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THE SERMONS

WARD BEECHER and EDWIN H. Of Revs. HENR CHAPIN are reported for us by the best Phonographers of New York, and published verbatim every week in this paper TRIBD PAGE-Rov. Dr. Chapin's Sermon. EIGHTH PAGE-Rov. 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," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MR. GRAY'S MOTHER.

There is but little happiness in this world purer and sweeter than that which the young mother enjoys in the care of her first born child. As I look back now the oare of her first-born child. As I look back now upon that winter, it seems like a green spot in the desert, full of little rivulets of delight. There is certainly no love so pure and holy, for when the sacred writer wishes to express the never-failing love of our God; he finds no stronger figure than this: "Can a mother forget her sucking child?" I thought then that I should never doubt God's love again. Whenever I folded my darling to my bosom, my whole soul was filled with gratitude for the gift, and adoration for the Giver. No matter what were my perplexities in the household, or my trials in the parish; if my husband found fault with his shirts or the dinner, or busy tongues censured the minister's wife for real or fancied faults—I forgot them all the moment Lily nestled to my side, or smiled and put out her little hands toward me.

all the moment Lily nested to my side, or smiled and put out her little hands toward me.

Some good, prosaic old woman told me that I must not love my child too well—I should-make an idol of it. "Not love it too much!" As if it were a mother's duty to strive against that affection which God implanted; to push back, keep down the warm outgushings of the soul toward the helpless little one who has nothing else but love for you, to whom you are in its infancy as God is to you; for does it not "live, move, and have its being" through you? As well pray that God would not love us, his dependent creatures, too well. No; the highest, strongest, purest love, is that which will make the greatest sacrifices for the loved object. It is the weak mother, whose love is weak, like her character, that spoils her child by foolish fondness. That love which is strong, and deep, and steady, like a noble river, growing deeper and broader as time carries it on ward, never yet spoiled a child; but a weak, carries it onward, never yet spoiled a child; but a weak, foolish fondness, irregular and changeable as an African stream, without depth, and sometimes lost in the sand of selfishness, is the ruin of thousands.

Mr. Gray sometimes accused me of this kind of affective the stream of the sand of

tion; for, when his mother said that I must not sleep with Lily, I objected to the arrangement. Mr. Gray would admit no fire in our room at night, though the would admit no fire in our room at night, though the thermometer sometimes sunk to twenty degrees below zero, Fahrenheit. Now Lily was a restless child when asleep, often throwing the bed-ciothes from her, and I feared she would suffer from cold, if alone. But Mr. Gray's "I insist upon the experiment," was decisive. The orlb was procured, as his mother suggested, and Lily laid away for the night. It was a bitter cold night in February. I did not sleep for some hours, for I was obliged to cover her frequently. Weary, at last, I fell asleep, but was awaked toward morning by her cries. She was very cold, and seemed like ice as I took her Asleep, but was awaked toward morning by her cries. She was very cold, and seemed like ice as I took her into my bed to soothe and warm her. The result of that night was a severe cold for her and myself; but Mrs. Gray said "persevere," and her son echeed her words, only varied by the tone of command. I lost my sleep. To be sure, that was a minor consideration; but Lily's cold grew worse, till one day in March she was threatened with croup, and was will. sleep. To be sure, that was a minor consideration; but Lily's cold grew worse, till one day in March she was threatened with croup, and was with great difficulty saved. The doctor insisted upon a little fire in the room, to moderate the cold of a very severe season; and both the child and myself were made more comfortable.

Mrs. Gray also thought me very notional to wish that my child should be fed only from its mother for some months. She fed her children, and it did not hurt thom. Why should n't 1 do the same? In vain I prothem. Why should not I do the same? In value pro-tested against it. Poor little Lily was fed with tea, and bread, and potato—articles for which she had no inclination. And once, when I came into the room and saw a piece of pie, after having been first put into Mrs. Gray's mouth, about to be transferred to Lily's, Byrang forward, and taking the child, said: "Oh, don't, Mrs. Gray! I know it is wrong, for Dr. Cameron says that a child should never eat such food until its teeth are formed; besides—"

I stopped short, for I felt it would be rude to tell her

that I did n't like to have food thus prepared. It was well I stopped there, for she was angry enough then.

"I do n't think that Dr. Cameron, or my son's wife, can tell me anything new about raising children. I have had a husband and seven children, and have buried the father and five of the children, and surely

ought to know something about infants and sickness."

I made no reply, but carried Lily to take her afternoon sleep. When I returned to the room, Mr. Gray and his mother were engaged in conversation, and the

·· Oh, no, it can't be possible; he 's a dark, mysteribus man, whom nobody knows, or cares to know. But Helen must stop her recitations at once."

... What did she say to you in the study to-day?" said Mrs. Gray, who seemed inclined to continue the sub-

ject, notwithstanding my presence.
...She said, decidedly, that she would not marry the deacon—it was of no use to urge her. The truth is, her head is full of foolish, romantic notions, which she has imbibed, in a measure, from Bertha. Bertha," he added, turning to me, "the reports are that Helen has been seen walking with Dr. Cameron; that he has called here to see her, and that you encourage the intimacy. Knowing as you do our wishes with regard to Deacon Abram, I ask an explanation of your conduct."

I felt my spirit rise and my cheek flush at this asser-

tion; but as it is the truth only that wounds. I was enabled to reply calmly.

So far from that being the case, I could with greater

safety trust her happiness with the deacen; he has an honest, faithful heart, and loves her sincerely." "... Why, then, do you not give him encouragement? To-day he said to me, if your wife.were only on my side—but she has never spoken one word of encouragement."

Because I am assured Helen does not love him and a marriage without love is a marriage without God's blessing—that only is heaven's certificate. The State may sanction, and the priest officiate, but there is no true marriage."

which made my heart stand still. I was thinking me which made my heart stand still. I was thinking only of Helen when I spoke, but had I not pronounced condemnation upon myself?

relied voice, "this is no place for Helen when I am who was a scion of nobility, but disgusted with a life not here; such romantic notions will unfit her for the of folly and fashion, quitted it for the daugerous sport realities of life. We are poor, and Helen can hardly afford to throw away such a chance as this. The deacon has the best farm in Vernon; he is a truly good picture bore a strong resemblance to yourself; and it man, sound in doctrine, and right in practice; he loves

Helen, and I think if she had been only under my in-fluence and Calvin's, she would have learned to return

that love.' "Never!" I said, with emphasis. "Helen knows her own heart, and she will be true to herself. It may lead to suffering and sorrow. I fear it for her; but the end will be peace."

I could have said more—for the spirit of prophecy

I could have said more—for the spirit of prophecy seemed upon me—but I checked myself.

"That will do," said Mr. Gray. "Perhaps you would do well to write a novel; it would take, I fancy, especially with sentimental school-girls and swarthy, Spanish-looking adventurers, who come into a place without reference or church-membership."

I made no rgply, but, waiting a few moments to hear what further charges were brought against me, and finding that Mr. Gray sought his newspaper, and his mother her sewing, I went into the kitchen.

"I'm glad you've come," said Auntie Paul, "for your mother Gray has been in the kitchen, giving me

your mother Gray has been in the kitchen, giving me some lessons in cooking. She says I must put no more eggs in my doughnuts—it's a piece of extravagance; that my pie-crust is altogether too rich; and she has that my pie-crust is attogether too rich; and she has made some for a pattern—come, just tasto of it; it's tough as leather, is n't it? Then she went into the cellar and examined the preserves, and is full of astonishment at your profusion. 'No wonder,' she says, 'that Calvin complains of his salary—it is enough to ruin any man.' I found her in one of the chambers, 'vesteadly,' asymptotic the feature that and the injust yesterday, examining the feather-beds; and she insists upon it that there are too many feathers in them. Two of them will make three, she says, and she proposed to me to help her change them."

"That is cool," I said. "Why, my father gave me those beds just as they are—and I would not have them touched."

"Oh, but you are a mere child, and need guidance and teaching! Now, Mrs. Gray, I do not wish to make trouble with your relations, but if you could get the little Irish girl that we had last winter when you had last winter when you had last winter when you were sick, to stay awhile in the kitchen, I will go away a few weeks and see my son that lives in Vershire; and when Mrs. Gray leaves, if you wish, I will return. She prefers to manage the household, and I am afraid that she and myself will not live harmonionsly together."

Now, Auntic Paul did not tell me that she had heard the subject of her dismissal discussed by Mrs. Gray and her son, and that she was only anticipating their wishes. The good soul knew how much I loved her, and how necessary she had become to me; she knew, too, how much pain it would give me to have her dismissed by them, and she doubted my power to retain her. It grieved her to part from me and Lily, and I think she hoped that Mr. Gray would favor her return when his mother should leave; but she had her fears that it might

mother should leave; but she had her fears that it might not be so. This, however, I learned afterwards, and therefore willingly gave my consent to her departure then, as she needed change and rest.

My father and mother, however, came the next day, and Auntio remained with me during their visit, and everything moved on with its accustomed regularity, her housewifery and culinary skill being the admiration of my father. Lily, was, of course, the centre of attraction to my guests, and even my mother seemed more gentle and kind than was her habit formerly. Eddie was in school, preparing for a college course. Joe sent Lily a package of sweetmeats and an India rubber rattle, which last was quite a favorite with her. My father said Joe should come to see the baby soon; I felt as if the darling could have no warmer friend, and I determined she should learn to say "Uncle Joe."

My friends stayed but a few days; one of those days

My friends staved but a few days: one of those days was Sunday, and my father said that he had heard but few sermons better than Mr. Gray's morning discourse,

sore subject with me.

"Are you not happy, my child?" said my father, tenderly. Lily was sitting in my lap as he spoke, and her little hands were playing with my curls. I clasped her closer to my bosom, and said—

"Can I be otherwise than happy, father?"

"Children are a precious blessing, Bertha, he replied; "I well remember your mother's happiness the year after your birth." And yet, he did not seem quite satisfied with my answer.

My father gave me money to buy a carpet and stove for Auntic Paul, and I pleased myself with the thought of having them in her room, when she should return.

of having them in the preased mysel with the thought of having them in her room, when she should return. She left the day after my father; I missed her sadly. The awkward Irish girl was but a poor exchange, even in the kitchen, and of course out of it she had no sphere. Auntie Paul could make a bed, and hush the baby, with more skill than any one else; then, if I were weary and dispirited, she always had a promise from the Bible—if I were impatient or faithless, she prayed with me, and if I grew faint and worn with night-watching and anxiety, she knew best how to cook the delicate quail, or the bowl of oysters. I went away

the delicate quait, or the bowl of oysters. I wentawny and wept a little—just a little—for my childish habit of shedding tears was not wholly broken.

Mr. Gray's mother assumed at once the management of the household, without any acknowledgment of another head. I did not feel this to be right, but I was overawed by her stronger will, and partly by a wish to have no contention with her; but I resolved to watch my beds, and as Auntie Paul had baked a large quantity of pies and cake, I thought I would remain quiet for the present. But not so did the Irish girl resolve, and in less than a week there was trouble with her, and one vashing day about noon, she left us literally in the uds." It was difficult to procure another, and we suds." It was difficult to procure another, and we lived without one for some time. In six weeks we changed three times, for either through my own want of skill, or the girls'incapacity, or a dislike to Mrs. Gray, we could not retain them. I was very weary of this life, and was very thankful when my father sent for me to come home and stay a few weeks. The weather was very mild for the season, and Colonel James had kindly offered to take me in his carriage, which he fitted very comfortably for the purpose. Mr. Gray did not object to this arrangement, as it saved his purso and his time. My mother Gray said that it would be just the time for me to go, as she could take care of things in my absence. Helen was to go with me, but return in two or three days.

Never were two ladies better cared for than were we Never were two ladies better carea for than were we by the gallant old bachelor, and Lily was perhaps the happiest of the group, though all of us found it very agreeable. The Colonel was very entertaining with his reminiscences of younger days, and as he had been a great traveler, he had a fund of information that never failed him. He told us the story of the watch with many little additional particulars. with many little additional particulars.

"There was something in the adventure," said he, "that excited my curiosity and interest for a long time. I would give the value of the watch for a sight of those two faces again. That of the lady was fair and delicate, with a restricted for the watch long and heart again. two faces again. That of the had was rair and deficitly.

Mr. Gray was silent, but it was the silence of suppressed anger; he was pale around the mouth, and the such as we seldom see. The man's face was a study; lips were firmly set, but his eyes flashed a glance at and though I saw it only when under the influence of pain, it was an index of a marked character, powerful either for good or ill. Once since, I have met such face; it was in the town of B, at a trial in the court condemnation upon myself?

"If think you are very peculiar in your notions," said Mrs. Gray, "and if everybody thought with you, there would be few marriages."

"And less misery!" I could not help adding.
"One thing is certain," continued she, with a raised voice, "this is no place for Helen when I am who was a scion of nobility, but disgusted with a life to the continued will unfit her for the. of folly and fashion, quitted it for the dangerous sport

minds me that I met a gentleman in Boston last week that had just returned from the West Indies, and had seen the Herberts. Poor Lilian is pining for Yernon and her little Lily. Her health is not good, and she will return as early as the season will permit; no medicine so good for her as the seciety of her pet."

When we arrived at my father's, we found Joe on the door step. He had been seated there some hours, they said, to catch the first glimpse of "baby." His withered, wizened face lighted up with a pleasure that made him look beautiful to me, and when I put the child in his arms and said, "This is Uncle Joe, Lily darling!" and she, not knowing what was said, but darling!" and she, not knowing what was said, but understanding it was somebody mother loved, put out her little, fat, chubby hand and stroked his face and crowed, and laughed, it was too much for the poor fellow—the big tears run slowly down his cheeks. This introduction was the beginning of a warm friendship between the two.

My visit home was pleasant, dimned only by the ab

My visit home was pleasant, dimned only by the absence of William, who was again in the Sandwich Islands on business. Edward came home to see me; he was a fine, manly boy, just ready to enter college; still his mother's idol. She had sacrificed everything to him, the happiness of her husband's children, and even her own personal ambition—for though possessing a passion for dress, she would part with all but bare not cessities, if it were required, to furnish him with pocket money. So intense was her love, or worship for cessities, if it were required, to furnish him with pocket money. So intense was her love, or worship, or ambition—I hardly know what to call it—that it was oppressive even to the object of it, and I think he had some perception of its selfishness, and half suspected that were he deformed or imbecile, the love would be diminished thereby. But he had a fine person, a noble heart, and a good intellect, and the ambitious mother looked forward to the close of his college life with great eagerness and fond hope. I could not help sharing it with her, and I entered into his future plans with an interest second only to hers. nterest second only to hers.

My father never seemed nearer or dearer to me than

during this visit—he shared with Joe the care of Lily-she, however, rather inclining to the latter, but pre-

My tather never seemed nearer or dearer to me than during this visit—he shared with Joe the care of Lily—she, however, rather inclining to the latter, but preferring these two to any nurse, even her mother. I loved to watch my father with Lily in his arms; it recalled the "long, long ago," when I sat so proudly on the same throne. I saw with pain that the gray hairs had increased, on his head, and that his step was not so firm or buoyant; and now and then he would say "I am tired," which was a strange phrase on his lips. What a shudder comes over the heart when we perceive for the first time that a father is growing odd! It comes suddenly upon us at last, and the feeling is so painful that we put it away, and if it returns, allow ourselves only to think of a long old age, full of quiet, and of pleasant memories—an old age, full of quiet, and of pleasant memories—an old age, that we can watch, and comfort, and care for.

But he looked young, compared to Mrs. Towle. She still came to wash, for my father was one that loved familiar faces in the kitchen, as well as in his office and parlor. She was worn and old; for, she said, the world had gone rather had with them. Her husband, she declared, was the best, man in the world, and she wouldn't change him for the President—no, not even the old hero Jackson!—but somehow or other he hadn't the "gumption" to get ahead.

"Sometimes," said she, "I think he's too honest for the rogues around him—he can't think anybody will be so wicked as to cheat him, and so, if he gets any money, it is soon gone. The children are doing well, and will soon be able to take care of me. Thank God, they are good children, with no bad habits—that is a great blessing! Ye see, Bertha, a poor woman like me that has to work hard for a living, can pray for her children, if she can do nothing else; so when I stand at the washtub, I pray that their little hearts may be washed and made pure by Divine grace; and when I hang the clothes out in the pure air and bright sunlight. I look up to the sky and pr

heart! that's your mother's smile; it does me good to see it. What a comfort she'll be to you, Bertha! I've had a house full of children, and not one too many; sometimes, when they came, I couldn't tell where the bread was to come from to put into their mouths, but it was always imade sure' in some way—and then to think of having them all round you in heaven! Sometimes, when I think of that, I'm willing to die right away; and go first, that I may be there to meet them when they come. I have one there, you know, and it will make death easier, because it opens the door to her—it was my first born. I gave that to God, just as the Jews gave the firstling of the flock, the precious lamb without spot or blemish. God prethe precious lamb without spot or blemish. God preserve this one to you; but remember, if he does take it, though you may be in such darkness that you can't see a ray of light for days and weeks, yet there will come a time when you can look up, and your eyes will be opened to see a new star in heaven! Don't forget it; I feel drawn out to say it to you now. I've a notion, (it came into my head all of a sudden, one day) that when God takes our children from us, perhaps he gives 'em to those we love, that they may be taken care of in that way; who knows but my angel child is with your mother! It's in my head that she is, and it's a great comfort to me!"

It was pleasant to hear the good woman talk, and I felt like a child again when I went over the river to

felt like a child again when I went over the river to her own home, as full of children now as ever, though

I lingered at home some days longer than I intended. I ingered at nome some days, longer than I intended.
I was never as happy there, save in the earliest days of
my childhood—perhaps never as happy in my life; for,
since Lily was born to me, I had learned trust and
faith in God. At least I thought so, and often said to
myself, "I will never doubt his love again." I asked Towle if she noticed my father's care-worn look

"La, yes, child! I haint no need of spectacles for that—I've a notion that he has some secret trouble that wears upon him, but perhaps it's nothing but the infirmities of age which we must expect by this time He came over here one day not long ago, and he sat down in that old arm-chair, and we talked an hour about old times—and he made me tell him over and over abou your mother's death, (I was with her, you know, and o was your father, but he was so overcome, he did n'

know all she said)—
'Husband, I'll cross the dark river first; but I'm not afraid—you are with me here, and I see an angel in white robes coming from the other side—I'll ask him to come for you, too, when God calls you!'

The women in the room thought her mind was wandering, but maybe it wasn't. Who knows what dying folks see when this world is shut to them? Any way, your father seemed to want to hear it again, and when I had repeated it, he sat looking into the fire without speaking for some time."

When I left foldbary. I it gried because I are the same in the content of the cont

When I left Oldbury, Lily cried because Joe was not oing with us, and poor Joe found it hard to part from he baby.

Dear Oldbury! As we drove slowly through it that bright day, every street through which we passed, and every house almost, was daguerreotyped on my memory—there was an old wood-colored house, sunk part way into the ground, where a revolutionary pensioner lived, who used to tell me stories of the revolution. There he is now by the chimney-corner, with a dark velvet cap on his head; he is weary with this world, and is waiting his discharge. In one room of that next house is a venerable old woman, to whom I used to carry a chicken and a minee pie every Thanksgiving, and she would put her hand on my head and say. 'The Lord God of Israel bless you, my darling!' Now we are out of this long, narrow street, into the broad avenue

which is the pride of the city, shaded by venerable elms, and adorned with fine mansions. Now comes the old turnpike road, made familiar to me by my old school-days—every poplar and old pollard willow, is familiar as the face of a friend. I miss the old pinewood; but, as we ride through, I recall vividly the robbery. Here is the very place, near the solitary pine—the last of the grove which some kind hand had spared. The snow lies thick on the ground now, and it rests on these branches as it did then.

"Stop a minute, Col. James! There, right there, he came out and seized the reins—and on this side, near that old stone, the other appeared. What a difference there was in them! The one, a rough, coarse Irishman; the other—ah! now I recall his face, the very expression, as he looked at me; there was not a bit of the rullan about it, but sad, and gentle. Strange, passing strange—it is so like—well, what fancies we have!'

I was talking to myself, for the Colonal was watering the horses; but a strange, curious fancy haunted me all that day, very odd, indeed, but the reader shall learn it.

CHAPTER XXV. LOVE'S TRIALS.

It was a mild April day when we entered [Vernon, forerunner of Spring, a sort of "promise to pay," that was very pleasant to look upon. The village itself had become endeared to me, for as a clergyman's wife I had found much that was bright and sunny; it was not all shady to me, and more than one kind friend smiled

all shady to me, and more than one kind friend smiled a welcome as we drove through the main street. At our own home Helen was watching for us, and when she threw Her arms round my neck, I saw the tears start in her eyes as she said:

"Oh, Bortha, how much I have wanted you!"
Poor girl! I knew she was in trouble, and my heart ached for her. Mr. Gray was more cordial than was his wont; he appeared very much as he did the evening long, long ago, when I came from Elmwood—almost fond and affectionate. I am sorry to say that it did not waken corresponding feelings in my own heart;

petted Lity, gavangupon his knee, and even connected before. Helen was myself were thrown into a little wonder at this peculiar mood—for he laughed much, and even attempted a few jokes, a thing we had never noticed before. Helen was pleased, for she thought he had missed his wife and child, and was filled with pleasure at their return.

He did not, however, spend the evening with us, but remained in his study. Now the study was a place almost tabooed to the rest of the family. Mr. Gray was very neat and particular, and preferred taking the charge of it himself, seldom permitting aby one to do it for him. He could not study with the baby in the charge of it himself, seldom permitting aby one to do it for him. He could not study with the baby in the charge of it himself, seldom permitting about. In the summer I had sometimes carried a vase of flowers and placed upon the table, but he said they annoyed him; there was danger of overturning them, and the withered petals dropped upon the table. He wished him; there was danger of overturning them, and the withered petals dropped upon the table. He wished him; there was danger of overturning them, and the withered petals dropped upon the table. He wished him; there was danger of overturning them, and the withered petals dropped upon the table. He wished him; there was danger of overturning them, and the withered petals dropped upon the table. He wished him; there was danger of overturning them, and the withered petals dropped upon the table. He wished him; there was danger of overturning them, and the wished him; there was danger of overturning them, and the wished with the baby in the study became a place.

He did not, however, spend the evening was a place at the return.

He did not, however, spend the evening with myself before I could at once and cheerfully. But to me—(how my voice trembled!) I thought to me—(how my voice trembled!) I thought you win.

He did not, however, spend the evening with us, but to me—(how my voice trembled!) I thought you win. Yet to me—(h there. This evening, however, after baby was asleep, I thought I would go in and sit with him—perhaps he would like to have me. I entered quietly, but found him sleeping very soundly on the lounge. I laid a shawl over him, and returned to my room, where Helen sat watching Lily, and singing in a low voice—

"Should all the race of nature die, And none be left but he and I, For all the gold, for all the gear, For all the lands both far and near, That ever valor lost or won, I would not wed the earlie's son !"

As she finished, I took it up and sung-"But Nora's heart is lost and won, She wedded to the earlies' son."

She looked up, archly, and replied-"The priest and bridegroom wait the bride And dame and knight are there; They sought her both by bower and ha'— The ladie was not seen ! She 's o'er the border and awa'.
Wi' Jock of Hazeldean."

"Seriously. Helen." I said, as I took my sewing and sat down in my accustomed seat by the fire, "how fares it with yourself and the deacon? If you could return his honest, sincere affection, I think life might be very pleasant to you." There was the least curl of her pretty lip as I spoke,

and the next instant a tear in her eye—

"And you, too, Bertha?"

"No, Helen—no, I will never advise you to accept

the hand without the heart; but beware, dearest, how and to whom you yield that precious treasure. I fear it is already lost. When love enters the heart where there are gray hairs on the head, it makes a strong fortress there. This passion is as much stronger as the experience is broader, and mind and body more ma-

"Gray hairs, Berthal precious few of them, and if there be some, the head looks all the better for the thread of silver."

"Yes, it is a noble head, but far from being a perfect one; and the face—ah, Helen I I tremble for you if your happiness for life is borne by the heart of which that face is the index."

"What do you see there, Bertha?"

"Some of the lowest passions with some of the noblest virtues—a strange mixture of good and evil; a character to love and fear, but not a companion for the quiet fireside."
"Do you see no struggle there of good with evil?"

"Yes, I believe so."

"And the good has conquered?"
"Not always; for there are the lava marks of past commotion, where the seething, fiery passions have overleaped their bounds." "Bertha," said Helen, as she looked carnestly at my

face, when you would say aught against him, you say it against the conviction of your own heart. You well know your own strange interest in him; and you may not suspect it, but he has similar feelings toward your-self. It was this which first led to our own more intimate acquaintance." could not deny this; but on the other hand, I felt

anxious for Helen. I could see only trouble for the future. She had steadfastly refused to see the deacon again, and her mother, indignant at this, insisted upon

again, and her mother, indignant at this, insisted upon her returning home with her.

Mrs. Gray owned a small farm not far from Vernon, which she managed herself. It was on a lonely road, some distance from any neighbor, so that their only society was a maiden sister of Mrs. Gray, a coarse, rough woman of sixty, and a hired man. It was a dull home for Helen, and Mrs. Gray intended to make it duller, if possible; so dull that Deacon Abram's pretty white cottage, with its agreeable neighborhood, might seem more attractive. seem more attractive.

Helen submitted without a murmur, and seemed more

take my rubbers off here?"

Helen submitted without a murmur, and seemed more

Helen submitted without a murmur, and seemed more cheerful at the change than I expected. I was the sadder of the two when we parted. The house was very lonely without her; and the first evening, after Lily was asleep, I sat down awhile with my sewing, but I was so lonely that I ventured into the study. Mir. Gray, was reading. I sat awhile till he laid down his book, and, wishing for some excuse for my intrusion, said— "I came in, Mr. Gray, to see if you can send for Auntic Paul to morrow."

wrapped his study-gown around his knees, tilted his ship in constant repair .- Dr. Johnson.

chair back, and looking at me a half a minute before he spoke, at last replied—

"Mrs. Gray, when I married a wife, I wanted a help-neet. You were anxious to go to India, to toll for the heathen beneath a burning sun, and in a climate where.
Americans live short lives. Neither danger nor toll discounaged you; and you professed great disappointment when I settled in this pleasant parish. Whether those when I settled in this pleasant parish. Whether those professions were real, your own heart can answer. At least, you have now an opportunity to test your love for labor. My salary, you know, is but eight hundred dollars per year; this, with house rent, wood, and all the etceteras, will barely pay our expenses for the year, and when hired labor is added, it materially increases the outlay. My mother says that you can save me a great deal by performing your own kitchen work. I think now you may begin."

I sat silent for a moment. I thought he might be right. I had never been accustomed to household labor.

right. I had never been accustomed to household labor. and of late the care of my child had absorbed my time; but I would now try to do as he wished, and I expressed

but I would now try to do as he wished, and I expressed myself thus.

"Very well," said he; "I am glad that you view the matter in the same light with myself. An Irish girl, whom I have engaged, will wash for us."

He then jurned to his book; and I sat awhile, till I became sleepy, and rose to leave. It had been my oustom since Lily's birth, to keep the watch in my sleeping-room, and not finding it there this evening, I went to the place where it usually hung in the study, for the purpose of taking it with me. It was not there."

"Have you the watch, Mr. Gray?"

"No—I have sold it!"

"Sold my watch, Mr. Gray!" I exclaimed. "I would n't have sold it for twice its value!"

"But I got three times its worth.

"But I got three times its worth.

"But, Mr. Gray, it was my watch, given to me before
my marriage. I valued it too highly to part with it on
any terms."

"I thought I had fully explained to you the rights of

it hought I had fully explained to you the rights of a husband over his wife's property."

I did not waken corresponding feelings in my own heart; and reserved—perhaps because that mood was most near and distrange thing, full of whims.

His mother was at the Sewing Society, and we had not the pleasure of her company at tea; but Mr. Gray petted Lily, giving her sugar, and allowing her to sit upon his knee, and even condescending to baby-talk. His eyes had an unusual brightness, and Helen and myself were thrown into a little wonder at this peculiar mood—for he laughed much, and even attempted a few jokes, a thing we had pever noticed before. Helen was pleased, for she thought he had missed his wife and child, and was filled with pleasure of the remainder of the property.

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you to go in there while Mr. Herbert is at home; I pre-fer that there should be less intercourse between the families."

"But, Mr. Gray, you would not surely deprive Mrs. Herbert of the privilege of coming to see the baby? She returns early on her account, and it would be cruel for us to separate them."

"No—unless she makes too much of a pet of her; we must not have the child spoiled. If I see any danger in that way, I shall interfere myself.

I went to bed that night with a sore heart. I did not sleep much, and when the first daylight streamed into the room, I rose and went down into the kitchen. Mr. Gray always laid abed until breakfast time; it was his custom to sit up late at night in his study, and sleep later in the rooming.

siscep later in the morning.

I had just kindled the fire, a task which took some time for want of skill, and was making biscuit, when I heard Lily cry. I could not go at once, but hurried to get my hands out of the dough, and my bisnurried to get my hands out of the dough, and my biscuit into the oven. When I went up to the chamber the baby had climbed upon the side of the crib, and was looking in vain for me. Not finding me there she had set up a doleful cry. Her father had once laid her back in the crib and bade her lie still, but she had thrown the clothes off and was repeating her meaning for me. Mr. Gray had raised himself up, and was about to stylic her for climbing up can be when he had hidden to strike her for climbing up again, when he had bidden her lie still, but I sprung forward and caught her in my

her lie still, but I sprung forward and caught her in my arms, and ran down stairs.

I managed after awhile to get some breakfast on the table—but, oh dear I my biscuit were heavy and sour! In my haste to go to the baby, I had forgotten my soda. They were not eatable, and we had to make our breakfast without them, much to Mr. Gray's chagrin. The next morning I took the baby with me when I went down, as Mr. Gray said that he could not be disturbed in his morning slumbers. But the room was cold, and in his morning slumbers. But the room was cold, and I was so long making a fire that we were both chilled, and took cold.

and took cold.

I found my labor rather hard, more perhaps from want of skill and strength than from any other cause. Mr. Gray told me that I should get used to it by and by; but it grew harder every day, and I mourned for Aunty Paul most sincerely. I grew thin and ill, but I would not complain—perhaps as the weather became warmer I should feel better.

One day, toward the last of April, Mr. Gray went to exchange with a bruther minister who lived only a few

One day, toward the last of April, Mr. Gray went to exchange with a brother minister who lived only a few miles distant; he left early on Sunday morning, tatending to be at home the same evening. The minister who preached did not stay with me, but with a sister who preached did not stay with me, but with a sister who lived in the village. During the day it commenced raining, and toward evening, it increased to a fearful-storm of wind and rain—the latter poured in torrents. I knew Mr. Gray could not return, and I prepared myself to stay alone at night; something which I had never done before in my life. It was very dark without, and not at all cheerful within, for the wind blow, rattling every window and shaking every door. I hushed Lily to sleep in my arms, and, laying her in the cradle, went round and fastened all the doors, and then sat down by her cradle, and tried to read. I am the cradle, went round and fastened all the doors, and then sat down by her cradle, and tried to read. I am naturally very timid, and that night every shadow startled me. I sat but a few minutes with my book in hand, when the door bell rung with a sound that echoed all over the house. I was too timid at first to go to the door, but gathering a little courage, I took the lamp, and shading it with my hands, went carefully conward. As I opened the door, the blast blow my lighter; out the person, whoever it was, stapped at once into. out; the person, whoever it was, stepped at once into the passage and closed the door, as the rain blew in ...

fearfully. "Good evening, Mrs. Gray," he said, as he steed.

