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**THE SERMONS**  
OF REVEREND HENRY WARD BEECHER AND EDWIN H. CHAPIN ARE REPORTED FOR US BY THE BEST PHONOGRAPHERS OF NEW YORK, AND PUBLISHED VERBATIM EVERY WEEK IN THIS PAPER.  
THIRD PAGE.—Rev. Dr. Chapin's Sermon.  
FOURTH PAGE.—A Familiar Lecture by Rev. H. W. Beecher.

## "BERTHA LEE," OR, MARRIAGE.

To the Memory of my Husband this tale is dedicated  
BY ANN E. PORTER,  
Author of "Dora Moore," "Country Neighbors," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXV.—[CONTINUED.]

"I cannot say that I had now much courage left—it had oozed out at every finger. I tried to light a lamp, but my hands trembled so that the match went out before it kindled the wick. The stranger himself did it for me, and as he held the lamp a second, till the flame grew stronger, I looked up at him, and saw his features by the light that fell upon them. It was Dr. Cameron! Yes, I knew that in the dark, but I wanted the evidence of two of my senses. A robber! A highway robber! I was alone and unprotected, with my sleeping babe at my side. I cannot say I felt fear—certainly not when I looked at him, for his countenance expressed anything but evil. The good spirits must have had power over him then, for his face was full of happiness. He stooped down and looked at Lily."

"Your babe is growing finely; she is too warm, let me remove one of these coverings. She has a finely shaped head, rather large, and you must be careful of excitement—too much laughter, and too much crying, will be bad for her, during teething."  
The doctor took a large easy chair, and made himself comfortable. I confess I was not quite at ease, for the more I looked at him, the more I was convinced of his identity with the robber. I knew not what to say, for my mind was full of that scene. Did he read my thoughts? Suddenly, as if in answer to them, he said—  
"All right, we have met before—years ago. Your face I have never forgotten—see here," and he opened his pocket-book and showed me a likeness of myself—a very correct one, if my mirror told the truth. I drew this some years ago. Do you know it was this likeness that led me to exert all my skill to save your life? You grazed death that night, and lips unused to pray, petitioned heaven for you then."  
"I have heard my friends say, Dr. Cameron, that, under God, I am indebted to you for life; but pray explain this likeness had to do with it."  
"That will take a long time; but I promise you the story at another day. Now you are agitated; you feel hardly safe in this dark, gloomy night, with no one but a highway robber for company. Be assured, that I would give my own life rather than cause you an hour of suffering. I came to-night to see if I could convince you that a man may redeem a lost reputation, by years of penitence and reformation. Let me give you a sketch of my history:—

I was born of pious Scotch parents, who were very rigid in their discipline, and being a naturally high-spirited, mischievous boy, I spurned the restraint of their severe rules. My father was allied to the nobility, but he despised the follies of fashionable life, and made home irksome by rules and severe punishments for trifling offenses. My mother, thank heaven, died before her son's soul had become tarred and corrupted by evil associations. She was a gentle lady, but lived in great awe of my father, who loved her, but believed with the strength of his nature, but he thought it a weakness to show his affection by those little delicate attentions which women prize so much. I had the advantage of the best schools in Scotland, and I believe stood high in my class, notwithstanding I was a wild, untamable youth, at the head of all the mischief in the school.

I loved to be a leader, and it was this cursed ambition that ruined me. I was detected in a mischievous plot at school, and sent home to my father. He was so angry that he ordered me out of the house, and said he would cut me off with a shilling. He was choleric and hasty, and I have no doubt regretted the words as soon as they were spoken; but he would not retract, and to confess and humble myself as I should have done, I left my home, and—but I would not like to tell you all my career—I became first, a leader in a smuggling craft, and lived a wild, adventurous life, that pleased me much. I learned my power over men, and held my band together because I cared so little for the spoils. They were nothing to me; it was the wild, roving life, and the attachment of my followers, that bound me to it. Not one of them but would have given his life for mine. We were at last detected by government spies, and lost our vessel and a valuable cargo, but fortunately not a man but saved his life. After that, we lived a free life in the woods, and though I have little to say in excuse of my course, yet I believe I exerted my authority to execute justice, if you will allow that word to such a life—the life, what I called justice—we never robbed the poor, but often gave them what we took from the rich. I never allowed life to be taken, and guilty as I am, I believe my hands are free from the blood of my fellow men.

After a few years spent in this way, I was taken captive myself. Love subdued what a father's authority and the laws of my country had failed to do, and happiness made a new man of me. Alas! that misfortune should have come then. But it did come, with a power that crushed me, and in one of those years of gloom, amounting to almost insanity, yet I believe, I exerted my authority to execute justice, if you will allow that word to such a life—the life, what I called justice—we never robbed the poor, but often gave them what we took from the rich. I never allowed life to be taken, and guilty as I am, I believe my hands are free from the blood of my fellow men.

I cannot tell what led me to this place two years ago, or rather, to the neighboring town of B. but when, after a few months' residence, I saw your face, and learned who you were, and where you lived, then I knew I was led by some good angel. I hope I do not pain you; I see the color come and go on your cheek, and you are half doubting whether you ought to hear me through. Be easy; that babe in the cradle has no purer feeling for you than that which fills my heart. You have been, unknowingly to yourself, my guardian angel. I believe now in an overruling Providence, and a love and faith has sprung up in my heart, such as I had supposed only enthusiasts could believe in.

When I took the school in this place, it was at the request of a few gentlemen, who, supposing that I needed the pecuniary reward, urged me to take it. My father, on his death-bed, repented his severity to me, and left me, if I should be found, a competence. I determined not to claim it till I had made myself worthy to be his son.

While he had been speaking, my eyes had been intently fixed upon him. I had half guessed what he would say, and was waiting in trembling suspense for the denouement. I started from my seat; he rose at the same instant and held out his hand. I hesitated, "Oh, Helen," my heart said, "I tremble for you." He saw my hesitation, his countenance fell, and a gloom overspread it. He looked at me, and, with a pathos which I shall not soon forget, repeated these words—  
"Jesus, Christ, come now, to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance. He sits with publicans and sinners; his followers, more righteous than their master, refuse to lift the fallen!"

I gave my hand at once, and the grasp was warmly returned.  
"God bless you, Mrs. Gray! You are the only friend on which my wife and myself can depend now. I must go to England and reclaim my property; but my home will be in America, though necessarily under my assumed name of Cameron. Helen goes with me; but the vessel, I learn, will not leave under a week. In the meantime our marriage must be kept a secret. Your husband will leave no means untold to make it illegal, and you see that he can, perhaps, do so. Our secret is safe with you for a few days."

"But where is Helen?" I asked.  
"She is with a friend, waiting to see you. I will bring her here directly, that you may have a few hours together, for we leave for Boston to-morrow."  
"But when were you married, and where?" I asked with all a woman's curiosity.  
"Helen will tell you all."

Dr. Cameron turned to leave. "One word more," said he, as his hand was on the handle of the door. "It may be wrong to ask a wife to conceal anything from her husband; for my own sake I wish no concealment, but Helen has a singular dread of her brother's displeasure; she fears his anger, and begs of you not to reveal our marriage till two are beyond his reach; the stage-coach leaves the village before daylight, and will call here for her."

When he opened the door, we perceived for the first time that the storm was over, and there were stars already in the clear blue of the northern sky. Just then the village clock struck twelve! He gave me his hand again.

"Farewell," said he, "have faith in me, and let your prayers ascend to heaven in my behalf. God will hear them. If not mine for myself."

"Heaven help us all," I said, "and give us strength to perform Helen's duties." "Amen!" he replied, and went out. A carriage drew up at the door that instant, and I recognized my husband!

CHAPTER XXVI.  
DEATH OF BERTHA'S FATHER.

I held the light for Mr. Gray till he should fasten the horse. I held it, accidentally, in such a way that I saw his face very plainly as he ran the halter through the ring-bolt in the stone post. It was pale, and his lips were compressed. I knew then that he had recognized Dr. Cameron, though I heard no words pass between them. He came into the house.

"Mrs. Gray, bring me the lantern."  
I did as he directed, and he went out again to put up his horse. In the meantime I took Lily out of the cradle, and went up to my room. I did not like to meet him as he came in; perhaps he would say nothing after a few moments of reflection. I had some crackers and a glass of cordial ready for him when he should come up stairs. I had just undressed Lily and laid her in her crib when he entered. I was standing over the crib, and as I sought his face again, I read great displeasure thereon. He came toward me, and seized my arm with a hard, firm grasp.

"Mrs. Gray, have I not told you never to employ Dr. Cameron again. If your child is sick, send for Dr. Gray!"

The tempter whispered—"let it go so—it may be best for all parties concerned," but he thought I remembered what my father had once told me, "never act a lie; it taints the soul equally with a spoken falsehood," and I said—  
"I did not send for him—Lily is well."  
"Then why was he here, and at this time of night, too?"

"He came more than two hours ago, and we were engaged talking, and did not heed the lapse of time."  
"That is a fine excuse, for a wife and mother!"  
"It is no excuse, Mr. Gray; it is only the fact."  
"What was the subject of your conversation, that rendered it so interesting?"

"What interest, my own life, did he think you could have in his life?"  
"From my interest in Helen, I suppose."  
"And you choose to encourage that foolish girl in her attachment! Helen understands that if she receives his attentions, she is henceforth banished from this house, and from her mother's also. You may have the satisfaction of knowing that you have helped to render her homeless!"

"I have never encouraged her in this affair, Mr. Gray; but what are your objections to Dr. Cameron as a husband for Helen? I know he is old enough to be her father, but he is still young in looks, and he has a fine person, and a cultivated mind."

"He is an odd, mysterious, sort of man; a wanderer, earning a precarious living, in a small school. I prefer that she should marry the Deacon. But this has nothing to do with his calling here at this time of night, in my absence. He knew, of course, that Helen was not here. Your character, Mrs. Gray, is compromised by this, unless you can give me a better reason than any you have yet advanced."

I felt my anger rising; the hot blood mounted to my face, and nothing but a thought of Helen, restrained me from speaking words which were better unsaid. I was silent, and the silence, as is generally the case, irritated even more than words.  
"Speak, Mrs. Gray—I command you!" he said, in a voice low and with anger.  
"I have nothing to say, save that your cruel taunt does not wound, and in a cooler moment you will regret it."

He made no reply, but went out of the room, and I heard him close the study door. I sat down to think. The clock struck one; at four Helen would leave, and I might not see her again for years. I looked out of the window; the stars were shining brightly, and the wind had gone down. I hesitated but a moment, threw on my bonnet and shawl, and giving one look at Lily, to assure myself that she slept well, I went softly down stairs, and into the street. It was but a short walk to the house of Helen's friend. I found her up and dressed, and trying to contrive some plan by which she could see me once more. She looked very happy. I saw no regret—I read no misgivings.

I could not, I dared not, approve her course; for a marriage without a parent's blessing, always gives me pain—but I clasped her in my arms, and wept over her. It was hard to give her up.  
"You still fear for me," she said; "oh, Bertha, have faith in him!"  
"I will, for your sake," she said. You think me wrong to disregard a mother's wishes; but if you knew how she would have sold me, you would have no power to make. Go to her when I am gone; tell her that in this one thing only have I disobeyed her, and I will return to take care of her, in her old age."

