they are slike. When you come to consider the

one else can. God never cut out two leaves alike to quiver in the summer wind; and he never made two men exactly alike. Somehow, or another, there is a hidden skill, a possible faculty, which, if men will only consider it, can be brought out to some good service to God and to humanity. We speak of ministers having a call from God. Some I think do, and some I think do not. But there is one thing certain—every man has a call from God Almighty, and if he really throws himself with carnest heart into life, and asks with a deep sense of moral responsibility—"What can I do?"—he will find some little shred of power that will catch him to God's 'great plan, and weave out results incatculable. It is just as true with this as with the world's work. Is the world's work accomplished all by great men—by men who make the most noise in the world? Is the work of science, for instance, done the world? Is the work of science, for instance, done by men whose names as illustrious men, after all, you can count on your fingers? Or is it done, in great part, by humble men, each drudging in his own little province, each in the smoke of his own laboratory, or n the silence of his own observatory, in his own humble and quiet way, adding to the great and common stock of knowledge? The great work of civilization; has it been done by those who have written out theories of government—by those alone who have proclaimed the laws? They have done their share of the work, no the laws? They have done their share of the work, no doubt. But is this all? The welfare, peace, and integrity of society, does not depend upon the few prominent men in the community. As I said last Sunday, the integrity of society depends upon the small men, each faithful in his sphere—men doing the work which they feel called upon to do; he of the least, as well as of the most mighty intellect, tolling in his own appropriate sphere, each building up his own shell; each little work sainting his own except and all tanding in priate sphere, each building up his own shell; each little worm spinning his own cacoon, and all tending, in the end, to the same great result. When you consider it, the wealth of nature is in little things. Is it the mountain above that controls the great blessings of the globe, or the vast sea thatspreads out before you? Do you not know how every little fern leaf, and every dangling plant, and every atom, and every drop, help to make up the great whole? Strike out of existence the smallest atom that enters into the great work of this world, and you would see a change in the universe. The alteration of an atom, so accurately has God balanced things, so strictly does he hold everything to its anced things, so strictly does he hold everything to its work, would alter the character of the universe. The wealth of the universe is in small things; things to be depended upon right where they stand; not slimply in the great mountains that heave high their bald heads to catch the thunder, or in the occun that sweeps in its

vast magnificence around the globe.

And so, I repeat, considering how the work of the world must be done by men faithful in their little spheres, true and carnest in their own humble plans, spaces, true and carnest in their own numble plans, therefore no man has a right to say—"because I am small and obscure, and limited, I am of no consequence, and have nothing to do." And we must remember that the great call to every man is for humility, but not for self-abrogation; not for the utter denial of his powers. Because the moment a man comes to think that he can do nothing by will not do anything. There is ors. Because the moment a man comes to think that he can do nothing he will not do anything. There is nothing, after all, so inspiring as to convince a man that he has some kind of power. There is nothing, as I know from my own experience, that is so encouraging and strengthening to a young man, when he is young, when he is starting in any career of life, as to give him a helping word of praise. A kind word, a judicious word at the start, showing that he has some power, breathing a breath that kindles the little flame of purpose and perseverance higher and higher—you cannot tell how much that does, how much it accomplishes; because every man, when he goes into the plishes; because every man, when he goes into the world, stands, as it were, on probation, to see how much and what he can do. The terrible thing in the case of the outcast, the poor miserable outcast, is that he thinks he has not the germ of goodness in him. It is when he thinks that he has no power of goodness in him, and the world generally, in its aspect toward him, tells him as much, that he is utterly hopeless.

The most outrageous of all doctrines for moral paralysis is the doctrine of total depravity. And the most outrageous of all social positions towards the worst man, is to not in such a way as to convince him that he has not the least pulse of good in him; that he has no power in him to do anything good. How much power and suggestiveness there is in the fact that Christ came to seek and to save the lost; to blow up the sparks of goodness that were almost trampled out; to find the jewel that was covered up with rubbish; to seek for the jewel that was covered up with rubbish; to seek for tate, if a man cannot really fall in with that stern yet the lost piece of silver; and find the lost sheep and blessed ordinance—"In the sweat of thy brow shalt bring it home. How much power is there in teaching thou eat thy bread." Thank God for work! for every such mind that it has some spring of capacity, in occasion that calls for the use of the sinews, and the convincing it that it do something, and something no-

convincing it that it do something, and something no-ble, too, weak or degraded as it may be. Remember the publican's prayer, "God be merciful to me a sinner." How full of humility that was, but it was not self-abnegation. The poor publican was not convinced that he could do nothing; that is not the kind of humility that is breathed in that prayer. He looked about him, and he convinced himself of one thing; that he was strong enough to be a sinner, that he had capacity enough to be a sinner; and a sense of responsibility following conclusively the sense of power, it was breathed in that prayer, "God be merciful to me a sinner." And so every man, while he must be humble, must also beware that he does not underrate humble, must also beware that he does not under rate his power, especially if he is going to excuse thereby his moral responsibily. Oh! the silent influence of a man's personality—who can calculate that? the way we catch into the great cog-wheel of events, who can describe that? the power of a word of truth, uttered in the right place and season, who can tell it? the power of a kind and noble action, touching upon other actions, who can limit it? In the great world of business, how can a man tell, how does a man know what ness, how can a man tell, how does a man know what his little influence is upon the community about him, upon the great commercial world at large? Here is a man who stands upon his farm, or who stands in his workshop, and does that which has its effect upon the entire circle of trade and commerce. Here is a man who puts in action one simple wave of life, who throws his hand out and it strikes upon something and does something. Beware, then, I repeat, how you underate vour influence, because you are not rich, because ou are not talented, because you do not stand high in social position. You cannot excuse your responsibility;

Let me say again, in this connection, that power is purpose, rather than capacity, after all. It is purpose, at least, in life—devotion, earnestness; that is what does the work. You want to carry out some great work; what, after all, do you want most, brains or soul? What would you have to do the work for you? Men who can think, and think only, or men who can precipitate their whole natures into their acts and defining the part in the work? daily work? Brains do their part in the work; they are valuable; they sit away up, as it were, upon the mountain top of nicditation; but it takes a long while, sometimes, for them to creep down in the little silent rills of influence upon the arable valleys of the world. But the men who are all fired up with purpose, honest, moral purpose, how much it makes up for talent, how much more it often does than talent. I do not know, f you could take the census of influences in this world. that we should find that they are the most intellectual people, abstractly speaking, that they are the thinking life. men, professionally. I think we should find that they are the people who are most on fire with purpose. A fiery purpose it was that sent Paul forth to preach the Gospel to the Gentile world. It was a fiery purpose come that burned in Luther's heart, and rocked all Christendom with its power. And it is always so. Kindle up the little faculty you have with a right and honest purpose, and you cannot calculate its results. So much, then, you is to be taken into consideration under this head of my best remarks, so far as men have power bearing upon social. hat we should find that they are the most intellectual emarks, so far as men have power bearing upon social

clations or outward work. Men, as I have said before, in one aspect, whether

deal of injustice, sometimes, in this matter. People are very apt, sometimes, to underrate the real good real essence of the thing, a power as a gift, as a possituat is done by rich people, by the great people in this billty, each man may be said to stand upon an equality, world. They are apt to ascribe to them much more in the stant of life, each man has one pound entrieted pelde, and vanity, and reliabness, than they really to them. But I have also said that men were alike in possess. Hence way? secheus, in the narrative just precises for or an inward trust. Every man has at ceding the parable who proved to be a very worthy wort of a man: Christ so thought. Christ, who came to seek and save the lost, found in that man possibilities that the great multitude old not believe in, because that the great multitude old not believe in, because in this in the course of events is put into the lawer common to underrate the good done by rich lands of a conqueror, no gift of cloquence, or poetry, people, and people in high position in this world; we expected that it is pittle, and vanity, and reliable. people, and people in high position in this world; we say of them, that it is pilde, and vanity, and selfishness.

Bo I say, in the first place, if a man of moderate means and limited capacity, is disposed to throw the whole burden of the world's work upon those in high places, he has no business to assume, with positive truth, that they do not do their share of the work; and this feeling of non-responsibility, because they have limited position in life, and moderate capacity, is to he checked by one or two considerations. In the first place, by the consideration which I alluded to just now, that each man can do some one thing better than any one else cam. God never cut out two leaves alike to quiver in the summer wind; and he never made two coronets become as tinsel, before the possession of this coronets become as tinsel, before the possession of this immortal nature, which God says: "Occupy, exercise, watch over, and take care of." And that which you will carry with you, is after all the thing which you are to consider. That which you leave behind you, it makes comparatively little difference what is its rank or mark. When men lie with the hands folded, and the mark. When men lie with the hands folded, and the eyes closed, what matter if covered with the robes of a king or the rags of a beggar? Silently, invisibly down the dark mystic river is diffted the soul, and we carry

the dark mystic river is drifted the soul, and we carry with it all that is really worthy, all which should really be our object to acquire in the school of life.

But, I repeat, it is a great thing to think of man with such a power as this. Nature is fixed capital; but, if I may use the term, every man in God's hands, or as God has sent, him into the world, is speculative acquired a reconstitute that we cannot limit. God capital, a possibility that you cannot limit. God knows what nature can do; God knows what cach power may perform. He may know what you will do; he does know; but he has not given to you to know what the end may be. You are speculative capital, and it is a terrible thing when, as to the best and highest powers you possess, you must say: "Lord, behold, here is thy pound, which I have kept laid up in a napkin."

in a napkin." This brings me, of course, directly to the second head of my remarks. And my observation here is, that every man is bound to use his power. I have shown that he has power, that he is himself a power. And every man is bound to use that power. Of course this is implied in the gift of power, for nothing in God's universe is enterfluors. Even that which we God's universe is superfluous. Even that which we call reserved power is power in use. The power that is kept back, whether in man or in nature, is power that is used; it is used in the very fact that it is kept back. So, I repeat, there is no power that is not in one way or another meant to be used. Is it not a great thing, familiar as it is, after all, when we look around us and see how everything in nature fully discharges its trust, as it comes immediately under God's supervision. And it would be a great thing—though I suppose we shall never see it in this locality—if we could walk the streets and behold everything in order, everything in its place, the higher powers where they should be, and the lower powers where they should be, all moving in harmony. And it is so in nature; there all moving in harmony. And it is so in nature; there is no discord there, but all is according to its appointed powers. The sun uses its power of brightness to shipe: the violet on the bank uses its power of fragrance to breathe it forth; and all things are using their containing a ball that the shipe is the shipe of the shipe o their powers up to their highest capacities. All but man; man aloue is guilty of what may be called the great sin of unused power. And, remember, the condemnation in the parable falls upon the servant who did nothing—who reasoned then just as some men seem to reason now, if they reason at all, that he could do nothing; that he had no means to accomplish any end in life; that he was of small capacity, and of limited influence, and could do nothing. The severe answer that the Lord and master made to him, bore upon this very point, that he was guilty of unused power. If he could have done nothing more with it, if he could not have traded with it, if he had not the ability to put it into the world—"Wherefore," said the master, "then gavest not thou my money into the bank, that at my coming I might have required mine

own with usury?" Placed in this theatre of existence, we are not here merely to be acted upon and to enjoy, but to do some-thing. It is not a mere cradle of luxury and ease not a mere field where, like the cattle around us, we are to graze and lie down. We are placed here, and we, in one way or another, feel the fact that we have someteing to do. The great law of God is uttered in various ways; it comes to us in spurring necessities. in inevitable realities. "In the swent of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return to the ground." Some men shirk this in one way or another, but in reality they sweat more than anybody else. You take a man who has really stranded in such a position that he has no call to do anything, and he is the most miserable man in the world. Oh! there is more agony and hardship in such a condition as that than in any other. He may try to drown his sense of obligation in the pursuit of pleasure; he may plunge into this or that excite-ment; but how quickly he finds it all to be unsatisfactory; and the poor feverish creature, though he does not know he is so, cries out for something to do. What are the glories of nature, what the value of a rich esstrong arm, and the thinking brain, and the sweaty brow. Thank God for what he has given us freely and spontaneously; but above all, thank God for what he has given us that requires us to work, that requires us to toil for all that is best and good. If it were not for that we should be the most miserable of all conceivable beings with brains and souls.

But while all men thus recognize, and, of course, in ome way succumb to the great law of nature, that bids to the way succumb to the great law of nature, that bids them work, yet all men do not recognize and succumb to that great law that bids them to attend to their spiritual capacities, and their higher powers. They do not put those capacities and powers to use; they let their souls wilt, and rust, and dry up. They do work with their hands and brains, in one way or another, in the great thing is feverish quest of excitement. But the great thing is, that men do not realize their great responsibilities as regard their higher powers, and nobler relations. God calls upon them to use them. God's economy is use. The great economy of the world, the true idea of economy, is not in hoarding, in restraining, in keeping back, but in use. That which produces, that is the great thing in this world that God requires; it is the way in which he manifests his economy; use, not hoarding. Do not you make the real miser to be the most miserable type of man, simply hoarding up, buying up, regardless of the heart-blood wrung from some honest heart; packing down his dollars and salting them away—not coining them—simply desirous of adding more to them; such a man is really the most miserable being on the face of the earth. Oh! you have to probe a great while in such a man, before you find any soul at all. Do you not see that he is the most extravagant man in the world; he is letting every

social position. You cannot excuse your responsibility:
God has given you your one pound, and you are bound thing in him die; he is letting his aftections die; he is to put it to its best use.

Lat me say again, in this connection, that power is purpose, rather than capacity, after all. It is purpose, rather than capacity, after all. It is purpose, it least, in life—devotion, earnestness; that is what does the work. You want to carry out some great work; what, after all, do you want most, brains or soul? What would you have to do the work for you?

Social position. You cannot excuse your responsibility:

Inost extravagant man in the world; he is letting everything in him die; he is letting his aftections die; he is letting his broad capacities of thought die; he is letting his aftections die; he is letting his glory, upon the face of the sky; when he made the grass to spring up, and the flowers to bloom. There was joy, even with God, when he made these things and that joy is continued in everything that really produces. What is God's economy? It is use. You think things are wasted; you think that the poor lump of carrien which lies mouldering away by the wayside. is wasted; you think that the dead leaves, that are rusting to-day in the October sunshine, are wasted. No such thing; wait and you will see; bye and bye, and the dead leaves, and the lump of carrion, and all they waste things, as you think them, will come out in the waste things. ryon could take the census of management in this world, waste things, as you think them, will come out in the who are felt in the world, whose pulses beat against roses, in the golden corn, in the sunset clouds of splenour pulses, whose hearts beat against our hearts, who dor, and the soft, sweet air. You think it is waste, nove forward the great current of events—I am not sure perhaps, when God takes from you some object prematurely—some child of your heart—some joy of your life. But is it waste? Look into your own soul; see the loftier spiritual affections touched by that departed spirit; see the visitors of faith opened to your sight, coming nearer and nearer to your soil, until they become real to you. And when God brings you all together in the grand synthesis of his plan, that which seems waste to you will be found to be use, the noblest cconomy. And oh! man, that is economy, by which you use your powers, by which you put them to their

best and highest use.

There is another truth close beside this; indolence is waste. Says the writer of the Book of Proverls. "He also that is slothful in his work, is brother to him that is a great waster." Yes, he belongs to the same family and complience changes places with him. His intelin wealth, talents or station, are alike in this; that is a great waster." Yes, he belongs to the same family, and sometimes changes places with him. His intel-therefore, that brings the parable of the talents into lect is wasted in the world—it is useless to him, and in harmony with the parable of the pounds. The talents his waste he gathers from everybody else. I do not show us where men differ, and the pounds show us doubt that God gathers his waste into uses afterwards.

llut, after all, he is waste, lives on waste, does nothing —is lazy, grossly lazy—spiritually dead, blind, and inefficient. Oh! I repeat, then, my friends, of all things in this world, we are called upon to use our powers. It is a dreadful sin, a most terrible sin, after all, when a man can simply say—" Here is the pound, which I have kept taid up in a napkin."

Chitst enumerize this recovered to the class After the called Afte

Christ enunciates this remarkable hav at the close of this panable: "Unto every one which hath shall be given; and from him that hath not, even that he hath shall be taken away from him." Do not let a man think that because he does nothing, that nothing is to be required of him; that because he is doing no harm, therefore it does not matter. He is doing harm if he be required of him; that because he is doing no harm, therefore it does not matter. He is doing harm if he is not doing good. If positive benefit is not flowing from his life and acts, let him live as he may, he is doing harm to others, and to himself. Powers not used go to waste; they do not stay where they were. You do not bring even the whole pound to God Almighty when you do nothing; it is changed, it is rusted by breathers, the attentions of independent has breather. by inaction; the atmosphere of indolence has breathed upon it, and it has become less, it is not of full weight. The powers we do not use become weak. Is there anything so wretched to look at, as a man of fine abilities doing nothing? He is worse than the man of little. ability who does something. He becomes rusted, he is out of place; the faculties that he might have employed but has not employed become less and less efficient, less and less able to accomplish the great work that at the start lay in his grasp. He is of all creatures upon earth the most wretched. If you are indolent morally, you are wasting, you do not continue to stand where you were. Do a thing, and you gather power to do a greater thing. Oh! remember that. Men do not differ so much in abilities, after all. Sometimes there are gifted men, called by God's providence to do a great work. But, after all, it is use that makes the great difference. Use your talent, young man, and you will do something great; let it lie idle, and you will be smaller in every respect to-morrow than today. The great requisite is not only that we have power, but that we must use our power.

Then, of course, follows the other conclusion, that

each of us is bound to make the best use of his power, of his entrusted gift. For, after all, we find out that men do use their powers in many ways, but not in the best ways. Men use their spiritual faculties, sometimes, but not in the best ways; they certainly do their intellectual faculties. Why, the devil—and I use this phrase not as a personality, but as the embodiment of the many forms of evil and sin in the world—the devil is the most active being in the universe. And you will find a certain class of men with their intellects all on fire and at work, the most active of all creatures in the fire and at work, the most active of all creatures in the world, but active only for evil. There is no proof that when a man has power, or even the consciousness of it, he will use it in the best way. Men do not use their powers to the utmost, do not use them in harmony; they pull too much upon one string. What great evil there is in this world from one-string men. One man works his body to destruction, and another man works his brain alone. How few we find that work the two things together. I am thankful that we are beginning in this country to think that we must do something besides work; that we are beginning to are beginning in this country to think that we must do something besides work; that we are beginning to think that we must do something besides merely have a right to shut ourselves up. I am thankful for anything that calls out the full exercise of our bodily vigor. Let me not, however, run into extremes in that direction; let us keep everything in harmony. Work to the utmost; the appetites, let them remain where they belong; the intellect, let it do its work; let the soul do its work; the will, its work. Work in harmony for yourselves and for others; that is putting your powers yourselves and for others; that is putting your powers to their best use. Here is the proper method for all ac-

I may say that there are three general motives from which men work in this world. One man has will. He virtually says, "I will do this thing." He has his one pound. God has not told him how to use it, but has merely said to him, "Occupy till I come." the factualties of his nature. God leaves him free, and the man alties of his nature. God leaves him iree; and the man says. "I will do this thing or that thing: I will live as I will." He cannot bear any restraint upon his will; he is jealous of his liberty. Perhaps, after all, of all creatures in the world, he is one of the greatest slaves. one of the most miserable tools, of his own appetite poor float on the current of influences about him. He says, "I have a right to do as I please." How often that assumption thrusts itself out before you. The but that assumption thrusts itself out before you. The animan will is a great thing, when we look at it, and find that it is the great distinction of man from all other creatures. Will! power to do this or that—to go right or wrong. No being in the physical universe possesses. this power but man—a power to do right or wrong—a power to accomplish splendid achievements—a power o rise above calamity and misfortunes—a power with his will to rise nearer and nearer to communion and likeness to God—a power to change even the forces of nature, and to stamp the results of his thoughts upon things around him—a power to go wrong, to do basely, to discrewe and to dethrone himself. Oh, great, yet terrible, is the contemplation of the will of man. And terrible, is the contemplation of the will of man. And when a man lives merely from his will, unregarding and inconsiderate; when he looks to no law but himself; when he considers no responsibility but the claims of his own ease and indulgence, is it not a terrible thing? And is it not a dreadful thing to see a young man, in the first fresh burst of his manhood, with all is glorious powers and possibilities full spread before him, plunging headlong into life, going as he will?
Ah, my friends, it is the sin of too many lives, that
they are doing just as they will, and that their will has no supreme and guiding law.

no supreme and guiding law.

Then, again, you come to those who act from a motive of policy,—not exactly will, but policy. They would like sin, but it is expensive, they better not sin; that is the idea. Now in some respects this marks a little higher grade; at least it is more beneficial, or rather less injurious to the community, because inca are restricted a little. They do something from the motive of policy. They say—v1 letter be honest; I find it pays; it does not pay in the long run to be dishonest; it is noticed, it is bad policy, and I find that in one way it is noticed, it is bad policy, and I find that in one way or another, if I am not honest, I get a bad door among men." It is a poor, contemptible way of living, of doing things; but it is a little advance, perhaps, on the motion of the will alone. It is doing good, because on the whole, it is better and will pay. It is itself wretched, but on the whole there is a little advance; perhaps, on the mere impulses of the will. There is some recognition of the law of right; there is not, however, withing like a below less as Cold. And however, unything like a glad full service of God. And I tell you what it is, I am more afraid of the sneaking knave, than of the bold ruffian. The one, I know what knave, than of the bold rutilian. The one, I know what his character is, and can be prepared for him; the other may come upon me at any time without my being prepared for him. These men are apt to reason intellectually and fall-ely, as the servant did in the parable. A bad, miserable business, he made of his logic; because his master took up what he laid not down; and reaped where he had not sowed, he reasoned that it was best a lay away his pound in a parkin. His waster heard where he had not solved, he reasoned that it was been to lay away his pound in a napkin. His master heard what he said, and told him he should at least have put his money in the bank. Those men are sometimes falso in their reasoning, and find that that which they call the property of the said was the said to the restriction of a said was a said to be said to the said to be said to b policy is not policy. But after all it is the motive of a great many in this world. I am afraid that it is at the ottom of a great deal that is called religion.

As men in their worldly business get insured against

As men in their worldly business get insured against fire, so these policy Christians endeavor to get an insurance against punishment by any means they can. Men do not commit the grosser sins, because they think it is not good policy—it does not pay; and so they put their money to usury at least, if to nothing else, in a moral way—in a small, paltry way.