It was so dark that I could not see his face; but that coice! I knew it now! I was sure of it. It was the same that once said to me in the pine wood, "Ba quiet, child; I would not barm you to save my life."

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

ACQUAINTANCE.-If a man does not make new so. . And to more wood in the store, sat down. find himself left alone. A man should keep his friend.

A RECORD OF MODERN MIRACLES.

n, s. n. hhittan.

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

CHAPTER IV .- [CONCLUDED. [

It was in the autumn of 1855, as nearly as the writer can recollect, that Charles Barker, of Jackson, Michigan, while out on a hunting excursion with a neighboring youth, was accidentally shot by his companion. The charge passed through the pocket of his pantaloons, shivering his knife, trunk key, etc., and together with a portion of the contents of his pocket, was deeply buried in the fleshy part of his thigh. This unfortunate occurrence occasioned extreme suffering and close confinement for several months. At the time of the writer's visit to Jackson, in the succeeding January, his continued pain, extreme debility, and increasing emaciation, awakened in the minds of his friends intense anxiety for his safety.

On my return from the West, I took an early opportunity to submit this distressing case to the clairvoyant inspection of Mrs. Mettler, merely telling her that she was requested to examine a young man who had been shot. There was no intimation respecting the circumstances attending the accident, the seat, or the extent of the injury; nor was the existing condition of the young man in any way implied or referred to. Nevertheless, in the details of her diagnosis, Mrs. M. was remarkably correct, at the same time she was fortunate in her prescriptions. The following extract from a letter received from Mrs. Clara M. Ismon, (a sister of Mr. Barker) discloses one fact at least. (the discovery of the penny) that is quite sufficient to settle the question-respecting Mrs/Mettler's independent sight-in the mind of the last rational doubter, if, indeed, there is one such remaining to be satisfied:

"You will remember that during Mrs. Mettler's examination, she discovered a substance in the leg that appeared to her like copper. But Charley has always insisted that he had no copper in his pocket, as all his physicians have asked him particularly about that; we therefore supposed that the obstacle referred to must be steel—the bow of his trunk key. It is now over a week since the spot above mentioned [in an unpublished portion of the letter] began to protrude, the flesh to be badly discolored, and attended with still greater soreness. From its appearance day before yesterday, we knew there must be an accumulation of matter there. Charley, accordingly, took a pair of embroidery seissors and made an opening, which confirmed our suspicions concerning the loss of the key, as we could plainly see through the aperture something that looked like steel quite rusty; but this morning, what was our surprise to see the edge of a penny obtruding itself; and this atternoon, mother, with Charley's assistance, took it from the limb, bruised, to be sure, by the force of the charge, but not so much so as to prevent our discerning the date and all the letters."

Mrs. Ismon further states that the entire description of the Clair voyant, including the precise location of the injury, and the subsequent conditions and aspects of the case, were as accurately stated as they could have been by those members of the family who had watched over him from the beginning, and for nearly six months. In such a case Science is a stupid, sightless guide, and must stand out of the way. The spiritually blind doctors in Michigan could not see that penny when it was within their reach, and their eyes were wide open; but Mrs. Mettler discovered it at a distance of nearly one thousand miles with her eyes closed !

This far-seeing vision enables the physician to look after her patients all over the country, and even in Europe, and likewise to perceive precisely how far each conforms to her directions in the application of the treatment. In this respect also the clairvoyant practitioner certainly possesses a great advantage over the Faculty. It not unfrequently occurs that the disciple of Galen deals out his drugs from day to day, presuming that they are administered agreeably to his instructions; and finding that the patient survives their supposed operation, and gradually recovers, (Nature and a strong resolution fairly conquering the disease and the doctor.) he of course ascribes the patient's restoration to his professional skill and the peculiar efficacy of his remedies. Having fairly plumed himself on his success, and having likewise improved the occasion to impress others with a proper sense of the superiority of science over quackery, he learns, perhaps-to his great mortification-that the unfaithful nurse put the prescribed doses of his medicine into the slop-pail! Indignation occasionally succeeds mortification, when the doctor ascertains that the patient really recovered under the treatment of a clairvoyant, and that he was only called in to satisfy the caprice of some venerable matron of the old school, who resided in the family.

On the other hand, Mrs. Mettler's patients-with but few exceptions-have so much confidence in the propriety and efficacy of her treatment that they are little disposed to practice a similar deception. and if they were, they would be quite sure to be detected. I will here record a single example of this kind. Mr. Frederick Bunce, of South Manchester, had faith in clairvoyance and Mrs. Mettler, but his wife had not. Mrs. Bunce had been examined, and was under treatment; dence of the infidelity of his wife to her marriage vows, including eason unknown to her husband the nationt did not in prove. After a sufficient time had clapsed to fairly test the first proscriptions. Mr. B. resolved that his wife should undergo a second examination, when he hoped to ascertain the reason why the treatment thus far had been ineffectual. Mrs. Bunce was willing to gratif wher husband in this respect, and accordingly both paid a visit to the secress. In the course of her examination, Mrs. Mettler observed that the patient had not improved, for the reason that, instead of swallowing the medicine, she had been in the habit of throwing it out of the soindow! Mrs. Bunce made a frank confession, and promised to take the medicines. From that time she cheerfully submitted to the treatment, and was soon restored to health.

"THE BLIND SEE"-CASE OF EPHRAIM B. POTTER.

Mrs. Mettler has also been remarkably successful in treating diseases of the eye, and the following statement of an important case-first published in 1855—is extracted from the Hartford Times, not without the hone that others who have hitherto sought in vain, may at last find relief. [Some unimportant portions of Mr. Potter's letter are

"MR. EDITOR-On' the 15th of February, 1851, in consequence of contracting a severe cold, a severe inflammation of the eyes supervened, generally termed opthalmia. Residing at Dayton, Ohio, I procured the services of Dr. Wigand of the homeopathic school, and continued under his treatment three months. I was somowhat benefited, and was by him discharged as cured. I then made a trip to Massachusetts, before resuming my business, (that of civil engineering.) While in Boston a severe relapse took place, and high state of inflammation supervened, to such an extent as to nearly deprive me of sight. I again resorted to the homeopathic practice, under the streatment of Drs. Wesselhoeft, Sawyer and Gregg, of Boston, whose prescriptions I followed for three months, during which time my eyes continued to grow worse, and at the end of that period I was nearly build.

. At this date, by the advice of friends, I consulted Dr. Dix, of Boston, (gilopathic.) under whose treatment I continued fifteen months, he pursuing the usual routine of allopathic treatment in cases of this kind-blistering, cupping, scarifying, and active purgation, with colorvnth and croton oil. During the first six months I was somewhat relieved, the inflammation having partially subsided from the thorough depletion to which I had been subjected, so that I was able to read some, but still laboring under great debility of those organs. Dr. Dix, considering that the inflammation had pretty much subsided, gave, as his opinion, that the weak condition of my eyes was owing to the long continued and active inflammation, the vessels becoming engorged so as to not be able to perform their wonted functions; and to remedy this he recommended the separation of the vessels, which is performed by dividing the conjunction, and with a pair of forceps drawing out the trunk of the vessels which cross the cornea, then dividing or severing them with a common surgeon's knife. This, the Doctor assured me, when two or three times performed, would entirely restore my sight. After much hesitation I at last submitted to the painful operation, and I now shudder to think of it.

Before the operation I was able to see tolerably clear, and read some. Ten days subsequent to the murderous process, inflammation again supervening. I was totally blind. The Doctor seeing the result of the first, declined a second operation. And under his continued promises, and my hope of relief, I continued the treatment a period of life" in the atmosphere that surrounds her presence.

of also mentles longer, without any alleviation, but if possible, aggravation of symptoms; at the end of which time I was coolly informed that so great a disorganization of the parts had taken place. that, in his opinion, I should never be able to see again."

Mr. Potter proceeds to say that he was next treated by J. M. Spear, and obtained "considerable relieff" and afterward by Dr. Dillingham, botanic practitioner of Boston, "for several months, without any lusting benefit." Having tested the more popular systems of medicine, and being satisfied that he had nothing to hope for from either, he wis at last induced to apply to Mrs. Mettler. What followed this last resort of a man who had wasted his last dollar on doctors, and was about to be given over to despair and consigned to perpetual night-is comprehended in the subjoined portion of the patient's own statement:

"Mrs. Mettler traced with a wonderful power and knowledge the history of my case from the commencement to the present time, with an accuracy and familiarity which to me was really astonishing—stating to me facts and circumstances which had occurred during my sickness, and which were only known to me; tracing the disease and causes, the main of which she traced was a scrofulous diathesis from the beginning. She awakened in me a gleam of hope by assuring me that in my then deplorable condition, relief was probable, and a cure was possible. It is needless to say that her assurance caused me much joy, aided in no small degree by the wonderfully correct examination and description of my case. She further assured me that during my convalescence I would be subject to occasional relapses, from each of which I would recover, and be in a better condition than when I entered it, which prediction has been singularly fulfilled. It is now one year since I commenced the use of the remedies and means which she prescribed, and, as the result, I find myself almost entirely restored to soundness of health and restoration of sight. I can therefore truly say that whereas I was once blind, now I see.' In gratsful remembrance for the great benefit which I have received at her hand, I make this voluntary statement as due to her, as well as to direct the suffering to a trial of her remarkable skill in curing dis-

1 will introduce but two additional illustrations of Mrs. Mettler's clear sight. The names of the parties in both cases are withheld for reasons which the mind of the reader will readily suggest. An Editor of a widely circulated journal, published in New York city, one day called on Mrs. M. at her present residence. In the course of a brief seance, the Clairvoyant-without so much as a suggestion from the gentleman-went to visit his wife, who was then in Bridgeport, over fifty miles from the scene of this interview. The general physical condition of the lady was accurately described; but one particular statement occasioned no little surprise, and at the time it was supposed it might be incorrect. The Clairvoyant alleged that Mrs. enceinte, and that the case involved something abnormal. It appeared to her that there was a malformation: but it was observed that at that early period in the process of gestation she could not discern clearly the nature of the difficulty. Our editorial friend did not disclose this singular piece of information. Seven months after, having occasion to visit Hartford, he again called on the Secress; who (being in the trance) informed him that she could then perceive the precise nature of the case, which had been but obscurely foreshadowed in the former diagnosis. She then proceeded to make some very definite statements, the following points being distinctly affirmed, namely-...There was a plural conception;" "the vital forces have been insufficient to develop the two forms;" "the organic structure of one is altogether incomplete, though its weight may be some five pounds;" "the other is perfect in organization and beautifully developed;" "it is a boy. and will weigh about nine pounds." Four weeks after the date of this interview, the accoucheur was sent for, when strange to say, the foregoing statement of the Clairvoyant was, in every particular, verified by the facts. The writer's authorities in this case are, the gentleman himself and the attendant physician.

In the year 185-, a gentleman, whose home is in "the land of steady habits," had an interview with Mrs. Mettler—while she was entranced -which resulted in singular and important disclosures. He was told that his young wife—who was distinguished for her personal beauty was engaged in an intrigue with another man. The Clairvoyant described a certain letter just received, and which the husband might find by going to her trunk; and it was further observed that the letter would probably be answered in the afternoon of that day. On leaving the rooms of Mrs. M., the gentleman went immediately home and to his wife's trunk, and finding the identical letter, he at once resolved to intercept the reply. At 3 o'clock P. M., the answer was deposited in the Post-office, and by a previous arrangement with one of the clerks, it fell into the hands of the injured husband. The Clairvoyant subsequently disclosed the intentions of the false fair one, pointed out the places where she would meet the enemy of his peace, and mentioned the fact that the wife was purchasing goods on her husband's account preparatory to leaving him forever. All these statements were fully confirmed by persons employed to observe her movements. Very soon the husband had in his possession abundant eviunmistakable proofs of her amours. Founding his claim on the evidence thus elicited, he applied for and obtained a bill of divorce without the trouble of going to Indiana.

Verily, "there is nothing hidden that shall not be revealed," since there are those who discern the secrets of the mind and heart; and in the light of the morning invisible hands uncover the deeds of midnight. We know not how many look through the outward forms into the inward recesses of our being, discerning the very elements of disease, and where they first blend with the springs of life. In the department of diagnostics, therefore, we are not left to depend alone on external signs-which at best furnish uncertain and dangerous criteria-but we may call to our aid this power whereby the entranced soul looks through the forms of things and sees their essences. We thus ascertain the precise condition of each separate organ, and the extent to which the vital equilibrium has been interrupted.

While Mrs. Mottler has thousands of earnest friends in every part of the country, whose personal experience is a triumphant vindication of her claims, her enemies (if she has any) must be few in number and incapable of doing her any lasting injury. Her detractors must of necessity reside at a distance, for they can scarcely come near enough to realize her presence without reforming their conduct. By a mysterious species of exorcism, she banishes the spirits of evil from the minds of her visitors. Who shall tell what becomes of her enemics, since many cross her threshold never to return. (As enemies) the world never hears of them again. Every day has added to the number of those who shall hold her in perpetual and grateful romembrance. Nor has she finished her beneficent labor. The future shall multiply her conquests. In her presence, suspicion shall languish and expire; doubt shall give place to faith, and at her word new hopes spring up and flourish in the desolate heart, making the arid wastes of life beautiful. Many who are ready to perish shall come to her as the multitudes thronged the ancient porches of Behesda; and her ministry shall cause the despairing soul to trust in God. The afflicted shall rejoice; the persecutor shall lay down his weapons; the hypocrite shall be stripped of his frail disguise; the impure in heart and life shall make humble confession; malice shall retire to the darkness of her own perdition:

"Envy grow pale and bite the dust, And Slander gnaw her forky tongue,"

What the present writer has recorded, respecting the soul experiences and the beneficent labors of SEMANTHA METTLER, does by no means cover all the more important phases of her spiritual powers and developments. From time to time she has given prophetic comnunications which have been literally fulfilled; and occasionally her graphic personations of departed human beings-or other incidental proofs of an invisible spiritual presence—have shaken or removed the nost incorrigible skepticism. But the present purpose is accomplished; and with a single additional remark, the writer will here take cave of the reader. It is the honest pride of Mrs. Mettler's numerous friends that, through all the great public ordeal of her life (during which-from the very nature of her profession and the necessities of suffering humanity—she has been placed in intimate relations to thousands, and thus become the possessor of the secrets of many in unwritten life history) she has so lived, that her daily deportment and familiar conversation have destroyed the deepest enmity of the most inveterate opposers, while foul suspicion has found no .. breath Written for the Banner of Light.

MAN AND HIS RELATIONS.

DY S. D. BRITTAN.

SECOND SERIES.

CHAPTER II. PHILOBOPHY OF PASCINATION.

Complete isolation is never one of the conditions of being. The dements exist together, and are modified by mutual association and action. Ultimate particles, by a natural coalescence, unite and form the worlds. The great kingdoms of Nature-rising in orderly succession, one above another-have no absolute independence. Each sustains intimate relations to the others, and the whole resembles a vast pyramid, whose base is broad as terra, and whose common vertex is man. The forms of the organic creation all exhibit intimate relations, and are mutually dependent; nor can man, with all his boasted freedom, separate himself from his natural relations, or experience, and he is made to feel the force of a natural law of democratic equality. Providence permits inferior natures to share with him the common elements of the world. The same earth nourishes man and every meaner creature, and the same atmosphere moves the lungs of every living thing. The prince has small reason to frown on the beggar, or the philosopher to despise the savage, since those who consume most of the products of the earth are of all men most dependent. Before God the artificial distinctions which elevate the inheritors of wealth, and power, and royalty, may only serve to reveal their intrinsic poverty and the most abject dependence. The fire that consumes their dwellings and their goods, the frost that chills their blood, and the tempests that destroy their harvests, alike admonish them that Nature resorts to no special legislation in their behalf. Even the pestilential vapors from the loathsome hovels of the great city-borne along by the free winds-often become ministers of justice and equality, to teach the rich and the proud the unwelcome truth that they belong to the same fraternity with the wretched outcasts of St. Giles.

This intimate relation of all the forms of the natural world to each other involves a perpetual commingling of their subtile emanation and forces; hence their reciprocal influence and all the phenomen of action and reaction. But I will be more explicit. Doubtless all material bodies have their atmospheres, composed of the more etherial portions of the simple substances which constitute the forms of the material creation. The subtile emanations from all bodies are essentially the same as their more penderable constituents. The exhalations from the earth and other planets form the great atmospheric seas that surround their surfaces. It is equally true that every simple substance in nature is surrounded by its own peculiar emanations, and that each organic form has its appropriate atmosphere. Moreover, the mind that is gifted with acute and delicate powers of perception-from the conscious influence of these spheres on the phases of thought and feeling-may determine their respective sources, inasmuch as the essential nature and specific qualities of the emanations from all bodies must resemble the grosser elements. thus held in chemical and organic union by the power of cohesion and the mysterious principles of life. The ponderable and imponderable substances of the physical world are chiefly dissimilar in the existing states of the simple elements, and the conditions of organic and inorganic combination. It follows, therefore, that the material and spiritual worlds and their elemental principles, the carths and their organic forms, the souls of men and the hosts of heaven, all have atmospheres which combine and represent the essential attributes and qualities of their respective natures and peculiar states.

The forms of organized life are constantly influenced by the exist ing conditions of the unorganized elements. The varying degrees of light and moisture, and the thermo-electrical changes, constantly occurring in the earth and atmosphere, all modify the states and processes of vegetable, animal, and human existence. It is well known that plants and animals, by a natural and constant reciprocation, furnish each other with the essential elements of their mutual life and growth. Each is necessary to the normal existence of the other. Moreover, they exert an influence on man under all circumstances, and in every period of his mundane career. Gorgeous colors, harmonic sounds, delicate aromas, and exquisite flavors, all feast and delight the senses. But the invisible emanations from inanimate forms produce other and less agreeable effects. Invisible agents of infection are evolved from the decomposing processes of the organic world. The smoke arising from the combustion of certain poisonous plants and trees, diffuse their deleterious properties. Moreover, the natural exalations from the Upas, in the forests of Java, and, to some extent, from trees that grow in our own country, are said to infect the atmosphere by their poisonous effluvia.

A comprehensive law unites all things in one universal economy, embracing every orb and every atom. All receive their mysterious n; and whatever antagonisms may appear on the remote surfaces of being, there is UNITY at the Heart. This relation of all things to a common source, involves a corelation of the several parts, one to another, and each to all. Hence the universal sympathics of Nature, as illustrated in the laws and processes of molecular attraction, elective and chemical affinity, and the natural gravitation and cohesion of simple elements in worlds, and suns, and souls.

If, then, a subtle influence emanates from every orb, and even from each ultimate particle which is irresistible as the gravitation that balances the Universe, and all the potencies of Nature, reside in sublimated invisible elements; if every inanimate object sustaining relations to all others, and each simple substance is thus surrounded by its own peculiar emanations-influential as far as its atmosphere extends—we need not be surprised to learn that similar influences proceed from all the forms of animated nature, and that by voluntary effort they may be greatly intensified and easily directed to particular objects. While the absence of life and locomotion leave all inanimate things to preserve the same relative positions, the inhabitants of the animal kingdom-by the power of voluntary motion-are enabled to change their positions in respect to fixed objects and geographical lines, and thus to change their relations to each other at pleasure. It will be perceived that the sphere of invisible, commingling elements, that surrounds the animal and the man, can scarcely remain unchanged during any two days in the whole existence of the individual. Hence the influences which excite and determine feeling, volition and action, are susceptible of an indefinite number of changes and combinations. Everything that lives and moves in our presence modifies the very atmosphere we breathe. A man may not so much as speak or lift his hand-not even feel deeply or think earnestlywithout moving the electro-magnetic aura that surrounds his person. In this manner we unconsciously modify the conditions of being as far as our influence may extend. And who shall define the ultimate limits of individual influence? It is not without some show of reason as well as fancy, that certain ingenious theorists have maintained that the ripple occasioned by dropping a pebble into the midst of the sea moves the surface to the distant shore; that the reverberations of sound have no limit in space; and that the great globe itself-in some nappreciable degree-trembles beneath our footsteps.

The mysterious forces of life, the agent of sensation, and of vital and voluntary motion, are essentially the same in all animal and human bodies. This electric agent, on which the functions of animated nature are perceived to depend, being homogeneous in all the forms of the living world, it is but natural that they should-through this refined and all-pervading medium—exert a powerful influence on each other. This being the proximate agent in all the functions of animal and human bodies, it is only necessary to control the distribution of this principle, in order to influence the voluntary and involuntary functions of all living beings. Whenever this refined aura is sent out from one animal or man to another individual of the same or of a distinct species, the creature to which it is directed may be influenced in a degree that varies according to the measure of executive force in the operator, and the degree of susceptibility in the subject. If the active force be strong, properly concentrated, and directed with unerring precision; and if, at the same time, the recipient be in a passive condition, or quiescent state, so that the vital effluvium may bo absorbed, or otherwise permitted to pervade the channels of nervous energy, the effects produced on the functions will be at once decided sons as can occupy them. The occupants then determine who shall and wonderful. The subtile effuence from animals and men appro- come in the morning and who in the afternoon.

printely belongs to themselves, and thay be influenced by them after it has been made to pervade other living forms. In proportion, therefore, as this homogeneous agent of sensation and motion is infueld by one living being into another, the two become-temporarily, at least-associated or conjoined. When this relation has been fairly established, and the common medium of electro-nervous communication flows uninterruptedly, the one acquires a mysterious and irresist. ible power over the sensations, affections and movements of the other.

The examples of the exercise of this power-when they occur among animals of the lower orders, and between man and inferior creatures-are ordinarily distinguished and characterized by the terms fascination and charming. The phenomenal illustrations are numerous, but a few examples will suffice in this connection. That beasts of prey and serpents frequently exercise this remarkable power over other creatures, and that reptiles, birds, and quadrupeds are susceptible of the influence, are facts established by the concurrent testimony of many conscientious observers. The writer once witnessed the results of this species of enchantment. I was one day angling along the bank of a stream in Spencer, Massachusetts, when my atbreak away from his appropriate place in the complex web of exist- tention was attracted by the wild, unusual notes and the rapid gyraence. Every day his pride is humbled by some lesson of painful tions of a robin. The bird was moving in concentric circles about a little tree, and around a principal branch of which I espied the coll of a large black snake. The head of the serpent was elevated, and his eves apparently fixed on his prey, while the bird was every moment drawing nearer to destruction. The natural enmity of man to all snakes, which (according to the theologians) I inherited from the common mother of mankind, prompted a resolute assault on the serpent, broke the spell, and the affrighted bird escaped.

In like manner serpents charm mice, squirrels, and other small animals; and instances are not wanting in which human beings have been spell-bound by their subtile magnetism. Dr. Newman, in his work on Fascination, refers to two or three persons who were fascinated by serpents; and several well authenticated cases have appeared in the newspapers. Among the number of recent examples, I am reminded of the case of a small boy-five years old-son of a Mr. Martin, who lives near Gilbert's Mills. The little fellow was observed to be very quiet, uncommunicative, and apparently failing in health. From day to day he was wont to leave his companions and spend some time alone, at a little distance from the house. One day a person who was thus led to watch his movements, followed him to the bank of a creek. When the child had seated himself and commenced to eat his dinner, a large snake made its appearance, and coiling itself about the lad in the most familiar way, shared the child's repast, licking his fingers and rubbing against the cheek of the charmed boy, as if carressing him with the fondest affection. The snake was killed, and the child soon recovered his normal health and disposition. If such examples do not render the Hebrew story of Eve's seduction more than probable, we must leave the skeptics in the hands of the theologians.

It may not be safe in all cases to abruptly destroy a reptile under such circumstances. When the operator and the subject are both human, it is often found that there is such a complete blending of the nervous forces of the two bodies, that any injury inflicted on the former is instantly felt by the latter. Indeed, the magnetized subject will often sense the least violence done to his magnetizer when he is not sensible of the injury done to his own body. Vaillant, in the account of his Travels in Africa, relates that on one occasion he shot a large serpent while the reptile was in the act of charming a bird. He was surprised on observing that the bird did not move as he approached. On a closer inspection the reason was obvious—the bird was dead. In the opinion of Dr. Newman, either fear or this strange power of fascination destroyed its life; but in the judgment of the present writer the death of the bird is not to be ascribed to the one or the other of the causes named. Doubtless the same shot that killed the serpent destroyed the life of the bird also, owing to the intimate blending of the nervous or vital forces of the two bodies.

While few men have been fascinated by snakes, the serpent charmers of India all possess this remarkable influence over the repitilis. of their country, and nothing is more common among the barbarous African tribes than this power of fascination. Travelers inform us that the natives handle scorpions and vipers with the greatest freedom, and, without the slightest injury or apprehension, placing them in their bosoms or throwing them among their children. According to Mr. Bruce, who had abundant opportunities for personal observation, the venomous creatures close their eyes, and appear to be rendered powerless by handling; and he affirms that they make no resistance when the barbarians devour them alive.

When the serpent exercises this power over either the animal or numan subject the head assumes an erect position, and the eyes, which are directed to the object, exhibit an unusual brilliancy. The electric forces are most intensely focalized about the organ of vision when the attention is thus concentrated, and the subtile influence is projected in invisible shafts while the gaze continues to be fixed. This is substantially the method adopted by the human operator. while the whole process and the actual results are fundamentally the same. By this influence the Laplander at once subdues his furious quickening from the same incomprehensible Centre of life and modegree. We have lion and tiger tamers in our own country, before whose fixed gaze and resolute will the ferocious beasts quail and become submissive. Other men tame wild horses. Townsend gives an account of one James Sullivan, who was familiarly known as the whisperer. He would enter the stable alone with the most vicious horse, and in half an hour the animal would be found lying down under the fascinating spell of Sullivan. Rarey has quite recently attracted general attention in this country and in Europe by his truly masterly exercise of the same power.

Birds are suscentible of this power of fascination; but from among the illustrations of this class I can only cite a single example. Some time since Mademoiselle Vandermeersch, a beautiful young lady from Belgium, created a peculiar interest by an exhibition of her learned birds. Some may be inclined to ascribe the results in this case to an ordinary educational process; but it was apparently under the action of her will that the birds were impelled to answer various questions correctly, by drawing cards on which the appropriate answers were inscribed. When the beautiful charmer demanded to know the hour. her goldfinch would hop out of his cage and look about among the cards, apparently engaged in serious deliberation. At length he would lay hold of the right card, and, tossing it to the company in a cavalier manner, would return to his perch in the cage. In this way a great number and variety of questions were answered with surprising accuracy.

That Humanity possesses this inherent power over the brute creation, the writer has no doubt. The facts cited in this chapter are incidental illustrations occurring under a great law, that is broad and comprehensive in its scope as the nature and relations of animal and human existence. Had that law been everywhere perceived and universally acted on, it is quite likely that all inferior creatures would have recognized man's right to the scepter of the world. But through his ignorance and his cruelty he has trampled that law under foot: and, as a natural consequence, the stronger animals have manifested determined resistance to his authority.

I cannot omit some reference in this connection to an interesting incident in my own experience. I was on one occasion illustrating this idea of the natural supremacy of man, in the course of a public lecture, delivered in the Villago Hall, at Putnam, Conn. I had observed that a strange dog was laying at full length on the floor, at a ... distance of not less than thirty or forty feet from the platform. The noble animal-a large one of his kind-appeared to be asleep, and no more interested than other drowsy hearers. The speaker was insist ing, with some carnestness, that had man strictly obeyed the natural law, designed to regulate his relations to the animal kingdom, the whole brute creation would, probably, have yielded instinctive obedience to his authority. Just at that point in the discourse the dog, without any apparent cause, was suddenly disturbed. Rising from his recumbent position, he walked slowly to the front of the speaker's stand. Looking steadily in my face for a minute or two, he deliberately ascended the stairs and stretched himself at my feet, at the very moment the argument was concluded, thus presenting a most interesting and impressive illustration of a curious and profound subject.

In one Church in Worcester, crowded every Sunday, some of the pows are let double scated; i. c., they are let to twice as many perJUDGE EDMONDS

THE ANTIQUITIES OF SPIRITUALISM.

NUMBER ONE.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:

In compliance with your request that I should contributa komething to your columns, I propose to disouss what may with propriety be called the Antiquities of Spiritualism.

When my attention was first drawn to the subject of spiritual intercourse, I had no particular religious belief, and no faith whatever in what were called the Miracles of the New Testament. It was a matter that I could not understand, and I therefore thought very I could not understand, and I therefore thought very little about it. And when the intercourse opened to me, in such manner as to begin to convince me of its reality, I immediately asked the questions, Why now Librarian and Secretary of Sion College." reality, I immediately asked the questions, Why now for the first time? and why not before?

During the last eight or nine years I have had the same questions asked me very often by intelligent. thinking people, and I cannot but think that an attempt at an answer will be acceptable to your readers. The answer will remind you of the anecdote told of Charles the Second, who puzzled the philosophers of his day by asking why a pail of water, with a fish swimming in it, did not weigh any more than without the fish. Many ingenious theories were broached by the wise men to account for the fact, until one of his cour tiers solved the difficulty by denying it. So now, instead of showing why spiritual intercourse has not happened before, I will show that it has.

I have been for some time collecting evidence on this point, and have been so far successful that I can very satisfactorily trace its existence and its mode of operation back nearly three hundred years, finding throughout the same general features and characteristics with that of these days.

That evidence is in various books in my library published at sundry times in this country and abroad. and which are very interesting as showing the history of that which in our day has become so mighty a movement. I will in this paper enumerate those books, and in my future numbers lay before you the substance of Rule, written by the Rev. Cotton Mather. their contents.

1. The first in my catalogue carries the history of Spiritualism back two hundred and seventy-six years, or to 1583. Its title-page I give, with its capital letters and spelling, just as it now lies before me:

.A True & Faithful Relation of What passed for ... A True & Faithful Relation of What passed for many Yeers Between Dr. John Dee (A Mathematician of Great Fame in Q. Eliz and King James, their reigns) and Some Spirits: Tending (had it Succeeded) To a General Alteration of most States and Kingdoms in the World. His Private Conferences with Rodolph Emperor of Germany, Stephen K. of Poland and divers other Princes about it. The Particulars of his Cause as it was agitated in the Emperor's Court: By the Passel's late working. Here Emperor's Court: Pope's Intervention: His Banishment and Restoration

As Also The Letters of Sundry Great Men and Princes (some whereof were present at some of these Conferences and Apparitions of Spirits) to the said

Out Of The Original Copy written with Dr. Dees own Hand: Kept in the Library of Sir Tho. Cotton, Kt.

With A Preface Confirming the Reality (as to the Point of Spirits) of this Relation: and shewing the several good Uses that a Sober Christian may make of

By Meric Casaubon, D. D.
London. Printed by D. Maxwell for T. Garthwait
and sold at the Little North door of S. Paul's and by other Stationers. 1659."

This book is said to be very rare, and was lately contributed to my library by a friend, who paid \$50 for this copy-rather a large price for a folio volume of about four hundred pages. From a mark in it, it seems that in 1701 my copy belonged to the library of the Earl of Essex.

