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THE SERMONS Of Revs. HENRY WARD BEECHER and EDWIN H. OHAPIN are reported for us by the best Phonographers of New York, and published verbatim every week in this paper THIRD PAGE-Rev. Dr. Chapin's Sermon. EIGHTH PAGE-Rev. H. W. Beecher's Sermon.

Written for the Banner of Light.

MARRIAGE.

To the Memory of my Husband this tale is dedicated

BY ANN E. PORTER. Author of "Dora Moore," "Country Neighbors," fe., fo

CHAPTER XXII.-[CONTINUED.] I turned to Lilian, and whispered, "You have intro duced me to your father, but you have not told me his

name?"
The merry laugh was contagious.
"That is just like me; but then, there was no need of it. You certainly knew Charles's Uncle Peterunole Peter Gomez. He wasn't his real uncle, you know, but dearer than any uncle could be!"
Here was a little light. And so Charles's wife was Uncle Peter's daughter!

After this call, there were few days that I did not see After this call, there were few days that I did not see Lillan. If she saw me in the garden, she was sure to come; if she rode out, the carriage must stop for me, too; if they had fruit or flowers which were not in our garden, a share was always sent to us. But while Mr. Herbert remained, I never went to Elmwood without my husband. I noticed that Mr. Gray's eye was upon me whenever he specke to me; and there was sementing. me whenever he spoke to me; and there was something in my husband's manner which my own heart interpreted into an interdiction of intercourse between us, it was not necessary—I was only too willing not to see my old schoolmate again. It stirred up memories of the past which I wished to bury so deep that there could be no resurrection.

the past which I wished to bury so deep that there could be no resurrection.

Mr. Herbert did not remain long in Vernon; his business called him away; and then Lilian turned to us for society. Between her and Helen a pleasant friendship sprung up. For myself, I left my garret corner and my journal, (I did not destroy it, as I at first intended, but hid it away in a crevice of the garret;) and spent a great deal of my time in the library of Elmwood, and with Mr. Gomez and Lilian in the summer-house. I was busy with my needle, and always took my work with me. The warm months passed pleasantly in this way. I soon learned how Lilian came to be so willful and so petted. Her mother had died of consumption, and she inherited a tendency to the disease. She had been very ill at various times, and her father told me that he had twice dispaired of her life. If she took the least cold, a cough followed.

The thanks of the wife can make no adequate return; but this little memento may serve to remind him that he performed a noble deed of charity; and she will ever remember the stranger in her prayers.'

He could never learn anything more of them. One day, when we were at the Islands together, he brought the watch out for me to see. I found, under the watch had present he had to great fand to before discovered, and which the lady herself had forgotten—a miniature likeness of a lady. The colonel thinks it is of the giver, but he saw her only long enough to lead him to wish to see her again. I noticed its resemblance to my little Bertha, and taking a great fancy to the watch itself, I offered to give the Colonel consented, on condition that I was now never to part with it. For, said he, rore she was allowed to have her own way in all things. She was a pretty little tyrant, and so lovable that few complained of her tyranny. It was her eagerness to see me that made her insist upon coming to Vernon so early in the season, and having been thwarted for some weeks, she made her entrance, as we have seen, when she knew she could accomplish.

weeks, she made her entrance, as we have seen, when she knew she could accomplish her purpose.

One day Helen, Lilian, and myself, were in the garden, sewing. I had brought my watch with me, that I might not overstay my time. As I have said, it was a pretty little repeater which Charles had given me at my marriage, and which he said had quite a history to it.

"You never have read us the story of the watch. Bertha," said Helen; "suppose you amuse us with it this afternoon."

I therefore took the copy, which I had with me—for tion half sorrow, half anger. The miniature had a strangely familiar look: it seemed as if I had seen the

the following to Lilian-

"DEAR BERTHA-I purchased this watch of an old friend of your family, Colonel James. It is very antique and pretty, and I thought would just suit your delicate and rather fastidious taste. Its history, as far as he can relate it, is as follows: The Colonel was traveling in the eastern part of England, and had a curiosity to visit the old town of Boston, the namesake of our New England capital. Here he met a mutual friend, and they passed some weeks in the region. At one time, as he was riding, on horseback, toward the north, he crossed a sort of moor, or flat, desolate country that the sort has been as the sort of moor, or flat, desolate country that the sort has been as the sort of moor. try, beyond which was a small piece of dense woods It was night, and he remembered then, for the first time, that he had been warned not to ride on that road late, as several robberies had been committed there within the year. But the Colonel had seen danger by land and sea, and carried a stout heart within him, and land and sea, and carried a stout heart within him, and a trusty pistol near it in his pocket; so he rode on, though at a quickened pace. Suddenly, he thought he heard a faint sound within the wood; he stopped, and listened—he was not mistaken—it seemed like a suppressed groan. His first thought was of a decoy, and that his safest course was to put spurs to his horse and get out of the woods as soon as possible. But again his quick ear detected the sound, lower, but as of one than arony. He heart that he lower hat making his pairs that he had no hower her making his pairs. in agony. He hesitated no longer, but, making his way into the woods in the direction of the sound, aided by the faint light of the moon in her first quarter. It became impossible to proceed with his horse, and is running too great a risk, Lilian; you have never refastening him securely, he made his way on foot, stop. mained in this climate during so cold a month. What ping now and then for a minute at a time to catch the sound which, when he did hear it, became more dis tinct. After walking a rod or two, he came to a fallen tree, on which a woman sat, holding the head of a man who seemed to be suffering greatly; but, as the only light was that of the moon, as it came through the trees, it was difficult, at first, to see distinctly what it was. The Colonel came close to them, before they saw him, and were only made aware of his presence by his he could be of any service to them. The wo

man looked up eagerly—
'Yes, sir—yes, sir! Please help me to take him
home—it is not far, only just in the edge of the wood!'
The sick man could not speak, and it was soon as-The sick man could not speak, and it was soon ascertained that he had been wounded; the blood had run freely, and he was now faint from its loss. But that which gave him most pain was a small ball that had lodged in the heel. Now the Colonel was an old campaigner, and ready for any such emergency—he extracted the ball at once and skillfully; the sufferer appreciated it, and expressed his gratitude, though in a voice that indicated his extreme exhaustion. The Colonel could relieve him in this respect also, and a small flask of brandy was produced from his pocket. small flask of brandy was produced from his pocket. This had the desired effect.

I wish, sir, he could be taken home. Do you think

Yes, madam, if he can sit on my horse, which is not far from here.'
The offer was gladly accepted; and the Colonel led

The offer-was ginuy accepted; and the Colonol led the horse a few rods, when they came to an isolated dwelling, surrounded by a small garden, with a high brick wall. The wounded man was able to walk into the house by leaning on the Colonel's shoulder. There were no lights, and no domestics to be seen, but after a few moments, there hobbled out from some subterranges where a led wangs with a lanter.

nean apartment, an old woman with a lantern.

Lead the way to my chamber, Elsie! said the lady.

And they went up stairs, with some difficulty, where, to the surprise of the Colonel, they found a large, hand-somely furnished apartment, with all the luxurious appointments which the most fastidious invalid could require. Now, for the first time, too, the Colonel perceived that the lady was young and beautiful, and that for manners indicated good birth and breeding. Here companion had handsome features, a large, athletic, thank, but, as the Colonel expressed it, he had one of

those faces that you could no more read than you can read the riddle of the Sphinx. He might be a prince in disguise, or at least you might fancy him such, and with the next look at his face, you would think you were mistaken, and guess him to be a pirate, or high-

wayman.
The Colonel saw him safely in bed, and departed, not, however, until the man had expressed his thanks, in language that was no highwayman's slang, but pure as 'Chatham's native tongue,' though with a slight Scottish accent; and he offered more substantial thanks, Scottish accent; and he offered more substantial thanks, too, in the shape of certain gold sovereigns, which, of course, the Colonel refused. He rode home hastily; but for some days the fair face of the lady, and the singular countenance of her husband, haunted him. That they were husband and wife, he knew by the frequent expression of the sufferer in his agony, I cannot, will not die now, my precious wife.'

On the third day after this incident, he determined to gratify his curiosity further by an interview. And

gratify his curiosity further by an interview. And, without relating the adventure, or the object of his journey, he started to find the wood and the house. They were easily found, but not the persons. The house was deserted, every shutter closed, and the sound of the huge, old-fashioned brass knocker re-echoed through the large, old halls, the sound returning as if the ghosts mocked the man who would seek to enter. The Colonel was disappointed, and lingered long around the premises, hoping to see the weird old Elsie

around the premises, hoping to see the weird old Elsie come up from some underground apartment. But no creature was to be seen, save a half-starved black cat, that ran across the garden; and my friend, thinking it must be the old hag herself that had taken that form, began to rub his eyes, and wonder if the whole thing wasn't a dream. He rode back more slowly, vexed with himself that he had not gone the next morning. It was too late now; but his curiosity was stronger than ever, simply, I suppose, because it had been baffled. But he tried to think no more of the affair, and it passed gradually from his mind. Some weeks afterward, just on the eve of his departure for home, he was sitting in on the eve of his departure for home, he was sitting in the smoking room of his hotel, when one of the little boys who acted as waiters in the room, handed him a package. He opened it hastily, and found this little jewel-box, containing the watch. He immediately made inquiries as to who brought it there, but nothing could be ascertained, save that a boy left it. This little note accompanied it:

for myself."

"And I know where it is!" said Lilian, springing up. "and I 'll run and fetch it."

She returned in a moment, with a little box, wherein was the miniature, now set in a gold locket, and beside it a broken ring, which I remembered as one which I had worn when a little girl, and broken in play one day at Mrs. Herbert's.

"And there is your little ring," said Lilian, laughing. "You know you were Charles's little sister, and he prizes these mementoes.

"Little sister!" my heart responded. with an emo-

strangely familiar look; it seemed as if I had seen the face before. I made the remark, at which Lilian laughed.

"And have n't you seen your own face, darling?"
"I never was so beautiful as that, Lily—"
"Still, it is like you—the dark-brown hair, and the soft, dreamy expression of the face."

CHAPTER XXIII. BERTHA'S BABY.

"No, no, father, I can't go till I see Bertha's baby," said Lilian, one day in the latter part of September, to her father, as they sat in the deep, bay window of the drawing-room. I was in the library; the door was partly open, but they were not aware of it.

"But, my daughter, look! see the maples have put are their galden autumn robes; the woods are arrayed."

on their golden autumn robes; the woods are arrayed in purple, and scarlet, and gold, too rich and rare to be worn long; the flowers in the garden are all withered by the frosts—our choice ones are removed to the con-servatory; and my rarest, choicest flower of all, must not stay longer in this cold region, or she, too, will wither and fade!"

"No, father! I will be very careful, if you will let me stay only three weeks longer—just three little short weeks. I will wrap up in flaunel and furs, and be as prudent as an old woman of eighty. Please, father, say Yes!"
"I dare not!" said the old gentleman, kindly; "it

will your husband say?" will your husband say?"
"Oh, I suppose he will look terribly solemn, and talk to me upon my duty and the importance of preserving my life for the sake of my friends; but then I shall tell him why I wanted to stay, and I know he will excuse me!"

"But, Lilian, all my arrangements are made—our passage spoken—our vessel leaves Boston next week—how can I change?" "I don't know anything about arrangements, father

"I only know you can do as you wish always—you will not say No, will you?" and she threw her arms round his neck caressingly.

"But I must not, cannot say Yes, my child."

I thought it was time to unite my voice to that of the old gentleman in urging her not to remain. It was rashness—folly; already a cough had set in, and our cold October winds would be death to her.

"Lilian, dear," I said, "you must go; we love you

too well to wish you to remain. Go, now, and come to us next summer."
"You, too?" said she, reproachfully. "How can

leave you now? No, no! I can't—I shall be sick if I do go; I will be sick if they make me go!"

Her father looked distressed. He knew her too well to believe that persuasion would do any good, and he was too indulgent to exercise his authority. (I wondered what her husband would have done if he had

dered what her husband would have done if he had been present.)
"Lilian," said I, "you forget that for your father's and your husband's sake you should go; they will suffer constant anxiety on your account."
"Oh, Bertha! this is too crue!! Here I have no little baby of my own. I have been married a great deal longer than you; but God has given me no children. I should n't be the frivolous, childish wife that I have it I had a baby to love, and who would love me

I am, if I had a haby to love, and who would love me with all its little heart. And now you would send me away just as God in heaven is going to give you one. I want to see it in its first infancy—when its little spirit is right fresh from heaven—to have it learn to

wife had all a true woman's yearnings for children. It was a new phase in her character; she had never spoken thus before, and I could not but sympathize

with her.
"Well, I suppose it must be so!" said her father, who evidently had some appreciation of her feeling:
"but it is running a great risk—a terrible risk!"

The inconvenience and expense were nothing to the indulgent father, nor even the risk of his own life; for he felt the chilly winds of autumn most keenly, and was obliged to confine himself to the house most of the time. Moreover, his business was suffering; for Mr.

time. Moreover, his business was suffering; for Mr. Herbert had been obliged to go to Liverpool, and would not be in Cuba till January.

"It's just as I told you!" said Mrs. Green, the housekeeper; "she seems like a vine that must lean upon somebody for protection; but, like a vine too, her will is tough and strong—it will be the death of her, I am afraid; but she must have her own way. Well, I'm glad there's one woman in the world that can: the rest of us are pretty well under subjection."

can; the rest of us are pretty well under subjection."

I have taken down the curtains that form my little garret retreat, shut the window blind, and replaced things as before—I shall sit there no more! Good-by, little corner; I have loved you well, but I hope now to have something to occupy my hands and heart, and shall not need to come here.

Our guest-chamber is put in order now for the little

guest from heaven. How much Allian has amused herself in arranging drawers and baskets, and easy-chairs. Her little fingers were never so busy before with embroidery and worsted-work. The infant's wardrobe, which would otherwise have been very plain, is now rich in foliage, vines, and buds, and tendrils; these rare little caps, and the suffect of socker and scale property. rich in foliage, vines, and buds, and tendriis; these rare little caps, and the softest of socks, and cashinere and linen, cambric and delicate ribbons, fill the baskets. Lilian has made a little paradise for herself, working and talking, and letting her fancy flower and bid as her fairy fingers have wrought out her ideals on muslin and fiannels. Dear child I what a comfort she is to me!

Helen is kind and gentle as ever, but I am troubled about her; she looks ead and ill; something disturbs her mind which I cannot understand. I know Deacon Abram is here often, and he loves her with his whole heart—that is, next to orthodoxy and the church. Her brother wishes for the union, for the deacon is well to do in the world, has influence in the church and the village, and the alliance would strengthen the hands of the minister. I like him very well myself; he has a good, honest heart—rather one-sided, to be sure—and his whole character is far from having symmetry and proposition became he had belief. sure—and his whole character is far from having symmetry and proportion, because he has looked upon one side always—there is neither truth nor safety for him outside of his denomination. But then Helen would have a refining, elevating influence upon him. He almost worships her, and his love is of that strong, sturdy, native growth, that when once it has taken root, clings to the soil, and grows firmer and stronger amid storm and sunshine. Helen gives him but little encouragement, though she evidently fears her brother too much to be very demonstrative. She has been the light of the household until lately, and now I see that for my sake she is cheerful, but I often find her looking very thoughtful and sad—I hope she has no heart-trouble.

It is a cold, blustering day; the sky is grey and cheerless; the soudding clouds above, and the whirling leaves in the garden, seem to be like perturbed spirits that can find no rest. I have been watching them and the trees that seem to shiver in their nakedness, and I have almost wished that the snow might come and cover the frozen ground, and hang its garlands on tree and shrub. I have seen very little of Mr. Gray lately—the anniversaries, autumnal conventions, and minister's meetings, have occupied his time. My conscience troubles me some, lest I have not been as faith ful. in heart and deed, as becomes a wife. I would fain die, if die I must, with softened feelings toward all the world. My heart bears witness to constant effort to do my duty; but between husband and wife there should be no necessity for effort—kind words and deeds should flow spontaneously from the heart. My heart revolts sometimes when Mr. Gray talks to me upon the duty of perfect submission. The husband, he says, should enforce obedience from the wife, if necessary; he is her rightful head, her lord, and has a right to expect reverence, and a constant acknowledgment of authority. I suppose he is right, though ment of authority. I suppose he is right, though Auntie Paul looks very significant when he talks in that way, and generally leaves the room. I asked him the other day if he would buy a carpet for her chamber, and a small stove; she is getting old, and needs such comforts.

"I cannot afford it," he said; "my salary is too small to admit of many luxuries!" "You can take some of the money which my father gave me; you recollect I handed it over to you. I would gladly spend it for that purpose."

"Well, really, Bertha, you have singular ideas of a wife's claims. Do you not know that a wife has no exclusive ownership of property? I have invested what your father gave me as I thought best!"
"But what will Auntie do this cold winter? She must be made comfortable."

must be made comfortable." "As she did last winter! We only render ourselves esseminate by these luxuries. If Mrs. Dennis requires them, we must find a young and hardy girl who does

It was useless to argue the question; but I fear I was not submissive, for I kept continually revolving in my mind some expedient for accomplishing my purpose. How that blast swept round the north corner of the house! How dreary it is! The family are at church; it is preparatory lecture before the communion, and I would not let them remain with me. But I am getting lonely and weary—
"Cold blows the wind, and the night's coming on!"

Hark! that is the outer door! Who is coming Ah, it is Helen's step; how lightly she trips up the

"I came out bfore the meeting was done, Bertha, for I feared you would be lonely. See!" and she held up a letter—"It is from Virginia. Isn't that your friend Mary's writing?''

Mary's writing?"
How quickly I seized it! A good, long, precious letter. I forgot the blast—but alas! it brought no solution to the sad mystery of Mr. Harper's ruptured friendship. He was in Europe—Addie was studying with Mrs. Green's daughters, but was not so buoyant as usual. Ned Green was in disgrace in college. He had been suspected of some supposed complicity in mischief, and as he would neither acknowledge himself guilty, nor inform of his companions, he was suspended This was a terrible blow to non Addic Abstract guilty, nor inform of his companions, he was suspended. This was a terrible blow to poor Addie, though she said he was n't guilty, and she did not blame him—she was glad he would not tell, and she thought much better of him for his firmness, and his constancy to his friends. Mary said but little of herself; it was evident that she had suffered, but was learning the lesson which the high glad of the constancy to his project faith that all trials should always teach us—perfect faith that all things will work for good to those who trust in God. The letter cheered and comforted me, and I sat down by the window to think of old times in Stanley Hall, and wonder if Mammie June had any warnings or pre-

sentiments of the future. sentiments of the future.

I was in my guest-room, as I called it, (we slent there now) and could see Elmwood, and the "Fairy Room."

Lilian sat at her window, and I at mine, if there was a storm, and then we had telegraphic communications, intelligible to ourselves alone. I looked for her light now, but there was none; it was all darkness. Soon figure emerged from the house, cloaked and hooded, and sendded across the street as if in mortal fear of pursuit; the next moment Lilian was in my chambre.
"Why, Lilian!" I exclaimed; "you should not have come this cold night, you will suffer from it!"

"But I could n't stay at home. Pa has gone to bed; he says he's most comfortable there, and I was lonely and sad. How bright and pleasant it is here! I am going to stay all night; I want to be near you!"

I was thankful, afterwards, that some good spirit had prompted her to come. That night was one of great suffering to me—for two nights and two days. I suffered as none but mothers can understand; and when hired friends grew weary and sick at heart, and even Auntic Paul, with all her masculine firmness, left me to gain a little courage, and hide her tears, Lilian, my dear, precious, little Lilian, hovered about me like a white dove, speaking words of encouragement and hope. She was tireless as a spirit, and almost as noiseless and

She was tireless as a spirit, and almost as noiscless and gentle.

"Take courage, dear Bertha; joy is born of sorrow! There is no danger; you will ride out the storm, and then how precious the freight we will bear to harbor!" I believe despair would have seized me, had it not been for her. Once, I remember, in a moment of consciousness, that Helen came to the door and seemed alleading with health he did. pleading with her brother for something, which he did not seem inclined to grant; then Lilian went out, and

I heard her say—

"Oh, do, Mr. Gray, please do; the doctor himself wishes it; why should you refuse. You may regret it all the rest of your life."

I heard no more that was said; but I knew that Lije nearly load in the life in the life in the life.

ian nover plead in vain. In a few hours from that I was freed from suffering, and lay like one who had been wrecked—worn, exhausted, helpless, on the beach but saved—just awed. I opened my eyes, and they rested on a face, a strange one there, and yet that one glance brought odd thoughts and fancies to my mind; my eyes closed quickly, and I became confused, dizzy, and asked them to help me out of the wood, it was gloomy and dark, and the old pine trees sighed in the storm. Then Lilian came to me, and I heard her say—
"How good you are, Auntie Paul, to let me do it!" and she brought my baby all dressed in its white robes, and laid it beside me saying thouse as a grayden.

and laid it beside me, saying, "pure as a snowdrop without spot or blemish!"

I could n't raise my hand, I could n't turn my head, but I was as one bathed in happiness; heaven can have nothing more unutterably ecstatic—for my whole heart nothing more unuterably ecstatic—for my whole heart was filled with love and gratitude to my Maker. For the first time since my marriage I said, "my husband" to Mr. Gray. He came to see the baby; and, as he bent his head, I whispered, "Let us thank God, my dear husband, for this blessing!"

"Yes, and for all his blessings, Bertha; but with this blessing comes a great responsibility."

I don't know how it was, I suppose I was very weak, but somehow this remark was not all that I wanted him.

but somehow this remark was not all that I wanted him to say, and I did not like to think of responsibility now. I only wanted to think of love and happiness. But it was explained to me afterwards; he was disappointed that my child was not a boy. The others were only too well pleased as it was. We called it "failian." which filled up the measure of my friend's happiness, and even her father said he was compensated for staying; he never knew Lilian so completely happy. I had my fears for her, however. I noticed a little cough, slight, but constant, and I dreaded the journey which have the new they. She stayed long errough for the she must now take. She stayed long enough for the baby to know her touch, and to be quieted by it. It was hard for her to leave, and quite as hard for us to

was hard for her to leave, and quite as hard for us to part with her.

"I shall be back in the Spring, as soon as the snow is gone," she said. "How shall I live without you, my pet, my darling?" she would say, as she folded her little namesake in her arms.

She was gone at last—our little tropical bird had flown, and left us 'mid storm and cold! But a new interest filled my heart, and I had never so full and hanny a life before.

interest filled my heart, and I had never so full and happy a life before.

It was when the baby was about six weeks old, and Mr. Gray was absent on an exchange, that Helen came to my room, and said that Dr. Cameron was in the house, and would like to see me. I readily admitted him, and at once recognized the physician of my sick room. He was a noble-looking man, of fifty years, (as I judged.) easy in his address, and polished in manner. If the man is something strangely familiar in his face, and I fancied that I had seen a picture resembling him in the Boston Atheneum; and the more I thought of it the more I hereme convinced of this fact—only I could greeable to the deacon, and I was a little malicious to the more I became convinced of this fact—only I could not remember the picture, as I wished. I had a dreamy, indistinct idea of a gloomy wood, a Spanish banditti, and a group of frightened travelers.

The doctor entered at once into conversation. He

was brilliant and witty; but whenever his countenance was in repose, it wore a serious, almost stern expression, relapsing, at moments, into positive gloom. The evening wore rapidly away; and when he rose to go, and I said, "Call and see us often, Dr. Cameron," he paused a moment, looked at me long, but with such an expression of sadness that I could not take offence, and said—

"Madame, this is the first call that I have made, othe than a professional call, in Vernon. I am alone in the world. I am not a social man, at times even gloomy, and should not be often welcome among the happy!" As he spoke, the baby woke in the cradle, and I turned toward it. In doing so, my glance fell on Helen, who had risen from her seat when the doctor rose to go. He had directed his attention wholly to me, and was not observing her; but that one glance of mine opened Helen's heart to me. She knew not that I saw her. Oh, Helen, Helen, beware! There is power, passion and pride in that face! Once love that man, and you will never love another! Let him win your heart, and he will be proud as a Roman Emperor,

now in his face. He is one of those men whom a woman loves even to idolatry, when he has once won her heart, but whose love is sometimes like the lightning—consuming the object of its embrace. Heaven help you if you have fixed your affections there!

The next day was Sunday, and Deacon Abram came, as usual. I resolved to keep my eyes open now; for I would gladly prevent the good, honest soul from walking right into the Slough of Despond. I was sure if he ever the word in he was one of the sort that would if he once got in, he was one of the sort that would stay there a long time. He was rather heavily built, in body and soul; and then he would keep his eyes so

jealous as Blue Beard, exacting as the Pope! I see it now in his face. He is one of those men whom a

steadily fixed on the side from whence Helen had van-ished, that he would not see the messenger with white robes, sent to aid him, on the further side of the slough. robes, sent to aid him, on the further side of the slough.

There is generally, in the country, a long intermission between the afternoon and evening services.

This evening Helen was occupied in the kitchen, though I did not observe that the supper was more varied or more skillfully got up than usual. Early in the evening, just before the service, Mr. Gray came, bringing his mother with him. I have not mentioned here to the reader before for the nicture would not be her to the reader before, for the nicture would not be particularly pleasing. She was a stern woman, whom rials had hardened, and who had never been refined or softened by intercourse with polished society. Her husband died when her children were young, and she and struggled with poverty, and had almost of necessity acquired parsimonious habits, and a hard, suspi-cious temper. Helen, I think, must have resembled her father, whose likeness expressed a mild, thoughtful

allowed it to sleep with me.

"Oh, yes! I cannot put it away from me yet, and during this cold weather. Besides, Dr. Cameron said that the young babe needed, for some weeks, the warmth which the mother would impart—nature taught us this with all young animals."
Dr. Cameron!" said Mr. Gray, "have you been seeking advice from him?'

"He called here last evening."

As I spoke, I noticed Helen's face; she was very As I spoke, I noticed Heien's face; she was very pale, and there was a troubled look in her eyes.

"Well, now, I think that is right," said Deacon Abram; "the poor little lamb that the mother will must speak sweetly and pleasantly yourself, not own, dies of cold!"

"You have a good argument," I said to myself; but not so thought Mrs. Gray.
"That may be the case with lambs," said she, "but not with babies, and I advise Caivin to have a crib bought at once, and place the child in it at night!"
"I think you are right, mother," said Mr. Gray, annoying to me to sleep with a child!"
I said no more, but clasped Lily closer to my bosom. Auntie Paul came in just then, and we went to my room, where I was foolish enough to rest my head on her shoulder and weep a little.

room, where I was soons enough to rest my head of her shoulder and weep a little.

"You are tired and nervous," she said; "lie down and I will undress the baby, and lay her by your side—nothing quiets a mother like that."

I heard the rest of the family when they came from evening service, and I was sure it was Deacon Abram's votes that I heard under my window, and his feet. voice that I heard under my window, and his foot,

"A-raspin' on the scraper."

He never had come to us at that time before, and from certain soft glances toward Helen that day, and some mysterious hints that Mr. Gray had thrown out a few days previous, I suspected that he was resolved to settle his destiny at once. We were called to evening prayers, and I saw Helen was still pale, but her lips were compressed, and her eyes downcast. I guessed now why Mrs. Gray had come—mother and son were both anxious that this union should take place, and the will of the one was derived from the other; it was not easy to thwart them in their purposes.

As soon as prayers were over, Helen asked for

As soon as prayers were over, Holen asked for Lilian.

"She is with Aunt Paul in my chamber."

"I must bid her good night," and she went out of the room. My own duties called me away, and I could not return. I do not know how long Mr. Gray and his mother remained in the parlor with the deacon, but I was awakened out of my first sleep by Mr. Gray—

"Bertha, where is Helen?"

"I supposed she was in the parlor."

"I supposed she was in the parlor."
"She has not been there since prayers."
"Where is the deacon?" I asked.

"In the parlor with mother. It seems to me Helen was rather rude to our guests."

was rather rade to our guests.

I slipped on a loose wrapper, and went to Helen's room., There she was, in bed, and asleep, looking lovely and pure, almost, as my own Lily. I kissed here: cheek softly, and left her. Mr. Gray was angry.

"The girl is beside herself," said he. "She must"
know that the deacon is here to see her; and it is wrong to trifle with his feelings in this way!"

to trifle with his feelings in this way!"

"Perhaps it was from regard to his feelings, Mr.
Gray, that she left the room."

"Yes, yes—no doubt you think so, Mrs. Gray. I have suspected all along that you were no aid to us in this matter. Your influence, had you chosen to exertit, might have turned the scale for the deacon."

"I am no matchmaker, Mr. Gray. If there is mutual love here, there will be no difficulty in the way in the must be aware of your wishes."

"There is as much love as is necessary in this case, and one would suppose that you might have, by this

and one would suppose that you might have, by this time, discarded those foolish, school-girl notions, that ruin so many for life, where passion leads judgment captive."
"What will you have me do, Mr. Gray?"

"What will you have me do, Mr. Gray?"
He looked at me sternly.
"It does seem, Bertha, sometimes, as if you were destitute of the tact and sense which most women possess. Here is an opportunity for you, by a little delicate management, to ensure Helen a home for life, and you do not seem to have any more notion how to act your part than that sleeping child!"
"I do not understand what you mean by 'delicate management,' Mr. Gray. Please define my duties in this matter more accurately."

agreeable to the deacon, and I was a little malicious to smile when I thought of the poor deacon's anxious state of mind, the interest of mother and son, while Helen, unconscious of it all, was roaming in the land of dreams! Mr. Gray was walking the room in my

chamber.

"Well, Mr. Gray," said I, "if you wish my mind: upon the subject, it is this: that, as the clock has already struck eleven, and it is time that the household of a minister's family should be in bed, and the house quiet, Deacon Abram be invited to take a room for the night—if he is timid about riding to Scrabble so settle the question with Helen."

"Your sense of the fitness of things is about equal to

your tact. Mrs. Gray." And he walked out of the

room.
In a few minutes afterward, I heard Deacon Abram leave the house, and Mrs. Gray go to Helen's room, What took place there I do not know; but the next morning Helen looked weary, as if she had slept little; and avoided my room. She did not return from here class that day till teatime, an hour later than usual, and I noticed that her cheeks were flushed, her eyes and I noticed that her cheeks were flushed, her eyes bright, but her manner was hurried and confused.

I expected Deacon Abram again this evening, and was not dissappointed. He came soon after tea. TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

Written for the Banner of Light. THE PAST AND THE FUTURE. BY PORCETTER WILLSON.

Adown the retrospect behold-Usurped, discrowned, and aghast, The fading phantom of the Past.

He claspeth hands with Doubt and Death He turns his back upon the Light, And totters down a field of Night. A half-breed of the Right and Wrong.

Somewhat an Augel, but a loon-A hump-back on the dying moon i But turn the other way and look. And turn and look without delax-

Behold the Angel in the way !

1.5

Knowledge.—I do not approve of the maxim which states that a sound man should know a kidle of everything. Almost always useless and sometimes pernicious, is it to know superficially and without principles. It is true that a majority of men are scarcely capable of going to the bottom of things, but it is also true that the small knowledge which they acquire does not gratify their vanity. It injures the possessors of true genius, for it deverts them from healthy aspiration, consumes time upon minutie, and upon subjects alien. Mrs. Gray was introduced to "baby" at once, whom she pronounced a fine-looking child, "the picture of its father," and advised me not to be too tender and delignment that the state of the with it. One of her first questions was, if I flatter themselves, to demonstrate a commanding grace of intellect. In all times there have been men who the contrary, very great minds with very little knowledge. Ignorance is no sign of a defective mind, and knowledge is no proof of genius.—[Vauvenarguez,

> None are so soldom found alone, and are so soon tired of their own company, as those coxcombs who are on the best terms with themselves.

> If you would have a sweet and pleasant cohe, you

A RECORD OF MODERN MIRACLES.

By B. H. ESSTTAN.

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

CHAPTER IV.

CHAPTER IV.

Remarkable Clairvoyant Revelations—Bitting in Hartford and Reading Epitable in Bermuda—The Secress discovers a Cure for Yellow Ever—Testimony of Dr. T. Lea Smith—Case of Mrs. Mary G. Arnold—Mrs. Mettlor cures a Clergyman who had been simultaneously attacked by numerous Discases and an Army of Doctors—How the post-mortem was provented —Case of Mrs. Smith—The Doctor mistakes fluids for solids—Seeing a fine cambric needle twenty-five miles offi—Transparency of Crincilms and the Outled—Cordurory no obstacle to the vision—The Thorn that pricked the Patient and the Doctor—Mistaking solids for finids—Discovering a penny at a distance of nearly 1000 miles!—Why Mrs. Bunco was not cured the first time—Case of Mr. Potter—Medical Science at fault—Attempts to Cure by Carving—The Blind treating the Blind—The Doctors routed—Opening the Blind Eyes—Hight of the King's Evil—Gratitude of the Sufferer—Seeing the Invisible, Unknown and the Future—A fair Infidel exposed—Reading a letter in her trunk at a distance—Directions how to intercept the reply—Meeting her Inamorato—Divorce—Conclusion.

It is proper to observe that much the larger nortion of Mrs. Metalocket.

It is proper to observe that much the larger portion of Mrs. Mettler's noble work has been accomplished through the exercise of her clairvoyant powers, in discovering the immediate and the remote causes of diseases, determining its seat, and marking its essential character as well as its phenomenal aspects, and in selecting-from the great pharmaconcia of Nature—the appropriate remedies for her patients. The remaining examples derived from Mrs. M.'s professional experience, and which I propose to record in this connection, are of this class. The facts in this department are very numerous; but a few strong cases—some of which are totally unexplicable on any other hypothesis—will suffice to establish a rational and abiding conviction in the mind of the reader. It is claimed for Mrs. Mettler, that, by an interior, Clairvoyant Vision, she is able to discover the organic and psychological conditions, as well as the mental states and moral qualities of her patients; and that the same inward sight enables her to discover suitable remedies. The following facts demonstrate the justice of these claims so fully as to leave no ground for rational controversy.