Yet the highest way of life, the noblest style of living, is when a man says, "I must, and I ought, to do so and so; God has given me something to do; he has endowed me, if with nothing else, with an inmortal soul, and I ought to use it, and give it up to the guidance of his will, and do his work in the world." Oht it is a great thing, when the "I must" becomes the

ance of his will, and do his work in the work." Out it is a great thing, when the "I must" becomes the "I ought;" when men do not feel that it is constraint for them to do what is right; when they do not feel that they are forced to do, but that they like to do it. that they are forced to do, but that they like to do it. A great German metaphysician once used a remark, which has a great deal of force and meaning in it. He spoke of what he calls "the categorical imperative transfigured by love." In other words, the law of right merely: or, as it may be translated—"God's will, transfigured into something that we like to do," So that when we say, "I ought to do this; I am called to do this," we can only say, "Oh, God I I am glad that I can use my powers to the best purpose; I am glad to serve thee; thy law is best."

The true and the good, that is the principle; to feel our responsibility and accept it as a glad responsibility. Hearer how is it with you? I do not want to recur to a man's life: I do not want you to say what you think of

our responsionly and accept is as guar responsionly. Hearer how is it with you? I do not want to recur to a man's life; I do not want you to say what you think of this thing or that. But—what do you do; what is the logic of your life? Are you using your pound in the best way? Are you using your faculties in the best manner for yourself and for others? Is your soul fall. manner for yourself and to others? Is your soil to God's law, and are you working according to God's law? Placed in this universe with a power, are you using it to the best advantage? Is your principle the great principle of accountability? We are all accountable; we are continually rendering up our account to God, of the way in which we use the pound committed to us. As I have said before. I call up no day of general judgment; but, I do call up a recognition of our accountability to God for all our powers—accountability for nations, as well as individuals. Run your wild way as you will; oh! nation—if there is evil in your

course, you will receive the evil fruits of it. If you deny half your duty to mankind; oh I nation, in way or another, you will see the wretchedness and mis-ery of that denial. And individuals, accountability is for you; now well your powers, and it will be said to you—" Well done, good and faithful servent." Ahn-them, and you will receive the evitre-ults of that abuse. let them waste and that is the worst thing of all. Is it not a terrible, a horrible fact to think of, that when fold alls for an account, here comes one near with high powers, a splendid intellect, and a large influence, and he must say, "Oh! God, I have abused the powers thou gavest me; I have trampled the coronet of this intellect of mine into the mire of my appetite: I have been a man who has sought his own sellish ends the onch all political transfer through all sorts of through all political jugglery, through all sorts of social influence; thy pound I have wasted and trampled down, and scattered to the winds." That is a terrible thing. But this is worse; here comes along a little, withered, shrunken soul, who says, "Oh! Lord, I had no great power and influence; here is thy pound, which I have kept laid up in a napkin."

Written for the Banner of Light. MAN AND HIS RELATIONS.

BY S. B. BRITTAN.

SECOND SERIES.

CHAPTER I.

THE SENSES AND THEIR FUNCTIONS.

Through all these faculties, ablaze with light From God's infinitude I looked abroad, And each, according to its form, its place, Its function or its element, received A separate spleudor from the All in All. Lyric of the Golden Age.

The Senses are the faculties whereby we perceive the existence of the objective creation; and become acquainted with the precise outlines, relative positions, comparative dimensions, and-to some extent-with the intrinsic properties and existing states of material forms and substances. Several metaphysical writers. who were quite as much distinguished for the originality as for the accuracy of their speculations, have maintained the existence of six or seven distinct senses :0 but the commonly accepted classification of our perceptions resolves them into five, namely, sight, hearing, smelling, tasting, and feeling. The Latin sentic, I feel-in its application alike to all the external phases and instruments of perception—is not misapplied; for, in a general sense, feeling may comprehend them all.

From our inquiry into the nature of the senses, as well as from all ordinary observations of their organic functions, we sadly perceive that in their corporeal relations and external aspects, they belong to the whole animal creation as well as to man, while-in a very limited degree-certain plants seem to exhibit a participation with animated nature in the mysterious powers of sensation. Nevertheless, in human nature -as will be more clearly perceived hereafter-all the senses converge and have their ultimate seat in the individual consciousness—in the spirit—as the several organs of sensation all centre in the physical senso-

Bight is very generally regarded as the most important of the five senses. It is through the eye that we obtain the clearest perceptions of the particular forms and relative positions of all ontward objects. Destroy the vision, and the panorama of the living world would be rolled up-the spectator, left in the darkened halls of space, and the stately procession of the stars would retire, to be present to our cognition no more. Sight is the only sense from which we derive any proper conception of color. Without the faculty of vision darkness of all things would be most substantial, for day with night (in our experience,) would alternate no more. The beauty of the green earth; the waters, as they dance and shimmer in the sunlight; the azure deeps, veiled with gold, crimson and purple draperies; and the refulgent dyes, diffused from the great alembio of Nature, making the flowers more beautiful than "Solomon in all his glory"-all these with the forms of human beauty, and the smiles of joy and love, would be intangible and unknown. It required a great, inspired genius-overshadowed by the misfortune that hides the world-to give us Milton's graphic

"Thus with the year "Thus with the year
'Beasons return; but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of eve or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or Summer's rose,
Or flocks or heris, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark Burround me; from the cheerful ways of men Out off, and, for the book of knowledge fair; Presented with an universal blank Of Nature's work to me expunged and 'rased'.
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out."

Through the sense of Hearing we become acquainted with the peculiar motions of material bodies and the corresponding vibrations of subtile elements which produce the diversified phenomena of sound. Strictly speaking, sound is only a centation, and hence an clastic medium of communication, between the moving object or sonorous body and the acoustic organ, is indispensable to its production. This was demonstrated by the experiments of Hauksbee and Biot. When they suspended a bell in the exhausted receiver of an air pump no sound was transmitted. It will be perceived that hearing is intimately related to the laws of acoustics as sight is to the whole science of ontics and chromatics. Some knowledge of those branches of physics may therefore be necessary to a clear understanding of the subject; but the writer cannot occupy the space allotted to this article with a disquisition on collateral issues, or the particular sciences to which the general subject is so obviously related.

The sense of hearing contributes very much to the proper education of the mind and to the real pleasures of our social existence. We can but imperfectly conceive of its uses even while they are a constant revelo tion to the consciousness; and when the mournful contrast-suggested by the deprivation of this sense-is presented in living forms before us, we seldom realize the truth, that the perpetual darkness that shrouds the sightless mortal is scarcely more intolerable or more to be deplored, than the unbroken silence that reigns above, beneath and around the man who is deprived of hearing. To him the elements are dumb; earth and air respond in no measured resonance-loud or soft. The hirds are voiceless in the trees; the grand quartette of Winds-that made the mountain pines tuneful from sympathy-is hushed forever; the liquid melodies of the rippling waters no more

"On bubbling keys are played;"

Even the deep mysterious voices of the sea become in andable, while the soft tones and the sweet speech of Love expire together on the lip. To all such the world

is silent indeed and existence is solitary.

The sense of Smell is far less important to man than sight or hearing. It is also much less acute in the human race than in several species of animals. The dog will follow a fox or a hair for hours without once seeing the game, but wholly, it is presumed, from the peculiar odor that remains in the invisible foot prints. Perhans no other sense is so frequently defective or so liable to become impaired from slight causes; and it is worthy of observation that there is not one which may be sus pended with so little inconvenience to ourselves or oth-. ers. Its loss does not unfit a man for business, and it cannot materially embarrass his intercourse with the

But when this sense is so perfect as to detect the presener of the most delicate aroma, it becomes a source of the most exquisite pleasure. In tropical climes the whole atmosphere is often pervaded by precious odors

Dr. Thomas Brown, of Edinburgh and also Whowell, in his Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences, maintained the existence of what they denominated the mucular sense. Moreover, several writers have spoken of the moral sense, and likewise of the cathetic sense, as if they were separate faculties of the mind, and to be included in the category of the other senses.

world to the conscious soul. It is worthy of remark curious experiments: that while the sense of smell may not be so indispensadone least of all to corrupt the fountains of our moral life, or to impair the integrity of our physical and temperature, and which shall convey the impressions solutional being.

It is true that all the senses are equally pure when uncorrupted by any abnormal exercise, or excessive indulgence; but it is not true, on the one hand, that this world. As their higher relations to the spirit, and all are equally essential to our mental growth and moral elevation; or, on the other hand, that all are equally liable-by being corrupted-to impair the health of the body and the integrity of the soul. If in the general economy of our physical being Taste is more important than the sense last named, it is also more likely to be perverted, and thus to become a prolific source of evil to ourselves and others. Indeed, no one of the senses has over furnished half so many occa sions for the violation of the laws of health and life as this one; nor is there one among them all whose dominion over human nature is at once so extensive and so degrading.

In some important sense Feeling may be regarded as the basis of all our special sensations. While the other senses have particular organs through which their functions are performed, this alone is so widely diffused that every part of the body has its electro nervous lines of communication with the brain. The nervous papillæ, of the skin, though somewhat unequally distributed over the entire body, are numerous in every part; and to the number of impressible nerv ous fibers some authors have ascribed the complication as well as the delicacy and intensity of our sensations Alfred Smee, in his work on "Instinct and Reason," expresses the conviction—as the result of a deliberate calculation—that the human capacity to appreciate the sounds in a range of twelve and a half octaves, re quires more than 3000 nerves to convey the impressions o the brain. This may be a speculative opinion; but has its peculiar function as well as its particular place and for aught we know to the contrary the complexity of our sensations may depend on the number of the papille to which the electrical excitation from whatever cause is communicated.

This wide diffusion of sensibility over the whole body serves as its most efficient protection. It is the shield that enables us to ward off the shafts of the destroyer, without which we should be in constant danger from heat and cold, as well as from many other causes. visible and invisible. Moreover, if feeling, like the other senses; were confined to some particular organ, other parts of the body might be exposed to injury without our knowledge. But by a wise arrangement of the physical economy of our being, we are enabled to anticipate the evil. Pain, like a trusty sentinel guards every avenue leading to the citadel of life, and we are faithfully admonished whenever danger is approaching.

It will be perceived that the nervous system is a most delicate and complicated telegraphic instrument. communicating in all directions-and in the most per feet manner-with the elements and objects of the external world. Respecting the ultimate seat of sensation, and the philosophy of the effects produced on the organs, diverse opinions have been and are still entertained. Among the ancient philosophers, the Platonists as well as the Stoics, maintained that vision depended on rays proceeding from the eyes to the object: while the Epicareans supposed the process to be reversed, and that the sensational phenomena were produced by the images of corporeal things reflected to the eve. In respect to this part of the process, there exists a more general agreement among modern philosophers. But the precise seat of sensation, or the part of the visual organ in which the images are formed and retained, is still a controverted question. The common opinion that the retina arrests and holds the images of outward objects, has been boldly questioned descends to us from the dark ages, corrupted by selfishsince Mariotte accidentally discovered that the optic ness or distorted by ignorance, but that which was pronerve, at its base, is insensible to light. This dis claimed through the Spiritualism of Jesus of Nazareth, covery led the author to the conclusion that the seat of in the simple injunction, . Thou shalt love the Lord vision is in the charoid coat: and as that is opaque. while the retina is transparent, his conclusion has been favored by other philosophers, and by certain observations of Sir David Brewster. M. Lehot held thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments that the vitrous humor is the seat of vision, but without furnishing such evidence in support of his opinion as scientific observers require to establish a rational conviction.

Without proceeding further with the citation and discussion of the pinions of material philosophers, whose minute dissection of the organs, and classification of their functions, have failed to determine the ultimate seat of any one of the senses. I will now offer some general suggestions toward an explanation-on electrical principles-of the sensational processes, as they occur in animal and human bodies. In the first series, on the same general subject, the writer had occasion to show that Vital Electricity is the circulating medium of the nervous system, and the active agent in the processes of organic chemistry, and in all vital and muscu lar motion. The facts cited to prove that animal electricity performs this important office in the organic functions, need not be repeated in this connection. But it should be observed that if this subtile principle is the circulating medium of the nerves, it is the proximate agent of ecneation, as well as of motion. This conclusion is rendered probable by the nature of our sensation's, and confirmed by various experiments in vital electricity, some of which have already been cited in the general treatise on Man and his Relations.

I have only space sufficient for a very brief, general and necessarily imperfect statement of the electrical move the sensational medium on the optic nerve, conveyed to the sensorium. The undulatory motion of late, whose effects no man can imagine. the air-or the vibrations of some more subtile medium that pervades the atmosphere-occasions a similar elecnerve, which are freely distributed over the delicate Odors in like manner excite the electric aura that pervades the nervous filaments of the olfactory surfaces. in this case occurring on the delicate papilla of the trically transmitted to the mind.

Alfred Smee, in the course of his biological experi- 8. Our progress is to be alike in knowledge, in love, ments, observed that the voltaic force was moved in and in purity. Alike in all it must be. And any cirthe nerves of animals when a proper stimulant was ap. cumstance which causes us, in any one of these eleplied to the organs of sensation; and he maintained ments, to lag behind the advance of the others, is sure that by the use of an instrument, designed for that pur- to bring unfortunate consequences in its train, though pose, he could readily convey "a knowledge of the not always unhappiness. So clear, so universal is this presence of an odor to an adjoining room." He also injunction to progress in all three of these elements, made an artificial tongue, by filling a V-tube with a so- that the heresies which spring up among us from our lation of sait in water, and placing a platinum wire in imperfect knowledge of them, need give us no alarm.

that daily the with the ambrosial dews from Nature's Instrument, the savor of meat, and other articles of great censer. These who inspire the perfumed atmo- diet, may be conveyed through the metallic nerve from aphere of Ceylon or are fanned by breezes from the or, one apartment to abother. The same writer gives the ango groves and spice fields may conceive how much of results of similar experimental illustrations of the sense pleasure comes to man on the viewless air, and through of Feeling. A brief extract will more clearly indicate one of the lesser avenues that lead from the outward the nature of his claims, founded on the results of his

"The rense of fact is a cense of bodily changes: ble to the business and the happiness of life as the other business and the happiness of life as the other business and the happiness of life as the other business, it is far less likely to corrupt the character and the life. While sight, hearing, tasting, and feeling, may offer frequent occasions to the tempter, and perchance furnish the incentives to evil, this sense has a physical mechanism may be readily made (upon volumes). A physical mechanism may be readily made (upon vol-tale principles) which shall be excited by variations of

> I have thus discussed the nature and the organic functions of the Senses, in their relations to the body and to to the immortal life and world, specifically belong to another department of the general subject, we have thus reached the appropriate termination of the present chapter.

Clustinct and Reason, p. 40.

JUDGE EDMONDS ON SPIRITUALISM. NUMBER TEN.

'THE END AND AIM OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE."

To the Editor of the N. Y. Tribune: There is no topic connected with this subject less thoroughly understood than this, even by firm believers in the Intercourse, and even my conceptions of it, imperfect as they must necessarily be, can hardly be detailed within the limits of this, the last of my papers. I can attempt only to refer briefly to a few of the more important considerations.

1. No man or woman has probably ever lived, who has not, at some time, felt a yearning yet once again to hold communion with some loved one whom death has removed from sight, and this prayer, so instinctive and so universal with the whole family of man, is now in the beneficence of a Divine Providence, answered more specifically and more generally than ever before known, and the first thing demonstrated to us is, that we can commune with the spirits of the departed; that such communion is through the instrumentality of persons yet living; that the fact of mediumship is the result doubtless every one of the innumerable sensitive fila- of physical organization; that the kind of communion ments-communicating with the centers of nervous is affected by moral causes, and that the power, like all energy and reaching the surface at the proper point our other faculties, is possessed in different degrees, and is capable of improvement by cultivation.

2. It is also demonstrated that that which has been believed in all ages of the world, and in all religionsnamely, intercourse between man in the mortal life, and an intelligence in the unseen world beyond the graveafter having passed through the phazes of revelation. inspiration, oracles, magic, incantation, witchcraft, clairvoyance, and animal magnetism, has, in this age. culminated in a manifestation which can be proved and understood, and like every other gift bestowed upon man, is capable of being wielded by him for good, or perverted to evil.

3. That which has thus dealt with man in all time is not, as some have supposed, the direct voice of the Creator, nor of the Dovil, as a being having an independent existence and a sovereignty in the universe of God, nor of angels as a class of beings having a distinct creation from the human family, but of the spirits of those who have, like us, lived upon earth in the mortal for.n.

4. These things being established by means which show a settled purpose and intelligent design, they demonstrate man's immortality, and that in the simplest way, by appeals alike to his reason, to his affections, and to his senses. They thus show that they whom we once knew as living on earth, do yet live after having passed the gates of death, and leaving in our minds the irresistible conclusion that if they thus live. we shall. This task Spiritualism has already performed on its thousands and its tens of thousands-more, indeed, in the last ten years than by all the pulpits in the land-and still the work goes bravely on. God speed it! for it is doing what man's unaided reason has for ages tried in vain to do, and what, in this age of infldelity seemed impossible to accomplish.

5. Thus, too, is confirmed to us the Christian religion, which so many have questioned or denied. Not indeed that which sectarianism gives us, nor that which the God with all the heart, and with all the soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it: Thou shalt love hang all the law and the prophets."

6. As by the inspiration through a foundling of the Nile there was revealed to man the existence of one God over all, instead of the many delties he was then worshiping; and as by the inspiration of him who was born in a manger, there was next revealed man's immortal existence beyond the grave, of which even the most enlightened had then but a faint idea; so now, through the lowly of the earth, comes a further revelation, confirmatory of those, and adding the mighty truth, what is the existence in which that immortality is to be spent.

Throughout all the manifestations, in every form and in every language, whatever the discrepancies, uncertainties and contradictions on other topics, on this of the nature of man's future existence all coincide and harmonize. It comes in broken fragments of scattered revelations, here a little and there a little, part through one and part through another, but forming, when gathered together, a sublime whole, from which we can surely learn the nature and condition of the life on which we shall enter after this shall have ended.

This, as I understand it, is the great end and object of the movement, all else being incident to it. But it has only begun, and its progress is slow, not from want of power to communicate, but from want of capacity to comprehend. Much that has already been revealed, has not from this cause been received, even by the most advanced Spiritualists, and of course not given to the theory of sensation. The rays of light reflected from world. But the work is going on. More is added day the surfaces of outward objects to the eye, disturb or by day; and it will not be long before enough will be received by all to open to their conception a knowledge through which the electrical excitation is instantly of our future existence, whose value no man can calcu-

7. Enough, however, has already been given to show that man's destiny is PROGRESS, onward, upward, tric action on the minute terminations of the auditory from his birth to eternity. Circumstances may retard, but cannot interrupt this destiny; and man's freedom membrane that lines the internal cavities of the ear. is, that he may accelerate or retard; but he cannot prevent. He may basten, as did one whose life on earth had been devoted to doing good to his fellows. We determine the presence of certain properties of mat- and who said to me that he had passed away in the ter by the sense of Tuste, the electro-nervous excitement, full consciousness of the change—had found himself surrounded and welcomed by those whom he had aided tongue, and are thence communicated to the brain. while on earth—and had paused not one moment in Moreover, each papilla in the true skin marks the ter- the sphere of Remorse; or he may, by a life of gin and mination of some sensatory nerve, and a point from selfishness, retard it for a period long enough to satisfy which impressions from the external world may be election the vengeance even of an angry Delty, if such a thing

the solution at each end of the tube. With this simple Even the doctrine of Free Love, revolting as it is—but

purity. And while the command is, "Love ye one aim and object of having been created. another," so ever attendant upon it is that other, But money is a good thing, and a very necessary "Be ye pure even as your lather in Heaven is pure." Incidental to these more important points are many minor considerations, on which I cannot now dwell. ent with these weightier matters. Distorted somethat does not directly tend to the most exalted private worth and public virtue.

True, to some it is mere matter of curlosity, and to others a philosophy; but to many it is now, and to all in the end will be, a religion; because all religion is the science of the future life, and because it never fails to awaken in the heart that devotion which is at once a badge and an attribute of our immortality.

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MISSPENT LIVES.

An abstract of an address on this topic from Mr. Mr. Thorcau's style of thought and expression, would see that he attempts to found no new doctrines, or to build up no new sects. He is simply an earnest searcher in his discourse about Grumbling; but if he did not he the creeds, he has nothing to do.

In the address thus delivered by Mr. Thoreau, before only himself . not like many lecturors to plance these fraction to another, and so telling them nothing but better all things else at the same time! what they expected and went to hear. Emerson says, in one of his earlier essays, that when we go to hear a that forms the wealth of his own soul,—then men would even on their hands and knees. Mr. Thoreau set out supposing they wished him to give himself to them, which he proceeded to do.

In the next place-and this opens the whole field of our own thoughts and reflections on the subject. Mr. Thoreau claimed that, not every life that was judged to that whatever course went to the development and Is it not strange that practices so generally confurnishing of the individual, no matter whether money demned should nevertheless be so generally practiced? was laid up in the meanwhile or lands were added. proved itself to be in aid of the real and true life, and should alone be chosen by every individual, without pausing to ask if it was popular or not.

It is odd that civilization has arrived at such a pass, the better developed, the more we come to resemble blazing there? It is a great mistake, and so we shall one another; which induces a style of uniformity and all find it in the end. What we waste on others, save all men degraded indeed. Nature reproaches us at every point for entertaining such an idle theory; she offers to is variety, picturesqueness, life, changes, sun and hadow, calm and storm, sky and water, rock and tree, grass and thistle,-and everything excellent in its own place, and altogether admirable. We might take a hint from her; but no, we imagine she should borrow from us. We entertain a sort of conceit that we were made first, and that all things in nature were only what we asked for and what we named them.