2. My next volume is a small duodecime of about 300 pages, printed in London in 1695, and has this

"A Treatise of Dreams and Visions wherein The Causes, Natures and Uses of Nocturnal Representations and the Communications both of Good and Evil Angels as also departed souls to Mankind. Are Theo-sophically Unfolded: that is, according to the Word of

God and the Harmony of Created Beings.

"Night unto Night sheweth Wisdom—Psal. 19.2.

"To which is added A Discourse of the Causes, Natures and Cure of Phrensie, Maduess or Distraction.

"By Tho. Tryon, Student in Physick.

"The Second Edition." "The Second Edition."

3. My next is a large duodecimo, consisting of several

parts, published in London in 1707. The title page of part first is:

"The Prophetical warnings of John Lacy, Esq., Pro-nounced under the Operation of the Spirit, and Faith-fully taken in Writing when they were spoken." Containing 103 pages. Title page of part second:

"Warnings of the Eternal Spirit by the mouth of his Servant John sirnamed Lacy." Containing 196 Title of third part:

"Warnings of the Eternal Spirit by the Mouth of his Servant John sirnamed Lacy." Containing 177 "Cry from the Desart, or Testimonials of the Miraci

lous Things Lately come to pass in the Cevennes, Verified upon oath and by other proofs. Translated from the originals.
The Second Edition
With a preface by John Lacy Esq." 24 pages.

.. A Relation of the Dealings of God to his Unworthy Servant John Lacy since The Time of his Beleiving and Professing himself Inspired." 31 pages. ..Mr. Lacy's Letter to the Reverend Dr. Josiah

Woodward concerning his remarks on the modern Prophets." 24 pages. 4. The next was published in London in 1720, and

has this title:

An Historical Essay concerning Witchcraft, With Observations upon Matters of Fact: Tending to Clear The Texts of the Sacred Scriptures, and Confute the vulgar errors about that Point.

And also Two Sermons; One in proof of the Chris tian Religion; the other concerning Good and Evil

Angels.

By Francis Hutchinson, DD., Chaplain in Ordinary to His Majesty and Minister of St. Jame's Parish in St. Edmund's Bury.

"Psalms xxxi. 6. I have hated them that hold su-

perstitious Vanities: but I trust in the Lord.
"I Tim., iv, 7. But refuse profane and old Wives
Fables, and exercise thyself rather unto Godliness.

The Second Edition with considerable Additions. This is a small octave of about 350 pages.

6. My next volume has this voluminous title: **Sadducismus Triumphatus: Or A full and plain

Two Parts. The First Treating of the Possibility.

The Second of their Real Existence.

By Joseph Glanvill, Chaplain in Ordinary to King Charles, II and

F. R. S.

"The Fourth Edition with Additions.
"The Advantages whereof the Reader may understand out of Dr H. More's Account prefixed hereunto.
Also Two Authentick but Wonderful Stories of certain Swedish Witches. Done into English by Dr Horneck With Some Account of Mr Glanvil's Life and Writings.
"London. Printed for A. Bettsworth and J. Batley in Paster Noster Row. W. Mears and J. Hooke near Tomple Bar in Fleet street.

Temple Bar in Fleet street.

MDCCXXVI," This is an octave volume of about five hundred pages. 6. My next is an octavo of about four hundred pages,

and was printed in London in 1729, and has this title: "The Secrets of the Invisible World disclosed: Or an Universal History of Apparitions sacred and profane, ider all Denominations: Whether Angelical, Diabol ical or Human Souls departed.

Shewing "I. Their various Returns to this World: with sure Rules to know by their Manner of Appearing if they are Good or Evil ones.
"II. The Differences of the Apparitions of Ancient and Modern Times; and an Enquiry into the Scriptural

Doctrine of Spirits. "III. The many Species of Apparitions, their real Existence and Operations by Divine Appointment.

•• IV. The Nature of seeing Cheats before and after Death: and how we should behave towards them. V. The effects of Fancy, Vapors, Dreams, and Hypo, and of real or imaginary appearances.

VI. A Collection of the most Authentic Relations

of Apparitions, particularly that surprising One attested by the Learned Dr Scott,
"By Andrew Moreton, Esq. Adorn'd with Cuts. Address Motion, Esq. Address d with a Spirits in whatsoever shape they chase Dilated or Condensed, Bright or Obscure, Can execute their Airy Purposes And Works of Love or Eumity fulfil.

Milton." 7. My next is a translation of a French work, written about 1720, by a celebrated author. It is republished in this country in an octave volume of about

four hundred and fifty pages. Its English title is: "The Phantom World: The History and Philosophy

8. My next is a small pamphlet of about 80 pages,

printed in 1802, with this title: "McLeod's History of Witches, &c., &c., &c. "The Majesty of Darkness discovered, in a series of fromendous tales, Mysterious, Interesting, and Enter-taining, of Apparitions, Witches, Augurs, Magicians, Dreams, Visions, and Revelations, in confirmation of a future state, and the superintendency of a Divine Providence, by the agency of Spirits and Angels.
"By Malcomn McLeod, D. D."

9. My next is in two octavo volumes, printed in London, in 1846. Entitled

"The Occult Sciences.
"The Philosophy of Magic, Prodigies, and Apparent Miracles. From the French of Eusebe Salverte. With notes, illustrative, explanatory, and critical.
"By Anthony Todd Thompson, M. D., F. L. S., &c."

10: My next is in two volumes, entitled:

"The History of Magic, by Joseph Ennernoser. Translated from the German by William Howitt. To which is added an appendix of the most remarkable and best authenticated stories of Apparitions, Dreams, Second Sight, Somnambulism, Traditions, Divination, Witchcraft, Vampires, Fairies, Table Turning, and Spirit Rapping, selected by Mary Howitt." 11. And my next is entitled:

"More Wonders of the Invisible World, or the Wonders of the Invisible World, Displayed in five parts.

Part I. An account of the sufferings of Margaret

"Part II. Several letters to the author, etc., and his reply relating to Witchcraft.
"Part III. The difference between the inhabitants of Salem Village and Mr. Parris, their minister, in New

England. Part IV. Letters of a gentleman uninterested, endeavoring to prove the received opinions about Witch-craft to be Orthodox. With short essays to their an-

ewors.

Part V. A short historical account of matters of fact in that affair.

'To which is added A Postoript, relating to a book entitled, 'The Life of Sir Wm. Phipps.'

'Collected by Robert Calef, Merchant of Boston, in

New England,
Printed in London, A. D. 1700. Reprinted in Salem, 1823."

This book is labelled "Salem Witchcraft," and I bought it under the impression it was Cotton Mather's: but I found it was rather an attack on him. I wish much I could procure a copy of his work. I have hunted in the libraries and bookstores of Poston and New York. in vain. Where can it be found? Can you or your readers tell? I should like the perusal of it, if nothing more.

12, and last, but not least-Robert Dale Owen's forthcoming work, which I had the pleasure of perusing in manuscript, several months ago.

And I shall also refer to, and quote from, such works as Boswell's Life of Johnson, The Spectator, Scott's Demonology, Howell's State Trials, Campbell's Lives of the Chancellors of England, American Cyclopedia, Now my purpose will be in these papers to give you

the testimony of these works, embracing a period of two hundred and seventy-six years, in regard to the matters now known among us as Spiritual Intercourse. Think you it will interest your readers? If it will, will go on with the work as fast as my other avoca tions will allow; but I must promise that my papers will appear irregularly, because those avocations will

at times press so heavily upon me as to deny me the time necessary to prepare the articles. So if you take me, it must be with this incumbrance. J. W. EDMONDS.

New York, October 30, 1869.

Writton for the Banner of Light. PETIL AD ASTRA. BY PORCEYTHE WILLSON.

We dwell on the basement sod . Of this beautiful house of God, Under his arching kindness;

And upon the shining spheres, We gaze at midnight through the tears Of our yearning and vain endeavor;

But a Voice saith, "Lot if ye would climb Out of the ashen tombs of Time. Grief cannot find the staircaso.

But Patience and Duty wisely done Can find the staircase to the sun And stars which they have formed I"

EDWIN H. CHAPIN At Broadway Church, N. Y., Sunday Morning, November 6th, 1859.

EPORTED FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT, BY BURR AND LORD.

TEXT.-"Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me."—John xiv, 6.

It is characteristic of the Saviour's teaching-in fact of his entire system of religion. I may say—that it does not gratify mere curiosity. It gives no injute explanations, but goes straight to the spirit and the principle of things. Christ's answer in the text to the question of Thomas, was direct and substantial—not entering in of Thomas, was direct and substantial—not entering in to a description of whither he was to go, but presenting himself as the essential fact in the case. "Lord, we know not whither thou goest." said the perplexed dis-ciple, "and how can we know the way." "I am the truth and the life," says Jesus, "no man cometh unto the Father but by me." And by this declaration not only was the questions put by carnest minds and hearts. You percive at once, how, instead of a detail of subtif-You perceive at once, how, instead of a detail of spirit-ual facts in revelations of the minutim of the future and of the spiritual world, the personality of Christ himself is brought before us. How many questions there are relating to such things—relating to the facts and processes of spiritual being—concerning which we make perplexing inquiries—liquiries as to the where, the what, the how—inquiries that will never be answered in this world, in whatever ingenious chapes we put them, or whatever ingenious speculations we form concerning them; but to all these questions Jesus him self is the immediate and practical answer. This is the truth which I would urge upon you, my friends, in the present discourse, that as to the greatest realities of existence, as to its deepest interests, as to the su-preme blessedness of our own souls—in one word, re-specting the Father and our relations to him, Jesus is

the way, the truth, and the life.

With this view, let us more particularly direct our attention to the words before us. The subject, as Christ presents it, falls into two divisions—our relations to God, and our relations to the Father. Surely these comprehend all we desire to know respecting the great ends of our being—respecting those spiritual re-alties with which more or less consciously we are all involved. To know God, is to know all things neces involved. To know God, is to know all things necessary for us to know. In proportion as we have a knowledge of God, of course we shall know all things literally and strictly. To know God, I say, again, is to know all things necessary for us to know, and to feel God is to have all real and desirable possession.

God is to have all real and desirable possession.

In the first place, then, observe that Christ is the way—the way to the Father. He is not only a way—one of the means by which we reach this spiritual consummation—but he is the way. "No man cometh unto the Father but by me." Let us consider what this coming unto the Father implies. Of course it is not necessary for me to say that it does not imply any physical notion any more ment in sacc. In every suct God is action, any movement in space. In every spot God is more intimately present with us than the air and the

light. But, although this is a true in to which we readily assent, and which, perhaps, we verily believe, the fact itself does not imply that we ourselves have actually come to God in any sense. God has come to us, not only by the necessity of his omnipresence, but in the condescension of his infinite love. It is one of the greatest of all truths—it is the most pregnant truth—it is the one truth that constitutes and characterizes religion, that God comes to us in the actual world, in the order ofdaily providence, wraps us about with perpetual solicitudes, and touches us with tender care. Is not the whole of life, in one sense, the whole of his tory, intended for this end? An unveiling of God to man; a coming down of God to man? And especially is this the great truth of religion, and of the Christian religion; the one great central fact of the Gospel is the coming of God to man—his condescension to man. Modern philosophy, in a very acute way, has demonstrated the truth, which, after all, is only a partial truth, that the human faculties cannot comprehend God, cannot have access to God in the rense of the fullness and completeness of God's being; that finite powers cannot grasp infinite substance, and therefore it is impossible for man to have access to God in the fullness and completeness of the infinite nature. But I say this is only stating a partial truth—a part of the truth. The other fact is, that God comes to man. Our follness and completeness of the infinite nature. But us use I say this is only stating a partial truth—a part of the God. truth. The other fact is, that God comes to man. Our faculties may not have access to him but he has access us reto our faculties; and this is the great revelation of the Gospel—God rending the veils of our limitation, of our Pault with and coming down to us. This is religion—the land ? sin, and couling down to us. This is religion—the sense of it is religion. Morals consist in an attainment—a coming, as it were, to God, in reaching God by acsin, and couping down to us. This is religion—the sense of it is religion. Morals consist in an attainment through the gospels, but all the meaning of them worn —a coming, as it were, to God, in reaching God by action—by putting forth all our effort to accomplish some ideal, by endeavoring to attain to some perfect line of performance. That is morals; that is the moral life. Sympathy with man—if you would realize that where But religion is a sense of inability in and of ourselves the chiral complete ideal, and of God's coming down to reveal that ideal, and to lift us up to it—to bear us shows his love for those who are so dear to us, and up beyond the scope and reach of our own faculties by: to reveat that ideal, and to lift us up to it—to bear us up beyond the scope and reach of our own faculties by his grace and infinite mercy. Therefore, I repeat, the essential truth of the Gospel is God coming down to man, searching for him, searching for the lost sheep, searching for the lost piece of money, searching for the lowest and least, until he shall gather them all and make them all his. That is the great evangelical truth of the Gospel. God has come to us; he is continually with us; but then we have not all come to him. But vith us; but then we have not all come to him. But

How little does it comprehend the great and tircless love that wraps it around about! How little does the hardened, guilty man appreciate the mercy and the patience that seek his soul's good, strive with him, and minister to him under all the defilement of his sins! The mother comes to the child, and the Christian heart comes to the criminal and elapsdoned, but step, how little may we have apprehended the truth that God verily is near us, and how true may it be that in no genuine, in no spiritual sense, have we come to God. The consciousness of the Divine presence itself.

And Christ is the way. Just observe here what I alluded to a little while ago—the emphatic fact of perisary, which is the first truth to which we must come is often a dim and vague thing with us. Man is called a religious being, and he is so; that is, he is a being of religious capacities; but he is not definitely a religious being; he does not make the great facts of religious to be vivid and real to his soul. They are not, from some cause or other, vivid and real to his soul, and in nothing do we see the need of the Gospel for man more than in this one fact: The sense of the nearness of God is not present and vivid. As we talk about it, we say we believe in it; but it is not a conscious fact in our souls, a pervading truth in our lives; and with all this human beings, and heaves and moans, so to speak, with a consciousness of God, there is no clear, definite apprehension, very often, of God among men as you

find them.

The first step, therefore, in all religious and true life is, to have this consciousness of the nearness of the presnce of God—the consciousness of God as a fact in the niverse. Or, if men have come up to this point, you ence of God—the consciousness of God as a law in a continuation. Or, if men have come up to this point, you often find them in the condition that they have only come to him as God—as a God. They have come to him as the Supreme Being, the infinite reality, the first cause. Then God rests in the minds and hearts of a great many; and they have as little thought, as little respect for him, perhaps, as they may have for any one that is in some high office—and less realization. There is an infinite reality. The finite presupposes the infinite; that which is limited presupposes that which is not limited.

poses that which is not limited.

There must be some first cause. When we ascend in There must be some first cause. When we ascend in the chain of sequences and causes, higher and higher, we reach the point where we must see either that there is an everlasting sequence—which is an absurdity—or that there is an eternal cause. And to this philosophical result, either consciously or unconsciously, many arrive; they have come merely to the belief that there is a God in the universe. They do not do as the French revolutionists did—actually vote God out of the universe. They believe he is here. But comparations of the intellect on the outward world we may come to the intellect on the outward world we may come to the intellect on the outward world we may come to tively few, I may say, have come to him as the Father, clothing him not only with the glory, but with the harmony of all his attributes, and giving to the great first cause a definite expression, and a close and tender relation to ourselves. Oh, when that truth does break relation to ourselves. Oh, when that truth does break upon the mind of man, it is the greatest fact in all our history. There is nothing which so moves the plane of our being, nothing which so changes and interprets life, nothing which has such an effect upon all the springs of our affections, upon all the issues of power within us, as the clear, full perception of the Fatherhood of God, and of our coming not only to a God, but to the God, at Cod as the Father to the God-to God as the Father.

Now, in order to do this, you see, in the first place, we must have a perception of the Divine Fatherhood. It is a great result when we realize it, when its full power comes into our hearts and souls, when our wills and affections are aroused by it; but how do we get that perception? Christ says, 'No man cometh unto the Father but by me." Of all beings that have stood that perception? Christ says, "No man cometh unto the Father but by me." Of all beings that have stood on the earth Christ was not what we would call an exclusive being. You cannot associate anything like arrogance or narrowness with that all comprehensive, all sympathizing life; and yet he stands up and lays down the strict, sharp, and, I may say, stern proposition, that no man comes to the Father but by him. He does not say men do not come to God. As I have already stated, they do come to God. The Lew, by special revelation, came through sin to God, and saw him in his holiness, as no other people ever saw him. Others say God as the great ruler and artificer—the Others saw God as the great ruler and artificer—the great builder of the universe—and removed him, perhaps, at a distance from his work after he had formed naps, at a distance from his work after he had formed it. Some few men, rare men, in the consciousness of their our souls, came no doubt into spiritual communion with God. It would be folly and bigotry to deny this. But I think it stands as a clear, unmistakable fact, that men never came to God the Father in the follness, sweetness and beauty of that truth, except by Jesus Christ. I think whatever human reason could effect was effected by those great and wise men; but I say that whatever nature can do for us does not bring us to the Father. For, as I said the other day, I repuliate the notion, which some seem to entertain, that nature gives us a ghastly idea of God, and that, turning to that alone, we should fall into skepticism, or into orror. While I believe the tekens of the Divine beneficence are strung everywhere, and the funda-mental and comprehensive life of the universe shows the whole to be steeped in love; yet, after all. Jesus Christ is the only being that gives us a definite com-prehension of God as the Father in all his personality, all the closeness of his relation.

We take the revelation of God. How is it possible that God could reveal himself any more than he has revealed himself through Jesus Christ? Do you think there ought to be no mediator between God and man?
Do you ask, Why did not God reveal himself in the fullness of the Godhead bodily; why did he not break the heavens and come down; why, for more than four thousand years, did he leave the world rocking and tossing like a foundering ship, and man staggering as in a dream, crying out, "Where is your God?" Stop a moment and think of it. How could he reveal him. a moment and think of it. How could not reveal limited self to you in any other way; than by a person; and how is it possible that he could reveal bimself in a personality without its being a limited personality? Man is limited. Our faculties are limited, and the Man is limited. Our faculties are limited, and the very idea we have of personality is a limited idea. In his höfinity God could not—we may say it reverently, because we exalt the nature of God thereby—God could not reveal himself. We may say more than this with

light. But, although this is a truism to which we readily inity shall we see God as an actual, bodily substance;

Oh, how affecting is that truth—God's sympathy for us revealed in Jesus Christ. You look at the New Testament perhaps as an old, dry, hard book, with Paul's epistles and John's apocalypse at the end of it, and these beautiful sayings scattered here and there where he looks mercifully upon the debased, shameful, sensual man, there God's mercy is shown forth—if you would take up the Now Testament in that light, it would be to you a living volume tull of regenerating power. It is only through Christ that we get this view, and therefore it is true, as I remarked, that to the perception and realization of the Fatherhood of God Christ is the way.

But more than this is implied by coming to the

of the Gospel. God has come to us; he is continually with us; but then we have not all come to him. But while the Gospel in one sense—the fact sense—reveals the truth that we cannot come to God in the highest sense, there is a way in which we are to come to him; in which our own energy is to be exerted, in which our own faith is to be put forth, in which we are to rise and walk. The Gospel is both a revelation and an inspiration—both a truth and a process. It reveals God to man, and inspires man with the power by which he can, in one sense at least, rise and come to God. And, therefore, I say, while God has thus come to man, we have yet to come to God.

So the mother comes to the child in its weakness, in its piteous helplessness, and extends that care that shields it from evil and keeps it in life. Oh, how unconscious is the child of this preservation and support in the substance of the father. And no man comes to the Father in this is implied by coming to the Father. We must not merely come to a perception of the Father, but we must come into union with the father. We must not merely come to a perception of the Father, but we must come into union with the ture. Now we come to God only by being like God. This is the measure of all spiritual movement. It is not movement from or to a particular point of action; but it is growth in escape: it is substantial assimilation. That is spiritual movement. As we grow in the substance of our being, as we become lifted up, enlarged and consecrated, we really come to God. Coming to God is really coming into sympathy with him—if I may use such a term, coming into alliance with him. Lord the father, we must not merely come to a perception of the Father, but we must not merely come to a perception of the Father, but we must not merely come to God only by being like God. This is the measure of all spiritual movement. It is not movement in space; it is not movement How little does it comprehend the great and tircless love that wraps it around about! How little does the hardened, guilty man appreciate the mercy and the patience that seek his soul's good, strive with him, and minister to him under all the defilement of his sins! The mother comes to the child, and the Christian heart comes to the criminal and abandoned; but these lave not as yet come to them. So we, my friends, may utter the trite proposition that God is not he does say it, because he says, "The Father is greater but while we take this primary fact alone, this initial step, how little may we have apprehended the truth the preception of God is clearly contained in the revethat God verily is near us, and how true may it be that

we believe in it; but it is not a conscious fact in our souls, a pervading truth in our lives; and with all this thing in the personality of Josus Christ that distinguishes that works in the great sea of guishes him from all other beings that ever walked the earth.

Now men, in their opposition to the extreme assumption which makes Christ one with the Father, assumption which makes Christ one with the Father, and calls him the Supreme God, have gone too far the other way. They have set him up before us as a great prophet and leader. I tell you you cannot read the New Testament by such lamp-light as that. You cannot take such a meagre conception of him as that, and understand what he says. You cannot harmonize the language of the Gospel with such an idea in any way. Christ stands out different from a more teacher. A mere teacher shows us comething—shows us the way

Christ stands out different from a more teacher. A mere teacher shows us something—shows us the way—shows us the path. Christ says, "I am the way."
He not only shows it, but says, "I am the way."
Then, again, some people think we are to have mere opinions concerning Christ. They are satisfied with mere opinions concerning the doctrines which he, taught, or with thoughts about Christ. No; Christ insists upon communion with himself—not merely an opinion about him, but communion with himself.

of the intellect on the outward world, we may come to the conception of a first cause. By a starry ladder we climb to it; by a starry labyrinth beneath our feet we descend to it. Everywhere we strike a first cause, and the conception comes through the operation of the in-tellect on the outward world. Thus we get the concep-tion of a Ruler, of a Judge, of a Jehovah, by the opera-tion of the moral sense, and of conscience, especially when they are quickened and helped by an external revelation. When on tables of stone, or on the pages of the New Testament, the law is enunciated, it responds to the moral sense within us; it quickens it, and we arrive, therefore, at the conception of moral con-duct by our conscience acting on a written revelation. That is another step in man's life. But by the heights of Christ's spirit alone do we climb to the conception of God as the Father: by the operation of our own souls of God as the Father; by the operation of our own souls upon Christ's example: by taking hold of Christ's life, of Christ's love, of all that Christ himself was; by appropriating Christ, by eating and drinking the Son of Man. By these alone do we climb to a conception of God the Father, and of a religious life. What a sublime truth! Far beyond any Catholic imitation of it, is the eating and drinking of the Son of Man! And, I repeat, by the assimilation of Christ to our souls—not by the intellect, not by the more conscience, but by the by the intellect, not by the mere conscience, but by the soul climbing to the heights of Christ's spirit—we arise and come to the Father. And that is religion. The intellect gives us the result of a scientific God; the moral sense gives us the result of a moral God; and the soul, operating on Christ, gives us the result of the Father, which is the life and spirit of religion itself. So, then, Christ; is the way unto the Father. So, then, Christ is the way unto the Father.

But I proceed to observe, in the second place, that, concerning the Father—concerning those spiritual realities which are contained in him. Christ is the truth. He is the truth in this important fact of personality. No doubt, if we take him as a mere teacher, we may say he did feach most important and glorious truths. But the distinctive excellence of Christianity is not in its amount of truths. You may find more truths in many scientific publications. You may find more truths in many philosophical works, if you are going to count the number of them. That does not constitute the distinctive excellence of Christianity. Nor even does the novelty of the truths constitute that excellence the great thing Christ does for us is, he goes to the centre and spirit of all truth, and gives us the truth is distinction from mere truths. For all truths are but fragments of primal truth. What we call truths, are but manifestations and phases of the great central orb of truth, which is God the Father. Suppose a man gives me a new truth, what good does it do me in itself alone? That man helps me who not only gives me new statements of truth, but enables me to shift the level of my thought in life, and lifts me up to a higher and nobler conception. And that is what Christ does; he lifts the whole level of my being; he gives me the spirit and essence of truth—not only truths for my intellect, but truths for my soul. He is the truth in the absolute sense of the word. The truth of all being center in the absolute sense of the word. tres in that which Christ represents. It centres in the Father, who is made known through Jesus Christ. Christ is the truth of Christianity; he is the revelation.

and Christ is the truth of Christianity; he is the revelation.

Now I might say it makes but little difference what
ity? we do with the letter, or what we believe in the essential letter; for though you crushed the New Testament
bit by bit under the hard apparatus of critical investigation, it stands before us yet, on the whole, as an
ould authentic document—documentary history; for it has
with a sgood evidence for its essential historical correctness
as any other history you can find, and a great deal
we have the do with the letter—tear it away if you can—you have no arrogant assumption or irreverence—we may say as any other history you can find, and a great deal that God never can reveal himself in his infinity. We nover shall see God, as some people entertain the notion of seeing him—not even in all the ages of eter. Christ himself to account for. There stands the primal

feature. The ideal, how composed, how made upfrom whence gathered and how put together no man
can tell. All the devices of criticism cannot answer
for the fact that a personal Jeans stands before us as
the essential truth of Christianity; for whatever you
may do with the letter, whatever you may do with the
miracles, there stands the essential Christ. For, after
all, our faith in the miracles is in this: that we believe
in them because of Christ, rather than in Christ because of them. Theological argument for wonders,
proving supernatural existence, does not amount to
much. Take any great, wonderful proposition; mensimply say in answer to it, "it is something I do not
understand; that is as far as 1 can go. You say it is
spiritual; I ask you how do you know it?" Miracles
in themselves do not authenticate anything now; but
when you take them at the time they were performed,
and consider their character, they at least authenticate
as much as this: that the being who wrought them
was truthful and pure. Take the old miracles that
have been told us, of trying to hang a cloak over a feature. The ideal, how composed, how made uphave been told us, of trying to hang a cloak over a sunbeam, and a thousand things of that sort, and you ask. "For what end?" But take those of Jesus Christ. and every one has a use. The blind eye sees; has not that a use? The deaf car hears; is not there a joy in that? The dead is raised to life; the widow clasps her lost son; is not that a glorious deed? Look at the usefulness of Christ's miracles, and they stand out distinct from mere wondrous and mumbo-jumbo performances that are calculated to astonish. Christ's miracles stand apart in their beneficence, and we believe in the miracles because of him, rather than in him because of them. Such a life as his was competent to perform such miracles. The great wonder of all in this sinful world is; that once there stood on the platform of actual life a being like that, that once that divine ideal rose like the sun in our horizon; that once that pure, self-sacrificing love made itself manifest. It was not in man's heart to conceive it, nor in his mind to make it; but all that is beautiful in our ideal, all that is noble in our inspiration, has been caused by it. Christ himself is the essential truth of Christianity that by no sceptical process you can get rid of, and he is the essential truth as to God and man. Whatever, definitions were within the Whatever definitions you give of his position in the universe, whatever you may say of the nature of Jeaus Christ, he is a revelation in the first place of God the Father; and nowhere else can you get a conception of

the Father like that.

Oh, solitary heart! oh, darkened spirit! oh, troubled soul! when you want to know who is dealing with you, do not take the telescope and try to find him by piercing the blank immensity of space; do not go to philosophy, spun from poor human conceits, that may bewilder and lead astray; turn over the leaves of the Evangelisis—old leaves, wet by a million tears, and consecrated by a million prayers—over which struggling hearts have breathed with hope and trust; come to these pages; take the delineation of Jesus there. They will tell you what God is, who is dealing with you in the strange, mysterious passages of life. And if you want to know what man should be, there it is, No other ideal fits like that; no other conception suits like that. Christ is the truth as to God and man.

He is the spirit and the life, and in this way he is

the truth; for his spirit and life are truth, and not dead fact—not cold symbol. You tell me such a thing is a truth. It may be a mere fact, and not truth. If it is a truth, it has life in it. Truth is life and spirit, and therefore when Christ comes to us, truth comes to us. We hear people talk of correct notions of Christianity. What do their notions amount to? What is their Christianity with those notions they hold? It is like an imitation of fruit that we see carved in stone; it is an an exact imitation to the eye; but it is impossible to bite it, and it is without juice. It is made to look at—to arrange in a cabinet, to set on a mantelpiece; but beyond that of no manner of use. And how many believers there are who are only stony fruit—imitations of Christianity, without any juice in them. They have very correct notions of Christianity; they are very sound—just as sound as a stone apple or peach—and just as hard. They set their stern, thirty faces against lax sentiment, and all those infided notions that they tell us are rife and prevalent at the present time. You find no class of ways or rangest against path they and no class of men so rampant against what they call heresy as this class of stony, hard believers, whose whole power of Christianity consists in correct notions. Every man who does not come up to the line of their creed is an infidel. The name has almost become honorable in this way; for a great many who are called infidels are simply men who are searching for the spirit and truth of religion, and they believe in Christ as that spirit and truth; and if you can make the essence of Christianity consist in spirit and truth rather than in fact, they are nearer to Christ than a great many of these who but anotherese earlier than those who hurl anotherms against them.

And, lest I should be accused of Phariscelsm in say-

And, lest I should be accused of Pharisceism in saying this, I do not say that such men belong to any one sect, party or division of the Christian Church. You may find them everywhere—men whose whole Christianity consists in getting what they call correct notions of it—consists in stony credence, stony forms, and stony worship. They may have the truth as it is about Jesus, but they do n't seem to have a bit of it as it is in Jesus. They have, perhaps, very correct delineations of the terms of salvation, but they hardly show us that a heart-throb of the Saviour is in them. Intentions of the terms of salvation, but they hardly show us that a heart-throb of the Saviour is in them. They have frozen and petrified themselves into narrow solicitudes about their own souls; they have not the spirit of the truth that goes out to save the poor, the outcast, the tempted by every-day wrongs and necessities. Oh, it is a great thing to have the spirit of the truth that makes us really Christians—to be in and of the truth, and not merely to had correct notions should the truth, and not merely to hold correct notions about it—and when we reach that end we reach the end of the Christian attainment in this direction. I do not say that it is unimportant what a man believes. It is lows that the spirit of the truth is in him, by the test that Christ has given, though he may often mistake the method, and be balked, and go wrong, yet how dare we say that he is not a Christian? How dare we , because the form and process of the truth stated him is not unfolded in our way, that he is not a Christian? All the test that Christ has given us to judge by—which is the fruit—shows that he is a Chris-

Judge by—which is the Irini—shows that he is a Caristian.

And so it is in regard to preaching. You hear sometimes fault found with a certain kind of preaching. It is said, "Well, it is very good preaching, it is practical, religious preaching, but it is not definite. We do not know what the man believes about this thing or that." Why, perhaps he doesn't believe anything at all about this or that thing. I freely admit that there are a great many things that I do n't know what to believe about. I am not always prepared to state a sharp, logical view of any and everything, from God Almighty down to a sand-worm. Things are vast around us, and shall that preaching which touches men's hearts and brings them to the truth that is in Jesus be scouted as vague and indefinite, because the whole logic of the universe is not in it, and everything that is possible to be believed about it is not stated clearly and soundly? clearly and soundly?