In the year 1853, Dr. T. Lea Smith, of Hamilton, Bermuda, was for two months at the residence of Dr. Mettler, in Hartford, and under the treatment of Mrs. M., -Dr. S. having suffered for a long time from a painful nervous disease. One evening the Doctor requested the Clairvoyant to examine his sister, who was afar off at their Island home. After a general description of the Island-and specific descriptions of several objects, not one of which she had ever seen or heard of-she proceeded at once to find the residence of the unknown invalid. She observed, that in her way and near the place, were two cemeteries, one of which was devoted to the use of the white inhabitants, while the other was appropriated to the colored population. Mrs. Mettler-while in her clairvoyant trance-went into the latter and read an inscription on a tombstone, which Dr. Smith remembered to have seen. At another sitting, while the yellow fever was prevailing in Bermuda, Mrs. M. made a similar visit to the Island, and discovered and described a plant growing there (a plant not known to exist in any part of the country which Mrs. M. had ever visited,) which—she affirmed-would cure the yellow fever. On his return to Bermuda. Dr. Smith found the plant—which he had regarded as a useless weed and employed it, with what success the following brief extract from one of his letters will plainly show:

HAMILTON, BERMUDA, Oct. 29, 1856. You will recollect that we brought home Mrs. Mettler's prescription for the yellow fever, in 1853, and then used it successfully in a few cases. During the last three months that fever has again been making sad havoc in Bermuda, and we know not where it will stop, as it is getting to be very bad among the troops. But I am happy to say, that out of two hundred cases, treated by Mrs. Mettler's preecription, only four have died !"

Mrs. Mary G. Arnold, of Hartford, Conn., was on one occasion seized with a violent pain and extreme inflammation in her thumb, which extended rapidly over the hand, and soon affected the whole arm. A physician was called in, who said it was a felon—a painful swelling, beginning in the periosteum. The doctor treated it accord. ingly for one week, during which time the inflammation constantly increased, until the lady became delirious; and her son was sent to South Manchester, (where Mrs. Mettler was spending a few days.) with a lock of the patient's hair. As soon as the hair was placed in the hand of the secress, she immediately perceived that Mrs. Arnold had, some days before, accidentally run either a small fish bone or a needle into her thumb, (it appeared to her more like the latter.) And she also said, that when Mrs. A. recovered from her delirium she would be able to recall the circumstances. The remedies prescribed afforded immediate relief; and in the course of twenty-four hours the patient recovered her reason, and did recall the circumstance of her having pricked her thumb while smoothing out a table cloth, on which the needle had been carelessly left by the seamstress. In the process of suppuration the needle came out.

Rev. Charles Hammond, of the Methodist Episcopal church, was rostrated by slow fever, bilious dysentery, dysner disease of the liver, periodical spasms, and partial paralysis of the face, tongue, and (at times) all parts of the body. In the course of his long illness he was treated by Dr. Talbot, Dr. Randall, Dr. Belcher, Dr. Rogers, and Dr. Sargeant-all New England physicians. Mr. H. lived for months on bread and water, and says, "I suffered more than language can describe." Dr. Rogers, of Worcester, Mass. -who had just returned after spending sixteen months in the hospitals of Europe-frankly confessed that he did not understand the patient's case, and expressed a wish that he "should arrange with the physicians where he resided for a post-mortem examination." What happened to Mr. Hammond while under Mrs. Mettler's treatment, is made known by the Reverend gentleman in the concluding paragraph of a letter, written from Glastenbury, Conn., in 1857:

"Having given my case in detail, and answered my questions, she pocceded to prescribe remedies. My skepticism as to her powers was forced to give way. I accepted her counsel implicitly, and followed her advice. In twenty-three days I called upon her again, greatly improved in health. I could partake of meat and vegetables, and my strength was increasing. 'In forty days from the first visit I called again, having in the meantime attended two camp-meetings, and gained thirty pounds of flesh. In three months from my first visit I made my last. She stated that the organs were still weak, and needed care, but that the gall-stones were dissolved, and that in every respect there was promise that I should become a well man. It is now the last of February. I continue able to cat what I choose, have gained fifty pounds of flesh since July, and find little inconvenience in preaching three times of a Sabbath, and attending to other duties of my profession. Of the philosophy of this case I 'wot not;' but of the facts 'I speak what I do know, and testify what I have felt and seen.' CHARLES HAMMOND."

Mrs. K. H. Smith, of Revenswood, L. I., was treated by distinguished physicians for some time, who gave it as their opinion that her disease was dropey, and that the case might be incurable. As the symptoms did not subside under scientific treatment (?) she was induced as a last resort to apply to Mrs. Mettler, who at once discovered that she was enceinte, and that the difficulty which her physicians had regarded as incurable, would-in the natural course of things-be entirely removed in about three months. Mrs. Smith's family physician treated the revelations of the Clairvoyant with unmeasured derision and contempt. As often as his professional highness came to the house, he made himself merry at the expense of Mrs. Mettler and her dupes. At the expiration of three months from the date of the clairvoyant prediction, the Doctor was one day , startled and amazed at witnessing the unexpected recovery of his patient, whose sudden restoration did not in the least diminish-no; but it added another vittle responsibility" to the Smith family!

Some time in the year 1853, Mr. William B. Hodget, of Springfield, Mass., came to Mrs. Mettler and desired her to make an examination . of his wife, who was then at home, twenty-five miles from the clairvoyant, and suffering from severe pain in one lower limb. When the proper state had been induced, Mrs. M. [placing her hand on the corresponding part of her own person] said, in substance, Your wife has a fine cambric needle in her thigh, which, unconsciously to herself, has found its way from her clothes into her flesh. This statement rather staggered the faith of Mr. Hodget, notwithstanding Mrs. M. had previously shared his confidence in a degree that led him to accept whatever she might say, that had the merit of intrinsic probability. However, the Clairvoyant insisted that she could see the

Inteclier and observing that the part was much inflamed and extremely painful, she prescribed a poultice and said that in about three days the needle would be nearer the surface. Three days after, when the Tamily physician called to see his patient, Mr. 11 .- without intimating the grounds of his conjecture-informed the doctor that he thought Mrs. Hodget had a needle in her limb. The doctor was skeptical on the point of the needle, but to ascertain the fact he applied his lancet, when he immediately discovered and removed the needle. The fact is thus demonstrated, that Mrs. Mettler can see a fine cambric needle at a distance of twenty, live miles, when it is wholly concealed from mortal eyes, and no one else has any knowl-

The following case came under the observation of the editor of the Hartford Times, whose statement is extracted from that journal:

"We witnessed one of Mrs. Mettler's examinations a few days since. A young man who appeared well to the ordinary observer, but who had a fever-sore on his leg, of several years' standing, was taken to her by an unbeliever in clairvoyance, rather as a test than otherwise. Mrs. M. had neither seen nor heard of this young man; nor had she ever seen the gentleman who accompanied him. She was not made acquainted in the least degree with the difficulty, but was merely requested to examine and ascertain whether he had any bodily disease. Mrs. M. being magnetized, examined the young man, telling him minutely of his sufferings, the cause of them, &c. Placing her hand directly over the fever-sore, she said, 'Here is a fever-sore the outlet of the eruptive fever with which your blood is filled.' After the examination, the young man said she had told him some things that were known to no one except himself."

Mr. C. S. Mason, of Hartford, (who has a large nursery in which he is often employed,) some two years since, (1857) had a terrible swelling of one hand and arm. The physician decided that it proceeded from a felon on his thumb-at which point the inflammation commenced. Not feeling satisfied he called on Mrs. M., who said to him, substantially, "When you were trimming trees, some days since. you stuck a thorn in that thumb; a portion of it remains there yet, and that is the only cause of this inflammation." Under the treatment prescribed the thorn subsequently came, out, and in a short time the hand was entirely cured.

I will cite another case, in which the Medical Faculty failed to discriminate between fluids and solids. Mrs. Pell, of Middletown, Conn., was under professional treatment by a resident physcian, who insisted that she was enceinte She continued to follow the advice of her doctor until eleven months had elapsed, without any verification of the accuracy of the scientific (?) observations (!) At length Mr. Pell, very naturally suspecting that the doctor might be fallible, took a lock of his wife's hair to Mrs. Mettler, who-at the commencement of her examination-observed that the patient's physician had made a grave mistake in her case—that she was not in the condition indicated in his diagnosis-never had been, but that she had dropsy and an enlargement of the liver. All this was speedly confirmed; for, under Mrs. M.'s judicious treatment, the disease of the liver was overcome, the water was removed from the system, she was rapidly reduced to her normal size, and soon restored to sound health. From that time to the present—during a period of six years—Mrs. Pell has enjoyed excellent health, and been able to perform the heavy work of a farm-

TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

N. FRANK WHITE AT ORDWAY HALL, Sunday, October 30th.

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

AFTERNOON. " N. Frank White spoke, under spirit influence, at Ordway Hall, Boston, on the afternoon and evening of Sunday, Oct. 80th. His ubject in the afternoon was Aspiration.

This principle, the reaching out for something beyond self, he said, s visible even in the lowest forms of matter. The mineral seeks a higher form of existence in crystalization. The dull germ shoots upward and becomes the plant. The plant blossoms into flowers. The flower becomes the fruit. Ascending to the animal creation, we still perceive the existence and influence of the principle of aspiration, though directed only to material results, and reaching out only to that which lies in most immediate proximity. It unfolds all the powers of nature. Finding it in all existences below man, we might by analogical reasoning infer its existence in him. And, in truth, it has been the foundation of every system of philosophy and morals since the world began. Science, art, the religions of the past, were the offspring of this great principle. At its command earth's mightiest nations sprang into existence. Before its resistless breath the strongest battlements of error have fallen to the ground. To it is owing the progress of Europe; to this the discovery and civilization of America.

In every tradition is seen this reaching out for the beyond, this mysterious grasping after the invisible. In all the existences below nan, it grasps but for the attainable. The human soul reaches of ward, and gives proof positive, reasoning from analogy, that there is something attainable beyond this visible existence. Nor is it difficult to trace the reason of so many conflicting desires. Man cannot reach out after that which is beyond his comprehension. It has been quite common for theologians to attempt a sort of measurement of future existence. They have explained eternity by laws and minutes, and Heaven by feet and inches. The masses, following the teachings of their leaders, have also attempted to follow their measurements. But the individual measurement corresponding with the individual aspirations, agrees with the individual's comprehension. In the earlier time man, advanced but a step beyond the animal, could not, of course, reach the spiritual. The sun was thus enthroned a Deity. No wonder that the soul that watched the splendors of the sunset. and the sober tints of the twilight deepen into the star-studded dark, deified those glittering points of light. But as man advanced, these crude notions of religion demanded a higher and more intelligent expression in creeds. These served their turn, and then they became useless, and worse than useless chains, whose clank checked the onvard step of humanity, ice-mantles, that overspread the living waves of progress. Unable to conceive the idea of a truly spiritual God. Deity was personified. Each attribute of human nature worshiped at the shrine its hand had raised. That was no vain worship; it served its purpose well. Bowing before the altar dedicated to the great I Am of Moses, prestrate before the Deity of Zoroaster, worshining the mysterious, incomprehensible Brahma, or adoring silently the oracles of Confucius, the true desires of the soul were all strengthened from the great beyond. From the soul of humanity went the cry for light, more light! Thus, step by step, was humanity elevated. Shadow after shadow did the night-tintings of the barbaric past fade away before the rays of the great sun of truth. Authorities have forbidden advance beyond their creeds. Tortures have been tried to check its progress. Wild tales of future torment have been invented, to frighten it. But, spite of all, aspiring minds have stepped boldly out, their songs of triumph rising clear and strong above the momentary groans of tortured weakness. Thus has it ever been in the past, thus will it ever be. This element, coming from the Infinite, can only to the

And where the weary heart weeps in silent agony above the grave of buried hopes, the heart feels, even in the darkest hours, the presence of that sacred elevator. The eyes, no longer dimmed with sorrow, pierce the dark clouds, and see the sunshine, and forget the burial of hopes, the leaden hand of grief, the treachery of false friendship. The soul may again return to care and sorrow; but yet again will that inherent aspiration lead it out, and throw the mantle of oblivion over the griefs of the past, and thus it will lift up the soul above the dark valley, and make it more and more receptive to the influences of the future, less and less dependent upon the useless past. To the mother gazing on her new-born child, aspirations for its future lift her soul, and, year by year, accompany her through her life-long watch over its destinies. Deep in the cellars of despair, to the wretch sunk in seemingly hopeless vice, a high and pure aspiration comes, and lifts her up again into the serene air of purity and peace. The scholar over his books finds in that stimulating element a principle of vitality which supports him through all his labors. Its power guides the artist's hand. Commencing at the first dawn of childhood, it unfolds, one by one, each faculty of the soul, leading it closer to the verge of the invisible. Nor does it leave it there. When the

rious measures the low, wailing requiem for the dead.

Let us watch, then, its slightest word, and guard it with jealous care. Any attempt to crush it down by forms must be vain in the future, as it has been in the past. Without aspiration, eternity would be hopeless and despairing. Better the deepest pit that bigotry can paint for funcled flends, than the highest place of bliss fanaticism can invent, without a hope of something greater in the future. With such a lot, the soul would fain wrap itself again in the garb of mortality, and commence again on earth the path of progression, rather than rest in the stagnancy of the bliss of a finished perfection.

The discourse closed with a glowing exhortation to aspiration and

EVENING.

The exercises of the evening were opened with the reading of an original poem by Mr. White, followed by the singing of a hymn by the choir. Mr. White then, in the trance state, announced his subject as "Humanity's Advancement-Struggle."

The past gives hope for the future. The soul cannot reject the evidence of the advancement of man. Step by step has error struggled against it, but step by step has she been obliged to yield. Less and less have been the shadows, as the sun of truth has crept up from the horizon of ignorance to the zenith of knowledge. Let us go back eighteen centuries. Back of that era we cannot go without necessitating a longer series of remark than the limits of a lecture would allow. Eighteen centuries since! All around are evidences of despotic grandeur and popular misery, of barbarism and tyranny. The lack wings of error shadow the world in darkness deep and terrible. Worship by an avengeful race, an avengeful God kept down every better impulse of humanity, until the rippling spring of spiritual life was hushed beneath the icy crust of forms. There was no hand to break away that crust. Pride, hate, revenge, and jealousy, were blazoned forth as the attributes of the Omnipotent Jehovah. Curses against humanity were manufactured by the priesthood, and attributed to the Deity.

But Error at last overreached herself, as she always does. The smothered flame of Reason gave out a feeble light, and Truth began to shed the cankering fetters from her limbs. Not within the palace walls sprang up that feeble flame. Not behind the veil of the Holy Place did the first glimmerings appear. Within the humbler walks of life it had its birth, in the heart of the carpenter's son. Its flames burst, at last, upon the startled Pharisees, from the lips of the youth overflowing with the gifts of Divinity. Gray Rabbis were silenced by that stripling. Thread by thread he tore away the mystery-woven fabrics of the past. Error roused herself to the contest. How un equal seemed the strife! But firmly he stood.

Love was his theme, divine, empiredent Love, No partial, jealous Deity he saw, Dispensing curses with Aimighty tongue. No petty ruler of a petty tribe, Changing his purpose for a petty bribe. No shadow of an Epicurean ghost, Delighting in the flavor of a roast, No aunshine-basking God, with flattery pleased, His wrath with incense-floating clouds appeared, No stern oppressor, glosting o'er the spoil Wrung from the weary hands of sweating toil, No tyrant, ever seeking how to bind Boourest chains upon progressive mind, No flend omnipotent, with blood-red hand, Broad-casting desciations o'er the land-Not such as these. Eternal Love he sung. And boldly out the welcome measures flung. Divinity on earth the hymn he sung: Hope at the message loosed her fettered tongue, Joy spread once more her rosy mantle round,

And reason smiled to hear the welcome sound, The improvisatore then described the marshaling of the hosts o Error and Evil to combat the holy force of Love, and continued:

> Discord awhile her frantic steeds unbound. And wild confusion cumbered all the ground. Backward, at last, those vanquished shadows fled. And Love around her holy influence shed. . Hate's cruel nails had pierced the hely hands That first had loosed those error-welded bands. Had forced a passage through the bleeding feet That first had ventured on her cursed retreat. Cold was the tongue Divinity inspired, Pulseless the veins that heavenly Love had fired; Out from his wounded side

Had gushed the purple tide, And Death had claimed the mortal for his own. Humanity was saved.

Since that time, the speaker said, it is only necessary to point to the pages of history, to prove the fact of progress. The well-known story of Galileo was cited as an illustration of the doctrine advanced. fenced in. The truth, like an inland sea, has an outlet somewhere, The human soul, it was said, groped blindly, through the Middle robes of its teachers. Centuries were passed in the useless effort to such channels doth truth ever flow out. But our fathers rebelled ing the weaker, and destroyed in turn by a stronger. The almost forgotten and decaying idol-worship was revived. Indulgences for sin this, our fathers did what they condemned in others. They raised were sold by the Church. Individualized humanity seemed utterly prostrate beneath the iron hoof of religious despotism. But there existed a feeble flame, even in that dark hour. Luther arose. From his indignant soul burst forth the pent-up fires of years. He stood the champion of individuality against the prerogatives of religious despots. The dark fog-bank of religious error commenced the retreat that since has never ceased. As with scientific and religious. so with political errors. The human mind, expanding with years, began to look with less of awe upon the robes of royalty. At last it dared to claim the right of choosing its own rulers. And so the fogs of political error vanished away. And now, as Europe looks upon her crumbling thrones, she reads decay written upon them,

Tyrants that rule in the place of might Grow pale with fear as they turn from the light: For the peoples will rise at the sound of its voice. And the nations of earth at its future rejoice : And the souls of the slain From the war-burdened plain Shall join with the nations to welcome the hour When might 'neath the sceptre of right shall cower. No titled fools shall rule the land, No nobles' sons the sea: The soul's ability shall stand Above ancestral tree.

And majesty ever be found in worth.

Though it dwell in the humblest son of earth. out the opening buds of thought, expanding, one by one, the flowers of wisdom, increasing in intensity as the fruit advances to its perfection. One by one have the shadows of ignorance departed, as new al and religious advancement. 'Its opposers occupy to-day the position of the innovators of the past. The history of the science of geology was instanced as an illustration of this fact. From the sci present. entific world arises the first cry against new truths. Having reached the mountain-top, whose dazzling brightness lured them from the vale below, they gaze upon its beauties, forgetting the heights still beyond. The invisible essences of the spirit-world, as yet imperfectly comprehended, must and will yet be so explained as to satisfy scientific men. If these men refuse to receive these new truths, they must prepare to see the multitude pressing on in advance of them. Allusion was made to the opposition to the modern movements to moral and physical reform, and to the increased freedom of religious thought in our own day. The sheep of the fold, the speaker said, no longer to be frightened by the story of the wolf in waiting, have leaped their barriers by millions, and are feeding on the green paschill waves of death creep slowly up toward the quivering heart, tures upon the mountain of individual opinion, regardless of the dogs Because they found the wall broken, they ventured in. When the

what power can sustain it but this? Across the shadowy stream it sent out to bark at them. The universal extension and reign of popoints. It catches the angel chant of welcome, and loses in its glo- litical truth and liberty, and the fall of social error was warmly predicted, and the discourse finished by the improvisation of the follow-

> Where the shadows of error lie dark on the earth. And the soul of humanity pines in the dearth. Where the fetters of ignorance rust in the brain. And the heart-strings of innocence quiver with pain. Where the soul-crushing aceptre of tyranny waves In triumph above the dark valley of graves, Where bigotry spreads for her children a path Whose flowers are stained by the blood-hues of wrath, Where giny superstition from black-crested walls The heart, of the coward with terror appals, Where mystery spreads her bewildering veil And laughs at bewildered humanity's wall,

Has the battle begun; For the uprolling sun Is chasing the errors over the plain Whose surface they ne'er will o'ershadow again. In the golden rays advancing, See Truth's eager war-steeds prancing! See the ancient temples crumbling 'Neath the crushing wheels of reason ! . While theology is mumbling. With her frightened lips, of treason. The wheels of her triumph are leveled to earth By the whirlwind of wrath that she brought into birth; And the truth she would strangle is forcing its way Where the mind-dwarfing fetters of ignorance lay.

To the breach! to the breach! shrink ye not from the fight! See! the arm of Omnipotence strikes for the right! Rear the ladders of truth 'gainst the tottering walls; Delay not, the voice of Humanity calls! Back, back, trembling cowards I creep ye back to the rear! There's no room for the arm that is nerveless with fear; Steel must be the sinews that struggle to-day. Bold must be the heart that leaps into the fray. Up, up, then, bold hearts! pour ye over the walls! Strike, sinows of steel, until Tyranny falls ! Heed not the flerce yells of the demons of wrath, Though they cluster, like shadows of night, round your path. Strike home! bear them back to the caves where they breed! On the fancies and myths of the past let them feed, On the hissings of slander, and venom of scorn, In the slimy heart-caverns of ignorance born; Bhrink ye not, but, for God and Humanity, on I Till the stronghold of Error's dark empire is won. To the breach! to the breach! shrink ye not from the fight! See I the arm of Omnipotence strikes for the right!

Reported for the Banner of Light. MISS LIZZIE DOTEN AT ORDWAY HALL. Sunday Afternoon, Oct. 23. 1859.

COTTON MATHER ON WITCHCRAFT AND SPIRITUALISM.

TEXT-" Jesus I know, and Paul I know, but who are ye ?"-ACTS xix, 15. There can be no more interesting occasion in a man's eternal existence than that where he stops, as it were, midway, and looks forward to the future with all its glorious promises, and back to the past with all its lessons of wisdom. The spirit might be looked to for a confirmation of the thoughts of the past. But it must be recollected that he had passed on, that as, in former times, he sought to understand the spiritual nature of man, so in the years that have intervened since he passed from earth, has that study been maintained, with the deepest interest.

Many a year had the spirit spent, in his life on earth, over the works of men, in order that his whole soul might be instructed for the work of saving men's souls, as he then believed. And therefore it was that he sought earnestly to know what man's soul was. All this was of no assistance to him, except as it served to discipline his mental powers. He did not then see that it was not so much in thinking and speaking, as in acting, that man becomes truly wise. His soulnaturally took the bent of the times in which he lived. Therefore it was that he was grossly superstitious, and, to a great degree, credulous. But that he did not much lament. All wise men are, at first, of necessity, credulous. They must gather in all truths that come. However absurd or moustrous, in appearance, such truths must be accepted, and the floor must be thoroughly purged, and the wheat gathered, and the chaff cast aside. The wheat the spirit gathered in his life, so far as the present subject was concerned, he gave to the

With this preface, the speaker proceeded to say that when our fathers first landed on these shores, they were exiles, fleeing for the sake of religious freedom. Having built their church, as it were, on arock, they determined that the gates of hell should not prevail. against it. Here was a great error; for whenever we build a church. we should open the doors wide and let hell in, for that is all that a hurch is good for. But they were determined that no one sho make the slightest encroachment upon their religious faith. Here was the second error. The truth is so great that it can never be though you do not know where. The outlet to this truth was made Ages, from the cradle to the grave, pinning its faith upon the sacred by the Baptists and the Quakers—a poor, miserable outlet, but by reconcile the mythologies of the past with the awakened teachings of against this innovation. They were very much afraid of it. There reason. Conflicting sects sprang into existence, the stronger destroy- was the third error. The truth is immortal, and cannot be destroyed. Let truth alone, and it will defend itself, and you too. Attempting the arm of persecution. Now, if we determine to be strictly good and pious, we set ourselves up as a mark for Satan to shoot at. It would almost seem as if there were a personal Devil, who took cognizance of all the inmost thoughts of a human being. Our fathers were determined to shut up the fold, and not let the wolf go in. But wolves must have their living as well as lambs. So the wolves made encroachment on the flock, and our fathers defended it, but with the red-hot branding-iron, with the stocks and the prison-house. They verily believed they were doing God service. But mark the reflex action on their own souls. It brought them into an unnatural state of being. Man was not made for confinement. No Blue Laws shall restrain him; no commandment, no doctrine, no creed can destroy his power of reasoning for himself. They were not free, in themselves, or in their associations with each other. All amusement was an evidence of human depravity. To walk up and down the crack of life with a face set toward the Heavenly Jerusalem, was the only true life. Now, bringing you in an unnatural condition places you in an unnatural relation to the spirit-world.

How was it with the visitation of witchcraft? It followed closely upon the advent of Quakerism-not the Quakerism of the present day, but that wild, unnatural outgushing of the soul that could no longer bear its bondage, and went to the opposite extreme. So, when Quakerism had run rampant for a time, and the Baptists had gone into all extremes of inconsistency, was it any wonder that there should be, then, this manifestation from the spirit-land? Our This advance, seen in every department of human life, has, of fathers, coming recently from England, were not yet acclimated, course, been gradual, like the genial rays of the Spring-time, calling and their physical systems were not yet in a natural state. Thus, their bodies, as well as their spiritual natures, were in an abnormal state. Then came this manifestation of witchcraft. Think not, said the speaker, that I would condemn that manifestation as a delusion. scientific truths have dawned upon the earth. Conservatism now oc. I do not. It was a solemn reality, and tested, too, by prudent cupies the ground against which she once protested. So with politi- judges and witnesses of that day. The state of society invited it and brought it here. What the state of the spiritual society was then. different from now, the lecturer could not undertake to explain at

First, it came to the little children, who would first feel this unnatural condition: Now, had it come to some designing man or woman, who wished to make money from it, that would have been a somewhat suspicious circumstance. But in the children, it was unaccountable. And far more unaccountable that it should occur in the family of a Godly minister. Strange that Satan should come to such! But was it Satan? By no means. It was a spiritual manifestation, but, by the imperfection of the medium through which it was given, it was imperfect. Not that the manifestations emanated from spirits of the highest kind. They were of that character always hovering about the carcase where the eagles are gathered together. and always watching by the rained wall for a chance to get in.

wise men gathered together to hold counsel, they concluded to hold a fast, and pray the Devil out of their midst. They held a fast and prayed, and the Devil did not go. Next, a woman, a church-member, took the matter into consideration. This woman suspected there was witcheraft in it. The test for witcheraft was applied; and it was, most assuredly, witchcraft, according to their comprehension and definition of the term. She informed the Ecclesiastical Council of this. They found it to be witchcraft, and determine to advise and discipline; and so, Mary Sibley was advised and disciplined. But the spirit was out, and it seemed as though Satan ran wild. Martha Carrier, being taken into custody, confersed that she was a witch, and had dealings with the Devil; and she paid the penalty. Her children, also, confessed that they were witches. Allen Toothaker testified that on one occasion, while riding in company with one of these children, he had been laid prostrate, and, when he recovered, he saw the spirit of Martha Carrier pass over his breast. Here was the internal sight. Another heard a voice above her head. The internal hearing opened. She discerned the voice of Martha Carrier. A companion of Martha confessed, openly, that she had attended a witch-meeting with her, and that the Devil carried them both together upon a broom-stick, and that the broom-stick broke, and they both fell. What could have induced them to give such evidence? Others made similar confessions. In open court, another had her hands tied together, without mortal interference.

The opinions of Baxter and Sir Matthew Hale, were cited in favor of the manifestations supposed to be witchcraft. But the speaker would go further than our fathers. They were, indeed, infested, obsessed, and possessed, by these spirits. Condemnation should not have been visited upon those thus possessed. Our fathers, who were their judges, if they had gone to the right cause, would have put the halter upon their own necks. They had brought about this unnatural state of things by their ignorance.

Where was the ending of this mighty calamity? The , syil became so alarming, so many were condemned and put to death, that there was a reaction. Natural feeling began to work. Mercy and charity began to flow in, and the devils went out. The Devil melted into tears, and knelt down. He could not be driven away by their justice, but when he learned that there was too much mercy in the heart of humanity to injure those whom he afflicted and infested, then he was ready to depart. There is a mighty lesson in this fact.

Now how is it that these evil, undeveloped spirits come? Many of you have been taught that evil spirits are kept in hell. Use your common-sense. Suppose you change your coat, to go to church, are you not the same man? Suppose you change this mortal garment to go into the other world, you are still the same man Change of place may, indeed, benefit you: and you may go out of the church another man, in a figurative sense but you are the same man. Spirits are restrained by laws; as you are. It is difficult for spirits to understand that they can have communication with men. According to Swedenborg, man does not understand spirits, nor spirits men. The spirits think they are acting for and of themselves, just as the spirit in possession thought himself speaking through the organism of the medium, while, were she questioned, she would say element of love, we should be perfect in all high spirit-she knew who and where she was, for the reason that she would be recalled, by the question, to her consciousness. But yet, we are no more separated from the spirit-world than from our own arms. We are the spirit-world than from our own arms. We are in his own consciousness, is love. When you get a fingers to a higher power. Being forewarned of this, name for God to distinguish him from his mere attributes to a higher power. There will never be such another butes, that name is "Love," and all his attributes in we are forearmed. There will never be such another imperfect revelation from the spirit-world as the Salem witchcraft. Now, these undeveloped spirits, though they communicate with men in the flesh, they cannot communicate with those so holy and pure that they repel those influences. We make our own spiritual companionship. The soul draws around it its own associations.

Some mediums take the ground that it is an utter impossibility to be obsessed or possessed by any spirit. But the error consists in this: it is not so much the body that is obsessed and possessed, as the will. A spirit might come to this medium and tear a collar all . to pieces, and yet she might consider it her own act. and be able to give no other reason for it than that she felt like it. So in the manifestations of this witch. craft. It was a manifestation of these undeveloped apirits, called to the mediums by their phase of development. The will was influenced to do this or that thing, and the responsibility seemed to rest entirely upon the medium. Milton, Shakspeare, Byron, Burns, Gothe, are attracted according to the poetical inspiration of a medium, and, adding their inspiration to that the injunction of the text, though bearing upon this special principle of love, really exhorts us to all perfection. And should we ever attain that state of perfection, all other moral and spiritual qualities will be to the magnetism, the combined inspiration is sent involved in it. thing, and the responsibility seemed to rest entirely to the magnetism, the combined inspiration is sent forth. A medium of inferior powers and education may pretend to be Daniel Webster, and, notwithstanding the inferiority of the communication, it may yet - he that the spirit of Webster is really, by some admiration entertained for him by the man, called by that medium, while still it is impossible for him to manifeet himself in any better way through that organism. There are other occasions when the possession is so per fect that a poor, uneducated medium speaks with spirit and power.

The speaker closed with a defence of Spinitualism as an important phenomenon, and a problem which, like the Sphinx, importunately demands a solution of its riddle, however trifling it may be in outward seeming.

From the New York Leader. JOHN CHINAMAN.

.....

advisors. BY HENRY MORFORD. John Chinaman deals in Havana cigars-John Chinaman deals in Havana eigars—
Those wondrous Havanas of mulicin and oak
And Not often vouchsafed to terrestrial bars,
And that need a steam-engine to light and to smoke.
John Chinaman fills up his fimigant stock
With those splendid and costly Manilla cheroots,
One whill of which perfumes the whole of a block,
And one puff of which pulls a man out of his boots.

John Chinaman sells to you "Bolaco" and "Gem."
"John Anderson." "Lilionthal." "Cornish" & Co.;
And he keeps a few pipes with diminutive stem,
"Bome matches for lights, and a "Smoker" or so,
Tobacco—John "subes" of nothing beyond:
"He thrives not in brushes, or tooth-picks, or combs;
And we wonder if China-land, over the pond,

And we wonder if China-land, over the pon Has nicotine pap in its crockery homes? John Chinaman floated, there can't be a doubt John Uhinaman neases, there can't be a doubt.
Down some Yang Tse Ki-aug Tse of river, to sea;
And still he keeps floating and floating about—
A condemned and thrown overboard chest of green toa.
On nothing he sees look his little pig eyes;—
They are gazing with quiet and patient despair
Toward that flowery land that the circle supplies,
While the whole of the world is the rest of the square.

John Chinaman sits at the old Park gato-

That gate which is useless for want of a fence;
That gate which is useless for want of a fence;
With the stoleal caim of a saint or a fate
He sells his tobacco and gathers his cents.
Be it sunshine or storm, it is nothing to John—
Cold nor sunshine can harm that rhineceres hide:
If you miss him some day, you may know he is gone
Where the rats are not reasted, nor kittens are fried.
John Chinaman—type of a contraction.

John Chinaman—type of a far-away race—
With your fancy for pig-tail (tobacco or hair)—
I think I can trace on your dusky old face
The marks of disease, and of age, and of care,
Will you leave us some day, John? and if this should be,
Have you dear little Chinamen, dirty and squat,
All ready to share, in this land of the free,
The kicks and the coppers that fall to your lot?

If with you, John, the race has a chance to run out If with you, John, the race has a chance to run out,
Pray, before you go hence with your awning and box—
Do solve me, dear John, this most horrible doubt.
That so often my faith in humanity shocks:
That cigar you are smoking—oh, is it the same
As the bundle you offer? or deaf to our groans,
Have you learned from the butchers that civilized game
To cat all the meat and sell off all the bones?

John Chinaman—type of a far away race—
Little ants of the Orient, dusky and brown—
God forbid I should sneer at that weather-worn face,
Or begrudge you your corner, in country or town I
Your place will be vacant, but so will be mine!
Caucasian—Mongolian—there's little to choose:
And the world will not care, when we're over the line,
Whether pupples or oysters have furnished our stews.

EDWIN H. CHAPIN At Broadway Church, N. Y., Sunday Morning, October 30th, 1859,

REPORTED FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT, BY DUBB AND LORD.