Dr. Cameron came in at that moment. He was transformed, all the better part of his nature stood revealed, and I ceased to wonder at his power over Helen. I dared not remain long, but with a few parting words, and all the money I possessed, which amounted to only a few dollars, slipped into Helen's hand, I bade them farewell, and hastened home. The house was silent, but I hardly dared enter my chamber; if Mr. Gray should demand an explanation, as he

had a right, what could I say? Surely, I had been very rash. But there was no one in the room, save Lily. I lay down and drew her to my side. The touch comforted and quieted me, but I could not sleep. I listened for the sound of the mail-coach when it should rattle by. It came, at last, and I had another glimpse, in the morning twilight, of the Doctor and Helen. I saw him more clearly as he looked up to my window; there was something in the expression of his face then that gave me more confidence and trust in his future than ever before—something which I could not define, but which was a pleasant memory to dwell upon.

I did not sleep that night, but rose early, and determined not to be late or deficient in my domestic duties. My breakfast was in season, and after waiting awhile, I went to the study for Mr. Gray. The door was locked, and everything still within. I waited another hour, and no Mr. Gray made his appearance. I went again to his door; he was still asleep, and I did not like to waken him. The kitchen clock plodded on to ten, about which time he made his appearance. I dreaded the interview. I felt that I was in a false position; for a wife should have no secrets from her husband. At one moment I resolved to tell him all, (and I have since wished that I had done so,) but fear kept me silent, a few feet off I should have said, "But, to my surprise, Mr. Gray appeared to have forgotten the incidents of the evening. He was dull, heavy, almost stupid; he called for very strong coffee, and drank four cups; he spoke kindly to Lily, and took her on his lap, and once he praised the coffee. I ventured to suggest that he had studied too hard and too late at night. He thought perhaps, he did; he must reform in this respect. I was only too thankful for this state of mind, and went round the house with a lighter heart. But I was merry too soon. Just before dinner, a farmer, one of our parishioners, called with a load of potatoes. He came into the kitchen, and sat down by the stove to warm himself, and take a little."

"Anybody sick in your neighborhood, Mrs. Gray?"  
"No, I believe not, unless Mr. Green is down again with his rheumatism."  
"Well, I have heard of nobody; but yet I came in early this morning, just after the turn of day, and I see you coming through Main street with Dr. Cameron; and as I know you're allus' findin' out the sick, and sufferin', I thought, may be, you'd been watchin'."

Now I never was a good actor, and it was about as difficult to act a lie as to speak one, and my confusion and change of countenance, attracted my husband's attention.  
"Perhaps it weren't you, though," said the kind-hearted farmer, with a disapproving look that he had said something disagreeable, "but it was a little body, that tripped it off just like you."

"Yes, it was me," said I, rallying my courage, and thinking it was best to tell the truth, though I felt like one taking a shower bath. "I had an errand out early, and met Dr. Cameron, who came home with me."  
"Well, there! if that ain't the smartest body in these parts!" said the farmer, heartily heeding my answer; for Lily, taking a fancy to him, had climbed to his knee, and he had taken her up, and now her little brown head curled down lovingly upon his blue and white lined woolsey frock. He was so pleased with this sudden friendship which the little lady struck up, that he had no more interest in my morning errands. Not so with Mr. Gray; he looked at me long and sternly, and I had reason to dread the farmer's departure. I hoped he would stay to dinner, and gave him a cordial invitation; but no, his "old woman" would be waiting for him, and taking a red apple from his pocket for Lily to play with, he bade us "Good-day." As soon as he was gone, I took Lily to go to my room.

"Stop a moment," said Mr. Gray. "What were you doing in the street at two o'clock this morning?"  
"As I told Mr. Ellis, I had an errand."  
"A more suitable answer for Mr. Ellis, than for me. I demand a definite reply."

Now there was something in Mr. Gray's manner at such times that always roused my combativeness. "I demand" grated harshly on my ear, and I did not reply as softly as I might.  
"I hope you will be satisfied with that; I cannot give you any other at present," and I went to the door with the intention of going out.

"Mrs. Gray," said he, "there is deception and wrong doing somewhere, and I have a right to a full explanation."  
"You have, certainly, sir; and you shall have one if you will be patient. At least have confidence in me, that I have done nothing for which I deserve censure."  
"Every wife deserves censure, that is not open and frank with her husband; she should have nothing to conceal."

I did not reply, for my conscience told me that he was right. But he was only the more angry.  
"Answer me!" he exclaimed, as his dark eyes flashed angrily, "or consider yourself a prisoner at home. You are not to leave this house again, until I know why you left it at that unsuitable hour last night."  
"I accept the alternative," I replied, and went out of the room.

It could hardly be supposed that the two or three days following this conversation, should be white days in our household. But one thing is certain, they were not filled with contention. Mr. Gray confined himself to his study, and I was sorry to see, by the odor of his sanctum, that he consoled himself with a cigar. Once he called me in and bade me translate a half page of French from a volume of sermons. I did not examine the volume particularly, but I thought it was one he had lately purchased. I performed my task, and remarked that it was an extract from Fenelon.

"How do you know?" said he.  
"From having read his discourses."  
"He did not write that sermon."  
"No, I should think not; the style of the extract is far superior to the body of the sermon."

I thought no more of the incident of the time, only wondered that as we had had a translation of Fenelon's works, that he had not gone there at once. I did not attend church at that time, as Lily had no nurse but myself, and consequently had not the pleasure (or the pain) of hearing my translation delivered.  
Helen had been gone but a week, when I received the following note, through the hands of her friend:  
"DEAREST BERTHA.—We leave Boston to-day for England. I have written a note to Calvin, that you may not have all the pain of the disclosure. My mother supposes that I am with you, but she will no doubt learn her mistake soon. The Doctor was so unfortunate as to forget a small trunk of valuable papers at the house of our friend. Will you take care of them for us?"  
I am happy, dear sister, I do not regret the step I have taken, but I am sorry to have grieved my mother. Treat her tenderly for my sake. I think of you every hour of my life, and pray for your happiness.  
God bless you, my darling sister! HELEN.

he here soon, or rather Mrs. Herbert and her father. The servants were busy at Elmwood, and I took great pleasure in the opening of the house, and the ornamenting of the grounds anew. They were later than usual, instead of earlier, and I knew why it was so. Lily's letters were full of cheerful anticipations for the future; but now and then a phrase like this aroused my fears—  
"Charles has sent me a whole box of cordials for my cough; he would have me constantly dosing. Dr. Seger, a noted German physician, is at our house. I trust that father and Charles have laid their wise heads together, and concluded I need medical care, so this venerable white-headed man is here, and he watches me very carefully, and asks innumerable questions, which I answer at random, for I am well enough. I want to see my pet, Lily, and am pining for a sight of her sweet face. I shall be well enough when I have her with me."

I was anxious; I had learned to love Lily as I never supposed I could love Charles Herbert's wife, and I trembled lest she should be taken from us. She was one of those delicate, tropical plants, that we love and cherish, finding our love stronger for the care we take of the rare flower for the day of their arrival. Mr. Gomez and Lily would come first; Mr. Herbert was still abroad. I was proud of Lily's growth and appearance. Her little cheeks were round and plump. Her hair had begun to curl, and lay on her head in little round, silky ringlets; she was full of merriment, and I knew her cunning, little ways, would delight Lily. Then she had two little white teeth, a fact of which Lily had been duly apprised; but then she had not seen the precious pearls; more than this, she could stand alone—quite a feat for an eight months' baby. I dressed my pet in her blue merino, looping up the sleeves with the coral Lily had given her, and took her over to Elmwood to await the arrival of our friends. Mrs. Green had made the drawing-room look very inviting—the table was laid with a nice little supper, and the broad, open-fire-place, with its carved marble mantel, and its ample hearth of the same material, the shining fire-stove, and the ruddy blaze, shedding its warmth and brightness on crimson curtains, and rich carpets, and laughing back, as the silver tea-service smiled in its joy at seeing the glass chandelier, with its pendant crystals, all lighted up again.

I love to see a room like this get ready for travelers, and I sat down in one of the great easy chairs, with that feeling of pleasurable excitement which one always has on such an occasion. With a mother's pride I thought of Lily, the greatest ornament of the room—and she never looked prettier than then—her bright eyes were full of wonder at the beautiful things around her, and as Mrs. Green passed to and fro, busy with those trifles which occupy the waiting host, she would laugh and catch hold of her dress, and say something which we interpreted as "Lily come, Lily come," but the little thing had not much idea of language as yet.

They came at last—we were not disappointed—and I looked anxiously at Lily, as she stood under the chandelier; but surely she looked bright and well. I saw no change, save that she was thinner in flesh, but there was a fine color in her cheek, and her eyes sparkled as if she seemed to have no apprehensions for herself. Lily was not afraid of her, but it seemed almost as if the darling knew herself that she had found an old friend. The two were perfectly happy together, and I hardly knew which was most musical, the clear, ringing laugh of Lily, or the short, hearty response of the baby. Mr. Gomez had grown older; his step was more feeble, but as usual he forgot himself in his anxiety for Lily. I could see his eyes turning often to her, and when he saw her happiness with her pet, a look of satisfaction and content spread itself over his face.

"There, Mrs. Gray, I believe that is all the child needed," my mother-in-law said, as she came in. "I do it, I am sure, and I congratulate you with all my heart, on your success in rearing it thus far. It looks healthy, too, as if it had a long lease of life."

I could hardly get my baby home that night, and the next morning Mrs. Green was over before Lily was dressed.  
"Do, pray, Mrs. Gray, let me have the baby. Lily was coming herself, but the dew was so heavy I would not let her. If anything can cure her, this child will; but, dear me! the poor thing does cough terribly nights. Her father do not know it, and she won't let anybody tell him. I'm going right to nursing her up, but consumption runs in the blood; her mother coughed that way, and when she came there, there ain't much hope. My labor in the kitchen and the care of my baby had overtaxed my nerves. Since Helen's departure I had looked forward to Lily's return with fond anticipations. And now how could I see her fading before my eyes? My beautiful flower, stricken by an untimely frost! I had not slept well; excitement, or Mrs. Green's tea, or both, had kept me awake, and when the midnight mail came in, I fell into a sad train of thought. Some hearts must be made to ache, for no mail, perhaps, but brings evil tidings to some. I thought of Willie at sea, and prayed for his safety—for the dear ones in Virginia—Mary, sad, but resigned, of old Mammie, who bade me not to look when the ship on the pier was gone, and by and then I said to myself, 'Why look out now? Trust, and do not be afraid.' Then I fell asleep, but it was a troubled, restless sleep. I was surrounded by my friends, but I had come a long, weary journey on foot to see them, and was so worn and tired that I sank down exhausted on the threshold. But my father came and raised me up in his strong arms, and bore me to a couch. He looked young, and his countenance was bright and ruddy, as if he had renewed his youth, and his muscles were full of strength and vigor. His very touch revived me, and the life in him seemed imparted to me, and I looked round on my friends, as they bade me welcome, but I missed Lily. 'Where is my baby?' I asked, looking anxiously around. 'She is safe,' said my father, 'I have taken her under my care,' and he disappeared. Just then I awoke, and while preparing breakfast, I thought of my dream; but I lingered pleasantly over the image of my father, so young and strong, and so like the manhood of which I had such a pleasant recollection.

I have wondered since why this dream was sent. Did I have more strength to bear the trouble which came? Perhaps so, after the first shock was over; but at the time it seemed to me as if it were harder to think of my father so suddenly changed from health and vigor, to the pale and silence of death.

When Mr. Gray returned from the office, he brought a letter sealed with black, and he seemed more than usually moved as he said—  
"We have sad news from Oldbury."  
"My heart divided at once, and I said—  
"My father!"  
"Yes, he died very suddenly—with heart complaint, it is thought."