And in coming into the spirit of truth, rather than into the truth as a mere formal notion, it is implied that truth is positive. It is not merely negative; it is not merely opposition to wrong; it is advance in the way of right. Oh, how many men's demonstrations of truth consist in tomahawking error, and striking it lown-showing how erroneous people are, and deavoring to demonstrate, on the contrary, what God's truth is. They seem to think that truth stands as a mere gan-carriage to fire of balls against fortifications of error, and that they are the flery champions com-missioned to carry Christ's salvation around the globe. Christ gives us the truth in spiritual things, just as science gives us the truth in material things. We do not go to the Bible for science. The Bible was not meant to be a book of science. God put the golden meant to be a book of science. God put the golden key in man's our hand to unlock the treasures of science. Vast and glorious truths are yet to be revealed. Go on, then, Herschels, Aragos, Leverrier's; ascend higher and higher the hill of science. God gives you power to do it. The Bible was not meant to open the great portals of God's universe. Christ gives us spritual facts on a higher plane, that come in no opposition to scientific truth. And yet is it not the case that all truth really culminates and centers in the truth as it truth really culminates and centers in the truth as it is in Jesus? Does not Christ stand before us, in the glory of his nature, and show us what truth means? giory of his cross, from the centre of his life and love, that we can read everything that is adapted to our wants and aspirations? I think in a very profound sense Christ is the core and centre of all things, and in that way he says, "I am the truth."

and in that way he says, "I am the truth."

Finally, in the highest and profoundest sense, Josus is the life. Oh, that has well been said to be one of the profoundest of the profound sayings of John. It is one of those truths that you cannot talk about a great while, because it is so heavy you cannot carry it on your mind long. But it is a profound truth; it is a truth to take home with you and think about—think often, think long. It is a truth to think about all our lives long, rather than merely to pause over in the few remarks of a sermon.

It is not necessary for me to say that as Christ brings

remarks of a sermon.

It is not necessary for me to say that as Christ brings us to the Father, he brings us to the fountain of all life. All being is in God. It is one of the curses of a sensual, sinful way of living, that it brings everything to its own superficial view; and hence men living on that plane tell us they are tired of life; that everything is a constant. is worn out; that they have seen it all through. You never find anybody with his spiritual life open—with

his heart really soft, ble eyes open, and his soul awake his heart really soft, his eyes open, and his soul awake—who ever said anything like that. The whole of life strikes him as a constant array of symbols and wonders; and hence this fact of being, itself, is a wonder whan you stop to think of it. To think that I am, and things are! The thought itself is overwhelming and exhaustless. God is the fountain of all being. Lifemore vitality—what a mysterious thing is that! No-body can tell us what it is. Here is a dead universe, as geology may present it to us, with its ghastly pinnacles, with its outspread seas—what a mystery that is when the first little insect begins to quiver, and the is when the first little insect begins to quiver, and the first worm to wriggle! What a mystery to go down with the powers of the microscope and trace the in-fusoria, the spawn of life, and see the wonders of crea-tion there! And yet we cannot tell what life is. It is

one thing that escapes all analysis and solution. God is the source of existence.

And, my friends, mere existence is not what Christ here speaks of. Animals exist. Some men do little peaks of. Animals exist. Some men do little But Christ teaches us to bring our higher faculties into connection with the great harmonies and sibilities of being—to make our being itself an eternal and substantial fact like that of God himself. Not protracted existence—that is not what is meant here by life—but fullness of being. It is not the man that gives me most of outward things that helps me to live, but the man who gives me thoughts and ideas by which a wider sweep of beauty opens to my vision, and kindles in me holy affections by which I rise nearer to God. Christ helps us to live in all the fullness of our faculties, because he makes us one with God, who is the substance of all external things, and brings us into communion with God. He makes us live by communion, not by hearsay, not by reading, not by thinking. And more than this, by bringing us into communion with God, we are enabled rightly to live.

"I am the way, the truth and the life." Suppose

God should send a being to utter three words as expressive of what man most needs, I ask if he would not say just those words? Do we not want a way? Look into your soul; do you not feel lost, perplexed, tossed about by mysteries? Do you not say sometimes, "I about by mysteries? Do you not say sometimes, "I do not know what to trust; the world is deceitful; disappointment comes on every side?" Do you not then feel how these words strike home on the great mysterious craving of your soul, and do you not thank God for the truth that is real and permanent, that Christ gives

Life! You see your loved ones die; you ask, "Can that be the end?" You feel a change settle on you; that be the end?" You feel a change settle on you; you are dying daily. Do you not realize that it is a great thing thus for one to say to you, "I can give you life, permanent, enduring, harmonious, joyful?" Oh, look into your own soul and its wants, and you will find a meaning in these words, and you will know that meaning when you come into communion with Christ. And to that communion in its outward symbols, I invite you all now. If you feel that you do not want anything to strengthen you against the pressure of the outward world—that you want no truth to guide you—nothing better than the outward shells and husks of being that you are too strong, too brave, too selfassured to require this, perhaps you do not need it, and it may be empty ceremony; but if you feel that you are weak, doubting, dying, and above all a sinner, you may thank God that though it is but the cup and the bread, by them you can take hold of the assurance of Christ's divine life and enter into pessession of his divine love. divine life and enter into possession of his divine love. Romember then what Christ says, whether you come to the communion table or turn from it: for I tell you, if there is a fact in the universe, it is the fact that Christ is the way, the truth, and the life, and that no one cometh to the Father but by him."

Banner of Light.

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THE SPIRIT OF RURAL LIFE.

Quite as much is said about the Independence of the farmer as, in our opinion, the topic will safely bear. At first blush, it does look as if the lord of his own acres was, or ought to be, the most truly independent man going. He has no notes to pay at the bank, and so may sleep soundly from the time the chickens go to roost till cockcrow in the morning; he is tied to no bell-ropes, and so can go to his plow, or his hoeing, or to the blacksmith's, at just such an hour in the day as he likes. His time is all his own, and no living man may stand at his elbow to hurry him up. He may eat and drink and sleep as much as he will, with no one to molest or make him afraid. He can feed his family from off his own farm, and nothing short of a year of absolute blight can starve him out of house and home. And for all this he is termed Independent. It is independence, so far as it goes; but the question is-how far does it go? It is an external and thoroughly circumstantial affair, which readily satisfies the man who is suffering from hunger, and excites the envy of the business man, hurried with the recollection of his fastmaturing notes.

But there is no more independence on the farm than anywhere else, if these considerations are all. It is a woful mistake to believe that the farmer, in this respect, stands much above other men. A person must come into the enjoyment of this most desirable possession for himself; the peace he gets, he must get after his own individual method, and not after the recommendations of other men at all. It looks to the superficial vision as if it truly ought to be found somewhere among grassy slopes, and branching oaks, and broad acres of wheat and corn, and pastures dotted with ruminating kine; but, after all, the article is no more there than it is anywhere else, and simply be-.cause it is not an outside, material thing at all, but .only an attainable, yet rarely attained, condition. And here is where those who judge of the agriculturist's life for him, are so liable to go astray, or come short, in their judgments.

The sober fact is-and there is no good reason why everybody has not yet found it out—that if a man has , reached the core and central principle of his being in the course of his discoveries, he is in a way to become really independent anywhere, in town or in the country. But if so be that his lot happens, after this cir-. cumstance, to be cast in the country-ah! what a world of peaceful, daily increasing, and newly recurring delights is spread out before him at every turn of his eye and thought! He is then Independent indeed; not merely in the bread-and-butter estimate, or accord-; ing to the plan that gives an independent person the most hours in which to sleep and feed-but in that higher, nobler, and more real sense, by which he both places himself above the tests of fortune and drinks deepest from the enjoyment of its most beautiful gifts. If the farmer is thus a man of Independence, there is not his peer, in point of position, anywhere in our

a modern social arrangement. And in dreaming over a Country Life, with all its

opportunities and possibilities for the Boul, we cannot placifity. Growth and expansion are never notsy prohelp holding it up before us in this most attractive casses, heralding themselves as they go forward, but sleptifitual light. There may be fields to plow, and lentand invisible botraying the progress from one epoch meadows to drain, and woodlands to clear, with hard in the individual's history to another. And he is but and wearing labor: but there is likewise the soil of the light a manual best, who has not already come under the man's soul to turn over, the bogs of dead and decaying awest influences of rustle life, that renovate even while old prejudices to drain, and the sturdy oaks of passion they delight and allure. We pity the man whose love to how away with protracted toll and persoverance. for every phase of nature has not yet had an opportuni-And not until the dweller among pastures and green- ty for development. lanes, woods and babbling water-brooks, can come into the position where he can see it all, as a single picture, in this beautiful light, need he delude himself with the thought that the country holds out any more enjoyment to his soul than the stony streets of a rest-

Rural life in New England ought to be a much more attractive matter than it is; for the necessary elements of scenery and seasons are not wanting to make it complete. The picture requires to be toned down, and shaded off, and need part with none of its strong traits of individuality, either. Nature has done much-oh, so much! but Man alone lags behind. He passes by her sweetest suggestions, and scoffs at her truest in spirations. He builds himself into his square barrack of boards and shingles-sometimes with an Lattached -and delies the weather and the spirit of beauty together. It is needless for us to say that in every individual case it is not so, for none know better than we that such a representation would be untrue; yet the mass of the rural population have not yet been reached by the leaven of any such clear spiritual perceptions, and are not likely to be until some newly applied motive-power shall be able to take hold of them.

Most men have an indefinable longing to die at last in the country, and be buried under the spreading branches of the trees. These thoughts soothe their souls, and bring them peace and rest. They believo that trees at least are sincere in their friendships, even as Webster believed there was none but an honest expression in the liquid eyes of his oxen. And it is delicious to sit and dream in this way of the last scenes in our turbid little lives, collecting around us all those endearing circumstances that make the end approach so gently and peacefully. It contains, too, a confession, and a confession of deep significance; that, from childhood to old age, the human heart delights to feed itself on only those few and simple pleasures-limitless, however, in their expansive power-that offer themselves freely and at every turn in the placid, do mestic, contemplative life of the country.

There is a stif to-day in all departments of the social system—the political, religious, and moral alike; but it is the stir produced by the reports of the great souls that perceive more clearly, and report more truly than men have ever done before. And the tidal wave must of necessity set far back inland, baptizing the old modes and hardened habits afresh, as the farmer's meadows by the river are made greener by the early freshets and overflows of Spring. When that welcome renovation begins to show itself, and country life, like country landscape, is indeed "with verdure clad," it will be a truly blessed day for such as go out to seek God in Nature, awaiting the answer of His voice in woods and fields. Then Country Life will take a meaning it does not seem to have now, and to dwell in the sweet solitudes of the valleys and plains will be the nearest daily approach we can any of us hope on earth to make to Heaven. For there, at least, we may learn to possess our souls in patience and peace.

When the farmer, therefore, beholds in his life the meaning that now lies hidden, and seeks to draw it forth and make it all his own, his lands and his cattle. his houses and barns will take on a new significance in his eyes. Drudgery itself will become exalted, for he drudges no longer when he works for his soul's highest exaltation. He will throw a bright tint about every object with which he is related; the very roads he "mends" in the Fall and Spring-the early foddering of his cattle in the Winter mornings—the plain little church where he gathers his family group every quiet Sabbath — the running stream in which he washes his struggling sheep-all things and all occupations, all customs and all practices, will alike clothe themselves in a new and lasting beauty, because the beauty of, his own spirit has come out, like a flowing mantle, to cover them.

He will, in that time, make all things new; and yet they will not be changed at all-only himself. What is now homely and humble, will be none the less so then; it will only be seen with eyes possessed of a deeper insight and a further-reaching spiritual perception. The mind, too, will step forward and assert its position in the life; not, as now, sneaking and skulking in the background like an overgrown, bashful boy, scarcely conscious of a purpose or a name. Affections will be more tenderly nurtured and trained, being accepted in gratitude as the richest of the good Father's blessings. And old Mother Nature will—thank God i—be esteemed for higher reasons than that she carries us all on her broad and willing back, and gives us needed sustenance from her ample bosom; she will be a Mother indeed, inspiring our souls with her purest influences, and filling them full with the love of her beauty, as with a steady and delicious wave.

New England will become old before that ugood time" arrives: we are quite prepared to believe that. Yet we just as truly believe the time will come. No matter when; all the sooner, if we do but try ourselves to help it on. The seasons and the measures are not ours to arrange; let us but learn what the truth is for our own natures, and then go earnestly and lovingly in

It is a generally received notion, that a dweller in country solitudes is vastly benefited by contact with city influences; that the rudeness is worn off his manners and his speech: that his dormant social nature is aroused and developed: that his tastes, and even his senses, are delicately disciplined and educated; and that, whereas he esteemed himself a man before, he feels himself doubly so after this pleasing collision with others. But the story is not altogether an one-sided one. There is another statement to balance it. It is this: that the denizen of the crowded city, who has become almost smooth in his nature by constant attrition. with others, will be sure to receive a great benefit by going forth into nature's sweet solitudes, taking silent counsel of her, laying his fevered head in her lap, and soothing the tumult of his heart with her beautiful inluences. Thus shall he teach himself simplicity of life. Thus will he learn purity of thought; banish all distrust and suspicion from his nature; become individualized n a new and better sense; refresh all his faculties as with drinking at a limpid stream; and fill up the chambers of his soul with the musical echoes of singing birds instead of the ring of dollars, and of babbling brooks instead of the roar of drays.

The need of interchange between town and country is very apparent., No person living permanently in the latter, but periodically requires the change to the bustle and excitement of the former; and no person who out his life at every pore in the intense sierceness of the conflict for success, but needs the holy and harmonious influences which the latter has to offer on every hand. The two conditions of existence are not separate, but at all points united; they relate to one another with a more friendly closeness than at a hasty thought is made to appear; they are dovetailed and combined after na ture's own secret laws; and he is the happy man, if we do not call him also the fortunate one, who recognizes the philosophy of the matter, and knows how to apply it to the needs of his own individual being.

It is not country life as such, but the spirit of country life, that tells to advantage on the nature. It is not the living with clowns and animals, but the reduction of all the aims and thoughts to a standard of purity and ctc.

ELONGATION OF THE TRUTH.

A few days since, the New York city dailles copied from a Chicago paper a long, vituperative article on the case of Mr. William Holmes, in which he was accused of being a Free-Lover and a Spiritualist. In this attempt to make Spiritualism responsible for the separation of Mr. H. from his wife, a portion of the press made a wide departure from the truth, and committed a flagrant act of injustice against a very large and respectable body of people. In a card, recently published, Mr. Holmes assigns particular reasons for his conduct, testifies his respect for the legal marriage, and affirms that he is neither a Free-Lover nor a Spiritualist. In justice to Spiritualism and Mr. Holmes, therefore, we copy that part of his communication in which he vinlicates himself while giving his own reason for the irrepressible matrimonial conflict that led to the dissolution of the union:

"Before my leaving New York, I ascertained, by "Before my leaving New York, I ascertained, by positive proof, that my wife and her friends had employed the ablest counsel in the place, and were concecting a scheme to tie up my property, and wrest from me my children. I at once determined to come to Chicago, where I could meet on fair terms, and where I could, as I supposed, hold my children, and at once published in the Troy papers that I was here, and would remain. I was no lawyer, and knew not what they could do. The bare thought that my children could be taken from me, was enough. I fied I If this is cowardice, I have been a coward.

It is charged that it was infamous to have proposed

It is charged that it was infamous to have proposed to my wife that, as we could not be happy as man and wife, we had better separate, and live as friends. The simple fact that I proposed, after all hope of happiness had fled, to live separate, stands alone against me. This, to some, may seem a sin; to others it may not seem so strange that a man who has been ridden by a nightmare' for eighteen years, should desire to throw

it off.

I am willing to suffer all, and more than all, the blame on that subject that attaches to the act. My sense of right approved it then, and does so now. I believed it hopeless to live together; I believed the happiness of all parties would be promoted by a separation, and I adopted it."

It is worthy of remark, that the same number of the New York Herald that contained the unscrupulous and nischievous article from the Chicago journalist, also contained a circumstantial account of the abduction of young girl by a clergyman, who made the false pretence of visiting the grave of his deceased wife the decoy to lure her from her own father's house. when. against her own will, he transported her to parts unknown. It is never once suggested that either the clerical office or the Christian religion is in any way responsible for this act. Of course it is not our purpose to even sanction, by implication, the gross injustice of attempting to fasten any such responsibility on the church and the priesthood. Nevertheless, those who are determined to make a sort of scapegoat of Spiritualism, to bear the real and pretended iniquities of the whole community, shall have our most gracious indulgence, since they doubtless feel the necessity of immediate relief from their own oppressive burdens.

The New York Times has had the fairness to publish the material portions of Mr. Holmes's statement; but most of the papers which heralded the slander against Spiritualism will probably never find a convenient opportunity to furnish the proper antidote for the moral poison they have so widely diffused, by giving publicity to the fact that Mr. Holmes does not even profess to be a Spiritualist.

Utility of the Beautiful.

We are not of the number of those who estimate the importance, or determine the value, of all professions and interests by their tangible relations to the vulgar idea of utility. We believe there are many valuable things not included in the price current, or the inventory of our worldly possessions. The men who build cities and navies, who construct railroad and telegraphs, and those who plant corn and cotton-fields are all usoful. But life presents other interests, pursuits, and objects, while Humanity has other needs, desires, and functions. Some are commissioned (their natural end and inclinations constitute their commission,) to cuitivate the flowers, and to sing the songs of the world. They are min isters of Beauty whose work is of inestimable utility to our souls. They labor to mold us into the images of their own glorious Ideals, while they sway the peaceful scepter of the Divine Harmonics over the conflicting and noisy elements of human passion.

The Panorama of a Journey.

It required precisely forty-eight hours to unroll the great picture with its innumerable creations of Nature and Artforms animate and inanimate—before the eye and the mind It moved before us with a rapidity proportioned to the power of steam. At every stroke of the piston, tangible forms suddenly appeared, as if a magician's wand had called them from the earth or atmosphere; while, with each succeeding rovo-lution of the "driving wheels," they fled and vanished, like phantom-shapes that dissolve in air. What a world is revealed in a journey of one thousand miles! True, the same heavens bend above us all the while, and from every point of observation we may read their starry revelations; but the objects of the lower world come and go in rapid succession and in our kaleldoscopic observations they are constantly presenting many startling changes, and the most picturesque combinations. Every movement the scene changes. New forms appear in the distance; others flit before the vision for an in stant-glide impetuously away-are dimly seen in remote perspective, and then lost beneath the shadows that hover along the confines of the natural vision.

A Home Question.

Every year the religious world builds its gorgeous temples and endows its Universities, where the human faculties are warped into conventional shapes; a vast amount of money is employed to extend the domain of ancient superstitions and dogmatic theologics that enslave the mind. Nor is this all. Millions are expended to enslave and destroy-to promote selfish interests, and to corrupt the heart and life of the world. Large sums are invested in fast horses, in gunpowder, tobacco, and swine's flesh; but how much is the nation contributing to redeem man from the dominion of his lusts and to enlighten and spiritualize his intellectual and moral

Ventilation in Lecture-Rooms.

A correspondent in Philadelphia writes us, urging the importance of calling the attention of the public to better ventilation of halls where Spiritual meetings are held. He says, that while food for the soul is poured forth through inspired lips, in Sansom Street Hall, in that "city of brotherly love," the physical body is breathing in the stifled air, which is physical poison. We fully agree with our correspondent, that public attention should be called to this subject. Nino lecture-rooms out of ten are miserably adapted to the healthy breathing of a large congregation of people. Our corre spondent takes the ground that, "while physical wrong exists, mentality cannot be right. Above all, let us have pure air, at has been imprisoned all his days in the former, giving Spiritualists—that we may be invigorated thereby, ready for all times, and in all places-particularly in our halls for the small, still voice that is ever ready to whisper to us from spheres above in realms of love."

Progress.

Friendly Societies have increased in Great Britain at a very rapid rate in recent years, and very few of the working classes can be found who do not belong to some benefit organization. The returns of these societies show that in 1858 there were 20,000 benefit societies in England and Wales, the members of which exceed two millions in number, and hese societies possessed forty-two millions sterling in the savings banks. In Scotland the number of benefit societies is very large. Some of the English organizations have such inique names as "Old Friends," "Rechabites," "Ancient Romans," "Sons of Zebodce," "Peaceful Doves," "Drulds,

More Extraordinary Revelations.

Museus, Entrous-in your issue for Oct. 16th, Dr. Child has an article entitled "Extraordinary Revelations," and his manner seems to imply that many of your readers will be slow to credit the statements which his article contains. A caso occurred within my personal knowledge, some years ago, so nearly parallel in many particulars, that I will give you the facts for publication, if you judge best.
In the mouth of April, 1850—before Spiritualism had a

"local habitation and a name" in this country-a communication was made to myself and two other persons. by means of the raps and the alphabet, saying that the power communicating was the spirit of _____, who had then been deceased a year or more; that he was in a state of torment and great suffering for the deeds of wickedness of which he had been guilty in his lifetime. Among these wicked deeds, he specified a stupendous fraud, by which a fatherless family had been wronged out of a property of fifty or sixty thousand dollars; that in the suit at law by which he had obtained the property, he had sworn falsely, and had gone into the world of retribution with the guilt of that fraud and perjury on his soul. He said further, that he had been given to believe that If he could get that property back to the family to which it of its burden. That he had permission to come to the person who then had the charge of the children who had been property. He gave also minute directions what lawyers to employ, where witnesses could be obtained-giving as witnesses names of persons of whom no one present had ever heard. He also said that he had told his wife, among his last words, to make "restitution to that widow and those father less children:" that his wife being a Catholic, had made this statement to the priest, and he had made her believe that what the dying man meant was, that she should make a large donation to the poor widows and orphans of the Catholie church-that he had been an unhappy man over after he committed the deed, and had said to his friends that the worst day's work he ever did was taking that property from those children. Much more relating to the same subject was communicated to the same persons at intervals for six or eight weeks, and until the matter was placed in the hands of a lawyer for investigation. The person to whom the communication was first made, was entirely ignorant of the whole it to your readers for reflection. transaction. He had never heard the name even of the person whose spirit the communicating agent purported to be.

case related by Dr. Child. The facts known in this case are

isted—to have been in business with the father of these children-to have had with him a quarrel and a lawsuit, and in the end to have got all his property into his possession. That he took an eath on the trial, which was believed at the time to have been false. He is known to have made the declaration to his friends that it was the worst day's work he over did when he took that property, and that he did request is wife in his dying moments to make provision for that widow and those fatherless children, and that the priest gave to it the interpretation above described. These facts I obained myself by personal inquiry, according to the direction of the spirit.

It may be interesting to most of your readers, to know what was the result of the investigation. The lawyer into whose hands the matter was committed, found that property to the amount of some fifty thousand dollars had passed from the possession of the father of these children, to the man whose spirit it purported to be, who made the communication as above, that the claim of the children could probably be sustained at law, but that the case involved some law points on which the courts had never passed judgment, etc. In a fow weeks the lawyer died. The children had no funds with which to prosecute the claim, and the action remains, I believe, undecided to this day.

That the property was obtained by fraud and perjury, no

candid person who was at all acquainted with the circumstances, did then, or does now, entertain any doubt, exceptting, perhaps, the personal friends of the man who obtained the property; and even his own mother was heard to say, that it "distressed her to the heart to see her son in that house, for she was certain that he could not have come hon-

With those who are at all posted up on the subject of Spiritualism, the old saying that "dead men tell no tales," is no longer true. That these are not the only instances of post nortem confessions that have been made in these modern ievelopments. I have abundant means to know in my own experience. If all that one knows were to be made public, t would strike the world with amazement and horror. But these are mostly confined within the circles of friendship and confidence, and cannot with propriety be revealed. It is, indeed, an awful—a tremendous thought—that for every deed of darkness, however deep the secreey that may have attended its perpetration, the wrong-doer is not only to give an account to God, but that every such deed is to lie, with all its crushing weight, upon his conscience, not only while he lives but is to go with him over to the life to come, there to give an intensity indescribable, to the quenchless fire and the deathless worm—how long, the developments of eternity will alone disclose. Is there not reason to believe that Spiritualism will, in its onward progress, be found to be so explicit, and so abundant in its disclosures of private sing, as to be come a greater terror to evil doors, and a greater safeguard o social virtue, than all the legislation which the world has witnessed? I verily believe it. Yours,

The above comes from a gentleman of unquestioned veracity, of high standing in the church, and of great popularity as a religious teacher. For wise purposes he withholds his name from the public, for which we cannot utter a word of blame; but did his name accompany the above article, we honestly believe that no doubt of its truth would exist, even n the minds of the most oubting.

Letter from Providence.

Massas. Editors-Since my last we have been favored by listening to Brother Loveland, who is indeed a lovable spirit as well as excellent speaker; and after him. A. B. Whiting he post-medium, from Michigan, was cordially received, and has been with us the past three weeks. He always gives us a good lecture; and his improvising powers, or those of his attendant guides, are truly astonishing. His subjects, as the most of your readers are aware, are given by the audience and are always satisfactorily poetized. One of his subject lately, was, "The Dove that Noah sent out of the Ark;" and in the evening a sceptic proposed, "The late insurrection a Harper's Ferry." which was well handled.

I am happy to chronicle the new fields which are opening to the spread of our philosophy. Within the last few week Mrs. Macomber delivered an address, (subject, Truth,) which was the first of the kind given in Spragueville, a village about three miles from here, and she has since been followed by Mr. Loveland and A. B. Whiting. The leading people there have long been interested in these principles, but it is a new thing to have lectures. The Pawtucket brethren seen to be awake and doing, availing themselves of every oppor tunity to "add to their faith, knowledge."

Mrs. Cora Hatch has given us two very excellent lectures lately. I think it would be well for our people to make her acquaintance further, as a speaker. She has never been with us before. She has the sympathics of all Spiritualists, and her amiability of deportment is sure to retain it

We have removed, four weeks ago, to the hall in Pratt's new block, on Broad street, where we shall be happy to see friends and strangers, and to accommodate them better than former circumstances would allow. The hall is spacious well ventilated and well heated, and capable of scating fifteen hundred persons comfortably.

> Yours in fidelity to truth, LITA H. BARNEY.

Dr. Douai's Lecture.

There are some suggestions in Dr. Douai's lecture at Music Hall-printed on our seventh page-which we commend to the attention of all our readers

It is too well known to need the assertion, that the com mon school system of New England-and especially of Massachusetts-is almost entirely in the hands of the evangelica church. The text-books in the higher classes are also just such as tend to squeeze the mind into the channels of orthodoxy-we mean the writings of Paley, Wayland, and others, which our children are compelled to study, or to leave the school. We have also known many teachers, competent in be made to supply the place of an entire orchestra, in renevery way-intellectually qualified, morally irreproachable, popular, and loveable, who have been dented or deprived of situations in schools, because they were not orthodox in faith. We anticipate the time, when men like Ralph W. Emerson

Horace Seaver, and Dr. Doual, will be chosen by the Massachusetts Legislature, as representative men, to a seat among the overseers of Harvard College. We know we have got to wait a long while, but the time is nearer now than it ever

DUOK NOTICÉ.

Lettens on Modean Admiourivaz, by Baron Von Liebig. Edited by John Higth, M. D., Professor of Chemistry, Queen's College, Cork; with Addenda by a Practical Agriculturist, embracing valuable suggestions, adapted to the wants of American Farmers. Wiley, Walker street, New York.

We believe it admits of but little dispute that there is no department of human industry whose extended and successful prosecution is so essential to the well-being-we should say to the very existence of a nation-as that of Agriculture, If we have been instructed to pray for "Our Dally Bread." we are also doomed to toll for it. The soil, the sun, the seasons-these, indeed, are the grand elementary agencies, through the aid of whose united operation, the Farmer-the commissary-general of the world-is forever, as from the beginning, to work out the important results of his mission. But If these primary and essential elements are the gifts of Omnipotonce, so, also, are those faculties of mind, and powers of investigation, to whose exercise the Farmer, as well as the Artizan, the Manufacturer, the Navigator, is fast becoming more and more indebted for the light of science to guide him in the pursuit of his avocation. To Baron Von Liebig, more, If he could get that property back to the lamily to which it borhaps, than to any cotemporaneous investigator, belongs honestly belonged, it would relieve his conscience of so much the credit of rendering the discoveries of Chemistry subservient to the interests of the Farmer. His "Letters," as above, present an invaluable elaboration of his views, susgage him to institute a suit at law for the recovery of that

True to the title-page, the Addenda to the text of Ven Liebig certainly embrace "valuable suggestions, adapted to the wants of American Farmers." That these Addenda have, as we understand, emanated from the pen of Mr. John Payne Lowe-consulting Agriculturist, and associate editor of the Working Farmer, of New York city-directly implies their highest oulogium. To the Farmer desiring to know his profession, these Addenda, from the pen of Mr. Lowe, would in themselves be more than an equivalent for the entire cost of the Liebig "Letters on Modern Agriculture."

An Acceptable "Manifestation."

DEAR BANNER-I presume you are not beyond the enjoyment of real spirit manifestations yet, and since I have witnessed a most remarkable one recently, I propose presenting

As I have, not long since, written you from Taunton, I need hardly report that I spent the month of October there, speak-Now we have not in this case the same positive testimony ing on the five Sabbaths of the month, to good and intellecas to its strict truth that there appears to have been in the tual addiences. I had made arrangements to leave, on Monday, October 31st, but was persuaded by the friends to stay longer, as there were some who wished to visit me, who had Such a man as the spirit named was known to have ex- not had an opportunity of seeing me much before. On the evening of the 31st there came a good number of the friends to my boarding-place, and we passed a very pleasant evening. When "the hour for retiring" approached, a gentleman arose and remarked that they had met for two purposes. First, to pass the evening in each other's society pleasantly, and secondly, to present to my humble self the handsome sum of twenty dollars. Before I finally left, four dollars more were added, making twenty-four dollars. As you may well imagine, my heart boiled right over with gratitude, and I arose with he intention of expressing my deep gratitude, inasmuch as I was able, when my organs of speech were taken possession of by a foreign power, and I was not allowed to express a word of all I felt. I did feel as though it was almost too bad, but have no doubt it was best, as language could not have expressed what I felt. I do not consider this part of it the spirit manifestation, but the part that brought out the money. We seldom find anything more wonderful than the separa-

tion between men and dollars, without business arrangements call it forth. You may depend that the spirit of justice and true sympathy has been awakened in the hearts of those people, and I trust their kind, donations will not make so much appearance in useless display of garments upon me, as in the real necessities of life, which others may enjoy as well as myself. I most carnestly pray, that unto every one who thus opened a practical portion of their hearts to me, may come the golden crown of righteousness and peace; not only unto them, but to all our Father's children. Being still selfish, I would, from the nature of such a condition, think first of those who thought substantially of me, especially as it came at a time when greatly needed.

Conditions, we are told, are to be right in order to get good manifestations. The conditions I sought while in T., were to be nobody but my own humble self: to do as near right as I knew how, in all my dealings with the friends, and to wear as cheerful a countenance as I could under the daily march of circumstances. I do not promise that such conditions will always insure such manifestations as I had; but I do think they bring us peace of mind, and affection from all with whom we associate, which to me is the "bread of life." Hoping that all who need, may receive like manifestations of spirit from those abandantly able, I subscribe myself, as ever,

Yours for the right, M. S. TOWNSHIP.