TEXT.—"He ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect."—MATT. v. 48.

In the verses immediately preceding the text, Christ inculcates to us principles of social duty. Taking up the old doctrine of retaliation, an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth, he presents the contrasted spirit of the gospel, and commands pardon for injury, and love for hatred. But this spirit found its illustration, not in the customs and conduct of men in Christ's time. Alas! it finds but little illustration in the customs and conduct of men in our time, or in any time. The spirit conduct of men in our time, or in any time. The spirit organized in institutions, and consecrated in laws, and breathed abroad in public sentiment, is not the spirit of love for hatred, and good for evil. We do no better than the publicans did, even yet; and, therefore, Jesus bade his hearers, and he bids us, to look to no human or conventional standard as an expression of that great principle of love; but he sets forth, and he directs his attention to that infinite beneficence, and that boundless charity which, in its tender mercy, embraces even the vilest; and which sends forth its bountles for the good and for the bad, in sunshine and in rain. The idea is this: let not the measure of your social duty be that of men in general, who love because they are loved, or who give to receive; but strive to cherish and to exercise that exhaustless love which has its source and its fullness in the divine nature alone. "Re ve therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect."

This, then, is the doctrine of the text. And I do no This, then, is the doctrine of the text. And I do no violence to its essential significance, as I shall endeavor to show, in taking it up as an injunction to moral and spiritual perfection in general. I take it up, I say, as an injunction to moral and spiritual perfection in general. Startling as may be the thought, impossible as the realization of the idea may prove, the real meaning of the gospel, the whole tenor of the spirit of Christianity in the soul of man, is nothing else than this illimitable good, this exhaustless requirement—"Be perfect." That the words before us contain an injunction without any limitation is the point I shall urge in tion without any limitation is the point I shall urge in the present discourse. That is the point; that this injunction, whatever form of it we take up, has no limit-

I observe, then, in the first place, that there is no limitation in the principle which is here specifically enjoined. That principle is the principle of love, of charity, in the most comprehensive sense of the word: for that is what Christ has been talking about-I read the passage to you this morning. He has been unfolding there the greatness and the power of that spirit of love, in a measure, as I have already said, that the world has never received, or begun to fathom; and yet which the world is bound to receive, if it will receive Christ's laws, instead of mere human statement. For with all the authority he could gather up, he says. "I say unto you." do so and so, not as men do, or as human institutions do. Therefore, the specific principle which Christ's text brings to bear, is the principle of charity or love. Christ does not, in express words, say here, "Be ye perfect, in all respects, even as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect." But be ye perfect in the great which is in the service of the transfer of the tra fect in that quality of charity, in that great principle of love, which will enable you to return blessing for cursing, good for evil; and which, in its highest illustration. tration, sends down upon all the sunshine and the l rain.

rain.

And the point to which I shall call your attention under this head is this, that this is a principle without any limitation; this principle of love really involves all that is high and good. It was not necessary for Christ to say, "You must be perfect in every respect, like your Father in heaven. But when he said or implied—"Be ye perfect in that element or principle of love." He appropriate the title that, being perfect in that their measure of perfection that appear to us, therefore, are contained in and proceed out of love. In no place is it said that God is wisdom. God is power, his to the same that the same simply mentioned as attri-butes of God. But distinctly, as expressing the essence out of which all his attributes spring, it is said, "God is love." God is love, and, therefore, love in its highest state is perfection. While it does not become us to est state is perfection. While it does not become us to criticise the Divine attributes, it is at least impossible for us to conceive of wisdom in any higher measure than as the wisdom of love; or of power as anything more than the power of love; or of justice as anything more than the justice of love. And when this conception is, as it is actually brought before us in the Divine nature, then, with that lofty standard guiding us in one conclusions, we may reversity say that wis. us in our conclusions, we may reverently say that wis dom without love would not be perfect wisdom; power without love would not be perfect power; and justice without love would not be perfect justice. Therefore,

loye is perfection, and without it perfection is not.

And descending from that consideration to the moral and spiritual condition of man, we find it declared to him, that "Love is the fulfillment of the law." And,

involved in it.

But let us push the illustration of this fact a little further. I ask you to consider whether the proposition is not a sound one, that perfection in any kind of exercion involves perfection in all; that however excelent ertion involves periection in all; that nowever excellent a man may be in any single branch of attainment

—we may go into art, into any intellectual achievement or action—however excellent we may be in any
particular branch of attainment—it is conceivable that
if he were perfect in other branches of attainment, he
would be more excellent in that particular branch.
We week this form therefore? In a very losse sense. We would be more excellent in that particular branch. We use this term "perfect" in a very loose sense. We say, for instance, of a man, that "he is a perfect musician." But even while we use the phrase, a vague conception steals into our minds of something better, something that the great musician may yet accomplish which will excel all his previous performances. We are constantly anticipating of talent, of genius of any kind, something more exalted than it has yet done. This, I suppose, constitutes the wonder of genius in the world, that it has an unfathomable depth of possibility, and out of it we expect newer and greater reve the world, that it has an unfathomable depth of possibility, and out of it we expect newer and greater revelations of intellectual splendor and power than anything we have yet seen. We are dissatisfied, if it remains upon the level of its present attainment, lofty as that level may be. It is the penalty of fame that a man must ever keep rising. "Get a reputation and then go to bed," is the absurdest of all maxims. "Keep up a reputation, or go to bed," would be nearer the truth. Keep it up, be something better, do something more wonderful than you have yet accomplished, or decline in public admiration, or in the world's reputation. For in all that we call perfection, in music, in painting, in intellectual attainment of any kind, we are ever contradicting our losse use of the term "perfect" by expecting or demanding something loftler. The moment we say of a thing, "It is perfect," that moment we contradict that statement by looking for something better to emerge above that. Now in all this we actually see what is the fact, that all performance, however grand or exalted of its kind, all performance, however grand or exalted of its kind, is not perfect. And the question occurs, the moment this principle is admitted, whether the person perform this principle is admitted, whether the person performing this achievement which seems to us so excellent, could not perform an achievement of higher excellence, if he were perfect in all other lines of achievement or action. For instance, is it not conceivable that the musician, great as he is, could be still better if he had cultivated every branch of intellect alike, if he was a great scholar, if all the harmonies of his soul in this direction had been awakened up and brought to bear upon this particular thing, upon which he has bear upon this particular thing, upon which he has been inspired? Would he not be a better musician, if he knew more and more of the external world, if he had caught the perpetual harmonies and their influences upon him and on the heart-chords of his soul; i he knew to the very core and heart of the thing the significance there is in the trill of the bird, in the whisper of the winds, in the clashing cymbols of the waves, in the trumpet peal of the tornado, and the roll of the thunder? And if he were a religious man, if all the deeps of his moral nature had been broken up, and his heart touched with celestial love and Divine fear, can you not conceive that a still mightier, and nobler, and sweeter tide would be apparent in the harmonies he sang, and in the nature of his excellence? I repeat, any single line of excellence lacks perfection, after all, just in proportion as we may be impertion, after all, just in proportion as we may be imperfect in any other. A man may be excellent in some language, in Greek, or Spanish; but he would be more accomplished, more thoroughly acquainted with that language, if he were acquainted with all others, and with the history, customs and manners of all other nations in his mind. And it makes no difference if we state the proposition in the inverse way. If he knew that language thoroughly, it would bring him into acquaintance with all others, because he would know all

others before he would know that one thoroughly, creeds trouble them, and in order, sometimes, to do-And so it is with the artist. Everything that he knows, every power that he develops, would make him a better If he knows the beauty that is in the rock, in the cloud, in the sunset, and in the sea; if he knows thoroughly the anatomy of the human frame, and every tissue and fibro of the human body; if all his moral na-ture is alive with harmony, he will paint a grander work than otherwise. We speak of high art, as though its influence could in any respect be immoral. Never! If it is truly high art, if it is truly real genius, in painting or in sculpture, it never can have an immoral influence. In proportion as we attain perfection—for only by a religious nature can those great crits and powers which God has bestowed upon us harmoniously and effectively work out their highest accomplishment.

And this proposition certainly remains true in regard to moral and spiritual excellence, and growth of spiritual excellence.

We cannot be perfect in any one attainment in this direction, without relative perfection in all other attainments. Strike upon what path of moral attain-In this direction, without relative perfection in all other attainments. Strike upon what path of moral attainment you may, that path intersects with and involves all others. Now you try it. Let a man undertake to be perfect in any one virtue, and you will soon see what that God comes to us there with a fullness and a brightinstance, of the fallen man or fallen woman justly, if I do not know the temptations that have pressed upon that before the world, perhaps, without this principle of love. He goes up to the very line of requirement; he takes the pound of flesh, and not a hair's weight more. But, after all, in no sense is a man just who has not love, and a measure of all other religious qualities.

Here is a man who is called a temperate man. But

that his charity is this kind of philanthropy which is plengined by some tearly in the work without a not or or you will find that kind is a very prevalent sort of philanthropy—a world-wide sweep of good feeling, without a single tenderness, or specific personal time—"God is good." But what does he do? He ap-

fore you, who is a friend, or is intimate with you, and who is near to you, than it is to love the whole mass of who is near to you, than it is to love the whole mass of mankind taken as a whole; because there you have a trial, because no man is perfect. On the other hand, every man has his faults; and in proportion as you become intimate with this friend, his faults come out, and the ideal friend that you had painted, the friend who was all beauty and all harmony, turns out not to be so, is, but a man. In proportion as those little evil traits, and faults, and foibles come out, your love is tried. And to love that man in spite of these faults—to take

ness turns into a bottle of aquafortis.

There is a great deal of truth, therefore, in the idea that in order to be truly loving, you must love individuals as well as masses. That was the peculiarity of Christ. He looked out upon this great world of humanity, and loved it with such a love as has never been fathoned or conceived of as yet. Never has preacher or poet, prophet or apostle, told the love of Jesus Christ for the world at large, for the lowest of the reconstitution. for the world at large, for the lowest of the race.

was no sham philanthropy, no ideal sentiment; it was a love that led him to the cross, and it was for the whole world that he died on the cross. But was he simply a lover of mankind in general? No; he loved John with a peculiar and special affection; he loved Lazarus with He sends on the evil and the good sunshine and rain. Therefore, be ye perfect as that God which appears to a personal love. The greatness of the love of Jesus to the good sunshine and rain. for the world at large, for the lowest of the race. And so you will find a man, I repeat, who will be very

these other virtues and qualities to which I have alluded; they are simply fragments of the great principle of all virtue and of all moral excellence. Here is a who have pet virtues, and ride them till they become perfect nulsances. There is nothing but that one vir tue comes out before you, and overything else is lack-ing, and he rides it until it becomes a mere skeleton, a here pack horse of virtue, instead of any exhibition of

what a true man's life should be.

Now this principle of love differs from any specific or isolated virtue in this, that it is the root of or isolated virtue in this, that it is the root of all vir-tue, of all moral and spiritual excellence. Attain that, get into the fathomless wells and cisterns of that love, and all virtue will develop itself. If a man truly loves, in the sense that Christ speaks of it, he is a tem-perate man, he is a just man, he is a charitable man; perate man, he is a just man, he is a charitable man; and instead of being a man of virtue, he is, in the fullest sense, a virtuous man. And, therefore, alining at this love, reaching at it, we imply not only the seeking after, but the possession of all other excellences which make up the man of human perfection.

And I may go back again, and starting with this love, show you that in attaining this, we do attain excellence it all other branches, inst in proportion as we

cellence in all other branches, just in proportion as we attain to this. The artist must love must love the things to which his work gravitates, the beauty that is above the brightness of the visible world, that haunts above the brightness of the visible world, that haunts him with dreams of inspiration that he cannot banish. Knowledge, the root of it, is in love. It is not by mere constraint that men know anything; it is not by picking at the outside and shell of anything that we can know it. We must by intimate sympathy get into the root of it. The man of science must love nature; the true historian must love man; and so in all things. All knowledge has, as its inevitable condition, love at the basis and core of it. And all moral and spiritual life, which is true life, spontaneous life, free life, life life, which is true life, spontaneous life, free life, life universe not had to that God accepts, something that is not constrained, is God itself; and, therefore, sin is an essential possimumified, stifled, bandaged—all true spiritual and moral life, has its core and root in love. The great that if you take the evils that come from our own sins, principle of love, then, I say, before we can be perfect if you take up those that we make, how many of the in the principle and attainment of love, we must have real accusations that we bring against God himself diminish. But it is as a whole that I look upon nature; we are perfect in it, all other perfections are involved we are perfect in it, all other perfections are involved and implied, because when a man attains to the mag-nitude set forth in the text, he gets into an assimilation with the very nature of God himself, who is love. All selfishness, which is the root of every sin, must die out in him. All pride, all miserable self-conceit, all false honor, must go down before that attainment and spirit of love which is the essence of God, and which was the glory of the cross of Christ Jesus. And, therefore, although Christ did not specifically say—"Be perfect, in all things as your Father in heaven is perfect."—in saying and implying that we must be perfect in that love in which God is perfect, he said and implied that we must be perfect in all things. And, therefore, he sets before us a principle which has no limitation.

I proceed, under the second head of my discourse, to n him. All pride, all miserable self-conceit, all fals

I proceed, under the second head of my discourse, to

fend the creeds which they have built up as their con-ception of God, instead of looking at the truth treif, ception of God, instead of looking at the truth their, they say that God's goodness must be limited, or God's Omnipotence must be limited. And they will limit the one or the other in order to escape the great problems that press upon them. They virtually say that God is omnipotent, but he is not good; or God is good, but not omnipotent; and in that way they endeavor to get around and not touch the great problems that press upon them. So for do they turn ever as they told upon them. got around and not touch the great problems that press upon them. So far do they turn away, as they tell us, from the revelations of the natural world. They say that if left to that alone, they must say that the problem of evil would overmaster them. The facts which are spread before them there would be too much for their faith, and they would go to revelation to justify what faith they have in the goodness of God, which faith has been disturbed and clouded by the phenomena of nature. of nature.

Now, my friends, all of us, I suppose, will agree that a miscrable specimen of a man he is, even in that virtue. You may take justice, for instance. A man sets
up to be a very just man; he has no love, no charity,
but is a just man. He/is a man rigidly exact upon forbut is a just man. He/is a man rigidly exact upon formalities, a man in whose conduct you can pick no legal
God with individual man, as well as with mankind as Christianity, its necessity as revealing to us the near-ness of God, the personality of God, the sympathy of God with individual man, as well as with mankind as flaws, a man who pays cent. per cent., and whom you can hold to no account in that way. Can a man be just of all things he has created. And I have shown you to his neighbor without loving him, without knowing the deep sympathies of his innermost heart, without entering into his soul? Can I be just—can I speak, for let us not try to cloud over the face of nature in order instance. to chiance the glory of revelation. For, after all, the foundation of our faith in revelation must rest upon heart, if I cannot measure the resistance given to that fall? Can I be just, without entering, in some degree, into the searching and all-loving spirit of Jesus, even to the lowest basis of the soul, and feeling the great sympathies that vibrate there, and see the dim ideal there almost celipsed? A man is not in a hard, severe way world, from things round about us. You talk to a blind before the world problems and be known as the two properties of the soul, and the known are the two properties of the soul, and the known are the two properties of the soul and the known are the known as the two properties of the soul and the known are the known as the two properties of the soul and the known are the known as the known as the known are the known as the known are the known as the known as the known are the known as the known as the known are the known as th man of colors and he knows not what you mean; to a perfectly deaf man of sound, and he knows not what is implied by it. And so if a revelation comes to us, telling us of the goodness of God, and there has been no revelation of that goodness with which we are accomplished and of the sounds. Here is a man who is called a temperate man. But is he temperate if he does not control his passions? Can he exercise true temperance, without virtue, without strength in all other departments of his moral being? Here is a man who is a charitable man—at least in profession; he overflows with good will, and, perhaps, with many good deeds. But he is an unjust man. Yet when he gives to one, he is defrauding others who depend on him and look to him. And you perceive at once that this is out of all balance—that a man is not perfect in this is his charity is this kind of publications who is a charitable man and is not perfect in that his charity is this kind of publications who is a charitable man is not perfect in the Bible, we must have been taught, we must have the been galled, by some reality in the world without. The It is much harder to love people you are in contact with every day, than to love the world at large. It is much harder to love an individual man who stands before you, who is a friend or individual man who stands before you, who is a friend or individual man who stands before you, who is a friend or individual man who stands before you, who is a friend or individual man who stands before you, who is a friend or individual man who stands before you, who is a friend or individual man who stands before you, who is a friend or individual man who stands before you, who is a friend or individual man who stands before you, who is a friend or individual man who stands before you, who is a friend or individual man who stands before you, who is a friend or individual man who stands before you who is a friend or individual man who stands before you, who is a friend or individual man who stands before you, who is a friend or individual man who stands before you, who is a friend or individual man who stands before you, who is a friend or individual man who stands before you, who is a friend or individual man who stands before you, who is a friend or individual man who stands before you, who is a friend or individual man who stands before you, who is a friend or individual man who stands before you, who is a friend or individual man who stands have a standard the individual man who standar ward revelation, and yet whom we condemn, inasmuch as rain, and sunshine, and fruitful seasons, had told them of God Almighty. The justification of natural religion, I repeat, and the glory of revealed religion, is the fact that it confirms the grandest truths of nature. Christ rested upon them, as admitted propositions. God has revealed his glory to man, as he did to Moses, by making all his goodness pass before him.

And what I wish especially to urge on you here, is the fact that Christ does anyeal to nature to illustrate

the fact that Christ does appeal to nature to illustrate those grand truths of the new economy. Here he is setting forth a truth that contradicted the feelings of and faults, and folbles come out, your love is tried.

And to love that man in spite of those faults—to take him into your arms and love him, excusing his faults, requires great courage, which it does not to love mankind in general. Hence we find many people—a great many, it—the moment they are balked, turn out to be the most uncharitable people in the world. Their generous maxims grow scalding, and their milk of human kindmess turns into a bottle of aquafortis.

Setting forth a truth that contradicted the feelings of all his hearers, probably; certainly the distinctive feelings of the great mass of the Jewish nation. He is setting forth a truth that not two-thirds of the people in the world believe can ever be put in practice. They laugh at it, they hoot at it. Go out to-day and preach the last part of the fifth chapter of Matthew, it—the moment they are balked, turn out to be the most preach love instead of vengeance, and they will say, uncharitable people in the world. Their generous maxims grow scalding, and their milk of human kindness turns into a bottle of aquafortis.

There is a great deal of truth, therefore, in the idea (cross, and it is practicable in the world; when banners setting forth a truth that not two-thirds of the people in the world believe can ever be put in practice. They laugh at it, they hoot at it. Go out to-day and preach the last part of the fifth chapter of Matthew, preach love instead of vengeance, and they will say, it Pooh! pooh! that is all very good to talk about in the closet, but it is not practicable." It is sublimely practicable; and Christ made it practicable on the cross, and it is practicable in the world; when banners have been furled, and swords sheathed, and cannons cross, and it is practicable in the world; when banners have been furled, and swords sheathed, and cannons bushed, and men have learned a nobler wisdom than they have heretofore practiced, the grandest foundations of society will be built upon Christ's law of love. And I say that, urging as he did this grand truth of his new economy, so distinct and so peculiar, he takes nature as an illustration of it, and falls confidently back upon the truth which all men recognise in their instincts, however motaphysical subtictions and skentical

Now, what will those people say who profess to be Christians, who profess to believe in Jesus Christ? I And so you will find a man, I repeat, who will be very Christians, who profess to believe in Jesus Christ? I charitable, and yet lack this true principle of love, and, therefore, his charity is not perfect.

And so, coming to the point, I say that a man cannot be perfect in this love that Christ specially speaks of in the text, without he is perfect in all the other qualities of moral and spiritual excellence. There is this difference between this quality of love in its true sense, and these other virtues and qualities to which I have all they are simply fragments of the great writinglies. half developed; they see destructive creatures and hid cous creatures; and the world appears to them almost man, who, as I have said, has a single virtue; he becomes nothing but a personification of a virtue; that is all that he is, at best. And sometimes he takes a single virtue and rides it like a hobby. There are men Now, what I say in reply to all this is, that it involves the worst kind of atheism. That is, unless you admit that the goodness of God, as a whole, comprehensively, in the goodness of God, as a whole, comprehensively, in the great tendencies of things, is manifest in the natural world, you have no argument against atheism; we might as well fall at once into the conception of a blind fate that, crushing everything with its iron, relentless wheels, cares for nothing. I admit, to be sure, the evils that exist in the world. But I say this also, that the profounds the study of the natural world be that the profounder the study of the natural world becomes, the less and less these evils become; they fall comes, the less and less these evils become; they fall into natural relations, into harmonious relations. It may be true that details may perplex our faith a little; but it is true that the grand whole does not perplex our faith, but vindicates the doctrine of the essential goodness of God, as seen in nature. For the harmonies of things appear as we explore. Order itself is beneficent, and that is the great fact that science discloses everywhere; order, order. Order in the calyx of the violet, and in the beam of the sup; in the hystidel constellar. and in the bosom of the sun; in the braided constellations of the heavens, and in the drops of the summer shower. Order everywhere and law, and that law be neficence; securing harmony and peace, and working out steadily great ends. Man, to be sure, finds evil in his own path. But how often is it an evil of his own creation; how often does his disappointment come from the balking of some search for an object which he real ly does not need. Take up and count the disappoint ments in this world that come from the seeking of unessential objects, that come from our own sins. And it you say that the problem of sin itself is a great trou-ble, then I tell you that you cannot conceive of the existence of a creature that is finite, without the possibili-ty of sin; you cannot conceive of the possibility of a universe not liable to imperfection, unless that universe and as Christ saw it, so may we see it; the manifesta-tions of essential goodness that the plain man, with a willing heart and right eye, not perplexed with meta-physical subtletics and skeptical doubts, may compre-

But the real answer which is made, and the only I proceed, under the second head of my discourse, to remark, that there is no limitation to the standard which is set before us. We have seen how it is with the principle, that is, the love principle. And there is no limitation to the standard. What is the standard is no limitation to the standard. What is the standard is ard? God himself. "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." Nothing less, nothing more limited than that. The standard is god. And, therefore, you may think it very unnecessary to take up this proposition, that the standard is unlimited. "Oh!" you say, "God is an unlimited being: all his attributes are boundless and fathomless. The very term which we use and which we cannot comprehend, but which we use to cover our ignonted comprehend, but which we use to cover our ignonted the term "infinitude," covers all limitation is desire that beats against limitation kindles an aspiration that leads to something higher? And so we see the with such a secondary. Evil is not the primal fact in the universe; that is the only correct answer. Yet what do these people say? They say virtually that evil is eternal, and that is the trouble. They say there is volumn out exist forever. If God permits evil here today, why may he not permit it for a million of years? That is the very essence of atheism. Prove of sin, that this great central malignity that you seem to behold is really central, comprehensive, enduring; where is your answer to atheism? Your answer is, it is that the trouble. They say virtually that evil is to the only correct answer. Yet what do these people say? They say virtually that evil is the trouble. They sa desire that beats against limitation kindles an aspire not comprehend, but which we use to cover our ignorance, the term "infinitude," covers all limitations, implies no limitations. But after all, do not you practically and theoretically sometimes limit God? There is one point especially, which is peculiarly illustrated by the passage before us, upon which I will touch a little under this head.

Men do practically and theoretically limit the goodness of God; they limit the divine beneficence. Their life? and is it not another thing to say of the conscious life? and is it not another thing to say of the conscious

human soul that suffers now, that it must suffer for ever? Is it not one thing to say of evil, of man, that he sins here, and may sin hereafter, and may suffer hereafter? and is it not another thing to say that, hereafter? and is it not another thing to say that, therefore, he must suffer always? I repeat, that the only argument that you can bring against atheistical, skeptical despair is—not always, oh, man! transient are these dark clouds, spots on the sun, shadows before the face of God, scaffolding, apparatus, vehicles, processes, not ends. There is where your, analogy fails, because there is evil here working out good, it does not follow that there must be evil eternally out of which good can come. Your logic must be crushed by your creed, if you use such logic as that. You limit the goodness of God which Christians left as unlimited; for he appeals to it as manifest in nature: sending the for he appeals to it as manifest in nature; sending the sunshine and rain upon all—not alone upon your little farm, oh, Godly man i believing in the New Testament and worshiping God—but upon your poor, sinning neighbor; not on you alone, proud in your fortune and reputation, walking the streets in the consciousness of your own dignity; but upon the poor, scarified scamp that lies in the kennel; the sunshine warms even him. and the rain weeps in pity upon him, and God's universal bounty touches and pleases even him. ...On all," says Christ. Away with your limitations of God, and especially of the divine benevolence. The tandard set before us in the text is an unlimited standard.

And finally, I observe, the text sets before us on limitation in attainment. The great thing to be done is to be perfect. We have seen what the principle is—love involving all other excellences. We have seen the standard—God. Now the end of the attainment is to be perfect. Ah! to be perfect; you say, ...Why, we cannot be perfect; who is perfect? Was there ever a perfect man?" Never. Was Paul perfect? Oh, no; he had fightings within and without. Was Luther perfect? Not at all. You cannot take up the holiest saint that ever walked upon earth, and set him up in your midst, and say that he was perfect. How do we feel to regret, sometimes, that those who are great and And finally, I observe, the text sets before us on good were not better known to us. Yet when we get nearer to them, see them, as it were, in a microscope, little flaws come out, and little cracks appear in them, and we see that the prefection appear in them, and we see that our ideal of prefection appear in them. and we see that our ideal of perfection among men is but an ideal after all. The requisition is not—be ye perfect as some men—the best men, are perfect. The requisition is harder than that; it is still more pressing requisition is harder than that; it is still more pressing and tremendous than that. Be ye perfect not only here upon earth as some men whom we may think the ideal are perfect—but "be ye perfect even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." But how is that possible? Weak man, finite man, sinning man, perfect as that great and infinite God is perfect? Even so. The mystery of our nature, the wonder of this soul enshrined in flesh, even though it be sinful flesh, is that there is in it that which enables it to claim soul enshined in liesh, even though it be sinful liesh, is that there is in it that which enables it to claim kinship with God; there is in it a nature like to his nature. Oh! ye stars that light up the vestibules of heaven; oh! ye glories of creation, with all your magnificence and power, how ye shrivel up and grow dim before the possibilities of the human soul! The poorest beggar has that kinship to God, by which be may aspire to be perfect even as God is perfect.

Here is the wonderful adaptability of Christianity to the nature of man. What is human nature, that it must have an illimitable ideal, that it must be con-stantly aspiring? Its life must be in this, it cannot live upon what it has attained. The moment it obtains anything, that moment, in one sense, the life is gone from it, it is unsatisfactory; something beyond becomes the object sought. You have been seeking reputation. Well, you have gained it; the world's laurels are upon your sweaty brow; the world's crown of honor is upon your throbbing forchead. Do you enjoy it? Ahl you look out into the dim distance of possibility, and see something greater, some greener possibility, and see something greater, some greener laurel, a brighter crown. You are not satisfied with what you have gained. You gain even an object of human love; is not the joy in the pursuit, rather than in the possession, even there? While you are seeking it, the joy is that there are continually new duties to perform, new relations opened before you, new work to be done. It is not in the possession of truth merely that there is the greatest joy. The excellence and inspiration of truth is in the pursuit, not in the mere having of it. The pursuit of all truth is a kind of gymnastics; a man swings from one truth, with higher strength to gain another. The continual glory and joy is the possession. gain another. The continual glory and joy is the pos-sibility opening before us. Who would have all excel-lencies laid out before him now? Who would know all lencies laid out before him now? Who would know all things now, and have the springs of intellectual activity dried up by that fact? Would you see heaven now, with all its glories, and all that perfection that you anticipate? Suppose you did; what then would be the real joy of heaven to you? Is not heaven the prospect continually of something better? Is not that the inspiration of it? Even though the darkness that hides the future world hides beloved faces from us, do we not saw, ufcod be thenked that was not saw, ufcod be thenked that was not say hith not seen we not say-"God be thanked that eye hath not seen, nor car heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that

That is the joyful prophecy, never to be, always to come—something to come, to come, to come. The worlds about us say, as our old earth of sense wheels among new constellations and with new developments, "to come." All the processes of nature in her coase-"to come." All the processes of nature in her cease-less work declare, "to come." "To come," says every falling leaf of to-day, pointing to the coming spring-time, while autumn stands as a pale, withered Cassan-dra, prophecying of the future. "To come," says the sick man; the day of health will appear. "To come," says the dying man; I know it will come, when Christ shall give me the victory. It is all in the coming, all in the possibility. And Christ showed this adaptabilin the possibility. And Christ snowed this adaptablity of his religion to man's nature by giving him an unapproachable standard, by setting before him something that he never can attain. That is the glory of it—"to be perfect as God is perfect." But to be perfect as the Apostle Paul was perfect—I feel that there might as the Apostle Paul was perfect—I feel that there might be somewhere in eternity when I should be great and good as he was. To be perfect as John Howard was perfect—yes, the measure of Christ's nature can come unto me, and build me up to that. But when I have reached the attainment of Howard, when I have reached the attainment of the Apostle Paul, I shall have nothing more to do. I am a spirit kindled into life, with a power and possibility to look ever forward, and yet when that attainment is reached I shall have nothing to do. And to be perfect more than that—to be perfect as an angel of God is perfect—we may be angels, we may blossom into angels, for aught we angels, we may blossom into angels, for aught we know—the angels who cast their crowns before God, praising him continually. But must I stop there? Not the requisition is, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." You as your ranner which is in heaven is perfect." You never can be that; and that is the glory of it. You will be always striving for it, always pressing forward, always moving upward. And all eternity becomes a development of effort, a ceaseless growth, a continual aspiration after perfection.

Now just think of the idea of being perfect-just think of that which is set before man. It is a great work set before man—"to be perfect." You are placed in a low condition, or a high condition; no matter—strive to be perfect. It is a little thing to day; matter—strive to be perfect. It is a little thing to-day; it will be a more difficult thing to-morrow. To be perfect, though never becoming perfect—is it not a great thing to look at? You look at a child, and you can hardly realize this idea. You go home, mother, and take up your little babe, and you can hardly realize that that soft, dimpled hand may wield the revised of hattle—may be lifted up in segurious as he given sword of battle-may be lifted up in senates as he gives sword of battle—may be litted up in senates as no gives utterance to words that propel the car of civilization. You look at your little babe, and you can hardly realize that it will ever be a man. But it will be a man; it will pass upward to something higher and higher forever, because its end is to be perfect. As so you can look at the poorest being in the world, you can look at the feeblest man, and when you think of can look at the feeblest man, and when you think of his eternal possibilities, and what Christ has set before him, how grand is the fact. Look at his coronation robes, look at his crown, brighter than all the jewelry in the world, white, so as no fuller on earth can whiten

And where shall we look, to find the standard set before us? There is one who has shown it, better than a silver shower, that after all fails to show all the Glory—better than the sun that fades and goes down. Christ Jesus shows us the perfection of God. And the great thing is to feel that we can become like him. If want to inspire men, to make them better men, tell them what they can do, not what they are. Do not say to the drunkard, "You are a poor, miserable not say to the drunkard, "You are a poor, miserable inebriate." But say to him. "Oh, man, look to your possibilities; yon can become like that." So I say, pointing to Jesus Christ, as the great ideal of perfection, representing God's love in its fulness, Oh, man, you can be like that. And I say more—you ought to strive to be like that. Whatever else you are living for, if it is not toward that, it is false living, and not the end for which God Almighty has placed you here. And above all your strife, and dust, and you here. And above all your strife, and dust, and commotion, rises this sublime ideal of Christ's life. And over all the din, and thunder, and clamor of the world, comes this voice of Christ to your heart and soul, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect."

Love is better than a pair of spectacles to make everything seem greater which is seen through it.

Bunner of Wight.

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A SWEET FACE.

The ideal of poets ought, as a general thing, to be reducible to practice; for no pictures impress themselves on their brains, save those which are susceptible of existence, and actually do exist somewhere within the wide limits of creation. The faces they have limned, with touches lighter and more expressive than those of painters' facile hands, rise up to haunt the soul with their beauty, and set us all to wondering if we may ever find them out, with weary wanderings up and down the world.

There is everything in a face. Even those who would scorn the sentiment and the poetry conveyed by a beautiful face, and would be thought practical—as they call "it-even to hardness or rudeness, are forced to yield to the superior power such a face gives forth, and either quail before its larger love and grace, or else are ready to fall down, like the fire-worshiper before the rising sun, and blindly adore. No man can say that he will resist the silent influence of beauty, when he comes into its presence; if he does, he thinks his will is above his nature, is greater, in fact, than himself; and that is an impossibility. An eye can command the wild beast of the jungles; and a look, indescribable and undefined, is able to tame the wildest rudeness to the tone of decency, at least, if not of respect and admiration. This face was never given man or woman but to express his or her true nature ; it is not a mere convenience, furnishing us forth with facilities, closely compacted, for seeing, smelling, and cating; but the open page on which the soul imprints its own wonderful and deep experiences, that others may read, and be made glad with sympathy or take sudden warning. On this page is writ the genuine record. Hatred, that scars the soul, leaves its deep lines here also; the passions that deaden and destroy it, tell their true tales through their eyes and the lips; gluttony and intemperance, that plunge it in a mire from which time and long effort only can extricate it, give the beastly stamp to all the features, and set a mark upon them, whose character no man can misunderstand.