I went to my room to wrestle alone with my grief. But Mr. Gray soon followed, to remind me that we must set out at once for Oldbury, to be present at the funeral. We arrived only in time for one glance at the calm face, looking very peaceful in the repose of death. It was a sad melancholy and desolate as poor Joe. He seemed so heart-stricken and desolate as poor Joe. He

had remained all night by the coffin, and, until a rival, had scarcely touched a mouthful of food. Lily drew him away for awhile, and when I told him that for her sake he must eat and be strong to take care of her, he consented, and found some consolation in the child. Alas! Joe knew too well that he had lost his best friend.

Edward was less demonstrative, but his grief was as sincere; and my mother, generally so unmoved and reticent, was prostrated by the shock. She spoke and moved like one in a distressed, somnambulistic dream—the blow was so sudden. My father had not complained of illness, but Mrs. Towle said she had watched his step grow feeble, and his hair whiten rapidly; then he was less cheerful, talked but little, and once remarked to her, as he saw her leaving at night, very tired from a hard day's labor, "Mrs. Towle, there is rest in heaven?"

It was near Sunday when the funeral took place, and Mr. Gray must be in his pulpit on that day, and we therefore remained at Oldbury but a short time. I wished to bring Joe home with us, but my mother made some slight objection, and the subject was dropped. How changed the place seemed when I bade it farewell! Like a casket which had once contained precious treasures, I valued it for what it had once sheltered. But there was one feeling which this death produced, which was new and strange to me. The terror of death was taken away in a great measure. My father had passed the dark river—he would be waiting for me—I could go with less fear now.

On my return home, Lily took my child, and kept her for some days, only bringing her to me occasionally. I was ill, and could not take care of her. Aunt Paul, too, came and stayed a week. This was voluntary on her part—Mr. Gray did not ask her; but she was a great comfort to me. Her strong trust in God, her courage and self-reliance, gave me strength. I used to wonder sometimes that she was so gentle with me, when her own creed and practices were so rigid. She wore the invariable tight laced, scant dress, the hair drawn plainly back—nothing to redeem her almost repulsive appearance, save her extreme neatness. There seemed to be freedom in conversation with Mr. Gray than formerly; they seldom conversed even on religious subjects, but Aunt Paul continued to pray and speak in meeting as formerly, even in the teeth of a sermon on the text—"Let your women keep silence in the churches." She had adopted some peculiar notions on the second coming of the Saviour, which disturbed Mr. Gray exceedingly. But that did not move her. She'd got Bible warrant, she said, and no man could make her change her mind—nothing but new light from the Spirit.

One day when I felt a little better I went down into the kitchen, where Aunt Paul propped me up in an easy chair, and I sat there while she baked. The very sight of her in the midst of the sugar and spice boxes, the flour and butter, made me feel as if I could eat once more. Suddenly she broke out after some minutes' stillness—  
"What in the world is the matter with your husband, Mrs. Gray. Ever since I saw him reading a letter which he got from the Post-office, he's been either walking the study or smoking cigars. To my certain knowledge he's smoked three since breakfast. It's on my mind that I must take up the cross and deal faithfully with him on this matter. Tobacco is one of the devil's baits to lure ministers to sin; but that was n't what I was going to talk about now—something or other disturbs his mind; have you had any bad news?"

None had been communicated to me, but my mind recurred at once to Dr. Cameron. Had Mr. Gray learned his precedents?  
TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

Written for the Banner of Light.  
WHAT THE ANGEL TOLD ME.  
BY COUBIN BENJA.

I was thinking one morning as I looked at the sky, and beheld a bright rainbow bow down from on high. That perhaps some freed spirits were going above. And this was the path to their mansions of love. So I lay down my book in a tree that stood by, for I felt that the spirit of worship was high; and I sat very quiet on a green mossy sod, till I saw in a vision an angel of God!

Oh, bright was the hue of his radiant wing,  
And sweet was the song that the angel did sing;  
While a sweeter expression than mortal can wear,  
Shone out from his face through his soft, golden hair,  
And a halo of light round his pathway was hung,  
Such as lights up the earth when the morning is young.  
As down from the sky did he gently descend,  
And stood by my side like some dearly loved friend.

His voice was so musical, cheerful, and kind,  
That moment I would on his breast have reclined,  
As gently he placed his white hand on my brow,  
And said, my young friend, will you go with me now?  
I then gave him my hand as he pointed above,  
For I felt he had come on a mission of love;  
Then quietly rose like the dower's perfume,  
And floated away like a zephyr in June.

I knew not the course that he bore me along,  
Till we stood unobserved in the midst of a throng;  
Where the gay, and the thoughtless, were painting their doom,  
By waiting their time in vain fashion's saloon;  
Then onward we passed, other scenes to behold—  
Through halls where the millionaires counted their gold;  
Through thousands by thousands lay on the shore,  
But yet they toiled onward, still gleaming for self.

He then led me on from the palace of mirth,  
To the homes of the poor, and the lonely of earth;  
Through the prisons so dark, where humanity moan  
For the sins that were never their own.  
He then spoke to me thus: "Lily, thy Master to please;  
Let thy life upon earth be a blessing to these;  
For the world has not learned that all should be brothers,  
And few can be found that are living for others."

Again, and we stood in the chamber of death,  
With naught to disturb, save the quivering breath  
Of a lovely young maiden, so fair to behold,  
For virtue and truth were the gems of her soul;  
And she feared not the dash of the boatman's oar;  
She had fought the good fight, and her battles were o'er;  
And her face lighted up, full of sweetness and love,  
As she spoke of her beautiful mansion above—  
As she sang of its glories—then ending in prayer:  
Oh, I shall always believe that the angels were there.

He then clasped my hand—led me back to the spot,  
To my book in the tree, so quick had forgot;  
Then smilingly said, ere he floated above,  
"Thy mission on earth is a mission of love.  
Then let to the cry when thy brother shall call,  
Let thy mantle of love on the erring one fall;  
Seek out the degraded, put a star in his breast—  
Lead the sick and the sad to the fountain of rest."

No longer stand doubting; take thy standard of truth,  
And go forth to thy work in the morn of thy youth;  
Put on the whole armor, go forth in the strife,  
And our Father will smile on the book of thy life!  
The time is long passed, but the angel I see,  
And the lesson he taught is the present to me;  
Round the cords of my heart they have tremulously clung,  
And the echo I give is the song I have sung.

Thatchwood Cottage, Nov., 1859.



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

BY MRS. L. M. WILLIS.

MY LITTLE LAME FRIEND.

"Let your light shine."

Little Eliza became lame when she was very young; her arms and body were very strong, but her feet had some disease that made them small and of little use to her, so that she could not walk much. Other little girls could run and play, but she had to sit and watch them; other little children could go into the street and walk, but she had to remain at home. She could ride into the country, but she could not run into the woods and gather flowers, but had to be lifted from the carriage and sit quietly on the bank, or under a tree. Perhaps you think this made her fretful and cross, but it was not so; she was one of the happiest children I ever knew; her face was always beaming with smiles, her voice was cheerful, and I never heard her complain. It was a pleasant spring day when I first saw her. The beautiful violets had lifted up their little heads, and looked as if they knew a great deal about God, if they could only tell it. The lilacs looked very grand with their great bunches of buds, and the Spring Beauty seemed to be having a party as it nodded and courted in the fresh wind. "Now for a good time," said I, as I helped Eliza out on to the green grass; "we will have as much fun as you like, for I will bring you flowers, and you can make yourself a wreath, and then I will bring dandelion stems, and you shall curl them."

Little Eliza was so happy in all these things, that I am sure she could not have thought what I thought, how hard it was not to be able to run and pick the flowers one's self. While we were so busy at play, in the bright sunshine, and with the flowers about us, we heard a little robin singing in the tree above us.

"He says something very pleasant, don't he?" said Eliza. "What is it? I think it sounds like, 'Come, come; out to the woods, come, come.'"

"And you would like to go?" said I.

"Why, yes, I would; but then I can't; so I think it pleasant to be invited."

"Now I will tell you a little story," said Eliza, "and then you must tell me one. Once there was a little bird, and it loved the fresh air, and the sunshine, and the trees, and they shut it up."

"Well, what else?" said I; "did it mope and grow dull?"

"Oh, no," said she; "it sang and sang, just as if it was in the bright sunshine. Is that a nice story?"

"I think it very beautiful," said I, "because it means that we can be happy and glad, if we have not all we wish. And now I will tell you my story. What shall it be about?"

"Oh, about a fairy, or some beautiful thing."

"Well, once there was a beautiful plant that grew in the woods in a fair and sunny country. It was sung to by birds, and talked to by other little plants, and the great trees grew very tender of it, and bowed their branches to keep the wind from visiting it too roughly. It thought itself a very happy thing, and sent out beautiful blossoms day after day, to make the trees glad for the care they gave it, and the brook thankful for the soft shadow it cast in it, and the birds thankful for the berries that it ripened, to show how much love it had in its little heart. This little plant was named Pinkey, because its blossoms were of such a bright color."

Well, one day when the little plant felt the very happiest, and had sent out a great many blossoms to let the other plants know how happy it was, there came an old woman into the woods to gather herbs. When she saw that beautiful plant, she said, "Oh, my beauty, I will just take you up and carry you into my room for my grandchild!"

Poor Pinkey shivered all over, but there was no help; down went the great trowel against her delicate roots, and she was soon thrust into a basket, and the basket was hustled on to the old woman's head, and she trotted off toward the town. I suppose no one can tell how Pinkey felt at being so treated, and then she did not know where she was going, or what would become of her, and she began to grow very faint, for the sun shone very hot on the outside of the basket, and she was very thirsty; her head drooped more and more, but she could not make the old woman understand anything, and so she laid her head down and tried to be very patient.

The old woman came to the city and went down many streets, and poor little Pinkey was almost crazed with the noise. After a time they went up a dirty lane, and then up two flights of stairs into a dismal room. Pinkey was put into a box with dirt about her roots, and some water was given her to drink. She thought she would like to die; but she drank the water, and that made her live, and she soon looked about her. There was no beautiful thing to be seen; there sat the cruel old woman, smoking. What a dreadful odor! thought Pinkey, and how grim and black everything looked, and how bad the air was. "Oh, dear, dear!" said Pinkey, "did God make old women that smoke, I wonder, and ugly rooms and black curtains? Where is the beautiful locket that sheltered me, and the brook and the air? Oh, dear, dear! I want to look beautiful here, but shut up my blossoms and fade my leaves—the ugly old woman!"

Just then the door opened.

"Got home, Granny?" said a sweet voice; "and what did you bring for me—some violets, or a dandelion? Oh, I see! What a ducky it is! Oh, my poor, little posy, how it droops! Didn't you want to live with me? I will take nice care of you, and give you water every day."

Now Pinkey thought that sweet voice was very much like the bob-o-links that chattered so in the Spring, and that she used to send out her sweet perfume to, to pay him for his sweet songs; so she tried to lift her faded blossoms a little, and out came such a breath of fragrance, that the little girl bent her soft curls over to catch it.

"Go along," said the old woman, "don't be fooling there."

"Dear me," said Pinkey, "I wish the old woman was choked; but how sweet the little girl looks!"

Now Pinkey used to feel very homesick at first; but, after a time, she and the little girl, whose name was Tot, grew to be great friends. Pinkey felt ashamed of her naughty ways, as she saw Tot trying to be good, and so she made some little buds one day, and oh, how bright the room looked! Little Tot had been crying because the old woman was so cross; and Pinkey said, "Now I will comfort her," and pop went one of her little buds and became a blossom. The old woman was crosser than she had been for a long time; but when she saw the sweet thought of Pinkey in the flower, she seemed to remember something, and sighed—

"Oh, when I was a girl, I used to gather such; what am I now? Oh, dear, dear, an old woman whom nobody loves; and why not? Because I am cross? Suppose I was not cross—here, Tot, take a penny, and buy you what you want."