> TO D. F., OF BOSTON. BY J. BOLLIN M. SQUIRE.

Oh, wish me well my gentle Friend, And let thy blessing go with me Across the deep and dangerous sea, And be my rock until life's end. 'T is mine to bid farewell again.

Not to the hopes which made my heart Feel all of sorrow's lingering smart, And touched the years to come with pain; But unto friends, and Home, and thee-

Thou who art free from all of guile, Friend to me still when Fortune's smile Was laden with Hypocrisy. I long have turned to thee, with trust

In all that I have done or said. Reached out to thee when Hope was dead, And thou hast lifted me from dust. Be to me still what thou hast been,

With that same sense of constancy, All I in thee have ever seen. . Unkindly fate, with sceptred hand, May lead me on afar from home.

For I must ever be to thee;

My Epitaph, while yet I roam, To write in some far distant land: Or Friendship with its hallowed breath Within my heart may hold a sway; Or Love may bid me longer stay,

Till life's last Hope is lost in Death. These are the things of Destiny Which none may see and none may know, But thou art first, where'er I go, First in my heart and sympathy.

'Tis said that friendships, at the most, Are based on interest, 'twixt men : 'T is false to ours, ours is, as when Hoaven is gained and earth is lost.

So wish me well, my gentle Friend, And let thy blessing go with me Across the deep and dangerous sea, And be my rock until life's end.

The Musical Waters.

We do not design to speak of the natural element that nakes so much music in the temple of Nature—on the "buboling keys" of the springs and brooks; in the organ-pipes of Ningara and the dispasons of the seas; but we refer to our riend, Honage Waters, and to the nature of his business.

In these days, when the popular idea of utility is less contracted than formerly, and men are beginning to discover that they have souls as well as bodies to provide for, the Piano Forto—by far the most elegant and useful of all the stringed instruments—is beginning to be regarded—at least in our country—as quite indispensable in every intelligent family circle. This is a significant indication of the growing refinement of our American society. If only a single musical instrument is to find a place in the household, there surely is not one that combines so many excellences as the Piano Forte. For strength, fullness and duration of tone, as well as for the harmonic combinations of which it is susceptible, it is unequalled. In the hands of a master, the Grand Plano may dering the complicated harmonies of the great composers.

The Planes and Melodeons which bear the name of Horace Waters, sustain an excellent reputation, and Mr. W .- who is one of the most obliging men in the world—is accustomed to make very favorable terms with those who patronize his establishment. If any of our distant friends desire to procure good instruments, the New York Editor of this paper willif requested—have the same carefully selected by one of the best German Professors.

Reputation.

Almost all public writers and speakers aroud a great many words and a great deal of time to make a fair and handsome presentation of their own good character and excellent vir-sues. One half that is said and written is to this ond. All ind Farmen, a monthly paper, edited by Inov. J. J. Mapes, such writing and speaking, in the view of common sense, which we can cheerfully recommend. is nonsonso and twaddle.

If a man has a thought to express, and expresses it, and will be forwarded to the office of the Working Parmen, from another don't like it, and expresses his opposition to it, whence that paper will be malled, what is the need of contradicting the opposition, and defending, with a long argument, one's own views, and making who subscribe under this arrangement. If preferred, orders 'myself" and "my own position" appear all right and may be sent for both papers to the office of the Wonking beautiful?

How much is the good opinion of a man worth to you? Take twelve and a half cents unjustly away from a man who holds you in the highest repute, and it balances his account with you. Good repute can be bought or sold for dollars, and lities, are transmitted from one generation to another, it is generally for conts. Let a man once be aware that you altogether rational to conclude that the intellectual faculties infringe on his financial rights, and what is his estimate of and moral sentiments-in all their manifestations-may be your goodness worth? Nothing. Good repute does nothing influenced in a similar manner, by the action of the same for a man beyond dollars and cents, and very little there. How law. Men who are imbecile in mind, and whose moral pertenacions we are of good repute, and how lax we are of real captions, are obscurofand therefore unreliable, often full bemerit. I asked our deacon, the other day, which was more cause they are unable to preserve their moral balance. They preferable, to steal a deliar from Mr. Brown, one of our poor neighbors, and have the reputation of having presented Mr. Brown with one dollar-or to present Mr. Brown with one dollar, and have the reputation of having stolen from Mr. daylight is withdray Brown one dollar? "I declare," said the deacon, "that is a tough question."

Would the world become careless of reputation, and seek only the real, seek only truth, and all speakers and writers do the same, more than one half the trash of writing, preaching, printing, and talking, would be saved.

Spiritualism-What it has done.

THE WELCOME GUEST-ever welcome to our table-gives a very comprehensive view of the Spiritualism of to-day in a brief editorial published in the last number, which we like so well that we give it the benefit of our extensive circulation:

"If that which is known as Spiritualism, that is: all its manifestations and wonders, such as rapping, tipping, writing, speaking, healing, otc., were to cease to-day, it would leave to mankind the greatest result that has ever been wrought out in any ten years in the previous history of the world. It has hid the foundation for an undoubting faith in our immortality; it has taught man that he must be his own saviour, and that to be saved, is to be good; it has revealed the wisdom and mercy of the Farner as no religious dectrine has done before, in showing how He has provided for all of his children, that all may, and will, be brought to the knowledge of the truth; it has taught man that the Church is not an essential medium between him and heaven; and therefore he can look for no pass or pathway to the abode of bliss, save through the good that is within him; it exalts man in having shown that the least developed of the human race possess a germ of the Divine within, that will grow brighter and brighter in the light of the future world; it takes away all fear of death, and shows it to be a superstition founded in ignorance; and, finally, it inculcates always the dectrine that only through leve and goodness can man hope for peace, happiness, and a bright immortality." "If that which is known as Spiritualism, that is: all its

"Popular" Religion.

Proclaim your virtues to the world by profession, and keep your faults in obscurity by self-denial. Keep your eye single to the glory of self-respectability and good standing in society, but take no thought concerning that of others. Condem: the criminal to ignominy-make wider the gap of his immorality-pierce his bleeding wounds deeper-crush him without mercy. Bow to the rich, and kick at the poor. Honor the man of good repute, and frown contemptuously on the man of bad repute; love the clean outside, foster cherish and protect it; but deal out, with the merciless hand of self-righteousness, the blows of condemnation to him whose outside is defaced by evil deeds. Deal justly with, and be friendly to, all who believe in "our" creed, but deal in vengeance with, and be unfriendly to, all who believe in other oreeds.

"Natural" Religion.

A French pastor, interrogating the children of his Sunday school, addressed the following question to a young miss in the class: "What is your only consolation in life and in death?" The young miss blushingly declined to answer at first, but being prevailed upon, she said: "It is the young rope maker in the Rue des Agneaux."

L. K. Coonley.

Bro. C. writes us from Rockford, Ill. under date of Nov. 1st, as follows:

"Miss Hulett has been compelled to return home, on "Miss Hulett has been compelled to return home, on accounts of sickness. My own health has been quite poor this summer, but is better now. I shall probably visit Tennesee in December, and Georgia in January. Mrs. Coonley goes with me, and gives brief recitations before each lecture.

The Banner is very popular wherever I go. As I came West, I stopped at a good sized city, and, wishing to find some Spiritualists, I inquired at the periodical depots for the Banner or Licht, and found a place where a few coples were taken. On asking for the names of the subscribers, the names were refused, on the ground that the persons were not Spiritualists, but Christian ministers!

Bigotry of Universalists,

With all the liberalizing influences that the humane doc trine of Universal Salvation would be supposed to have upon Its followers, we have often heard it remarked by reformers that Universalists, as a body, are no less conservative and bigoted than are the members of Orthodox churches. Where is our venerable brother, Thomas Whittemore? Do his feet stick in the steps of reform he made so many years ago

"Professors."

We have heard during the last week of two new lecturers against Spiritualism; each calls himself "Professor." Nearly all the lecturers against Spiritualism call themselves Profes sors. What is the meaning of the word "Professor?" If its had other business to attend to. meaning is established by its modern use, we answer, it means Grimes, Bly, Lester, Roeback, or any other name before which the owner has the modest assurance to profix

life, that are earned by tolling hands and the sweat of honest brows, by practical lessons.

Hume, the Medium.

A late letter from Paris says that Hume, the well-known rapping medium, has just passed through Paris, with his wife, on his way to America. He not only has not lost his power of evoking spirits, but has acquired new and more terrible power. Instead of confining his miracles to conversation and communion between the living and the dead, he now places living, but widely separated, friends in connection, and enables them to hold converse together.

Caught in their own Trap.

Mrs. David Walker, of Newark, N. J., recently committed suicide by taking arsenic. There was an attempt, on the part of the local press, to make Spiritualism responsible for the act; but it was soon ascertained that tho lady was a late convert to a popular form of religious faith, and had but re cently connected herself with the Methodist Church:

Religious Revivals.

A lady who recently spoke in a public meeting on the subject of religious revivals, said: "I was converted fourteen years ago, at a revival meeting, and was baptized in Janusry, through a hole cut in the ice, with thirteen others. Twelve out of the thirteen are now backsliders, and one is dead. I am the fourteenth; and from my own experience, I cannot speak favorably of religious revivals."

Cora L. V. Hatch.

Our New York and Brooklyn renders will doubtless be pleased to learn that this lady resumes her lectures in Brooklyn, this winter. She will lecture in Brooklyn Athenæum, corner of Clinton and Atlantic streets, on Sundays, November 20th and 27th, at 3 1-2 and 7 1-3 o'clock P. M.

New Music.

We have received from Messrs. Oliver Ditson & Co., 277 Washington street, the following pieces of music:

Zunich Quadrilles, by Charles D'Albert. OUR GIRLS, BALLAD; words by C. D. Stuart, music by

Thomas Baker. A very neat vignette. CORNELIA WALTZ, for the plane, by C. L. Wickenham

Poliuro Galor, from airs in Donizetti's opera, I. Martini; arranged by F. B. Helmsmuller.

ORIO SOUNDS, Valse Brilliante, by Johann Durring.

LES VEPRES SIGILLIENNES, No. 50 of the Bouquet of Melo-

Working Parmor and Banner of Light for \$2,20 per

Year. Persons who may wish to take a first class Agricultural pa-

Subscriptions may be sent to this office, when the names

A saving of of seventy-rive cents will be made to those PARMER.

Why Some Men Fall. If it be true that organic diseases, and other bodily infirm-

may not have the strength to stand erect in virtue, and in numerous instances are no more to be condemned for falling than the lame man who stumbles over a precipice when the

For California.

Miss M. Munson, clairvoyant and spirit medium, sailed for San Francisco, California, Nov. 5th. We commend her to our friends in that State.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

THIS NUMBER OF THE BANNER CONTAINS-First Puge-Ber-

Second Page-The closing up of Prof. Brittan's "Record of Modern Miracles:" Chapter two of "Man and his Relations." Third Juge-Judge Edmonds on the "Antiquities of Spiritualism;" Poetry; Bev. Dr. Chapin's Sermon.

Sixth Page-Two columns of Messages from the Departed : Poetry; Chapter two of the Prison Papers; Report of the Bromfield Street Conference.

Seventh Page-"The Boston Recorder and Mr. Beocher:" Dr. Doual at Music Hall; Spirit Communication; Poetry; "Second Coming of Christ in Spirit." Movements of Lecturers. etc.

Eighth Page-Rev. Mr. Beecher's Sermon.

LINDLEY M. ANDREWS, superior lecturer, will visit the South and West this fall and winter. Address him, either at Yellow Springs, Ohio, or at Mendota, Iil.

REPORT .-- S. J. Finney's lectures at Ordway Hall, on Sunday, Nov. 6th, will be printed in next week's BANNER.

We would request our friends, when sending us letters, partly on business, and partly for publication, to write each on separate sheets or pages. As our business is so extensive we have not the time to copy news items from business letters. This is the sole reason why several correspondents' communications have been overlooked of late. Peterson's Philadelphia Counterfeit Detector and Bank

Note List for November, notices the startling fact that no less than fifty-one new counterfeit and altered bank notes have been put in circulation within a fortnight, many of which are so well executed as to defy the closest inspection. The Monthly may be had for \$1 per annum; the Semi-Monthly for \$2. Address T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 806 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

"A SERMON OF OLD AGE."-This discourse-one of the very best Theodore Parker ever preached—has been long out print, and domands for it have been made in vain. But it has lately been republished in a neat pamphlet form, by "The Fraternity," and is for sale by H. W. Swett, 128 Washington street. Price six cents.

A person, speaking of a drink he once had occasion to indulge in, says he could not tell whether it was brandy or a torch-light procession that was going down his throat. If he had "extended" his investigations, he would probably have ascertained the stuff he imbibed was "Feltonized brandy."

The position assigned to woman in society, says the Newburyport Herald, is generally regarded as an exponent of the civilization of any age or nation. If such is the case, we have reason to congratulate ourselves on the great elevation we have attained; for never certainly did woman occupy so large a place, nor was she ever so prominent, in all situations, as at the present time.

A negro boy, who professed to be dreadfully alarmed at the holera, took to the woods to avoid it, and was there found asleep. Being asked why he went to the woods, he said, "To pray." "Bul," said the overseor, "how was it you went to sleep?" "Do n't know, massa, 'zactly," responded the negro, "but I 'spec I must have overprayed myself!"

A story has been told of a priest, who, it being Friday, had just helped himself to a whole salmon, with the remark, "It is fast day with me, gentlemen," when a great fellow, with red whiskers, reached across the table, and cutting the fish in wo, took half of it, with the remark, " Bad luck to ve I do you think nobody has a soul to be saved but yourself?

The night is mother of the day. The winter of the spring;
And ever upon old decay,
The groenest messes cling.
Behind the cloud the starlight lurks,
Through showers the sunbeams fall;
For God, who loveth all his works,
Has left. His houn with all; Has left His hope with all I

The result of the Massachusetts State election on Tuesday week, was the re-election of the Republican ticket, headed by Governor Banks. A respectable number of votes were cast for George N. Briggs, and more yet for Gen. B. F. Butler. There was no excitement, from the fact that most citizens

The State liquor agent is to have twenty-five days' imprisonment in Suffolk iall. If he shall refuse to be delivered of his books. The Traveller says:

Let your Children Work.

Let your Children Work.

Bring up your children to do something; make them learn habits of industry and responsibility; impress upon their young hearts the value and the beauty of deeds of kindness and benevolence; teach them the value of the necessaries of life, that are carned by toiling hands and the sweat of honest

OLD TIMES.—In an old church-yard attached to a Dutch Church erected in 1600, at Tarrytown, N. Y., near Sleepy Hollow, may be seen a tombstone bearing the following inscription:-"In memory of Capt. John Buckout, who departed this life April the 10th, 1785, aged 103 years, and 1.ft behind him 240 children and grandchildren. Al.o Mary, the wife of John Buckout, died August, 1785, aged 73 years."

The revival mania is prevailing in Scotland, and it is reated that a lady reproved her servant girl, when she returned for the third time, between one and two o'clock in the mor, 1ing, reputedly from a revival meeting. "Don't speak to me, nem," said the girl, "I'm ane o' the Lord's ano inted !"

Dr. Chapin truly says, in his sermon printed on our third age, that " we never shall see God, as some recole entertain the notion of seeing him-not oven in all the ages of eternityshall we see God as an actual, bodily substance, for the very perception would destroy the essential characteristic of God."

To dribble away life in exchanging bits of painted pasteboard, round a green table, can only be excused in fully or sunerannuation.

SAD WASTE OF TIME-Carefully brushing another man's iat, the while thinking it to be your own.

CURIOSITIES FROM APRICA .- Mr. Paul du Chaillu, who was moved by a love of adventure, has been hunting beasts

and birds in Africa for the last four years, and has returned to New York, laden with spoils. Among the nove ties which he introduces to the American public for the first time, are several splendid specimens of that newly-discovered ruce of Troglodytes known as Gorillas. These creatures are exaggerated monkeys, and combine the cunning and nimbleness of the Sinnian tribe. The larger specimens are about five feet five inches high, and fifty-two inches around the chest, with a neck like a bulls, and arms as thick as a man's thighs. They possess great muscular power.

An Arkansas editor got married recently, and has since become very enthusiastic. Hear him:

There is not in this wide world a happier life,
Than to sit by the stovepipe and tickle your wife;
Taste the sweets of her lips in a moment of glee, And twist the cat's tail as she jumps on your knee.

ARMING IN THE BRITISH PROVINCES,-Three thousand Enfield rifles have arrived at Halifax from Canada, for the Volunteer Rifle Companies. One thousand additiona have peen sent to Prince Edward's Island. Ships Nile, 01 guns and Melpomene, 50 guns, are expected at Halifax from Eng land, in addition to the considerable force already theme.

There is a weed known as digitalis, or fox-glove, which is a much more potent narcotic than tobacco. A late European correspondent of the Tribune states that this drug is exten-

sively imported into the United States, and still more extenlively into flavans, not for medical purposes, but to be used sons walked, clothed in robes denuit, black or white, and in the manufacture of eights. While speaking of the use of were gnated by knights on foot. They partock of a collathis drug as a remedy. Brofessor Gilman, of the College of then in Fancuil Hall a little past midnight. Physicians and Burgoons in Now York, remarked: "It has hurrled thousands out of life. I know not why it is called digit-alis, unless because it points to the grave."

The most explosive part of Europe at the present moment is said to be Hungary, and any rising in that quarter might rove uncontrollable on the part either of Austria or France specially if it should suit Russia to give the signal.

"Fizzer."-The Desmoines Citizen says that, a returned Pike's Peak wagon passed that office a few days since, with these words rudely daubed on the cover: "Fizzle-ask no questions." That told the whole story as well as it could be told in halfan hour, and saved the time of the travelers, who elt that they had already wasted too much.

Mike came into our sanctum the other day with a very

"Why is the Great Eastern like an Irish girl?"
We of course gave it up.
"Because," said Mike, "one is Maid of Erin, and the other
s made of iron!"—Ibriland Adv.

The Paris correspondent of the New York Express gives in item about the Empress Eugenie, which will interest the pallie and bordered by a greeque of cherry velvet. The projected confederation and moderate forms be carried out. sleeves were trimmed with diamond tags. She wore a Greek ! velvet, among them being the famous "Regent." The three | would be signed by the Plenipotentiaries in a few days. ladies of honor attached to the Empress all wore dresses of rose-colored tarletap, trimmed with ribbons and bouquets of asorted flowers.

Civilization and barbarism come together. Savage Indians and fashionable ladies paint their faces. So, too, each are qually fond of rings and jewels.

Government troops are on their way to Brownville, to pro ect the citizens against the aggressions of Mexican outlaws. A boy was asked one day what made him dirty, and his reply was:-"I am made, so they tell me, of the dust of the ground, and I reckon it's just working out,"

"Man was never made to mourn!" Spring, Apollo, to thy feet ! Cast despairing thoughts away-Taste the cup of life how sweet; Scize the hammer, seize the spade, Yoke the oven to the plow. And bright thy lamp of life shall be, 1 Earning plenty by thy brow.

We praise men for fighting, and punish children for doing

Speaking of the recent fine weather, one of our exchanges ays-"After an emphatic Squaw winter, Indian Summer, he finest for years, is upon us in all its glory. Hill-tops and valloys, like the future, all wear a misty, hazy, undefined spect. Nature has clothed horself in her most gorgeous array, and the multi-tinted leaves give to the grand old forest magnificent appearance. And, as fall these leaves, so fall good men; their duty done, they return to earth; and the limbs of the leafless trees point to Heaven, as do the actions of the good."

A loquacious and jolly citizen approaching a Baptist minster, said to him, with much seriousness, that hoops were wholly inconsistent with the doctrines of his church. The clergyman being at a loss to know why, inquired the reason or such a notion, when the wag stated that they forbid "close ommunian."

Quails are appearing in great numbers in some of the owns of Illinois, and people shoot them from the doors of their houses.

THE LIQUOR LAW SUSTAINED IN COURT.-At the present term of the Supreme Court, arguments have been made upon exceptions in over seventy-five cases where parties had been indicted for liquor-selling, and convicted in the Court of Common Pleas in the several counties. The Court has given its opinion in all or nearly all of these cases, overruling the exceptions, and remanding the parties back to the lower Court for sentence.

A Frankfort letter announces the arrest of a professor of theology at the University of Leipsic, under an accusation of having abstracted a great number of valuable manuscripts from the library of the academy.

A locksmith in Frankfort-on-the-Main has hit upon the ngenious idea of constructing a strong box without any keyole at all, and which even the owner himself cannot open Inside is a clock-work, the hand of which the owner places at the hour and minute when he again wants to have access to the box. The clock-work begins to move as soon as the lid is shut, and opens the lock from the inside at the moment when the hand indicates.

New MSS, of Swedenborg's writings, containing sketche of his journey to Holland in 1743, and several of his mystical speculations, have been discovered in Stockholm.

On dit that the Boston Post-office is to be removed to Summer street. We hope and trust that no such foolish mov will take place. The sentence of Capt. Holmes, of Maine, convicted, som

at Harper's Ferry, state that the allegations are so loosely drawn, and contain so many inaccuracies, that no judicial MEDICAL TREATMENT-NUTRITIVE PRINCIPLE, tribunal, acting upon legal principles, would have proceeded to the extremity of sentencing the prisoners to death. If the highest court in Virginia decide the case in accordance with acknowledged principles of law, the verdict of the jury at Charlestown will be set aside.

There is a spring, on the route of the overland mail, about two hundred miles cast of El Paso, which is said to be one hundred and fifty feet in diameter, which has been sounded to the depth of nine thousand feet without finding bottom.

PLAYED OUT .- The Bass River Bank, which has been runing down for some time, is now to be finally "wound up." The three leading journals of New York, the Herald, Times and Tribune, contained, one day last week, fresh advertisements, yielding for a single day's publication the aggregate sum of \$2300.

GERRIT SMITH'S INSANITY .- The Utica Horald says, in re ation to the insanity of Hon. Gerrit Smith:

"We are greatly pained to learn that Gorrit Smith, the free-hearted but sadly erratic philanthropist, became on Mon-day lust an inmate of the New York State Lunatic Asylum, day last an inmate of the New York State Lunatto Asylumber to has been found necessary to place him, on account of marked insanity. We learn that he is very violent, and has exhibited a disposition to commit suicide, and that an attenuant keeps constant watch over him to prevent him from laying violent hands on himself. This result we hear attributed to the connection of Mr. Smith's name with the Harpor's Forry affair, though many will regard it as the consequence of long scated and marked disease."

"Wily is a newly born babe like a gale of wind," aske

Digby of Jo Cose, yesterday.

"Dunno," said Jo, "unless it begins with a squall." " Here is another, Jo: Why is a pretty girl and a orse likely to do considerable mischief?" "Well, that 's easy enough to get at," said Jo; "one run

away with a man's body, and the other with his heart." As Gov. Wise has held great spite against "old Brown," is now said he will re-spite him, by hanging him on the 16th of December.

Counterfelt fives on the Citizen's Bank, Worcester, Mass. re in circulation. Cook, and all the other Harper's Ferry prisoners, have been

entenced to be hung on the 16th proxime. The copper sole of which we spoke last week, may be ob ained of B. D. Godfrey, 159 Pearl street, Boston.

In the cities of Boston and New York, females exceed the number of males four per cent, while in the country R is ex-A discovery has been made in Paris, by which the blood of

beef cattle may be converted into solid masses by compres sion. It is used for refining sugar, and for dyoing in scarlet Elder Knapp, the famous Baptist revivalist, is expected to spend the winter in Boston.

The Newburyport Herald thinks that "bad rum should be let alone by all persons, and under all circumstances." Yes, and good rum too, for it is "bad" enough at best. When science is known as it should be,

And we fully obey nature's laws; Then indeed every man will be free, And there'll be no occasion for wars. The Duke d'Orleans, Regent of France, said that a true

ourtier should be without humor and without honor." A midnight parade of the "Sons of Malta" took place in Boston on the 10th inst. They numbered twelve hundred strong. They were indeed a motley looking set. The mark Nev. 5, 19p

shals, dressed as knights, were mounted, but the common

Work well planned is half done.

"A" Haverhill" paper facetionaly remarks," that "George II. Hoyt is a son of old Mrs. Hoyt."

Happiness, says the Gospel Banner, comes unexpected. When we aim at it afar off, we miss it.

Prayer is the rope to the bell in heaven; it calls the mes-

sengers of heaven to respond to our desires. There is one hollow tree in California so large that it will

hold twenty-five persons, with room to spare. Men soldom think of the event of death until the shadow falls across their path.

The Coos Republican is of the opinion that the use of tobacco is the cause of many sudden deaths; it affects the blood, muscles and nerves, and always makes the pulsations of the heart irregular, and sometimes stop beating.

LATE FOREIGN ITHMS .- The Emperor Napoleon has written note to the King of Sardinia, urging him to assist in carrying out the agreements entered into at Villafranca. He demands that the Duchess of Parma be called to Modena; that ladies. At the ball given at Bordeaux, Her Majesty's dress Parma shall be united to Piedment; Tuscany be augmented was of white tuile, of the tunique form, embroidered with in territory, and restored to the Grand Duke; and that the The Zurich Conference had again assembled, Count Karoiladem, sparkling with diamonds, set upon cherry-colored letze representing Austria. All the treaties, it was expected,

> It is asserted that the European Congress will take place, with the adhesion of England, Garibaldi had arrived at Turin for the purpose of holding an interview with the King of Sardinia. He was enthysiastically received along the route by the people.

It was expected that Spain would commence offensive operations against Morocco about the 8th inst. France disclaims any idea of assisting her.

OBITUARIES.

OBITUARIES.

In Providence, R. I., Oct. 10th, born into spirit-life, our friend Mrs. Deborah, wife of brother Nicholas Fenner, of the above named city. Her health, which had been precarious for the last year or two, received a shock from paralysis, two weeks before her death, from which time, though rallying for a few days, she gradually sank away, and although her sickness was very painful throughout, the last few breathings passed so gently that we waited in solemn hush for another, which never came.

Our sister was lovely and gentle in her life, tender and devoted to her family and friends, a firm and consciencious woman, adding to her multitude of jewels the beautiful gem of charity, speaking ill of no one, helping the poor and afflicted; and sorrowing hearts, beside those of her own household, sadly paid the last tribute to her outward form. She has been a member of the Roger Williams (Raptist) Church for years, and such was their esteem of her Orbristian spirit that, though avowing and living the principles of Spiritualism for a long time past, she had nover been dethroned in their hearts or put aside from their communion. They cordially opened their Church for her funeral obsequies, which were conducted by brother Adin Bhilou, of Hopedale, Mass., and assisted in by the Spiritualist choir, who, from the "Psalms of Life," chanted and sung the heautiful hymns commencing "Never look down on the grave," "There is no death," and "Death is the breaking of a chain." The church was crowded, and we recognized the faces of many who had never before heard Spiritualism explained properly. In the light of the Spiritual Philosophy, her friends, though feeling keenly the sundering of the material chain, know that there exists a firmer, though finor one—a spiritual, that bluds them togethers the proper from her and thom one year ago, she will return to bless of them as ever with her love.

The following poem from Mrs. Hyzer, was improvised to the memory of Hannah Halina Pranny, only child of Ass

The following poem from Mrs. Hyzer, was improvised to the memory of Hannah Halina Perrin, only child of Asa and Hannah S. Perrin, who left her earthly home, at Maple Grove, in Royalton, Vt., and passed to her home in the "spirit-land," on the morning of August 17th, 1859, aged fifteen years, one month and seven days.

Asa Perrin.

Maple Grove, Royalton, Vt., Nov. 9th, 1859.

TO THE MEMORY OF H. H. P. She 's fled, but not to an unseen, Dark, shadow land unknown to mortals-She's gazing on hills and valleys green Through the Horeafter's gem-lit portals. Its fountain sprays have bathed her brow-

She's only living hourly now, In scenes, the glimpse of which have blest her. The outer form had ceased to be A fitting garment for her spirit; So from our Father's treasury

Its floral zephyrs have caressed her-

She claimed the robes we all inherit. Then, ye who love her, let no tear Regretful, dim the bright condition By which she'd seek her treasures here, Across the sea of life's transition:

With the awant joy of soul-resigned.

Woo the bright warbler's returning, And let her mid all tempests find Love's contral signal trimmed and burning. FRANCES O. HYEER.

Philadelphia, Oct. 14th, 1859.

THROAT DISEASES .- " Brown's Bronchial Troches, or Cough ume since, of the murder of a sailor upon the high seas, and sonteneed to be hung on the 25th inst., has been commuted to imprisonment for life by the President.

It is said that lawyers at the South, who have examined the indictments against the persons concerned in the affray at Harper's Ferry, state that the slicetimes are released.

MEDICAL TREATMENT—NUTRITIVE PRINCIPLE.

DR. ALFRED G. HALL, M. D., PROPESSOR OF PRYSICLOGY, author of the New Theory of Medical Practice on the Neutrative Principle, may be consulted on the treatment of every form of humor, weakness and disease, in person or by letter, from any part of the country. It is restorative in its effects, reliable in the most prostrate cases, and justly worthy of the confidence of the afflicted. All the Medicines used are purely vegetable. No. 10 Central Court, opposite 285 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

1988 Oct. 1.

TOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.—It is notorious that indolent sores in the muscular parts of the leg are never
healed with safety by the ordinary salves. This ointment
alone penetrates to the morbid cause of these fixed and obstinate ulcers, and removes them rapidly and without hezard. It is equally efficacious for all external pustules, infammatlons, and wounds. Sold at the manufactory, No. 80
Maiden Lane, New York, and by all druggists, at 250., 630.,
and \$1 per pot.

MBS. B. K. LITTLE,
THE WELL KNOWN TEST MEDIUM, will leave Boston
on the first of December, for the Bouth, to spend the
winter. Mrs. L. still continues to give sittings at her Reoms,
55 Beach street. Hours from 9 to 12 m., and from 2 to 9 r. m. Terms, \$1,00 for one or two persons each hour; Clairve Examinations \$1,00. 2p Nov.

SPIRITUAL DRAWINGS, A COLLECTION OF SPIRITUAL DRAWINGS are on exhibition and for sale at No. 3 Winter street, Boston.

Nov. 19: 1p

Nov. 19:

COLECTIO MEDIGINE.—OCTAVIUS KING, 654 Washington street, has overy variety of Medicines, Roots, Herbs and Barks, which he will sell at Wholesade or Retail, at prices as Nov. 5.

Pianos, Melodeons, and Organs.

THE HORACE WATERS PIANOS AND MELODEONS, for depth, purity of tone, and durability, are unsurpassed.

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tf Nov. 12. 54 Great Jones street, New York. 32. HEALTH OF AMERICAN WOMEN. 32 52. Previous notices and testimonials have 52. established the fact that THE GRAEFENBERG COMPANY'S MARSHALL'S UTERINE CATHOLICON is the only reliable

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Oct. 22.

19

MORACE M. DAY,

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Oct. 29 Oct. 29

The Messenger.

Each mersage in this department of the Hannes we claim was spoken by the spirit whose name it bears, through Mrs. J. H. Conant, while in a date called the Trance State. They are not published on account of literary mort, but as tests of spirit communion to these friends to whom they are ad-

dressed.