The face is more nearly related to the soul, therefore, than is generally thought. It is its own brother. Or, rather, it is its constant translator. Whatever thoughts lie at the bottom of that deep well, the face immediately perceives and reflects, on looking down. If a man lives purely-not in others' eyes, but, what is better, in his own, he shall so surely betray it, announce it, publish it, preach it, by his face, everywhere he goes, at all times and in all companies, sleeping or waking, that all who behold him shall declare with one mind that his countenance is the true index of his nature. As there is something as limpid as a pool, or as pure as a running brook, in the soul of an altogether innocent the face will wear a corresponding placidity. a calmness in which resides more actual power than in all the spasms that the excited and combined passions could ever play upon the features.

You cannot belie your true nature. If you possess any individual power at all, it is only as you can make yourself understood-as you can project your true nature into the natures, temperarily passive and recipient, of others. Now if you are radically bad, vicious, corrupt, you cannot employ your power and still conceal that fact; for if you do, it is only at your vast expense in the present, and your sare disgrace in the future. Only in the degree that a man is truly himself, and gives forth himself-be it rememberedhas he power; and a man, therefore, might as well pray to be removed out of the world, as to be in it without an influence which he feels to be his own. If it is a bad one, how much must be deplore it when he comes to be better acquainted with his own nature ! But if good, his life may indeed be said to multiply itself at every hour.

A sweet face-not at all in the merely sentimental way—may as much belong to a man as to a woman.
Why not? It fairly frightens as, as we walk observingly along our streets—not of Boston merely, but of our other cities likewise-to note the expression that, on each face, tells us the secret story of each possessor's character and experience. It forms a great fact, for men to ponder upon with all seriousness, and not merely to dilate upon with an air of dainty sentimen. tality. No one can look such a stern fact in the eyes, and not confess that a vast deal is yet to be done before the human race is indeed exalted. How much, alas, is due to inheritance—that fatal gift which nature insists on thrusting upon us-and how much to early and long-continued circumstances; and how much to education, or the total lack of it; and how much to temperament, itself an inheritance, and originally beyond our choice or our control! And in these faces are the real confessions of all these things made. Here the history of generations is legibly written. All the leaves of the vast volume are fluttering and flying, for each and everybody to read. There is no concealment, and there can be none.

We all judge of the character of a person into whose presence we come for the first time, by the expression on his countenance. It takes few of us but a moment to feel the impression, which comes like electricity itself to the soul, whether he is noble or mean, a devotee of base passions, or his own pure lord and master; humane and widely sympathetic, or misanthropic and selfish. There is scarcely a child whose mind is not instantaneously made up on the character of a fresh arrival. A boy, all health and vigor, forms and expresses his opinion—that is, his impression—independently of every person and every circumstance; and if the most of us were, in this sense at least, a great deal more boyish than we are, there is little question that we should come much nearer the mark than we do.

Now if this be a fact worth any consideration at all. . At certainly lets us into some very important secrets.

It does, beyond a reasonable doubt, practically demonstrate that upon The face is legibly written down the character; that disguise is impossible, for any length of time; and that if we would indeed wear sweet and pleasant faces for others, we must see to it that our souls are purified and exalted. It is there "the action les in his true nature." From the soul alone proceeds all genuine and reliable expression; and you may purso your mouth, or contract your brows, or bloat your cheeks, or cant your head at whatever augle you choose, and still the soul only it is that speaks, and publishes itself with every glance and gesture. Nature cannot be concealed. It would be a direct contravention of her own laws. Confucius, the Chinese philosopher, well asked again and again-"How is it possible for a man to conceal himself?" The being utters itself at every point, with every syllable and gesture, and, what is almost miraculous, chiefly by silence itself.

We hear of great men, sometimes, whose faces wear such harsh, rigid, and forbidding expressions—as if they thought that was the look Jupiter wore when he thundered an Olympus—that we come to consider that all men of giant powers of mind must needs look repulsive accordingly; and so we learn rather to tolerate greatness, with all its forbidding ruggedness of aspect, than to love it. But suddenly an exception to the hard rule comes along, with a countenance so compacted with all the heavenly glances that are suffered to descend into the nature of man, with an eye beaming so full with benevolence and patience and charity. with a mein so expressive of love and truth and ever lasting faith, putting forth his vast powers with so little parade or pretension, and moving about among his fellow-men with an air so entirely unassuming. though self-possessed, that at once we throw away all our old misconceptions of true greatness, and, in our hearts, fall down before the really superior spirit, shining out through the welcome face of the new comer.

A man may have as divine a countenance, for a man, as a woman has for a woman. We do not overmuch affect the style of expression on the faces of most of the Madonnas of the old painters, from the fact that it ing. It appeals rather to the surface qualities of the soul than to its deep and far-sighted intuitions. It is ers themselves. They simply gave expression to their own spiritual conceptions, so far as they had already als, it is cortain there are none anywhere." become developed. The Grecians, in their sculpture, especially of gods-which was only their ideal of the nherent divinity of man, however ignorant their Phidiases may have been of the fact at the time-did better, and rendered a more truly spiritual meaning for the nature of man. And on these marble faces are to be found some of the divinest traits, legibly and unaleffort upon the representation of humanity. There we may catch a hint, at least, of the perfection to which a manly countenance may arrive.

What a picture is not a charming face upon the street, among the thousands of faces that crowd upon our vision, as we thread our way along, without even the virtue of individuality. How we acknowledge that we feel refreshed, as the aroma of its pleasant memory rises and greets our finer spiritual sense. What a new experience it furnishes us, what novel ideas of the capacities of the race it presents, what newness it gives to every object, breaking up the very heavens and making them all over again. Because in that particular face we seem to have apprehended the possi bility after which we evermore aspire. Because through the face speaks the soul, and speaks directly and honestly. Because our ideals are thus becoming realized at last, and courage is newly inspired within us, and our old hopes experience a revival. A glad face makes all things fresh and new again to the beholder. It thus becomes prophetic of some long-looked for future. when we expect to behold the realization of our highest ideals.

Beauty is contagious with us all. It is useless to deny a fact so plain. Whether we behold it in face or figure, in man or woman, it is the same. For by this sign we know that the soul is alive, speaking to us through eye as well as tongue. It is not effeminate, either, to be beautiful; to be handsome may be quite another thing. But as genuine beauty of necessity implies genuine harmony throughout the being, it should be esteemed a passport to universal favor that a man's, or a woman's, face truly expresses it. The very fact that we all turn with a silent sort of adoration to beautiful face, does but signify that such faces exist as pictures all over the walls of our heart—that there is a secret something about it of which we have long been in quest-and that beauty and harmony, of which e is the true express ion must in tim the rule, and in harmony and hatefulness everywhere the exception. We might all be poets, but we will not. Angels of light need not be as rare as they are. except that we drive them out of the world with hongs and knotted scourges.

There are sweet faces-one face, certainly-that haunt every man. They ever rise up before the spirit's vision, and beckon us on to our ideal—which is indeed our real-destiny. In every human heart, deep down it may be, as in the bottom of a well, they sleep peacefully, and are its tutelar divinity. Such faces we see in our uprisings and our downsittings, as we walk the crowded streets and sit, with ourselves alone. They guide us, counsel us, and inspire us. They dwell with us, they color our lives, they impart to us ever new thoughts, and they incorporate themselves with our being. The face—we all know it of a real truth—is one of the most eloquent of all'speeches ever spoken. No tongue of silver harmony can ever proclaim the glowing truth that is shed with a silent influence, like the dews of Heaven, from every sweet face with which we come in contact.

The True Measure of Life.

If we measure Life by a succession of sensational and nental emotions, rather than by the sands in the hour-glass, it will be perceived that in this progressive age men live aster, and, therefore, longer than over before. And is there not quite as much truth as poetry in the idea that we live

In thoughts, not breaths; In feelings, not in figures on a dial?"

Thus, verily, shall we measure all life, in the life that is to come. If we can sufficiently spiritualize our thoughts, we perceive no impropriety in a rational application of this standard to the existence on earth. Surely, if one has only a single sensation before dinner, he lives but an instant in half a day, while the man who never has but one idea only begins to live when what the world calls life is over. The individual who never goes out of sight of the old homestead -who gazes at the same scenes, reads the same books, and associates with the same people, from day to day, so long as he remains on earth, lives but a little while at the longest because his experience is small. All that he has gained by the aid of the senses of sight and hearing-and by his limited intercourse with men and things-should have been as perfectly acquired in a few years, so that the remainder of his time might have been wisely employed in adding to his experience those invaluable treasures which constitute the mperishable wealth of the soul.

Spiritualism in Vermont.

ADDIE, MONTPELIER, VT., writes that Spiritualism is b ginning to find its way, slowly but surely, into the hearts of the people in the capital of the Green Mountain State. Spiritual meetings are beginning to be held there, and a few warm hearts are new faithfully devoted to the subject.

Music Hall Lecture.

The discourse at the Music Hall, Boston, on the 27th ult. was by Dr. Adolph Doual, upon the subject of Education Some of his views were of a novel character to an American audience, being in accordance with those of the most radical rives strong confirmation from the following impressive tescontinental school of free-thinkers. We shall print an abstract of it next week.

Liberalizing Influence of Extensive Travels.

The senses are quickened by new objects which excite sensation; the mind is progressively developed, and acquires new strength by whatever promotes the normal exercise of its faculties; at the same time, immortal life and happiness are to be found in action, and the consequent uninterrupted succeasion of new experiences. Mon of large experience are usually men of liberal views, while those whose observations of Art, Science, Religion, and Society have all been limited to a very narrow sphere, are liable to be correspondingly circumscribed in their ideas, and partial in the objects for which they live and labor. The man

"Whose travels ended at his country-seat,"

made, of course, a very limited survey of life, and his knowledge of the conditions and aspects of human nature and its relations must have been quite too limited for ordinary pracicai parposes.

Organizations.

The Spiritual Clarion has in its last number a very meaning and sensible article on organizations. The writer says: "I have read with pain a suggestion for the Association of "I have read with pain a suggestion for the Association of Spiritualists, as presented by the committee on resolutions at the Plymouth Convention." • • • • • • • "All formal association is essentially selfish. We should remain in spirit on the fraternal platform of universal humanity. This is the glory of the present position of the Spiritualist cause. Under the wgis of this spirit, association and organization may and will creep in. But we shall rue it in the end." • • • • • • "Friends of the cause, if you have had the first thought favorable to the suggestion in question, pause and reflect further. Resist, till you have time for cool and mature reflection, the seductive influence. If any of our New England (friends have a neuchant for running reforms into partysim, friends have a penchant for running reforms into partyism; we hope they will eventually become cured."

The editor adds: "Our nequalitance with Spiritualists throughout the country enables us to say that there is no probable or hardly possible danger of running Spiritualism into sectarianism or partylsm. Ninoty-nine out of a hundred believers have no thought or fear in that direction."

The Hollanders.

Mr. Hillard, who is traveling in Europe at the present imo, is writing home to the Courier some very agreeable letters. He has recently been traveling through Holland; and he says of the country and the people, in and around

"I have rarely seen a place in which I should less desire to live. I shouldn't like to have my land and water mixed in the is not so truly spiritual as it is sensuous and fascinat. proportions of the English tipple, called half-and-half. The land here is not really land, and the water is not water; it is hard to tell where dirt begins and water ends. I cannot but not the fault of the Madonnas at all, but of the paint; think that the microscope would reveal scales on the skins of the inhabitants, and rudimentary webs between their toes; and if there are no mermaids swimming about the can-

The Sand and the Bock.

There are seasons when the most stupendous enterprises are abruptly arrested: when Commerce, like a smitten glant, reels beneath the shock of a mortal paralysis; when confidence is lost, and panic, like a raging epidemic, seizes the nerves of trade, and runs like a spirit of madness along all terably traced, that it is possible to inscribe with any the arteries of our financial system. At such times the soul requires something more substantial than those things which utterly perish in the use. Happy is the man who knows where to find what his soul requireth.

Written for the Banner of Light. . AUTUMN.

Some voice we hear to mem'ry dear, In idle stream and breeze: In whispered moan o'er summer flown, Low breathing through the trees; In leafless bowers and scentless flowers. That pale and withered lie, And each frail child of beauty wild, That, sighing, fades to die.

In the wolrd haze of Autumn days, Where mingled shadows meet, And bind the soul in charmed control Of musings sad and sweet, There dimly tread the early fled "This vale of tears below-There ripered age, the saint and sage, With lisping childhood go.

I see their forms here bent by storms. In spotless garments white, And in each face of angel grace, A pure, untroubled light: They bear the palms of living psalms, And pluck the fruitage rare, From Life's glad tree, by Life's broad sea, Whose healing loads the air.

Now heed them well, while yet the spell Enchains the raptured sight-Some signal blest to grief addressed. Speeds from each pennon bright; And signs of Love, born are above, Greet every creature here, And becken on through victories won,

To crowns that victors wear. How bright their smiles I the sight beguiles The heart of anguish now; Wipes sorrows tear, and quells the fear That clouds the aching brow; Then swifter speed Time's laggard steed. Nor one fleet moment roam, For I would greet those visions sweet, In their eternal home.

New London, Ct., Oct. 20th, 1859.

This occentric medium addressed a meeting of Spiritualists in the Hall No. 14 Bromfield street, on Friday evening of last week, at which time, although he was not in a favorable condition, owing to the peculiar circumstances which surrounded him, he spoke for an hour in a very acceptable manner, uttering many beautiful thoughts, clothed in felicitous language, upon the subject of the "Footprints of Time."

P. B. Randolph in Boston.

Mr. Raudolph visits the East to take the lecture field as an advocate of pure and elevated Spiritualism. He has passed through much severe discipline within the past two years, and has come out from the fire purified from much of the dress of sensuous Spiritualism, (so-called,) and he is now better prepared than ever before to advocate all that is pure, true and elevating in our beautiful philosophy.

The friends in New England, where meetings are held, will do well to give him a call. Yours, &c., H. F. GARDNER. We hope the friends will conquer any prejudices they may entertain against Mr. Randolph, and give him a fair trial, and an opportunity to do good, and sustain himself and family. There is no question as to the excellence of his medlum powers; and if he allows himself to be used by spirit intelligences, as he avers he is determined to do, he will succeed as a speaker, in pleasing Spiritualists. We have heard ome of the very best lectures given by him when under spirit influence, that we have ever heard; and all who know Mr. R. will sustain us in speaking well of his powers as a medium. He has, it is hoped and believed, overcome the difficulties which made him somewhat unreliable. At present he is in need of the sympathy of the friends, and we trust

S. J. Finney.

that what may be accorded him will not be misplaced.

During this present month the above-named gentleman will lecture at Ordway Hall, every Sabbath, at the usual

hours, before the Spiritualists of Boston. As a lecturer, he stands eminently high, differing in character from all other speakers in our ranks, and will, without doubt, prove highly acceptable to the audiences which meet at Ordway Hall.

Mr. F. desires us to state that he intends to spend the vinter in New England, and will answer calls to lecture on themes connected with Spiritualism. Those who desire his services during the time mentioned, can address him, in care of Dr. H. F. Gardner, No. 46 Essex street, Boston, until the

Respectable Infidelity.

The men who practice the infidelity of writing for the secular press, whatever best agrees with popular ignorance and prejudice, and who are ever ready to "cry good Lord, or good Devil," just as long as their employers continue to pay, are almost excruciating in their windy morality and verbal godliness-all of which we are, of course, expected to accept as genuine, on the authority of Mr. Blowhard, whose word de-

I "It must be true, because it's in the papers !"

A Fanatical Hero. Alexander Dumas tells a very remantic-if it is not too

fragic to be remantic-story of the late Czar of Russia, to the effect that, after his roverses in the Crimes, he resolved to die. Should be persist in his then course. Russia would inevitable come to national ruln; he could not himself put the negative upon his own policy of thirty years' standing; and therefore he thought it easier to die and hand over the empire to his son and natural successor. Accordingly, he obtained from his physician, who had already for two months resisted his appeal, a dose of poison strong enough to kill him, yet weak enough to allow him to live a few hours after taking it. The physician left St. Petersburg on the 17th of February, with a perfect protection in writing from the Emperor. On the morning of the 18th the latter swallowed the poison, sent for his son, the Grand Duke Alexander, (new Emperor) and told him all. He commanded his son not to slarm any one, and kept him in his company till the poison had begun to do its fatal work, explaining to him the motives that led him to take this step. The young Prince, broken-hearted, the tears streaming from his eyes, his utterance choked by sebs, listened to the dreadful narrative on his knees, and clasped his hands, exclaiming, "My father, my father!" The Emperor would not allow him to quit his side until he had obtained from him a solemn promise to let death take its course with out attempting to stop it. But the instant the young Prince was out of the room his filial love triumphed over his fidelity to his word, and he summoned the whole of the royal family, and also three physicians. The latter arrived too late. The Emperor, after a not very violent agony, expired at twenty minutes past twolve, at noon, on the 18th of February, 1855. At the same instant Russia changed not only her master but ier policy.

Mass. State Liquor Agency.

The affairs of this office have been, from its establishment he subject of much suspicion and investigation; the Agent Mr. George P. Burnham, however, has hitherto passed the ordeal unscathed. A casual remark in a debate in the Legisature, a week or two since, led to the appointments of a Committee of the House of Representatives, to investigate the circumstance of a certain transaction between the Agency and Mesers. John Felton & Co., in which, as was afterward shown, a large quantity of high-priced brandy was "extendod," as the clerk phrased it, by the gallon for gallon addition of pure spirits. Mr. Burnham resigned his office, but renained at the investigation to defend himself from the charges prought against him. The reduced brandy was shown to nave been sold at but five per cent, above its actual cost, ac cording to law. But this inquiry led to a further investigation before the Committee, at the outset of which Mr. Burnham refused to produce books and papers of the Agency, demanded by the Committee. For this he has been arrested for contempt, and at the time of our writing is in the custody of the Bergeant-at-Arms. We shall notice the issue of the affair.

The Harper's Ferry Excitement.

Capt. John Brown, the leader of the insurrectionary movement at Harper's Ferry, has been found guilty on three charges-an attempt to incite insurrection among slaves, reason against the State of Virginia, and murder,-and sonenced to be hung on the 2d day of December. The others have been tried with the same result, except Cook, who is about making a full disclosure of the entire plot. Should Gov. Wise persist in executing the statutes of the State, and decline to commute the sentence of any of the prisoners, especially of Brown, the leader, there is no doubt that the flame of sectional excitement will be greatly increased by the transaction. But it will not, either, do any good to speculate on consequences. When popular passions are inflamed, there s much less chance for reason to have sway, and men do what they afterwards are very sorry for. It is only to be hoped that greater love and charity may be exercised on all sides, and that we may dwell together in a truor spirit of fra ternity than ever before.

Miss Hoyt's Circles.

No doubt many of the readers of the BANNER will be pleased to learn that Miss Hoyt, (formerly Ada L. Coan,) has consented to give a public circle every Tuesday evening, commencing at seven o'clock, at 14 Bromfield street, Beston the first to be held on the 15th inst.

We think that this will afford many persons an opportunity to investigate Spiritualism and obtain communications, who have felt unable to pay one dollar an hour. The admission will be but ten cents for two hours, and each porson presen will stand an equal chance to hear from some spirit friend; and such as may not be so fortunate as to obtain a commu nication, will at least be privileged with hearing communica tions to others, and witnessing tests, which is oftentimes

As a public rapping, writing, test medium, we presume Miss Hoyt has few equals.

The Luxury of Steam.

To find out precisely what we would be talking about, the reader must go up to 8 Fourth Avenue, N. Y., and get into one of Culbertson's Oriental Baths. Dear reader, when you feel the yielding vapors, issuing from invisible sources, and encircling your form in their warm embrace, (you shall be embalmed in sweet odors, if you like,) you may close your eyes and easily imagine yourself in the Paradise of the Turks-or any other comfortable place-and no great tax on the imagination, either. If your skin is feverish, your limbs in a rheumatic snari, and the nerves out of tune and on a stampede, Culbertson will straighten you out, and leave the shadow of your material substance in the best possible shape. The steam he administers will never leave you with a head-ache. You will steep well the next night, and awake on the following morning in a serene state of mind, as a Christian should do. We trust that no one will take our testimeny with so much confidence as not to try the experiment.

The Right Spirit.

We extract the following liberal sentiment from a letter eccived a few days ago. Wherever this spirit is seenwhether in Mothodist, Baptist, . Infidel—there dwells the spirit of God:

"I am a Methodist clergyman, and a subscriber to the Ban-NER OF LIGHT. It would be singular if I, or if any person should believe all that you print in its columns. It would be strange if you could furnish matter to please the minds of your one hundred thousand readers. I may not believe it spiritual manifestations as fully as some do; and they may be right and I wrong. They may have had more light and evidence than I have been favored with. But I believe that departed spirits have access to the minds of mortals in this sphere. I should be an infidel if I did not so believe."

J. V. Mansfield.

We extract the following paragraphs from a letter from Bro Mansfield, dated Philadelphia, Oct. 27th:-

"I have been here nearly four weeks, having within that time given or written over six hundred communications—all with general satisfaction. I have not heard, thus far, any expression of the least dissatisfaction. Mr. G. A. Redman has just arrived in the city, and, with the present excitementmust do well. God speed him in his mission, and all other true mediums.

I leave for Baltimore on Monday next. From that point of my Southern tour you may hear from me. Daily I am in receipt of letters of invitation to hasten along."

"Reveue De L'Ouest."

This paper, in spoaking of Miss Emma Hardinge's lectured n St. Louis, says:-" We believe that few apostles have an nounced their faith to the world with so much eloquence, and a logic so powerful, as this remarkable woman. We sincerely entreat the defenders of uncient dogmas, with the same in terest they manifest for their own theology, to hear Miss Hardinge. In her theology Catholicism finds a more dangerous enemy than in Protestantism. 'The tables are turned' against old theology."

Evil and Good.

We call the attention of our readers to the discussion or Evil and Good, on our seventh page. It is a mighty subject, and is now agitating thought, if not expression, more than any other topic before the religious world.

We give the views of Dr. Child, Mr. Newton, Miss Doten, and others, without comment, leaving our renders to judge for themselves for or against the positions taken.

Goblots and Noggins.

Those who unscrupulously flatter the world's vanity, and ester the great evils of their time, are admitted to princely banqueting halls, and their lips caress the golden spoons and silver goblets of the rich, while the true Reformer is far more likely to be supplied with wooden noggins or iron ladles, and left to sit alone and unnoticed by the dusty highways of life. able gentlemen to deal with.

Literary Aotices.

"Hoctal And Donzstie Ralicion; in two volumes. Volume I.: A selection of Mamily Prayers, and other Devotional Exercises, adapted to various seasons, and to times of health and prosperity, sickness and death. New York: published for the Proprietor," and for saie by Munson.

The author's devotional feelings and ideas are here expressed with simplicity and sincerity, in a handsome 12me volume of some 270 pages-printed on superior paper and bound in fine muslin. We are happy to say that the general contents indicate but very obscurely the writer's theological views. This should be regarded as one of the chief merits of the work. Prayers that resemble an atterney's plea, and are estensibly designed to make out a case before the tribunal of Heaven—even by suppressing or warping testimony, if necessary—are stupid, "plous frauds," which find their only excuse or palliation in the ignorance of the professed worshiper. Enough prayers of this class have already been stereotyped to offend the enlightened common sense of the

The work under review appears to be singularly free from the spirit of dogmatism, and at the same time it is really devotional. The argumentative and theological aspects which characterize so many professedly devotional books—and which are equally repuisive to good taste and the religious sensibilities of the unsectarian worshiper-do not appear to disfigure the pages of "Social and Domestic Religion." Those who are acsustemed to employ such aids, in the daily exercise and culture of the religious sentiment, will scarcely be able to find a more suitable book.

'THE MOVEMENT OF FAITH WHICH FOLLOWS ITS SUSPENSE: A lecture delivered at Dodworths' Hall, reviewing Dr. Bel-lows's 'Suspense of Faith,' by Jason F. Walker, Sunday evening, October 16th, 1859." New York: S. T. Munson.

This is a brief statement and lucid exposition of Mr. Walker's idea of the origin and claims of the church and its present condition and future prospects. The author is widely and favorably known as an independent thinker, who is not accustomed to put on his principles loosely, nor with the peculiar economy which many men manifest in the unfrequent ase of their Sunday garments. On the contrary, he wears his principles every day, never fearing their practical application along the line of his own moral and theological mori-

The pamphlet before us is a sharp and able Review, treating the subject in a fair and fearless manner. The style is equally free from superfluous ornament and the technical lrapery of learning, by which so many men conceal their thoughts whilst they obscure the truth. These pages illustrate the Movement of Faith with remarkable directness, precision and cogency, while the author furnishes in himself living illustration of the same movement. Portions of what he has written are, possibly, rather too bracing for the weak stomachs in the spiriteal "household of faith;" and timid people may think that their domestic divinities are handled with too much freedom. But there are many healthy people who want something more substantial than the undefined shadows of ideas, and the mere perfumery of speech, to whom the whole will be most welcome.

All orders should be addressed to S.T. Munson, at the New York office of this paper.

Be Humble and Grateful.

Reader, perchance thou art strong in the integrity of thy mind and heart. Let not that superior strength cause thee to despise thy brother of low degree. He may have some constitutional weakness—some unfortunate bias of mindsome obliquity of reason, or perversion of the affections, against which he is struggling, night, and day; -atruggling, perhaps, in vain, yet with the sincerity and heroism of a martyr. If he is no better man than St. Paul, there may be law in his members warring against the law of the mind, and bringing him into captivity! On the other hand, the constitution of thy nature may be more fortunate. Moral powers, and intellectual capacities, which have not fallen to his lot, may still be thine. But " who maketh thee to differ from another, and what hast thou that thou didst not receive?" Be not highminded. Let not the thought that thou art superior o another lead thee to disregard his interest and happiness. If thou art great and strong, it is well. True greatness will never minister to vain pride, nor serve to foster a selfish am_ bition; but it will cause thee to be humble and grateful.

Diversities among Men.

Men are not all constituted alike. Such are the natural differences among them that, in the whole circle of human society, it would be quite impossible to find two persons in all respects the same. This is equally true in its application to the physical, intellectual, and moral natures. One is strong and another weak; one has a healthy and vigorous constitution, while another is diseased and feeble from the dawn of his being. In intellectual energy and capacity, one man is but a single remove from the plane of brute existence. while another holds the keys to the infinitude of possibilities. In all these cases the intermedium, within the two extremes. is filled up with every possible intervening gradation, so that we find among men every concolvable degree of physical strength, intellectual development and moral excellence, from the lowest to the highest capacity of earth.

Civil and Ecclesiastical Justice.

The lash and the bastinado, the halter and the guilletine, employed in the administration of legal justice; but the old Church was not satisfied with the destruction of the body. It taxed the Infinite mathematics to calculate or measure the period of its fearful retribution. Its ideas of justice have been embedied in the bitter anathemas of graceless bigots, in its modes of restraint and torture, and in the gloomy caverns to which it consigned the millions forever. When the poor wrotch went to the grave, as a last refuge from a life-long sorrow, it summoned his soul from Mades, not for the beneficent object of its purification, but only to immortalize his pangs. According to the Church, in the time of Jonathan Edwards, there was more justice in hell than in all earth and heavon combined.

Science and Superstition.

Spiritualism is certainly far more closely allied to Science than to Superstition. Science rests on a basis of facts, in which the several senses are employed to authenticate the phenomena which it is the appropriate business of science to classify and explain. Superstition, on the other hand, represents such fanciful opinions as do not rest on any matter. of fact foundation; or such pretensions and practices as have no sufficient warrant in the laws of Naturo and the light of. Reason. Hence, Spiritualism, of all the phases of religious belief and scientific philosophy, is the furthest possible remove from the domain of superstition.

The Heaven of Laziness.

The old idea of a heaven of indolent case—of semi-conscious and inactive souls amid the glorious activities of the Universe-has no place in our faith or philosophy. If it were otherwise, the writer would be inclined to hold his immortality at a liberal discount. Indeed, if this lazy heaven does not embody the theological conception of an "eternal death." it certainly realizes our own so fully that we need attempt no nice distinctions.

A Useful Invention.

Rufus Elmer, of Springfield, Mass,-who has long been known as an efficient and foremost laborer in the ranks of Spiritualism-has exhibited to us a very simple discovery. which, when brought into general use—as we hope and trust it will be-must save a vast amount of suffering and premature death, arising from diseases brought on by damp and wet feet. It consists of a very thin flexible plate of copper, made in the boots, between the inner and outer sole, covering the whole bottom of the foot, and protecting it against any dampness of the ground or sidewalk, even in a rainy day. It is called " Lyman's Metalic Sole." The copper is so annealed as to make it as limber as a piece of cloth, and so concealed in making up the boot that it cannot be seen when worn, and it is so light that its weight is no objection. This copper sole can be used in boots and shoes, both pegged and sewed at a very trifling cost. The simplicity of this discovery speaks to us volumes in its favor, and the untold benefit which we believe must accrue from it, induces us to present it to our

Splendid Goods.

We invite the reader's attention to the advertisement of R. T. Wilde & Co., in another column. The writer has been acquainted with the parties composing the above-named business firm, for several years, and we take pleasure in assuring such of our readers as may be engaged in the purchase and sale of Millinery goods, that they will no where else find a more splendid variety, or more polite and honey-

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

BANNER CONTENTS .- First luge-" Bortha Loc." Becond Puge-" Modern Miracles," by S. B. Brittan; N. Frank White's and Elizabeth Doton's Lectures at Ordway

Third Page-Poetry-"John Chinaman"; Chapin's Sormon.

Sixth Ruge-Two Columns of Messages; Poetry, by Our Squire; Cora Hatch's Lecture.

Seventh Juge-Roport of the Bromfield Street Conference

Poetry; Correspondence, etc.

Eighth Ruge-Rev. Mr. Beecher's morning sermon, de

livered Oct. 80th

We publish elsewhere the last of a series of four dis courses recently delivered in Boston by Cora L. V. Hatch, upon the subject of "Religion, its Faults and Fancies," and the "Natural and Divine Economy of Creation. This lecture treats upon the Divine economy in religion, the blending of the Natural with the Divine, the perfect in Man with the perfect in God. Carefully reported by J. M. Pome roy, phonographer.

"PRISON PAPERS."-No. 2 of this series was promised this week; but a pressure of other matter has compelled us again to defer it.

Mr. D. Walker, writing to us from Wyandotte, Kansas, says that he recognizes the communication from Dr. Samuel Thompson, which was published in No. 15, Vol. 5. He pronounces it a characteristic message.

The Dublin Medical Press asserts that the pupils of the polytechnic school in Paris have recently furnished some curious statistics bearing on tobacco. Dividing the young gentlemen of that College into two groups—the smokers and nonsmokers-it shows that the smokers have proved them selves, in the various competitive examinations, far inferior to the others. Not only in the examinations on entering the school are the smokers in a lower rank, but in the various or deals that they have to pass through in a year, the average rank of the smokers had constantly fallen, and not inconsid erably, while the men who did not smoke were found to enjoy a cerebral atmosphere of the clearest kind.

A sneak thief is worse than a bold thief.

The man who stands behind the law and cheats his neigh bor, is a meaner man than he who cheats his neighbor with the law against him.

Everything that tends to discompose the mind, whether it be sorrow, rage, fear, envy, revenge, or love-in short, whatever acts violently on our mental faculties, tends to injure

A large fire occured in New Orleans on the 4th inst. Sixty dwellings were destroyed, involving a loss of \$250,000. Bet The Baltimore election riots are a disgrace to the whole

Smash-ups on railroads, with loss of life, are altogether to frequent. Law ought to tighten the loose screws.

REPARTEE: THE LORD AND THE JUDGE.—I once heard Lord Broadlands, who was a fast man, ask dear old Mr. Justice Mellow, of convivial memory, if there was any truth in that old saying, "As sober as a judge?" It was a good hit, and we all laughed heartily at it. "It is perfectly true," replied the judge, "as most of those old saws are. They are characteristic, at least; for sobriety is the attribute of a judge, as inebriety is of a nobleman. Thus we say, 'As sober as a judge, and 'As drunk as a lord!' Mellow was the readlest man I ever knew; he went on to say, "I knew there are men too fund of the bar to sit on the bench, and that there are peers who richly deserve a drop. The first are unworthy of elevation; the last seldom get what is their due."

"Your skull is thin upon the crown," said a phrenologist to "Professor R."

"Yes," replied the Professor; "I had it cracked when I was young.'

Dr. G. being present, jocosely remarked-"I always thought you were a little cracked !"

"If so," retorted the Professor, "probably that is why l gravitate to present company." The Plymouth Fishing fleet have now all returned. Mos

of them, says the Rock, have done well, and out of the 500 or 600 persons who sailed from port, but one man was lost,

Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis, one of the Managers for the Mount Vernon Fund, begs Messrs. William Kingsbury, Philip Spier and S. Reinstein, members of the Hebrew Congregation, Ohebi Sholim, Warren street to tender to that Society hor grateful scknowledgments for the generous contribution of fifty dollars, to be appropriated to the purchase of the grave and home of Washington, and informs them that she will have much pleasure in forwarding this sum to its destination, given, as it is, by few in numbers, but with willing

The mind of a thinking man resembles the earth, beneath whose surface lie many precious seeds. Every rain calls forth buds, and every beam of the sun produces flowers.

How To PRESERVE DRIED FRUIT .- It is said that dried fruit put away with a little sassafras bark (say a large handful to the bushel) will be preserved for years, unmolested by those troublesome little insects, which often destroy hundreds of bushels in a single season. The remedy is cheap and simple.

Toye is to the spirit what supshine is to the budding flowers, luring the fragrance from its bosom, and bringing out all the energies of its nature; or the hand of beauty to the i slumbering lute, passing over its silent chords till it doth discourse most elequent music.