In speaking of a misspent life, we keep in mind how many tirades are started against money, as if its pursuit were the greatest of all possible evils, and it must be made the scapegoat for all our other sins and shortcomings. But sensible people, and sparitually-minded people, too, are taking a better view of this matter,—the better, because it is so comprehensive, and places money in its proper relation to other things. It is all well enough togo in quest of sufficiency, and even of riches, and it is necessary, too, that every man take care of his own and his family's wants. What is chiefly to be deplored, and all that is to be deplored in connection with its possession should harden the nature, closing up all the the country.

which some inisguided ones have attempted to foist avenues to the affections and the emotions; and, in fine, upon our beautiful faith-need cause no anxiety; for that it should be permitted to stand for an end instead profilgacy in love is incompatible with progress in of a means, as if to make and keep money was the great

thing, if it be set down for just what it is worth, and no more; if it stand only for money, and not for manhood, too. In truth, it is a representative of everything in By a careful attention, they will all be found consist. the world; but we must take care that it only represents, and does not usurp the place of the constituent who times by the imperfection of the mediums through sends it. We believe there are a great many rich men which the intercourse comes, and sometimes perverted in the world, whose trials are far sorer than those that by the passions of those who receive it, carefully con- daily encompass the poor ones; for to them are continusidered and patiently studied until understood, I can ally presented temptations to idleness, to dissipation. eafely assert, after nearly nine years' earnest attention and to general indifference to everybody and everything, to the subject, that there is nothing in Spiritualism and especially to the great needs of a common humanity, of which the man who digs hard and calculates closely. can scarcely be aware. Bulwer has proved himself a greater man in his age, by buckling down to hard and persevering work, than if he had succumbed early in life to the influence of his family and his wealth. A great deal more of life is wasted in looking after

others than we are generally made aware of. It is to be hoped that at some future time the minds of men and women may be opened to a consciousness of this appalling fact; but there is little prospect of their being sharpened to the vision at this stage of existence, and in the present times. We may live with one another in the bonds of intimacy, and all may profit by it; but an intimacy that springs from inquisitiveness, and not from sympathy, is worse than a wretched solitude. Deliver us from those who live by preying on the life of others; whose activity is that of carrion crows, and who are never employed except upon others' business. Those who leave their own ground to be continually taking the dimensions of others, can never hope to improve or add to their own present possessions. On the contrary, the soil must grow poorer, and the acres continually fewer. It really would not be an unprofitable matter, even in the paying sense, to organize a genuine Mind-your-own-business Society; and we would for our selves agree to subscribe to the opinion that an organization of such a character would take the lead in such matters, and would be entirely worthy the approval even of those opposed to organizations at all. General Jackson, while President, once observed to a party of political busy-bodies, who sought to influence him unduly, that he knew a man in Tennessee who had made a very handsome fortune by simply minding his own business. The old hero conveyed a volume of philosophy, as well as of satire, in his remark. It is a solemn fact that more lives-that is, more of life-are lost, wasted and thrown away, by the foolish practice of intermeddling, than by any other process. Where there is a genuine sympathy, there cannot be too great a famillarity; but otherwise, it is nothing but the meanest practice of sneaking and peeking that can be imagined. It is truly inconceivable how many lives are lost in this

Not those who achieve place and renown in their own day, or those who leave an inheritance of that sort to the future, are the ones that necessarily spend their lives to the best advantage. What appears to others to be profit, may in no sense be profit to the exhibitor. Nobody can say so well as we can ourselves, if we are getting on well or ill. Perhaps at the very time others are going about with their lips dropping praises for our performances, we are in reality making Thoreau, -the so-called "Hermit of Walden Pond," in but the most melancholy advances backwards, whether Concord, -was furnished to the readers of the Banner a conscious of doing so or not. The public and the couple of weeks ago, frem which it might be very dif- popular men do not always develop to the best advanficult to combine simple ideas enough to establish in tage, or with the greatest rapidity. The only life, any one's mind what the speaker's naked theory of life after all, is the inner life; and to this we must contin-(for himself) was. That he has one, since he is an in- ually refer. A politician may be but a shriveled dividual living out nothing but himself, cannot be wretch, spiritually speaking, although his name may questioned. But it may have been the fault of an usu-swing in big letters on countless banners all along the ally most facile reporter, that he could not properly streets; while he who is totally concealed from the pubcatch the thoughts of the lecturer, and present them in lie gaze may, possibly in consequence of that fact as their right relations. Any one who is familiar with much as anything, be a man of wonderful developments and of the most exalted capacities.

We do not remember that Mr. Thoreau said anything after truth, and always that truth which chiefly con- should, for we consider it one of the most ingenious cerns his own nature. He aims, like Emerson, to be methods ever patented for the waste of immortal souls hold, and then to faithfully report; with the honey and the wear of mortal bodies. How many men accombed logic and insufficient reasoning that belongs to tually refuse to live at all, or even to know what life is, because they are all the time grumbling at what they do not have, at what they cannot get, at this the society of Mr. Theodore Parker, there were many thing and that thing-forever and forever grumbling. selient points that deserve amplification, and a second Whether it is nothing more than a morbid condition of turning over in the mind of every person who heard the liver, or some unhappy idiosyncracy of the indivithem. In the first place, he told his audience what dual, it is a fact that a grumbler enjoys more misery in every speaker ought practically to tell his audience,— this world than the old-fashioned preachers ever threatthat he appeared to them to give them himself, and ened to the castaways in another. As if anything could be bettered by growling about it who sent for him, by giving such a fraction of a sec- going to work and bettering it for ourselves! As if ondary article to one part of the audience, and such a by bettering ourselves, in fact, we did not by the means

We think, then, we have suggested two leading points, either of which embodies the true method of certain divine discourse on the doctrines and tenets of killing the life out of a man-pecking and grumbling. the church, or a politician harangue on the annual But when these two modes are industriously practiced Fourth of July, we go reluctantly, because with a full at the same time by one and the same man, as they understanding of what he is going to say, and, gener often are, it is easy to see to what a sorry pass poor ally, of how he is going to say it; but if it should only human nature is likely very speedlily to be reduced. occur that a public speaker was going to give up to They are enough to destroy all a man's possessions. other souls the deep, true, and unparalleled experience Nor do we readily admit that it is so each to say by which of these two practices a person may soonest run flock from all quarters to hear him, though they went himself out. The habit of prying into the affairs of one's neighbor, however, is pretty certain to induce with telling his audience that he came before them, the other one of growling about one's own; so that the habits generally hunt in couples, and agree between themselves to divide the proceeds. Nobody likes a grumbler any better than he does a spy and an eavesdropper; both, in fact, are objects of scorn and contempt; and still, how many of us can truly say that be misspent, was really so, or anything like it; but we are clear of such wasteful and corrupting practices? But that must be set down among the inconsistencies. What is the use, after all, in going out of ourselves,

as we do, hunting vainly for what can never be oursand not ours, because it does not, in the very nature of things, belong to us? Why not resolve to camp down that we have all become less ourselves than ever the in our own hearts, and permanently occupy there? barbarians were. In the early and primitive age, the Why not build warm and glowing fires on our own body at least was strong, and the muscles of iron; but hearths, instead of wandering away to warm our it is now accounted an advance on that, if we have no fingers in the embers of other people? Why leave thus muscles at all, either physical or spiritual. The theory our own hearths desolate, the white and gray ashes of the modern era seems to be, that we are each of us alone testifying that even ever so small a fire has been sameness that cannot fail in a very little while to make from divine sympathy, is wasted indeed. We must put an end to misspending the wealth with which we were originally endowed, and resolve hereafter to increase our true riches in the only true and enduring way.

The Excitement.

The great tonic of excitement, for a week past, is the insurrection-or the attempt to excite an insurrection-at Harper's Ferry. "Ossawatomic Brown," so named for his exploits in Kausas, was at the head of the design, and, with a handful more, has been captured by the authorities. They are at present on trial for their lives. "Old Brown" being so reduced from his wounds as to be brought into the court-room on a cot, lying thus during the progress of the trial. It is not at all probable that the insurgents on trial will escape with their lives. They will, no doubt, pay the extreme penalty affixed to defiance of the laws. By the Virginia statutes, it is provided that the prisoners tried on such charges as insurrection and State treason are to be executed, if found guilty, within thirty days. . Hence we expect to see the excitement kept up for some weeks yet. The execution of these misguided and fanatical men will cause still more excitement; and we have reason to fear that prejudices will be further inflamed, on this side and that, which will lead to a money is, that it should be sought merely for itself; that state of things to be deeply deplored by every good citizen of

last week, before an audience that filled the large church to its utmost capacity. His general theme, which was rather concealed than disclosed by the ledge. The Bargain-Maker is not disgraced by dealing taking title of the Hargain Makers, was designed to in little things, unless he is himself the smallest thing illustrate the relations of Commerce to general pro- in his shop. Culture and refinement give respectagress, and its mission as a great incentive to interna- bility, and even dignity, to the ordinary transactions of tional intercourse and agent in the civilization of the life, and throw a golden glow over the world's dark world. In his exordium the speaker observed that it is places. much easier to denounce the evil than to rightly praise | In considering the relations of Commerce to moral the good things in the conduct of men. There may be culture, the lecturer said it was an aspersion on Comoccasions for inecetive, as there is also a place in Nature | merce to assume any necessary association between it for thunder and lightning; but violent tempests do not and dishonesty. This heresy originated in falschood, make harvests. The golden sheaves require the warm and has been propagated by certain fractions of husunshine and fructifying shower. So in the moral manity. They are infinitessimal men who insist that world Love clothes the fields with golden fruits that moral integrity and business success are incompatible. ripen in the light of a calm experience.

hensive sense, we are to regard Bargain Making as no living tree, withstands the storm, while those who mean occupation. Success requires intelligence and take feeble hold of the productive soil of the moral skill. We must learn how to approach men, and likewise ascertain at what points they are inaccessible. Among Bargain Makers there is genuine life and positive action. They have to do with our actual wants and supplies. In this department men are sure to be in earnest; and, in this respect, life among the Bargain | Injustice rots every thread in the loom, while every blow Makers is real, however much of mere seeming there on the anvil is a protest against want, and a plea for may be elsewhere, and in the learned professions. Among the stern realities of life there is much hol- ture. The merchant who takes sides with injustice low show, and many mischievous falsehoods in the commits a species of euclide. If angels of truth, inworld. But these are not all among those who buy stead of lying men, were commissioned to write epiand sell. There are medical lies, legal lies, and lies taphs, his would be comprehended in one word-root! among politicians. The Church is supposed to be the only place where there are no fibs told.

good things for every fraud. In the main, business lar nations, growing out of their respective positions must be sound, or business cannot continue. If injus- in the great confederation of the world. Commerce tice predominated in the business world, and Bargain and Science have brought distant nations into close Makers were all knaves, business would end, as the march | proximity, and thus virtually reduced the size of the must stop when the rank and file are all either sick or wounded. If you indoctrinate a class of young men with the pernicious idea that success in business is everywhere associated with dishonesty, you enervate their consciences to that extent; on the contrary, teach them that industry, economy, and integrity, furnish the only enduring basis of lasting prosperity. and you open up alike the way that leads to honor and to for tune.

... If we look at Commerce from beneath, among its utility of its result. Commerce gives us a knowledge of things as they are, while it educates the broad common sense of the people, and wakes up the drones in society. Speculative thinkers-who float about in ethereal regions where there is much room for conject regard to precise form and useless ceremony. Moreover, as going.

There are few if any greater powers on earth than Commerce. It has unpacked the world, which else had been a trunk with its contents locked up. Commerce compelled the astronomer to even find his way in heaven that other men may find their way on earth. Commerce has mapped out the bottom of the seasaround the continents and islands-descending the galleries of the oceans and continents. If it be sometimes an instrument of evil. it is often and constantly a mighty engine of Progress. The same ship that carries rum to the Pacific Islands, takes along the temperance lecturer and the pledge; and the craft that is freighted with "Sharpe's rifles," may also take the schoolmaster and the minister of the Gospel of peace.

The power of Commerce alone is universal. Monarchs are all limited. Napoleon's word is quenched in this country. As early as the year 1840 he established himthe sea. But it is not thus with those who represent self in this city. At that time the Art was but very imperthe world's commercial interests. The Rothchilds keep Barring Brothers is potent the world over. The dollar language of Commerce is everywhere understood. The Bargain Makers of all countries belong to the same community, while Banks are the golden-toned polyglots of the world. God does not work religious re- blotted out from the book of our remembrance. sults by religion alone, but by every legitimate human interest and pursuit. If Commerce compels some men | requires patient study, delicate manipulation, and, withal, a to work unjustly, it is at least obliged to teach them natural capacity for artistic discrimination, which comparahow to work. It can scarcely impose a tax on human tively few possess in a degree that insures a lasting pre-emfaculties without at the same time augmenting their inence. Since the first important discovery by Daguerre, power by its exacting discipline. Every faculty has development of that beautiful Art through which the forms its appetite, which must be satisfied. The wants of and faces so dear to the hearts of millions, are now embalmed men increase in proportion as they become more manly. in light, and the shadows of whose living presence are made The wants of the animal are extremely limited, and langible to the waking vision, as truly as love has coshrined those of the untutored child of Nature are few and their memory as an undying reality in our souls. simple. The coolie cats rice alone; the savage wants no soft carpets or cushioned chairs; but as education ney has added the results of long and patient study and the brings out the faculties that distinguish Manhood, we discover new wants and the means wherewith the same may be supplied. The artificial man-by the unfolding of his faculties and the satisfaction of his wants-becomes the developed natural man. Such a man is a good customer. If he is worth so much that he cannot be bought, he is the man that Commerce re- | Age," such men as Gurney are standard-bearers in the *spects and the Bargain Makers love, because he can buy armies of universal Progress. oo much.

The great heresy in Commerce is an investment that don't pay. When it is found that Liberty will pay better than oppression, every minister will find texts of Scripture for it. There is a great deal of theology in the till. We must expect to find along with man his Arts. Some of his specimens of Photographic Portraiture, imperfections as well as his virtues. It is never fair to inshed in oil colors-and others in pastel-for fidelity to nacompare men who are only tempted a little with those ture, for force of expression, delicacy and transparency of who are tempted a great deal. Moreover, in estimating the good that is in a man, we must regard the temptations he resisted, as well as those that conquered his

The commercial world has a beautiful side that may not be exposed to the public inspection. Many a young man, who in childhood drew scanty sustenance from the overtaxed bosom of his mother, has in his youth found an incentive to action in the dream-that | yet an eloquent suggestion of paradisal charms, and a warm, there might be something better for him than the in- living, and breathing incarnation, of essential Beauty. heritance of poverty. And in manhood how many have gradually emerged from the tyranny of want, and by cheerful and noble industry have purchased emancipation for those they loved. While they toiled and struggled, the world may have deemed them selfish in their industry, and greedy in their thrift; but the unseen motive, and the secret springs of action, made their labor truly honorable. In all this there is some- ive power on the more perishable materials that compose the thing that is closely allied to religion. Love imparts a measure of true dignity and some small degree of divine influence to the weakest man. Many of our merchant princes have built up their fortunes on domestic love. The threads of life are spun, and the fabric of life is woven in the heart, while pride only stamps the figures on the surface. Nor do the redeeming aspects of Commerce terminate here; for many a man, who resembled the oak in his strength, when the fierce tornadoes of commercial and financial ruin swept over the country, has suffered chiefly from the reflection, that in his fall he must crush other strong trees and tender vines that stood in his shadow, or clung to

his presence. Mr. Beecher proceeded to speak of the relations of Commerce to intellectual development. He would have business men liberally educated. It is not the profession that needs education, but the man. Educa-

BEFORER ON BARGAIN-MARERS. | lose or spend, but like smilght in the air, which he Ray, Hawny Wand Bracuen delivered the third lee- cannot squander. The lower a man is in the scale, the ture in the Plymouth Course, on Thesday evening of more he requires education. Bich men can get aloug

We only learn the difference in men when they are In the judgment of the lecturer, and in a compretempted. The true man, rooted in virtue, like the world, go down amid the conflicts of their time.

Commerce has its relations to the political interests of the nations. All circumscription of human rights. all moral corruption, all perversions of the popular sentiment, stand in the way of true commercial prosperity. an equitable recognition of the necessities of human na-

In his concluding observations, the lecturer spoke in general terms of the relations of Commerce to Human-In the business world there are, after all, a million ity, referring to the peculiar responsibilities of particuglobe. The interests of the different nations are daily becoming more closely identified. All over the earth, Commerce should henceforth mean justice, and merchants become emancipatore.

Art Works at the New York Fair.

The Annual Fair of the American Institute still continues to attract a large number of our citizens, and many visitors from the country. Added to the diversified illustrations of the Mechanical and the Elegant Arts, the visitors themselves decaying elements-ruined enterprises and the wrecks constitute no uninteresting exhibition; and the student of of fortune—we may form too low an estimate; but if human nature—when he has fluished his inspection of huge we ascend some high contemplation and look down on pumpkins, and the almost infinite variety of dahlias—when its stupendous machinery and its ceaseless activities, we he has fairly looked the needles of the unnumbered sowingshall respect it for the greatness of its scope and the machines out of place, and the fair attendants out of counter nance-he may prosecute his favorite study in a more goneral way, with the living, moving, speaking, and elbowing examples before him, and perchance behind him.

At a Fair there is of necessity a very general and indiscriminate commingling of human elements, without any ture—are like balloons that go up curious and come the Managers on the present occasion have not confined down empty," neither the world above nor the world themselves by any very rigid rules of classification—in the below being made the better for their coming or their arrangement of articles on exhibition-we may imitate them in our mode of treating the subject, only stopping here and there to notice such things particularly as may seem most worthy to engage our special attention.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF PHOTOGRAPHIC ART .- It is now a little more than half a century since the distinguished chemist, Bir Humphrey Davy, and a Mr. Woodworth, suggested the use of nitrate of silver in copying pictures on glass. But there were no results obtained, calculated to command general attention, until DAGUERRE made his discovery of the slippery declivities discerned by no eagle's eye, and process whereby images from the lens of the camera obscura reached by no human foot save such as went down to are reflected upon the chemically-prepared surfaces of metbring back no report. Commerce has made whispering | alic plates. This surprising discovery of the French artistwho thus made his pencil of the sunbcams-attracted general attention; and the new field, that opened alike before the true lovers of Art, and the mere fortune-secker, was soon occupied by a multitude of experimenters, only a few of whom have either achieved a decided success, or established a permanent reputation.

> Mn. J. Gunney, who has recently opened a new Gallery of Photographic Art at 707 Broadway, was among the earliest, as he has ever been among the most successful, operators in fectly understood; and now, among all who were with Mr. Gurney when he commenced his explorations in this new G., hundreds have attempted-by some short method-to acquire distinction; but, one after another, they have disappeared, leaving no memorial, and even their names are

To accomplish any important results in such a field, at once

most untiring industry. Having devoted nearly twenty years of his life to careful experimental investigations, with the view of perfecting that beautiful Art which describes forms by the light, he well deserves the enviable distinction which has crowned his unwearled efforts, and made him so conspicuous in the front rank of American Photographers Ascending to the Poet, who sings to us in the new "Golden

"The man who adds a science or an art. Or new invention, practically wise, Leads the great host; while those who simply talk Of what men did, are laggards in the rear."

Mr. Gurney's pictures on exhibition at the Fair, certainly constitute the central attraction, in the department of Pine color, and exquisite elaboration of all the details, are unsurpassed—if, Indeed, they are equaled—by any similar pictures which have been submitted to our inspection; and we hazard nothing in saving that they will compare favorably with the finest illustrations of the Art in Europe.

There is one sweet picture that represents a fair form and ace—shaded by the affluence of dark auburn hair, as twilight shadows hover round the morning star-which, without leading us to forget the tangible objects of earthly perfection, is

The utilitarian observer will be sure to have his attention arrested by the specimens of IMPROVED GUTTA PERCHA ROOPING, which MESSES, JOHNS AND CROSLEY, of 810 Broad. way, have on exhibition. Tin roofs are liable to be soon destroyed by the process of oxydation, unless they are frequently painted, and shingles soon decay; but the Gutta Percha Roofing is free from all such objections. It is at once proof against the two great elements which act with such destructroofs of many buildings, so that while it is impervious to water, we are also assured that one may build a fire on his house-top without endangering his dwelling. At the same time that it opposes such effective resistance to the elements, its great clasticity secures it against injury from the greatest possible extremes of atmospheric temperature.

The expense of covering a house with this excellent material is only about fifty per cent, on the cost of a good tin roof, and it is confidently asserted by experienced builders. that the Improved Gutta Percha will last twice as long. It is also used for cars, stenmbont docks, etc., and may be rendily applied to an old house without the labor of removing the shingles. It is, therefore, an article of great practical value. susceptible of general application, and is doubtless superior to any article hitherto employed for similar purposes.

JOHN P. GRUDER, of 184 Chatham Square-manufacturer of Scales, Weights, Measures, Pumps, etc.—has some specimens of his work which perhaps surpass, in mechanical perfection, any thing of a similar kind, now or heretefore on exhibition in this city. Among his Assayers, Bankers, Brokers, Jewtion is not like money in the pocket, which one may ellers and Druggists scales—varying in price from twenty-five

cents to aight hundred dollars-we find some exquisite spec- on the 10th, when it was thought final arrangements would mens of precise and claborate workmanship, while even the be made. It had been asserted that she would sail for oddess who presides over the expulsite in human affairs, Portland on be before the 23th, but it was senif-officially ancould not desire a more beautiful instrument to symbolize her affairs, than the massive and splendidly polished BALance that stands near the entrance to the Palace Garden, because chewing tobacco is incompatible with his physical Mr. Gruber's Beer, Sods, Water, and Air Pumps, his small machinery and polished metal instruments of various kinds. Homey have known beforehand that it would make him sick ; all fillustrate and enforce his claims as one of our most skill- but there must have been an adequate cause to make him do

ticles displayed at the Yair, before the close of the exhibition, are less than the injuries received.

Antiquities of Spiritualism.

From a letter from Judge Edmonds, we extract the follow

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT-Having in view your reques or some articles for your paper, I have made up my mind to relic them on the topic of "The Antiquities of Spiritual-

I have been collecting books on that subject, and have now the means of tracing its history back at least two hundred and fifty years.

Some of my books were published two hundred years ago, and one of them cost \$50.

I propose to give you an account of the manifestations of the olden time, with extracts from these works; and the peculiar interest will be the identity with the manifestations of to-day.

The Eistport Sentim worth seeing, and tells we are not seen to see the second two or three weeks, add of lime to each gallon.

Society, in a fashioned a series of cold formalities.

We will here suggest that persons having in their posession any ancient pamphlets, giving accounts of manifestations in past times, can, by sending them to the Judge, aid im, and give much light to the public, on a very interesting ubject. We have had sent to us a pamphlet, published in 1812 by a member of a Christian church, which gives an account of her visitation by a spirit, and a remarkable cure predicted and performed by the spirit.

Healing by Spirit-Power.

ELI JOHNSON, PROCEVILLE, Writes that he has experienced n a most extraordinary manner, the benefit of healing by spirit-power through the mediumship of Mr. Calvin Hall One of the diseases with which Mr. Johnson was afflicted, was of twenty-five years' standing. The healing was accompanied by incontrovertible tests of spirit power and intelligence. Mr. Hall has at times practiced healing for many years, for which he takes no pay.

Miss Munson.

We are informed that Miss Munson, one of our best mediums, will leave for California on the steamer of Nov. 5th. Her visit is professional, and we have no doubt she will be as much of a blessing to many hearts in our western sister State, as she has been in New England, where many friends prize her highly no less for her kind and gentle deportment as a lady, than for her mediumistic powers.