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

We ask the reader to receive ne destrine put forth hy
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. \$12 Brattle street, Boston, every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday afternoon, commencing at mater-rast two octock; 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. 1719 to No. 1763.
Tuesday, Oct. 25-Robert Owen; Mary Allon, New York;

Tuesday, Oct. 225—Robert Owen; Mary Allen, New York; Bdward Allen, Boston,
Wednesday, Oct. 226—"Return of Spirits who are not cognizant of a change in life;" Catherine Gage; Charles Todd, Boston; Stephen Willey.
Thursday, Oct. 22.—"Who and what was Jesus?" Augustus F. Pope; Silas Dudley, Georgin; Mary Creenan.
Friday, Oct. 28.—Daniel Blaisdell, Naw York; George Henry Grogan, South Boston; William Laws, California; Dr. John Mason, Boston.
Saturday, Oct. 29.—"How is Man allied to God?" Charles Cater; Barah Franklin Bacho.
Tuesday, Nov. 1.—"How are God's elect known in Heaven?" David Hamilton, Belfast; Caroline, to Amelia L. Winters, New York; Hosen Ballou.
Wednesday, Nov. 2.—"What is Charity?" John Moore, London, Eng.; Philip Ourry, Williamsburg; Rebecca Prat, Boston; Bamuel Willis, New Orleans.
Thursday, Nov. 3.—"And there shall be no more Death;"
J. G. Wyatt, Boston; Martha Dwight, Boston; Nathan Brown,

J. G. Wyatt, Boston ; Martha Dwight, Boston ; Nathan Brown,

Great, Nov. 4.—James D. Farnsworth: Simeon Adams. Saturday, Nov. 5.—" What do Spirits think of Henry Ward seecher?" "How shall man discorn good from ovil?" Wil-

liam Bobley.

Tuesday, Nov. 8.—"Is there any good in man?" James Fairbanks, Philadelphia; Louisa Davis, Cambridge; John T.

Gilman, New Hampshire.

Wednesday, Nov. 9.—" How shall we know we commune with Spirits ?" Eliza Chase, Buffalo; Thomas Campbell; Peter-Schroudher, Washington; John T. Gilman, Exeter, N. H.

The Uses of Disease.

We find the following question before us this afternoon, and we purpose to answer it according to our knowledge:

"Is there no way by which the human race may become free from disease?"

We answer, No, there is no such way. Man is an animal; man is also vegetable, mineral, and spiritual. Men all pertain to the different kingdoms, are subject to decay, and thus to disease. Nature is always perfect in all her creations; in all her various departments she is perfect. Look wherever you will in Naturo's kingdom, and you find she has created in wisdom. Men do not understand the term "perfection" as we understand it. You apply it to a something finisheddone. Not so with us. Behold the flower of spring; it is perfect, and yet it grows and becomes more beautiful. Behold man, the grand representative of all; he is created perfeet in spirit, perfect in morusi, and yet the great Creator hath marked Progress upon him. Yes, the voice of wisdom is calling from the upper spheres, "Tarry not in the first de-gree of life, but come bigher." Now, disease is often a messenger of good-a gift in disguise; yes, ofttimes the best that Nature could bestow upon her subjects; for by disease of the form, the external garment of the spirit, it finds way to free itself from the fetters that bind it to earth. By disease it ofttimes becomes enlightened while dwelling in the dark scenes of mortality. It becomes weary with its prison bars, and soars to brighter lands; and if it goes there, it is soon to return with wisdom. It returns better satisfied with its condition, calmly awaits a change, a still brighter light, and more perfect dawning of the Creator's love and wisdom.

Behold the old man, who has passed many years in the natural stage of life, without ever shaking hands with the great enemy of man-Disease. During all these long years he has been constantly gathering to himself the idols of this world; he has effectually closed the door of the inner temple, and he cannot catch a glimpse of the life beyond. Behold, he lives in a living tomb, surrounded by human idols of gold and allver, by bigotry, pride, and superatition. Oh, what a condition for a portion of the living God to be in! That spiritual light which should always mingle with its own, is effectually chained to the things of this life.

Look again. While thus it is situated, disease shakes the form to its foundation. As disease progresses, the form becomes weak-it loses a portion of its vital force, as nature draws to the close of this life; and thus the doors of the temple are thrown open, and then the spirit beholds its own, communes with its own in a higher life. The old man's idols pass from his vision, and he sees as he never saw before. He les out, "Restore me to health, and I will give you half my possessions." Here is the first step in progression; and, as he finds his chance of life is but small, his next cry is, "Oh

God, have mercy upon me! Why have I so long clung to the idels of earth?" These thoughts are wrung from the spirit, and it beholds, perhaps in fancy, the scenes of another life, where gold is not an idel, and where purple and fine linen are not to be found; but where peace, humility, love and truth, and the vast concourse of the virtues, go to make

Now the fact that man is a representative of the four kingdoms, proves that he is, during three conditions of life, subject to disease. We find decay in the mineral kingdom; we find it also in the vegetable; we find it in the animal; but we do not find it in the spiritual. So, then, while man is an inhabitant of this lower state of life, he is subject to disease, and can in no wise escape it. True, many pass long lives here, without feeling its touch. So it is ofttimes with the anple, the peach, the flower, the ox; yet, because you find a few passing into another state of life without disease, you must not think that all can escape it.

Behold, we flud progress in disease, and it is the greatest avenue to human happiness and progress that we know of. Indeed, it is the best avenue to heaven; and our friend knoweth not what he asks, when he asks us to pray that man should be free from disease while he dwells here. If we would bestow the best gift of God to man, we would send him disease; not that which clouds the mental part, but that which takes it upon the mount, and bids it look into the promised land of love.

When disease goes forth with mighty power over your land, and takes flower after flower, and bud after bud from your midst, and gathers them into the garner of another world. what do we see in your midst? What, we ask, but an uprising of millions of spirits in thought? Invocation after invocation goes forth to the Great Spirit, and many a son and daughter is born again ere they leave this earth. They are resurrected from their idols, and are freed from mortal, while disease, the cable pall, has done much for them; it has clothed the spirit with a brighter garment—it has fitted it for the glory of Heaven.

Oh, then, ero we go, let us pray our brother to be content with his condition; let him not pray God to take disease from him; for long, far too long, has he hold to his gold as an idol. May he not let go his hold on the gold of earth, and seek for the joy of spirit? We speak thus plainly, because we know that soon very soon, he must pass from this life; soon the messenger of change will sever the cords which bind him to the mortal; and it will be well for him to hearken unto the voice of angels, who would bid him look to a higher state of life. If he do this soon, he shall bless his God, because he hath smitten him with disease in mortal.

William Ford.

I came to talk to my folks, and I do not see them here. They told me if I came here comebody would be here to

Say, then, that William Ford came here. My age was sixty-seven. In the first place I met with an accident. Have I got to enter into all the particulars? Well, I suppose I must. I drank too much, and fell, and hurt my stomach

and died with inflammation of the stomach and bowels. I had no trade-did what I could find to do. I went about a dozen vovages to sea, but not of late years. I have two children on earth, named Lucinda (she's married) and William. I died in 1849. Suro? Yos, I am. I wanted to come -could not rest, and so I came. Yes, I do want to say some-

mo any, that's sarting not me, it won't, but it may others. beaven, and ever rejoice in His love and His wisdom, It's tough work-yes, it is. I don't know whether I had ome back and tell what you did.

Brattle street—the city stables? Well, do you know how life, as one long imprisoned would fice from his prison-house that fire originated? Well, I set it. There were lives lost and chains. But while we find it to be a duty to come comthere. Yes, I know who was killed at the fire—a young muning with humanity, we shall come. While God the man; he had no business here. I feel as though I had mur- Father, and Nature the Mother, point the way, we shall visit dered him. Oh, do n't ask me his name-do n't terture my soul any longer.
Oh, I wanted to be revenged. They injured me—yes, they

did-and I should have feltavell about it if there hadn't been any lives lost; but that tortures me. Oh, God! I saw that man killed, and oh how I felt after that! I drank harder

Just let me recken back, and I'll tell you pretty nigh, for I haven't lost all my reckening; I set it between fourteen and all round, so that people couldn't get near it. I was there, and if I hadn't seen him killed I should have felt well mough; but the devil had me in his clutches.

I have been in hell ten long years, and I never thought I should be here telling of that, I have been going shead a little, and coming back to the same place. I have told it now; it won't hurt me, for I am standing one side. Oh, over since I heard I could come back and coufess to someody. I have been wanting to come back. I made up inv mind to come, and then it seemed so hard for me to tell of this, that I would think I would not, and then I'd make up my mind to be miserable. At last I concluded to come and

There's one person on earth that knows about this thing, but he den't know that I set the fire; but if he ever reads this, and that I set it to be revenged, he will know what I ished to be revenged for.

Oh. I am glad I have told this: it is the hardest thing ! ever did; but I have told it, and new I will be better, I

Charlotte Frances Previer.

My friends are a long way from here. I died in New Oreans, Louisiana, in the year 1858. I was born in New York City in the year 1830. My name? Charlotte Frances Wise. My name by marriage was Charlotte Frances Previor. I have a husband in New Orleans, a child in New York, and a nother and brother in New York.

I have much to say, but I would not wish to say what I have, here. They told me if I would come here, I should gain some intelligence by giving what I have, and my hus and, or my mother, or my brother, would see my letter and call for me again. I cannot speak to you stranger. I do not fear you, but you will see it is not pleasant to speak with

I did not know I could come till recently; then I found medium through whom I could write; but they told me it would not do me any good, for they would not know me; but f I came here, you would publish my letter.

I am not unhappy here—that is not what brings me back died suddenly, and did not have opportunity to say what I hould have said had I thought of dying.

With your leave, I will say no more at present. Good day.

John Atkinson.

You recollect I visited you some time ago. My name is John Atkinson. I have a little business here this afternoon but I will be brief, for I do not care to discuss the question. A friend wants to know if I am dwelling in the same phere with a friend lately come here; and whether, if I

am, I will tell if he is happy or unhappy.

I am not in the sphere with the spirit. We often meet, but I do not care to speak in public of his condition. I came, that my friend may know I have heard his question, and that I have ability to answer it. There has been a deal of scandal affoat, and I think it high time that the busy tongues should cease their clatter, and instead of moddling with the faults of others, they should search themselves, to ascertain if they have no faults at home. When they have done this, they will perhaps be justified in going abroad to

seek the faults of others. , The spirit the friend refers to, lives in its own individual fe and condition; does not live in a condition or degree of life that belongs to another. It must work out its own hapiness as all are destined to become happy at some period of time; and if the friend is not happy now, (mark you, I do not say he is not happy now,) he 's a fair chance of becoming happy at a no far distant day, and a sure chance of being

appy at some time. I should like to commune with the friend who asks the question, as I do with you. I might then be more particular and plain in my remarks. But what I have said in reference to the tongue of scandal, I do not desire to tinge or take back. Too many will understand my words. Oct. 22.

William Parker.

My dear brother, I will try to bring about what you desire as early an opportunity as possible. WILLIAM PARKER

By whose Authority do ye come? A question is presented to us at this time, which we will ry to give an answer unto. We will also try to give the proneed by our questioner that h

understand our coming: "Tell us, oh yo unquiet and unhappy spirits, who so often ist our earth-sphere, convulsing its inhabitants with houghts of darkness, error and damnation—tell us, oh, tell is, in the name of Johovah, by whose authority yo come, is, in the name of Johovah, by whose authority ye com and by whose authority ye produce these manifestations?"

Behold, our God ruleth in heaven; he reigneth on earth he is found in hell. Our God is our law, and our law is our God. We live by it, we act by it, and by it we expect to be made supremely happy. Now, as we live in and by our God we are controlled by Him. Behold! He who hath created will ever guide us, and by His power we return to earth. We nanifost in a variety of ways, that we may appeal to the ex-

erior and the interior condition of its inhabitants. Our questioner, we perceive, rejoices in a God of Fear. He as clad himself in an armor of steel, and we find his interior ature partakes of that armor. We find no mellow soil there, and thus we do not expect the seed we sow at this time shall take root. But it shall linger near him, until the reat Sun of Progress shall soften the sell, and make mellow umanity in that soil.

"Oh, yo unquiet and unhappy spiritsi" Behold, we are nquiet, because we find humanity in darkness. Our duty le not ended, our mission is before us; and until it is accomolished, and our connection with earth is severed, we must or the time be unquiet. Bohold, we come agitating thought; and one of olden time bath told the inhabitants of your condition in life that there was wisdom in the tremor of the hought—that there was wisdom in the bud ere it unfolded

ts notals, that human senses might comprehend it. Our God hath said unto all things, ' Come unto me." And s our God is a God of wisdom, upon whose head sitteth s grown of perfection, if we would be one with Him, we must continue to soar from one sphere of wisdom to another, until to shall be so far from earth that it cannot attract us hither At present our mission is on earth, and our God bids/us leal justly with its inhabitants, scattering what seed the reat God hath given, and spreading in the garden of the oul such flowers as shall spring up for the glory of God.

The same spirit that had its existence in the time of Jesus, s not dead to-day. Behold, it lives to-day, and lives in the hearts of Christians—that great body which claims to be nigh o God. Behold, his name is Injustice. He was never known o heed justice-he was never known to love-he standeth aside, and casteth away the bright gem cast forth by our

God, our Father, whose name is Love. Behold, the spirit of ancient times as it stands questioning the medium Jesus: "By whose authority do ye these things? Whence comest thou? Who art thou?" "Behold, he bath a devil. Behold, he worketh miracles through Beel zebub, the prince of Devils." Thus spake the spirit of olden time-thus speaketh the spirit of modern time. Behold, this spirit cannot understand its Creator; it hath gathered to itself a God fashioned according to its own ideas-it hath created a law to satisfy itself, and hath closed-effectually closed—humanity's doors. But the great wheel of Nature is over revolving; it is never still, and gem after gem, star after calm seemed to hush the stormy elements of my being, and star, is being born into the intellectual world. And yet there are many minds so enshrouded in darkness that they cannot see the light-so dense is the darkness, and so completely have they enshrouded themselves in it, they see not a ray; and while God, the God of Nature, is moving amid them, they cannot understand His works by reason of this darkness: and they cry out in ignorance, "By whose authority come ye Oh, ye who are clothed in darkness and superstition, cast aside for a moment the cloak that hides you, and see God in all that is around you-discern him in-hell, recog-

thing, but I do not like to say it to strangers. 'T won't harm | nize him at your right hand and your left; know Him in

When the mighty tramp of nature's God shall be sounded better tell, or not. I suppose I had. I'll tell part of it. to call us from our labor here, behold no welcome the sound; Wont that do? It's confounded bad business to have to although it is heard only in our interior being, although it comoth upon the soft sophyrs of our understanding, behold Were you here in Boston when there was a large fire in | we welcome it, and flee away from the dark scenes of mortal cartle. But when the words come, "Welcome, ye dutiful ion," we will gladly leave scenes shrouded in death, and soat to regions beyond mortality.

Our brother, our questioner, both gathered to himself an unquiet spirit. We behold that spirit standing at his right hand, morning, noon and night; and she is striving, (shall we say vainly striving ?-po, for the inhabitants of the upper spheres nover come in vain,) she is striving to upturn the soil-striving to impress thought after thought upon the fificen years ago. Don't you know they had ropes stretched | brain—that he may send forth the call, if nothing more; and though he cries out in deflance, and calls us unhappy spirits, unquiet ones, novertheless, as he, an individual spirit, is agitated, wisdom will be seen to follow-the voice of God will penetrate the darkness that surrounds him; his ears shall be unstopped, his eyes unscaled, and ere he passes from earth, his lips shall be tuned to love, that he may praise the God of angels, who hath sent his messengers of love to minister to those in mortal prison.

Who, who is the spirit that stands at my right hand? our questioner will ask immediately after reading our words. We anticipate it, and we answer it: The companion of his early days-the wife of his besom-she whose last words on earth were, "I'll be a gnardian angel unto you, if the good Father permits me to return to earth." Prophetic language! Behold, inspiration, like a white dove, settling upon her as she took her flight from earth twenty-two years ago! Faithfully has she watched over him; as he wandered through the regions of mortality, she walked at his side. She leaves the glories of the upper spheres, that she may place a lamp at his feet, that he may see his way over the river Jordan; and It is well that our God, who is a God of love and mercy, has permitted the angels to walk with him. Oh, may he feel that the God who permitteth these manifestations, will do all things well. And as every atom in the vast universe is conrolled by Him, so are we; for we are but atomo-portions of the Great Jehovah.

Written for the Bauner of Light MY LITTLE CURL.

In casket olden, Inlaid with shining poarl, I 've a treasure golden-A little glossy curl.

'Tis my dearest treasure. The brightest gem I've got, And my choicest pleasure To turn the casket's lock;

And, with careful fingers, Lay it within my hands, And as memory lingers O'er scenes in other lands,

I'm again a mother, A cherub 's on my knee, Many blessings hover Around my babe and me.

Little hands caress me, And little lips press mine; Boft eyes smile upon me. And golden ringlets shine.

Snowy hands are playing

Amid my locks of jet: Boffly downwards straying, They pat me on the neck. But my little flower Droop'd its beauteous head,

And in a few brief hours My darling's spirit fled. She, in all her beauty, Was hidden from my sight;

T was a painful duty To hear that last sad rite. Never more to see her. Nor feel her soft caress : Nover more to feel hor Little soft hands press,

Nor her rosy fingers Twining mid my hair. Never more she'll linger Beside her little chair. And these mem'ries make me Prize thee, my little lock;

Thon art all that's loft me Of the flower of my flock. As I gazo upon theo, An influence seems to steal

Boothingly upon me, My aching heart to heal. Oft I think her spirit Is watching me in love, And her voice, I hear it In melting tones of love.

In this casket olden, Under its lid of pearl. I 've a treasure golden 'T is my little ourl.

Written for the Banner of Light. PRISON PAPERS.

BY A PRISONER.

"Make yourself brother to every man. Recompense no man evil for evil. Be not overcome of evil, but evercome avil with good."—Binla.

Number Two.

IMPRISONMENT FOR CRIME.

After my sentence was pronounced upon me, I was conudted from the court-room into the private office of the marshal, where I was kindly permitted to see and pass a short time in private with my dear and suffering wife. Here too. I had the mournful satisfaction of receiving and passing a few brief moments with some of my nearest and dearest

"My dear husband," said my suffering wife-and her head fell upon my bosom, as she burst into tears that could no onger be suppressed-"has it indeed come to this, and is our sacred marriage life to close in chains, in prison, and in death ?"

Oh! who can read the anguish of my broken heart and stricken soul, at that moment, more terrible, in its dreadful power, than the cold damps of the tomb? The blood recoiled to my heart, and cold, clammy perspiration burst out in drops, like icy tears, all over me. My heart grew sick within memy head dizzy-my brain reeled, and the gloom of the grave, without its welcomed reality, gathered around me, while great drops of blood seemed to start from my quivering flesh, Oh, then I could comprehend the awful agony of Gethsemane! No human being can realize the horror of that moment! My spirit, with its exalted and immortal power seemed crushed into innumerable atoms. I felt that I stood there in the sacred presence of my devoted wife, a living, breathing corpse. My very flesh seemed touched with the awful plague of my moral desceration; and something like a joy flitted across my soul, as my dear wife left the bosom that could no longer shield or protect her, and placed herself in a chair by my side, a living picture of broken-hearted opoless gricf. But the angel spirits strengthened her soul, and shed a holy radiance of heavenly love and purity over her wounded spirit, and breathed a sacred calm and holy fortitude over the troubled elements of her being. She took my hand, and with soft, mesmeric power, opened up the avenues of my inner life. In a moment a sweet and heavenly a gentle voice, "Pence, be still," moved upon the troubled waters of my soul, and I looked up to heaven and felt that I was not accursed.

My eyes were slowly closed, and the outer world faded from my view, when a vision, radiant with celestial beauty and loveliness, opened before my interior sight. A rifted cloud, at first dark with sombre shades, then changing to the most gorgeous rays of beauty and of grandour-bronged and reseate with the departing rays of the setting aun, slowly passed in panoramio view before me, until, like an amber

As I gazed into the deep and cloudless view beyond the daned, transcendant in boauty, of bright flowers, surpassing Punishment alone is still the system. n levelineses the most vivid conceptions of the Orient. No language can describe its detailed excellence, or imagination combine its wondrous beauty. The bright sky seemed to As I gazed upon this bright Eden of the spirit world, and folk within my soul its soothing and inviting power, my spirit longed for an immortal home in this Colestial Paradise. A small stem-a young scion-a tender germ of the reseate

bright, sparkiing spring in the midst of the garden, attracted my attention; and as it expanded and grow in the heavenly and glistening buds, to herald its future sweetness-then seemed to breathe the sweet aroma and heavenly fragrance of the spirit world. But, as I looked, a cold and tey chill effort to reform him, but an outcast and a criminal must he passed over my soul, and my spirit drooped as with an unfrom the trembling spring and coil around the parent stem, and with his poisoned fangs inflict the deadly wound. In an instant the bush, but now so beautiful with fragrant life, withered and died. The faded flowers fell to the ground, and their tender and still tinted and lovely petals were scat- think that Eureka is already attained, and that all reformathat formed the golden wreath, turned dark and black, tion possess the character of a baseless, impracticable, uto-Murky waves, like angry billows, shot across the sky. Deep plan vision. But there are those who deeply feel that great in stormy grandeur banked up the distant view. Nearer and still more near the angry elements waged their frightful flash pierced the reptile's head, and he lay a stiffened corpse concath the withered bush. A cry escaped the serpent's him. dying form, and seemed to mingle with the departing elements of raging strife: "PUNISHMENT DELONGS ALONG TO and let the mind dwell for a moment upon the thousands of THE INFALLIALE;" and a voice from heaven exclaimed, loud throbbing hearts that are beating in unuttered agony there: above the receding storm, "Venceance is mine; I will nepay, sairh the Lord." Then the reptile's leathsome beneath the poisoned bush. I could not comprehend all the mystery of the vision, and my soul was pained, and I turned my eyes from the spirit scene, whon a spirit, seemingly standing by my side, said, "Look again." I turned my eyes and saw innumerable angels and spirits, bright with celestial leveliness and beauty, gathering and breathing upon the scattered leaves-re-forming the faded flowers, and restoring to all its beauty the withored bush. I said, "'Tis holy;" and the angel by my side placed one hand upon my head, and, with the other pointed to the sky, in cadence soft as spirit breath, said, "Thou art blest." I awoke and found my tender wife standing by my side, with one hand in mine and the other upon my head, and her eyes upraised to heaven, and she said, "We are not accursed. God has heard my prayer, and angels minister to our wants."

Cheered by the heavenly vision and the tender devotion of my angel wife, I felt my soul buoyed up with rekindled hope and awakened gratitude. Sin shall not last forever, and evil shall cease to reign in the human heart. With this feeling my soul was soothed to rest, and my spirit, now serene and calm, looked out upon the troubled waters of my life.

After parting with my friends and children, I was reducted to the loathsome, and justly condemned fail of the city, my wife attending me, where I parted from her, with her angel blessings upon my head. I was then replaced in a room with some twenty other unfortunates, there confined. They all, in mournful silence, seemed to regard my presence again among them, after my great trial, as too sacred to be apdignant at its cruelty, while kindly and discreetly sympathiztation of true and intense feeling, even by these unfortunate off-casts of society, for my misfortunes, I shall never forget. When it became time to separate for the night to our several and respective cells, I took each one by the hand, and said a hiw words in brotherly love and kindness upon our painful lot. Every eye was suffused with tears, and some, more sensitive than the rest, sobbed aloud in painful sympathy.

I had been in the habit of reading to them, and seeking to elevate their minds above the wrongs of the earth life they vere some of them professedly leading to, to one more suitable to their true and Godlike natures. It is true that most if not all of them, could throw back the wrongs they had committed upon society and the world with bitter justice. The system had been, indeed, one of retaliation to them. One could trace his first offence to this cause, another to that, by which he had been injured by society and the world, and literally compelled to adopt a life of orime. But I have seen even the most apparently hardened and abandoned among

ber that the man of sorrows, in language of hely power and divine inspiration said, "If a man take thy coat, give him thy cloak also. If he compel thee to go with him a mile, go with im-twain. If thine enemy hunger, feed him. It naked. clothe him. Recompense no man evil for evil. Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." It is said that lesus saw of the travail of his soul, and was satisfied. May this wisdom with the light of eighteen hundred years be put into practical operation, and let its examining power fall, like a mantle of charity, over the prostrate forms of the suffering thousands who are to-day dragging out a miserable existence within the walls of a prison. Let the cloak be bestowed in wisdom, and its benevolence will destroy malevolence and crime. Did Christ mean anything, when he used the language specified? If he did, he meant just what he said. No cringing theory can change its common sense phraseology, and torture it into anything else. Its unqualified wisdom needs no argument to sustain it, and spurns all mystery to constroud it. It stands, a gem of priceless value, among the noblest sayings of "Him who spake as never man spake" where. wisdom, and its benevolence will destroy malevolence and oblicat sayings of " Him who spake as never man spake," and no true follower of the gentle Nazarine" can regard it as insecure, unsafe or impracticable.

I grant that all innovations, upon precedents established by long practice, should be well conceived and deeply matured, before they are offered to the world for adoption. It is true; but this should not deter the good and just-that when offered, they are met with scorn, contempt, and derision, and any effort to remove them is attended with malice, hatred, and revenge. Such was the fate of the Nazarine; it has been and rovenge. Such was the fate of the Nazarine; it has been the fate of the reference of all ages; but the words they at the words they achieve, become menuments and blossings to future generations. Look back upon the history of the past, and behold the incipient steps in any great reformation ever, attempted by the human mind; and, like the streamlet, struggling to overcome the obstacles that obstruct its passage, it rises as it labors on, until it stands pro-eminent and grand in its majesty, magnitude, and strength. Then it is that the weak fools that attempt to stay its progress, float upon its bosom the happy recipients of its pride and power.

In looking back over the history of the past, my mind has

and golden wreath, it had formed the outer circle of my been struck with the vast improvement that has been wrought by the hand of progress in the condition of the prisoner and the gradation and character of the punishment inrifted scene, like a picture set in clouded rays of golden flicted for crime, while I am equally astonished at the fact beauty, I saw in the limitiess fields of space, a garden, richly that little, if anything, has been done to reform the criminal.

The time was when the most terrible punishments were unmercifully inflicted for the lightest and most trivial offonces. It is said that the Derbices, an ancient people living smile upon the beauty it inspired, and soft music breathed near the Caspian Sea, punished all crimes with death. And among the flowers, and warbling rivulets mingled with the do we not too largely inheritaths cruelty? It is true we do not punish all crimes with physical death; but do we not with temporary and legal death, in the corrupt and degraded incarcoration, for a given term, of the unfortunate victim? When once the pale of human society has been broken, even tribe, growing humbly and almost isolated and alone, near a by the lightest offence, the law violated and the victim punished, he is east out as dead, degraded, and utterly useless and unworthy. His civil rights and privileges are taken bower, I gazed upon it in wonder and delight, until it had put form him, and he is sent forth into the world as impure, deput forth many stems and branches, with bright, green leaves graded and condemned, and no redomption or resurrection, upder the present system of punishment for crime, in this modest, opening, levely flowers, in full bloom, filled my soul, life is possible. He wears the penalty like the mark of Cain entranced in beauty, with wonder, joy and gratitude; and I upon him, but not like that mark does it protect him from injustice and wrong. No attempt is made to redeem him, no remain. He, from the absolute necessity of self-preservation, known peril. In a moment I saw a lonthsome serpent crawl goes forth into the world to perpetrate and perpetuate the wrongs that have formed the character of his criminal life.

To those who feel their human nature, and their responsibility to God and each other, I desire more especially to address these "papers." I am aware that there are many who cred upon the wind. The amber, bronze and fleecy clouds tion is at an end, and that all schemes tending in this direchunders rolled, and vivid lightnings flashed, and dark clouds injustice is done the poor prisoner, and that his reformation. and restoration to society, and the amplioration of his condition while confined, are priceless realities. To such I would war, until one loud shock, more terrible than the rest, say that progress is a law of nature, and imprisonment the seemed to shake the vaulted heavens, and its descending spirit of the age. Let, ch, let the poor prisoner not feel that he alone is to suffer, when Excelsior breaks brightly all around

Look at the dark, frowning jails and prisons of the land, then go to the homes made desolate by this cruel system, and see the widewed wife and orphaned children mourn with pody seemed to dissolve and mingle with and enrich the soil broken spirits and anguished hearts—perhaps in poverty and want-the absence of the husband and the father, and ask if this is in consonance with the spirit and intelligence of the

In the life of the prisoner, nearly all the purest and holiest gifts of God in the human brain are inhumanly sacrificed. No friendship softens his life—no amusement lliuminates his soul-no fraternal waters flow from his pent-up affectionsno conjugal love, like the gentle dew of heaven, blesses his existence; but, in his lonely cell, shut up with his great griof, he knows no joy, but lives a slave, in body and soul, to the stern sentence the law has inflicted upon him. Who but God and angels can conceive the sufferings, the angulsh, the unpitying agony of these unfortunates? What tears of heart proken sorrow are shed in unsympathizing walls, over blasted hones, crushed affections and fallen fortunes? Who can think of these things, if he has a human heart within him. without feeling his responsibility to God for the moral power that fosters and sustains this dark spot upon the bright sun of his country's prespectly and happiness? Who can see the gloomy walls and iron bars of the prison-house without a shudder? The blood turns cold, and runs chilly through the veins, as you onter, or gaze even upon it, and the mind is carried back to the darkness and barbarous cruelty of the past, when such monuments of oppression and wrong were erected as bulwarks of the tyrant's power. Vast foundal castles, with their deep dungeons, and inquisitions, with their engines and implements of torture, find indeed fit representatives in the jails and prisons, with their frowning and masproached even with their sympathy. When my sentence sive walls, iron bars and chains, cold cells and dark dungeons, was communicated to them, they appeared shocked and in-Now to say that such prisons are necessary or right, is a vioing with me. Many expressions of sensitive kindness were lation of God's truth within us, and cannot be uttered by any uttered, that I shall long remember, and the noble manifesto his own soul. The truth is, too little has been said upon this subject. The public mind has not thought of its importance, consequences or justice; but it has been regarded as expedient and necessary to restrain vice and punish the criminal. This generation found it a remedy at their hands, for a manifest evil, and without inquiry into its humanity or justice, adopted it as they found it, and it has so continued to the present time, with no improvement whatever upon the principle of Imprisonment for Crime.

State Prison, Waupun, Wis., Oct. 9th, 1859.

BROMFIELD STREET CONFERENCE. Wednesday Evening, Nov. 2d.

Question continued-Are the manifestations of human life that we call evil, or sinful, a necessity of the conditions of the soul's progress?

Dr. Child-It is an interesting fact that there is not one them, manifest the strongest desire to return to the path of honosty and right. I have seen them, too, weep bitter tears over their fullen fate and hopeless condition. And, when I have been reading to them some tale of cruelty, oppression, and wrong, and, as some clevated, noble and touching sentiment was conveyed, I have seen the tears fall from their eyes and their awelling hearts grow big with the expressed noblitions that a state of the service of the religion of our childhood, the religion of our childhood, the religion of our childhood, the religion of our childhood in the sees wrong, and with the left? Is there are and their swelling hearts grow big with the expressed nobility of their natures.