Bir Wm. Ouseley, it is said, has concluded a treaty with Costa Rica, and has prevailed upon President Martinez to approve the British Mosquito treaty, now pending before the Chamber of Denuties. A new contract for the construction of a Canal had been entered into with Runnels, under the

Dr. James Walker has resigned the Presidency of Harvard College, and his resignation has been officially laid before the Board of Overseers. Professor C. C. Felton is spoken of as his successor. We hope he will be chosen.

A large quantity of ammunition has been sent from Washington to Harper's Ferry to replace that recently distributed among the soldlery.

A Sour Ser-The editors of the Boston Courier.

Let the teast be, dear woman," as the boarder said when

his landlady was about to remove the plate.

ALL WILLING .- A good deacon, making an official visit to a dying neighbor, who was a very churlish and universally unpopular man, put the usual question, "Are you willing to go, my friend?" "Oh! yes," said the sick man, "I am." Well," said the simple-minded deacon, "I am glad you are, for the neighbors are all willing!"

Punch says that Rarcy, the horse-tamer, is "The Philosopher of the Stable mind."

The family is like a book—
The children are the leaves,
The parents are the cover, that
Protective beauty gives. At first the pages of the book
Are blank and purely fair,
But time soon writeth memories,
And painteth pictures there. Love is the little golden clasp That bindeth up the trust; Oh, break it not, lest all the leaves Shall scatter and be lost.

કેર્ે કે પ્રાનુક

A REASON FOR CONTENTMENT.—Enjoy the blessings of this day, if God sends them, and the evils bear patiently and sweetly, for this day only is ours; we are dead to yesterday and we are not born to to-morrow. - Jeremy Taylor.

Of all the earthly music, that which reaches the farthest into heaven, is the beating of a loving heart.

HE WOULD RATHER Go .- Rev. Mr. -- an eccentric preacher in Michigan, was holding forth not long since in Detroit. A young man arose to go out, when the preacher said :- "Young man, if you'd rather go to hell than hear me preach, you may go!" The sinner stopped and reflected in moment, and saying, respectfully, "Well, I believe I would!" went on.

Universalism is good in doath, but Spiritualism is a great deal better.

HORRIBLE!-The Governors of nearly all the States of the Union have issued their proclamations for a general assault on Turkey on the 24th inst. Every native caught is to be decapitated, and then roasted.

Mr. Horace Henry committed suicide, Thursday afternoon by hanging himself in his room, at No. 1 Cumston place, Boston. Deceased was sixty years of age, and leaves a widow and five children. Why do n't the metropolitan press say he was a Spiritualist? Have they become tired of humbugging people in this respect?

Be at home in the presence of strangers, and strangers will be at ease in your presence.

Spiritualism is the gospel of comfort in life and in death.

In the Superior Court for Essex County, Judge Brigham their closets, when they want to pray. presiding, Mary E. Jones of Lawrence, a married woman

eighteen years of age, who, having been desorted by her husband, abandoned her infant child in the woods of Haverhill, where it starved to death, plead guilty to a charge of manslaughter, and was sentenced to twenty years at hard labor in the House of Correction.

We see, by the Eastern Argus, published in Portland, Me., that Bly, the obtorious anti-Spiritual lecturer, calls himself "Professor." Where is that "Report" that the other PROPESSORS" promised so long ago?

The Clarion has an article on the "Idolatry for Mediums," which is well worth reading.

THE SPIRIT OF SONG.

Above and around us the Spirit of Song Greets the ears of the thoughtful and wise; She sings in the winds as they insten along, And in notes of the birds as they rise. There is not a leaf that depends from the trees, Nor a grass-blade so humble and fair, Not a flower that blooms to enrich and to please, But the Spirit of Song will be there.

She is heard 'mid the tempest and quick-pelting rain,

She is heard 'mid the tempest and quick-petting rain,
In the loud, busy hum of the bee;
She is heard in the nightingalo's tenderest strain,
And the brook by the side of the lea.
Where our friendship is truest she sings with delight,
Though the journey of life be not long;
For the heart that is lovingly strongest in right
Is the home of the Spirit of Song.—Benj. Swallow.

Henry Ward Beecher's sermon on the Harper's Ferry Mair, published in the New York Sun, and extensively copied, is a production of great merit.

A man was arrested at Cranston, R. I., on Thursday, suspected of having murdered Burrill Arnold, who was shot in his store in that town by some unknown assassin. THE AGITATOR comes to us this week liden with fresh

thought. It lends a generous hand to the oppressed, but it raps the oppressor with an iron fist. Its whole heart goes for the reformation of mankind.

The Ashland Times editor says he would be happy to have his subscribers bring on their wood. Query-Does Ashland wood turn to ash-es ? Hickory inquires?

Gov. Banks has appointed Nov. 24th to be observed as a iay of public Thanksgiving in this Commonwealth. "My dear," inquired a young wife of her husband, as she

eached up her rosy little mouth to be kissed on his return from business. "have you seen the magnificent set of walnut furniture which the Jenkinses have just bought?" "Hemno, my love, but I have seen the bill, which quite satisfier

The London Illustrated Times, in a late budget of American news, says:-"The Presidential nominations form the chief topic of con-

versation in America. There are three candidates in the field—Wire, Douglas and Bolts. At the last accounts Bolts was a little ahead," A STRANGE STORY, WITH A MORAL .- The Homer, N. Y.

Republican tells a story about a rich old farmer in that town discovering in the young wife of a mason his own illegitimate daughter by a chance love in Albany, years ago-his receiving her and her husband into his own household, and his making them joint heirs to his property. The pretty Albany dress-maker, whose affections the old fellow (then young) had gained and trampled upon, afterwards married a mechanle in one of the river countles, and having died, her child was forced to fice from the harsh treatment of her step father, gaining a livelihood for a time as a servant, and finally marrying right into the neighborhood of her own fathor! large estate.

The Working-Man's Protest says, "The greatest produc of one age is the mothers it gives to the next.'

Tansy planted and allowed to grow under peach trees, will preserve them, healthy, to a great age.

THE DEVDEN WEEKLY NEWS .- This paper keeps pace with the progress of the times. It is independent, fearless, fresh, and ably conducted. It is published in Dryden, N. Y., at \$1.00 a year.

GEO. HELINIOE, Philadelphia, speaks of Mr. Mansfield's success in that city in the highest terms. All matter is the product of spirit.

All are striving for happiness as the great end of human existence. The one aim of mortals is, to possess this blossed boon. Some labor to attain it, some seek for it as for hiddon treasure, and others sit idly down, expecting it to come to them. Of the three classes the worker alone can be truly successful; and he will full to realize his ideal, if he toil not in the right direction.

LATE FOREIGN ITEMS .- The principal points of the treaty of cace between France and Austria have been signed by the Plenipotentiaries, but have not yet been ratified by the two governments. The two contracting Powers will unite their efforts in order that reform in administration should be carried out by the Pope. The rights of the Dukes of Tuscany. Modens, and Parma, are expressly reserved. The two Emperors will assist with all their powers for the formation of a confederation of all the States of Italy; Venice, under Austrian rule, to form a part of the confederation.

The London Times and Herald are both averse to England joining any European Congress on Italian affairs. The Post regards the Italian complications as very serious, and the position of Napoleon as extremely embarrassing. He has undertaken the special protection of the Papal Government, and also of Italian Liberty, while the Papal Government and Italian Liberty are in open warfare. It is almost certain that the Romanga will be attacked by the Papal troops; it is almost certain that at the first menace of armed intervention in the Duchies, the troops of Garibaldi will sweep before them

every vestige of Papal rule. The Directors of the Great Eastern held a meeting on board, 19th ult., and it is authoritatively announced that the de parture of the vessel for America has been postponed sine die nd orders given that all passage money received be returned. Marshal Vaillant is reported to have written to Napoleon suggesting the occupation of the Duchies by French troops, to prevent civil war from breaking out,

The Neavolitan army on the Roman frontier was increasing and it is rumored that Neapolitan troops had landed at An

It was reported at Turin, that in consequence of the Neapolitan war ships having been signaled in hostile attitude of the coast of Romagna, a Piedmontese squadron had been or dered round into the Adriatic.

The reply of Morocco to the guarantees demanded by Spain not being satisfactory, war seems imminent. The Council of Ministers, presided over by the Queen, had been invoked.

The Trales Chronicle says that Messrs. Boardman and Robinson, electricians, visited Valentia recently, and set on foot a series of experiments on the Atlantic Cable. Encouragement as to the success of the undertaking, both as regards the resuscitation of the old and laying of the new cable, is in the ascendant. These gentlemen found room in the state of the cable to disseminate new courage among its friends.

The Reason Why.

"RATHER SEVENE.—The Carolina Progressionist, states that the greater the number of churches, the greater the misery and starvation among the people; and the more numerous the priests, the more miserable are mankind."

Sin-This little paragraph, extracted from a late number of the BANNER, while it is true in every part, does not give to the world the much needed information, as to the "why and wherefore" of its truth, and necessarily falls to appear otherwise than an attack on an existing system.

With your permission, I would say a few words in addition. "The greater the number of churches, the greater the misery," &c., arises from the simple fact that money spent unprofitably, impoverishes a community. It is like the story of the one talent, the five and ten talents in the Bible; and demonstrates that we must multiply and augment the products of God's earth, and labor at all times with a view to the increase of the general wealth, otherwise we sin, and the wages of distress and misery follow us.

If the nation, like the ancients, spends \$1,000,000 on church es, there is no return for it. On the contrary, it requires still more money, century after century, to keep up this unprofitable waste of money and labor. But if we build houses for our fellow creatures to live in, or in any way lay out our money and labor so as to produce rent or increase, we have, at the end of centuries, millions of profits-every additional dollar of profit being laid out again in other profitable labor, branches out, as it were, into endless forms of created wealth. To this also, we have added, covering, sheler, clothing, and endless moral comforts.

To build a church, which produces nothing, we fall into the error which sucked the vitals of the old nations and ruined them. If we were to dig a hole and leave it, the advantage would be just as great. Indeed, greater, so long as we do not yearly subscribe of our wealth to keep the hole in splendid order, with idle men to jump in it occasionally,

Christ gave no encouragement to "brick and mortar religion," far from it; for he distinctly denounces long prayings, and tells the selfish prayers for themselves to go into

"The more numerous the priests, the more miserable man-

kind." is proved not only by experience of all ages, but still more clearly by figures again. For the greater the number of idlers or consumers, the loss the product of wealth, and the more is taken from the little of those who have obtained anything by their industry. Armies, thieves, gamblers, aristocracy of every profession, shade and shape-the lawyer the doctor and the priest, are all consumers, eating up the vitals of a community; hastening on pauperism, ruin, revolution! Respectable as some of these occupations are, they are not yet on their true, unselfish basis. Therefore they are injurious. Any one can make the calculation for himself, and they will see at once the wonderful contrivance of Providence in enforcing productive industry on all as the great moral training and means by which to arrive at general case and prosperity. The laborer is worthy of his hire-but it is a sin so to direct his labors as to make himself a burden, an oppressor or aristocrat.

In our schools the foundation of religious thought should bo laid by teaching more systematically the moral causes of material prosperity. A little more knowledge of the great laws which govern the moral and material world would prevent our people being deceived by the clap-trap of time honored errors. Our youth, even, would not so easily accept wind for reason, or venerate men and systems which are a perpetual violation of God's laws; a desceration of that brotherly love and charity which should bind us all together: and an engine of insane self-conceit. By teaching them to examine all things, they would be enabled to distinguish between the true and the false, and never yield a blind faith to the same follies which they deride in so-called Pagans, because they are coupled with foreign names. Let us not for get that mildet, yet severest of remarks in our Bible-"Search JOHN WARD.

Washington City, Oct. 25, 1859. -

More Diamonds.

A letter from Rio Janerio to the N. Y. Courier and Enquirer says that the diamond mines of that country continue to contribute largely to the mineral wealth of the world. Not long since the Royal mail steamer Tyne, left Rio for Southampton having on board not less than \$750,000 worth of diamonds, col ected within a very brief period from the exhaustless treasures of Brazil. The greater part of the shipment was from the celebrated mines of Serro-do-Frio-a rocky, barren local ity, which is guarded with great vigilance.

OBITUARIES.

OBITUARIES.

In Concord, N. II., Sept. 20, of consumption, Mary E., daughter of Joseph G. and Elizabeth C. Wyatt.

There are times in the experience of all hearts when life seems to take on a new hue; when all of life seems to tend to one end—to culminate, as It were, in some great Joy or sorrow for us. And when such seasons come to the soul, and it accepts them rightly and truly, then it knows what the purpose and end of life is, namely, that we may gather from it its richest experiences. It is not always easy to turn from the experience itself, whether of joy or of sorrow, to its results in ourselves; but the moment we can do so, we learn what God designed in giving de hearts so keenly alive to the thrills of gladiness and the deeps of wee; and we know, too, what it is to have fifth in the good of all that is.

When life glides smoothly on, and we rejoice in the strength of our earthly loves, then we are confident and trustful in all that God brings; but when the joy of our affection is taken from us, and we know the loss of its object, then we wouder why God so orders the purpose of our lives as to require so great a sacrifice from us. But what life has given to us death can never take from us, for God is life, and keeps forever what is his own. Then we can nover lose what has once been gained.

We took up our pen to pay a tribute of affection to one of

once been gained.

We took up our pen to pay a tribute of affection to one of earth's purest spirits, who has recently passed on to become a dweller in some of the "many mansions" of love in the Father's house. Of her it may be truly said, "None know her but to love," and no one could enter her presence without recognizing the purity and beauty of the spirit that animated her, and looked forth so serenely from her blue eye, Just in the bloom and beauty of her young womanhood she was stricken with consumption, and for more than a year she wasted slowly away, fading like the autumn leaf, bearing with a pationee and sweetness that buched the hearts of all who beheld in her the weariness and exhaustion that consumption brings in its train.

with a pationic and sweetness that touched the hearts of all who beheld in hor the weariness and exhaustion that consumption brings in its train.

Mary had faith in the ministrations of angels; it was to her a beautiful belief, full of vitality and power, and no doubt it helped to sustain her when the flosh failed her, and was the secret of the fortitude she manifested in that trying hour when the hearts of all present were broken with grief.

"Be calm, mother," were the last words that fell from those lips that never breathed forth aught but gentic, loving words, that flowed from the abunance of love and purity that reigned within. She has passed on, but she has left a rich legacy behind—a character spetless in its purity, childlike in its gentlenoss, winning the hearts of all by that matchless gramment she always wore, "a meek and quiet spirit." She never spake evil of others, and her mantie of charity was bread enough to cover the failings of all. Of her, a parent could say, "She never gave me an unhappy moment." We know there must have been joy among the angels in heaven when her pure spirit entered the blessed pertails. Blessed be her memory! To all who knew and loved her, and mourn her early de

To all who knew and loved her, and mourn her early departure from their midst, we say, Look beyond the mere form of life, and behold the brightness and purity of life itself; look trustingly to the great and eternal principles of justice, and the overlasting laws of love, and know there is, no death. What seems so is transition to the fullness of life. Heaven opened its portals to the heart of faith, and we know that what was once ours is still kept for us by the sacred the of God's life. Is not that the consolation of faith, to know that no gift given us by God can ever be required of us again, but is ours everlastingly. The manelons of heaven, that wait for us, have brighter hopes than earth can know, and spirit transcends the feeb.

Oh, if God is love, then every love of the human soul must

Oh, if God is love, then every love of the human soul must be dear to him—must be his care. If God is Bather, then the parent's heart must be dear to him, and he must know what best must fill it up to the 'foil with life and his own spirit of tenderness and care. And to the parents of Mary, whose hearts have been so wrung by grief, we would say, God gave to you the life you held so dear, fresh from his own fulluess of life, and it is yours forever. He has taken it up nearer to himself, but not away from your hearts. You are not left comfortless. She will be with you, even unto the end. A hely presence will be about your celestial benedictions will oftimes be breathed through your atmosphere, from those sainted lips, and fall on your troubled souls like the peace, be still I that once quieted the turbulent waves of Guillee. Oh, do not, by your lack of faith; shut yourselves from her spiritual ministrations, and thus deny yourselves from her spiritual ministrations, and thus deny yourselves "the consolations of God!" Oh, if God is love, then every love of the human soul mus

Close within the gate immortal,
He has placed your fundest love;
Every prayer will ope the portal,
Every wish its answer give.
For the God who knows your sighing,
Knows it only through your love;
All your grief and and ranginges. All your grief and sad repinings
Only his rich mercy prove.
For in grief and pitcous story,
You but tell the same blest truth; You but tell the same blest truin;
Ever give to God the glory,
Draw him closer by your ruth.
For your love, by loss first quickened
Into its diviner birth,
Is your hold to all that blesses,
By its beauty, heaven or earth.

Coldwater, Mich., Oct. 23, 1859. F. L. H. W. Died, on the evening of Sept. 28th, Little GEORGIE, son of Jied, on the ovening of sept. 25th, Little Grondre, son of J. H. and Frances A. Coox. One year and six months this little treasure had been a bright light in our household; and though the form so dear to us is hidden from our sight, we are cheered by the faith that he is with us still, and is able, often, to give us unmistakable evidence of his presence. Having this assurance, we will not mourn that he is so early freed from the ills of life; but cheerfully resign him to "OurFather," saying "Not my will, but thine be done."

The following message was received by us a few days after the death of our dear little one. It was written through Miss

the death of our dear little one. It was written through Miss A. L. Cram, medium.

"Thy little one has left thee, to bloom amid the beauties of our home. It has been transplanted from the earthly sphere to the spiritual. Its sufferings have cleased, and it is now a breathing messenger of truth and love; it sheds a halo of light over thy brow, sorrow-stricken mother! He scatters along thy way bright gems of immortality. Thou art bowed down with grief because of this separation; thy heart mourns for the little bud that was so dear to thee. But he has passed from earth, to blossom and unfold amid the bright, angelle spheres of heaven. Look up, oh bereaved mourner, and see here of heaven. Look up, oh bereaved mourner, and see here of heaven's choicest buds! Togother they wander, hand in hand, culling immortal flowers to scatter along thy way. Together they come to carth, to be radiating stars to guide thee o'er the rough and tempestuous waves of life-bright stars of hope and love—come to bind up thy sorrowing heart, and bid the look beyond. Cloudy, durk, the future looks, for thy home is lovely now. The prattling voice and the patter of his titry feet 'are heard no more. But list! Angels are chanting their songs of praise, and they breathe an anthem of love for thee.

Bereaved mourners! they bid you weep for the loved ones, for they know that you have hope and faith; these will bear you from sorrow unto light and sunshine; the clouds will pass away, and yo will come forth strengthened; yo will think of the two gems that sparkle amid the heavenly dome, and you hearts will be drawn near to gold and to the unseen ones that hover near to guide you onward and upward. When the death angel shall call you home, your buds shall come to greet you, not as the tiny buds, but as the flowers of Gol—as messengers divine—they will take you by the hand, saying, 'Father, mother, and brothers, welcome, welcome home! and, as bright angelic stars, they will guide you onward, and place upon your brows bright: immortal wreaths, stamped w A. L. Cram, medium.
"Thy little one has left thee, to bloom amid the beauties o

ive forever.'
May peace be wasted to thy troubled souls, now and forever, is the prayer of thy spirit stend,
Proof. John Grex."
Westbrook, Stevens Plain, Oct. 3, 1839.

Politeness is only the manifestation of kindness,

Agents.
Mrs. H. F. Brown, editress of the Agitator, of Cleveland, Ohlo, is an authorized agent of the Dannes, and will receive subscriptions for us. J. V. Mansfield, ditto.

Lecturers.

Mns. Amanda M. Brence will lecture in Worcester, four Bundays of November; Foxboro', three Bundays of January; Putnam, 8th, 6th, 16th and 11th of November; Providence, four Bundays of February; Boston, four Sundays of December; Philadelphia, four Sundays of May; Taunton, two Sundays of January. Address, the above places, or Station A, New York City.

GEORGE M. JACKSON will speak at Homer, N. Y., on Sunday, Nov. 20th; at Cortland, N. Y., Sunday, Nov. 27th; At Mora-via, Sunday, Dec. 4th. Friends in the Chenaugo Valley, or on the line of travel from Binghampton to Syracuse or Utica, will please address him at either of these places. E. V. Wilson may be addressed, during November, at Che

eago, Ill., where he would be happy to answer calls to lecture on practical Spiritualism. He reads character, and gives incidents in past life, under spirit control. MRS. A. W. SPRAGUE will speak in Fon du Lac, Wis., the second Sunday in November; in Milwaukle, Wis., the two last; and in St. Louis, Missouri, through the month of Dec. Her address while there will be care of James H. Blood, Box

301, where those who wish her to call, as the returns east-ward, can address her accordingly.

MCTICES OF MEETINGS.

MEETINGS IN BOSTON.—S. J. Finney, of Ohio, will lecture in Ordway Hall next Sunday afternoon at 23-4 o'clock, and in the evening at 71-2 o'clock.

A CIRCLE for trance-speaking, &c, is held every Sunday morning, at 101-2 o'clock, at No. 14 Bromfield street. Admission 5 cents.

MEETINGS IN CHELSBA, on Sundays, morning and evening at GUILD HALL, Winnisimmet street. D. F. Goddand, regular speaker. Seats free.

CAMBRIDGEPORT. — Meetings in Cambridgeport are held every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 3 and 71-2 o'clock.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

CAMBRIDGEPORT. — Meetings in Cambridgeport are held-every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 3 and 7 1-2 o'clock, P. M., at Washington Hull, Main street. Seats free. The following Trance Speakers are engaged: Nov. 13th, Mrs M. S. Townsend; Nov. 10th, Miss R. T. Amedoy; Dec. 3d and 10th, Miss Lizzie Doten; Dec. 17th, Miss R. T. Amedoy. LAWRENGE.—The Spiritualists of Lawrence hold regular meetings on the Sabbath, forenoon and afternoon, at Law-rence Hall. FOXDORO:—The Spiritualists of Foxboro' hold free meet-ings in the town hall every Sunday, at half-past one, and five

ings in the town hall every Sunday, at half-past one, and five o'clock, P. M. PLYMOUTH,—Miss Rosa T. Amedey will lecture Nov. 13th; Rev. John Plerpont, Nov. 20th; Warren Chase, Nov. 27th; Mrs. Mary M. Macomber, Dec. 4th and 11th; Miss Lizzie Doten, Dec. 18th and 25th; Miss Fannic Davis, Jan. 1st and

8th.

Lowrit.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings on Bundays, forenoon and afternoon, in Wells's Hall.

Speaking, by mediums and others.

Salem.—Meetings have commenced at the Spiritualists'
Church, Sowall street. Circles in the morning; speaking,

afternoon and ovening.

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

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

DODWORTH'S HALL.-Meetings are held at this Hall regularly every Sabbath.

Wrecks of Humanity.

WHY SHOULD THEY SINK?
The excitement of "the chase" has always been supposed o have a healthful tendency; but there is a kind of chase which breaks down the constitution, debilitates the frame, and shortens life. We mean the headlong, unintermitting hunt after "the almighty dollar," which is the great business characteristic of the present day. It begets other evils and shortens life. We mean the headlong, unintermitting hunt after "the almighty dollar," which is the great business characteristic of the present day. It begets other evils (unnecessary to name) which précipitate the fate of thousands. There is, however, a possibility of recovery from the prostruction produced by these causes, long after the victim has ceased to hope for it. If we are rightly informed, the most astonishing cures of what is called general weakness and debility, which have ever been known in this country, have been effected through the agency of Dooter Hollouway's inestimable remedies. Mere skeletons of men, out of whom the very principle of vitality seemed to have been drained, have been restored to health and vigor by the operation of the Pills; and of the Olintment, in cases of paralysis, rheumalism, &c., we hear an equally favorable account. If men will break down their energies by over exertion—if in their anxiety to "go ahead," they will override the most precious of God's blessings, health—it is well they should know how to repair the mischief, when they come at last to realize the fact of their premature decay. The wrecks of humanity, who without any particular disease, appear to be sinking from more exhaustion, would find, without doubt, immediate relief from Doctor Holloway's remedies.—Phil. "Tribune."

To Housererers.—A situation is wanted by a young American widow lady of respectability, possessing a thorough American widow lady of respectability, possessing a thorough knowledge of housekeeping—also disposed to make home pleasant. Best of reference given. Address Mas. Anne Ashland, Brooklyn Fost-office, N. Y., for two weeks.

Covons.—The great and sudden changes of our climate are fruitful sources of Pulmonary and Bronchial affections. Experience having proved that simple remedies often act speedily and certainly when taken in the early stage of the disease, recourse should at once be had to "Brown's Bronchial Trockes." or Lozenges, let the Cough or Irritation of the throat be ever so slight, as by this precaution a more serious attack may be effectually warded off.

MEDICAL TREATMENT—NUTRITIVE PRINCIPLE,
DR. ALFRED G. HALL, M. D., PROPES OR OF PHYSICLORY,
author of the New Theory of Medical Practice on the
Nutrative Principle, may be consulted on the treatment of
overy form of humor, weakness and disease, in person or by
letter, from any part of the country. It is restorative in its
effects, reliable in the most prostrate cases, and justly worthy
of the confidence of the afflicted. All the Medicines used are
purely vegetable. No. 10 Central Court, opposite 288 Washinglon strets. Baston. Mast. 1855

Oct. 1.



COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS and INF.
ENZA, IRRITATION, SORENESS, or any affition of the Throat CURED, the HAGEL
COUGH IN CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, WHOE
THE BROWN'S BRONCHY.

"A RIPE" Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness and Inplu-ENZA, IRRITATION, SORENESS, or any sifec-tion of the Throst CURED, the HACKING

THE COUGH IN CONSUMPTION, DEOXCHITE, WHOO'S ING COUGH, ASTHUM. CATABRIH, RELIEVED by BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES, or COUGH LOZENGES.

"A simple and elegant combination for Coughs," &c.
Dr. G. F. Bigelow, Boston.

"Have proved extremely serviceable for HOARSENESS."

Roy, Henry WARD BEECHES. "I recommend their use to Public Speakers."
Rev. E. H. Chapin, New York.

"Most salutary relief in BRONGHITIS."

Rov. S. Seigpried, Morristown, Ohio. "Beneficial when compelled to speak, suffering from COLD."
Rev. S. J. P. ANDERSON, St. Louis.

"Effectual in removing Hoarseness and Irritation of the Ihroat, so common with Sprakens and Singens."

Prof. M. STACY JOHNSON, LaGrange, Ga.

Tencher of Music, Southern Female College "Great benefit when taken before and after preaching, as they prevent Hoarseness. From their past 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 Cathartic Lozenges, for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Constipation, Headache, Bilious Affections, &c. 8m Nov. 5.

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Honesty is the Best Policy. Don't be Deceived any Longer. WE (the originators of the Gift Book Business.) will send our new Catalogues, postage paid, to any adddress.

ALBERT TOOLEY & CO.,

Oct. 29. 4p No. 20 Washington st., Boston, Mass AGENTS WANTED.

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

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—Every known disease, pain, or allment of the stomach, bowels liver or comment. I allment of the stomach, bowels, liver, or organs of respiration, is controllable by this remedy, which acts directly upon the blood, the bile, and all the fluids of the body, freeing them from impurity, and giving tone to the organization by which they are prepared and circulated. Sold at the manufactory, No. 80 Malden Lane, New York, and by all druggists, at 25c., 63c., and \$1 per box.

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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 authority.

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WALKER'S GREAT LECTURE

On the "Movement of Faith," is this day published. Price 15 cents, or \$10 per hundred. For sale by S. T. MUNSON, GENERAL AGENT, Nov. 5. 13p 143 Fulton street, New York.

New York Adbertisements.

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NEW YORK. SCIENCE AND NATURE COMBINED.

Natural and Electro-Magnetism. Lyeffy patient's physical and mental magnetism thoroughly studied, and administored to, according to its wants. The cause, as well as the effects of disease eradicated. The medical faculty of Europe and America are rapidly becoming converts to, and acknowledging the singular Therapeutic Agency of Electricity in Chronic Diseases, such as— RHEUMATISM, FITS, PILES, PARALYSIS, NEURALGIA,

KIDNEY COMPLAINTS, SPINAL AFFECTIONS, DYSPEP-BIA, LIVER COMPLAINTS, TUBERCOLOSUS, DISEASES OF THE HEART, LARYNX AND LUNGS, ASTHMA, HEMORRHOIDS, SUPPRESSED AND EXCESSIVE MENSTRU-

ATION. CHLOROSIS. PROLAPSUS UTERUS, SEMINAL veakness, Barrenness, Nehvousness, some instances OF BLINDNESS AND INSANITY;

and in fact in all

CHRONIC COMPLAINTS.

Mn. Rae, not wishing to publish certificates of cures, simply refers to cures made by him in the city of New York.

Having at all times the assistance of good *Healing Medi*ims, he is prepared to send in the country, when desired, a cool Medium, either male or female.

Clairvoyant Diagnosis of Disease tested and proved by electro-higgnetism.

Electro-Magnetism.

Electro-Magnetism the matter Foot Baths, for eradicating minerals retained from the matter.

nd poisons from the system. Refers to—S. T. Munson, J. B. Conklin, R. K. Browns, . FITZGERALD.

Those unable to pay, are cordially invited to call, and will

e welcome to treatment gratis.
Office hours from 0 A. m. to 5 p. m. No treatment on Sundays, unless by special appointment.

The Changes Moderate.

The following Medicines having been thoroughly and successfully tosted during the past year, carefully brepared, and magnetised by Electro and Animal Magnetism, are offered to the public. They are justly styled the

VITÆ MEDICÆ REMEDIES,

LIFE MEDICINES. Cough Syrup.

Cough Syrup.

For coughs, bronchial affections, dyspepsia, pulmonary complaints, &c. Mr. S. J. O., of Brooklyn, after using three bettles, was cured of a cough of years standing. 25 cents per buttle. Packages of the powder sent by mail, with full directions for making. Price \$1 and three postage stamps.

rections for making. Price \$1 and three postage stamps.

***Outering Remedy.**

Warranted a positive cure for Chlorosis, Fluor Albus, Prolapsus Uterus, and all Female Complaints. Over fifty ladies of the first standing in New York and Brooklyn, who have been entirely restored by this Remeny, can be referred to. Price \$2 per bottle, or, if sent by mail, one package of the mixture, with full directions, for \$3 and three postage stamps. In all cases where a cure is not effected, or relief given, the money will cheerfully be refunded.

Pile and Family Salve,
In also cases out of ten, will afford lustant relief in the
most aggravated cases of piles, croup, asthma, sprains, infammations from accidents, &c. &c. Price \$1 per box; if
sent by mail, \$1 and seven postage stamps.
Mr. C., proprietor of one of the Broadway Hotels, after
fourteen months of intense suffering with acute piles, was
entirely cured by out, one box.

fourteen months of intense suffering with acute piles, was entirely cured by ONLY one box.

All letters, containing money, should be carefully addressed, and the directious for forwarding the Medicines should be plain and clear, so that no mistake can occur.

Letters of inquiry should contain 2 three cont postage stamps, we having to pay extra postage in the city.

Letters should be directed thus—

J. H. RAE, MAGNEGPATHIST,

NOV. 12. tf 54 Great Jones street, New York.

Nov. 12. If 54 Great Jones street, New York.

32 HEALTH OF AMERICAN 32

Woman, from the peculiar physiological functions of her organs, and from the refined and delicate sonsibility of her nervous system, is subject to diseases which destroy her own happiness and greatly impair her power of contributing to the happiness of others. Every mother and head of a family, and most women above the age of fifteen years, are painfully conscious of this fact, and all, in a greater or less degree, are interested in the search for a prompt and efficient romedy for the various forms which the diseases alluded to assume. The experience of many years, the severe tests of investigation by scientific medical men, the use of the medicine in the practice and in the families of physicians, and its general use in the families of clergymen and among the most cultivated and refined in the country, has resulted in stamping the olegant and well-known preparation of the Graefenberg Company as the only reliable remedy ever known for the uni-

the elegant and well-known preparation of the Graefenberg Company as the only reliable remedy ever known for the universal and distressing diseases of women.

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23 Dr. Br. dge may be consulted at his rooms in The

RGW, NEW FORM.

選手 Dr. Br.dge may be consulted at his rooms in The Gracefenberg Institute, or by letter, on all diseases.

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WILL CURE WEAK LUNGS AND STOMACH, WILL OURE GENERAL DEBILITY. ND for purifying and enriching the blood are unsurpass-name blown in the glass, with directions for use. Price \$1,00

er bottle. For sale by CHARLES WIDDIFIELD, 649 and 651 Broadway, N. Y.; BARNES & PARK. 13 Park Row. and by all Druggists.

Pianos, Mclodeons, and Organs.

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

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

-Christian Intelligencer.

"Waters's Planos and Melodeons challenge comparison

with the finest made anywhere in the country."—Home Jour-nal. Sm Oct 22.

ORIENTAL BATHS,

A T NO. 8 FOURTH AVENUE, N. Y.—Elegant Suits of
Rooms, open daily, from 7 a. M. until 10 r. M. (Sandays
excepted) Ladies' Department under the special charge of Mas. French.
Portable Oriental Baths (a very complete article) for sale.

Mrs. E. J. French,

(LAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN. Examinations made daily.
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Also all Mrs. French's Medicines carefully prepared and for sale at No. 8 Fourth Avenue, N. Y.

Oct. 22.

Ly

WORACE H. DAY,

OFFICE AND PRINCIPAL DEPOT, 23 CORTLANDT
BIREET, NEW YORK, manufacturer and importer and
exclusive owner of Goodycar's Vulcanized Rubber,
in its application to all Shirred Elastic, Cemented, Sewed or
Woven Fabrics, Stockinett Elastic or other Fabrics, Flock
Cloths and Fabrics, Elastic Cloths of every kind, Braided Fabries, Knit Fabrics of every kind, Threads and Sheets of Rubber by the Pound, and Combined with Cloth. All these
goods for sale, and licenses granted to make, use and sell.
Terms moderate. All these Articles and Goods not having
the Stamp and Fac Simile of my name are infringements,
Oct. 29.