Mules and Camels.

Superintendent Beale writes from Fort Tejon, California, of the great advantage of camels in the public service in the West. He tested the comparative value of mules and camels as pack animals, and the experiment proved beyond all question the great superiority of the camel, both as regards the rate of speed and amount of burden. He flids no difficulty in rearing camels.

Spiritual Convention at Pen Yan, N. Y.

The Yates County Chronicle, of Pen Yan, N. Y., comments upon the able and eloquent addresses delivered before the Spiritual Convention recently held in that place. It says, The Spiritualists have reason to be well satisfied with the success of this Convention."

Rev. A. D. Mayo's

Discourse before Rev. Theodore Parker's Society, at the Music Hall, on Bunday, Oct. 23d, will be found upon the econd page of the BANNER. Subject: "The Organization of Religion in the United States."

Discussion on "Evil and Good."

The report of this discussion, hold last Wednesday evening. at 14 Bromfield street, we shall publish next week. The same question will be continued on Wednesday evening, Nov. 2d.

Prison Papers.

Number two of the articles sent us from Wisconsin State Prison, on "Punishment for Orlme," will appear in our next issue. We commend this series to the attention of the philanthropist.

S. J. Finney, of Ohio. This gifted speaker is announced to lecture in Ordway Hall next Sabbath, afternoon and evening. Skeptics, as well

as believers in our faith, should hear him.

Mrs. Hatch in Worcester. Cora L. V. Hatch will speak in Worcester, Wednesday evening, Nov. 2d.

Notices to Correspondents.

H. T. BARRINGER, ST. CLAIR, MICH.-We have received your article on "Life after Death," H. M., NEW YORK .- Your lines will be found elsewhere

Thanks for your favors and kindly expressions in regard to he Banner.

G. Tucker, New York .- We do not recollect the article you refer to, entitled "The Development of Mediums."

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS. CONTENTS OF THE BANNER. -- Our paper is prolific as usua

of versatile matters for the perusul of all sorts of intelligences. On our first page you will find more of "Bortha Lee." an intensely interesting story. Second Page-Report of Rev. A. D. Mayo's Music Hall lec

tute on Sunday, Oct, 231; a "Record of Modern Miracles," (continued,) by S. B. Brittan; "Spiritualism among the In dians"-an interesting paper.

Third Page-Chapin's sermon. Sixth Page-Two columns of spirit messages; "Bong of the North," a thrilling poem; Lizzle Doten's lecture at Ord-

way Hall; Letter from Cora Wilburn, etc. Seventh Ruge-"God committing Arson:" "Truth." by Dr. Chill; "E. V. Wilson's Movements;" "The Departing

Child," (poetry) by Una; "Desires after Light and Life; 'A New Objection to Spirit Intercourse;" "Life in Death," (poetry) by a distinguished musician; List of Lecturers, etc. Eighth Page-Beecher's sermon, etc. Wo owe apology to several of our esteemed corre-

pondents, the publication of whose favors are sometimes deayed. We have such an abundance of matter on hand, that it is utterly impossible for us to be as prompt as we desire with all our friends, in this particular.

Pretty nearly all men are benevolent when it don't cost

Politeness costs nothing.

In the name of God, speak to me only of God, and leave non to Judge of me as they like.—Fenelon.

"What queer people we Americaus are !" said Digby to Jo Cose, yesterday. "Nearly everything now goes by machinery. It is even introduced into politics, and party machine-run ning will ere long supercede the necessity of voting altogether. We shall by-and-by have a machine President, machine Senate, and a machine House of Representatives." 'I should hope, by that time," replied Jo Cose, "that those podles would become more regular in their movements." The crops in the South are coming in magnificently.

THE EFFECTS OF MATRIMONY .- The editor of the Senec Falls Reveille got married recently. A week or two after wards his paper contained the following:-"We are led to elieve the millenium is near at hand I"

The biggest tree in California is said to measure 112 feet in ircumference, and 450 feet in length.

Wrong-The inadaptation of one thing to another. Right-The condition of everything.

LATE FOREIGN ITEMS,-A treaty of peace was signed be

ween France and Austria on Oct. 17th. It was stated that the treaty between France and Sardinia rould be signed in a day or two after the above date, and that tripartite treaty would be signed subsequently. The Paris correspondent of the London Times says that in

iddition to the five Great Powers, Sardinia, Spain, Sweder Portugal, Naples and Rome, will be represented in the Euro visited her Oct. 17th, during the sojurn of the royal family at

are indefinite; but a meeting of the Directors was to be held

Bangor, but the Queen did not go.

nounced that my decision had been come to.

A man chew tobacco and it makes him sick. It is wrong, naturot and right, because in compliance with Nature's laws. It. And it is right for him to continue to use it, until experi-We shall doubtless have occasion to notice many other ar- ence shall teach him that the benefits derived from its use

An exchange says:-A young married lady of our acquaintance, whose union has not been prolific of "little darlings," has suspended on the wall in her bed-room, directly over the head of the bed, a next little picture, underpeath which is the following quotation from Scripture: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

The Eastport Sentinel is wide awake. It sees what is worth seeing, and tells what it sees.

To PRESERVE CIDER SWEET .- When it has fermented for two or three weeks, add 8-4 lb. sugar, and 1-4 oz. of sulphate

Society, in a fashionoble sense, is nothing more or less than a series of cold formalities. Its heart is like a rock.

Dews fall in the gloom of night, but at morning are radiant with the sunbeams. Tears shed in great sorrow, reflect the light of eternal day.

The Rev. Dr. Forbes, of New York, has written a letter of recantation of belief in the doctrines of the Catholic Church.

Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher is 84 years old.

Jo Cose informs us that his efforts to ascertain the genealogy of the Mite family, two members of which are alluded to in Scripture as "the Widow's Mite," have been crowned with abundant success. Investigation has convinced him that they are related to the ancient family of Cruise of two of whom mention is also made as the Widow's Cruise. Auy information tending to throw light on these widows will be thankfully received by Jo.

"Call next week, on Thursday, at ten o'clock precisely," said an accomplished debtor, to a collector, "and I will tell" you when to call again!"

True wisdom does not look on this world as a paradise or purgatory; the true soul enjoys what pertains to one and endures what pertains to the other.

Editors are apt to apologize to their readers when anything unusual occurs to their forms; but the following, from the Bangor Spiritual Guardian, beats everything of the kind within our recollection:-

Within our reconfection:—

For two weeks past a delay of one day has occurred owing to the press of business, &c. Besides, we had an extra "male" to attend to last week, which not only gave us an additional amount of labor, but will also add to the duties of the cansus taker. The X-pounder produced really quite a sensation in our circle. Its advent may be halled as the harbinger of—not a cry(als)—but as an h(era) in (mid) eight executive.

Lecturers.

Miss Rosa T. Amenex will speak in Plymouth ou Bunday, Nov. 6th and 13th; in Cambridgeport, Nov. 20th.

Mrs. J. W. Curnten will speak in Groveland on the eve-nings of Oct. Sist and Nov. 2d; in Marbiehead, on Bunday, Nov. 6th; in Springfield, Nov. 13th and 20th.

MRS. FARME BURDANK FELTON will lecture in Providence R. I., the four Sundays of November: in Putnam, Conn., the two first Sundays of December; in New York, the third, and in Philadelphia the fourth Sunday of December and two first of January. Address, until Dec. 1st, Willard Barnes Felton, Providence, R. I. MISS ELIZABETH Low, trance speaker, of Leon, Cattaraugus

Co., New York, lectures at Ellington and Rugg's Corners, (Cattaraugus Co., N. Y.,) every fourth Sabbath. She will answer calls to lecture in Chautauque and Cattaraugus Counties.

Mrs. Sarah M. Thompson, of Ohio, will lecture at West Winfield, New York, on Bunday, Nov. 6th.

CAMBRITOGROUN. — Meetings in Cambridgeport are held every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 3 and 7 1-2 o'clock, r. M., at Washington Hall, Main street. Sents free. The following Trance Speakers are engaged: Nov. 6th and 13th, Mrs M. S. Townsend; Nov. 19th, Miss R. T. Amedey; Dec. 3d and 10th, Liles Lizzie Doten; Dec. 17th, Miss R. T. Amedey. dey.

BOSWORTH'S SEWING MACHINE.-We have had one of these machines in use at our house, during the past three months, and can safely recommend it as one of the most valuable comforts of a home. No complaints are heard of the vast quantities of sewing to be done, for the little labor-saving machine takes hold cheerfully and swiftly, and lol cloth is turned to shirts, sheets and-other things, in about as short a time as could be desired. The cheapness of the article is a great inducement to the majority of our people, and for general family work, we do not see but it is as good a machine as any in the market.

A CHANCE FOR A TEST .- A person wishes to find a susceptable medium, well adapted to a particular case, and who would prefer not to sit for promiscuous influences generally. He wishes hor to sit for communications from the spirit of a particular lady friend, who has heretofore controlled, almost to perfection, a medium of whose services he is now deprived. If any one can get his address from that spirit, it will be an excellent test, and shall receive immediate attention. He will await a note at the Post-office.

MRS. A. W. DELAPOLIE has returned to her rooms, No. 11 Lagrange Place, where she will exercise her medium powers, ance. Her hours are from 9 o'clock, A. M. to 8 P. M.

FROM REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER, N. Y .- " Brown's Bronchial Trockes."---" It is five yours since that I accidently sutered your store for some sort of a preparation for Hearse-ness—the Troches which you gave me entirely answered the ness—the Troches which you gave me entirely answered the purpose which I had in view. Since then in all my lecturing tours I put "Troches" in my carpet bag as regularly as I do lectures or linen, and I have never changed my mind respecting them from the first, except to think yet better of that which I began in thinking well of."

MEDICAL TREATMENT-NUTRITIVE PRINCIPLE. MEDICAL TREATMENT—NUTRITIVE PRINCIPLE,

On author of the New Theory of Medical Practice on the
Nutrative Principle, may be consulted on the treatment of
every form of humor, weakness and dieses, in person or by
letter, from any part of the country. It is restorative in its
effects, reliable in the mest prostrate cases, and justly worthy
of the confidence of the afflicted. All the Medicines us dure
purely vegetable. No. 10 Central Court. opposite 285 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

1) §§ Oct. 1.



COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS and INVIDREZA, IRRITATION, SORENESS, or any affection of the Throat CURED, the Hacking
COUGH, ASTHMA. CATARRR. RELIEVED
by BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES, or
COUGH LOZENGES.

"A simple and elegant combination for Covons." &c. Dr. G. F. BIGELUW, Boston.

" Have proved extremely serviceable for HOARBENESS." Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

"I recommend their use to Public Speakers." Roy. E. II. Chapin, New York. "Most salutary relief in BRONCHITIS."
Rev. S. SEIGFRIED, Morristown, Ohlo.

"Beneficial when compelled to speak, suffering from Cold."
Rev. 8. J. P. Anderson, 8t. Louis.

"Effectual in removing Hoarseness and Irritation of the Throat, so common with SPEAKERS and SINGERS"
Prof. M. STACY JOHNSON, LaGrange, Ga., Teacher of Music, Southern Foundie College,

"Great benefit when taken before and after preaching as they prevent Hoarseness. From their part effect, I think they will be of permanent advantage to me."

Rev. E. Rowley, A. M., President Athens College, Tenn. Sold by all Druggists, at 25 cents per box.

Also, Brown's LAXATIVE TROCHES, or Calhartic Lorenges, for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Constipation, Headache, Bilious Affections, &c. 3m Nov. 5. CLECTIC MEDICINE.—OCTAVIUS KING, 634 Washington Latreet, has every variety of Medicines, Roots Herbs and Barks, which he will sell at Wholesale or Retail, at prices as low as can be obtained in Boston. cow4t Nov. 5.

PHOTOGRAPH OF EMMA HARDINGE. THE FRIENDS OF EMMA HARDINGS can each be supplied with a beautiful, colored, large Photograph of this believes which will be expressed to any part of thus Union on receipt of One Dollar and address. Address at lonia, Mich.

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low as can be obtained in Boston. cow4t

AT NO. 8 FOURTH AVENUE, N. Y.—Elegant Suits of Rooms, open daily, from 7 a. m. until 10 r. m. (Sundays excepted) Ladies Department under the special charge of Mea Paperu.

 $1p^{o}$

Portable Oriental Baths (a very complete article) for sale. The Great Eastern remained at Holyhhead. Prince Albert visited her Oct. 17th, during the solute of the royal family at Bangor, but the Queen did not go.

The report as to the trip of the Great Eastern to America are indefinite; but a meeting of the Directors was to be held

The report as to the trip of the Directors was to be held

Totalle Uriental Haths (a very complete article) for sale.

Thereby,

(LAIRVOYANT PHISICIAN. Examinations made daily.

Absent persons examined by the aid of a lock of hair.

Also all Mrs. French's Medicines carefully prepared and for sale at No. 8 Fourth Avenue, N. Y.

T. CULBERTSON.

Oct. 22.

Hew York Advertisements.

32. HEAITH OF AMERICAN WOMEN.

22. established the fact that THE GRAFFENBERG COMPAN'S MARSHALL'S UTRINGE CATIOLICON is the only reliable ours for those diseases which sender the lives of women, from the ages of 10 upward, miserable to an extent only known to themselves. These diseases afflict married and single, and no social position, refinement of living or condition in life affords any guaranty sgainst them. Bleade the local uterine symptoms, they are often attended with—

Deranged Mighthly Periods—

Deranged Mighthly Periods—

Deranged Appetite—Ballow Complexion—

Pain in the Back and Kineys—Chilis—

Cold hands and feet—Bloatings—Fever-shoess—

Neurnigla—Palpitation of the Heat—

Dizziness—Nervousness—Hendache—Restlessness—

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Crawling and Pain in the Spino and between the Shoulders—

Acid Stomach—Nausca—Indigestion—

Difficult passing of Urine with heat or simaring—

Itching—burning or irritation of the Uterino Organs—

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Numbness and Pain in the Uterino Organs—

Numbness and Pain in the Uterino Organs—

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Loss of Memory—Bewilderment—Soreness in the Feet—Pain in the Back.

Loss of Memory—Bewilderment—Soreness in the Feet—Pain in the Back,
THE GRAEFENBERG MARSHALL'S UTERINE CA-

THOLICON is prepared by an educated physician, and may be fully depended upon. All other preparations should be Letters and testimonials from elergymen and public mon

Letters and testimonials from elergyneen and public mean of distinction can be seen at the rooms of the Graefenberg Co., No. 32 Park-row, New York, and convincing references to persons in the City will also be given at the same place. Price \$1,50 per bottle; five bettles for \$6. It can be safely sent by express. Address JOSHUA F. BRIDGE, M. D., Secretary and Consulting Physician Graefenburg Company, No. 32 PARK-ROW, NEW YORK.

DR. J. REVINGE may be consulted professionally or by let-

DR. J. F. BRIDGE may be consulted professionally or by letter at his rooms in the Gracienberg Institution, No. 32 Parkrow. Office hours 9 to 1 and 3 to 4. ow. Once nours y to I and 3 to 1.

220 If an extended opinion is required by letter, \$1 must
be enclosed to insure reply.

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be enclosed to insure reply.

MRS. METTLER'S CELEBRATED CLAIRVOYANT MEDICINES.

RESTORATIVE SYRUP, for languid and unc-qual circulation, derangement of the secretions, sick and iervous headaches, bilious obstructions, inactivity of the liver, scrotula and other diseases arising from an impure iver, scrofula and other diseases arising from an impure-state of the blood, &c., &c., &c. Put up in plut and quark

Dysentery Cordini.—For this complaint it is safe to say, there is nothing so ellicient in the long list of remedial agents. Price, 50 cents per bottle.

Elixir for Cholern, and severe choic pains, cramps of the stomach and bowels, rhounatio and neuralgic pains, &c. 50 cents per bottle. Noutralizing Mixture.—Best of all remedies for bil-ious obstructions, acidity of the atomach and dyspepsia, con-stipation of the bowels, headache, &c., &c. Price, per bettle.

Pulmomaria.—An excellent remedy for colds, irritation of the throat and lungs, hemorrhage, asthma, consumption, whoughing cough, and all diseases of the respiratory organs. Price, per buttle, \$1.

Mealing Cintment.—For burnes, scalds, (resh cuts and wounds, boils, sattrhoum, blisters, glandular swelling, piles, chapped hands, &c. Price, 25 cents per box. Liniment.—This supplies a deficiency long felt respecting cases of lameness and weakness of the human system, contracted muscles and sinews, rheumatic and neuralgib affections, callous and stiff joints, spasmodic contractions, &c. Price \$1 per bottle.

Fections, St. per bottle.

Sold wholesale and retail by

S. T. MUNSON, AGENT,

143 Fullon street, New Tork. On the "Movement of Faith," in roview of Doctor Béllows's "Suspense of Faith," is this day published. Price 15 cents, or \$10 per hundred. For sale by B. T. MUNSON, GENERAL AGENT, Nov. 5. 13p 143 Fullon street, New York.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.—Myrinds of men have been engaged for more than one-quarter of this present century in testing the efficacionsness of Holloway's Pills and Unitment, as remedies, either separately or conjointly, for all internal and external aliments. Their unanimous and enthusiastic verdict in favor of these remedies is now before us, and should convince the most incredulous. Bold at the manufactory, No. 80 Maiden Lane, New York, and by all druggists, at 250c., 63c., and \$1 per box or put. Nov. 5.

lp NEW DEVOTIONAL GIFT BOOK FOR THE HOLIDAYS,

A NEW DEVOTIONAL GIFT BOOK FOR THE HOLDAYS, entitled

Social and Domestic Religion, Vol. 1.

This neatly bound and illustrated Literary Sourceult has already met with considerable favor from persons of almost every denominational persuasion; and the highest distinuinals have been awarded in praise of its general utility and excellence. It is for sale by HOWE & FERRY, No. 78 Bowery; O. SHEPARD & CO., No. 307 Broadway; and by other Booksellers, Frice One Dollar. It is also for sale by MUNSON.

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STREET, NEW YORK, manufacturer and importer and
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Cloths and Fabrics, Elastic Cloths of every kind, Braided Fabrics, Knik Fabrics of every kind, Thrends and Shorts of Rubrics, Knit Fabrics of every kind, Threads and Sheets of Rub-bor 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 Terms moderate. All these Articles and Goods not have the Stamp and Fac Simile of my name are infringements. Oct 29.

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" A ... 1. CRAPER, LACES, ETC.

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THE PARKER FAMILY SEWING MACHINE is a new one of great merit, combining all the important principles in the most simple manner, making it the mest desirable machine in use. It sews from two common spools, making a seam of unequaled strength—runs rapidly, without noise—will do all kinds of work any other machine will do. Is less liable to get out of colurn and the price is chemic.

kinds of work any other machine will do. Is less liable to get out of order, and the price is cheaper.

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

ity, etters and orders addressed Vernon & Co., 469 Broadway, N. Y.

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IMPERIAL WINE BITTERS. WILL CURE INCIPIENT CONSUMPTION.

WILL CURE WEAK LUNGS AND STOMACH, WILL OURE GENERAL DEBILITY.

ND for purifying and enriching the blood are unsurpass-A ND for purifying and enriching and color's ed. They are put up in quart bottles with the Doctor's name blown in the glass, with directions for use. Price \$1,00 per bottle. For sale by CHARLES WIDDIFIELD, 849 and 651 Broadway, N. Y.; BARNES & PARK, 13 Park Row, and by all Druggists.

Pianos, Melodeons, and Organs.

THE HORACE WATERS PIANOS AND MELODEONS, for THE HORACE WALERS PIANOS AND MELODEONS, for depth, purity of tone, and durability, are uneurpassed. Prices reasonable. Second-hand Planos and Melodeons from \$23 to \$150. Planos and Melodeons to ron. Monthly payments received for Planos. HORACE WATERS, Agent, No. 333 Broadway, New York. TESTIMONIALS:

"The Horace Waters Planes are known as among the very "We can speak of their merits from personal knowledge."

—Christian Intelligencer.

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

Sm Oct 22.

The Messenger.

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

We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond, and do away with the errone-ous idea that they are more than First beings. We be-hove the public should know of the spirit world as it is—should learn that there is evil as well as good in it, and not expect that purity alone shall flow from spirits to morials. We ask the reader to receive no dectrine put forth by spirits, in these columns, that does not comport with his reason. Each expresses so much of truth as he perceives—no more. Each ean speak of his own condition with truth, while he gives opinions merely, relative to things not experienced.

Visitors Admitted.—Our sittings are free to any one who may desire to attend. They are held at our office, No. 812 Brattle street, Boston, every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday afterneon, commoncing at HALF-FAST Two o'clock; after which time there will be no admittance. They are closed usually at half-past four, and visitors are expected to remain until dismissed.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

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

Friday, Oct. 21.—"Does not the Bible give proof of Immortality?" Joe Jordan (a slave); Joelah Pierce Concord, N. H.; Michael Cummiskey, New York; Anna Maria Brown, Boaton.

Saturday, Oct. 22—"The uses of Disease;" William Pord, Boston; Charlotte Frances Wise, New Orleans; John Akkinson; William Parker.
Tuesday, Oct. 25—"By what authority do we come?" Rob-

Tuesday, Oct. 25—"By What authority do we come?" Robort Owen: Mary Allen, New York: Edward Allen, Boston.
Wednesday, Oct. 26—"Return of Spirits who are not cognisant of a change in life;" Catherine Gage; Charles Todd,
Boston; Stephen Willey.
Thursday, Oct. 27—"Who and what was Jesus?" Augustus
F. Pope; Silas Dudley, Georgia; Mary Creenan.

Is there any True Religion?

One friend in mortal, who holds a high position among the theologious of your time, sends in the following question. Now ere we speak upon it, we beg leave to inform our friend that he must not expect fully to understand us, surrounded as he is by inharmonious conditions—religious conditions. Out of the dense darkness that seems to envelop him he has called unto us; and, if he would understand us, he must, for the time being, come out from the cloud of darkness that he may be enabled to see, and see with the light of charity and love. Not that love which will enfold within its arms a few choice ones, but that which will cover all with a mantle of charity-that which will extend the hand to the enemy-that which will look kindly upon those who differ, spiritually, from him. The question propounded to us is as follows:

"Will any of our invisible or spirit friends tell us if there be any true religion on earth?"

We answer, yes; and it is that which was promulgated by Jesus, the medium, the Christ, of eighteen hundred years ago. But here we will beg leave to inform our questioner that we do not understand this Jesus as he understands him, or he he is understood by the great mass of minds which seek, but seek in darkness, for truth. They are like travelers In a desert, without guides.