To say that these men cannot be redeemed, is untrue, unwise, and unjust. Lead them by the hand of kindness from their prison walls, and afford them the means of hope, and you will do more good than by all the tyranny and oppression you can inflict upon them. Employ the means to restore and save them to honor and virtue, that is expended to imprison, punich, and degrade them, and their future lives will be a blessing to themselves and an honor to the system that redeems them.

But I think I hear it said by some of the unkind minds of the old school, and friends of the present system of retaliation, that this will be offering a premium for crime, and defeat the very edject intended by the system proposed. To such I answer, study well the character of man—his relations, his sympathies, his present progress, his past history and his future hopes, and remember that he is the renderman will interest to rule by Love than Fzan.

But I propose a remedy for this ovil, and ask a suspension of individual judgment until the reader has well thought of all parts of this stupenduous thege, before he throws away the hope of reformation in this direction. And if he is a Christian, and believes in the practicability of the humane and mild religion taught by Christ, and in the heavenly purity of the principles expounded, and the divine wisdom of the sayings uttered by the gentle Nazarine, sho will remember that the man of sorrows, in language of hely power and darkness that rise up from the soul, over changing and there any dod darkness that rise up from the soul of provide and the cless of life, possessing not one fraction of power to influence the soul's growth, not the cause. These of real time fact to red the subtract of the sum of restore and the subtract of the soul of every one in his inhand—sure, certain the surface united by the system proposed. To such I am a restore and surface and the lost of very one in his hind—sure, certain the surface

"In these views we hold the key To fulth in God and charity

No other views of life can bring to us faith in God and No other views of life can bring to us faith in God and charity to man.

We say that "fancy fools the world," and "evil sways humanity." Ten thousand strings make up the harp of life, and the skillful player sweeps them all in harmony, and melody is the tune of his existence; and heaven is everywhere, and everywhere is the place where God abides. The great musical instrument of God is all nature—it is in time and tune, and from it the melody of heaven shall come forth to the soul attuned thereto—"Discord is harmony," then "understood."

undorstood.' There is no noise in life that is not harmony to the soul

The grouns of agony come of suffering, which is a charlot The grouns of agony come of suffering, which is a charlot of speed that carries the soul rapidly to the gates of happiness, and then, how beautiful shall be the fruit of what we now call a curse. The suffering that produces groans makes humanity walk in the garden where angels walk, sooner: flow wise and loving is the power that directs the soul enward and upward in its flight from darkness to light, from suffering to bliss. I cannot doubt

"That heaven is a place where pearly streams Glide over allver sands.

But it is gained by ton thousand conflicts to be first passed

Judgo nut, says Christ. No comparison can the affirmative Judgo not, says Christ. No comparison can the amrimative level upon men by saying that one is better than another. It can recognize no merit or demerit in human actions, for each and every man is held in the hand of God, and governed by his laws, the laws of nature, which laws must be fulfilled. There is no judgment, nor can there be, on the affirmative side of this question.

Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth, but lay up for yourselves treasures in that unseen world of spiritual expressions treasures in that unseen world of spiritual expressions.

Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth, but lay up for yourselves treasures in that unseen world of spiritual existence. Take no thought for the morrow, for what ye shall eat, drink, or wear, but seek to know the hidden laws by which those things are governed, and overy desire is gratified thereby. Itest in the arms of trust.

These are the precepts of Ohrist—enigmas to humanity until the soul can see the affirmative of this question, which unriddles them, and exposes their unfading, eternal beauty to view.

until the soul can see the affirmative of this question, which unriddles them, and exposes their unfading, eternal beauty to view.

Rev. Mr. Thayer—I desire to know the truth—I have no desire to maintain any other position. I think it is due Dr. Othild to say that he is honest—that he speaks what he singerely believes; for I cannot see how under heaven a man a can dare to utter sentiments so absurd, unless he believes them true. But it does not necessarily follow that because he is honest that he is right. The end of such abominable teachings are darkness and death, and such must be his doom, and all who are influenced to believe his views, unless they see the error of their ways, and turn to God and Christ. I believe that man is responsible for his condition—that the condition of evil, which he calls a necessity for the soul's progress, comes of man's own choice; for it is an actual reality that man can change his condition. I believe that there has been an active agency in producing Dr. Child's dark and erroneous condition, and that condition is the product of his own will—it is his own work. Who can believe that we do not make our own conditions? What a mistake Josus made, if Dr. Child is right—for he taught repentance. I ask of what a mun can repent, if he has no sin? Christ said of his murderers, "Father, forgive them." Dr. Child must say to his murderers, there is nothing to forgive, I mail Dr. O. has said this evening, he has been ignorant in what he has been saying. The Christian warfare would be a great warfare indeed, in its resistance of evil, if there was no evil to resist. Paul says, overcome evil with good. Dr. Child says, there is nothing for Christians to do, if Dr. Child is right.

Dr. Gardner—I shall take Dr. Child's side. A man that gets up here, as Mr. Thayer has done, and pretends to bold up his own-opinion as perfect and immaculate, and condemne every opinion to darkness and death that is not comprehended in his own limited, bigoted, narrow circle of thought, had

up his own-opinion as perfect and immaculate, and condemns overy opinion to darkness and death that is not comprehended in his own limited, bigoted, narrow circle of thought, had better get into the church of Rome, where he belongs. Other people have opinions as well as Mr. Thayer, who can see no truth in anything except his own opinion. Dr. Child sees a cause for all opinions, and accepts them as truths of the condition that produces them—while Mr. Thayer sees truth in only one. I appeal to common sense to decide which has more true and more comprehensive views. Dr. Child condemns no one. Mr. Thayer condemns every one that does not believe as he does. Mr. Thayer judges others—Dr. Child does not. Let reason decide which comes nearest to the teachings of Christ.

Leannta carge in full with all that. Dr. Child has said on

does not. Let reason decido which comes nearest to the teachings of Christ.

I cannot agree in full with all that Dr. Child has said on this interesting subject, because I cannot see as he does in everything. I will not assume the "Roy." and condemn him to darkness and death. If God made evil, we may infer that that a good origin. We have the Old Testament to show that evil is from the hand of God." "And out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight and good for food, the tree of life also in the garden, and the tree of knowledge of good and evil." In another place we read; "I make peace, and create evil. I, the Lord, have created all things." If the Bible be true, God created evil. My logic runs in this way—what God created must be so in the end. What is termed evil, is a necessity forced upon us by the Creator, for our good in the end. If God created evil, is had a purpose in its creation, which we cannot doubt is for the highest good for humanity in the end. Dr. Child says that all noise is music to the ear well tuned to life. It is my experience that the highest devolved are for music is my experience that the highest devolved are for music is my experience that the highest devolved are for music is my experience that the highest devolved are for music is my experience that the highest devolved are for music is my experience that the highest devolved are for music is my experience that the highest devolved are for music is my experience that the highest devolved are for my large is my experience that the highest devolved are for my large is my experience that the highest devolved are for my large is my experience that the highest devolved are for my large is my experience that the highest devolved are for my large is my experience that the highest devolved are for my large is my experience that the highest devolved are for my large is my experience that the highest devolved are for my large is my experience that the highest is one of the most vital truths at the founda

car well tuned to life. It is my experience that the highest developed car for music is more sensitive to discordant sounds. Yet there may be a point of harmony gained by the soul, in its progression, where it cannot feel inharmonious

Bounds.
To me, there is no truth, no right, other than that which God hath revealed to me. I see evil existing, and the question is, is to necessity? I am on both sides of the question. When we transgress the laws of God, we have guilt follow, When we transgress the laws of God, we have guilt follow, from which guilt we suffer. Does suffering progress the soul? It it does, it enables us to obey the laws of God better. Every soul has a certain amount of freedom; and when we disregard this freedom, evil becomes a law of necessity. The free-agency of man and the sovereignty of God must be blended I know that I have a power to choose, and yet I know there is a power that rules me. My interior consciousness constitutes my being; and out of this grows my free-agency, and this gives me choice in action, and consequently responsibility follows. If I disoboy, the consequence of my disobedience whips me into right.

If we take a human standpoint, we judge and condemn. Christ judged from a divine standpoint, from which there is no judgment or condemnation. There is a duality in manthe human and the divine; the divine has the affirmative of this question, and the human the negative. The soul grows in the body, The soul is divine, the body is human. The human fights; the soul fights not at all. All the minutim of individual life is governed by the laws of life, which laws are right, and the conditions are a necessity.

Mr. Pluce—If the affirmative of this question is correct, where is the right to make any moral distinctions? or where is there room for individual responsibility? Dr. Child has made a mistake in going where he does for a God. He must change hisdoctrine of necessity, if he admits of responsibility. Can I rely on my individual consciousness, and claim that there is choice and responsibility? Responsibility attaches to men, because they have reason and intolligence; it is a part of man's nature—it is a necessity of a condition.

Boston Recorder and Mr. Beecher.

ENOS BOUGHTON, BATTLE CREEK, MICH.-The Boston Recorder says: "What we have, with sad forebodings long expected, is now realized, in Mr. Henry Ward Beecher's open abandonment of the doctrine of the inevitable and eternal perdition of ungodly men."

If there was any such thing as a man, totally ungodly, I If there was any such thing as a man, totally ungoiny, I presume Mr. Beecher, in-common with the rest of us, would ment of her property, was advised to consult her husband readily admit the propriety of his being cut off from God, and from God's children; and, indeed, he would undoubtedly wish it, for he could never feel at home with God, or with Humanity, his children. The Recorder, in attempting to be godly, has forgotten to be human enough to appreciate Mr. Beecher's position. It evidently considers a godly man one tifat believes God is unkind enough to eternally damn, and an ungodly man one that thinks better of God-cannot believe so of Him, and, therefore, his lot must be "eternal perdition." Mr. Beecher evidently thinks, in common with all true Humanity, that God's children, in the nature of things, cannot be otherwise than godly, in a greater or less degree, and that their "perdition" is, and will be, just in proportion as they fall short of the godliness they are capable of. All humanity is godly to some extent; none, not even the Recorder, wholly. Mr. Beecher has had the good sense to discover this, and the justice and honesty so avow it. The Recorder has had neither; the Orthodox world has had neither, and if they see any prospect that those who differ from them in belief may avoid "eternal perdition," it gives them "sad forebodings," and it worries them exceedingly to have any one express a hopeful belief on the subject, for their position is not My guide was unknown to me. I was unhappy. I could see worth a row of pins, if from it be taken its infernal features. They can get along well without goodness or good works: neither is indispensable to the working of their machinery; yet. Soon our little Henry and John came to me. They but deprive them of evil works, depravity and eternal perdition, and their system totters. Mr. Beecher has got tired of this infernal view of the case. The people are getting eyes, I saw a beautiful hill, covered with glorious flowers. sick of it; they are rising up in their majesty and saying to and sparkling with something resembling diamonds. Though

Your perdition, depravity, and demons, do not find any answering chord in our hearts—they are worse than useless my friends who had left earth. to us. The more such food you give us, the more famished our religious natures become; therefore we know that your along a flowery path, by a murmuring brook, where oderscheme is fallacious. We perish for want of love, hope and ladened breezes fanned my fevered brow, and sweet music charity. We want not faith in oternal perdition, but faith in swelled from thousands of tiny birds. When I grew weary,

where, except in the place where he stands when he sees no evil.

I come to fulfill the law of my Father, says Christ—not one for trille of the law of my Father, says Christ—not one fold the of the law of God shall pass without being fulfilled. The affirmative sees every law of God in nature as being inevitable, unchangeable, and unatterable; a necessity for its condition—wherever it may exist—high or low—log darkness as in light—in what we call evil, as in what we call evil. nection must end, unless you come up from your inhuman position, which you call godly, and work with us for the good of the race, instead of for its 'eternal perdition,"

DR. ADOLPH DOUAL, At the Music Hall, Boston, Oct. 80th, 1850.

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

Dr. Adolph Doual lectured before Rev. Theodore Parker's Congregation, in Boston, on Sunday, Oct. 30th, upon Education. Dr. Doual is a German by birth, and the views expressed in his lecture are those of the continental school of free-thinkers.

Beginning with an appeal to his audience for a candid hearing of his views, however they might shock any preestablished opinions, he announced as his subject the Im provements in the Science and Art of Education. By education we understand the development of incipient man into perfect man. It is the means of making mankind happy, and removing the wees and sufferings of humanity. For corruption in politics, for superstition, for the discrepancy in the condition of the few and the many, for the slowness of human progress, for the dominion of blind accident over the fate of man, for famine, pestilence, and poverty, all remedies but education are only partial and imaginary. With nations, if not with individuals, wealth and happiness are always in exact proportion to intelligence and education.

The first improvement in education in modern times is that it is unnecessary to speak in favor of education. How long has this been the belief of mankind? Was it in ancient China that this idea begun-in China, with its written language so framed as to confine education to the few? in India, with its stern distinctions of class? in ancient Greece, where the majority of the people were slaves? or in Rome, where most lettered men were slaves, or despised as "lettered Greeks?" Or was it in Palestine, at the time when Christianity originated-Christianity, which proclaims, Blessed are the poor in spirit, which makes the beginning and end of knowledge to consist in the knowledge of the Holy Writings, which declares that the wisdom of this world is foolishness before God? Not so. And up to the time of Luther this idea still remained unknown. Only the "clerks" could read and write. The Reformation has improved this state of things, only so far that it forced all children of Christian parents to learn the answers to the questions in the catochisms before they could be confirmed as church-members. It is true that the idea of the common brotherhood of man

his Emile some of the most vital truths at the foundation of our educational system. The lecturer did not admire Rousseau personally. But he is to be held a great benefactor of mankind. His ideas which revolutionized education may be be given in a few words.

"Man's nature," says he, "is not naturally bad. It is bad education which makes it bad; and all education is bad which recodes from the instincts and tendencies of nature, which is, or ought to be, the only law for him. No instruction is good which gives not pleasure at the same time to the teacher and to the pupil."

With one or two exceptions, all reformers in education, in the last part of the former, and the beginning of this century, have resembled Rousseau in his religious views. This responsibility follows. If I disoboy, the consequence of my disobotinence whips mo into right.

Mr. Wilson—I would do nothing to break down moral distinctions in society. But as I look upon the affirmative side of this question. I see there the deepest philosophy and the most profound Christianity. Moral distinctions I cannot recognize as an essential quality of the soul.

In, a recent visit to Sing-Sing State Prison, I listened to the remarks of ministers made to prisoners, and while so doing. I thought that some of the prisoners throw out more divine influences than the ministers did.

If we take a human standpoint, we judge and condemn. Christ judged from a divine standpoint, from which there is ought not to be wondered at, since consistent Orthodox

The lecturer defended the policy of universal equal education. Every man, according to Gothe, has a special talent, which may by education be discovered and developed. He enforced, with great carnestness, the doctrine of universal brotherhood and equality, and a bread and general system of instruction as at once its sole source and its best fruit.

The second great improvement has been the education of the teachers themselves, and the efforts to perfect the system of instruction. In Germany especially has progress been made in this respect. When the first great movement was made, however, in this direction, the Church interfered, and, there is choice and responsibility? Responsibility attaches to men, because they have reason and intelligence; it is a part of man's nature—it is a necessity of a condition.

Mr. Chancy—We have in our being the spiritual and the material, and one is a type of the other. We have day and night, heat and cold, repulsion and attraction, the positive and the negative. All are necessary. We have good and eyil, and we may call one positive and the other negative; one is necessary to the existence of the other. Nature has made provisions in every department, which provisions are necessary to the conditions for which they were made. Nature is not wrong, but it is perfectly right. Human actions are always the maniestations of nature, and they are varied according to conditions.

Miss Doten, entranced—The nearer a man comes up to Deity, the nearer he lives to Divine charity; and distinctions fade away, and he sees all things as coming from God, and as being good. All evil that exist is necessary to your progress. The condites that evil brings, carries you higher and higher up to leve and wisdom. What is evil, and what is sin? You may puzzle your brains till the judgment day, and you cannot toll what they are. There is no necessity for you to greater power away from evil. Evil is a help, not a hindrance to the soul's progress.

Mr. Newton thought that on a provious evening he had laid down the fundamental points in support of his view of the question, to which nothing could be added. He made fow extemporaneous remarks, which closed the discussion. anding itself unable to stop it it sought to control it. From instructors, we shall have secured such a system of public instruction as can alone work the moral enfranchisement and happiness of mankind.

Spirit Comunication.

N. H., PORTLAND, ME .- "The following is a communication from a counsellor-at-law, now in the spirit-world. His earththrough the mediumship of Mrs. Gleason, of this city. Although ready to doubt whatever she might receive from such a source, she soon became convinced, by the advice given and the traits of character manifested, that she was really and truly talking with her spirit husband. Wishing to know something of his spirit-life, she privately penned a few questions, the answers to which are embodied in the following communacation :-

Question-Did you go to the spirit world as soon as you eased to breatho?

Answer .- No. Q .- How long before you went?

A .- Three days. I was not unconscious more than four hours. When my spirit vision became unfolded, I beheld my angel guide waiting to welcome me home. I felt I could not leave all I held dear on earth. They told me I should return, but I hesitated to part with you and the children, for fear it would be a life-long separation. I had looked on death as an eternal sleep. I was wrong. I did not know but Orthodoxy was right. I had not seen any of our friends. you weeping over my lifeless clay, and could not tell you that was a uscless garment laid aside—that I was with you were bright, rosy boys; they took me by the hand, and bade me look up, for we were in a deep vale. When I raised my there were neither sun, moon, nor stars, the hill was bathed in more than noontide splender. On the summit stood all

I heard a voice any, "Come up hither." Our boys led me

they bade the lave my brow in the cooling water, and I was refreshed. We soon gained the summit, where I was kindly greeted by my friends. I asked methor why she had not come to me. She said she had been with me, only my clairvoyant sight was not unfolded so I could see her. They told me I must remain here until I had cast off some of my materiality: then I should rise higher. I could see ell below me -beyond a curtain of glory shut it from my view. The mind of man cannot conceive of aught so beautiful as the landscape thought, and gave as evidence of his divine mission, works spread out before me, diversified by hill and plain, streams and fruit-laden trees.

and I felt you were wrapped in slumber, forgetful of your cares and sorrows-mine the blest privilege of shielding you from harm. I was often with you in spirit. When I saw groups reposing together beneath some clustering vines, or strolling by the murmuring streams, I wished for your com-

Although surrounded by persons of both sexes and all ages, I was comparatively alone. My spirit friends came to ne often, yet there was not that blending and commingling of spirit between us as I had observed with others. Each day I felt my soul growing in health and strength, my spirit uman race.

I now found I was not obliged to use any muscular exerwhere I pleased; I could visit you in my form with expressfloated in its siry embrace, up, up, through space. Heavenly away, because it comes so humbly, (and how could Jesus music filled the air, swelling up from the great fount of love come otherwise and be Jesus?) I say, when I behold this, like and joy. We swam in a sea of delicious harmony; white- David's my spirit roars within me. robed angels bore us company, a crown of stars encircling their brows; they carried branches of beautiful blue and triumphantly onward to my future home.

We stopped at a lofty dome. Sweet voices bade me welome to the Temple of Science, and to Wisdom's Circle. They clothed me in a robe of gold and blue, and placed a star upon my forehead. Thus was I enrolled a member of Wisdom's Circle. My work was assigned me in the circle second of the gold and blue. I was permitted to visit the spheres below

Our eternal development is the criterion by which we are udged here; each one is seen and known in his or her true condition: we cannot rise above ourselves. There is a beautiful law of harmonious unfolding that governs all. Each member of a circle blends together like notes in music, or a beautiful painting with a just proportion of harmony of colors. We have the most gorgeous flowers of which the imagination of man can conceive

There is not that difference between the spirit and physical world we have been taught. Earth is but a faint copy of the real world, called Heaven. The trees, fruits, and flowers here, are more perfect and in greater abundance. I am told as I become more spiritualized, I shall rise higher and find greater changes than I have yet experienced. Now I know nothing of spheres beyond me.

Written for the Banner of Light. THE ANGEL VISITANT.

. BY PLOBENCE LLOYD.

Twilight shades are round me stealing, Stealing with their noiseless tread, And this quiet Sabbath evening . Voices greet me from the dead: Yes, an angel hovers near me. And with kind and gentle hand Seeks to lift aside the curtain, And reveal the Spirit-Land.

List! I hear the centle music Of her sweet and loving voice, She has come to soothe my anguish, Come to bid my heart rejoice; I will listen to the lesson That her loving heart may give, She will bid these gloom-clouds vanish. Teach my spirit how to live. /

"Bister, I come on the wings of love, I leave my bright home in Heaven above. Laden with words of joy and of peace, I come to bid your sorrowing cease.

I have hovered around your path in life, I have watched you in sickness, temptation and strife, I have watched you when pleasure's oup ran o'er, With the sparkling joys of the days of yore.

I have seen your spirit with sorrows crushed, I have seen your heart in its murmuring hushed. When contrite and humbled, it sought for the love That cometh alone from our Pather above.

And then, when rich blessings have crowned thy way. And thy young life was one bright, joyous day, I have been with thee ever to love and protect, And mid the gay flowers thy steps to direct.

But oh! dearest sister, when sorrow's dark cloud Approached and enveloped thy soul with its shroud, When thy spirit was lost in the mists of wos. And thou knowest not whither to turn or to go;

When friends that were dearer than life to thy heart, When the darkness of death settled down on thy soul, And thy spirit was wrecked on affliction's ione shoul;

Then, loved one, my spirit drow nearer thine own, In sisterly love my arms round thee were thrown, The deen waters of love were stirred in my heart. Our souls were united—they never will part.

Praise, praise to our Father, should ever be given, From his children on earth, and his angels in Heaven; Their hearts tuned to love, their voices they'll raise, In melodious songs of thanksgiving and praise.

Look ever above to thy Father, thy Friend, His love is impartial, and knoweth no end. He sendeth his angels thy spirit to lead-Ob, praise Him forever, in word and in deed?"

I look around, and I behold The twilight shades have darker grown, And evening's sable mantle Around me has been thrown: My Guardian has been with me, And whispered in my ear, Sweet words of consolation. My saddened heart to cheer.

I will look up and trust in God, My Father and my Friend, And ope my spirit vision To the blessings He doth send: And, Father, may I never Blind to thy teachings be, But ever to the darkest cloud, The "silver lining" see. . October, 1859.

Stockbridge, Ohio.

JAMES WAUGH, STOCKBRIDGE, OHIO .- It is now a year since ho Bannen has regularly visited our household, and we have read it with both pleasure and profit. We are much pleased with the Christian spirit of teleration and love for all mankind manifested in its editorials, and the pure, moral influence of the whole paper. It contains no denunciation of any sect or party, but leaves every one free to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience. Beecher's and Chapin's sermons, poems, essays, etc., ar

all good. It has far exceeded our expectations; and as long is we take a paper, the BANNER shall be the first on our list If any lecturer, or test medium, should chance to comhis way, he or she will please give us a call; and, although

we are poor, our latch-strings are never pulled in; but we will try to remunerate such for their time and trouble.

Terre Haute, Ind. HENRY HITCHCOCK, TERRE / HAUTE, INDIANA .- Spiritual sm is in quite a flourishing condition in our beautiful city. We have had lectures delivered here by Mr. and Mrs. Davis Mr. Stebbens, Mr. Chase, Miss Jay, Miss Hulett, Miss Har dinge, and several other persons, all of whom drew good

Quite a number of BANNERS are received by one of on newspaper dealers; all of them are bought, and read with ielight, by Spiritualists and others here.

Balem.

A correspondent writing from this place, speaks of the mediumship of Mr. Thomas C. Moody in the highest terms of commendation, both for lectures and tests.

Becond Coming of Christ in Spirit.

W. W., Pontland, Ocr. 6.-Eighteen centuries ago, a humbloman appeared in Judea, and taught that he had learned that God was the Father of all. That all had gone astray; but that if they would listen to him, he would lead them back where they should have the water of life to drink, and should eat of the bread of Heaven. And when taken to a higher life, they should attain to eminence unconceived of by human such as should have convinced every man possessed of a particle of common sense. But they, in their pride, knew too I could see when night drow her mantle around the earth, much to believe, (and when did the proud know any better?) and so rejected him. If he did wonders, the Davil helped him. "They had Moses and the Prophets," the first of whom they never understood, and the last murdered; and Jesus must be added to the catalogue.

may, for that same Jesus has returned; not in mortal body, to be again kicked and nailed to trees, but in his glorious spirit and cloud of witnesses; opening wide the portals of that bright world into which we gaze with such rapture and expanding and flowing forth in love and good will to all the joy. Yes, true it is; as wonderful and incredible as it seems, that same Jesus is here-there is not a doubt of it. And, when I look back upon my life, and view my spirit, dark and tion to go where I wished; the power of will conveyed me gloomy, torn by the passions that have made this fair earth a hell, and know that within an hour's reach of all, there is ing a desire to be with you. My guide told me I could rise positive, tangible proof, of the whole history of this being and higher. A bright, fleecy cloud gathered around me, and I his glorious mission, and see the majority as yet turn coldly

Jesus lived not in vain-but laid the foundation of a struc-

ture which is being built upon with a rapidity but little

dreamed of by those in studies and cloisters. And well it

But I am full of hope. And though the period has not arrived when a nation shall be born in a day, yet it cannot be while blossoms, which emitted an aromatic fragrance that far distant. Already what has comprised the world of arose like clouds of incense around them. Thus was I borne corrupt governments, creeds, bigotry and ignorance, are rolling up as a scroll before this fervent heat. And already we see the new heavens and the new earth, all bright and glorious, lifting out of the dark, whirling mists. And here I wish to say a word upon the evangelical belief of the coming of this same humble, loving, forgiving Jesus, to take vengeance on the ungodly. To say nothing of the absurdity of such a being's coming in wrath, how utterly impossible that any such literal appearing could be. If he descend here, how shall the inhabitants of China look through eight thou sand miles of earth and behold him? Shall he have a body for every locality?

Oh, monstrous stunidity! the fruitful mother of all the darkness, that has thus far weighed down the spirit of poor man. Jesus desires to come in no such way; that body we shall see in no literal clouds. But in his glorious spirit every eye shall see him; and with what transport do I now gaze, and with what love do I venerate his sacred memory! Bold fearless, uncompromising with sin in that dark day-who can contemplate him and not love so noble a being? Let us see who were the judges of such a man. Not the people they heard him gladly, and would have continued his fast friends, but for the false reasonings of those whom they had been taught to revere. Nay, Jesus fell by the machination of rulers, scribes and pharisees. And let us see how well they answer to classes of our day.

Rulers! Who cannot see them, the world over, in office holders and seekers-men without independence of soul, living on the breath of popular opinion, and ready always to sacrifice even God himself to attain their ends. The scribes -men of letters, or scholars closeted with their books, poring over the lugubrations of writers in ages darker than Erebus; and doctors of divinity -mon who honestly believe their salvation depends on the right application of a drop of water,and all three classes proverbially proud, which of itself is sufficient to close the door against all spiritual discornment; for God knoweth the proud afar off," which is about equivalent to saying that he do n't know them at all; and under such circumstances, they are the men who must decide upon His ways, and say what proceeds from Him, and what from the devil-a most vital matter, all must admit, to us poor outsiders. But Heaven will save the mark. Jesus comes not this time in weakness. No flesh now for Pharises to tear. In the potency of his spirit he descends, and shall vindicate his cause, as in his conquering chariot he rides over the earth. Yes dear reader, these moon-struck ravings of addled men and women-so termed by such savans-is sweeping over this earth with all of lightning's speed; and thousands, with intellects as bright as angels, and hearts as pure, are drinking in its sacred truths, and feasting upon its heaven inspired joys; and woe be to him who shuts the door against the humblest seeker after its precious health, for lack of which his soul faints and dies.

This life is the vestibule of eternity; in it we do but enter the temple of life eternal.

The affection existing between mother and child, is the deenest and purest known on earth.

Seek and ye shall find."

"Seek and ye shall find."

The seek and ye seek and ye shall find the seek and effort in writing out a full examination of a person from their hair, or handwriting, I am compelled to charge \$3,00; for attention to a single subject, or question, \$1,00.

Office No. 7 Davis street, Bestou, on Saturdays, from 9 to 4 o'clock, Full oral examination at the office, \$1,00.

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Nov. 10.

Nov. 10. MRS. LIZZIE BEAMAN.

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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, \$3.

Consultation at all hours. Terms 50 cents each lecture. Oct. 1.

Oct 1. Sm

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It is much preferred that the person to be examined for disease should be present, but when this is impossible or inconvenient, the patient may be examined at any distance by forwarding a lock of his or her halr, together with leading symptoms.

symptoms.
TERUS—For examinations, including prescriptions, \$5, if the patient be present; and \$10 when absent. All subsequent examinations \$2. Delineations of character, \$2.

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NOTICE—The undersigned will attend to the answering of Sealed Letters, whether describing diseases, or any other business which may be inquired of. Letters must be properly placed in an envelop, and then placed in an extra envelop, and the sum of one dollar and one postage stamp accompany each letter. The sealed note must have the wants of the writer plainly stated; also their name and place of residence.

of residence.

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

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July 23 cop3mo

July 23

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of J. V. Mansfield, Writing Medium. Examination, when
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MOVEMENTS OF LECTURERS.

Two lines, under this head, will be inserted free of charge, All over two lines must be paid for at the rate of six cents

per line for each insertion wanted. Lecturers will please remit, after the first insertion, at the above rate. The increasing demand upon us in this department renders this stop necessary. Changes in appoint-

ments will be made free of charge, at any time. MRS. AMANDA M. SPENGS will lecture in
Worcestor, 4 Sundays of Nov.—Foxboro, 3 Sundays of Jan.
Boston, 4 Sundays of Dec.—Providence, 4 Sundays of Feb.
Taunton, 2 Sundays of Jan.—Philadelphia, 4 Sundays of May.
N. Brookfeld, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th Nov.
Address, the above places, or Station A. New York City.

Miss Emma Handings 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 South to be sent in as speedily as possible to the above address, or 8 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

York City.

JOHN MANHEW, M. D., will speak in Waterloo, Wis., Nov. 14th, 15th, 10th; in Waterlown, 17th, 18th, 19th. Briends in Beaver Dam, Columbus, Oconomowoe, Hartland, Lake Mills, Bun Prairie, Fox Lake, and Ripon, will please address him, care of H. R. Tripp, of Fountain Prairie. About the end of November, he will visit Grand Haven, Grand Rapids, Lyons, Ionia, and other places in Northern Michigan, where his services may be desired. Briends on this route will address him before the end of this month at Grand Haven. This will probably be his last journey in Michigan. From the middle of January to March 1st, he will labor in Indiana, and from thence, to April 30th, in Illinois, and the eastern part of Jowa, Letters from the three last named States may be directed, if Letters from the three last named States may be directed, if before the end of the year, to the care of S. Brotherton, Pon-

John H. RANDALL will answer calls to lecture on subjects connected with the Harmonial Philosophy. His address will be, until further notice, Northfield, Mass.

N. BRANK WHITE will lecture in Portland, Me., Nov. 20th and 27th; will spend the month of December in Maine. Galls, or vacant Sundays or week evenings will be attended to, addressed as above.

ANNA M. MIDDLEBROOK will lecture in Taunton, Mass., Nov. 20th and 27th; in Providence, Dec. 18th and 25th, Jan. 1st and 8th. Applications for week evenings will be attended to. Address, Box 422, Bridgeport, Conn.