The Messenger.

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

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

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

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

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

From No. 1713 ts, No. 1745.

Saturday, Oct. 22—"The uses of Disease;" William Ford, Boston; Charlotte Frances Wise, New Orleans; John Atkinson; William Parker.

Tussday, Oct. 25—"By what authority do we come?" Robert Owen: Mary Allen, New York; Edward Allen, Boston, Wednesday, Oct. 23—"Return of Spirits who are not cognizant of a change in life;" Catherine Gage; Charles Todd, Boston; Stephen Willey, Thursday, Oct. 27—"Who and what was Jesus?" Augustus T. Pope; Silas Dudley, Georgia; Mary Creenan.

Friday, Oct. 28.—Daniel Blatsdell, New York; George Henry Grogan, South Boston; William Laws, California; Dr. John Mason, Boston.

Saturday, Oct. 20.—"How is Man ailled to God?" Charles Cater; Sarah Franklin Bache.

Tuesday, Nov. 1.—"How are God's elect known in Heaver?"

Cater; Sarah Franklin Bache.

Tuesday, Nov. 1.—"How are God's elect known in Heaven?" David Hamilton, Belast; Caroline, to Amelia L. Winters, Now York; Hosca Ballou.

Wednesday, Nov. 2.—"What is Charity?" John Moore, London, Eng.; Philip Curry, Williamsburg; Rebecca Pratt, Boston; Samuel Willis, New Orleans.

Immortality P

From the earliest period in the natural history of the human race, there has ever been a degree of uncertainty in reference to a future life. The sembre pall of death has caused man to cling fast to the material, and gain no hold of the spiritual

Man, in his material condition, needs material evidence that he has an existence beyond the present. He can find but little satisfaction in that which appeals only to his fancy, and that which cannot furnish undeniable evidence of the future condition of the spirit. If it is necessary to bring material proof to bear upon spiritual thought, has not our kind Father displayed much wisdom in the light of modern Spiritualism? For modern Spiritualism will give to every honest seeker, not only a belief, but a knowledge, of the herenfter It will furnish food not only for the spirit, but for the body Knowledge, under all conditions, and at all times, giveth strength, both to form and spirit.

I have visited your circle this afternoon, in answer to a loud call. The friend who calls upon me, asks me this ques-

"Have we not sufficient proof of the immortality of the soul, aside from modern Spiritualism? Has not our Bible given us all we need? Can we not find enough in those sacred pages to give us faith; to give us a knowledge of the

I snawer, no. If I understand it, the record furnishes no positive proof that the spirit exists after it leaves the mortal form. No positive proof, I say. Firstly, you have no positive evidence that the Book is sacred—that it was written by Inspiration: that the thoughts were given by whom they purport to come from. I say you have no positive evidence of this. The popular religion of the past and present bath so indelibly stamped upon almost every mind, at least a foreshadowing of a belief in these things, that we find it very hard to eradicate all error and build a foundation whose name is Truth.

Popular theology has been placing a yoke of fron upon the necks of many thousands, and they believe this record, becanse they dare not do otherwise; because they have been taught of a God of vengeance, and they have been taught to fear rather than love him.

Again, popular theology teaches another error-of a Devil. who shall lure many thousand hearts from the true God, and shall laugh at their torments as he causes them to enter a lake of fire and brimstone. Popular theology teaches you of a Personal God and a Personal Devil.

The God popular religion has given you, is not the God of Nature. During all our fourneyings in the land of spirits, we have never met with this personal God; we have never received an audience with this personal Devil. But as we look abroad upon the vast degrees of intelligence filling the vast universe of life, we find two Principles. One we shall call All Goodness, and the other Perverted Goodness. Behold they are divided, and yet united; for as the principle of wis dom, of power, of eternal life, is the author of all life, of all principles, so then is he the author of this opposite principle, and if he is the author thereof, surely it is not all dark ness. The exterior may be all midnight, while the interior may be glowing with the eternal fire of God's wisdom. Behold the man you call thoroughly evil. Yea, behold one who has never been known to do a good act-who has sin stamped upon his every feature-who gives you no evidence that he has a God within. All his external betokens evil; his companions are like unto himself; he wanders from the society of the good and true; he shakes hands with all that is dark in your sphere; he revels in sin, and the beholder exclaims "There is no good in such an one." The Christian exclaims. "He is a hardened sinner, a lost soul, a condemned rebel there is no hope for him. He has rejected the many offers of salvation. Yes, he is an outcast from heaven, and can never become an inhabitant of a happy sphere."

Think you this sinning soul will forever remain in this con dition? No! The fact that he is a living soul, gives evidence that he must, at some time, be regenerated, and become pure and Godlike, and thus become free to enjoy any amount of happiness. There is no soul, in any sphere, but is destined to become thoroughly purified, thoroughly happy. Popular theology shuts many thousand souls out of heaven; it closes the gates of love, while the hand of Omnipotence has thrown them wide open; it closes from your spiritual sight the glory God has destined you to behold while here. It chains you to the past, and forbids your going forth seeking for light. It closes its door to every new star which comes into existence. It tells you that you have, in the records of the past, enough to make you happy here and hereafter. It tells you you must not take from the records or add thereto and tells you that he who doeth this is in danger of misery hereafter. How unwise is this, if charged to our Divino Fa ther. He hath prepared a wedding garment for every soul, and no soul shall live that shall not, in time, put on this wedding garment, and stand a welcome guest at the marriage suppor

Modern Spiritualism gives the human race a positive knowledge of themselves in spirit-a positive knowledge of their God, a positive knowledge of their condition hereafter No earnest and honest seeker need go away wanting; but the soul which goes to the surface and falls to penetrate be neath it, can hardly be satisfied with its truth.

Modern Spiritualism is a star which invites all souls to become enlightened by its rays; it holds out no inducements it is not able to maintain. You may gain the knowledge it is capable of giving nowhere else. You may go to the vast realms of Nature, and you cannot furnish yourselves with that which is positive and true. This star will be sure to give you all you need, if you seek in honesty.

My friend asks, and we believe he asks in all honesty of spirit, if the past has not given enough; if the Holy Record is not sufficient? And, in like honesty, of spirit we have an

Standing as we do apart from materialism, enjoying as we do those realities that belong to spirit-life, we doem ourselves in every way competent to answer, and truthfully answer, the question.

- Oh, thou Principle of Divine and Natural Life, thou God of Nature and Individuals, we would offer praise unto thee for the many calls of wisdom we are receiving from our earthly brethren; and while they call and we answer, wilt thou endow our words with that power which will penetrate their spirits, and inspire them with that faith and that confidence

which will lead them to call again? Oh, thou Principle of Divinity and Humanity, give us the power to return to thy children, and give us instruments through whom we may return, that we may cut off the head

of error, and place upon the body of humanity the beautiful and bright head of Truth.

Oh, Holy Intelligence, Spirit of Wisdom, thy power is overlasting, thy strength is over-enduring thy knowledge extend-oth to the farthest limits of spiritual and natural life; and as thou hearest all calls, so wilt thou in time give answer thereto, and bring all souls into the perfect life, where serrow never comes.

Joe Jordan, a Slave.

Bress de Lor', Massa, I'se free! Massa, I want to go to Mabama, Massa; to speak, Massa, to speak. I lived at Montgomery. I belonged to Missy Jordan. Spirits come to me lassa, long time ago. Know all 'bout dem, Massa, 'fore l

Massa dead long time ago; Missy live. She know 'en but no b'lieve 'em. I say I would come here, and Missy laugh—think be some nigger's nonsense. My name was Joe. wait on Missy, sometime; too ele to do much, Massa Missy good, kind Missy, and folks good, but no b'lieve spirits

Massa William help me now. Born down in Georgia Massa. Bress de Lor', Massa, I likes to be free. Missa pretty good, Massa, but I likes to be free. Tell ele Missy Joo's free, and hope ole Missy be free when she come here; hope ole Missy be free as ole Joe be. 'Spect you'll have to help ole Joe to go, Massa; want to go to see ole Missy. Oct. 21.

Josiah Peirce.

I am almost afraid to speak, for fear I shall say something lought not to tell. I don't know as I do right in coming here. I'll tell you a little about myself, and then, perhaps, vou 'll advise me.

I was seventy-eight years of age when I left my body. was born in Gardiner, in the State of Maine. I died in Concord, N. H. I was respectably connected, belonged to one of the churches, and I don't know what they'll think to know that I come back and preach up Spiritualism. I have children and a brother upon earth. My wife died most sixteen years ago. I was a shoemaker by trade; in the first place I was a tanner.

I don't want to do anything to disgrace the church: I ion't want to do anything to disgrace my children, or anybody. I don't think the church knows what's right, if I know the truth; I do n't think they do what 's right-maybe they do, but I think I am correct. I was a Congregationalist. My name was Josial Peirce.

Oh, I kope I am doing right, I think I am, I had such a strong desire to come; not particularly here, but at home, I died in 1851. I think I have seen enough here to make me a little skeptical as regards religion: it seems to me they are not on the right track, but I don't want to say too much. I should like to talk with my children. I've got a son Josiah, and a daughter Mary: my son William is dead. Oh, yes, I have seen him; no, he did not belong to the church; he was

I do n't know but I have said enough for one day. I do n't know but I have thrown a firebrand among my people, and, if it's right, I am glad of it; but I hope I have n't done no wrong by coming: but I wanted to so bad, and they were so good to help me here, that I came. Good-by. Oct. 21.

Michael Cummiskey.

Oh, confound your one-horse carriages! When you are going to give a fellow a ride over Jordan, why do n't you give him a double team to drive? I promised myself a good ride over Jordan, and here I find it hard work. See here, Ohub, my name was Michael Cummiskoy. I belonged stated that true religion has its foundation in love; and this in New York. Is that your game, and is that what you want -my occupation? Well, sometimes I shake, and sometimes shuffle. I died in Centre street, New York city, August last. First a shake, and then a fever. At last I took to vomiting and then I stepped across. I promised to come back in a week, if spirits could come. I was one of those jolly good fellows called the Dead Rabbits. I promised the boys I'd come in a week, and they have given it up for a bad job now. But as the boys have gone to sleep, I'm here. I should have been twenty-two in a few months, if I had n't been choked off as I was. When I found out I had got to get across, some of the | nies of churches, not in all the mockery of the courts of boys wanted me to make a bargain to come back, if these raps were all true. I promised to come back in a week, and they give it up for humbug. Tell them I could n't come in a week or a very good reason—I could n't got a team to drive.

I did n't know exactly whether I would get a chance here or whether I was in the right place; but an old fellow here told me I had as good a right to come as the chap that prayed awhile ago, only I must be honest, and tell the truth.

I see all these things about the same as they were. I'm round with the boys, when I can get a chance to see. See here, Chub, say I haint forgot the table turnings. The boys said they 'd set, if I would come, and I have been there; but

I can't handle the confounded thing exactly right. Little Jim has got a mother here, and she wants me to pu in a word for hor. She'd like him to go to some place where she can speak with him. Toll him I think he had better give

I think I 'll drive' off now-turn round and go the other way. That's all, is n't it? Then I'm off.

Anna Maria Brown.

You have such a crowd of spirits, I was most afraid to

My name was Anna Maria Brown; I was twelve year old, and I have been dead most two years. I died of scarlet fover. I was born in Boston, and I lived here when I died. My mother belongs in New York, and after I died my father went to California and my mother is in New York.

Somebody my mother knew wanted me to come, and wanted me tell something my mother would know me by. I

have n't forgotten anything. I know what I'll tell. I'll ask mother if she remembers what she gave me for a present when I was sick, and what I did with it? I'll tell her, so she will know it's me. It was gold chain and locket and I put it under my pillow, because could not wear it.

At first I was afraid when they told me I was dead; and when they took me back to look at my body, I was afraid, But when I saw everything beautiful, I did not see anything to be afraid of. They have birds, and music, and concerts, and preaching here, and schools; but we don't hear of any place where the wicked are punished. My mother will think imagine all these things; but I should n't want to stay hore if I did n't have these things. Why, you do n't miss your ody when you are here awhile.

You don't have to study what you don't like, here, and you don't have to study out of books, here. They take you of her constant attention and devotedness; and every deed to things, and they explain them. If they take you to 800 and word of her love was made up of some offering of rewater, they tell you why, and explain it all to you. If they take you to see a beautiful flower, they explain it to you so It was that those whom she loved might be bound together that you can't forget. They do n't answer you short, as people do on earth, but explain everything you ask about. Oh they do n't make a noise, as you do, when they speak. Why, f I wanted to know anything, somebody would know I wanted o know about it, and would answer it. Oh, no. sir, it is not all still here-we have music and all, but the spirit voice is

I asked one time how far it was from earth, and they told me if I wanted to understand by earth measurement, I was about four thousand miles from earth. They told me, as I was so recently from earth, they must tell me in earth language.

If that man was here who spoke last, he would have red hair and whiskers; his face would be red, and he would be gushing of that child's soul. short, and thick, and rowdy-looking. He couldn't live where I live. Well, sir, they tell me that every spirit which embraces all nations, and all classes of people,—which lives in a sphere belonging to it. You could not live if you has no sect, no religion, no creed, no doctrine, no form, no went up too high in a balloon, and so he could n't live, where

I live. There's a good many teachers here. Everybody seems to teach, here. I have plenty of friends here. We don't love anybody here, unless they are like us.

I knew a little infant that died sometime before I died, and it is larger, and is as large as a child four years old would be. Its parents' names are Presby. You aint never afraid of getting cold, and you don't never want for anything nice to wear and cat; and if you want to

go anywhere, you go, and nobody has a right to hinder you.

Oh, we don't want to do anything wrong. Some do, I suppose, but they are more like people on earth. Just as soon as spirits leave their mortal bodies, they all go to their several apartments in life. If you were not like your father and mother, you would not live with them, and they would not want to live with you. Here you are all mixed nipotence to the sin and suffering of individual lives, though up; but when you leave your mortal body, each goes to his

rue condition. My mother used to tell me I talked too fast, and too much through the intuitive, interior qualities of the soul, there is for a little girl; but I like to tell what folks tell me, and I aunion, there is a power, there is a potency in that religion thought you would like to hear it. Do n't you like to? Well,

I must go now. Do you want me to? Well, good-by. Oct. 21.

COME DACK TO MY SIDE, LOULOU.

br s. nottin m. squing.

Oh, come back to my aide, Loulou, The sun is sinking to rest, Twilight is stealing over the glon, And my heart with grief opprest Is beating against its prison wall, Untutored to bear its sacrifice, As a bird who hears its mate's low call, Beats against its cage till it dies.

Oh, come back to my side, Loulou, Autumn is very forlorn, The lark is hidden and songless In among the rustling corn; My sorrow is thinking of what has been-The glad things linked with thy name. Through Memory alone the past is seen-The real in an ideal frame.

Oh, come back to my side, Loulou-Cheer me again with a smile; My heart is sick for thy presence-Come back for a little while. The swallows have wheeled their circling flight To mellower seas and a warmer zone, And like the last star in heaven at night, Alone, alone, I am left alone.

Oh, come back to my side, Loulou-A destiny dark is mino; Heart after heart hath proved me cold-My hope is centered in thine. The flowers of Summer have died in decay, The Autumn is cheerless and drear; Oh, that the Memory which lightens our day Should be tinged with hoping and fear. Oh. come back to my side, Loulou,

The fire is bright on the hearth; But thou art the light which is fled, Leaving gloom over our mirth. The Autumn is cheerless and dreary, The wind, as an outcast, moans at the door, Like doubt-driven love from the heart, To be restored to its realm once more.

CORA L. V. HATCH At the Music Hall, Boston, Sept. 18th, 1859.

[The last of a series of four discourses on " Religion, its

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

We have united on this occasion, the two several themes of the series of discourses we have had the pleasure of giving before you—the one on Religion, its Facts and Fancies, the other on the Natural and Divine Economy of Creation. We now bring those two themes, great in themselves, but more perfectly great when united, to one culminating point-that s, the relation between man and Delty. We have endeavored to illustrate in our morning discourses that the difference between true religion and the forms of worship is the difference between love and fear. We think we have established our theory, clearly, to the comprehension of those who listened We have stated that worship, as a form, is the result of the passion of foar in the human mind. This we have illustrated by the proof of historical revolutions, the history of all nations, and the foundation of the forms of these nations. We have we have illustrated from the very nature of religion Itself, and the attributes of the human mind. We have, in our afternoon discourses, spoken of Deity; not of what we know; but, reasoning from the known to the unknown, we have spoken of the Divine economy in government. This afternoon we shall speak of the Divine economy in religion, the blending of the Natural with the Divine, the perfect in man with the perfect in God.

Religion, then, is love. Lot us see. Where do you find most of religion? Not in the mysterious forms and ceremoecclesiastical control and power, not in theological creeds and dynasties, not in the reign of Church and State, where forms of worship and forms of government are blended into one; but where? In the silent throbbings of the loving heart. Religion ! It crowns with beauty the brow of the wife and mother. Everything which speaks of religion in per soul is filled with love. Does she praise God; it is for her home, her children, her friends. Does she worship God; it is through loving and caring for them. Does she see beauty in His creation; it is in those whom she loves and adores. Does the mother pray; it is for her erring child, whom she loves, that he may repent. Does the mother bless the Great Father, and bow in humble worship at the shrine of the meck and lowly Jesus; it is through the love of her great, self-sacrificing soul. We know of no love so akin to that of Jesus of Nazareth, as the love of a fond, devoted, selfsacrificing, carnest, pure mother. It seems that if there should be an atonement for the sins of earth for the sons of men, wicked men, the tears which every good mother sheds for her children will wash away all the sins that her offspring can commit. It does seem that if God, the Father, requires vicarious atonoment, the self-sacrifloing, long-suffering, the silent devotedness of the mother's love will be sufficient, in come; but the time was fixed for me, so I thought I must the great eternity, to save her sons. It does seem that if the Father requires prayers, and tears, and sacrifices, and offerings, that the prayers which the mother offers, and the tears of sorrowing love which she sheds, and the offerings of devotedness which she lays upon the shrine of her parental affection, will be all-sufficient. Like unto this was the love of Jesus of Nazareth. He did not give his life as an offering to the Pather, he did not sacrifice himself to the good of man, he was not meck, and humble, and lowly, because he thought the Father would love him better, but because from the very nature of his life he loved to be and to do all this, because he loved the race of the down-trodden, because he loved those who were despairing and sorrowful, because he loved those who were outcast and despised, because he loved goodness for goodness' own sake, and truth for truth's own sake, because he loved alike those who were in darkness and those who were in light. Romember this; religion is embodied in

the mother's leve. Let us see another form of its manifestation. You have a sister, or have had one-a pure, simple-hearted creature, who devoted her life to make your home a place of sunshing. She believed in Jesus, believed in religion; she believed in God, through all that made her happy. The father was her embodiment of nobleness and goodness, the mother her source of inspiration and instruction, her brother the object ligion through love. If her prayers were offered up at night, with all the love of their hearts: if in her pure heart there was ever a pang of sorrow, it was for those who had strayed who had wandered away from the paths of right; if there ever was anguish or remorse there, it was that she might have neglected some duty, some deed of kindness and devotedness. Religion was there. Religion is even in the pure heart of the young and innocent child, who, all unconscious of creeds or doctrines of religions, sees in the beaming eves of his mother, in the clear blue sky, in the starry firmanent, in the glad earth, something that calls forth its love, and it thinks, and believes in the element of life, and worships it, not knowing why. That is religion, the spontaneous out-

Then there is another, and a higher, and a deeper love, ceremony,-but its religion is universal, philanthropic love, This is embodied in the love of Jesus; this is embodied in the love of martyrs and saints; this is embodied in the love of philanthropists, who, without any religious creed, with out any fear of punishment, without any terror of an allavenging Deity, do good for goodness' own sake, love, virtue for virtue's own sake, and truth for truth's own sake. The love philanthropists bear for all humanity is perverted by no creed, and limited by no boundaries; it knows no time nor space; but, extending its broad, genial arms o'er all the world, holds the erring and the true, the sinful and the pure, in its embrace, and even gives a closer place in the heart to those who are wandering away from the path of rectitude.

In our conception, then, the bond of union which makes men divino, and unites Delty with man, is the element of mind. For though the Father cannot come down in His omas an individual Being, or a perfect Principle, there is no element of power, in His nature, of suffering, we still know that, of love, which makes all souls alike in the eye of Deity, in the eye of Divine humanity, in the eye of all who worship God truly,

necessity of the forms of government of the world, notwithstanding the necessity of organizations of state, notwithstand-ing all the power which is palpable in a fixed and positive organization of perfect laws, every intelligent philanthropist, every philosopher, every true religionist, knows that if love, human love, which is divine, controlled and guided the great benefactors of mankind, laws nor their penalties, laws nor their consequences, would over be required. Every philan-thropist knows that the jail-house and the penitentiary are not so effectual in the reformation of criminals, as kind words and wholesome instruction. Every mental philosopher knows that binding men in chains and throwing them into the prison and dark dungeon cells, can never secure the elevation of the soul or mind. Every true religionist knows that society is not benefited, that the dignity of government is not maintained that though if we have laws, we must have penalties for their violation; yet, after all, the truth, and perfectness, and dignity, of even your government, would be better maintained if jail-houses were converted into moral and religious hospitals for the instruction of those who are in ignorance, and the binding up of those moral qualities that have been crushed, and broken, and deformed. Everybody knows this, and, carrying it still further, everybody is aware, who has thought at all upon political economy, that even the political welfare of any nation would be better promoted by a proper system of instruction than by indicting punishment through arbitrary laws. Everybody knows that if all men were taught to be good, and true, and honest, there would be no necessity of law. Everybody knows that if Christian nations did not violate Christian laws, there would be no necessity of armaments. Everybody knows that the highest form of government is that which rules by the absolute law of kindness, and not of force. And all know that in the great, Divine economy, and in the aspiration of all buman souls, the one sole object must be the attainment of this perfect affection. How, then, with this view of the case, can we understand that the highest form of human government known or conceived of, is the government by which Delty, in an infinite degree, controls the universe? If one soul can be led out of darkness into light through love, if one soul, through kindness, can be instructed and become pure, and true, and good, if all human souls, by an adequate form of education, natruction, and government, can be made to conceive the harmony of law and order, without force and arbitrary rule. then, in the Divine economy, that law must be supreme. Wo knew, therefore, that it is the nature of Delty to control by love, and not by fear.

As we have said before, and still continue to say, there

have been no mistakes in the history of the past governments of the earth. We know that all toud toward one point of development-the perfection of the human race Just as surely as yours is a Republican government to-day and the highest known form of government in the world just as surely as your religion is predicated upon the law of love, and your political control predicated upon the law of justice and kindness, so these will one day fashion and govern it. No arbitrary forms of law shall rule you, but those whose only penalty shall be the consciousness of shame which the victim feels who violates a moral, social, or civil law. Let all know what a sense of conscious degradation he feels who has been guilty of any unworthy act; let all know whose daily life may be made up of such simple acts as in themselves may seem nothing, but in a lifetime amount to a great deal, that there is a sense of conscious humiliation that you are punished every hour, by the remembrance that you have told a falschood, and that if you have committed any secret violation of morality you are, constantly, entirely degraded in your own estimation. You all know, then, of the deeper humiliation avenging a crime; you all know of the deeper humiliation of him who suffers upon the scaffold, as you have witnessed. Then in that organization or through that power, men shall be induced not to commit crimes, or, if they do, the punishment shall be upon them solves. Would it not be better and greater and wiser than arbitrary law to force men to do good they know not why? We are aware that the great masses of men do good from the bree of habit because society compels them; are religious because it is customary to be religious. Thus our civil and ocial and arbitrary laws are always tending toward the right, even though they never attain it. This is better than unlimited freedom in wrong. But when, through instruction and positive self-knowledge, men shall understand that they do not sin against others, but against themselves; that if they violate the country's laws, it is not the country, but their own souls, that are injured; that if they trespass upon rules of right, they do more injury to themselves; that if they murder a man, that murder rests more directly upon their own souls than does the injury upon the man murdered; that If they steal, they steal so much from their own life-blood they will feel that no arbitrary punishment is necessary, but kindness and love and goodness shall be the whole of their

We do not expect this now; we are not even picturing it for the future; we are only speaking of it as a conception of the human mind.

Whatever the human mind is capable of conceiving, that it is capable of attaining; whatever you think you can know, you aspire to understand, by the very power of that aspira tion you may understand; whatever you desire to attain in goodness, in moral virtue, in practical knowledge, that you may and can attain.

The great man, the human mind of the highest quality of intelligence any human soul has ever conceived as being possible, is the man that will surely and positively become a fixed fact in the history of mind. What Jesus taught in practice in his life, as being Divine that all human minds and souls are capable of practicing and teaching. God the Father rules through love. Without entering into the meta physical details of the physical creation, which clearly illus trate, through every department, that that element which in man and in the history of the mental world, assumes the name of Divine love, or religious love, pervades the creation -without entering into these details—we will only say that love is the foundation of all life, that the principle of life itself is the love of the Great Father, working in and through all things. Take away this, and not intelligence, not the vast f mathematical power, not all the symmetry of broad, independent mind, no height or depth of power, could ever have formed creation, without that one positive, Divine element of love. It comes to you from the opening leaflet of the early Spring-lime, it comes to you through the untold and numberless beauties of the wild-wood, it is visible in all the various forms of created matter. It is even perceptible in inorganic life, where there are no perceptible means o life, yet the untold changes of the granite clearly prove that there is a spirit of life pervading it. That life, in its degree, is like the life in man; that intelligence, in its degree, is the same quality that exists in the human being. This we have treated of before; we repeat it, that the same quality of intelligence exists everywhere in creation. The quantity alone differs; man's intelligence is in quality the same a the intelligence of Delty, only it is but one drop, and God the Father is the whole. It is but one atom; it can be nothing more; but it is the same in quality as that which the Great, Universal Mind possesses. Then, the same love the same religion, the same quality of true worship which exists in the human soul, is the outgrowth of the same feeling and principle. It is because the flower loves its source of life, that it lives and blossoms and sheds its fragrance on the air. It is because the wild-bird is happy in its existence, that it warbles forth its songs in Summer-time. It is because the substance out of which the sunshine grows is in itself a beams flow from it. It is because the earth, in reaching out to catch the sunlight, possesses in itself an element of intelligence, the Divine existence of life and power, that it can absorb the sun's rays, and perfect and beautify the materials out of which it is made. It is because your souls can reach up toward it and catch the glimpses of the sunlight, that religion comes forth spontaneously from your souls. Religion is the result of that love within, and not the cause of it; inspiration is the result of that love, not the cause of it. All forms of adoration, all forms of love, all forms of Divine thought and moral excellence, have their growth and origin

How, then, does the Father rule his children? Because beyond the moral and material laws of the universe, which to the materialistic mind are not perceptible as Divine thingsthough to us they are Divine, in their degree, as is man-beyoud this there seems to be a world of thought in the human soul, a separate existence, which, though it may be material is outside of, and superior to, all the known forms of matter which man can analyze and conceive. Now that palpable, positive substance, which is the soul of man, or which is the result of his soul, is under the control and absolute guidance of the superior, vast influence of the love of Deity. And as there, nor into the spaces of the universe to know where He

Now, commence again with the Divine economy. We en- all things in nature, and all laws in nature, have their origin deavored to illustrate, last Subbath afternoon, that the Divine from the same source, so all that is in human minds, and all economy resembled in its forms, or in the principles which it aspirations of human hearts, have their origin and their rise embodies, the highest forms of government which men con- in the same Divine economy. That in the flower which ceive. We spoke of this in a metaphysical sense. We shall causes it to absorb a certain hue, a certain beam of light, for now speak of it in a palpable sense. Notwithstanding the its own peculiar purpose, may cause men, in their peculiar constitution, to absorb certain elements in the Divine nature which make them different. And it is only when you understand that the quality of this love, of this intelligence, of this Divinity, is everywhere the same, that you can comprehend the true, Divine, and perfect government of Doity.

Christian theologians say that God is just. What is justice? It is the result, first, of a presumption that there must be arbitrary law: eccoudly, that that law may be violated: thirdly, that through justice, the framer or controller of law may administer such punishment as in his power seems just and proper. Justice, then, is entirely a conception of human intelligence. But when it is resolved into its original constituents, it is love. Because, the Father, the Source of all ilfe, fashioned these laws, created these principles, through the outgrowth of His existence; individuals only adapt them to their purposes. "You violate Divine law," says the theologian, "and the law punishes you." We say you cannot vioato a Divino law. If a law is Divine, it is not capable of violation; and if a law can be so violated, then it is not Divine; for the Father knows no law but that of universal, infinite, absolute love. Can you injure His government? Is the foundation of His universe resting upon the violation or nonviolation of any law? Is His government subject to the control and power of individuals? No; but upon the vastness, and beauty, and perfectness of the whole unity of mind; and therefore His law cannot be violated. The theologian simply means to imply this: that if there is any imperfection in your moral nature, you will suffer for it, as a man suffers when there is an imperfection in his physical nature. He simply means to imply that if there is any lack of cultivation in your moral nature, that lack will be made manifest, and that when you discover it you will deplore deeply your ignorance. He simply means that that which in the finite seems Divine, in the infinite is perfect and absolute; that in the finite it seems imperfect, in the infinite it is glorious and perfect. Again. In all Divine laws there seems to be one controlling

dement, one positive power, one supreme force. If those Divine laws are to apply to men's moral natures, they must be such laws as are best adapted to reach moral natures. Now we know that the highest law which reaches crime, in its lowest forms, as well as in its milder manifestations, is that of kindness. We must, then, conclude that the highest law in Divinity, which reaches the lowest and most degraded minds, must be thatsof love and kindness, and, reasoning from the known to the unknown, that all that lies in the world of mind is simply the power, and magnitude, and perfectness, and simplicity, of one principle in the Godhead, and that is love. Now we do not believe that the highest angel or archangel that hovers nearest the (so-called) throne of God, knows any higher form of government, any truer justice, any more perfect law, any more effective pupishment, than the administration of leve. We do not believe that any angel is too high to minister to the lowest mortal that dwells upon the earth. We do not think any soul is too elevated to toop to the lowest soul, and, through love and kindness, draw it back to purity. We do not believe that God is so omnipotent, and so infinite, and so Divine in His majesty, that the lightest sorrow of His children does not find response and comfort because He is so far away. We do not believe that He cannot be nearest the throbblings of every human soul. and know, and feel, and understand, that He may punish the erring. We do not believe, either, that men have suffered or died, or endured any punishment, when their suffering has not come within the scope of Divine love. We do not go to anger, nor revenge, nor justice, nor yet even to mercy, to account for the vast vicissitudes of human life, the multiplicity of human sortows, and so-called human wrongs. We can go to the love of the Father, and see that through suffering, and through pain, and through anguish, all souls are brought to Him. Finite sorrow and infinite joy may be the same thing. That which to your minds to-day is the cause of great suffering and anguish, to-morrow, or in a few years, may be the greatest source of joy that you have ever had. That which at its first growth seems painful as does the soulight to the man that has been long imprisoned, when you have become accustomed to it will grow great, and good, and beautiful; and, concealed beneath suffering, and beneath sorrow, and beneath despair, you see the smiling angel of God's love. This is something like the old Orthodox theory. But it is not only the few chosen children of the Delty that he favors with sorrows, that he may reveal his love; it is not that

"Behind a frowning Providence He hides a smilling face"

for those who acknowledge it; but to all his children, to all conditions of life, to all developments of human minds, the positive Divine element of love works its beneficent ends. Look at the mother; does she not love her child just as well when she is administering a punishment that she knows it requires? When she talks to it of its wrongs and errors, and instructs it in knowledge and wisdom, is there not in that mother's heart as much of love as in the fond, doting soul of the mother that allows her child, because it is "cunning," because it is young, to commit any act of indiscretion? . Has not the mother who administers wholesome rebuke as fond a love as the one who falls to rebuke the errors of her child? Just as loving, just as sincere, and far more sensible. And by the very power of your thought you may know; whatever who knows that these are all but the ever life, knows that even in sorrow, even in darkness, even in misery, even in despair, even in crime, the soul, in the end, will be purified by the fire-in the end will come out brighter from the darkness. He knows that the result will be a perfeet, Divine, infinite organization in the self-head of the human soul. If men doubt immortality, they must doubt all the purposes of human life; if men doubt a future that in itself is reward, and a perfect and Divine compensation for all that in the present has been dark, terrible, inexplicable, then they must doubt the Divine economy of all that exists. Not even the beauty of nature, not even the perfectness of the earth, not even the symmetry and perfection of the universo itself, can cause men to believe in the love which dwells in the justice and mercy of that Father who causes man to live on in a life of sorrow, so that he may never more know joy. No; but these are your days of indiscretion, these your days of boyhood, and these your young, capricious ways, these the deeper sorrows of childhood, these the tendencies of childhood to wrong, but the guldance to that which is right, these the severe castigations of Divine love, that shall guide you finally into the perfection of all happiness. We do not speak of these as being the absolute, positive ways of Deity; we speak of them as being entire and perfect as being Divine, and never partial. We speak of them to you as each and all being the children of one great human family which lives upon earth, that family but a small portion of the great, infinite number of souls that live in other worlds and other stars and in all space. We speak of it as being the great Divine omnipresent law, by which, through sorrow, men may attain to joy, through darkness to light, through that which seems dark and dreary and sinful, to the true and perfect and good. Remember, we are not advocating the fectrine that as individuals men should be evil that good may come; we are only seeing in the Divine economy that vast conception of love which, while it administers sorrow and suffering, while it fashions circumstances and laws which make crime and wrotchedness still sees and foreshadows and perfects in its infinite self-existence, the perfectness of all love. We are not speaking of that past, and that present, and that future, which comes under the observation of human minds, which the history of man reveals to you, or which those foreshadowings of the future which you concelve, reveals; we are speaking of the vastness of that great law of life which exists in the great I Au, the Jehovah of the universe. Jehovah means the Future, the Present, the sunshine, a perfect thing of life and power, that the pleasant | Past. That is what we mean by eternity. That is what we mean by life; that is what we understand by Divine economy; that is what we conceive of human destiny; that is what we aspire to; that is all that men have known, or do, or ever will know, and that all souls and all thoughts have ever conceived or ever will conceive. It means a vastness so immense that all thought fails in the attempt to understand it, and all souls have fallen short of its mark. It means a love so omnipotent, so universal, so perfect, that in the extent of its domain there is no flaw, no imperfection, no lack of harmony; it is perfect and Divine. It means a system of government so simple, so clear, that you can analyze one atom: yet that atom, though it gives you a component portion of the whole, can never reveal the whole to you. It means that if in the human soul there is a love which conquers all natred, all fear, all revenge, all malice, all crime, all depravity, all that you know of earthly sorrow, there is a Divine and infinite love which conquers all these and makes up the great controlling, perfect attribute of Deity. You need not go to any star to find it; you need not span the whole system of the universe in search of Delty; you need not wonder

where is His dwelling-place and what is the vast machinery

of His law; you need not penetrate into matter to see if He is

18. He is here, within your souls, if that spark of love exists there, if you have ever felt and known it. Remember that, if degree, it is the same mind, the same quality, the same divinity which works in and through all things.