"Well, I did some good, didn't I," said Pinkey; "really this is as good as living in the woods; let me try again," and pop went another little bud. The old woman sat down, and the tears fell from her eyes. "Dear old soul," said Pinkey, "I wish I could make her feel better," and pop went another bud; so that, when Tot came home, all the room was filled with sweet perfume.

"Now," said she, "I can have a blossom to carry to the good doctor, who helped me when I was sick."

So Tot picked the fairest blossom, which was the last one that Pinkey made when she had the sweetest thought of love. The doctor opened his eyes wide when Tot put the blossom into his hand.

"Where did you get that? I used to pick such when I was a boy! Ah, me! That was a long time ago. What am I now? Only a selfish man. Here, Tot, take this dollar and buy you a new frock."

When Tot told the old woman what the doctor said, Pinkey's little heart quivered with delight.

"Really," said she, "I like this better than living in the woods. Just think what I can do; let me try again." And pop, pop, went her little buds, a whole score of them.

Just then there came some more old women, neighbors, I suppose, into the room, and began to fret; and one fretted about one thing, and another about another, till at last one said:

"What smells so sweet? I should think I was back in my father's big woods—dear me, I wish I was! A selfish old woman!" and another said, "Dear me, a selfish old woman!" And they all rocked back and forth, back and forth.

"Now's my time," said Pinkey, and pop went some more buds, into blossoms.

"Dear me!" said another old woman, "there is something left of beauty yet; let's go in to Neighbor Kinkum's and help her. All the children are sick, and she's poorly and wants somebody to wash and clean for her. Come!"

"Well done! I'll keep on till I get all things as I want them," said Pinkey.

After a few weeks, Pinkey heard a knock on the door; it was the doctor.

"I came to get a sniff at another blossom," said he. "Tot, bring me another blossom. Dear me! I wish I was a boy again. My dear mother used to weave these in her hair. Tot, don't you want to go to school? Send her, old lady, and I'll pay the bills. I was rather hard on you when Tot was sick, and made you work too hard to pay me. Never mind, don't thank me. Get your bonnet, Tot, and we'll go to school."

"That's better than all I've done yet," said Pinkey.

Tot had been to school but a few days, before she thought she would carry her teacher a blossom, she looked so pale and tired.

"Oh, how beautiful!" said she. "May I go home with you and see the plants? I used to gather them when I was a little girl."

When the teacher came, she bent over Pinkey, and the tears fell fast.

"Dear me," said Pinkey, "what a world this is! But let me brighten it up a little," and pop went her dear little buds again.

"Oh, how sweet!" said the teacher. "I feel young again. My dear old lady, can I help you some way? Perhaps I can fix up your room."

"Oh," said Pinkey, "better and better. Now we'll be fixed up." Then the teacher told them to get some whitewash, and taught them how to use it, and to put up some white paper curtains, and how to polish the chairs; and she and Tot worked one Saturday, till the room looked so fresh and bright that you would not have known it.

"Now, Tot," said the teacher, "you must keep it neat, and I will come sometimes and visit you. When I go home I'll bring you some roots of violets and daisies to bloom beside your beautiful plants."

"Oh, oh," said Pinkey, "how nice! I shall not be alone any more."

When the violets and daisies came, Pinkey was very happy, and the old woman grew very good and kind, and the doctor came often and chatted with her, and helped her pay her rent; and the teacher taught Tot to sew, so that she became more useful and happy every day. Pinkey lived a great many years. At length the old woman died, the teacher married the doctor, and Tot went to live with them. Then Pinkey said to herself, "Oh, how glad I am I did not keep on being so selfish, but let my little light shine out to bless the world, and make it happier and better."

When I had finished my long story, Eliza said, "Oh, how good that was! I wish I could make my light shine so."

"That is just what I want you to keep doing," said I. "Your happy smiles and sweet, loving words are like Pinkey's blossoms. You cannot go into the woods, or run in the garden, like other children, so it is as if you were shut out from what you like best; but if you make others happy and good, by your own cheerful, unselfish ways, then, like Pinkey, you will be happier than if you lived like many other children."

Now, children, little Eliza, the lame girl, has been a light to me; she taught me to be patient, when I could not have all that I wished and to be glad in all I had. I have remembered her when sickness was upon me, and how sweetly she bore pain; I have remembered her love of all beautiful things, and her sweet smile as she put her hand in mine as if to bless me.

Like the little flower, you can bring beauty and goodness to others, if you will; and, like little Eliza, you can let your light shine; and, though you are young, you cannot tell how much good you may do in making the world better and happier.

THE FOREST HOME.

"The kingdom of heaven is within you."

I had mounted my pony, one day, thinking to have a little ride through the woods; for it was a cold day in November, and the open roads were exposed to the chill wind. There were no well-fenced roads, but only winding, circuitous paths through the forest. I thought I had well marked my way, so that I could return at pleasure, and I was greatly enjoying the freedom of the wild, secluded place. The wind was blowing in the tops of the trees, and they surged and swelled like a grand organ; but it did not touch the sheltered path I was in; only now and then it whirled the dried leaves, that seemed to enjoy being tossed about, for they danced around each other like butterflies around a thistle-bed. The sun shone brightly, and sent his beams through the naked branches, to light up little clumps of moss and brown stumps. Sometimes a red leaf, that still clung to its stalk, would gleam out like a gay blossom; and I thought, just as the sunlight brightens up the withered leaves, so will kind, loving thoughts, make even the dull and unlovely seem glad and beautiful.

I had been thinking too intently upon these things to heed my way, and when my cold fingers and aching limbs admonished me to turn homeward, I did not feel quite sure of the path I should take. I tried to find which way the sun was going, as I knew it was in that way I should go; but I was so bewildered that I could not make up my mind to follow any one path, and so I gave the reins to my faithful pony, and tried to have a great deal of faith in his instinct. I assure you I did not think much more of the beautiful sights; but only of the snug room at home; and I wished I was there, instead of in the wild forest, although it was so beautiful.

After a time, I heard the faint cry of some barn-yard fowl, and I knew that I should find somebody's home, if not my own, and I chirped to my horse with a glad heart. I soon came to a little clearing in the woods, and saw a log-cabin, with all the signs of life about it. As soon as the sound of my horse's hoof could reach those within, I saw faces at the only window, and presently a troop of children came out, looking as surprised and happy as if they had not seen any one for many a day. I had time before I dismounted, to see that everything about the cabin was neat and orderly; that little well-wooded place had been set out, and carefully sheltered by white-washed frames; that wild roses were climbing upon the corners; an oak was trimmed to form a fine shelter for the roof, and moss had been brought to make a soft seat beneath the tree. When I went in, I saw how few real comforts there were, but how much care was used in making the most of all; there were rough benches for seats, and two chairs. There was one little room that was crowded with beds; the rough logs were white-washed, and the floor was as white as sand could make it.

"A snug little place you have here," said I to the mother, who welcomed me; "and what a comfortable fire," as I held my hands to the bright blaze. And then I called up one child after the other to me, and learned their names. As I was so weary, I asked them if they would let me stay awhile, and if the oldest boy would take my horse home, and tell my friends where I was. The truth was, I wanted to see more of these people, for the moment I entered their house, I felt as if I was in a better place than I had been in for many a day. After the pony was started with his new driver, I heard the history of this family. They had come here for the sake of a better climate, for the father was ill; they were poor, and had no friends to help them; but they trusted in the loving care of God, and were industrious and happy.

Little Ada said, "I pick up chestnuts in the fall, and buy me a winter frock."

"And I raise chickens," said Sam, "and buy mother a gown."

"And I pick berries," said Susan, "and change for coffee for father."

"And I hunt rabbits," said Henry.

"And I eat apples," said a curly-headed girl.

Ah, here is a home, a real home, where only love rules, thought I, and without any of the beautiful things that we all think so necessary. The gentle mother told me how they had learned to make their home so beautiful. They had a little girl whose name was Mary—a sweet, happy child; they lived where they now did, but none of them thought of making the place beautiful. The room was black with smoke, and the yard filled with unsightly things.

Little Mary went out one day, and was gone a long time, and so they searched for her. She had fallen and broken her leg; poor little thing, how she suffered! She never got well, but looked very pale, and grew weaker every day.

"We all tended her, and loved her more and more," said the mother. "She had a love of everything beautiful, and when she could not go out she wanted beautiful things around her; and she asked me why I could not be like God, who made the earth so lovely, and put bright things everywhere. I thought of that every day, and we all tried to be a little like God in blessing her. I whitewashed the room to make it look more like the sky; and the children brought flowers, and green moss, and every day we placed some pretty thing where she could see it. But she grew paler and weaker, and said she was going away. I asked her where, and she said to Heaven, 'but I can never be glad in Heaven, if you are not all of you in Heaven, too—so you must make everything as much like Heaven as you can.' Little Mary died, and we laid her body under the oak, back of the house; but we did not lose her. We think every day of her Heaven, and try to make our house as beautiful, so that she can stay some with us. When little Ada feels a little selfish, and wants all the chestnuts to buy her own frocks, then she remembers that is not like Mary's Heaven. And when the children speak unkindly to each other, then I tell them about Mary; and we have all thought so much about her Heaven that I believe we have found it."

I heard all this history with thankfulness. Here was a home, made by the love and brightness of happy, loving hearts. I sat a long time thinking of it, and did not mind that supper was ready—it was Johnny Cake and milk for all the children; but I had some warm tea and fresh butter.

"Do you never get tired of living so alone," said I.

"I do, very," said Ada. "I want to go to town and see the fine sights, and I intend to very soon—that is, if I can."

"Well, Ada," said Sam, "I know what you want to go for, for I heard you say, just as if you were talking to Mary—it was to have some money to buy us some books, so—"

"Well, you needn't have told of it, till mother said she feared I was going back to my selfish ways again."

Then they all laughed, that Ada had been found out so nicely.

And now, feeling well rested, I asked the children, who were familiar with all the paths of the forest, to walk to the main road with me. During this walk I learned more of their ideas of God. Said little Anna, the youngest—

"There's a little leaf; I wonder if it won't look pretty in my curls."

"Oh, let's make Anna an angel," said they all.

So they gathered bright leaves and trimmed her hair, and put little evergreens all over her frock, and she laughed, and said—

"Now, if you are cross, you can't live with me."

"But God don't say so," said Sam; "he says, 'Come little children, and Mary said, 'Love me always.'"

"Well, love me always," said Anna.

Then they kissed her, and made a cradle with their folded hands, and carried her gently.

I went often to that little hut in the wood, after this first visit; but never saw a rude manner, or heard an ill-natured word from one of those little ones; they taught me more of Heaven than I had ever known before, for I saw that happiness and beauty must be in the heart, and then all things will be made bright and beautiful and seem blessed.

How many little children think they could be glad and happy like these children, without all the pleasures they now deem so necessary? Do you not see that all the beautiful things that children have, could not bless them while they had selfish and unlovely spirits; and that these little children, that I have just told you of, were happy without them, and so understood about Heaven? You must think, too, of the power that little Mary had in making so many love beautiful things, and try to overcome their selfishness; and you can then know how much good little boys and girls can do in bringing Heaven to earth by planting it in their own hearts, and helping others to find it.

Written for the Banner of Light.

BUCKLE'S HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION.