, But behold the Great Teacher, in his wisdom and love, has been pleased to send a light which shall shine on all, and point the way direct to heaven-which shall give to each a religion that shall satisfy them now and throughout eternity i The teachings of Jesus are plain, when understood by spiritual light, but when looked at through bigotry and superstition, and the darkness of ancient and modern times they pecome unchristlike, uncharitable, ungodlike.

We do not find the religion of Jesus Christ-shall we say not upon earth? Hardly! We look for it in the church, but we find it not; we search for it in the high places-it is not there! Where shall we look for it? where shall we find it? Wherever we find humility, love, charity and wisdom. Not that which would gather to itself all honor, all power, but that principle that is willing to divide with its neighbor-that is as willing to give as to receive.

Our good mortal friend has been seeking to find Christ in the church dedicated to orthodoxy. For a long time he has been satisfied with the Christ of that church. But now there comes a voice whispering of dissatisfaction-of a something wanting. Whence comes that voice, save from those high and holy intelligences that are continually watching over men, and who are not willing to see their brother 'men walking in darkness, while so much light is floating near them, ready to be taken up by them.

We say, then, the religion of Jesus is the only true one on earth; but we find it not in the churches-not one of them. But as we look around upon humanity, we gather from each one some gem, and we collect these gems; and thus we find the Christian religion-or that given us by or through Christ -which worketh no man ill-which would not one should perish, but that each should receive salvation in his own

If we understand Jesus, we do not find that he places the tem yoke of rule upon any. His words are, come and wel. come-obey that which is in yourselves. Did he give them a form of prayer? So the record says. And why was this That they might, at certain times, stand apart from materialism, and come in nearer communion with the angels-that they might have the gift of faith they so much needed.

The disciples of Jesus were wont to go from place to place. We are told they sometimes went without that which mortals worship too well. And as they are human, we might suppose they would sometimes fear for the morrow. Jesus taught them to pray for their daily bread, and he taught thus simply to give them faith, and to draw them in nearer communion with their spiritual guides, that they might receive from them food-both spiritual and material,

Now if our theological friend will but hear the voice that hath spoken to him so clearly, so softly, he will be sure to find a true religion-a guide that shall never leave-one that shall not only appeal to the internal, but the external. The popular religion of the past will carry man thus far and no further; it gives him no positive assurance of a future existence. As you stand at the portal of the spirit world that religion leaves you; your earthly guide is unacquainted with the spiritland, and there you are left, at the most trying moment of your life. Our friend may tell us that he has known of many who have passed on rejoicing at their latest broath And they may pass on rejoicing, but the voice of joy is hushed, the moment the spirit leaves the body. We tell you your popular religion is good for nothing in the spirit life. It will

point you to the portais, but it lends no further.
You need something that will lead you to the spiritual through the natural. The religion our friend clings so closely to, appeals only to the spirit; the material senses cannot comprehend it. No wonder that our friend, as he wades through the mazes of his belief, asks how shall I make this plain to my hearers and to myself? We will point the way. Again we say, embrace a religion that will appeal to the natural; that comes to the sensos-no matter if it comes through the rap, if religion is there, it comes from Jesus Christ.

Sock, says our Jesus, and ye shall find. We ask our friend if the Christ who inspires him, bids him cling to one code of religious laws, "no seeking beyond it. I am satisfied with the past, says the churchman. My religion has served me well thus far; I have lived by it-I can die by it. Did Jesus teach this way to heaven? Seek, he says; go forth fearing nothing and gather to yourself the gems of light that shall be guides to heaven.

Ere we depart from your presence, we will ask our questioner to give us a personal hearing. If he dare come down from his hight pedestal, shall we say let him meet us face to face? . Even so; for we are here, and we will try to establish in his temple a new religion and yet a very old one. A religion that all nature will say amen too-that every atom in the vast concourse of life will smile upon and recognize. Ours is not a religion that will serve to-day and not to-morrow; not a religion that will picture to your fancy a city whose stroets are paved with gold. No; it is enough that you worship it here-you have done with it when you cast off the

We ask no blessing to the few thoughts we here offer upon this subject, well knowing that the Creator will bless all in his own way and own time.

Once again we ask our questioner to meet us in public, and if we give no light, we will give no shadow. Farewell,

Helen Frances Pray. 🤳

They say come. Who says come? Is it my mother dear? she who cradled me in her arms in childhood-she who watched over all my young years—who taught my infant lips to lisp the name of mother? Is it she who calls for me-who

Oct. 20.

says, "Come,-If there be indeed communion between the two was with myself, and were better looking in the exterior from whom the call came. And I am ready, more than ready then," said my friend, "thou hast begun to Judge thyself." to come. Long, full long have I waited for some voice to any, leturn to us." Oh, my mother, do you speak for self, or in behalf of those who are near and dear to me? My mother, do you wish to draw only to yourself light from the higher world? No, I feel, I know, you are anxious to give light to others of our kindred who are less liberal than you are.

My mother, in the quiet of your own home, surrounded by naught save the inhabitants of the invisible world, you have asked me the question-yes, in the sacred solitude of your home, almost in that of your own soul, you have asked me to take hold of these things, and I will give her semething to tell you what my last words were. Shall I answer? Yes, I | instruct her; and she always liked that. can. My words were those: "My mother dear, I see bright forms floating and gliding around my bed. Do n't think I am crazy, mother dear, for it is real to me. Do you not see them-my slater, my brother? Don't tell the family; they will say I died crazy."

My mother's lips have been scaled in silence upon this subject since I left carth. She and I alone have the knowledge. Oh, mother dear, those bright ones were my guardian spirits, who came to bear my spirit to its home, that I might not pass on in loneliness.

Oh, what a welcome I received! And as I was borne away from earth's dark scenes of sorrow, brighter light dawned upon my enraptured spirit, and I forgot for a time that I ever dwelt on earth. But when I became a fixed dweller in the spirit-world, oh, then I turned in love to the dear ones I left on earth. Yes, I thought of the sweet bud I had left in mortal, and I said, "Oh, will a kind and holy father permit me to watch over that little one-to be a mother in spirit, if not in And as I communed with-my own spirit, bright ones came to me and said, "Yes, sister dear, you can return to earth, and can guide it in reality, and speak to it in after Oh, then perfect happiness commenced. A bright and glorious star was born within me, and I could but utter thanks to the Giver of all good gifts.

Seven years have floated by upon the ocean of time, and the bud of ten days has now lingered on earth seven years, and the time has come when I may take the first step in ac tive control of that little form; when I may not only guide it in spirit, but in mortal; when I may give it to understand the things of the spirit-world. But, my mother, to the sacred temple of your soul I must first knock; and I know, as she has sent forth the call, she will welcome the child.

Mother dear, you have no conception of the all-glorious truth which lies hidden within the rough exterior of Spirituallsm. Oh, my mother, suffer me to be the first to uncover the gem and show it to you in its beauty. You have seen only the exterior, and now, mother dear, I will unfurl the dark shadow and show you its bright light.

Call me in nearer communion with you, and believe the bright ones who floated about my bed when I was dying, will guard you, and bless you, and point you the way to all truth. To the little one-I know a way, a blessed way, which has been pointed out by the Gread Dispenser of all gifts, for me to speak to that little one; but it is not mine to tell you how soon it shall be for me to unfold to her the beauties of the in terior world.

Say that what you have before you is from Helen France Pray, of New York City. My message will be expected. I have given all I have to give. Oct. 20.

W. F. Johnson.

My friend, Green Germon, tells me there is a call for me Look here, what the devil is the reason when I come here

that I feel just as I did when I left?

You have a letter for me? Well, find it. Look here, where the devil is that medium that gave me a prescription, some ten years ago? I think if I had followed it up well, I might have got cured; but I did n't have any-

ody to care for me, so I did n't fellow it up. Seal that letter up, for I want to answer it by writing, after have left the medium.

Nor.—The Irishman who follows, explains the reason why this spirit did not answer the letter by writing, as he desired to do, after he had given up control of the medium by entrancement. The friend who sent the letter, may exct to see it answered at no distant day

Patrick Murphy.

Begad, I would stand up for me rights, as well as anybody else. He wanted to write, but I would not let him, He wanted to write after he had done speaking, and shove me out of me time altogether; but I would not stand that here no more than where you are. I have learned to write.

[The spirit alludes to W. F. Johnson, who desired to an swer a letter by writing, after he had done speaking.]

Faith, Mary says she'll hear mo, if I will come and talk dacint. Faith, all I wants is a hearing. Mary wants to know will she go to the Catholio church any more. Faith, I think she better go. She wants to know if I will lave if she will lave the Catholic church. Faith, I wont lave at all.

I wants Mary to be dacint with me, and I will with her, I do not want her to lave the Catholic church, and I wont lave her; only I want her to treat me dacint. Faith, I want to talk with her when I likes. Sometimes I go and make a muss, and she is frightened; then she goes away; at other times she sits down and she lets me spell. She gets the letters and I spell according to me own spelling; and I make sounds. Sometimes she gets tired and goes away. I want her to be quiet and let me say what I want to. I'll take no time that Lelongs to her or the childres. Oct. 20.

William H. Seaver.

I'm a stranger to these things, and don't know what you require. It is new to me.

My name was William H. Seaver. 1 was born in Roston lived in Boston until I was-well-I'm not quite sure, but I think I was between nineteen and twenty years of age when I left Boston.

I was not a trader-did not follow any profession; I was one of that class of people who obtain a livelihood by their wits. Yes, I got a good living in one way; I always had plenty of money-plenty of friends, such as they were, and that's what constitute a good living, is it not?

I died at San Diego, Cal., in the year 1854. You ask for my disease. Well, I suppose it might be called inflammation of the bowels—that is what I supposed it to be. I was sick fourteen days, but did not have any idea of stepping out until the other world opened to me. I was first taken vomiting, and it terminated in what I was told was inflammation the bowels. I died in August. I have a sister in Boston I think, but am not sure. I should be extremely well pleased to speak to her. Her name is Eliza, Before I died, and after I left for California, I understood, she was to marry and leave for the Western States: but if there is any truth in what was given to me by a friend, my sister is in Boston; I feel it to be so. My friend's name was Pease; he was no quainted with my sister there, and he has recently come here. ' He tells mo if I will come here and give you a few facts, she will read my words and give me a chance to see

I have never known, until recently, that I could come back at all. I was never much prejudiced in favor of any religion, and had not much idea of this life.

I heard vague rumors of spirit rapping before I left earth but never saw anything, and had no confidence in it. All I heard came on the wings of scandal, and I was not in a position to hear much of the thing. I will sail under my true colors now, and tell you I was a sporting man, and if I had come out to investigate any religious form, I would have had to throw off many of my acquaintances and much of my business-and I could not afford to do that.

I have not seen anything of the devil yet, that the church told us would get all sporting men: but as I don't know what will turn up, and may full into the old gentleman's clutches, I'll be careful what I say of him.

My mother died when I was quite young, and my father was lost at sea a short time after. My mother was a Baptist, yet as she left us when my sister and self were quite young, she gave us no fixed idea of religion. After we were alone we went to Sabbath school, but used most always to take something to while away time, if it was nothing but a piece of twine and four pieces to play snap-whip with.

I suppose I inherited some religious feeling from my nother, for I never liked to bring death too near to me. I believed there was a God and a Devil, because the masses said so; and when I came to the spirit-world, I remember of asking an old fellow-a spirit-that came to me, how long it was before I should be called up to be judged. I shall never forget his answer: "Whenever thou art ready to judge thyself, then thou may'st sit in judgment upon thee." What do you mean-am I to judge myself? "That is what I mean," said he. I asked how I was to learn if there was any other place fit for me to dwell in. "Follow me," said he; and I

I went, and he led me to a beautiful place-well, it resembled some the tropical climes—Central America, if you please. I saw my mother here, and others. But I saw that the people there were better satisfied with themselves than I rum.

worlds, oh, come to mo?" My mother! full well I know appearance, and I said, I am not fit to tarry here. "Bo, Then I understood him. Things about me seem to be in a rude state; want a little refinement, and that I have got to put on myself. They tell mo if I would have a garment of

beauty, I must have good thoughts. Now I have got an insight into these things, and can handle the ropes pretty well, I'll try to get to the top of the

ladder, where I can look down upon such chaps as you. As I can't speak to my sister as I speak to you, I'll just say here that if she is not afraid, I would like to have her

You ask my age. I was not very good on dates, but I will try to give it to you. I was between thirty-four and thirtyfive years of age.

Well, you and I will part friends, I supposo. Good day. Opt. 20.

THE FATE OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

In March of 1854, says the Cleveland Herald, several months before the arrival of Dr. Rac, with his news of the probable death of the brave Sir John Franklin and his faithful comradus, we copied from the Lily of the Valley for 1854, a beautiful poem by Miss Elizabeth Doten, in reference to these adventurers. The verses are as touching and selemn as the sounds of a passing bell, and appear almost prophetic of the news that afterwards came. The "Song of the North" again becomes deeply interesting as connected with the thrilling account brought home by the Fox, the last vessel sent in search of the lost advanturers to the key north, and the last that will now ever be sent on such an expedition. -Buffalo Daily Republic.

SONG OF THE NORTH.

"Away, away P' cried the stout Sir John,
"While the blessoms are on the trees,
For the summer is short, and the time speeds on
As we sail for the Northern seas.

As we sail for the Northern seas.

Hol' gailant Crozier, and brave Fitz-James I
We will startle the world, I trow.

When we find a way through the Northern Seas
That never was found till now!
A stout good ship is the 'Erebus,'
As ever unfurled a sail,
And the 'Terror' will match with as brave a one
As ever outrode a gale."

Bo they bid farewell to their pleasant homes,

So they bid farewell to their pleasant homes,
To the hills and valleys green,
With three hearty cheers for their native isle,
And three for the English Queen,
They sped them away beyond cape and, bay,
Where the night and day are one—
Where the hissing light in the heavens grew bright,
And flamed like a midnight sun.
There was naught below save the fields of snow,
That stretched to the ley pole;
And the Esquimaux in his atrange cance,
Was the only living soul!

Was the only living soul !-

Along the coast, like a giant host,
The glittering leebergs frowned,
Or they met on the main, like a battle plain,
And crashed with a fearful sound!
The seal and the bear, with a curious stare,
Looked down from the forzer heights,
And the stars in the skies, with great wild eyes,
Peered out from the Northern Lights.
The gallant Grayler and the heave Mixtances

The gallant Crozier, and the brave Fitz-James,
And even the brave Sir John,
Felt a doubt like a chill through their warm hearts thrill As they urged the good ships on.

They sped them away beyond cape and bay Where even the tear-drops freeze; But no way was found, by strait or sound,

But no way was found, by strait or sound,
To sail through the Northern Seas;
They sped them away, beyond cape and bay,
And they sought, but they sought in vain?
For no way was found through the ice around
To return to their homes again;
But the wild waves rose, and the waters froze,—
Till they closed like a prison wall;
And the icebergs stood, in the silent flood,
Like jailers grim and tall;
Oh, Goal Oh, God!—it was hard to die
In that prison house of ice!
For what was fame, or a mighty name,
When life was the fearful price?

The gallant Crozier, and the brave Fitz-James,

The gallant Crozier, and the Drave Fitz-James,
And even the stud Sir John,
Had a secret drend, and their hopes all fied,
As the weeks and months passed on.
Then the Ice King came, with his eyes of flame,
And looked on the fated crew;
His chilling breath was as cold as death,
And it pierced their warm hearts through!
A heavy sleep that was dark and deep,
Came over their warny eyes;
And they dreamed strange dreams of the hills and streams,
And the blue of their melive skies.

The Christmas chimes, of the good old times, Were heard in each dying ear,
And the darling feet, and the voices sweet
Of their wives and children dear!
But it Inded away—away—away f
Like a sound on a distant shere,

And deeper and deeper came the s Till they slept to sleep no more! Oh, the sailor's wife, and the sailor's child; Oh, the sallor's wife, and the sallor's child;
They weep, and watch, and pray;
And the Lady Jane, she will hope in vain,
As the long years pass away!
The gallant Crozier, and the brave Fitz-James,
And the good Sir John have found
An open way to a quiet bay,
And a port where all are bound!
Let the waters roar on the lec-bound shore,
That sireles the frozen hole.

That circles the frozen pole; But there is no sleep and no grave so deep, That can hold the human soul.

Jamestown Institute.

MESSES. EDITORS-Permit me to call the attention of your numerous readers to a very important fact, viz: that there is one school in our country for reformers and their children widely differing, if not wholly, from all other Academic sys tems, which we all feel to be incomplete and erroneous-and very incompatible with our present ideas of the proper growth of the physical, intellectual, moral and spiritual nature, implanted by the hand of Delty in every human organism.

This school is called the "Jamestown Institute," established at Jamestown, Chautauque Co., New York, by Dr. O. H. Wellington, which has for its object the proper cultivation of all the powers, faculties, and growth of genius in the soul of the child, no element being crushed or stultified.

Pupils are not confined to books, or required to commit to memory some distasteful lesson, but by familiar conversations and interrogations upon different sciences with maps, charts, and a library to refer to as text books, the problem is solved by each mind; thereby recording indelibly upon the tablet of the soul, elements of science which can never be ornsed at the same time cultivating the conversational powers, to communicate freely. Much attention is given to physical training, by appropriate exercises, dancing, &c.; in hort the frue happiness and soul-growth is paramount to all else. The Institute has prospered greatly since its commencement with one pupil in May, 1858; during the past winter there were unwards of thirty. The Doctor and his family are indefatigable in their efforts; but as it is a work for humanity, it is to be hoped that other minds may feel the need there is, and enter into the labor also.

The Institution very much needs a thorough and practical Agriculturist-prompted by his love for humanity and the proper lustruction of children, to purchase lands adjoining, (which, by the way, is a rich farming country,) that the boys and girls may understand Agriculture; thereby giving ample scope to that most useful branch of education. My husband, self, and two daughters recently visited the Institution, there by becoming better acquainted with the objects, plan, and progress of the school; and, being convinced that it was the only school, as yet, for Reformers and Spiritualists to educate their children aright, left our daughters under their care and tuition.

Many adults are solicitous of forming a class for three or six months, the ensuing winter, which is to commence as soon as ten persons are prepared to join; to have for their object general cultivation, especially regarding the wants of those wishing to teach, study medicine, or practice agriculture, especial care given to Agriculturel Chemistry, Geology, Anatomy and Physiology, and to cultivate in all the ability to communicate ideas on all elements of science. I have no doubt but many will avail themselves of the last named privilege for adults. I hope the public, who are so eagerly seeking for knowledge and proper cultivation of their powers may be induced, at least, to visit the school and satisfy themselves of its superiority over all other Institutions in our country. Yours. BARAN A. BURTIN.

Rochester, N. Y., Sept. 15th, 1859.

Gas costs, in London, 67 cts. per thousand ft.; in Liverpool, 91 cts.; in New York and Boston, \$2.50.

After a man has read all night, is it a wonder his eyes are red in the morning?

The love of ornament is a natural element of weman's heart.

The Temperance Visitor is check full of the sad effects of

Miss Liezie Doten at Ondway Hall. Builday, October 22d, 1850.

REPORTED FOR THE DANNER OF LIGHT, BY S. M. POMIROY,

AFTERNOON.

The regular Spiritualist Sunday services were held at Ordway Hall, in Boston, on Bunday afternoon, Oct. 23d, when Miss Lizzie Doten spoke under the centrel of a spirit pur porting to be the fley, Cotton Mather. The subject of the Hiscourse was " Witchcraft and Spiritualism."

[We are unavoidably compelled to omit the fecture this week. It shall appear in some future number.] EVENING.

It was announced in the afternoon that the evening would be devoted to a conference of spirits; and, accordingly, sevoral spirits addressed the audience at that meeting.

After the preliminary prayer, a spirit professing to be Willam Ellery Channing spoke, briefly, upon the text: "Let love be without dissimulation; abhor that which is evil; cleave to that which is good." He regretted that in his meditations while living, he had looked upon man rather as he should be than as he is. But now, when he saw him in all his deform ity, he yet welcomed him to his love, not because he was ours, but because he needed love. He recommended an offer of prizes for the best essay on the regeneration of humanity, the perversion of the loveprinciple, and the education of

The second speaker, whose name was not given, but who was supposed to be Rev. Mather Byles, discoursed upon the toxt-"A living dog is better than a dead lion." This idea he applied to old and new doctrines. New truths have ever an lusignificant beginning. Their speech may be as uncertain as that of a dog baying the moon, but it will be heard a last. Truth is continually changing its developments. We should look to modern Spiritualism and see if it be a real living lion, or an ass in a lion's skin. And then, if it seems to be as worthless as a dog lu itself, yet if it only have vi tality, take it by virtue of that vitality, and let the old dead llon go. "Make up your mind that if you cannot roar in a good cause, you may at least bark, and show what you can do."

The next spirit spoke as Martin Luther, taking for his motto the opening words of his own hymn, "A strong mountain is our God." His subject was, "Reform and Reformers." Yet he know there was no such thing as reform. What is termed reform is progressive growth and development When the flower blossoms from the bud, we do not call that reform. So, in the reformation of the human heart, we say there is much evil in it; and so there is, if we look at it from one point of view. So he felt when he looked into the Catholic Church, and saw the deformity which was there. Had he had the power of the Pope in those days, he should have persecuted the Pope, and put down the Catholic Church by violence. He now saw differently. Evil is not to be crushed down, but something which is to be made better. We must reform as God reforms the earth when it lies bare and cold under the desolating power of winter.

The succeeding speaker expressed himself in the peculiar diction of Emanuel Swedenborg, to whose presence, in the afternoon, allusion had several times been made. He spoke on "The Goods which flow from Uses." That cannot be ours which we do not give unto others. Man has three natures, the soul, the body, and the spirit. In order that we may know the goods which flow from uses, we are not to depend upon that which comes from externals. The external senses are often deceptive; but that which is truly a part of man's nature descends from above by an interior influx, which must be through the soul, through the spirit, and into the body, before it can be truly made our own. In their spiritual communications the spirits in possession of the medium did not desire to move chairs and tables; for these appealed to the externals, to mere curiosity. What is addressed to the understanding is taken cognizance of by the reason. But yet truths in the understanding are like food in the stomach; they must be digested, and carried into the system, before they are of real good to you. These truths in the understanding must flow on still further, into the will. Then we are in the affection of truth from good. When a spiritual truth has gone through the reason and understanding, and passed into the will, what a man wills determinedly that he locs. We should let every spiritual truth received ultimate

Of the spirit who next took possession of the medium, the udience was told that they must judge who he was by his fruits. Under his influence the medium, without preface, improvised a poem in blank-verse, the greater part of which we give (from a phonographic report.)