This is the Divine economy, that which time, nor space, nor matter contrels; that which the history of men and mations cannot overthrow. It is visible in all human thought that has conquered time and space; it is visible in all human thought that has towered high above thrones, and kingdoms, and even men, and set a signet-scal upon the great history of nations; it is visible in all philanthropists, who, with the spark of love in their hearts, have gone through fire, and the hearts are Gold is coverable of the same cach heirs of etermation in the conting future. Yenclon is no nearer God than fiered is, for the divine the same cach heirs of etermations and suffering that met Christ at Jacob's well, was just as near God before she preached Christ as sho was after. The sufferings consequent upon her sins and prepared her soul in the love of Christ on tumnity, and she was the first preacher of the gospel of Christ, and she spark of love in their hearts, have gone through fire, and braved the sword, the positionee, and the famine, to perform the great work of love for man; it is visible in all the departments of life where feeling, and social love, and mutual interest, bind human hearts together. It is visible even in the lowest departments of human life—where there is sympathy from in crime,—where there is light even in darkness. It is visible in all this; but how much more so in the height, and breadth, and power, and comprehension of a united, perfect in the affirmative of this question, I cannot say to the wretched ainner, to the rebel, to the criminal of darkness, it is exided, to the including the current of the gospel of Christ, and she was a prostitute.

Taking the affirmative view of this question, I cannot say to the wretched ainner, to the rebel, to the criminal of darkness decided, to the including the prostitute, the content of the wretched ainner, to the rebel, to the criminal of darkness, it is exidently a content of the wretched ainner, to the rebel, to the criminal of darkness decided, to the including the writer of the wretched ainner, to the rebel, to the criminal of darkness decided, to the including the writer of the wretched ainner, to the rebel, to the criminal of darkness decided, to the including the writer of the wretched ainner, to the rebel, to the criminal of darkness decided, to the including the writer of the wrotched ainner, to the rebel, to the criminal of darkness decided, to the including the writer of the wrotched ainner, to the rebel, to the criminal of darkness decided, to the including the writer of the wrotched ainner, to the rebel, to the criminal of darkness decided, to the including the writer of the wrotched ainner, to the rebel, to the criminal of the wrotched ainner, to the rebel, to the ordinate, the prostitute, the wrotched ainner, to the rebel, to the criminal of the wrotched ainner, to the rebel, to the criminal of the wrotched ainner, to the rebel, to the criminal of the wrotched ainner, to the rebel, to the including the wrotched ainner, breadth, and power, and comprehension of a united, perfect system of human thought! Why, if we did not know there was something outside of the human mind—that is, if we did not know there was more human mind than ever has or ever will exist upon your earth, we should say that the mind, in itself, was Divine, and omnipotent, and all-glorious, from its rest magnitude, from the very thoughts which its own divinity inspires, from the very perfectness of law which its own donception reveals, from the very beauty, and power, and Divino simplicity of that law of love which controls the stars, the universe, and human souls. To-day you can feel your souls go out toward the great Infinite, and expand and enlarge in the warmth of His love. As the flower expands under the influence of the sunshine, as the earth, and air, and sky, acknowledge the grateful presence of the Spring-time, so the elements of your souls, now blended in thought, now uniting in one great union of feeling, warm and expand under the influence of that thought of love, and grow great, until that which only seemed to fill the space which your bodies occupy fills all the universe. Have you ever felt your minds expand and grow great that they burst the very bonds which controlled them? Have you ever felt that the earth was not capable of containing your thoughts? Have you ever felt, when viewing a theme of this kind, so magnificent and perfect in its nature, that in your own nature you were almost, and the solid in the sould drink it, and our Christ's example: it is for our good; it is our passport to heaven. The affirmative wiew makes all life beautiful to the soul within, and in this light the kingdom of heaven is there our good; it is our passport to heaven. The militant we should drink it, and our Christ's example: it is for our good; it is our passport to heaven. The affirmative view makes all life beautiful to the soul within, and in this light the kingdom of heaven is there our good; it is the heaven all life over it the way fille: it is the tawnful effect of the condition of your soul, it could not be otherwise with causes existing there—thus the affirmative accepts it as true. So the affirmative accepts it as true. So the affirmative soul; it could not be otherwise with causes existing there—thus the affirmative accepts it as true. So the affirmative involved of good reads and every deed of go very magnitude, from the very thoughts which its own divinity fect in its nature, that in your own nature you were almost a foot in its nature, that in your own nature you were almost a look good and ovll as we say, are necessary. To god has created nothing that is unnecessary, for God has created nothing that is unnecessary.

Take all the teachings of the past in which the infinitude of God's power, wisdom and love has been taught—in which resemblies the Infinite; you know what we mean by that religion in which acknowledges the relation between God and man; you know what we mean when we say that toward the great universal salvation has been claimed—in which the teachings of Christ are made a reality—take the trash and you know what we mean when we say that toward the great universal solution away that clouds them all, leaving only the reality, and the affirmative of this question stands forth a bold and malphalle truth. matter is drawn toward the whole. If atoms contained within themselves elements that were unlike each other, there could be no aggregation, no attraction, no motion. And it souls contained within themselves elements-discordant elemonts-not in direct and positive sympathy with each other souls could nover blend, thoughts could never blend, minds could never blend; there could be no union of purposes, in nations, in society, in men, in universes. But as the particles or primitive elements exist in all matter, only differently combined, so the same qualities exist in all souls, and men are drawn toward each other, and toward the great centre and source of all life, until they make up a part of the Divine whole.

This concludes our series of lectures upon these subjects But the theme is as exhaustless as eternity itself; it can only be ended when thought ceases to be; it can only be under stood when the finite reaches the Infinite.

> Written for the Banner of Light. · A PRESENTIMENT.

BY GRACE LELAND.

What is this, creeping o'er my soul, Dropping its silent gloom-As though my steps were drawing near The shadows of the tomb?

Have loving angels hung their harps Within the Eden bowers, And come in pitying silence down

To this sad world of ours? It seems that round my spirit now Their tear-drops gently full, Walle they are folding round my heart

A dark and fearful pail. I feel its dim, sepulchral folds, As, weary and afraid, I walk through these mysterious hours

Filled with prophetic shade. Father in Heaven, I come to Thee,

For thou alone canst aid: Grant us thy presence and thy love In sunlight and in shade. Oct. 19th. 1859.

BROMFIELD STREET CONFERENCE.

Wednesday Evening, Oct. 26.

QUESTION .-- Are the manifestations of human life that we call evil, or sinful, a necessity of the conditions of the soul's progress ? Dr. Child-

"Bring out your balance; get in man by man;
Add carth, heaven, hell, the universe; that's all.
God puts his finger in the other scale,
And up we bounce a bubble ..."

"The world is perfect as concerns itself,
O'er the manage atom God reigns
Omnipotent, as o'er the universe."

Without any feeling of antagonism to views that may seem Without any feeling of antagonism to views that may seem opposed to the ullimistive of this question, from the despest and most sincere convictions of my soul. I answer to the question, that what we call sin and evil in human actions is a necessity, and, heing a necessity, it is lawful and right. The views of Dr. Gardner, Mr. Newton, Mr. Edson, and all others here—and the views of Horace Seaver, William Loyd Garrison, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Theedore Parker, Henry Ward Beacher, Spurgeon, E. H. Chapin, A. L. Stone, and Nehemiah Adams—and all dectrines, creeds and opinions, all world the affirmative accepts as being true to the

over the world, the affirmative accepts as being true to the conditions that produce them.

In the limits of a few minutes it is impossible to present this subject so that it may be understood. Detailed explanations are necessary to this end. Time so limited only admits of a few general statements. The subject is as vast as the universe; it is as unmeasured as infinitude. A clear view of this side of the question covers all the beauty, a thousand times told, that the wildest impaination has conceived. It is of this side of the question covers all the beauty, a thousand times told, that the wildest imagination has conceived. It is in perfect harmony with the beautiful teachings of Christ, and all that is good and hely in the Church and in all religions. It accepts every creed as being necessary to the conditions that produced it. It is a platform on which all other platforms rest. It is a circle in which all other circles exist. This view of the question is in harmony with all ovil; it sees all that is wrong and repulsive to the soul's higher longings, as being the effect of a means in the ordering of Divine Wisdom, for the production of the greatest possible good for humanity. It sees darkness as necessary as light, in the spritual as well as in the physical world; it sees the lightning's glare as necessary as the milder, softer smulight; the driving storm as necessary as the gentler dews. It recognizes the hand of God in the serpent's venom, as much as in the fragrance of the pure water-filly; in the crude granite, as full and perfect as in the existence of angel-life. It sees God in the season of the pure water-filly; in the order granite, as full and perfect as in the existence of angel-life. It sees God in the season in the existence of angel-life. It sees God in the same that were never broken, and nover can be; laws every jot and title of which; as Christ has said, must be fulfilled. It recognizes the latent germ of crime as meaning and potent as crime developed; and the latent germ of gondness well. times told, that the wildest imagination has conceived. It is

said, must be fulfilled. It recognizes the latent germ of crime as meaning and potent as crime developed; and the latent germ of goodness as powerful and weighty as goodness well developed. It recognizes the cloments of good and cvil, in a low condition of human progress, as being inseparably blond-od, necessary and lucylable. It sees the manifestation of every human soul, whether good or bad, as being the necessary result of a certain condition, in which condition is to be found a natural cause that produced the good or bad action. It sees that

"The weakest things Are to be made examples of God's might; The most defective, of his perfect grace."

In the affirmative view of this question there is nothing wrong. All ill, all woe, all curses, are only clouds that ne cessarily rise up and pass away, and

"Everything seems good and lovely and immortal;
The whole is beautiful; and I can soo
Naught wrong in man nor nature, naught not meant.
The world is but a revelation. All things
Are God, or of God."

Judas, the traitor, was as faithful to the condition of his Judas, the traitor, was as faithful to the condition of his being as was St. John, the divine—each performed the mission assigned to each, lawfully and truly. The lowest brick fills its place, and is useful in the wall of ten thousand other bricks, just the same as the highest brick that caps the euperstructure. In the architecture of God's great universe each human soul fills its place as designed by the builder. Every human soul is as a brick—no more, no less—in the mighty superstructure of the temple of Delty.

Bohind the holy deeds of Fencion there existed natural causes that produced them; he could not help the manifestations of good. Bellind the dark deeds of King Herod, the enemy of Christ, there existed natural causes that produced

fills its place, and is useful in the wall of ten thousand other bricks, just the same as the highest brick that caps the superstructure. In the architecture of God's great universe each human soul fills its place as designed by the builder. Every human soul is as a brick—no more, no loss—in the mighty superstructure of the temple of Delty.

Bohind the holy deeds of Fenelon there existed natural causes that produced them; he could not help the manifestations of good. Behind the dark deeds of King Herod, the enemy of Ohrist, there existed natural causes that produced them; he could not help the manifestations of good. Behind the dark deeds of King Herod, the enemy of Ohrist, there existed natural causes that produced them; he could not help them. In Fonelon there is no merit; in Herod there is no demerit. God created both, and the laws of God governed both, one no

She was the first preacher of the gospel of Christ, and she

Do the noblest desires of the soul want anybody to be un-

Do the noblest desires of the soul want anylody to be unhappy forever? No. All hell fades out of view as the phantom of mdream, when the soul can see that all that God has made is right.

The cup of bitterness is the fruit of sia and we must drink it as Christdid; we cannot keep it from our lips; it is our Father's will that we should drink it, and our Christ's example; it is for our god; it is our passport to heaven.

ooth good and evil as we say, are necessary, for God has cre-

palpable truth.

Mr. Newton said -Though I have been invited to speak Mr. Newton said—Though I have been invited to speak on the negative of this question, I shall say nothing for the more purpose of maintaining a side; but shall set forth what seems to me the simple truth, according to the testimony of my own perceptions and consciousness, let it fail upon which side it may. My remarks will not be so much a specific reply to what has been urged by the preceding speaker, as a general treatment of the whole subject.

I shall not undertake to deny that many things and acts are called evil and sinful, which are not really so. Some things appear or seem to be evils, while in fact they are means to promote our growth in goodness; and some acts deemed sinfulare merely transgressions of arbitrary, man-made codes of morals, which have no basis in the sout's eternal constitution.

tution.

Of the class properly termed seeming evils, are all misfortunes, losses, injuries inflicted upon us by others—all landships and unfavorable surroundings—all ignorance incident to ungrowth—all hereditary weaknesses and base propensities—and all pains and sufferings consequent upon our own ignorant mistakes and willful wrongs. These all, though commonly called evils, may be so used as to be instruments of good.

of good.
As apparent sins, I would class all sins of ignorance, or

As apparent sins, I would class all sins of ignorance, or houset mistakes of wrong for right; and all violations of ostablished rules of society or the church, under the promptings of what is believed to be a "higher law." These usually appear to be "sinful" to lookers-on—though they may be the upward and silices steps of the individual's progress. Nor shall I deny that evils and sins of the descriptions mentioned are for the most part necessary, in the constitution of things, to growth or progress. Plainly, there can be no records sunless there is a lower as well as a ligher. There can be no nattaining to perfection, unless there is imperfection to begin with. All such evils are merely lesser goods.

Nor do I question that what often passes for virtue and spotless morality in the sight of men, is but an external garb, a cloak of hypocrisy, a whitewash on the sepulcine, whose foul interior smells quite as "rank to heaven" as does the heart of the vilest sinner who has not added hypocrisy to his guilt.

Nor shall I constien that there is provident a specieur

guilt.

Nor shall I question that there is provalent a specious kind of virtue, or self-righteousness, on which many plume themselves—which is neither more nor less than untried innocence—which knows not what it is to be tempted, and bence is unacquainted with either its own weakness or attempts. This little of with us out to be directly consequenced.

innocence—which knows not what it is to be tempted, and hence is unacquainted with either its own weakness or strength. This kind of virtue is apt to be rigidly censorious—has no sympathy with the fallon—carefully gathers up its spotless skirts when its meets the sinner in the highway—loves to mount the moralist's pedestal or the sacred pulpit, and there's could men for their sins, and try to scourge them into the road to heaven.

Nor do I doubt but it may be an effective—perhaps the only effective—means of promoting real virtue and true righteousness in such persons, that they be led into overpowering temptations, and fall, and besmenr their immaculate garments from head to foot in the sluices of pollution. This may be needed to show them what is in themselves—to teach them humility, charity, and sympathy with the sinful. They who belong to title class will be sure to recover from such lapses; and hereafter will seek to lead the fallen into the right path, taking them lovingly by the haud as equals, instead of attempting to drive as superiors.

Nor, again, do I duny that the road through hell—even the "lowest hell"—"may lead eventually to heaven—nor that those who travel that way, and reach the celestial city at last, through crimes and miseries and agonies untold, will not have a larger capacity for happiness, and for usefulness in saving others, than the merely innocent, the passivity recond mices are constanted as an interest with the context with the conte

in saving others, than the merely innocent the passively good, whose robes were never stained even by contact with

the vile.

None of these positions shall I dony, for I honestly believe them true. But our question makes no distinction between the seeming evils to which I have alluded, and the real or positive evils which we all know to exist; nor does it recognize such differences in the "conditions" of different souls as may require differences of discipline for their growth to

Taking the question as it stands, therefore, I am compolled Taking the question as it stands, therefore, I am composited to answer both Yz and No. If it means only that evils and sins, in the sense of Ignorance, mistakes, and inherited tendercies, with the sufferings and serrows consequent therepupun, are necessarily incident to a state of progress from lower to higher conditions, I unhesitatingly answer in the affirmative. But if it means that no soul can advance to its highest condition, except by personally participating in real evil, or by becoming positively sinful, I most emphatically answer. No.

mswor. No. The latter dectrine not only abrogates all real distinction the latter doctrine not only abregates at real distinction between evil and good, between virtue and vice, as has been distinctly avowed; but it makes crime and all wickedness a duty—because the sooner and the deeper you plunge into them, the more rapid will be your progress toward perfection!

tion! An argument used on a former occasion in this hail, to substantiate this abhorrent dectrine, had some show of truth in it, enough to make it seem plausible to undiscriminating minds. It was in substance as follows:

"Afflictions always benefit the soul. Joy is only recre-ation, not the work of the soul's growth. The wretched sin-ner suffers more than the faithful Christian, who walks in nor suffer more than the lathing Unitatian, who waits in the paths of peace. All steps of human progress must be passed by every soul for itself; and every soul, to gain a ligher ascent, must first pass over hell below. There is no degradation, no misery, no suffering, which I must not in my progression gain the mastery over; and to do this, she misery and the suffering must be mine. Hell shall sometime rise on wings of cestasy to praise God forever," etc., etc.

rise on wings of costasy to praise God forever," etc., etc.

Let us look at some of the mistakes of this reasoning:

It is true, in the general, that "afflictions benefit the soul;" but it is not true that "loy" and "peace" are not equally helpful to its growth. Afflictions to the soul are like the night and the storm to the growing plant; they serve to send its roots more deeply down into the Eternal Providence from whence it draws its hidden, basic life, and to give it solidity and strength; while loy and peace are as necessary to upward growth and expansion, as are the warm, calm sunshine, the gentle rain, the gental breeze. Nor is it true to experience that "afflictions are always a benefit to the soul." This depends upon the use that is made of them—the spirit with which they are endured. Sometimes they only blight and harden.

It is true that all the steps in the soul's upward progress must be, in one sense, taken by and for itself; though it is equally true that we can and do suffer for each other's bone-fit. It is true that the highest greatness (which is the greatest power to redeem and save others, can be attained only by experience of the lowest depths of human wee; but it does not follow that this can be had only by participating in the wickedest of human crimes! The moral sense revolts at such an alternative. There is another method of arriving at this result, which will be pointed out presently.

It may be true—I trust it is—that "hell shall sometime rise on wings of eestasy to praise God forever;" that is, that all souls who are now in hell will rise into the regions of truth, wisdom and harmony. But then It will no longer be "shell." And I cannot see that any will find it a cruse for special "praise" that they have groped so long in the dismal regions of Tartarus; nor a reason for highest joy that they have plunged lowest down beneath "the flary billums of remore," by the commission of the most flagrant crimes, it may be that I shall "thank God" to all eternity "that I have been a sinner," as on Let us look at some of the mistakes of this reasoning:

of keener susceptibility—and, by overcoming the cause in themselves, have given me power to overcome also. The same law have I seen often illustrated on the spiritual plane, Persons of keen sympathies, deeply interested in the wolfare of others, have come so closely into rapport with them as to take upon themselves the montal angulsh and soul-torture which others have suffered, and thus sided them to deliverance. Not only this, but such sympathetic persons may take upon themselves the montal states of even the hardened and upon themselves the moral states of even the hardened and upon themselves the moral states of even the hardened and upon themselves the moral states of even the hardened and upon themselves the moral states of even the hardened and upon themselves the moral states of even the hardened and upon themselves the moral states of even the hardened and upon themselves the moral states of even the hardened and upon themselves the moral states of even the hardened and upon themselves the moral states of even the hardened and upon themselves the moral states of even the hardened and upon themselves the moral states of even the hardened and upon themselves the moral states of even the hardened and upon themselves the moral states of even the hardened and upon themselves the moral states of even the hardened and the same wings; thereby gaining power to awaken repentance and reform in the sinning one.

This is the great law of "substituted snffering," or "vicarious atonoment," which is just as true as though theologians had never raisunderstood and perverted it. In this sense was it (as I understand,) that Jesus of Nazaroth "bore the same place on light. No theory that you advance will do any good or any stage of our future existence, we shall be as small be as willing to go down, not by sinning, but by sympathy, to the most degraded wretch of our race, and seek to draw him upward. This, as I am instructed, is what our heaven-appointed spiritually and the same place of our future existence, we shall be as

18 when we fail, yet ever because, oncert, and apparent
But I have affirmed a distinction between real and apparent

But I have affirmed a distinction between real and apparent evils—between sins of ignorance or necessity and sins of will. It appears to me that this distinction is radical and eternal—high as heaven, and deep as hell—and yet it seems to be usually wholly overlooked, or blinked out of sight, by those who argue the affirmative of this question. The failure, to discriminate here is the source of their glaring failacies. Let us try to get a clear view of the distinction.

Admitting that we often transgress the conditions of happiness, and injure ourselves or others through necessity, arising from ignorance, hereditury predisposition, or stress of outward influences—yet it is also true, in the consciousness of most persons at least, that they sometimes do what they feel to be wrong, feeling at the same time the rowen to do otherwise. They do it not because they profer wrong, in the abstract, to right, but because they included the most of their better judgment, their inner monitions, but to their lower instincts, their selfish inclinations.

Transgressions of the former class may, and usually do, re-

lower Instincts, their selfish inclinations.

Transgressions of the former class may, and usually do, result in glving us greater wisdom, strength, growth, and hence work for good. But those of the latter class tend to obscure the perceptions, to blunt the moral sense, to stiffe the voice of conscience, to render us deaf to the monitions of angelguardians, to strengthen the power of blind appetite, and to let down the whole man under the dominion of the baser self,—thus retarding if not utterly paralyzing for the time all spiritual growth. Hence such acts do no good, but real harm; and the condition out from which they proceed is only evil and that continually.

apiritual growth. Honce such acts do no good, but real harm; and the condition out from which they proceed is only ovil and that continually.

Now I submit to every candid mind whether I have not described an actual fact of consciousness, more or less true to every one's experience? If so, then we all know that there are real evils, which in our theorizing should never be confounded with those which are only apparent.

It is true that the existence of the deepest guilt may furnish occasion, that would not else have existed, for displays of the highest goodness—compassion, forgiveness, self-devotion of the sinless for the sinful. But this does not in the least change the character of the guilt. And it may be true that the terrible sufferings, the anguish and remorse which are sure to result, seoner or later, in this life or the next, from thus yielding to inclination rather than to right, will semetime burn up this dross of sensuality, consume the outer incrustation of self-love, and set the spirit froe to make its way slowly and painfully back up the rugged sides of the fearful pit. And the awilt agonies it has passed may serve to hielphon, by contrast, the joysit shall thereafter experience in obedience to the right. Thus the highest good may oventually be brought out of the direct evil. But that does not make the evil any less evil in itself. And should the redeemed soul ever again be offered the choice of routes to the Celestial Oity, I doubt if it would take that which winds through the fiery caverns of Infernus!

"But," perhaps some one is ready- to urge, "there is no

Olty, I doubt if it would take that which winds through the flery caverns of Infernus!

"But," perhaps some one is ready to urge, "there is no such thing as freedom of choice, or free will, in human actions. All things, the human will not excepted, are governed by inoritable necessity. Hence there is and can be no sin, in the reuse usually understood."

I freely admit the doctrine of Philosophical Necessity:—that is, the intellect (by means of which we philosophize) sees that all things are produced by effective causes, in an unbroken chain from the Cause of Causes. But the intellect, in our spiritual constitutions, corresponds to the faculty of that all things are produced by effective causes, in an un-broken chain from the Cause of Causes. But the intellect, in our spiritual constitutions, corresponds to the faculty of sight in our natural bodies. We well know that the perceptions of the eye, in common experience, need to be corrected by the testimony of the other senses. It is said that when persons born blind, or blind from early youth, have had their sight conferred or restored by a surgical operation, they have at first supposed that everything they saw touched their eyes. It is only by the use of the sense of feeling that the illusion is corrected. So in the question before us—the mere intellect acts of all beings, from first to last. But feeling, or conscious—nees, testifies in every one of us that, within certain limits, which power we actually put in exercise every hour of our littles. Bome one has said that "seeing is believing, but feeling is the naked truth." We may see the fact of Philosophical Necessity, and therefore believe it; but we all feel the reality of practical Freedom, and hence know it is the naked truth. From this consciousness follows the sense of shame and guilt, when we have done that we know was wrong—a sense which would be impossible did we not feel that we could have done otherwise.

The spiritual is mightier than the natural—the higher is more powerful than the lower. We all have, in our interior to easily the support of the entire the ore spiritual natures, a sense of superiority over the lower, or spiritual natures, a sense of superiority over the lower, or

more powerful than the lower. We all have, in our interior or spiritual natures, a sense of superiority over the lower, or animal—a consciousness of a mighty reserve of power at our command, sufficient to overcome all base inclinations, if we but call it forth. Hence the feelings of shame and guilt when we fall to use this power, and are overcome of the weaker force.

force.

Doubtless the existence, in the universal scheme of things, of this limited sphere of freedom, which allows man power to do wrong and to suffer for it, as well as to do right and enjoy the consequences, is the highest passible good. Without it he would be a mere machine of no higher order than a saw-mill

To conclude, I am the more free in criticising this mistake of those who ignore the existence of real evil, from the fact that my criticisms full first upon myself. In my earliest publica-tion on Spiritualism, (The Ministry of Angels Realized) writ-ten nearly seven years since, I used the following language: "The coil that we see in man arises only from an imperfect or incomplete development of what was made to be, and what will be, when completed, good."

This was honostly said, according to my then best perceptions; but I now see that I was then in the A B O of spiritual tions; but I now see that I was then in the A B O of spiritual philosophy. I saw only the seeming and superficial, overlooking the real cyll there is in man. But the investigations and experience of seven years—the closer analysis of the sources of action within myself—have corrected some of my childish mistakes; this, among others. I would now as soon talk of Canada thistics developing into golden wheat, or infantile wolves growing into harmless lambs, as of man's perverted self-leve developing, into gold. It must be overtued or supplanted by the Divine or unselfish Love, which alone is Essential Good.

alone is Essential Good.

Mr. Edson briefly argued that the position taken by Dr. Child must lead to the production of evil. Such dectrines, he said; had been called damnable heresics

Mr. Wilson, of New York. I am with my friend, Dr. Child, for his views come nearest to the standard of true Christianity of any I over heard; they are but a reiteration of the philosophy taught eighteen hundred years ago. The largeness of a heart that can comprehend and utter such views as Dr. Child has advanced, can meet the criminal and say, "neither do I condomn thea." And it can forgive by deeds more than by words. These views, carried out into practical detail, are in harmony with the fundamental teachings of Christ.

I cannot see the immoral tonuency that some believe must flow from such views, but I can clearly see the reverse of this. When they are received, they must give humanity a mastery over in morality; their influence is triumphant over evil; it reaches from hell to heaven. By the possession of these

caches from hell to heaven. By the possession of these flows the soul is armed and charged with a positive power

reaches from hell to heaven. By the pessession of these views the soul is armed and charged with a positive power over what is called evil.

I can only judge of others by myself, and of the influence that these views would have upon others by the influence that these views would have upon others by the influence they have upon me. With these views I, know I cannot intentionally injure another man; and I cannot believe that any person is in a lower hell than I am.

We call the day God, and the night the devil; but in the light of the affirmative of this question we conclude that the night is as necessary to the growth of vegetation and the growth of the soul as the day is. All work is the work of God, and all things are after the will of God.

Dr. Gardner disliked the idea of negative and affirmative, as applied to the question—he was on both sides. He said, I was pleased with Dr. Child's remarks, but I disagree with him materially. I was pleased with Mr. Newton's remarks, and hold that his position is right. Men are developed from causes, intellectually and spiritually, which they cannot control; there is a law in our nature that impels us in the direction we go. At the same time there is a power in human nature that enables men to judge between right and wrong; to avoid the wrong and do the right. The doctor brought Phrenology in to show the truth of his position.

Mr. Walker of Texas made some remarks, favoring the affirmative.

Miss Lizzio Doten, entranced. Evil is evil only by com-

Miss Lizzlo Doten, entranced. Evil is evil only by com-

Miss Lizzle Doten, entranced. Evil is evil only by comparison—a lower condition than ours is evil to us, and our condition is evil to a higher condition. It is necessary for the tree that it should begin its growth at the root. The roots grow in the ground, in the darkness of the earth, the trunk and branches grow up toward heaven. The roots may be compared to evil, the trunk and top to good; the ramifications of each are similar, both are good, both are ne cossary. So it is of the soul's growth—every degree is necessary. The nearer we come to God the purer grows the soul, by does he (pointing to Dr. Chila,) present such views? It is because the philanthropy of his large heart wants to take all humanity to heaven—the wicked and the suffering as well himself to heaven, and it may be that the devil will have a seat in heaven, that God will say—

"Take: Lucifer, thy place. This day art thou

"Take, Lucifer, thy place. This day art thou Redcemed to archangelic state."

The views of Dr. Child are broad and comprehensive; he zoes for generals. His views are right, his position is true. In this general view the wisdom of Providence is seen in its erfection; there is no evil, no sin; but when you come to intuit, with limited perception you see evil. God produced minutia, with limited perception you see evil. God produced everything good at first, and God has never changed his mind —everything is good atill.

—everything is good atill.
You are beginning to accept these broader views which are made manifest in the kindness you show to sinners, criminals, and prisoners. This is but the beginning of the good that shall be seen to result from the views this brother advances.

That, leaped by Remus in his pride of strength, And thundered at by Goths for years in vain, And taken in the time of high disdain Of all that Goths or Vandals could achieve-Around whose arching summits spread the palm Of victory to him who claimed its wreath-High over history and summer fame Comes the outbreaking answer to thy prayer, To be the mistress of the ancient world.

Where is the arch of Titus? Where the throng That went and came on some unclouded day In the o'er arching Collecum's strength Of high, and strong, and solid masonry, Together in the height of youth and strength, Making sad music in the sight of those Who wanted them to grace their highest feasts? Ancient of days, and darkest in the night Of high carousal with the lust of wine, Comes the sad answer to thy highest prayer, To be the mistress of the ancient world.

Where is the strain of summer revelry That, wafted from the Tiber's glassy brink, Did pierce the cars of all who heard the sigh Of orphans from the low Campagnian towns? Who did entrance the listning winds with such A wail of misery as sometimes sheds Light o'er the inner life of those who weep Unnoticed tears that fall from swollen eyes-Unnoticed in the night of dark distress: But manifest when light from God on high Anticipates the doom of those who lay The treasured selece to their hearts' account That there is not in all the universe. A God to avenge the wrongs of indiscreet And have servilley on those who wear The purple of their power haughtly!

Correspondence.

Letter from Mrs. Townsend. MRS. M. S. TOWNSEND, TAUNTON, MASS.—I have spoken to

the people four Sabbaths, and one evening of a week, on Temperance, besides giving a lecture to the ladies, on Physiology. have had larger audiences each succeeding time, and apparently sensible ones. I am to speak here one Sabbath more, for which I feel rather sorry than pleased, because it will be the last one for the present; and you know there is something and in thinking of the last hours you are to spend with friends you love. I am boarding with one of the angels who are scattered upon the earth, and who to me has been a mother. May God bless her!

On Saturday night, Oct. 22d, after the night shadows fell, I was delighted with sweet and grand strains of music, from the Taunton Screnade Band, who had gathered "'neath my window," to give me the rich entertainment. I thought when listening, "I do not wonder that men can fight, when listening to such rich, glorious swells of music;" but I wondered how they could fight anything but wrong and discord. May the Band prosper, and may their hearts become as well attuned to blend in love's great harmony, which purifies, as were the tenes they poured from their instruments that evening.

You are doing good, dear Banner, and I see no reason why he healing influence of your Light may not open all eyes, thus making you "the light of every home."

I am to speak in Cambridgeport the two first Sundays of November, the two last in Lowell; two first of December in Ouincy: 25th at Marlboro'. It is my heartfelt prayer that God may move the winds to shake your folds, "even to the remotest parts of the earth."

Success of J. V. Mansfield.

A. S. H., PHILA, -" I have called on J. V. Mansfield, writing and test-medium, from Boston, several times since he has been staying in this city. I have taken a letter to him to be answered, and he gave entire satisfaction. I was present, and know that there was no way he could discover the contents except the way claimed by him. I have seen him answer quite a number of letters, which were perfectly astonishing to the persons present who wrote them. He is doing a great work with his remarkable gifts, in the way of convincing those who sit with him of the truth of holding communion with their spirit-friends."

"Know Thyself!"