P. L. WADSWORTH, will speak in Cincinnati, Ohio, Nov. 20th and 27th. He can be addressed at that place and time. DR. P. B. RANDOLPH'S address, till further notice, will be Boston, care of Banner of Light. Enclose stamp for return

WARREN CHASE lectures Nov. 20th, in Marblehead: Nov. WARDEN CHASE lectures Nov. 20th, in Maruichead; Nov. 27th, in Plymouth; Nov. 29th and 30th, and Dec. 1st, in Foxboro'; Dec. 4th and 11th. in Providence, R. I.; Dec. 18th, in Taunton, Mass.; Dec. 25th, 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. Charlotts M. Tuttle's address will be at West Win-sted, CL, during the winter, and the time of hie present sick-ness, which is very delicate, and any messages from friends to aid to cheer her, will be thankfully received.

MRS. FANNIE BURBANK FELTON WILL lecture in Providence. MBE, FANNIE BURBANK FELTON WILL JECUTO IN PROVIDENCE, IR. I., the four Sundays of November; in Putnam, Conn., the two first Sundays of December; in New York, the third, and in Philadelphia the fourth Sunday of December and two first of January. Address, until Dec. 1st, Willard Barnes Felton, Providence, R. I.

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

Mas. J. W. Cunnier, Lowell, Mass., box 815. She will speak in Springfield, Mass., Nov. 20th.

George M. Jackson will speak at Homer, N. Y., on Sunday, Nov. 20th; at Cortland, N. Y., Sunday, Nov. 21th; At Moravia, Sunday, Dec. 4th. Friends in the Chenango Yalley, or on the line of travel from Binghampton to Syracuse or Utics, will please address him at citizer of these places. E. V. Wilson may be addressed, during November, at Che-

cage, Ill., where he would be happy to answer calls to lec-ture on practical Spiritualism. He reads character, and gives incidents in past life, under spirit control. Miss A. W. Sprague will speak in Milwaukee, Wis., the two last Sundays in November, and in St. Louis, Missouri, through the month of Dec. Her address while there will be care of James H. Blood, Box 391, where those who wish her to call, as she returns eastward, can address her accordingly.

Mrs. M. S. Townsend will speak in Lowell the two last Sundays, in November; in Quincy the two first of December; in Mariboro', December 25th. CHARLES H. CROWELL, Watertown, Mass. Address, BAN-

MISS ROSA T. AMEDRY, No. 82 Allen street, Boston, Mass.

H. P. FAIRVIELD, trance speaker, may be addressed at ironwich Village, Mass.
WILLIAM E. Rice, 132 Harrison Avenue, Boston.
MISS A. F. PZASE's address will be New York City, till fur-

ther notice.

Мие Есла E. Gibson, Barre, Mass.

Маs. H. F. M. Ввоум, "Agitator" office, Cleveland, Ohio.

L. L. Farnaworn—medium for answering scaled letters
—may be addressed at Oswego, New York, until the middle,
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Oct. 15.

HENRY WARD BEECHER

PLYMOUTH CHURCH, DROOKLYN, N. Y.

Sunday Evening, Nov. 6th, 1859.

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

TEXT.—"Then the cloven disciples went away into Galilee, into a mountain where Jesus lind appointed them. And when they saw him, they worshiped him: but some doubted."—MATT. XXVIII, 10, 17.

This was among the very last of the meetings which This was among the very last of the meetings which Christ had, after his resurrection, with his disciples. The event here recorded seems to have immediately preceded his ascension up to heaven. The resurrection of Christ, his appearance among his disciples, and the general implicit faith of those who best knew him, did not prevent some of his hearers and followers from doubting.

doubting.

It was a troubled, uncertain state of mind. It did not spring from any ovil disposition. It was not that same unwillingness of pride, of sellishness, and worldly vanity, which led the priests and the pharisees to ly vanity. Which led the priests and the pintrisees to reject the Saviour. Neither was it a part of that indifference which led the great mass and throng of men who were engrossed in worldly things, to give but a momentary heed to Christ, and then pass on. It was a kind of dazed, surprised, astounded condition of mind, in which their faculties almost refused to act, and to recognize the strange fact that he who had been flead, was surely alive again, and manifesting himself

Thus, the Saviour, when revealed to the senses, was not an object of inevitable faith. Should we be surprised, then, if we find many minds who, having Christ presented only to their imaginary power, find themselves wavering, uncertain, and troubled, in their faith respecting him?

The apostles were familiar with such religious experiences, and left to us the most positive directions for the treatment of persons of a doubting mind. "Him that is weak in the faith, receive ye, but not to doubt-ful disputations"—that is, to disputations that stir up doubts and troubles in the mind.

I propose to speak, to night, of the nature of doubts in Christian experience, of some of their causes, of their effects, and of their remedies. We confine our remarks to doubts in Christian experience. Skepticisms, or doubts, entertained as to the reality of the Christian religion, and as to the authenticity and authority of the sacred Scriptures, its doctrines and its

experiences belong to a different category.

The most general sense of the term doubt, is that of an uncertain state of mind which precedes the convican accream state of finite which precedes the conve-tion of truth. In this use, doubt is a purely intel-lectual state. It is a state of deliberation. It is a holding of the thoughts in suspense until we can per-ceive exactly the truth. It is like the momentary cir-cuits or dainty flutterings of a bird, that wishes to settle upon some leafy twig, but has not quite selected the spot for its foot. So the mind, oftentimes, wish-ing to settle upon some truth, performs endless circuits,

with tremulous wings, not knowing where to alight.

And it is in this sense that doubt is said to be the father of knowledge. To take things upon their first appearance; to hold the thoughts in no suspense; to require no examination, no confirmation, no sliting; and assume as true whatever first impressions come that is the method of credulity, and it leads men into error. To pause, to question, to weigh, to sift what we weigh, and to receive only that which will abide the test of final judgement—this is the process of wis-dom. And in this general sense, there is not only no harm in doubts, but there is positive benefit.

But what if one should have all the preliminary uncertainties that I mention, and yet settle upon nothing? What if one should be forever planting inquiries, and yet harvest no convictions? What if one should settle upon a decision to-day, only to reverse that de-cision to-morrow? What if one should now incline to one view, only that he may, ere long, change it for another view? Such a process would be a kind of doubting, so far from wise, that it might be fitly called the

father of folly.

A habit of wavering, an intellectual uncertainty and inconstancy—this is one of the most marked forms of doubt. But many of the moods of fear are called doubts; so that the terms are coupled together in the language of Christian experience; and men talk almost professionally about their doubts and fears, as if they were either synonymous or inseparable. If you ask one if he has a firm assurance that he has an interest in Christ Jesus, he says, "I have my doubts and fears, yet I have a reasonable hope that I am a Christian."

In this more general use of the term are to be included all those states of painful feeling which arise from an unsettled intellectual state. It is necessary to bear in mind, from the beginning, that there are two kinds of doubts—intellectual doubts, and emotive doubts; and that the pain always lies in the feeling. But special states of doubt of this kind, belong to every experience in a greater or less degree. These ocsut special states of doubt of this kind, belong to every experience in a greater or less degree. These occasional periods of doubt resulting in settled convictions, are not to be reprehended. A man is better for having gone through them. But when a man comes into such a state that not only are such moods of un-certainty and fear frequent, but he is passing over the same questions again, and again, and again, until his mind is always in a restless condition, easily roused to fear, even upon his most firm beliefs, then he has come to what is called a doubting mind, which is severely to be reprehended. That state in which one's life is a life of shadows, in which one rises up and sits down in tremulousness and needless agitation; in which one's mind is weak and miserable, tossed about with various apprehensions of ill, always dreading uncertainty, and that state is a moral infirmity, which, in some amounts to disease, and which, even in its slightest forms, is most painful and pitiable, and disastrous to the welfare of the subject of it.

Let us, then, look at some of the causes of such a state of mind. There are three classes among whom it exists.

1. Those who are thrown into trouble by misconduct. 2. Those who are made doubting by morbid conditions of body and mind. (Neither of these two shall we mention to night;) and 3. Those who are constitutionally affected by doubt and fear—that is, those who are brought into this state by the action of some of the master powers of their mind.

It may seem strange to some men that any can be said to be predisposed to uncertainty. But there are natures who are so positive, so perpendicular, so close-seeing, so quick to see, and so ready to decide when they have seen, and so firmly fixed in their decisions when they have decided, that they cannot understand— certainly cannot sympathize with—those who are of an almost opposed disposition. What sympathy, for in-stance, could there be between the two metals, iron and mercury. One is stiff and hard in all temperaand mercury One is stiff and hard in all tempera-tures; the other is so subtly sensitive to the least change of temperature, that it never rests for an hour. Or what sympathy could there be between an aspen leaf and an oak leaf? One is exceedingly tremulous, and quivers in its every fibre at the slightest touch; the other never quivers, it is not easily moved, and when it does move, it swings with a broad and strong matter.

Now there are many men who reject and resent the very idea of anything like uncertainty and unpositive ness. They are rectangular, direct, absolute, in their natures. The impressions which things make on them are like the impressions which lightning makes on the oak tree—there is no doubt about them. These men who dwell in the realm of the positive, talk with a who dwell in the realm of the positive, talk with a haughty, supercilious air, about the needlessness of a persons being troubled with doubts. They say to those doubting natures, "There is no reason why you should not be as positive about things as I am. All you have to do, to be certain respecting them, is to look at them as they are. As if a man with eyes in his head could not see! There is not the least need of your groping as you do. Open your eyes, and you will get along well enough," That direction will do for persons who have eyes, but for those who are blind, it is superfluous. Now there can be no doubt that there are men whose

Now there can be no doubt that there are men whose minds are so positive and confident, that they cannot understand or sympathize with those whose minds are unstable and wavering. And there can be no doubt in the mind of any one who is much called to the succor of persons in religious distress, that the number of those

of persons in religious distress, that the number of those who are troubled with fears and apprehonsions respecting their belief and condition is very great, while the number of those who are positive and assured concerning these things is very small.

I remark, first, that persons who lack firmness of character, will be, according to circumstances, much liable to uncertainty and doubts. This will be the case when men are sympathetically influenced by stronger natures than their own. Now and then, you will find a person who seems little influenced by anybody—who takes something from everybody, but who so appropriates what he takes from others, that it shall not unduly sway him in one direction or another. But how frequently do we find persons who, in a spirit of kindness and melting sympathy, vine-like twine themselves about others, and take the form of those about whom they twine themselves. Such persons adopt the opinions of twine themselves. Such persons adopt the opinions of the company which they chance to be in for the time being, especially if that company is made up of minds that are more cultured and stronger than theirs. If they keep in one company, they have rest; but if to-day they are with one class of thinkers, and to-morrow with

they find themselves first thinking this way, and then that way, without any sense of reliance upon themselves; and at length they come to a state in which they feet chagrined and discouraged with their attempts to have a settled belief, and say, "Yesterday it seemed to me that that was true; to-day it seems to me that this is true; and I do not believe that anything is true."

When such persons are thrown into times or commutationally in the second of the second o

nities that are given to controversy and disputation, they agree and disagree with such frequency as to bring themselves into a state of great uncertainty. If they come by turns under dogmatic, sectarian influences, they are found sometimes on one side, sometimes on another, and sometimes nowhere.

Much as we hear said of the benefits of independence of mind, of the importance of forming our own opin-ions, and of the folly of taking opinions upon trust, yet in ten thousand instances, occurring all about us, it is very plain, practically, that to have faith in other men's beliefs is the only way of being at rest. If you were to take away the faith of children in parents, the faith of neighbors in good men in the neighborhood, and the faith of Christians in men who are approved in the household of God, there would be left very few who

would have an independent, self-sustaining faith.

It would be better, if one's character permitted it, that he should be self-reliant; but if that is not natural. then which is better, that he should rest on others, and be firm, and at peace, or that he should, in a vain effort to think for himself, get just so far as to lose his old be-lief, but not far enough to acquire a new one; just so far as to lose stability in his old faith, but not far enough to free himself from bondage to it; just so far as to de-stroy the life of his old doctrines, but not far enough to be enabled to shake them off, so but that he is obliged to carry them all his life? As sometimes trees carry clusters of leaves all winter, that do them no good as to greenness or sap, so many persons are bunched all over with childhood beliefs which they do not slough off. with childhood boliefs which they do not slough oil, and from which they derive no benefit. It is better, if men are not blind, that they should go without being led; but if they are blind, which is better, that they should allow themselves to be led, or that they should pretend to see when they do not?

What can be more pitiable than a wandering, restless, uncertain, unfruitful mind? What would become of a tree if it were transplanted, not only each year, but every month of each year?

"Time and rest only will give

ery month of each year? Time and rest only will give roots, and roots alone can give branches and leaves. both in trees and men.

When inconstancy or doubt of this kind exists, the remedy must be in surrounding one's self with men and ordinances which shall supply the soul with that strength from without which it lacks within. There are persons on every side of us who cannot stand withuttresses. I am glad that they go into different out buttresses. I am glad that they go into different edurches from my own, and embrace different faiths from my own. I have seen persons that I thought were benefitted by going into the Catholic Church; not because they accepted the creed of that clurch, but because they required to be led by so many visible things. They needed the support of authority, and they got authority enough there. They leaned upon it. It was the medicine they needed, and it seemed to do them good. They seemed to be made better by it. And that which makes a man good, is the thing for nim.
The second cause of doubting is the predominance of

the constitutional element of caution, especially where conscientiousness is strong and hopefulness is deficient. How many men have been ruined by self-examina-tion! And yet, tracts and books are published, and This is an entirely different range of experience from that last mentioned. It inclines a person to seek an evidence of his religious state, which shall be so strong. so constant, so repetitious, as to take away all feeling of doubt. Unless such persons have a full conviction that they are right, that they are accepted of God, that that they are right, that they are accepted of God, that they are experimental Christians, they are in a state of great uneasiness and tribulation. They do not at all appreciate the fact that their trouble springs from a morbid state of fear and caution, which, from its very nature, cannot be put at rest by any intellectual process. When this fear is constitutionally large in a man, it is perpetual vigilance. Its nature is not to be satisfied with anything. It is like a watch-dog, that wakes at the running of a mouse, that barks on hearing the slightest noise, that sleeps with one eye open, forever waiting for an opportunity to spring. Where forever walting for an opportunity to spring. Where a person is so constituted that there is much of this element of caution or fear in his mind it may be so circumstanced as to work for good. It may be so balanced by other attributes of the mind that it will not exert an undue influence upon him. But where it stands out predominantly, and is unrestrained by the other mental powers, the more anxiously a person looks, and defines, and sifts, the worse he is off; for all these processes only give food to his constitutional caution—only nourish it, and give it material for new discriminations, suspicions and doubts.

Again and again such persons have come to me to speak of their troubles, and so long as I was talking with them, so long as I was acting upon their minds, so long as they were under the influence of my mind, I could blow away their cloud of doubts; but no sooner would they go away, than the old storm which had swept over them, would come up again, and their horizon would be as dark as ever. They need a moral regimen: not a direction, not an argument; but a course of treatment which shall include their whole

diffe, and give them some acquaintance with their own disposition. But of this, more by-and-by.

The third cause of doubting springs from a morbid activity of unregulated conscience. No man can have too large an endowment of moral sense. It might seem superfluous to speak of too much conscience; but nothing is truer than that in single cases—I know they are rare—men have too much conscience. I have seen men that had a great deal too much conscience. Their conscience stood in the way of their usefulness. One of our noblest poets told me that he would be much more useful if ful if he had not such a supersensitive con-He said be did not do half so much as he felt prompted to do for fear he should not do it right. ile said he was forever waiting, and judging, and weighing, in order to be sure that when he did act, he should act according to the law of rectitude. Conscience may become diseased, as well as any other aculty of the mind.

I would not have it understood that I think the community are in danger of being led by too much con-science. I think we should be better off if there were more conscience in the community than there is; but now and then there is a person who has too much; and such persons need help just as much as persons who are troubled with doubts which proceed from some other source.

This state of mind may lead a man to expect sud denly that which can only come through long growth that which requires time for its development. Men who have an over-acute conscience are apt to give no heed to the necessity of this time element, and to demand of themselves those higher Christian graces which will come by and by, but which never come at an early period in Christian life. They are apt, also, to attach undue importance to little things. They are apt to have a feeling that they must be conscientious in regard to little things in the same way that they are in regard to great things. It is true that we should be conscientious in respect to everything; but it is not true that we should be conscientious in respect to little things with the same emphasis that we are in respect o great things.

This placing as much importance upon little things as belongs to things ten times as large, is a destruction of moral proportions. What would be the effect on a man's outward life, if to the eye there was no difference between distances; if the longest distances and the shortest seemed substantially the same; if all heights seemed alike; if all breadths seemed alike; if a straw seemed as large as an oak; if an ant-hill seemed as large as a mountain; if a mote seemed as large as a continent? and yet, some persons make as much se-count of a small offence as of a great one. If on a count of a small ollence as of a great one. If on a Sabbath morning they inadvertently do some littue trivial work, it troubles them all day long, as much as though they had violated every command in the decalogue. The slightest infractions of duty overcloud logue. The slightest infractions of duty overcloud their minds, and give them midnight at midday. Thus the whole of life persecutes a man's soul through his conscience, which is perpetually teaching him to say to himself, "How do I know that I am right? I have always been mistaken. Oftentimes I have found that my motives were not what I supposed they were. My self-examinations have invariably been unsatisfactory. How do I know that I am not deceived, and led on toward the future blindfolded?" You certainly are; and your conscience has blindfolded you, and is making a fool of you!

No man can live in this way. Such a state stops

imagination, when it creates endless pictures in re-ligious things, when it produces ever-varying lights, when it confounds the difference between reality and mere revery, and especially when it acts to heighten the conceptions of right and wrong, and give them an elevation to which no mere mortal can ever attain. One of the most perplexing states which a man can be in, is that in which his ideas of rectitude are so high your mind fluctuates respecting it, that fluctuation is that he can never realize them in his life. Where the clement of taste and exquisiteness enters into a man's cerned. To take away the positiveness of a man's faith

another class, they soon lose their self-respect, because they are all his life long mocking him and deciding his performances; and at length he comes to doubt whether he has any right to call himself a religious man.

A man who spends his life in painting is a painter, whether he can paint perfect pictures or not. A man who builds a poor house is a carpenter, as well as the man who builds a good one. A man who delivers a poor lecture is a lecturer, as well as a man who delivers a good one. A man may be a Christian, although, when he looks back upon his experience, and measures the conduct by the time of continuous the charters. his conduct by his ideas of rectitude, he feels that his whole life is imperfect. I am a travelor toward Jerusalem, if my face and heart are set toward it, though I may travel but one yard a day. Though everybody pass me, and though I be a lingering pilgrim at the bettern of the road, still I am a traveler, if I creep, and do not know how to walk or run.

Now there are thousands of persons who measure themselves by conceptions of right and wrong that have been rendered extravagant by the embellishments have been rendered extravagant by the embellishments of the imagination, and they are perpetually in a state of self-condemnation because they cannot realize that which they can conceive. You never will realize it till you come into the kingdom of glory. There you may, perhaps, realize all that you can conceive of excellence; but not here.

The attempt, I remark, in the fifth place, to analyze concervities and to trees his conduct back to the

one's motive, and to trace his conduct back to the causes which produced it, and then to set in judgment upon those causes—this, in the case of many weak minds, is the cause of perpetual troubles. There is a certain degree of self-examination which is proper to all; but it is an examination which is general, rather than particular—it is an examination of states of mind, rather than of causes of conduct. There are few perrather than of causes of conduct. There are lew persons who are prepared to go beyond this. No person is prepared to dissect his motives and conduct minutely till he knows something of his mental economy. Thousands will tell you that the worst thing a man can do is to pay attention to all parts of his body. A man who is all the time thinking of his stomach, and what he shall eat, is sure to have the dyspepsia. And as it is in respect to the body, so is it in respect to the mind. Men who are always are into their conduct, to see Men who are always prying into their conduct, to see whether this was a right motive, and whether that was a right motive; men who never give themselves any nomentum; men who never let their minds play freely such men, as a general thing, will either become crazed, or will come into a very uncertain and very doubtful state of mind; because, for the most part, men who attempt to examine their motives, do not understand their faculties—and motive is simply another word for faculty. So long as a man is ignorant of his faculties, he is not in a state to analyze his conduct. Not until men are made acquainted with the powers of their minds, will they be qualified to examine their motives with profit. And this can never be, so long as men accept only such systems of mental philosophy that of Locke, and Reid, and Stuart, and the wh metaphysical school. Phrenology, though I regard it as being in an unformed state, crude, only approximative to a science, at least affords a foundation upon which a man can put his foot, and wait for the waters of ignorance to subside. On this the dove can sit till the dry land of enlightenment appears. But the other systems do not afford foot-room for either man or bird.

This retrospective examination by men of their conduct, to see whether their motives are all right or not, is a very fruitful source of troubles and doubts. There is miasma in man's soul, as well as in deep wells.

sermons are preached, and exhortations are made, without number, urging men to self-examination, as if fantasy must run into folly. Men are set to write journals. I know who invented that trick. The devil invented it! It is a device of his to tempt men. If you want to make a man exquisitely vain and selfish, let him make a pottage of himself, and stew himself, and stir himself up in a journal; let him read it; and let him believe that it will never be found and published after he is dead, as Jonathan Edwards's and other people's have one of the main who writes a language always have one on the printing areas and towards always have one on the printing areas and towards. other people's have been! The man who writes a journal always has one eye on the printing press, and the other on his paper. Now and then I suppose there is a man to whom such things are necessary, and such men we must put astie from the ordinary category; but I should say that in every case but one in a million, a journal was a temptation of the devil, and would come very near leading a man into his snares!

It is a bed thing for a man to this too much about

very near leading a man into his snares:

It is a bad thing for a man to think too much about himself, to talk too much about himself, or to examine himself too much. The less he indulges in these things, the better he is off. Let a man have a sense of duty, and take a right direction in life, and then sweep and lunge toward things outward, as much as possible. Another cause of doubting is superstition, which arises from the union of ideality or imagination with the feeling of veneration or spiritualism. To a man who is under the influence of these faculties, nothing is who is under the inherice of these faculties, nothing is certain, nothing is settled; because where the imagination inspired by the feeling of veneration acts, it clothes everything with mysterious forms, omens, signs, and coincidences. These, and ten thousand tricks and fantasies fill the minds of men, even among superstition as the European mind, and yet it exists to

a great extent among us.
I mention one other cause of doubting—namely, the attempt to employ for daily purposes truths so vast, or so subtle, that they transcend all power of immediate use. The doctrine of divine decrees is one of these truths. I believe in the doctrine of divine decrees; but I do not believe it is a pair of steeds which a child can drive; and if you harness them, and undertake to drive them, you will find yourself drawn so swiftly through the heavens that you will be glad to alight from your charlot. The doctrine of divine sovereignty, free agency, the nature of temptation, the cause of evil—these, and many others, are founded substantially in truth; that is, truth belongs to each of them; but not truth which you can so understand and employ as to make it profitable in daily life.

From the time I was ten years old till after I was thirteen years old, the doctrine of God's foreknowledge thirteen years old, the doctrine of God's foreknowledge was a perpetual torment to me. I reasoned in this way: "If God know everything from the beginning, he must have known when I would be born, what my nature would be, what circumstances would surround me, and what things I would do; and if what I shall do is fixed and settled, it is no use for me to try to do one way or another." This doctrine acted as a paralysis or my offerst atward right conduct. So long as I was on my efforts toward right conduct. So long as I wa under its influence, I had a very low experience—and suppose that what was true of me, in this respect, is usually true of others; for I do not suppose that such doctrines are meant for daily use. They transcend the power of our understanding. They may be great traths in exterior nature; but the man who undertakes the count they into the interior later. to carry them into his daily life, will find himself under a perpetual cloud.

You will find nowhere in the Bible any such a doc trine given as a guide to our duty. Love, we are told, is the fulfilling of the law. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets." Do not trouble yourself about God's government, but fulfill your duty under that law, and you will find peace of mind and de-velopment of Christian character.

The effects of doubting-for I will not go further in the effects of doubting—for a win and go can and the analysis of its causes—are endless. It is a source of exquisite suffering. It varies from a low form of uncasiness, up through despondency to certainty of evil, and even paroxysms of despair. I think the amount of religious suffering in the world transcends that of boditiv suffering. If you so from sick chamber to sick cham religious sullering in the world transcends that of bodi-ly suffering. If you go from sick chamber to sick cham-ber, and from hospital to hospital, I do not think you will find so much of physical distress, as you will find of religious trouble in the realm of conscience. It is

painful to the last degree, and more painful when you see the cause of it, and are unable to modify it.

Among the most painful experiences of my life are those which are occasioned by letters which I receive. A great many persons at a distance, who are strangers to use give real in letters, separating without their to me, give me, in letters—sometimes without their signature, which is always improper; for a man ought never to write what he is unwilling to put his name toan interior view of their life. Now, to stand and look upon such a letter, and feel that there is a remedy for the troubles of the writer, and that the simplest presentation of the Lord Jesus Christ to him would bring him out of darkness, without being able to carry that romedy to him, is painful indeed. And it is equally painful, in conversation with hundreds and thousands of persons, through weeks, and months, and years, to become acquainted with their sufferings, and to see that

making a fool of you!

No man can live in this way. Such a state stops life itself. Cases of this kind are most painful, and they are most difficult to heal.

The fourth cause of doubting is the effect of the the power of truth upon the soul, as real unbelief.
When a man looks into a mirror, if his breath, having

fallen upon it, has covered it with mist, that mirror is as effectually shut up to his vision, as if he were to take a hammer and dash it to pieces.

Now frust, unfailing belief, is that which makes truth operative on the soul; and where you cast the faintest veil of uncertainty before the truth of Christ, so that conceptions of Christian character in such a way as to in religion, is the same as to make him an utter unbe-beautify them and lift them up so high that he can liever in it. Persons in this state of doubt and distress, come nowhere near exemplifying them in his conduct, seldom can make much progress in the divine life.

This state is likewise the source of great weakness of character, and a great bar to usofulness. I need not say that one who does not believe, can scarcely inspire belief in others. I recollect a circumstance that occurred in my boyhood, which made a deep impression upon my mind. One day when my sister—who, I believe, was the first that was converted to Christ in my states? Sunity-was in great distance of what I were father's family—was in great distress of mind, I wan-dered up, with my little feet, to my father's study in the attic, where there was a Christian minister trying to give her light on some point, with reference to which she was in doubt, and I heard her say. Very well, then, my condition is this: I am blind, and cannot see the way; and yet, I must attempt to teach that way to other people." It was an incidental sentence; but incidental sentences, falling upon the car of a child, sometimes have a more powerful influence upon his life than the most studious efforts to do him good, and that single thought, casually uttered by my sister, made such an impression upon me, that it often recers to my

mind, even to this day.

How many mothers attempt to teach their children respecting things of which they are couselous that they are ignorant themselves! How many fathers under-take to establish a faith in the minds of their children, when they know that they stagger in their own faith, ike a drunken man! How many professors of religion, who ought to stand as beacons in the community, are so enveloped in clouds of uncertainty that they can give forth no clear, shining light, for the guidance of those around about them! One's usefulness amounts

to almost nothing under such circumstances.

Now, as to remedies for this state of doubt, let me say, in the first place, that the only effectual remedy will be found in a larger understanding of the causes of this doubt. It will sometimes cure a man of his doubts to let him know that they are no more voluntary than Theumatism, or the suffering of a nerve, or a muscle. Let a man feel, . It is not because I am so wicked that I am troubled with these doubts, but because I am unautroubled with these doubts, but because I am unautroubled. der such and such influences : or. because my consti eculiarities are such, that it is natur to doubt," and he will have gone far toward being

cured. But secondly, when persons are in this state of doubt, they ought to bring themselves under the sympathetic influence of persons of firm faith, of positive and strongly developed piety. I suppose this is one of the secrets of the fellowship of the church—that the gifts of the church are for all; that those who are luminous are for those who are without vision; that those who are strong are for those who are weak; that those who are enthusiastic and imaginative are for those who are cold and literal: that those who are seen into heaven are to stand and tell those who cannot se what is within the gate. And one blessing of prayer meetings, and lecture-meetings, and meetings of private families, is that they bring Christians together in sympathetic relations to each other, so that the gift of one is the gift of all.

If a man is faint and feeble in his religious feelings,

let him find a Christian who is courageous and strong, and go with him, and keep near him. If a man is constitutionally hopeful, or has strong hope derived from clear Christian experience, let him encourage those who have but little hope. An intelligent, hopeful mind, is medicine for a thousand doubting minds. Oh, blessed are they whom God has made sweet with lov-ing, clear with hoping, serene with faith, and ardent with enthusiasm, and set them burning on their Christian way, that they may cast the influence of their divine gitts on every side, for those who need them I God has made them benefactors with a scope of which they have no conception. As they go on their way through life, they do not know what light they shed on those ground them.

on those around them.

Do you suppose a lighthouse knows to how many vessels it serves as a guide? Ships, while yet they are far off upon the ocean, see the lighthouse, but the lighthouse does not see them. Thousands find safety this glowing light, that is faithful in winter and immer, chiefly faithful in darkness, and unvigilant only in daylight, while it stands unconscious of what

There are many that are lifted up with Christian experience so that men steer by them; who are uncon-scious of the good they are doing. But by-and-by you that are strengthening the weak, you that are giving hope to the wavering, you that are bringing souls to heaven by your influence and example—by and by God will give you a secret that will make your soul glow like an archangel's! His disclosure to you of all that you have helped, and all that have been brought to Christ through your instrumentality, will be among the sweetest scenes and most blessed realizations of your existence. Help one another. Ye that are strong, bear with them that are weak. Receive him that is weak in the faith, but not to doubtful disputations.

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

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

T. Amedoy; Dec. 3a and 1991, Ales Lizze Doven; Dec. 1141, Miss R. T. Amedoy.

LAWRENCE—The Spiritualists of Lawrence hold regular meetings on the Sabbath, forencen and afterneon, at Lawrence [fail.

Foxnora,—The Spiritualists of Foxboro, hold free meetings in the Down hall every Sunday, at half-past one, and five colock, P. M.

o'clock, P. M.
PLYMOUTH.—Roy John Plorpont will lecture Nov. 20th;
Warren Chase, Nov. 27th; Mrs. Mary M. Macomber, Dec.
4th and 11th; Miss Lizzle Doton, Dec. 18th and 25th; Miss

ith and 11th; Miss Lizzle Doton, Dec. 18th and 25th; Aliss Fannie Davis, Jan. 1st and 8th.
Lowell.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings on Sundays, forenou and afternoon, in Wells's Hall. Speaking, by mediums and others.
SALEM.—Meetings have commenced at the Spiritualists' Charges and avening.

fternoon and evening.
Worcester.—The Spiritualists of Worcester hold regular
under meetings in Washburn Hall.

SUNDAY MEETINGS IN NEW YORK. Meetings are held at Lamartine Hall, on the corner of 29th 8th Avenue, every Sunday morning. Preaching. Jones. Afternoon: Conference or Lecture Evening: Circles for tranco-speakers. There are at all time everal present.

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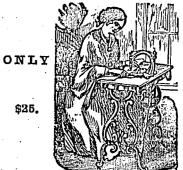
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