"Among the many labors showing the progress of the intellect, we know of no work in the historical field that equals this of Mr. Buckle. It has a thorough grasp of principles and laws which ultimately the physical and mental growths of the world. If a passing mist or cloud for a moment dims its horizon, it quickly vanishes from the face of so much day. And though not yet passed beyond its 'General Introduction,' it gives us such foregleams of its future unfolding as stamps a new era in the science of history."

It is impossible, in a short notice of such a work, to show the complete fullness of Mr. Buckle's method of establishing his premises and proving his conclusions. Let it suffice to say, that he belongs not to that class who believe that in ignorance there is bliss, and in wisdom folly. He shows that the salvation of the world is in its knowledge, and its damnation in its ignorance—that to the untrammelled intellect, and not to religious sects, is the world indebted for whatever progress it has made; and only as we are set free from the dead past, is our glorious fruition in the present, with a still increasing luminous future, ready when we are open to receive.

Though Mr. Buckle has not yet reached the open vision of spiritual phenomena as within the scope of present knowledge, yet he has so arrayed the past and the present, that when he grows to more spiritual sight, he will find no conflict between his present and future unfolding. He will find that the laws of the spirit-world are not miraculous in their action upon this—but are clearly referable to law and condition—antecedence and sequence—as anything he has set forth in the vasty deep of his own awakening—not that he denies spiritual consciousness—nay, he receives it as a "symptom of immortality."

In the wreck of the old State and Church—old politics—old theologies, and all old foggydom—Romanist and Protestant—Mr. Buckle, himself the mightiest of their destroyers, because of their deadly oppression of his darling civilization, in whose rapid march he foresees the close proximity of their unlamented death—amid these ruins, so soon to be apparent to numberless eyes, it is cold comfort to be able to find only a "symptom of immortality." Not in symptoms of immortality do modern enlightened students of spiritual phenomena rest. We have that knowledge to which Mr. Buckle has paid so beautiful a tribute for having wrought all the civilizations of the globe. In multitudinous facts, with all their inductive and deductive corollaries, which no circumscribed and short-sighted boundaries of knowledge can displace from their serial links of causation in coupling the two worlds—the incarnated, and super-incarnated states in reciprocal action, we have the living proofs of the past identities in flesh now speaking as present identities from the spirit world. We know this, not in that foolish theological sense, as miraculous or in contravention of nature's laws, but in harmony with them, though apparently abnormal to the grosser boundaries of knowledge. We know this, after more than thirty years of labor in the knowledge, doubt and skepticism which Mr. Buckle so highly vaunts, and without which, he proves no civilization has ever been. We have sought and found that the spirit world is, and that human beings there can communicate with human beings here; and thus, that the spiritual identity survives its clothing of flesh, and can manifest, not in "symptoms" only, but in realities of its present life—of its having been and now is!

Mr. Buckle, in all his vast researches, meeting everywhere the terrible results of the perverted spiritual nature of man—his gross superstition, and helplessness in the hands of the priesthood—looks with suspicion upon any claims of spiritual realities. And when a Unitarian Bellows, instead of an Orthodox Gabriel, is attempting to blow the resurrection of a dead past, it is refreshing to follow Mr. Buckle in the opposite direction from the beggary elements to which Mr. Bellows would blow us. Instead of confining us to what was said by them of old time, Mr. Buckle says: "Even in this age, when the imagination is more under control than in any preceding one, it has far too much power—as might be easily proved, not only from the superstitions which, in every country, still prevail among the vulgar, but also from that poetic reverence for antiquity, which, though it has been long diminishing, still hampers the independence, blinding the judgment, and circumscribes the originality of the educated classes."

At page ninety-six we are told that, "Of all the various ways in which the imagination has distorted truth, there is none that has worked so much harm as an exaggerated respect for past ages. This

reverence for antiquity is repugnant to every maxim of reason. It is this, again, which gave the theologians their idea of the primitive virtue and simplicity of man, and of his subsequent fall from that high estate."

In the more advanced stages of society, Mr. Buckle shows that new professions arise, and that the military and ecclesiastical decline. The new professions, "being essentially mental, offer to genius opportunities for success more rapid than any formerly known. The consequence is, that in England, where these opportunities are more numerous than elsewhere, it nearly always happens that if a father has a son whose faculties are remarkable, he brings him up to one of the lay professions, where intellect, when accompanied by industry, is sure to be rewarded. If, however, the inferiority of the boy is obvious, a suitable remedy is at hand—he is made either a soldier or a clergyman—he is sent into the army, or hidden in the church!" (P. 143.)

"Even in an advanced state of civilization, there is always a tendency to prefer those parts of literature which favor ancient prejudices, rather than those which oppose them; and in cases where this tendency is very strong, the only effect of great learning will be to supply the materials which may corroborate old errors, and confirm old superstitions. In our time such instances are not uncommon; and we frequently meet with men whose erudition ministers to their ignorance, and who, the more they read, the less they know," &c., &c. (P. 195.)

Our author, in the very front of the advancing spirit of the age, is thoroughly democratic in all his length and breadth, and has no sympathy with that conservative protection with which the old logics would shroud their hoary errors. Grote has shown that the ascending spirit of ancient Greece was democratic. With matchless eloquence and sweep of thought, Buckle has riddled and sifted the past and the present, and everywhere displays, as the result of intellect and knowledge, the culminating spirit of democracy and civilization. The old legislations and old theologies, in their precedents and superstitions, have warred against the advancing spirit of the age; and when successful, "the nation has retrograded, or the people have risen. It is absurd—it would be a mockery of all sound reasoning, to ascribe to legislation any share in the progress, or to expect any benefit from future legislators, except that sort of benefit which consists in undoing the work of their predecessors. This is what the present generation claims at their hands." (P. 203.)

"It is evident that, till doubt began, progress was impossible. For, as we have clearly seen, the advance of civilization solely depends on the acquisitions made by the human intellect, and on the extent to which those acquisitions are diffused. But men who are perfectly satisfied with their own knowledge, will never attempt to increase it. Men who are perfectly convinced of the accuracy of their opinions, will never take the pains of examining the basis on which they are built. They look often with wonder, and often with honor, on views contrary to those which they inherited from their fathers; and, while they are in this state of mind, it is impossible that they should receive any new truth which interferes with their foregone conclusions." (P. 212.)

Of the creation of Lords in the time of George III., our author gives them their position thus—

"They consisted almost entirely of two classes: of country gentlemen, remarkable for nothing but their wealth, and the number of votes their wealth enabled them to control; and of mere lawyers, who had risen to judicial appointments partly from their professional learning, but chiefly from the zeal with which they repressed the popular liberties, and favored the royal prerogative." (P. 325.)

"The King, on every occasion, paid a court to the clergy; he was therefore sure of their support, and they zealously aided him in every attempt to oppress the Colonies. The aristocracy, a few leading Whigs excepted, were on the same side, and looked to the taxation of America as means of lessening their own contributions." (P. 343.)

In discussing the civilization of France, Mr. Buckle shows that it was the earlier development of skepticism in the English mind that gave them a generation in the start of progress.

"The simple fact is, that this is one of those innumerable instances which teach us that no country can rise to eminence so long as the ecclesiastical power possesses much authority." (P. 353.)

Of Descartes, it is said: "He deserves the gratitude of posterity, not so much on account of what he built up, as on account of what he pulled down. His life was one great and successful warfare against the prejudices and traditions of men. He was great as a creator, but he was far greater as a destroyer." (P. 421.)

"Descartes cautions his readers against the common error of looking to antiquity for knowledge—slaves to form—who believe themselves religious when they are only bigoted and superstitious; who think themselves perfect because they go much to church."—(In cit. P. 423.)

"That spirit of doubt, which is the necessary precursor of all inquiry, and, therefore, of all solid improvement, owes its origin to the most thinking and intellectual parts of society, and is naturally opposed by the other parts; opposed by the nobles, because it is dangerous to their interests; opposed by the uneducated, because it attacks their prejudices." (P. 430.)

Mr. Buckle concludes this chapter (8th) by stating his method of pursuing still further the respective developments of England and France: "It will show the intimate connection between knowledge and liberty; between an increasing civilization and an advancing democracy." (P. 438.)

The 9th chapter opens with showing that in a barbarous state of society, a priesthood may be useful as a barrier between the people and their rulers; but not willingly will the clergy tolerate that knowledge which increases mentality and enfranchises the people. (P. 441.)

"What the nobles are to politics the priests are to religion. 'Both classes, constantly appealing to the voice of antiquity, rely much on tradition, and make great account of upholding established customs. Both take for granted that the old is better than the new; and that in former times there were means of discovering truths respecting government and theology, which we, in these degenerate ages, no longer possess.' (P. 403.) Hence forever the enemies of reform and hereby, and hence 'those two powerful classes, who, from their position, their interests, and the habits of their mind, are more prone than any other to cherish antiquity, cleave to superannuated customs, and uphold institutions which, to use their favorite language, have been consecrated by the wisdom of their fathers.' (P. 404.)

But Queen Elizabeth "made no account of dignity of rank; she did not even care for purity of blood. She valued men neither for the splendour of their ancestry, nor for the length of their pedigrees, nor for the grandeur of their titles. Such questions she left for her degenerate successors, to the size of whose understandings they were admirably fitted." (P. 467.)

Here is a capital passage on the great English rebellion. After tracing the successive steps which led to it, in that same matchless sweep of causation—broad, deep, and vast, transcendently beyond the scope of any other English historian, he says: "We may find proofs still more convincing of the true character of the English rebellion, if we consider who those were by whom it was accomplished. This will show us the democratic nature of a movement which lawyers and antiquaries have vainly attempted to shelter under the form of constitutional precedent. Our great rebellion was the work, not of men who looked behind, but of men who looked before. To attempt to trace it to personal and temporary causes—to ascribe this unparalleled outbreak to a dispute respecting ship-money, or a quarrel about the privileges of Parliament, can only suit the habits of those historians who see no further than the preamble of a statute, or the decision of a judge. Such writers forget that the trial of Hampden, and the impeachment of the five members, could have produced no effect on the country, unless the people had already been prepared, and unless the spirit of inquiry and insubordination had so increased the discontents of men, as to put them in a state where, the train being laid, the slightest spark sufficed to kindle a conflagration." (P. 473.)

While our author is tracing French civilization, in the 13th chapter, he pays his compliments to that branch of old humanity, which even our nineteenth century clergy still persist in espousing as the specially elected, holy people of God; and we are severely censured if we refuse to wear the old clothes of an undeveloped people. Happily the ancient vestments have been so much ventilated of late,











dilation of life that has produced it. Breaches of promise, breaches of trust, breaches of honor, broken alliances, blasted affection, secret violation of trust, separation of man and wife, and prostitution, have been inseparably connected with earthly marriages, with the affinities of souls in matter; and while the love of the material world preponderates in the soul, which is legitimate in the soul's infancy, these things must be; for the soul's affections are manifested through matter corresponding to the harmonies of matter.

But when the soul shall have attained the stature and strength of manhood; when it shall have grown out of its earthly love; when its love shall be directed to spirit life; when its affections shall be set on things above—then shall the laws of spiritual affinity control it. Then shall the soul see as it is, and know as it is known. In this condition no lie can exist, no breach of promise, no broken trust, no blasted affection, no separation of souls united, no prostitution, no inharmonies, no curses, no wrong. For this condition every soul now existing in the human organism is being molded and shaped, purified and prepared by God himself. It is his own children that he is bringing up by his infinite love through the means of matter to the government of the laws of his own love, in freedom; to the direct and unobstructed influences of spiritual attractions.

J. B. M. Squire.

Private personal business having called our junior partner to Europe, his address will be in London, England.