How? Learn to know the relations that subsist between yourself and what is outside of yourself. Learn it by observation of facts that Experience, the great, infallible teacher, lays before you. Endeavor to flud out the causes of things analyze, classify and arrange them. Learn to think logically, systematically. Aim to take cognizance of the idena, and be not mislead by arbitrary terms, signs or symbols. You will then find that Nature's laws are immutable, in mind as well as matter; that on them depends our existence; that not a hair can move without the will of God; and that the greatest blessing of man is, that he is irresistibly led to happiness. You will then see beauty everywhere-everything for man's good—and Evil to be an angel pointing the way to heaven.

MRS. LIZZIE BEAMAN,

MRS. LIZZIE BEAMAN,

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Medium, No. 117 Hanover street, corner of Briend street,
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linnia. Medicines propared by Spirit direction. Examinations, \$1,00. Communications, 50 cents. Circles, Tuesday
and Friday Evenings, commencing at half-mat 7 o'clock.
Admittance, 10 cents. Hours from 9 A. M. 10 9 P. M. Sept. 24.

DR. W. O. PAGE. HEALING AND DEVELOPING MEDIUM, No. 47 West 27th street, New York. All diseases of the Evr and Ear resuled by mental and physical absorption. Reference given. Nov. 5. DR. C. MAIN,

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W. H. NUTTER, HEALING MEDIUM. THE SICK ARE HEALED BY THE LAYING ON OF hands at 103 Pleasant street, Boston. Terms moderate. Sept. 10.

NATURAL ASTROLOGY.

PROFESSOR HUSE may be found at his residence, No. 12 Osborn Place, leading from Pleasant street, a few blocks from Washington street, Boston.

Letters on business questions answered for \$1.
Full Nativity written, Consultation at all hours. Terms 50 cents each lecture.

MISS B. H. BARRETT, CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN, 3. No. 83 Beach street, Boston. Sept. 3. MRS. NEWTON, HEALING MEDIUM, O. 30 WEST DEDHAM STREET, four doors from Washington street. Terins, 50 cents for each sitting.
Oct. 8.

CEORGE ATKINS, CLAIRVOYANT PRYSICIAN AND HEAL-ing Melium, No. 3 Winter street, Euston, at the rooms nals, and prisoners. This is but the beginning of the good that shall be seen to result from the views this brother advances.

In machinery there is friction, which makes a loss of \$3,00. Also, Healing by the laying on of hands. Sm Oct 1.

. " ,

LECTUREUS.

Parties noticed under this head are at liberty to receive subscriptions to the BANKER, and are requested to call attoution to it during their locturing tours. Eample copies sent

Miss Emma Hardinon will lecture in Memphis during November. Address, care of J. E. Chadwick, Esq., Memphis, Tennessee. December, in New Orleans; part of January in Georgia, returning to the East via Cincinnati in March, 1860, Applications for lectures in the Bouth to be cent in as speedily as possible to the above address, or 8 Fourth Avenue, New York City,

John H. RANDALL will answer calls to lecture on subjects

connected with the Harmonial Fibliosophy. His address will be, until further notice, Northfield, Mass.

N. Hrank Witter will lecture in Lowell, Mass., Nov. 18th; Portland, Mo., Nov. 20th and 27th; will spend the month of December in Maine. Calls for vacant Sundays or week ovenings will be attended to, addressed as above.

ANNA M. MIDDLEBROOK will lecture in Taunton, Mass.
Nov. 18th, 20th and 37th; in Providence, Dec. 18th and 28th;
Jan. 1st and 8th. Applications for week evenings will be astended to. Address, Box 423, Bridgeport, Genr. F. L. WADAWORFH, will speak in Cincinnati, Ohio, Nov. 13th, 20th and 27th. He can be addressed at that place and

GEORGE ATKING Will speak in Quincy, Nov. 13th.

Dn. P. B. Randolphi's address, till further notice, will be Boston, care of Banner of Light. Enclose stamp for return

NARREN CHASE lectures Nov. 18th, in Newburyport; Nov. 18th, 16th and 17th, in Great Falls, N. H.; Nov. 20th, in Marblehead; Nov. 27th, in Plymouth; Nov. 20th and 30th, and Dec. 1st, in Foxboro'; Dec. 4th and 11th, in Providence, R. I.; Dec. 18th, in Taunton, Mass.; Dec. 26th, in Waltham; Dec. 27th, 28th and 29th, in Windsor, Ct.; Jan. 1st, in Hartford, Ct.; Jan. 3d, 4th and 5th, in Winstead, Ct. Address as above, or at 14 Bromfield street. Boston.

Mrs. Charlotte M. Tuttle's address will be at West Winsted, Ct., during the winter, and the time of her present sick.

sted, Ct., during the winter, and the time of her present sickness, which is very delicate, and any messages from friends to aid to cheer her, will be thankfully received.

Miss Baran A. Magoun will speak in East Princeton, Sunday, Nov. 18th.

Miss Rosa T. Anguer will speak in Plymouth on Sunday, Nov. 18th; in Cambridgeport, Nov. 20th. Mas. J. W. Curnten will speak in Marblehead, on Sunday, Nov. 6th; in Springfield, Nov. 13th and 20th. MBS. PANNIE BURBANK FELTON WIll lecture in Providence,

R. I., the four Sundark retron will recture 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. J.

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

WILLIAM E. RICE, 142 Harrison Avenue, Boston.
MISS A. P. PEASH'S address will be New York City, till for-

Miss A. F. Peabe's address will be New York City, till fur-ther notice.

Miss Ella E. Gidson, Barro, Mass.

Mas. H. F. M. Brown, "Agitator" office, Cleveland, Ohio,

L. L. Farswoomi—medium for answering scaled letters

—may be addressed at Oswego, New York, until the middle

of Novembor.

J. H. Gurrier, Lawronce, Mass.
Dr. James Coorer, Bellefontaine, Obio.
Charles W. Burgess, Inspirational Speaker. Box 22, WestKillingly, Conn.
Rev. John Pienfont, West Medford, Mass.
Miss Sarah A. Magoun, No. 33 Winter street, East Cambridge, Mass.
Miss. Carpenter street, Grant Mill, Care.
of Z. R. Macomber, Providence, R. I.
Miss Lizzie Doten, Plymouth, Mass.
H. L. Boweer, Natick, Mass., or 7 Davis street, Boston.
Benj. Danyorth, Boston, Mass.

BENJ. DANFORTH, Boston, Mass. ELIJAH WOODWORTH, Leslie, Mich.

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O. T. IRISH, Taunton, Mass., care of John Eddy, Esq.
A. B. Whitting, Providence, R. I.
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George M. Jackson, Pratisburg, N. Y.
L. K. COONLEY, La Prairic Centre, Ill.;
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Miss. S. Mania Bliss, Springfield, Mass.
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MISS. A. P. THOMSON, Roleigh, N. O.

MISS. J. W. CURRIER, LOWOII, MASS., box 815.

MISS ROSA T. AMEDEY, NO. 32 Allen street, Boston, Mass.

W. K. RIPLEY, 19 Green street, care of B. Damforth.

MISS M. MUNSON, CATE Of Dr. H. T. Child, 510 Arch street,

Philladelphia, Pa.

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MRS. FRANCES O. HYZER, Montpolier, Vt.
MRS. M. H. Coles, care of Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfold street,

H. A. TUCKER, Foxboro', Mass. Dr. H. FORDOTO, MASS.

GRORGE ATKINS, BOSTON, MASS.

Dr. H. F. Gardner, 40 Essex street, Boston, Mass.

Lewis B. Mondoe, No. 14 Bromfield street, Boston,
Mrs. Fannie Burbank Felton, Lowell, Mass.

Daniel W. Snell, No. 0 Prince st., Providence, R. I.

Christian Lindy, care of Bonj. Teasdale, box 221, Alton.

linois. Miss Enna Houston may be addressed at Chicopee, Mass., brough the month of October and November. DEXTER DANA, East Boston, Mass.

John C. Cluer will answer calls to lecture. Residence, J. J. LOCKE, Greenwood, Mass.

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Restorative syrup, for languid and une-nervous headaches, billous obstructions, inactivity of the liver, scrotula and other diseases arising from an impure state of the blood, &c., &c., &c. Put up in plut and quart bottles at \$1 and \$2.

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nd wounds, boils, suitrhoum, blisters, glandular swelling, biles, chapped hands, &c. Price, \$5 cents per box. Liniment.—This supplies a deficiency long felt respect-g cases of lameness and weakness of the human system, outracted muscles and sinews, rheumatic and neuralgic

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nd condition, measurements whatever may come up.
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istf MR. & MRS. J. R. METTLER,

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Oct. 15.

HENRY WARD BEECHER

PLYMOUTH CHURCH, BROOKLYN, N.Y.

Sunday Morning, Oct. 30th, 1859.

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

Tarr,-"For he looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God."-Hen. xi, 10.

whose builder and maker is God."—Her. xi, 10.

It was the patriarch Abraham of whom Paul was speaking. He had dwelt so long in movable tents, that the idea of a permanent house, solidly built, was very glorious to him. To one who had followed his flocks in the wilderness, with only his own household about him, moving as the pasturage moved, the idea of a city rather than a camp, of a dwelling rather than tents of canvass or skin, of a city made up of many families, many houses, and all of them built fast forever, was marvel enough to form even a type to his mind of another world. It seems very simple to us in these later days; but everything is relative in this world; and in that early period, and to this simpleminded patriarch, the difference between the mode of life in which he had been reared, and that of a city which had foundations, and could not be struck, or be which had foundations, and could not be struck, or bo carried off, like a tent, was so great that it filled up his idea, and formed in his mind a picture of the glory of

Now let us read the preceding verses, to see this sim-

ple history:

By faith, Abraham, when he was called to go out into a place which he should after receive for an inheritance, obeyed; and he went out not knowing whither he went. By faith he sejourned in the land of promise, he went. as in a strange country, dwelling in tabernacles with Isaac and Jacob, the heirs with him of the same promise; for he looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is Gqd."

And so he supplied the want of the present by the

hope of the future, and redeemed the small measure and development of his present life, by the prospect of

its glory in times to come.

This is one example in a long line of historical citations, going to show the power which is derived from living in view of things higher and better than the present, and from recognizing these things by the higher faculties of our nature, rather than by our senses. It is called faith; but faith has been so hardly dealt with in a long line of religious writings, that it is a word which needs to be described and defined a great deal more than the thing tirelf which it represents and its glory in times to come. deal more than the thing itself which it represents, and there is reason to say that if we could get rid of this

word, we could get at the thing better and easier.

There are several respects in which the human mind differs from the mind of animals. At the bottom they have just the same faculties. Indeed, that part of our mind which ministers to our animal economy, is called the animal part; and the faculties which it empresses the indicate property and any and appartice. braces are called inclinations, passions, and appetites, because we have them in common with animals. In their nature and functions, they do not seem to serve any purpose in us, different from that which they serve in absolute animals.

The lower affections in us, and the affections in anirails are similar, also; as, for instance, between parents and offspring, and between animals and their young. Although the affections in us and those in annals differ immensely in degree, yet there is no reason to suppose that love toward offspring in the human race is different from love toward offspring in the ani-

But the intelligence, faintest in instinct, rises in the animal kingdom. In the superior brutes—the dog, the horse, the elephant, etc.,—it reaches to a half-reasoning form. In them it is rudimentary—just beginning to develop and resemble the human reason in its lower

But the whole range of moral faculties is peculiar to man, and is left out in the animal kingdom. We have got up so high, and have passed so far beyond this common heritage, that we strike the higher moral faculities, and leave the animal kingdom below us. It is chiefly because we possess these faculties, that we stand first among the kingdoms of the earth. On account of our possession of them we are creatures of a higher government, and of higher responsibilities thanhigher government, and of higher responsibilities than-

any other creatures of the globe.

But in regard merely to intelligence or reasoning power, in which we so far surpass all other creations in the world, the difference between us and the superior animals is not simply in versatility, variety and scope, but in what may be called the power of fore-sight; of seeing before there is anything to see; of see ing without vision; of anticipating in the present what will be in the future. In this use of higher intel-ligence there is a marked difference between men and

animals.

It is given to man to see some things without eyes better than he can with them. It is given to him to look forward by the very nature of his faculties; and, taking hold of things which are not yet in existence, which are coubly invisible, and intangible, to bring them before his mind with such reality, influence, and power, that they shall seem to be the present, even more than the present itself.

I wish to follow the facts of this mental constitution

a little more at length, because they will throw great light upon the whole subject of Christian hope and Christian life.

Men have the power, when they have once seen or Men have the power, when they have once seen or known any object, of seeing and thinking about it more clearly, by mere mind-force afterwards, than by sense-sight at the time. All men may not have this power alike; but when we have once become familiar with physical things, by using our senses upon them until they have produced an impression of their existence and their nature upon our minds, we then cease to use our senses upon them, and we think of them more clearly than before. By the use of our senses we only

clearly than before. By the use of our senses we only see the things themselves; but by thinking, we see them in all their relations.

This power of thought is called reflection. We are said to have perceptive powers, by which we take cognizance of the material world, and reflective powers by which we meditate upon what we see in the material world. And this viewing of things with the reflective powers, is no less distinct, and is more important and higher, as a mental operation, than the viewing of higher, as a mental operation, than the viewing of

nigher, as a mental operation, than the viewing of things with the physical senses. When men have become possessed of knowledge in these two ways—first by seeing physical things, and afterwards by creating conceptions of them through the reflective intellect—they then have a power of diversifying the truths acquired, and reconstructing them, and so raising them up before the mind that they become more important and more influential than they become more important and more inductival than they were in their own nature. And this is not all. We have the power of taking the things we see, and by a subtle power of the imagination, bringing before ourselves things we have never seen, and never will see; thus making things unknown as palpable as things

There are a thousand men in New York, who have rested their influence, their investments, and the comfort of their households, even, on the conceptions they have of Africa, or Asia, or New Holland, or the Isles have of Africa, or Asia, or New Holland, or the Isles of the Pacific. They have taken their experience of the soils, rivers, mountains, etc., here, and reasoning from these, they have projected their minds in other parts of the globe. What geography most of us have of the world, is formed by the reconstructive power of our minds. We take the things which we have seen, and from them make a world which we have not seen. If you look into what you know of the character and habits of the European nations, the Asiatic races, the Africans, and the islanders of the sea, you will find that your knowledge of them is not obtained through the senses. If you look into your knowledge on all

that your knowledge of them is not obtained through the senses. If you look into your knowledge on all subjects, you will find that a large majority of the things you know, never passed before your senses at all. Where did your knowledge of these things come from, then? It came from this power of seeing things when you do not see them—this power of looking at things when your gase as shut this newer of trans when you do not see them—this power of totaling at things when your eyes are shut—this power of trans-mutation by which you reconstruct things which you have seen, so as to form things which you have not seen. The things which we think most about, and talk most about, and live most in, in our larger life. are not the things which exist round about us, but imaginary things which we see without the eyes, by the power of mind, which enables us to see things not

But this is not the most remarkable development of the mind. The human soul was made not merely to construct by analogy, things unknown to the senses, from things known to the senses, but also to interpret the future by what exists in the present. It was given to man, peculiarly and characteristically, to live in the present by the power derived from looking out of it into the future. We know the future by first knowing into the future. We know the future by first knowing the present. Human life exhibits the fact that visible things are not so powerful upon us as things invisible, and that the human mind was made to act in this higher, normal, characteristic life, by the eight of

future things. ≈If there is proof that there was Divine intention in the construction of the mind, then there is proof that there was Divine intention in this characteristic and

is not a speculative element, brought in by revealed man of faith, though his faith is very illierent from teligion, as we shall see. The conditions of existing that which Moses had. Moses lived as seeing Him who ence require it. It is my purpose to show that it be is invisible; and Rotshehild invesus seeing if which is ence require it. It is my purpose to show that it belonged to man from the beginning; and that the higher
developments of it are but the working out of its radimentary forms. Men do not come into life full-born.
Childhood is but an egg laid, to be hatched by human
life. Man comes into the world unfledged, and he has
to work his way up through the exterior shell of ignorance, before he can peep or fly. All periods of development are relative to later ones. This is true, not
only of the baby, but the mind. Not only do physiological changes point to what is to come, but mental
changes do the same. The child, when it comes into
the world, is a mere animal, and for a time lives en
ifrely in the present. But the moment it begins to
gain intelligence, it begins to have the power of shootoing out its mind beyond the present. If a child lives
on for any considerable length of time without manifesting this power, the parents shake their head, and
think it is idictic. If the child at an early period exhibits signs of dawning intelligence, and projects itself
beyond the present, the parents recognize that circum
stance as a natural consequence of its normal development. This intelligence comes on more and more as
the age of the child advances, and the boy begins to
think about, and long for, that state in which he shall
be a birger boy. We smile at this, but it is the unthink about, and long for, that state in which he shall liow men everywhere go out beyond the realm of what be a bigger boy. We smile at this, but it is the unfolding of that which ends in immortality and glory, The child does not wish to always be a child, and wear that the clothes; but it looks forward with eagerness to a which they do not know how to bear, do they rise time when it expects to be a boy, and perambulate the clothes; but it looks forward with eagerness to a which they do not know how to bear, do they rise tracets it mentaless. time when it expects to be a boy, and perambulate the streets in pantaloons. When the child has attained by the whole texpects to be a boy, and peramounte the streets in pantaloons. When the child has attained boyhood, then he begins to long for young-manhood; and as soon as he has attained young-manhood, he begins to long for fall manhood. At the ages of nine, and twelve, and fifteen, and eighteen, his mind is conand twelve, and litteen, and eighteen, his mind is con-tinually occupied with thoughts of what he will be and do when he gots to be a man. Although so much of the animal remains in him during this period that he has to pay a great deal of attention to his physical na-ture, yet his mind-power is constantly feeling toward

the future.

Not only are the physiological structure of man, and his mind-power, all the time pointing toward the future, but the globe seems to have been prepared for such a work. The physical conditions of life imply and necessitate the same thing. Day and night necessitate it. Man is obliged to hold his waking hours with reference to coming work. The four seasons necessitate it. God made the earth to revolve in certain ways around the sun, and thereby established conditions which mankind are obliged to observe. Spring is the prophet of summer, summer is the prophet of autumn, only require man to perform duties in the present, but remind him of future duties. Spring requires him to knitting needle, has the most power of throwing himput in the plow, and wait for the cultivation of summer. Summer requires him to use the hog and spade among the follow were and reactive for the highest mer. mer. Summer requires him to use the hoe and spade, and wait for the harvest of autumn. Autumn requires him to gather the result of his toils, and wait for the famine of winter. Thus reason compels him to take care of the present with a wise fore-looking to the fu.

It is not necessary to a use of the invisible future. ture—to shape things seen with reference to things not

We take nothing at what it is when we see it. In

things, yet our whole practical fits, our whole action, is based on futurity.

The same thing is true in reference to the vegetable kingdom. We plant the seed, and wait for it to develop. First the seed sprouts, then the stem ties above the ground, then the leaves come forth, then the blossoms unfold themselves, and then the fruit appears. Every single plant that grows is an analogue of the zreat archlem of human life. As in the plant each stage of development is the prophet of some later stage of development, so in human life each event is the prophet of some future event.

come in the future.

Now when we rise into that part of life which is some what more remote from the impulsion of nature or a constitution, and come to what may be called a man's voluntary life—that is, that part of life in which he lays out plans for pleasure, for wealth, for ambition and power—we shall see that we do not attempt to established. cape from this great law that has been working blindly in our bodies, in our physical relations, and in the globe on which we dwell; and we shall see, more than ever, how wonderful is this provision by which the whole nature and conduct of the present is derived from some imagined future.

Every step of enterprise and labor, in the husband-

man's case, in the mechanic's case, and in the day laborer's case, has its inspiration in some good to come, and not in anything that now is. The reaction of fear, and the suffering of positive want and limitation, are the force of the present, and exert a limited power; but even that power which they do exert is a spur of the

Men, from the bottom of life to the top, if they were to express their feelings, would say, "I mean to better my condition." They live by faith. One man's house is not large enough or fine enough, and he says, "I mean to have a larger and finer one." Another man's farm is not large enough, and he says, "I will have four times as much land as I have now got." Another man's crops are not ample enough, and he says, "I will have better crops by-and-by." Another man is dissatisfied with the improvements on his place, and says, "I can see how my fences will look, and how my barn will look, and how my house will look, when I get able to rebuild them." The beiness graves will have no Men, from the bottom of life to the top, if they were will look, and how my house will look, when I get able to rebuild them." The business man says, "I have no idea of always carrying on such a small business as I am carrying on now." The man who digs ditches in the streets, does not mean to always dig ditches. He beast of burden, that his son may go to college; but he expects to see better days ere long. You will not find men's plans where their nests are. They are all the time thinking where they will fly, how they will sing, and what they will be in times far ahead.

It may be asked, "Is there not a difference between these men and others? Is not their looking forward these men and others? Is not their looking forward the result of their unhappy condition? Is it not their contact with brute matter that leads them to desire to rise above their low state?" No, it is not; for this peculiarity is not confined to them. It belongs to all classes alike. Every step of progress in the scholar, in the painter, in the sculptor, in the architect, in the engineer, is toward the realization of something which is in the future to him, and which he puts more agreestly before him than things present.

as in the future to min, and which is puts more earnestly before him than things present.

Do you not know that we can always see more beautiful things with the mind than in any other way?
Do you not know that our conceptions of things almost always surpass the things themselves? The master's tune is not so beautiful to him when executed as it was when he formed it in his mind. The orator's discourse is not so satisfactory as his ideal of it was. The architect's work is not so strong as he conceived that it would be. The painter's picture is always a mockery of his inspiration. A man looks forth upon the bound-less occan of the future, and, seeing what seems to him a beautiful fish, he throws out his line, and draws it to the shore; but the moment he has brought it in, The the short state hold of it, he is discuchanted. The reality comes short of his conception; and he says "This will not do. I must have something better." And out he goes again, upon this great void, vague fashionless future, where neither the mind nor the eye nor any external sense guides him, but where reason winged by imagination, takes him above and below where he collects dim realities, and brings them into forms, when to him they become things that are, and seem as nothing compared to the supernal glory of the things that are not.

Nay, the very elements of success and of difference between commercial men, lies in the power of trans-porting themselves from actual, visible scenes into inisible scenes, foreseeing not only elements, but affairs

and steering toward an invisible light that burns for ever off the harbor of success. There are some men who gain their livelihood as the lazy farmer gets his grist, who ties his bag to the trough of the mill, and sits down and waits till his bag is filled, and then carries it home. Business men who live that lazy sort of life are said to be "retired." They are doing little or nothing in the world. They They are doing little or nothing in the world. They are not looked upon as average men in the community. We do not count them as among the living forces of human life. They have retired from life. When we talk about men, we do not talk about such men—we are talking about men who are looking beyond the present. The man who says, "My business shall not always move on in this channel, because I have a conception of a mode of carrying it on, compared with which my present mode is coarse and clumsy"—that man is one who looks forward and sees things by an invisible light. Men who are distinguished from their fellowmen by their sharpness, their tact, their man. fellow-men by their sharpness, their tact, their management, and who become the world's merchant princes, though they seem very material, have more faith than almost any other class among us. It may be a pecuniary faith, a commercial faith, but it is faith.

climb up above the clouds, and look down and see th storms raging below, so travelers through this vale of tears, lift themselves up, and behold their sorrows from a point high above them.

Now then, what becomes of all the sneers of men about religion being a realm of faith, instead of a realm of reality? What is the testimony of human life, but that man is a creature made to exercise this power of looking forward? The impulses of his own constitution, his relations to the material globs, the tendencies of his youth, the peculiarities which qualify him for business pursuits, and the laws and customs of society in accordance with which he acts-all these things go to show that if there is any characteristic of his nature, it is his power to project himself from the present into

it is his power to project himself from the present into
the time to come—from things visible and real into
things invisible and imagined. And the man that can
do this the most perfectly and the most easily, stands
highest among his fellows.
A man who has only Samsonian strength, is but a
Hercules; and if he could lift the globe, he would be a
mere puglist; he is almost a brute; he is scarcely
redeemed from the instincts of the brutal race. A man
who though his muscles may not be thicker than a

that we should really know the elements that are there. It is enough to suppose them. We may guess them. If a man never went into business till he knew what everything there is a pointing forward to something in the future. Although we do not stop to consider these at all. There is not a man on the face of the earth things, yet our whole practical life, our whole action, that can tell how he will come out whon he embarks in any undertaking. There is no such thing as certainty in business life. What you call certainties are only degrees of probability. When a man sends a ship on an enterprise, it is probable that the ship will come back and make him richer, but it is not certain that it will. When you send to China for a cargo of tea, you suppose you will receive it; but you are not certain that you will. You cannot be certain respecting matters of this kind. No man supposes that he can, When you open a coal mine, you expect it will yield a

large quantity of coal, but you are not certain that it will. When you open a gold mine, you hope to get a fortune from it; but you are not certain that you will. All the steps of domestic life are also founded on this expectancy—love, alliance, family, foresight for children, preparation for thoir settlement, and preparation for old age. There are no relations into which men entry of the fature, he says, ter in this world, that do not aim at something yet to probabilities he risks his name, his pleasure, his property, his children's fate, his own life, his whole divi dend of being. He risks his everything upon the future, without being at all certain what the result will be.

All men are obliged thus to go on, from step to step,

in life; and there is not a man who, when he comes to see things as they really are, is not obliged to modify his expectations, and form his plans to meet the varying phases between the thing anticipated and the thing realized—between probability and fact.

The nearer men are to the truth in imagination, of course the better; but no man waits for certainty. No man suffers himself to stay behind for fear that that which he thinks he sees in the future may prove to be

visionary.

The broker says, "If I buy these stocks they may The broker says, "If I buy these stocks they may fall in the market; but I will risk it!" The merchant says, "If I open a store, and fill it up with goods, perhaps nobody will come to buy them; but I will risk it!" The farmer says, "It may be that if I sow my seed there will come a rain, and rot it before it begins to grow; but I will risk it!" There is no other way except for men to run risks in such matters. They are obliged to risk their preparety risk their preparety risk. except for men to run risks in such matters. They are obliged to risk their property, risk their prospects, risk the welfare of their families, risk their everything in this life. There is not a thing of this kind with reference to which, if a man asks himself, "Do you know?" he will not be obliged to say, "I know enough to venture, and that is all I can know."

The average results in the property of individuals and societies, justify this venturing; for although foresight does not amount to prophecy certainty, it amount in the whole of a man's lifetime, and in the life of societies, to such a sum of probability that after an experience of six thousand years, men follow their instincts, and have the present on this foresight of the future.

Now for the application. Christianity comes to us and says that the great end for which a man exists in this world, is the world that is to come. A great many people say that this doctrine bears improbability on its face. They contend that inasmuch as God made us, and placed us in this world, it is reasonable to suppose that our duties are here. But is that view borne out by the facts of human life? Is it not the testimony of every part of your nature and experience, that the point where God put you is but a foot-point, from which you are to take advance steps? Everything connected with our existence in this world, bears indications of this divine developing order. And when Christianity says that man lives in the present life, drawn by the power of the life to come, and recogniz-ing the things that are not, as of greater weight than the things that are, it says no more than is proved by our positive experience in life.

And when Christianity comes to us and says, though love, in all its vast round, is the end of Christian life, faith is the instrument and element by which we are to live, does it propound to us a mere speculative idea? or does it come upon ground which all of us have recognized in our relations in life? Does it not gather up all the scattered tendencies and traits of huand give them dignity and consistency declaring them to be the normal life of the soul? Does it not enable us to see that our whole natural and so. cial life is on the same plane with our higher and divine

There are a great many men who talk very much of believing only that for which they have tangible evidence—only that which appeals to their senses; and they sometimes gain advantage of the incautious, the unreasoning, and the callow, by the plausible manner in which they present their erroneous views on this callow. in which they present their erroneous views on this point. They say to a person, "You worship God?" "Yes," is the reply. "Did you ever see him?" "No, I never saw him." "Did you ever hear him?" No, I never heard him." "Did you ever feel him?" No, I never felt him." "Did your senses ever give you any evidence that he had an existence?" "No," "Well." they say, "is not a man a fool to worship a being whom he never saw, nor heard, nor felt, and of whose whom he never saw, nor heard, nor felt, and of whose existence his senses never gave him any evidence?

"Do you," I say to one of them, "believe that Washington was a courageous man?" "Yes," he says.

"Did you ever taste his courage?" "No." "Did you ever see it?" "I have seen what it made him do." "But did you ever see his courage?" "No, I never saw that, exactly." "Did you ever hear it?" "No," "Did you ever feel it?" "No." "Well, you are great fools for believing what you have never tasted, nor seen, nor heard, nor felt!" "Do you believe your wife loves you?" "I believe she would die for me with joy, almost." "Then you believe she has love; where does she keep it?" "In her heart." "Did you ever see it?" "No." I will not go on with such a fool. Such a discussion is too puerile—too contemptible I We find that the very men who profess to believe only that which their senses recognize, do, after all, believe many things which their senses do not recognize. Of a large majority of the social, moral and intellectual truths, which we accept, our senses afford us no evidence. Human life is one year teeming hive of influences which we had to the common this of influences. we accept, our senses afford us no evidence. Human the construction of the mind, then there is proof that there was Divine intention in this characteristic and faith than almost any other class among us. It may be a pecuniary faith, a commercial faith, but it is faith. It is faith, their nature, unrecognizable by our senses, but of which exist about us, and project ourselves into the coming times, so that by the things foreseen, we live in the future more than we do in the present itself.

And this idea of living in the sight of the invisible,

ko were not that which goes to make the difference be-

tween a man and a beast.

If this life of the invisible, I remark again, is so wise and civilizing in regard to external things, and the economic faculties, how much more noble and necession. sary is it for that part of our mind which loves, for our sary is it for that part of our mind which loves, for our moral feelings, for our spiritual existence! This provident foresight, and expectant labor, takes hold of every part of our being. I have shown that our bodies; the ranges of our conduct; our intellectual stature; our social affections; our mind-power, with all its conditions; our manhood, in the sense of the normal use of our faculities; our honor; our generosity; our benevalence. olence; our magnanimity; our whole character—I have shown that all these things are subject to this same law of foreseeing things in the luture.

And if this be so, is it foolish for a man, in looking

at himself, and measuring his capacities with reference to this world, to also take a higher conception of himself, and measure his capacities with reference to the heavenly sphere? Does this law of fore-looking only act in respect to our lower nature and the present life? not in respect to der lower interest in the present the portion or does it lift itself up so as to act in respect to our higher nature and the life which is to come? If you think, ... What is my destiny in this world?" you should go further, and think, ... What is my destiny beyond the grave?" If you measure your possible mind-develop-ments and heart developments in this sphere, you should measure your possible mind-developments and heart-developments in the coming sphere. If you study yourself as a creature of earth, you should study yourself, ... What am I to be here?" you should ask yourself, ... What am I to be when I stand there, a spirit ransomed from the thrallment of the body, and enjoy the liberty of the sons of God?"

It was this thought that the apostle had, when he said, "It doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when he shall appear, we shall be like him." We have here a starting-point from which to form conceptions as to what we are to be in the future, and it may be made to glow in ten thousand imaginations; but yot, we do not know certainly what we shall be. It is sufficient, however, that we have this starting-point. It is enough for us to know that we are to be like God.

It is not unworthy of you to think of what your standing will be when you shall have attained full manhood in this life. Is it, then, unworthy of you to think of what will be your standing when you shall have attained the stature of a perfect man in the life which is to come? How much grander than any earthy ambition, is this heavenly aspiration! How much more no ble than a man's conception of his being in time, is his conception of his being in eternity!

conception of his being in eternity!

I cannot now go forward and speak of every point touching this subject, separately; but I may say that every part of our life is governed by this law, or principle of our being, which causes us to anticipate the future. If we are pleased to understand it and accept the warm line upon it. We may lead at the results it, we may live upon it. We may look at the events of the present life in the light of the coming future. We may regard our personal experiences in this state of existence as foreshadowings of the experiences which await us in that state to which we are tending. When we sit, at evening, wearied with the burdens of the day, why should we not, instead of confining our thoughts and imaginations to this earthly life, overfly the things of time, and bask in sweet meditations of eternal joys yet to be realized? Has your heart bled inwardly, without even the lib-

erty of outward sadness? Has your way of life seemed very strange to you? and have you asked imaginations, and poetry, and reveries, and dreams, to help you out of your present unsatisfactory state, into a better one Have you marked out for yourself wealth, and place. and power, and pleasure, as your portion in this world? and when the hour has come for the realization of these things, has it failed to bring them to you? Then why not lift yourself up higher than this world, and stand in that city whose builder and maker is God—whose foundations are everlasting, and which will more than agual the most extraversals. equal the most extravagant conceptions you can form oncerning it.

Has God taken from you, and hidden the things on

which your life seemed to pivot? No; God cannot hide anything. He could not hide his Son in the grave. He only moved him away from our outward sight, that he might tempt us to open the eyes of our better sight, and see him more clearly. Are my children that have died hid from mo? I never saw them so plainly when they were in this world as I now see them in their airy spheres. Are the friends and companions of my early life, whose bodies have been laid in the grave, hid from me? I look up and see them all.

We learn after a little, to feel that our departed friends were head over the state.

friends were shadows when they wore their earthly forms, and that they became bright and shining angels when they dropped them. But by and by we shall realize that they are all that we imagine them to be. Our Master said that where our treasure is, there will Our Master said that where our treasure is, there will our heart be also; and after a time we come to have so great a treasure in heaven, that we wake there, and sleep there, and walk there, and talk there, and our whole life is hid there, with Christ in God.

And this is all conformable to natural experience and to natural law. It is in accordance with that power with which we are endowed, of projecting ourselves beyond this state of existence. And it should be the sing of all who head; and with to consummate.

be the aim of all who begin and wish to consummate a divine life, to live, not for the present, but for the future; to live, not for time, but for eternity; to live in this transient residence as those that have a city with foundations, whose builder and maker is God.

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