"To be or not to be is not the question; There is no choice in life, For death is but another name for change.

Man, though dead, is living still, Unclothed, is clothed upon, and his mortality Is swallowed up of life.
'He babbled o' green fields,'

And straight awakes amid eternal verdure; Fairer than the dream of a midsummer's night, The fields Elysian stretch before him: No tempest rends the bowers Of asphodel and amaranth; No hot Sirocco glows with painful breath: No midnight frights him with its goblius grim; · No Macbeth there,

Mad with ambition plotteth of No Hamlet, haunted by his father's ghost, Stalks wildly forth, intent on fancies dire; The curse of Cain on earth is consummate. And knows no resurrection. Spirits learn That spirit is immortal; and no poison cup, Or dagger's thrust, or deadly asp Can rob it of its Godlike attribute. This mortal garb, it may be, is full of wounds As royal Casar's mantle; yet that which makes It man or Casar liveth still.

Man learns, in this Valhalla of his soul, To love, nor ever finds love's labor lost. No two-faced Faistaff proffers double suit, No Desdemona mourns Ingo's art. And every Romeo finds his Juliet. The stroke of death is but a kindly stroke, That cracks the shell and leaves the tender kernel At once to germinate. What most consummate fools. This fear of death doth make us!

Oh, poor humanity I how full of blots, And stains, and pains, and miseries thou att! Here let me be thine Antony, and plead Thy cause, against the slayers of thy peace-Though wounded, yet thou art not slain, thou child Of immortality, thou heir of God! He who would slay thee, be he brute or Brutus, Plunges the dagger in his own vile heart. And yet, thy wounds are piteous. I could ween That aught so fair from the Creator's hand Should be so marred and mangled, like a lamb Torn by the wolves,

Here let me take thy mantle, pierced with wounds From daggers cluched by ingrate hands. Oh, Truth! How many in thy name have slain humanity, Thinking they did God service !- Rome, not Casar;

I cannot count the wounds which lust for power, And wealth, and place, and precedence, have made. But oh, the keenest, deepest, deadliest stabs Of all, were made by false philosophy And false theology combined-Philosophy that knew not what it did, Theology that did not what it knew. See here I this rent, made by the fear of God. That gracious God whose mercy seasons justice. Who feeds the ravens, clothes the illies, heeds The sparrow when it falls.

And yet they were all honorable men Who taught this doctrine-honorable men, Whose failing was a lack of common-sense.

Naught save the hand of love Can stanch the stream, and pour the healing balm.

But man shall walk with angels, when he learns To love the right; and earth shall be like Heaven. When love shall reign supreme, with man a willing Subject; then truth with sun-bright eyes shall shine, And change the Winter of your discontent To glorious Summer."

Mather Byles promised, by the help of God, at the next ualists what their opposors said against them. Miss Doten, in her normal state, then made a few remarks,

peared, but her willingness to assume it if good might result, and to render herself, by habitual self-abandonment to spiritual influences, fitted to become the organ of the communication of Truth. The services were then closed,

LETTER FROM CORA WILBURN.

DEAR BANNER-For away from the bustling life of cities, I am enjoying the quiet charms of the country, four miles from the beautiful town of Northampton. Besides the evidences of the Father's love to abundantly displayed upon the varied landscape, beautiful even in this waning autumn tline, we are not entirely bereft of light and consolation from the spirit-worlds. Worthy exponents of the new dispensation, mediums seeking to confer good, rather than to win for themselves a sounding name and a large compensation, visit here occasionally, and give us of the bread of life.

Yesterday I had the pleasure of listening for the first time . to Urlah Clark, editor of the Spiritual Clarlon, who delivered two able and instructive discourses at Central Hall, the Spiritualist meeting-place in Northampton. A small, but intelligent and appreciative audience, gave their attention, and estified, by their approving looks and cheerful smiles, the sound reasoning and the occasional humorous sailies of the lecturer. He proved to them how incompetent were the religious dogmas to assure the soul of its immortality; how the atheist's belief failed him utterly in the hour of trial and bereavement; how the unnatural dectrine of endless punishment hereafter, brought only doubt and perplexity, and agony of soul. But Spiritualism brought its thousand evidences, its undenfable demonstrations, and proved the immortality of man, by the light of present investigation. The lecturer related several instances where creed-religion sens horror and dismay to bereaved hearts, until Spiritualism was sent to console, elevate, and rejoice. Men did not act as if they believed the doctrine of endless future misery, for they passed by each other in the street, smiling and grasping hands, forgetting that the endless fires might be enkindled beneath a neighbors' feet, that he may be walking over the yawning abyss of hell. Men's intuitions and reason denied this doctrine, though their lips acknowledged it. In times of danger men hastened to aid one another, regardless of the dread fate decreed against the unbeliever.

The lecturer said many good things respecting the utter failure of religious dogmas in teaching true views of God and the hereafter. He summed up the large number of those living without any definite views of Delty; the nominal Christians who professed a faith they could give no clucidation of; the few true Christians, and the millions living in utter indifference, careless of the future, of the great destiny The afternoon lecture was a continuation of the morning

one; entering upon the subject of man's capacities, it afforded unlimited scope for future discoveries; as has been proved by the expansion of mind, that in the last quarter of a contury has done so much in the department of electrical soience. So with mediumship, as yet imperfect, as yet slowly developing. Often the wrong conditions surrounding us and within ourselves, cause us to believe in the obsession of evil spirits. "But," said the lecturer, "be sure you have no devils within you, and those from whihout will not annoy. you." To a disordered mind-a wrong state of feeling, an angel communicating may seem an cell spirit. To purify, clovate and harmonize ourselves, is the only way of becoming the recipients of truth and light from the eternal worlds. To the minds of the patriarchs and prophets of old, every communicating spirit was the Lord, for their conceptions of the Infinite One were material in the extreme. The charactor of Moses stands forth as that of a fitting teacher and leader of a semi-barbarous people; it is a character worthy of all respect for the times in which he lived, but not a fitting one to be held up as an example to-day, an authority for the enlightened minds of the present. So with our conceptions of Delty—they are beyond the ideas of the past; although the nature of the all-pervading spirit is, and remains, incomprehensible to all human knowledge. The purest and highest love is unutterable; the deepest, hollest emotions, find but imperfect rendering in human language; for the loftiest inspiration, the most glowing thought, loses much of its beauty by expression. Thus our thoughts and feelings concorning the Detty are sweet, and mutterably selemu, hely, sublime, thrilling heart and soul with the divinest consclousness of immortality. Splittudism gave to the soul what creeds had never given: a demonstrated, proven immortality; our loved ones returned to us, identifying themselves to the delight of their earth-friends; there was no need of wailing for the departed; nor of mourning for lost souls, for all were safe in the Father's enfolding love.

This is a hurried and most imperfect abstract, of two as beautiful and truly spiritual lectures, as it has ever been my good fortune to listen to. And, although receiving no set price, demanding no large sum in return for the Truth, our brother was lu no haste to bring his lectures to a close: He entertained us long, as time is reckoned; not long enough for our souls' demands, however. At the close of the afternoon lecture, a gentleman was selected by the audience whom Mr. Clark gave a spiritual examination of telling him things of the past, and touching upon his mental, social, and moral characteristics; describing his spirit mother, his religious views, &c., all of which, with the exception of one circumstance the gentleman examined could not recall at the time,

was pronounced correct. Brother Clark will favor Florence, a village two miles from here, to-morrow evening, with a discourse. There are warmhearted advocates of the Gospel of to-day in Northampton, appreciative and intelligent minds, glad to be emanciouted from church-thraidom and creed-observances. In Florence there are advanced and progressive minds, who, to their honor be it said, cheerfully bear the name of "infidel," attached to them by the churches. But we know, that to be cast out of an Orthodox church, is to be more surely taken

into the feld of Christ. .. Our glorious cause thrives even in this quiet town, so world-aparted, so beautifully skirted by the guarding hills, so peaceful and serene in the waning glory of departing Autumn. Suirit messengers have passed over lowly thresholds, loved ones have returned to the homes they dwelt in. Unassuming dwellings have received the ungol-comers; the spiritworld is nigh us, even here, and my soul whispers that He. "a spirit holler still," is with us in the woods, and by the hearth-stone; abroad, 'mid Autumn's beauty and departing voices; at home, with memory and the future's hope. Father and Eternal Love, thou art all-pervading, but near, and felt, and hallowed in thy broad and beautiful domain-thy earthly

throne, the country! I have visited the Northampton Lunatic Asylum, a building that may justly be placed beside the beautiful one erected in West Philadelphia that is admired by all visitors from near and afar. Cleanliness, order, the levellest scenery surrounding it, with a physician famed for his gentle treatment of the unfortunates given to his charge; with superintendents and attendants chosen and retained for their sympathy for the suffering, for their undeviating kindness to the patients there, the hospital at Northampton stands an honor to New England enterprize-a home and not a place of confinement for God's afflicted ones. The patients meet with every comfort and attention; the true uses of gentleness and kindnoss are put in practice toward them. After visiting that establishment, I felt like offering thanks, that the poor maniac

had nict with his just due of pity and attention. I have dated this Northampton, but I am in reality at North Farms, formerly called Horse Mountain.

The Katy-dids sing yet, but soon their melodious pipings will cease; soon, the stripped trees will sway mournfully in the wintry blast, and the days will shorten, and the nights grow piercing cold. But what matters it, this passing season of cold and gloom, when we know the Spring will recall the flowers and the sweet songsters-when we know that life and leve, joy and soul, shall have a glorious resurrec-Yours for Truth, CORA WILBURN.

Northampton, Mass., Oct. 17, 1850.

Sectarian Intolerance-Theodore Parker. ... D. B. Hale, Boston.-I wish to sinte briefly an illustration

of the caption of this article. On Sunday, Oct. 16th, (chapeing to stop over Sunday in the beautiful town of Wostfield, Mass...) I went to hear Rev. Mr. Chapin at the Methodist Church. His subject was "The uses of Prayer." His text, Mark xi, 24. He gave many illustrations from the Bible where special prayers had been answered, citing the case of Elliah, where he prayed for fire to consume the sacrifice, and another time for rain, &c. "And now," says he, "Let us come down to modern times, and we still see encouraging and positive proofs that God signally answers prayers. Look at the case of Theodoro Parker, that leviathan, that giant, that Goliath, defying the armies of the living God! He was doing great injury all over the land by his teachings, and more especially in Boston; and the church resolved to try the infinopportunity he had of speaking through this medium, to ence of prayer, and there was an carnest, continued prayer, give his opinion of Sunday theatricals, and to say to Spirit. by God's people in Boston, that God would either convert Theodore Parker, or remove him 'out of the way. Now look at the result. God heard the prayers of his people, and sent expressing her own distaste for the position in which she ap- a disease upon him, which compelled him to leave for a more will hear and snawer the fervent prayers of his people."

they walked not with us." We can only fity thom, and say, only the over-varying discipline of the Common Rather." with Jesus, "Vather, forgive thom, for they know not what they do."

Hell cannot utter a greater falsification than to say that Theodoro Parker defies the armies of the living God. ' All bis utterances show obedience and submission to the will of God. And how adverse to the teachings of Christ is it to say that Mr. Parker is doing injury all over the land. "By their fruits shall ye know them." In the deeds of Mr. Parker we may heart, I must remain without the pale of its Church, since see what he has done for good or ovil. Every track that he lis tenets are not "against my perceptions but above them." has made in life, bears evidence of his goodness. All his Sinner as I am, I profer to remain so, rather than to join any deeds have been deeds of love and kindness. It is our most sincere prayer to God that all who glory in Mr. Parker's affile. Which my reason repudiates, and which, even in my better tions, and take courage to pray more fervently because the ravages of disease are upon him, may speedily be converted to God.-Eus.

GOD COMMITTING ARSON.

MESSES. EDITORS-In an article written with the shove caption, published in the BANNER of Sept. 10th, I commented upon a communication in the Congregationalist, referring to a recent fire which destroyed a certain church in our city. The writer in that paper stated that the fire "was undoubtedly the work of an incendiary," and after expressing himself made manifest, first in darkness, then in light, working out naturally and feelingly on the severity of the loss, wound up sure and inevitable results, though unseen and unrecognized by saying that fine did not forget that it was the work of the Lord."

In commenting upon that article, I made some suggestions in regard to the disposition that should be made of the incendiary, and also intimated "that if intelligent men of the these, need we longer wonder that in the days of Moses un- garlands of truth, Each fact of creation is a truth. The enlightened men attributed to Delty acts not less inconsistent and absurd than the one alluded to above."

The Congregationalist, for the week ending Oct. 22d. contains the following comments:-

-might have taught the scoifer quoted above a deeper wisdom than he has ever learned.

And reason, touching the matter, agrees with revelation. Suppose the son of a wise and benevolent father to be has equal to the tense of a wise and verne, in vain, the son refusing to believe the truth as to the tempter's character. The father at length alters his discipline. Perceiving, some day, a plot of the treacherous accomplice to cheat and abuse his child, he throws no obstacle in the way of his son, but bids him, since he will, to have his way. Before night-fall the boy finds himself swindled, and thrust off by his accomplice, a but for ridicale. His eyes at last are opened. He sees, at the same moment, both the knavery of his comrade and the wisdom and goodness of his father. Is there now the least inconsistency in his acknowleding both? If he is compute to say, "This is the work of a knave," may he not in the same breath declare, "I see here the kind chastening of my father?"

father?"
So, universally, a loving, childlike heart will see in every injury suffered at the hands of men, only the ever-warying phases of the Common Father's discipline. The believer, without a trance of logical inconsistency, will, as impelled by a Divinely implanted instinct struggle against impending calamities, but mockly bows his chestened will when once the calamity has fallen upon him. All this may seem folly to the caviling critic above quoted; yet not because it is against his perceptions, but above them.

upon the character of an all-wise and loving Father.

and the conceptions of Deity set forth by the Hebrow proph- single exception. ets! Under the old Jawish dispensation I see the basest of shine of his all-pervading, soul-attractive love. This is the lesson that I learn from the record; and if as has been intimated, there is a deeper one for me yet to learn, I trust that the good culturs of the Congregationalist will point it out, and with all sincerity will I set myself about the task of Christ. And although they have been pleased to call me a the truth with an earnestness of soul and sincerity of purpose, which is so indispossible in order to crown any effort with success.

The Congregationalist says that reason, in regard to God's agency in this matter, argues with revelation, and then eites the case of the wise father and vicious son. The father. finding moral sussion of none effect, "ALTERS HIS DISCI PLINE." But will the Congregationalist assert that God ever changes his discipline? If he does, "how can he be unchangoable in all his ways?" Ay, how can he be perfect i for perfection is unchangeable, and moral perfection can never change "moral discipline." The case cited above, when applied to Deity, makes an utter shipwreck of the Divine character; but it is very applicable to human character, for human character is imperfect, and therefore requires change the soul's activity at a certain stage of progress. All the -a change for the better.

He is but a sorry Christian who never changes his mora discipline. The true progressive Christian parent, not only changes his own discipline, but also the moral discipline under which he teaches his children, for progression as well as imperfection, implies change. The standard must always be beyond the line of notion. What was the standard given us by Christ? "Be ye perfect epen as your Father in Heaven is perfect." Let me not be misunderstood in regard to this change of moral discipline. By that change, I do not mean a change from one sot of truths to another, but simply the pruning out of error, and the engrafting of what is commonly termed I new truths."

There is one other light in which this somewhat ingenious illustration of our Orthodox friends should be considered Let me quote the language of the filustration: "Perceiving some day, a plot of the treacherous accomplice to cheat and abuse his child, he throws no obstacle in the way, and bids him, since he will, to have his way. Before nightfall the boy finds himself swindled and thrust off by his accomplice, a butt for ridicule. His eyes, at last, are opened. He sees, at and visited Mrs. Forster, a healing medium of some celebrity, the same moment, both the knavery of his comrade, and the wisdom and goodness of his father. Is there, now, the least inconsistency of his acknowledging both ! If he is compelled to say, 'this is the work of a knave,' may he not in the same breath declare, 'I see here the kind chastening of my father."

Now let us reflect a moment. If there had been no tempt ation there would have been no sin. If there had been no sin there would have been no chastening, and if there had been no chastening the son would not have seen either the knavery of his comrade " or the "wisdom and goodness' of the father. This is the logical sequence of the entire

Now let the Congregationalist take home its own illustra tion, and apply it to its theology. "God is striving with sinners to bring them to repentance." But "His suirit will was a young man named Nathan. One day Nathan's father not always strive," and-in the language of their illustration - He will bid them, some day, since they will, to have their uses them for his base purposes; they soon find that the is dead. I know it. He was killed by an Indian-shot. I "wages of sin" is death, or, in other words, "that they have saw it-shot through the head-I am not deceived-I know been swindled." "At last their eyes are opened." "They he is dead." Some four months after, they received a letter see, at the same moment, both the knavery of the Devil, and from Cupt. W., informing them that thair son was shot by an the wisdom and goodness of God." I will not ask which is Indian on a certain day. When they came to compare notes, deserving of the more credit, God or the Davil, nor will I assert, that if this reasoning be true, that "the sconer we all go perceived at his dinner-table, over two thousand miles from to the Dovil the better." My object is truth not ridicule.

There remains one other point to be considered. Again, let us quote their language : " So, universally, a loving, childlike heart will see in every injury suffered at the hands of the father? Was the father's spirit present at the death of men, only the ever varying phase of the Common Father's his son, or did his son's spirit bring the fact to the father discipline." But in the very next sentence we find the fol- instanter, and with it the report of the rifle and vision of the

genial climate. This, my friends, should encourage us to be will, as impelled by a divinely implanted instinct, struggle ferent and importunate in our prayers-knowing that God against impending calamities." The Congregationality will hear and answer the fervent prayers of his people." probably admit that many of the calamities that salliet the It always jains me to see such evidence of this deep-scated world "are from the hands of wicked men." By a "divinely bigotry and intolerance manifested toward some of the purest implanted instinct," we struggle sgainst them, and yet, after minded men and women of the present age, simply "because all, the "loving, child-like heart, sees in these calemities

I am told "there is not a trace of logical inconsistency" in all this; that it may seem like felly to me, " because it is not against my perceptions, but above them." Very well. As the perception of logical consistencies or inconsistencies are matters pertaining to the intellect, and as the Orthodox religion contains many "mysteries," such as "three in one and one in three," whatever may be the qualifications of my church and stand up and hypocritically say "Amon," to that moments, finds no answering response in the depths of my own soul.

Lawrence, Mass., Oct. 24th, 1859.

TRUTH.

Truth is law. Law is God. Truth is infinite, as God is, God filis all matter, all space, and all life. Truth does the same. It is the law of God which no man can put off. Truth is everywhere; it has no rival, no antagonism. Truth is complete, supreme and triumphant, being everywhere by human perception. Truth is an inherent and unseen property of all things that exist in the universe of God.

The poor man and the rich man have equal claims to truth: the learned and the ignorant are equally its possessors; the wicked and the righteous, the foolish and the wise, each one Ninoteenth Century tharge directly upon God such things as and every one is equally decked, in spirit, with the unfading crude strata of the earth are as pregnant with truth as are the regions of blessed spirits; hell is as replete with truth as heaven is. Everything, animate and inanimate, exists in truth, and is held by stern necessity, obedient to the laws of There lurks under this flippant cavil, a specious sophistry, which has perplexed many a sincere Christian believer. It is the old, and oft-answered question: In what sense can God be said to have pre-appointed the acts of the wicked? The writings of the flubrew prophets threatening numberless calamities on the guilty Ieraelites—calamities which should befat them through the iniquitoits oppression of their enemies—might have tought the sculer quoted above a deeper wisdom than he has ever learned.

The principal of the condition of the liar as to the man of veracity; it is impartially given to both. It is dead in all places and at all times. It is the law of God; it is man he has ever learned.

one exception in anything. What we call a lie, is to itself a truth; it is according to the law that produced it, and the law of a lie is a law of nature; it is a necessity of that condition of nature, that condition of darkness from which it had its birth. Then to that condition it is right, for it is an unalterable necessity, in its place. Darkness in the physical world is natural and necessary, and so it is in the mental and spiritual world, existing in matter, the same. So darkness is I agree with the Congregationalist that the question, "In true in nature—is true in its place; it is truth as much as what sense can God be said to have pre-appointed the acts of light is. The soul comes up through the physical world in the wicked," is a perplexing one, not only to "many," but darkness, and all that belongs to physical existence the soul greater the sincerity the greater will be the perplexity. For condition therein. These truths in nature we perceive not the sincere believer—not the hypocritical one—wishes to understand the true character of Delty, and when he is told point to be gained in the soul's progress, from which it shall that God in any bease whatever "pre-appoints the acts of view, in the light of its own development, all the conflicts and the wicked," the idea is so repulsive to the best feelings of darkness it has passed as having been necessary and right. his nature, that he is not only perplexed in mind, but REABON in time and place—true, in the ordering of a wise Providence. also spurns with indignation the foul aspersion thus cast. The conflicts we meet in darkness seem to us ovil; but could we see now, as we shall see sometime, with unclouded vision "The writings of the Hebrew prophets, threatening num- the grand ultimate, the whole chain of cause and effect, the berless calamities on the guilty Iscralites," does indeed purposes, plans and execution of divine wisdom, all life and teach me a lesson. Taking Christ, "as a manifestation of its manifestations would be seen programt with truth workthe Father," and how world-wide the contrast between him ing out the highest good for all earth's children, without one

Truth is everywhere-in every thing. What we call false the human passions seeking to rule with despetic sway; but is only so because our darkened perception fail to discover Lislso see the soul of man struggling up through all this the reality, which is truth, and it is no less truth because coarse materiality; and finally Christ comes forth, like the our visions that see it false are clouded. All nature is unsun, to illuminate the moral universe with the radiant sun- alterably true; and all life and its manifestations is nature's life, and nature's manifestations. Groans and sighs, the recognition of evil, its resistance and condemnation; the consciousness of self-excellence, and the recognition of error and sin in humanity with the immeasured consequences of sadness that follow; ten thousand beliefs and anti-beliefs learning it. Ay, and after I have learned it perhaps the revel that agitate the religious world; misery and suffering degraered editors will kindly point me to the brighter record of dation and poverty, riches, prosperity, virture, morals, religion, and all the excellencies of the earth-all these are "seaster" and "caviling critic," yet when we do come, in the legitimate offspring of nature, not one existing without this discussion, to Christ, rather than the old Hebrew proph- a lawful cause, and no cause without its legitimate effect, ets. we may be influenced, somewhat, by his loving spirit, which effect is sure, stern and inevitable. Nature's law and, instead of calling each other hard names, seek to know runs through the whole; this law is truth existing in every condition, and in all these varied manifesta

There is no life, or effect of life, good or bad, high or low, that is not true to the condition from which it has its birth; that is not a part of the plan of God's creation, designed in wisdom and executed in love.