Written for the Banner of Light.

## AUTUMN.

BY SHEPWOOD.

Brown Autumn hovers o'er the land,  
And all the air is filled with consciousness of age,  
And over Nature's paled hand  
Are creeping traces of the year's withering stage.

No more new shoots put forth and grow—  
No more sweet flowers open to the morning sun,  
And breathe the air of Spring; for lo!  
The year in waning fast in moments, one by one.

His chill off flashes o'er the frame,  
And doors are being closed against his Northern breath;  
And evening lights the parlor flame,  
While in the outer world goes on the work of death.

The sun in liquid fire sinks down,  
And flings dark, quivering shadows far across the plain,  
And o'er the nervous little town,  
That bubbles up with scandal, pride, and love of gain.

The leaves that flutter in his sight,  
And dance upon the breeze that's tempered by his beams,  
Drink in a yellow draught of light,  
And nodding on their boughs, give up to Autumn dreams.

Then fades the gold upon the sky,  
And gloomy shuts the night upon a wrangling world;  
And hearts that feel, cry out—Go by,  
Thou night of Nature's woe, with starless sky unfurled.

Milton, 1718, 1850.

## ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

**Contents.**—First Page. Bertha Lee. Second Page—"My Love Friend," and "The Forest Home;" Stories for the Young, by Mrs. F. L. H. Willis, of Coldwater, Mich. Backle's History of Civilization—an interesting and lucid review of a valuable book. Third Page—"My Name"—a beautiful piece of poetry, by Florence Percy; Dr. Chapin's sermon on "Christian Patience." Sixth Page—Messages from spirits—three columns—an interesting one from Robert Owen; "Pass on Dear Mother"—poetry, by Lita Barney; "Dealings with the Dead"—a telling paper. Seventh Page—A spiritual communication through Mrs. A. B. Hall, medium, of Roxbury; Report of S. J. Finney's lecture at Oxford Hall; Lowell Items; Poetry, etc. Eighth Page—Rev. Mr. Beecher's last Wednesday evening's lecture. Chapter the third of "Man and His Relations," (second series), will appear in our forthcoming issue. Mr. Beecher did not preach on Sunday evening, Nov. 18th; but our reporter, always on the alert, has given us one of special interest, delivered by Mr. B. on Wednesday evening of last week. Read it.

The Ayr and Fay stabbing case has been not *pro'd*.

John B. Gough lately gave three lectures in the Round Room of the Rotunda, in Dublin, which is capable of containing 2500, and was full to the utmost possible extent. He visited some of the provinces, and in Belfast alone, (the metropolis of whisky-drinking north), succeeded in obtaining 2000 signatures to the pledge.

The excitement at Harper's Ferry and Charlestown, Va., still continues. A rescue of the prisoners was anticipated, and troops have concentrated in the feverish districts from various sections of the State.

A Provisional Government has been formed at Pike's Peak. A Mr. Steele has been elected Governor. Steele, more than anything else, is probably needed there about this time.

The greatest thoughts seem degraded in their passage through little minds. Even the winds of heaven make but mean music when whistling through a key-hole.

We are told by high authority that Christianity is the flag under which a large majority of the world sail, and not the rudder that steers their course.

If men were compelled to give a reason for everything they believe, either reasons would become more abundant than they are, at the present day, or doctrines would be fewer.

A country editor says that a farmer in their county made a scarecrow so very frightful, that an old crow actually went and brought back all the corn he had stolen for several days and left it in the field.

A young prince of the illustrious house of Monaco was asked why he had married a rich old woman. "Ma foi," was the gay young prince's reply; "let me ask you, what poor man in a hurry to get an enormous bank note cashed troubles himself to look at the date of it?"

The fire at Yreka, California, on the 22d ult., destroyed property valued at \$300,000.

The Metropolitan Horse Railroad is to be "extended."

The knocking down of half Paris for the better accommodation of the other half is still going on.

A German writer observes that in the United States there is such a scarcity of thieves, that they are obliged to offer a reward for their discovery.

We have received from the artist, Dr. T. J. Lewis, of Boston, an engraving which he entitles "Dog eat Dog; or, the Inharmonious State of Society." It is an exceedingly clever caricature on the condition of things in church, state, commerce, and society. It is published by Redding & Co., No. 8 State street.

Mr. Spurgeon, lately preaching, stopped short in the middle of his sermon, and said, "Perhaps, my friends, you may think I ramble; but if you will ramble to the devil, I must ramble after you."

FOLLOWING THEIR AFFINITIES.—A man and a woman—the former leaving a wife and several small children, and the latter taking from their father two or three children, and leaving him in loneliness—have lately departed from this city, and are living together in Michigan. Both parties are respectably connected; but have lately been bedeviled with communications from the other world, which they have so long listened to that they have forgotten their duties in this, and even the deceptions that should characterize society.—*Newburyport Herald.*

The above has been traveling the rounds of the daily press for some time, but did not arrive at the *Herald* and *Journal* offices until Thursday, when it was set at rest again. Now we are informed by a friend at Newburyport, that the "man and woman" referred to were no Spiritualists at all; in fact, it was not known at their ever had any religious principles whatever. The *Post* will probably reprint it next week.

The Great Eastern had left Holyhead, and arrived at her anchorage in Southampton harbor, where she will probably remain till spring.

Out of twenty persons engaged in the late conspiracy against Goffard, President of Hayti, sixteen have been executed, and three could not be caught.

His Majesty the King of the Sandwich Islands is fast becoming civilized! He recently sent his secretary, in a fit of jealousy.

The Democrats of Massachusetts have elected about fifty representatives to the next General Court.

Dr. E. L. LYON at CITY HALL.—This gentleman gave a very interesting discourse at City Hall last Sabbath. It abounded in interest and beauty from beginning to end. The Doctor is really original and philosophical; handling his

subject in masterly manner, confining himself to the presentation of facts and the philosophy of reason.—*Bangor Spirit Guardian.*

The U. S. frigate John Adams has been condemned at Rio Janeiro as unseaworthy, and will return to Norfolk.

Petersen's Magazine is one of the most readable periodicals of this country.

The Washington Statue Fair now holding in Boston, will be a success. The exhibition will probably continue through the week.

Mr. Henry P. Poor, formerly of Boston and latterly of Honolulu, died at H., Sept. 18th, of consumption.

THE CASE OF JOHN BROWN.—The petition of John Brown for a writ of error to the judgment rendered by the Circuit Court of Jefferson County, Va., was presented to the Supreme Court of Appeals on the 18th inst. The Court refused to award a writ of error, being of the opinion that the judgment of the Circuit Court is plainly right. The execution, therefore, takes place December 2d. Judges Allen, Daniel Moreau, Leo and Robertson were on the bench.

A preacher lately said in his sermon, "let women remember, while putting on their profuse and expensive attire, how narrow are the gates of Paradise."

## WHAT CHILDHOOD WAS.

Give me back, oh give me something of the flowers and the gold,  
And the depths of crimson glory, that the summer eves unfold,  
And the tones of merry music from the rippling waters rolled;  
Give me back the vanished moments with their wealth of joy untold,  
And the childhood, and the gladness, and the glory, and the gold,  
Give them back, ere my heart too is cold!

Give me back the rosy blossom, and the glances bright and bold,  
And if night or twilight cometh, as our lives on earth grow old,  
Let the gloom be starry-sprinkled with a lustre manifold:  
Ere the sunny garden alter to a dank and ragged wold,  
Ere the midday blight the corn-ear, ere the fruit be white with mould,  
Give, oh give, if for one moment, give the flowers and the gold,  
Memories of our childhood's May-time, magical with flowers and gold,  
Give them back ere our hearts too are cold!—*F. W. Farrar.*

"Little boy, can I go through this gate to the river?" politely inquired a fashionably dressed lady. "Praps so; a load of hay got through this morning."

A superintendent of a railroad in Georgia has the following printed on the back side of passenger tickets:—"Keep your feet off the seats while riding on the cars. You will please stop in front and rear smoke your cigars."

Blondin has bought and paid for an elegant house, well furnished, at Niagara, with the avails of his last summer's performances.

An honest-hearted Catholic, says the Cambridge Chronicle, recently called upon a member of the School Committee, to prefer charges against the Cambridge school system, as possessing heretical tendencies. The Committee, a member of the clerical profession, by the way, blandly desired his visitor to be seated, and place his charges in due form. This process occupied about an hour, during which the respective merits of the Douay and King James version of the Holy Scriptures were duly canvassed. The principal point of objection brought forward by the parent was this: that his boy was obliged to repeat daily in school, "On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets." It was a deadly sin to say that all the holy prophets were to be hung!

All the logic and neumen of the School Committee were of no avail in changing the views of the visitor, who finally left, agreeing to let his boy remain in school, but each night he should require him to pray that the Holy Virgin would protect him from the heresy of the Protestants.

Willie cleverly says, in one of his sketches, that a literary reputation is to be built, at this day, like the walls of Jerusalem—with a trowel in one hand for plastering friends, and a sword in the other for smiting enemies.

Lightning Rods—Bar-room whiskey.

Æsop's Fables.—The papers give numerous accounts of scullions having fallen last week in various parts of the country. They were seen on Tuesday between Middletown and New Haven, Conn.; Providence; Pawtucket, R. I.; Natick, Mass., and Alexandria, Va. The one which fell in Natick is described as a circular luminous body, terminating in a conical appendage. The woods were searched, but no traces of the scullion could be found.

Miss Cornelia Pierce was awarded a premium for the best apple-pie, and Miss Edith Seymour for the best pan of biscuit, at the fair recently held at Earlyville, Madison Co., Miss. Those premium girls must make good wives.

Cook, one of the Harper's Ferry insurrectionists, has made a confession, in his own handwriting, occupying some twenty-four pages of foolscap; but it is not to be given to the public through the newspaper press. It is to be published in pamphlet form, and sold for the benefit of one of the wounded citizens of Harper's Ferry.

MEXICAN NEWS.—The Progress says that two conductors with specie, amounting to \$300,000, have left San Luis for the Rio Grande, and it is feared are in danger from marauding parties. Gen. Robles had lost ground with the Church party, who suspected him of an intention of playing false. It is said that Doblado had just entered Guanajuato with one thousand troops.

The National Theatre is again open, W. B. English, lessee. It will probably pay, this time. English is full of novelty, and of course our fan-loving people will get their money's worth of this health-involving article at this establishment.

A PRECEDENT.—Harvard College recently conferred the title of D. D. upon Mr. Howard Crosby, who resides in the western part of the State. Considerable comment has been elicited, in consequence, because the title has before been the exclusive property of the clergy.

A secret gains the mastery over one woman, and she enlists another woman to help her keep it.

A new sort of letter-box has been patented, which can be attached to gas-lamp posts in cities, and is so arranged that it cannot be opened by picking the lock; that rain cannot by any possibility enter into its aperture, no opening being left upon the outside; that it shuts itself on being opened; and that if a negligent postman should start to go away without locking it, the key could not be removed. The postmaster of Philadelphia has already adopted the invention, and it is probably destined to general introduction everywhere.

What we take, makes the body rich—what we give, makes the soul rich.

In a recent sermon, the Rev. Dr. Cummings stated that more people went out of London every Sabbath, on excursions of pleasure, than were found in all the churches and chapels of the city, and that out of a population of three millions, there were but one hundred and fifty thousand communicants in the churches of all evangelical denominations.

The universe is the school-house, and nature is the school-mistress.

Truth is developed in defeat and retarded in success.

There is a way that leads to God,  
Rough and unending is the road;  
It leads straight through this world of sin,  
And all together walk therein.