A belief in free moral agency is a natural product of a degree of the soul's growth: it is the inevitable effect of a certain condition of the soul-development; so is infidelity; and so it is of all the various religious creeds, dogmas and opinions. A belief in fatalism and in destiny, is also an effect of the same. Bigotry and self-excellence are the effects of a natural cause-are the inevitable result of the soul in a certain condition of its onward and upward march of progress. Infidelity and skepticism are, too, the lawful effect of crimes and wrong deeds of the earth are the manifestations of truth-are the inevitable effect of acting law, which law is nature's, and which nature is God.

All those conditions of life that produce these various manifestations are conditions true to themselves, and are exactly in their time and place-are necessary and inevitable. And every soul, in some way, must pass, each to become consclous of the truths that belong to each, to see that all the falsities of each are made so only by the darkness of our

All hall that glorious day, when, with unclouded vision humanity shall see everything that now appears false and deformed, a truth of God symmetrical and beautiful. A. B. CHILD.

E. V. Wilson's Movements.

E. V. WILSON, BUCKSPORT, MR.-I closed my last letter at Norway, with facts that occurred at New Gloucester. From thence I went to Norway. I stopped at Hotel Road, and I believe her to be a true woman. Norway is situated at the foot of a lofty range of hills belonging to the White Mountain family. It is a pretty place, and has a fine level plain stretching out from the foot of the hills, on which stands the village. I found many warm friends and true Spiritualists there, among whom I may mention Mark P. Smith, Esq., and and his good family, with others who are honest laborers in our Father's vineyard.

I spoke three times in this place, and, notwithstanding there was no convenient hall in which to speak, they found a small hall, which was filled each night, and that, too, when it rained as hard as it could nour.

Mr. Smith related to us a fact that occurred in the adjoining town. One Captain Wyeth, and others, a a few years ago, went from that section to Oregon. Among those that went was at dinner-some six months after Nathan left-when all will bid them, some day, since they will, to have their at once he (the father) moved back from the table, dropped The "knave," or devil steps in and takes them. He lie knife and fork, turned very pale, and exclaimed, "Nathan the place where he was killed.

Now, Mr. Editor, can you inform methrough your columns what was the modus operandi that gave this intelligence to lowing, "the believer without a trace of logical inconsistency Indian? Or was the whole thing the work of other spirits,

and had they all the means at hand to reproduce to two of the father's senses the facts related above?

From Norway I went to Lowiston. Nothing of note proscrited itself to my view, save the continued rain. Lewiston is a fine, prosperous town, situated on the Androscoggin liver. There is a fine unterfall at this place, capable of school, &c. This young gentleman, during one of the frosty moving all the machinery that may be built for many years to come. There are several cotton-mills, saw-mills, and other machinery at this place. I loctured here on Sunday, 25th ly given. On this occasion, the spirit-sister of this young Sept., in the afternoon, to a fine audience; in the evening, to a full house; and a more attentive people I never saw. The cause is not dead nor at a stand-still in this place. Brother Hamilton is of the right stamp, and a true man. I fared sumptuously at his house, and shall long remember the kindness manifested by him and his good lady toward me. Truly we find the friends of truth full of love, and a generous hos pitality that speaks louder than words,

Written for the Banner of Light. THE DEPARTING CHILD.

BY UNA.

On her young cheek and pale brow dwels The beams of her last setting sun-Heavy and cold Death's hand was felt Upon the little timid one.

"And must I die ?" asked the dear child. With auxlous eye and parting breath; "I fear not pain-its work is mild-But, mother, I'm afraid of death !

You tell me of a Father's love-God of an endless Heaven and Hell-Whose children, few, shall reign above-Many, in ceaseless anguish dwell! I've tried to do as you have said,

I want to love Him, mother, dear;

But oh, all looks so cold and dread I cannot love-I only fear!" How wept that anguished mother fond, Yet spoke not, though she would have given

Her life, to ratify a bond Pledging her child a place in Heaven !

Desires after Light and Life.

Are all on a level in the sight of God? Saint and sinner the murderer and the murdered; the betrayer and his victim: the man who is utterly ruined—bereft of hope, and heart, and comfort, and he who hath so ruined and deceived him; he who has lived in the love of solf and the lust of self-gratification, and he whose nature has expanded in the sunlight of divine benevolence? How is it possible that man living in the lust of self-gratification, and narrowing his horizon within the fetid limits of his own dungeon, should be equal with him whose soul grows like a beautiful flower, unned by the free air of heaven. Yea! God looks with an equal eye upon them all. All this free fresh air, all this diine beauty and sunlight of life, was as much intended for the poor, self-imprisoned wretch, voluntarily self enclosed in his own cell, as for him who has come into all the freedom and beauty of the life of Christ, and if it is more possible I should say that the Infinite Father regarded with more love and more compassion, his self-exiled child, so obstinate in his willful blindness. The immense benefit we derive from act ing up to the eternal laws of right and truth. is ours and ours alone; we do not thereby confer any obligation on the eternal Father, or sever the bond of brotherhood with the wretch edest or the meanest soul that is now undergoing its proba tion in time or in eternity.

But the immense benefit to our own souls by a right course

of action, by following in the footsteps of Christ, is another question. What I when I can bask in eternal splendors, shall I grovel in the dirt? When I can rise to communion in spirit with the good and hely of all past time, and refresh my soul in that sweet communion which I can enjoy through their written words and their unseen influence, shall I was low with hogs in a pen? No; the soul having once tasted the sweetness of divine life, will naturally tend upward: the attraction of divine love will be so strong that it cannot do otherwise. And it will desire no greater reward than the free indulgence of its own nature in benefits and blessings or all around. To return to the simile of the flower. The vital sunlight will represent the divine life of the soul, and the kindly soil and dews of earth represent the genial materia influences in which it can grow and flourish. That soul will never wish to shut itself up in a dark and selfish cell, hung round with melancholy representations of what is transacte in the light of day, instead of enjoying the light itself. Buch a soul, in its truest developments, will be full of an infinite compassion. Such was Fenelon; such was Madame Guyou; such have been many others, not distinguished by enjoying more of the Father's love, but simply by appropriating to themselves larger supplies of his over-flowing, never-ceasing bounty. For when we, in our mortal language, speak of the Infinite God, do we remember how great is his height above us, how magnificent and overruling is his power, how wide are his eternal laws? And the greatest eminence in good ness that one man is able to attain over another in this shor life, must seem small to him who is accustomed to calculate the progress of his creatures through time and eternity.

Therefore, comparatively, all are alike in the sight of God and would we have it otherwise? Would I have that eternal and omniscient eye turn with favor on me, and with a severe far from us be the thought. The eternal complacency rest ever influite and grand, like the sun above storms. Only in our progress upward and onward, if we prepare our souls by steady adherence to the right-by the cultivation of right feelings, right principles, resistance to all that would temp us to deviate from or sin against our own internal highes conviction of what we owe to ourselves and the neighbor and, above all, to the divine light and love our Pather has permitted to be revealed in Christ-we shall receive so inf lite an accession of goods from the life of God, which we shall then become receptive of, as shall be to us an exceeding and eternal rich reward; not to pull us up in our own esti nation, but to keep us low, as an old English divine says: The boughs that hold the fulrest fruit ever hand the low-And by means of this belief, that all are equal in the sight of God; rightly interpreted, the very lowest and viles so called, may take courage and stretch forth their hands with hope; albeit they may feel like spent swimmers on the rough waves of life; and may say, "for me, too, is this most excellent horitage." If a Fencion, or a Channing, or a Howard, was a child of God, I am one too, and may hope to enjoy the same serene happiness which they have attained to, as soon as I am prepared to receive it. And one such blessed soul having attained unto regeneration brightens the horizon all around; and the more hely it is the more humble does it become. And what is regeneration but the emerging of the soul from the low and mean dungeons of flesh and self, and self interest, into that glorious liberty in which those are made free whose aims are for the good of all, as well as their

bwn benefit. What matters it to me if my neighbor acts wrongfully by ne-deprives me, or attempts to deprive me, of the jus fruits of my labor, or even of my fair fame in the eyes of othera? The loss, after all, is his-not mine. I may be deprived of cortain things-of land, or money, or reputationbut my individual self is not injured provided I am not thereby provoked to revenge, or any other evil passion-then nd then only, am I really injured. But provided I can kee myself unmoved, self-balanced, truthful and loving, there is no power on earth that can injure me. So when we speak of this or that person injuring a cause in which we are in terested—if the cause itself be so weak as to be suscentible o injury by anything this or that person can do, it is not worth much. It is eternal truth that we are contending for, not causes. We have talked about causes long enough, and the whole Christian world for some time back has had too much the air of lawyers pleading in a court with their differen causes. It is not causes we are contending for, it is what is eternally right and true, and what will save my soul and my neighbor's. Do you wish to stop any one from speaking, tha your cause or mine may prevail? If so, thou art not in the right spirit, for if thou wert in the right spirit thou wouldst not care if it was thy belief or mine that was adopted, but that eternal truth and justice should have free course and MRS. E. D. WILLIAMS. be glorified.

Darkness.

WEST MANCHESTER, PA .- A correspondent, writing from his place, thinks that even spirits have forgotten this town He says: "The churches are dead, Spiritualism is unknown and liquor-shops are all the go. Not a spiritual newspaper is

You need Light there—that's certain. Let the BARRER wave in your midst. By a little exertion you can get on's club of a dozen, and have the paper at less than the full price. See club rates in another column.

A New Objection to Spirit-Intercourse.

Da. E. D. Wheeloca .- I had occasion, not long since, to form an acquaintance with a young man whose parents were from "Sweet Ireland," and consequently not very well posted in American theology, and especially of the Spiritualistic evenings of last month, ventured to visit a medium, through hom unmistakable ovidence of spirit presence was frequentman made herself known to her brother in several ways, to his entire satisfaction.

With a heart overflowing with gratitude and praise, as well as with wonder and joy, he proceeded home to relate to his dear mother the fact of his having received evidence of his sister's future life and conscious existence, thinking it would give consolation to her as well as to himself.

The mother of course heard the story of her son with solemn attention and great surprise, believing in the sincerity and truthfulness of her boy. But at the close of the young man's narrative, the old lady drew a deep sigh, and com-

menced to weep, saying, "It is too bad, too bad." "What, mother," inquired the anxious youth, "what is too

bad ?"

"Oh, my dear son, it is too bad that these wicked Spiritualists cannot let my poor daughter rest, now that she is decently buried, and not be after calling her up these cold and chilly nights, to talk with folks on earth. John, I should think you would know better than to allow it. There must surely be a stop put to this business, for the cold winter nights are near at hand, and she will surely freeze; for if they can get her to come to one circle, they can to another, and she will be ruined, both sowl and body."

This objection is new to me, but about as consistent as many others which we daily hear. I would recommend mediums and circles to be very cautious and not abuse this frosty objection; and I would further recommend the adoption of the following resolution:

Resolved, That Professor Mattison be requested to place this objection in the next edition of his work entitled, "Hipiritualism Unveiled."

Black Earth, Dane Co., Wis., Oct. 8th, 1859.

Raleigh, N. C.

J. P. NEVILL, RALEIGH, N. C .- Mrs. A. P. Thompson, of South Troy, Vt., arrived here Briday, Oct. 14th, 1859. On Sunday, the 16th, she delivered her first lecture at Bethel, to about one thousand persons, giving universal satisfaction. At the close of the lecture, Rev. L. Dupree, of the Missionary Baptist Church, arose and spoke in the most commendable terms of the lecture, exhorting the large and attentive audience to retain the beautiful truths presented by the speaker. Said be, "It is the truth-it cannot be overthrown." down with his heart filled with the love of God. Mr. Dupres is a high-minded farmer, and is acknowledged to be a good Scripturist. He makes his own bread and butter, and freely expresses his opinion on all subjects. The ladies, too, manifested the greatest respect for the speaker. She is now lecturing in the city to large congregations.

Our State Fair being this week, the people from all parts of the State, will in all probability hear something said about Spiritualism.

It is a fact that Mrs. Thompson has won for herself a reputation as a speaker that will long live in this community.

Reformation

BEMIS. BOSTON.-Messis Editors-In your last week's paper you say. "There is but one way in which we can oform a fullen man-we must lift him up again." This is a good way; but I can tell you another and a better way than this, which is to reform one's self. It is self-reformation that shall raise the "fallen," and those who think they are not fatten too. Self-reformation is the only reformation that shall take in all the world.

Written for the Banner of Light. LIFE IN DEATH.

MY PRIEND IS DEAD! his race is run-His parting message has been said: His lips will never more repeat, Those yows of love and friendship sweet. His brow so white is marble cold! His mortal eyes no more behold ! His form lies there, inert and lest To sense and touch. His spirit tost On Life's rough sea, no more will be ! Why should I weep? is he not free? Will he not watch and comfort me. Now as before—though dead he be? They call me cold, and without heart, If to my eyes no toars do start. He knows my heart-he there can read, The reason for each outward deed: And surely I should love him less, (Now that he's gone where no distress, Nor sorrow ever will be borne,) Were I to mourn-or ape to mourn-I envy him! and when I hear That some known friend has passed away, E'en though that friend be doubly dear. I feel as though the longed-for day For which I often hope and pray, Is still denied to me-as though I were not worthy to be free! And yet, my soul has ever longed To pierce the veil-Bernity! To solve the problem for itself. And prove its truth or falsity! To watch th' unfolding of the truth, And aid in conquering Ignorance-To crush the human church-forsooth Of cant and bigoted Intelerance. And this is why I seem so gay When some dear friend is called away To join that band—so far—yet near, . If we but hold their memory dear. "T is not because I love them less-Tears would but prove my selfishness 1 New York, Oct. 20th, 1859.

The waves of Prosperity rise to the very lips of some perons, and their ripples are continually breaking there in rosy smiles; while others, toil as they may, are always drifting o

H. M.

the sheals of adversity. The present population of the earth is near thirteen hun

dred millions. Can a tall man without money, be short?

Does the Irishman go to sleep when he goes to "a wake?" Patrick will answer for himself.

A cold winter is predicted. It is the wife that makes a man more comfortably and

espectably situated than his neighbor is.

When a man becomes thoroughly acquainted with himself, ha has lost all fear of making a more disroputable acquain-

Boston has nine hundred streets, courts and places, while New York has two-thirds less.

Mrs. Partington says-"I have n't any desire to live after the breath leaves my body."

Men preach most when most in spiritual darkness.

The other Sunday, in a northern village, when the "plate" was being passed in church, a newly appointed editor said to the "collector"-"Go on, I'm a deadhead-I've got a pass."

The excitement in Cincinnati, recently, on account of the discovery of a parcel of bones, supposed to be those of a child, in the cellar of a dwelling house, was very great, and crowds gathered about the promises; but the rumors of deeds of blood there enacted were soon cur-tailed, as a scientific examination proved that the said bones belonged to a good sized

"Freely give and freely receive."

E ABOVE HAS BEEN SO STRONGLY AD-AS THE ABOVE HAS BEEN SO STRONGLY ADvocated by Spiritualists, as the only basis for mediumistic compensation. I have resolved to test its practicability. The readers of the Banner may send me such compensation as they choose, and shall receive in return a corresponding amount of my time and effort in writing such psychometric and intuitive impressions as may be had from their handwriting, relating to their looks, parentage, mental and physical condition, mediumship, conjugri influences, business, or whatever may come up.

Office No. 7 Davis street, Boston, on Saturdays.

Address H. L. BOWKEE, Natick, Mass Aug. 13.

A CARD.

A CARD.

MRS. STOWE, TEST AND HEALING MEDIUM, SECOND house from State street, west door, Smith's Hill, Providence, R. I., can be consulted every day, (Saturdays and Saudays excepted.) from 9 A. M. until 3 P. M. Will visit private smilles by request. Terms given on application, Mrs. S. is Agent for Dr. Bronson's Preparative for the cure of diseases. Ť . . .

LECTURERS. Parties noticed under this head are at liberty to receive subscriptions to the Bannen, and are requested to call attention to it during their lecturing tours. Eample coties sout

Miss Emma Hardings will lecture in Momphis during November. Address, care of J. E. Chadwick, Esq. Meniphis, Tennesses. December, in New Orleads; part of January in Georgia, returning to the East via Chichnati in March, 1850, Applications for lectures in the South to be sent in as speedily as possible to the above address, or 8 Yourth Avenue, New York City.

Wannam Chass lectures in Nutlek, Nov. 6th; Newbury-port, Nov. 18th; Marbichead, Nov. 20th; Plymouth, Nov. 27th. He may be addressed as above.

JOHN H. RANDALL will answer calls to lecture on subjects ! connected with the Harmoulal Philosophy. His address will be Baratoga Springs, until the 6th of Nov., and after that date, and until further notice, Northfield, Mass.

N. Erank White will lecture in Lowell, Mass. Nov. 6th and 13th; Portland, Me., Nov. 20th and 27th; will sjend the month of December in Maine. Calls for vacant Sundays or week evenings will be attended to, addressed as above. ANNA M. MIDDLEBBOOK will lecture in Taunton, Mass., Nov. 13th, 20th and 27th: in Providence, Dec. 18th and 25th. Jan. 1st and 8th. Applications for week evenings will be attended to. Address, Box 422, Bridgeport, Conn.

F. L. Wadawontu, will speak in Cincinnati, Ohio, Nov. 19th, 20th and 27th. He can be addressed at that place and

George Atkins will speak in Portsmouth, N. H., Nov. 6th;"

WILLIAM E. Rice, 142 Harrison Avenue, Boston.
Miss A. F. Prase's address will be New York City, till fur,

her notice.

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Sunday Evening, Oct. 23d, 1650.

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

Taxr .- " Submit yourselves therefore to God. Resist the dayil, and he will flee from you."—James iv, 7.
The existence of an evil being called the devil, or Batan, is much less believed, even among Christians, than formerly. I know of no good reason for doubting it. Nor do I know why it should have become a mere figment—a withered leaf of an old belief. There doubt less has been much of superstition round about this Central truth of evil; much of extravagance in bellef and in representation; much that has been gross, and aimply judicous; much that has been gross, and aftogether horrible; much that has been as lying as the devil himself. And yet, this is only the fate with hich every truth has been met, that has been let down within the human horizon, and that has been ret down to the action of the human reason. The way in which theologians have described the evil spirit, the manner in which poets have sung this theme, and the methods painters, following their suggestions have represented him, may well shock those who look out of the Bible for their faith. And the Satan of sacred literature is impossible to any rational man, or rational mind. But the truth, cleaned from all these grosser representations, stands out sadly and solemnly New Testament, that there is a power for evil in the world, tempting men, and endangering their welfare, of whom God advertises us, and against whom, with the most affecting, pointed and repetitious caution, he

In no way can I reconcile the truth and simplicity of Christ, without believing in the existence and agency of an evil spirit, that has great, although restrained and limited, power in human affairs. For the words of Christ obviously teach the existence and activity of such a spirit; and just as plainly did his disciples un-derstand him so to teach, and to mean. And our Sa-viour manifestly knew that he was so understood by his disciples; but yet, neither in private nor in public, neither carly in his ministry nor late, neither by figure nor by open teaching, nor by any opposite truths, did he explain, modify, or correct this known understand-

ing of his words, by his disciples.

Now, to have taught such a thing as a truth, and to have left it in such a way, if it be not a truth, is utterly incompatible with ordinary sincerity; and how much more with sincerity in that Divine Teacher who stood to represent God. We may philosophize as much as we please about it. If we abandon the authority of God's Word, only philosophy is left to us; but if we profess to hold the Word of God as authoritative, there fess to hold the Word of God as authoritative, there soems to me to be for us no escape from this truth. We are bound to accept it, or sacrifice our trust in Christ. That, certainly, is my own position.

The favorite argument has been, that it is not consistent with the benevolence of God to permit such a being, armed with the experience of ages, great indefined that the state of the state of

nilely, and beyond our conceptions to waylay and mis-lead his subjects; and that it is impossible to suppose God to be kind and good, or to believe in him and love bim as such, if he has ordained, or permitted to exist and to act, such a malign spirit, in the midst of a great

human family.

There are some things which we have a right to judge. We have a right to judge some things, for instance, in the character of God; because there have been given us certain moral instincts, which, when educated, are meant to be the very criterion by which we form moral judgments, and before which we are obliged, for the sake of loving and obeying the Divine Being, to pass his character ; for to love and obey him, that we should approve him, and that our mortal nature should go out strongly in favor of

him.

But there are other things which are beyond our borizon; which if they stand at all, simply upon the Divine ation. And the fact of the existence of good enunciation. apirits or bad spirits cannot be determined by ordinary induction. Nor can we by any education of our moral sense, determine the fact of the existence of such spirits. We are apt simply to take it at the hand of God,

But let us examine the plea, that if this were a thing that could be reasoned upon, wa, should be obliged to set it aside on the ground of reasoning. This declara-tion that it is inconsistent with the known character of a benevolent being that he should permit the exist-ence and agency of such a fallen spirit, is a mere infer-ence. It is an assumption, and it does not rest upon any declaration, or proof, or facts, but simply upon a feeling. It is inferred from the known character of God, that the existence of such a spirit is impossible. or at least improbable.

Now then, what are the facts of human life? and

what presumption do they create on this subject? For all Christians, of course, and all mere naturalists and delsts—that is to say, all religious men who found their faith upon Christ, and upon the indications of God in nature—agree on one grand article of faith; and that is, that God is supremely good. The Mahometan thinks so; the heathen thinks so; the deist thinks so; the Christian thinks so. We are all agreed on one point : namely, that whenever we shall have ascertain ed the character of God, whenever we shall have left behind the figurents of the inauguration, and the im-perfections of human reason, and shall have come, at last, to the disclosed truth, and the ascertained fact, this will be it—that God is supremely good.

There is a starting point for us, then, together; and

yet, though all men agree upon this ground, consider what is the nature of things which has proceeded from this God in the world in which we dwell. Throw away. if you please, for the time being, this Bible of letter and of revelation. Shut it up, and call it the Monks' book. Concede for the sake of the argument, that it is full of discords. Agree, for the moment, that though it may hit the truth here and there, it is made up, in the main, of fables, and is not worthy of a mo-ment's credence. Close it up, if you please, and put it away along with moles and bats. Then let us open the other one. It the Christian's Bible is not to be re-lied upon, let us take the deist's Bible—nature—and see what that says, and what spirit of good we shall

evoke from that.