The habits of always saying something against those who are absent is mean and cowardly.

The Washington (D. C.) Board of Aldermen have refused to set apart a day for Thanksgiving this year, causing considerable feeling among the community by their refusal.

MONK BROTHER.—The Massachusetts State Senate, last week, adopted an amendment to chapter 131, section 12, of the Revision of the Statutes, which removes the disability to receive the testimony of athletes in our courts of law. The amendment provides that "every person not a believer in any religion shall be required to testify truly, under the pains and penalties of perjury." To this an amendment (I) was adopted as follows: "And the evidence of such person's disbelief in the existence of God may be received to affect their credibility as witnesses." The latter clause of the amendment was adopted by a vote of 10 to 7. The vote upon the amendment, as amended, was 13 to 13, and was adopted by the casting vote of the President.

A friend in Maine writes us as follows:—"If you wish to know why I renew my subscription to the BANNER, I will simply say, in reply, that it is because I cannot live without it any more than I can without food and water. It each week contains more really scientific information than can be purchased elsewhere, that I know of, for twice the amount of money paid for it."

A subscriber writes us from Stone Mills, N. Y., that he has been a believer in Spiritualism more than ten years, and that for nearly that length of time he has held communions

with departed spirits. If any "Professor" desires to "investigate" this case, we have no doubt the gentleman would be willing to allow us to use his name. Where's that Report?

The editor of the Portland Transcript believes that place will always be the great eastern city, whether the big ship comes or not.

A dense fog hung over Boston two or three days last week. The Legislature is in session.

Tux New York Maxton is a sterling paper.

The sale of California wines in San Francisco this year will amount to about half a million of dollars. We pity the poor bipeds who consume the "Fetionized" stuff. How they must whine with bad headaches in consequence.

Nicholas Low, a wealthy resident of New York, died possessed of about \$700,000, the greater portion of which he bequeathed to Henrietta L., wife of Charles King, President of Columbia College.

The horrible election rows in Baltimore have been styled by the District Attorney there, "the playful pranks of froemen."

Wonder if the members of the Legislature intend to "extend" their salaries? So it is said.

There has been a heavy fall of snow in Onondaga County, N. Y. The sleighing was good for several miles in the neighborhood of Marcellus.

Prof. Nelson still opposes Spiritualism in some parts of every lecture he delivers.

Read Brother Clark's notice in another column. His Register should be in the hands of every Spiritualist.

D. D. MARRS, M. D., of Croydon Flat, N. H., is an authorized agent for this paper.

It is a blessed thing that there are so-called crazy men in the world—that there are those mad with the idea of struggling to beat back the many wrongs which oppress and degrade poor humanity.

Scandal belongs to the lowest sphere of spiritual existence, viz., hell.

The papers announce the arrest of Dr. W. R. Palmer, at Memphis, Tenn., Nov. 16th, on a charge of being concerned in the Harper's Ferry conspiracy. After a thorough examination into all the facts in the case, Palmer was committed in default of \$2500 bail, to take his trial at the District Court.

TOXIC BY A GAL-LANT.—"The ladies—may we kiss all the girls we please, and please all the girls we kiss."

A fine woman, like a locomotive, draws a train after her, scatters the sparks and transports the males.

When noxious gas exists in a well, let down a bucket with unslacked lime and water in it.

CONVENTIONS.

N. RANDALL, ST. JOHNSBURY, VT.—I see a call, in a late BANNER, by A. E. Newton, for a National Convention. To me, as Conventions have ever been conducted, they are profitless, expensive, and result in no good. So I call them a cheat, a humbug. They are too much like a convention of priests; when, if more democratically managed, they would be of the greatest advantage to elevate the race.

Let us look at the conventions as they are managed. Take the Rutland Convention, for example, as that was thought the most free of any that has ever been held. The call said, "Come all of every creed, and of no creed—of every color, male and female—and all shall have a respectful hearing." This was liberal and charitable, and looked very flattering on paper. But what were the facts, when three thousand individuals had assembled, with diverse and original thoughts, that were all-important to them, to be laid before the Convention? Why, very early before one-tenth of the assembling had arrived, a select few selected themselves as ruling committee for the rest, and the whole time of the Convention. A special rostrum was erected in the most conspicuous place, sufficient to entertain a very small number of favorite speakers; and by special invitation from this select committee, some dozen old stagers, that have been in the field for the last twenty or thirty years, as speakers and writers, were invited upon the rostrum. Now these speakers kept the stand, and clamored among themselves for the whole time through the Convention. Did this mode of carrying on the Convention comply with the call? Not at all. The call said, "All shall have a respectful hearing;" and more than five hundred had assembled with the expectation of giving some very important facts to that Convention. How much more interesting it would have been, and profitable, too, could we have had a short expression from five hundred of those original thinkers, that had come for that very purpose. Further, what now truths did we hear? None! For the speakers—nearly all—have been in the field as leaders at all our conventions for the last twenty years. All their best thoughts have been in print over and over again, till they have become as common as the Lord's Prayer—and excellent thoughts they were, too. I am not finding fault with the speakers, nor the thoughts scattered by them. But I say it was very expensive, and did not pay for the great mass of men and women to go hundreds of miles, at great expense, to hear H. C. Wright, S. S. Foster, Mrs. Rose, Elder Grant, Pillsbury, Tiffany, W. M. Goodale, and other speakers, wrangle upon their particular, favorite themes, that we have all read and re-read. These few speakers did not meet the call, and could no more answer the whole truth, and wants of that large and profound mass of men and women, than one or two priests could five hundred intellectual auditors.

"But," says one, "could you have found a better set of speakers in the Convention?" No, nor even in the world. But could five hundred, or one thousand, of that audience have had an opportunity to have spoken two or five minutes, we should have had a newer combination of thought, more original ideas in reference to future plans and movements for man's elevation.

Very many of our best thinkers are modest, and unaccustomed to speak, or make long, set speeches, but are deep-sighted, and the very best judges of human needs; hence the Convention is the very place where such men are needed; and there is where we go to prepare and mature our plans for future action. I can see no great benefit arising from the readers of the Banner, Telegraph, Age, Investigator, and Adventist, to assemble in one great Mass Meeting, or Convention, to hear the editors of those periodicals read long essays, make long speeches, and use up three whole days in disputing, and making plans for future action. I do think it would be interesting and exciting; but time spent in that way is not well spent to me; for these very editors are giving off continually, weekly, their best thoughts, setting forth schemes for future movements, which the readers are continually drinking in; and very many readers would like an opportunity to set forth their views, after hearing so much. Hence a Convention is the very meeting for the masses, the people, to be heard from. Now, it strikes me, could those editors and monopolizers of the whole time of Conventions, listen, in part, to the thousand readers of their thoughts, that have been received weekly, they (the editors) might possibly catch a new idea, an original thought. Not till then can Conventions be profitable.

Down with the self-appointed fractional Committee; make the rostrum as large as the whole house; limit the time of each speaker to five or ten minutes, and give all an opportunity. Such is justice, progress, and the aspirations of the wise and good.

A New Medium.

J. C. J. CARDINGTON, Ohio.—I thought I would transmit to you a card of a medium, by the name of Lindley M. Andrews, of Illinois, who was lecturing at Lancaster, Ohio, the first of October, or thereabouts. He was truly a remarkable young man. He spoke in an unconscious condition, in an easy, elevated tone, and gave us truth in such a clear manner, that all that he said seemed to carry its demonstrations with it. He was eloquent and powerful, seeming to chain the whole audience, and carry them with him. There seemed to be no subject that could puzzle him in the least, and no question that the audience could put to him which was not satisfactorily answered. The most abstruse spiritual or mental questions seemed as simple to him, and were as easily analyzed by him, as the easiest question of addition. He dealt with the chemistry of the mind, and the course of human events, the coils of man's body, and the systems of worlds—humans and angels—with as much ease as though they were marbles or chess-men. At the close of the lectures, he improvised some beautiful poems, the subjects being given by the audience. After which, he explained the characters of several persons present. The persons named took seats five or six feet in front of the speaker, (his eyes being closed so that he could not possibly see his subjects,) when he delineated their characters, and, as I was told, correctly too. I called to see him, at the hotel, and found him to be a genial, plain, unassuming young man; and, at my request, he went into an unconscious condition, and described the spirit of my father, as accurately as I could have done myself. He told me that he designed going eastward, this season, but said his address would be Cleveland, Ohio, care of Mrs. Brown. I understand he has been lecturing at Mt. Gilead, lately.

I think I speak the sentiments of most of his auditors, when I say that this man spoke unspurred, he is certainly the possessor of the clearest, most exalted and expanded mind I ever knew, and must have performed the study of several life times in a little more than a score of years. I am no Spiritualist, and know but little about it—have been a member of the Methodist Church thirty years. I have heard Mrs. Brown, Miss Harding, and a few others, but could account for their addresses, by stretching my ideas a little; but in Mr. Andrews, I found myself—I have been unable to tell where.

Card-Spiritual Register.

On or before the first of January, I shall publish the Fourth Annual SPIRITUAL REGISTER, with Counting-House and Speakers' Almanac for 1850. Friends throughout the country will please report in full, all statistics, number of Spiritualists, names and addresses of lecturers and mediums, schools, homes, places of meetings, catalogues of Spiritual books, &c., and send before December 20th, 1850. The Register will be a neat pocket annual of thirty-six pages, with the Facts, Philosophy, Statistics, Progress, Practical Teachings, &c., of Spiritualism, indispensable as a guide to believers, inquirers and skeptics. As the work will not be sent out on sale, and only a limited number will be printed to fill out orders, those who desire it, must send in their orders, with cash in advance, before the first of January. Mailed free of postage—one hundred for five dollars; fifty for three dollars; fourteen for one dollar; ten cents a single copy.

Address, URIAH CLARK, Auburn, New York.

New Publication.

A DISSEMINATION OF THE EVIDENCES OF DIVINE INSPIRATION. By Datus Kelley. This work, just issued from the press, takes a general view of inspiration and its evidences, in a very different manner from what it has been treated heretofore by the various writers, either for or against, on the subject. It reviews the arguments that have been advanced in favor of Divine Inspiration with marked candor, and at the same time with great ability. A subject of such vast importance should be carefully investigated, and the truth elicited, whether it confirms or condemns our previous belief on the subject. It is well worth a careful perusal. 72 pages, 12mo. Price 20 cents.

Bela Marsh, publisher, 14 Bromfield street, Boston.

A Social Levee.

Will be given at Union Hall, on Wednesday Evening, Nov. 20th, 1850, for the benefit of Mrs. B. K. LITTLE, where she will be happy to meet her friends previous to her departure for the South. Tickets, admitting a gentleman and lady, \$1—to be had at the BANNER OF LIGHT office, at BELLA MARSH'S, 14 Bromfield street, and at her Rooms, 35 Beach street.

Notices to Correspondents.

J. E. B. CAYSTAL LAKE.—The letter was sent to Mansfield, on its receipt. Mr. Mansfield's address is at Baltimore, Md., we think.

G. S. ACTON.—Yes, send print it in our next issue.

Lecturers.

Mrs. MARY M. MACOMBER will speak at Putnam, Conn., Nov. 27th; at Plymouth, Mass., Sunday, Dec. 4th and 11th; at Williams, Conn., Dec. 25th. Mrs. Macomber commences visiting California in the Spring.

Miss SARAH A. MAGOUN will lecture at Quincy, Nov. 27.