First, there is the natural world, that is full of ob-First, there is the natural world, that is full of objects and qualities the most fatal to human happiness, and made to be so from the beginning. Water, good as it is, is made to drown and extinguish life. Fire is made to burn and destroy life. Gravity, which does so much of good in the universe, yet draws men headlong down from precipices, and dashes them to pieces, and destroys their lives. There is infused into this natural world a nature of poison. Hundreds and thousands of minerals which are deadly, and hundreds and thousands of vegetables which are deadly, all about us, lurking in scoret places; and missms and gases, the most deadly, floating in the air—these are left all through the globe, without labels, or locks, or left all through the globe, without labels, or locks, or warning, or education, or any caution. So there are tens of thousands of things in the air, in the earth, and in the water, that will pierce and destroy life. Who put them there? God, we all say—the God that every-body admits is good. He made the world, with all these deadly things in it. There it all lies, in your libbe, naturalist—in your Bible, deist—in nature! So that one misstep of ignorance in the world God certainly has made, one unavoidable error, without fault in the subject, takes away from man his portion of life on earth. This world has been so made that if a little child, sweet as an angelic being, totters to the

of life on earth. This world has been so made the little child, sweet as an angelic being, totters to the fire, and falls in, life is gone for that child. And if the two-year-old prattler draws from the table a glass and drinks it, he is dead. The containing aqua fortis, and drinks it, he is dead. The world is made, on purpose, full, all the way through

of such things. Besides, from the same source have come forth lions to crush, tigers to destroy, serpents fatally to bite wolves to chase and rend, venomous insects to sting, flies, gnats, blood-sucking musquitoes, spiders, taran-tules, scorpions, and endless creatures that carry death in sting or fang, breeding without stint, and swarming all over the globe. All these certainly came from the Creator, and certainly are placed in this world for his children, and carry pain and death to those children. God made all these things. If he did not make devils, at least he made spiders, and lizards, and croco-dies, and sharks, and all manner of ravening beasts. diles, and sharks, and all manner of ravening beasts. Your good God, naturalist, your great, good Reing, delst, that you are fond of talking about, and that is too good to make a devil, made a world with all these evil and terrible things in it!

Oonsider, again, the capability of disease and horrible pain, which was deliberately incorporated into

the human system. For when man was set up by the Creator, he was not set up as a being perfectly bal-anced and attuned, like an undisturbed instrument of music, which should forever pour out notes of melody and harmonies of joy. Man was made so that to every note of accord there was a note of discord, and so that note of accord there was a note of discord, and so that to every sweet tone there was a harsh and grating tone. Every single element which forms man is double-natured, and carries pain and pleasure in equal hands; and there is just as distinct a power for making man unhappy as there is for making him happy. The nerve that has the capacity to give to the eye intense joy through vision, has the same capacity, when diseased

or injured, to make it suffer the most acute pala. Who love to string the number of the victims they have capable of doing just as much for mischiet. The stomach, which when in its normal and wholesome condition, diffuses illie and strength through the system; who adjacased, sends through it flery increasing and and anguish. The heart, which, which in heaith, sends streams of vitality into every part of the body; and the lungs, which, when in heaith, are giving nowness and recreation to it perpetually—these, when discussed, turn round and do the opposite things. And man is innocent of this capability of discuss and pala in his constitution. He did not make himself. He had no hand in his creation. God made him as he is. had no hand in his creation. God made him as he is.

Did you were see a spider spin his web in some corAnd he did not to it by accident. He looked at both
sides. He saw the dark side as well as the pleasure side. And
the pain side as well as the pleasure side. And
this is the good God that naturalists talk about, who

could not permit the existence of an evil spirit, because singing fly chances to fall upon the web, when, in an it would be inconsistent with his goodness? See what instant, he rushes out from his hiding place and seizes he has made in the natural world? and see how he has his victim. If the fly is a small one, and the spider is made man himself i

But rise above this physical structure of the world, reference to evil in this world.

Mark, then, first, the power given to stronger minds over weaker ones, and what it results in, inevitably. It amounts almost to as much as would be physical compulsion. Now there is no man who does not know that when the compulsion. Now there is no man who does not know that when ten pounds are put into the scale, there is no chance for five pounds. The lighter weight has got to go down. Where you bring to bear a greater physical force against a lesser physical force, there is no parleying—the lesser must succumb. There is an absolute dynamic necessity about this. It is almost so, morally and mentally. That is to say, the relations of one mind to another are such that the action of a great mind on a weaker one is not irresistible absolutely: mind on a weaker one is not irresistible absolutely: but, as the world goes, it becomes so substantially Men of great thought-power, of strong will-power, o great persuasive power, of deep and sympathetic feeling, sweep lesser men along in the train of their influ ence, almost as a river sweeps the insect that dimples its surface down irresistibly. And this influence of mind on mind was God-given.

The power of absolute being over being, is made very striking in the subjection of youth to age childhood and weakness to manhood and strength. striking in the subjection of youth to age-of is incorporated into the very social organization of the race, so that the mouldable child is jashioned just as the parents will. God made the world so that children are plastic; and when they come under the care of parents, the whole force of child-life is to make it susceptible of parental training. Just as clay, when it is put upon the wheel of the potter, is in such a state as to receive the impress of his hand in finishing his de sign; so the child, in the hands of the father and mother, is in such a state as to be moulded by them. There is a design in this period of life. The child is to be moulded.

And to-day, under this law, the child of the super And to-day, under this law, the child of the super-sitious North American Indian, grows up Indian su-perstitious; the Brahman child grows up to Brahmini-cal notions; the Hottentot child believes in Hottentot notions; the Chinese child follows the faith of the Chinese: Tartars breed Tartars: the Romish child Romish; the Protestant child grows up Protestant; and, as a general thing, in Protestant de-nominations, every child grows up in the faith of its

parents.
The child cannot resist the father, practically speak ing. And this subjection of child-mind to adult-mind acus almost universally. The scope of it extends over the whole earth, and through all time. It acts with such constancy of results that no natural law is more constant in effect answering to cause than is this. It acts, too, without discrimination just as powerfully when the parent is bad as when the parent is good. The harlot may corrupt her daughter before she is old enough to employ her reason or conscience, and long before an adequate foresight of consequences shall restrain her—the parent taking advantage of the child, anticipating all its self-defending conditions, to corrupt anticipating all its self-defending conditions, to corrupt it in the seed; and the child consequently growing up in a state of corruption. The thief makes his son steal. The liar breeds lies in his boy. The robber brings forth robberies in his children. And thus, throughout the world, the weak and unfashioned mind is put into the power of adult minds, that mould it according to their own will; so that the very first step we make in human experience, we behold the subjection of the weaker to the stronger. Before the period of responsibility comes with the child, it is put into the hands of its parents to bring up as they will. In the hands of its parents to bring up as they will. In other words, in the very nature of parentage and childhood, there is the power of evil to predominate over the good in the child, and to take away its chance and

Now what are you going to do about these facts If you say you will not take the Christian's Bible, because it teaches the existence of such a thing as a devil, and so makes God bad, and you go to the Bible of nature, the first thing you find is that God has incorporated a principle of evil la the very constitution. of the globe. And if you carry your investigations higher, you find that he has done the same thing in the structure of the human mind, and in the establishment of the organic relations between child and parent What will you do about these facts? You can jum over them; but in order to do that you have got t jump over the globe; and a man must be hard pressed to take such prodigious logical springs! It is easier to take the truth than to overloap it.

But, outside of the family, God has given to men, in , in almost every Afflict and abuse their fellow-men. Since the world began, we have seen the outrages of despotism. We have seen in kings and dominant nations the wide. power which God has given to human beings to do nischief—to wring out blood from each other's veins. as we do wine from the cluster. Ever since the days of Nimrod, this power has existed in the earth, and made it groan and tremble, and washed it with blood and tears. And it has never been resisted. It wa divinely given, and it has been infernally used. And what are you, who do not believe in the Bible, or in spirit of evil, going to do about such facts as these You are just as much bound to account for them as

And then the craelties of superstition; that is to say, the cruelties which men have been led by religious superstition to commit upon their fellow-men—of these I perstation to commit upon their relievemen—of these in might say as John, in blessed extravagance, said of the sayings and doings of Christ. He said the world could not contain the books that might be written about Christ; and I say that the globe has not room

being a devil, is that there is no need of one. Men do works of evil in such abundance that there would seem to be nothing left for a devil to do! These things have been permitted from the beginning of the world to our day, and by a Being who is said to be too good to let an evil spirit live! But when I look at the facts, this namby-pamby talk about the impossibility of God's creating a principle of evil, is simply contemptible to me. A man who has not nerve, and brawn, and bone enough to look at things as they are, and admit them

-I do not know what business such a man has to live i Nay, we have not yet come to the end. Wicked men are created, and are permitted to live, who take great delight in making their fellow-men wicked—in corrupting them, and destroying them by corruption. I do not mean merely such men as emigrant runners, gamblers, and pimps, who sacrifice human beings with gamblers, and pimps, who sacritice human beings with entire indifference, in the promotion of their own sor-did and selfish interests. Though these men are bad and devilish enough, and though there is nothing re-corded of the devil that is worse than the wicked deeds Though these men are bad they commit, yet there are men far worse than they Men are created, and are sustained by the ishing sun, by the watering rains, by the life-giving air, by the strengthening harvests, and by the providence of God, and are permitted to have the power of body, the power of intellection, the power of affection, ishing sun, by the watering rains, by the life-giving air, by the strengthening harvests, and by the providence of God, and are permitted to have the power of does life say? A great many people undertake to throw body, the power of intellection, the power of affection, the power of will, the power of execution, and the power of social influence, and are clothed by God, and maintained by God, who go up and down the world to make men wicked, not merely because they wish to serve their own selfish ends, but because they wish to serve their own selfish ends, but because they wish to serve their own selfish ends, but because they really rection should take place in a hospital, and the particular to hing their fallow man, shound the particular to hing their fallow man, and many from vittue, and it then the sicians and narross out. love to bring their fellow-men down from virtue, and tlents should turn all the physicians and nurses out, corrupt them by vice! For there is a sort of infernal and bar the doors against them? How much better off excitement which men derive from the corruption of a would the patients be, with all their fevers, and conhuman being, from overcoming the resistance of faint sumptions, and broken and mained limbs—with all virtue, and from dominating over him by bad influences, their sicknesses and misfortunes—without their nurses till they have brought him down to their own level, and, if possible, below it!

his victim. If the fly is a small one, and the spider is a big one, he throws his small web upon him, and eats him at once; but if the fly is a large one, he wraps up and the mischief planted there, and consider what his legs, and rolls him up in the web, preparatory to entthings are permitted by God in the social economy of lumin life. This is the foundation on which we stand; now let us see what are the people put upon it, and only in the web more closely than bewhat are the social laws and Divine permissions in fore, run with him to his dark den, to consume him! I have seen men-treat men just so. They spin their web of temptation, and then conceal themselves till some innocent fellow-being falls upon it, when they rush out, and seize him, and roll him up in the infernal allurements of pleasure. And if he makes a faint effort to escape, how they rush upon him again, and bind him more securely than before, and carry him back, and consume him in the house of infamy!

These things are taking place under your own eye, in your very midst, not in a single case, but in thousands of cases in the hour in which you now live. New York is a honey-comb, in every cell of which are enacted scenes of untold wickedness; and there is nothing related of the devil in legend or in monkish fable, that is not outmostered and overdrawn in the haunts of vice and corruption in the lower parts of that city. And yet, men laugh at the credulousness of those who believe that God would permit the existence of a devil If he would permit the existence of a man, he would permit the existence of a devil; for a devil would not be a circumstance to such men as I have described! How blind a man is when he wants to be a skeptic!

Nay, all this is nothing. There are men who carry on a trade in literature and of art which must make Belial blush. Books that poison the imagination and unset tle the moral principles of men are multitudinous, and forever multiplying—subterranean libraries hawked in secret, sold from under the skirts, clandestinely read— books that, like vermin, hide from sight by day, in cracks and crevices, and creep out in darkness and at night to suck the very blood of virtue. And this is a business—to write them, to print them, to bind them to sell them and to hawk and dispense them. A gre whole classes of men, and of women—God mercy on the world i—who live by it, who have their ambitions in it, and who stand, by the relative degrees of corruption, higher or lower than each other. The whole scale of virtue is turned bottom side up, and the things that are down on the scale of God, are up on the

scale of wicked men. They glory in their shame l Nay, pictures even worse than these, abound, tongue could speak their abominations. Human Human language has not formed any words that can follow the pal-ette of the painters of the school of Belial, or the burins of their jackal engravers. And thousands are engaged in this systematic corruption, and take delight in their work. There are exporters, and importers, and wholesale dealers, and retail dealers, and colporteurs, diffus-

said dealers, and retail dealers, and colporteurs, diffusing them everywhere.

And God permits all this organized corruption to
exist. I will not trace it further, although I have not
exhausted, by a great way, this terrible witch-caldron
of earth and time. But now, in view of this exposition, I ask, what would be the presumption, suppose
we had never seen a Bible, and it was known to us
that a bely was excluded. that a book was coming, purporting to come from God, and to give some account of the moral condition of the human race, is there such a state of facts in the natural world and in the scope of human experience, as would render the enunciation of the existence and agency of a fallen and malignant spirit, surprising or incredible? Do the foregoing facts of human experience and the natural world make it inconsistent to believe any book natural world make it inconsistent to believe any book could be true, which said there was such a spirit operating in this world? The presamption would be just the other way. The facts of the natural world and of human experience would lead us to suppose that if there was such a book, it would reveal just such a mater-spirit, as the infernal source of endless mischief.

The whole natural condition of the globe; the very structure of nature, in its relations to the human body; the heady in its relations to the natural sufficience.

the body in its relations to its own pain and sufferings; the human family in the relations of each part to the other parts; the conduct of men toward their fellow other parts; the conduct of men toward mer relief when these things take away all presumption against the possibility of the existence of such an evil spirit as this. Therefore, when the Bible speaks of the devil, or Satan, is there anything outside of its letter which obliges us to give a modified meaning to its declarations? It is a law universally accepted that we are to take the obvious meaning of any manuscript, book or this. take the obvious meaning of any manuscript, book, or article, unless there be strong and sufficient reasons why we should give it a secondary meaning. Is there any reason why we should not take the obvious meaning of the Bible on this subject, at its face? Is there any reason why we should attempt to explain away its statements? If I have ever been inclined to doubt whether the Bible meant to teach the existence and agency of an evil spirit, when I have considered the state of facts which the natural world and the human illy present, I have been configured what is in-What is outside of the Bible confirms what is inside of it.

If, then, any man objects to the Bible on the ground that its teachings present a hateful God, will he appeal from the Bible to nature for a better view of God? If so, what will be the result? Do you gain a better view of God when you interpret his character from natural facts, than you do when you interpret his character from the revealed text? In either case you encounter infinite difficulties. If you reject the Bible and go to nature, you will find in the structure of the material globe, in the history of the world, and in the relations of man to man, insoluble difficulties. Ignorance is the great mystery of the globe. We do not know, although not to know is supposed to be a terrible heresy. But this is the fact. And if you go to the Bible you are no worse off. There are many things upon which you get the first that the fact. light from the Bible—many phenomena which are ex-plained by it. We stand greatly advantaged in many

the sayings and doings of Christ. He said the world could not contain the books that might be written about Christ; and I say that the globe has not room venough for a library of the infernal cruelties which men have inflicted upon each other through religious superstition, if they were all written.

The ruthlessness of domestic slavery itself would furnish more details of cruelty than could be read by one person during the full period of human life. All the complicated and long drawn cruelties of kings and despots; all the abomination of priests and ecclesiastics; all the abomination of priests and ecclesiastics; all the abomination of priests and ecclesiastics; all the bust, and pride, and domination of private masters—all these things have taken place under the Divine Eyo, and have been going on in the world ever since the creation; and yet this God, men say, is too good to allow us to have a Satan !

The strongest evidence I can think of against there being a devil, is that there is no need of one. Men do provision at all. Let a man take a tea-spoonful of provision at all. Let a man take a tea-spoolin of-prussic acid; and then let him get back to his former state if he can. Before the messenger has left the door to obtain medical help, the man has passed into the land of shadows and accountability. There are a thousand things which, when they are once done, are done forever, and, so far as man in this state of being is concerned, are final and retributive judgments. In the Bible only, there comes up the revelation of a scheme by which there is a stay of execution, and a process of remedial agencies which can undo the longest and most complicated mischief, and set back the worst estate of sin, and make the man as though he had been born over again, giving youth to age, and sweet freshness to the heart steeped in iniquity. Only the grace of God can do that; and that grace is made known to us nowhere else except in the Bible.

While nature gives us nothing but the blank and un-relieved horror of this view of evil, the Bible comes in and gives the solutions for it. The Bible does not so much teach new facts, as explain what here and gives the solutions for it. The Bible does not so much teach new facts, as explain what has already been taught by nature. The Bible is God's best commentary in the natural world.

If, then, the Bible makes God dreadful in the personnel of the personnel of

How much better off and physicians, and without a chance or hope of re-

and, if possible, below it i

It is not the Indian alone that loves to carrry scalps.

There are thousands of human beings, male and female, re-echoing, round and round the world, testifying with

In thousand tongues, to the truth of God's Word. The In thousand tongues, to the truth of God's Word. The difference between nature and the Bible, is that the Bible proposes a remedy for the sins of the world, and points out a means by which we may be translated from the kingdom of darkness to the kingdom of light tion. and truth; while nature makes no such disclosure. They that reject the Bible, therefore, do not get rid of difficulties: they only get rid of that solution of diffi-culties which is given us by the pleasure and wisdom of God.

I rest the argument at this point, and say, that when our Lord and Master declares to us the existence and the agency of a malignant spirit of evil-namely, the devil—there is no reason why we should not take his words at their obvious meaning. There is no teaching in philosophy, and there is no teaching in nature, the should lend us to set aside this truth. If, then, it be t truth, we are to accept it as a very solemn and momen

Let us now turn to the words of our text, and make some comments upon them. "Submit yourselves there fore to God. Resist the devil, and he will flee from

you. 1. I remark, first, that this infernal power embodied in the world, called "Satan," or "the devil," is one whose methods are unknown to us. There has been no revelation of the mode in which Satan acts upon the human mind. Neither is there any teaching of the mode in which the Divine Mind acts upon ours.

mode in which the Divine Mind acts upon ours. We know the fact in both cases.

There are very unequivocal intimations that this is a power which is not irresistible. It is not a charm. It is not sorcery. It is not legerdemain. It is not jugglery, which takes away from man the power of discovering or resisting. On the contrary, it is plainly intimated—it is more than intimated—that the power of evil is simply suggestive, and that Satan works by, and not against, a man's will. We are willing in the day of his power. Nor are we let in doubt that the measure of the strength of temptation in Satan, is the measure of the wickedness of the passion tempted in us. If there be a love of virtue, there is no chance for temptation. If there be no love of virtue, there is a chance for temptation, and there is soil for it to sprout and grow in. By as much as you are good, you are placed beyond the reach of evil; and by as much as you are bad, you are brought within the reach of this power of mischief.

2. It is also distinctly taught that our adversary is

exceedingly active, and very much to be dreaded. He is compared to "a roaring lion that goeth about seeking whom he may devour." This is a figure; but figures, you understand, never mean less, but more, than literal language. We never use figures as long as common words will do. When common words will not do, we mount the metaphor and illustration. And when it is declared that the devil is like the crouching lion and the subtle serpent, it is meant that he has their blood-thirstiness and destructiveness. And such declarations are not to be set aside by saying, "They are merely figures." The question is, Why was it needful to use figures so impressive upon the imagina tiou?

And yet, though there is a power so great and so widely active, over against us, we are taught unequivocally that we are abundantly armed against him Our text is itself the simplest and most direct testimo ny on this point: "Submit yourselves therefore to God. Resist the devil, and he will flee from you." In other Resist the devil, and he will flee from you." In other words, man has, when he comes to a state of intelligence. and of full adult strength, a power to resist evil, ade quate to his circumstances and the emergencies of temptation. This power is not only in us ourselves, but it is administered also by ten thousand influences. And if there be in human life things that work toward mischief, how many more things are there that worl toward good. If there he in society things that worl toward corruption, how many more things are there that work toward purity and benignity. If there be furtively spread abroad in the heart the spirit of mischief, how much more is it pervaded by the spirit of grace and divine love. Great and terrible as is the langer to which men are exposed who yield themsolves up to the spirit of temptation, yet for those who wish to escape God has written all over the hemisphere of the Bible, "More am they that are for you than they that are against you."

3. Lastly, the realization of such a subtle, malig-

nant, restless, active spirit of evil about us and within us, ought certainly to give added solemnity to the whole thought of human life. Whatever may be your theological impressions, it is very certain, I think, that men who believe they are surrounded by a spirit of ovil that will leave no place unattacked, cannot but look upon daily life in a more solemn way, and with a greater feeling of responsibility than they otherwise would. For myself I do not know that I feel very strongly on this subject; but when I think of my children when the subject is the whon I think of my children when the subject is the whon I think of my children when the subject is the whon I think of my children when the subject is the whon I think of my children when the subject is the whon I think of my children when the subject is the whon I think of my children when the subject is the subject in the subject is the subject in the subject is the subject in the subject in the subject in the subject is the subject in the subject in the subject in the subject is the subject in the su dren, and my friends' children, when I look upon help-less youth, there is nothing which throws so strong a feeling of benevolence over the whole scene of human life, there is nothing which give greater solemnity to it, and makes the picture more dark, and the prospect more terrible, than the thought that evil is not accidental, and floating about like a rain cloud, but that it has a general, that is organized, and that it is di-

rected with consummate skill and wisdom.

And I turn with unspeakable reliof and gladness to the other side, to know that there is a General also for good, that the mercy of God is organized, that it is directed by Divine wisdom's super-eminent over all mischief, that it is guarded by a Mind that never sleeps and never can be conquered, and that Christ shall bay gathered us together, and we shall stand by the power of resistless grace in heaven, looking back and seeing where the shaft sped from that struck us and fell harmless from our armor, and looking at the revelation of less from our armor, and looking at the revelation of and not the these causes will stand this influence for evil, that is so

To every one, then, under my charge, not with the air of authority, and not robed with any function of , but simply as brother to brother, as friend to riend, as man to man, I repeat the words of Divine injunction and Divine mercy, "Submit yourselves to God," as the best defence, "Resist the devil and he will flee from you."

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