WANTED.—The New York Editor of this paper, who resides at 120 Elm street, Newark, N. J., wants a healthy, industrious, and efficient American woman to perform general housework. She must be skilled in every department of house-keeping, and be willing to be useful wherever her services may be required. One who fully answers the description, may have a good home and any reasonable compensation for services. Apply to Mr. Brittan, at the New York office of the BANNER.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES are among the acknowledged institutions of the land. What would our ministers, our lecturers, our lawyers do, without these invaluable "Trochies" to "whet the appetite" and "cure the cough" and throat clearings would we be all subjected, were it not for these all-powerful and soothing lozenges? We have tried them, and they did us good.—*N. Y. Waterbury.*

Mrs. PEABODY, the well-known Clairvoyant and Medical Examiner, continues to receive visitors daily at her residence, No. 15 Davis street, Boston. We would advise the afflicted to call and test for themselves her remarkable curative powers.

CURIOUSITY.—John J. Dyer & Co., No. 35 School street, Boston, have just published a new novel "ILLUSTRATED SCRAP BOOK." It is a large quarto form, and contains Five Hundred Pictures, upon every conceivable subject of everyday life, wit, humor, pathos, natural history, scenery in all quarters of the globe, nationalities, types of character, famous architecture, portraits of noted individuals of both sexes, and in short, an inexhaustible resort for study and amusement for old and young. It is the first book of the kind, and the cheapest we have seen. Any person enclosing twenty-five cents to the publisher, in letter stamps or silver, will receive a copy, post paid, by return of mail. Here is something to amuse the family circle the coming long evenings.

Nov. 28.

BETHESDA INSTITUTE.—The Bethesda Institute and Spiritualist Reading Rooms, advertised in another column, was opened with appropriate ceremonies on Monday evening, the 14th inst. The Rooms were crowded. Dr. H. F. Gardner made a few remarks, stating the general object of the enterprise, and was followed by Mr. S. J. Finney, of Ohio, in a strain of impassioned eloquence that could but have an abiding effect on those present. It was Lizzy Doten who was also present, and spoke to the heart with her usual power. Mrs. E. B. Danforth was entranced and spoke in her usual interesting manner. Mrs. E. M. Tippet, of New York, was also present, and was influenced by a daughter of Black Hawk. There were other manifestations of spirit power, and the evening passed very pleasantly away until about 11 o'clock, when the company dispersed well pleased.

Mrs. Danforth has in her possession certificates of cure equal to any of Mrs. Mettler's.

MEDICAL TREATMENT—NUTRITIVE PRINCIPLE.

DR. ALFRED G. HALL, M. D., Professor of Physiology, and author of the New Theory of Medical Practice on the Nutritive Principle, may be consulted on the treatment of every form of humor, weakness and disease, in person or by letter, from any part of the country. It is restorative in its effects, reliable in its results, and is justly worthy of the confidence of the afflicted. All the Medicines used are purely vegetable. No. 10 Central Court, opposite 383 Washington street, Boston, Mass. 1853 Oct. 1.

A CURIOSITY FOR EVERYBODY.

THE ILLUSTRATED SCRAP-BOOK.

JUST PUBLISHED.

THIS is a most curious and original work, containing Five Hundred Pictures upon every conceivable subject of everyday life, wit, humor, pathos, natural history, scenery in all quarters of the globe, nationalities, types of character, famous architecture, portraits of noted individuals of both sexes, and in short, an inexhaustible resort for study and amusement for old and young.

THIS REAL NOVELTY is for sale at all of the periodical depots for TWENTY-FIVE CENTS PER COPY! Sent, postage paid, to any part of the country, on the receipt of twenty-five cents in postage stamps or silver.

PUBLISHED BY JOHN J. DYER & Co., Nov. 28. 35 School street, Boston.

PURCHASERS WANTED FOR GOOD COPYING PRESSES, which will copy any description of writing. Sent free of postage for Fifty Cents Address P. P. GOOD, JR., Plainfield, New Jersey. Nov. 28

CLAIRVOYANCE AND MEDICINE. Mrs. E. C. DORMAN, MAGNETO-BOTANIC PHYSICIAN. By magnetic power and contact—on the application of Clairvoyance to the discovery and cure of disease—has become so widely and favorably known, that it may suffice to notify the public that she may be consulted daily—on very reasonable terms—at her residence, No. 12 Orchard street, New York, N. Y. Nov. 28.

J. PORTER HODGSON, M. D., ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, 658 WASHINGTON STREET, (in Pine Street Church, up one flight of stairs, Room No. 2.) Boston. Psychometrical delineations of character, and Clairvoyant examinations of disease, daily from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Terms, when present \$1.00; by letter or by mail, when absent \$3.00. N. B.—No notice taken of letters unless they contain the fee for examination. 3m Nov. 28.

WALKER'S GREAT LECTURE ON the "Movement of Faith," in review of Doctor Bellows's "Suspects of Faith," is this day published. Price 15 cents, or \$1.00 per copy. For sale by S. T. MUNROE, General Agent, 143 Fulton street, New York. Nov. 5. 13p

## New York Advertisements.

### Pianos, Melodeons, and Organs.

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

#### TESTIMONIALS:

"The Horace Waters Pianos are known as among the very best."—*Evangelist.*  
"We can speak of their merits from personal knowledge."—*Christian Intelligencer.*  
"Waters's Pianos and Melodeons challenge comparison with the finest made anywhere in the country."—*Home Journal.* 3m Oct. 22.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.—Beware of Counterfeits! Purchasers are hereby informed of a certain test to the genuineness of these remedies; it is necessary to see that each box of the book of directions around each pot and box shows the words "Holloway, New York and London," as a water-mark in semi-transparent letters. All not thus authenticated are frauds. Sold at the manufactory, No. 80 Maiden Lane, New York, and by all druggists, at 25c, 50c, and \$1 per box or pot. 1p Nov. 28.



## The Messenger.

Each message in this department of the BANNER we claim was spoken by the spirit whose name it bears, through Mrs. J. H. Conner, while in a trance called the Trance State. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tokens of spirit communion to those friends to whom they are addressed.

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 *spirit* beings. We believe the public should know of the spirit world, and it is to be learned that there is evil as well as good in it, and not expect that purity alone shall flow from spirits to mortals.

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

### Visitors Admitted.

Our sittings are free to any one who may desire to attend. They are held at our office, No. 812 Brattle street, Boston, every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday afternoon, commencing at half-past two o'clock; after which time there will be no admittance. They are held 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 recognize, write us whether true or false?

From No. 1280 to No. 1783.

Thursday, Oct. 27.—"Who and what was Jesus?" Augustus P. Pope; Silas Dudley, Georgia; Mary Greenan.

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

Saturday, Oct. 29.—"How is Man allied to God?" Charles Cater; Sarah Franklin Bach.

Tuesday, Nov. 1.—"How are God's elect known in Heaven?" David Hamilton, Belfast; Caroline, to Anna L. Win- ters, New York; Hosea Ballou.

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

Thursday, Nov. 3.—"And there shall be no more Death?" J. G. Wyatt, Boston; Martha Dwight, Boston; Nathan Brown, Toledo.

Friday, Nov. 4.—James D. Barnsworth; Simon Adams.

Saturday, Nov. 5.—"What do Spirits think of Henry Ward Beecher?" "How shall man discern good from evil?" William Seibley.

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 Schouder, Washington; John T. Gilman, Exeter, N. H.

Friday, Nov. 11.—"When may we look for Christ's coming?" David Pease, New Hampshire; John Elton, Philadelphia; Abby Ann Tobus, New Hampshire; Noah Blanchard, Boston.

Saturday, Nov. 12.—"Fetters!" Rufus Long, Portsmouth, England; Mary White, Concord, N. H.; Olive Hedger; Joseph Winslow; Thomas Walworth.

Tuesday, Nov. 15.—"Thou shalt not kill!" George Talbot; Cordelia Coolidge, Boston; Juliet Hersey, Boston; William Good.

Wednesday, Nov. 16.—"What is perfection?" George Washington Bowman, Portsmouth, Va.; Nathaniel Hill, Thetford, Vt.; Charles M. Thorndike.

### Robert Owen.

Many of our God's most mighty creations are born in obscurity, cradled in poverty; but as surely as they claim God for their Creator, so surely will he continually care for them, and so surely will he ultimately his own, according to his own design. Mortals may plan and prophesy, but unless their plan and their prophecy be in harmony with the original design, they will be good for nothing.

Eighteen hundred years ago, history tells us, a very bright, intellectual star was born. History also tells us that it first saw the light of the material sphere from the stable. Behold, it was cradled with the lower order of animals. Follow that star, if you please, up to the present time; and behold, it is so mighty there is not one on earth who comprehends it. Earth can boast of its great minds, its superior intelligence, but there is not one on earth, nor has there ever been one, that is capable of comprehending the star which was born in a stable, and cradled with the beasts of the field.

Now this star is as perfect a type of modern Spiritualism, as the Great Designer could well have given us. Behold this modern star, shining first for the benefit of the lowly, shedding its rays upon the unenlightened of the material world, warming into life those souls who had heretofore been unable to comprehend anything beyond the present!

I would like to ask if there are any on earth at the present time who can comprehend the star of modern Spiritualism? Do that portion of the human race who have beheld its advent, and have been warmed by its light, and strengthened by its power, understand it? No; I fear not. And why? Because their souls have not yet expanded enough to understand it. The flower hath not yet unfolded all its petals; but the Great Designer, who hath ever carefully watched this new star, will continue to watch it; and as that progresses to the conception of mortal minds, mortal minds will progress, and will be able in time to fully comprehend it.

When I was on earth, I thought I understood modern Spiritualism; but since I have been happily freed from the bondage of the human form, I find I was in but the alpha—the morning had scarce dawned upon me; and though I had some conception regarding the new light, yet I failed to understand it. I failed to place it in its true and proper relation to the great Creator—its Designer. True, I said it is one of God's manifestations; yet I knew not where to place it—I could form no thoroughly correct estimate of it; nor do I understand it now I am apart from mortality. I stand, as it were, upon the second round of the mighty ladder of Progress and Wisdom, the condition of man being first, man's incipient state in spirit-life being the second. I stand, therefore, upon the second, and I see only the surroundings of that round, that circle of life, in so near connection with mortal life.

Nine-tenths of the Spiritualists will tell you they think they understand modern Spiritualism; but it is not so; they understand only that portion that can be exhibited in their surroundings. Could that portion of it that is seen by those who dwell upon some of the higher planes, be exhibited to people of this life, they would hardly understand it was modern Spiritualism.

It will be well for every seeker to seek honestly and earnestly, and be satisfied with what is sent in answer to the call; for satisfaction will beget knowledge. The spirit needs just so much of spiritual food, and no more. You all know it is not well to surcharge the animal with food; nor is it well to overcharge the spirit. Would it be well for the Great Spirit to open the flood-gates of the spirit-world, and give you all those mighty ideas which are discussed in the higher walks of angel-life? I think not; and it is very evident God does not think so, for he acts in wisdom, and never turns aside from it to please any of his subjects. Too much spiritual food is worse than none at all;—better starve than gorge.

When you receive your spirit-thought, which appeals to you in thunder-tones, analyze that thought, until you can thoroughly digest it and understand it, and then you will be in a condition to obtain a higher thought. But while you Spiritualists are calling for new thoughts while the old are not understood, your progress will be slow, like the wheel that was constantly whirling, but never going ahead.

But I do thank my God for what I did understand of Spiritualism while here. It was not only a light, but a very brilliant one; and when I was changing worlds, I would not have given the little handful of knowledge I possessed, for all the gifts of earth. Had the Giver of all gifts sent to me a messenger, as I stood upon the threshold of the new world, offering me all the wealth of earth, and long years of life upon it, in exchange for this gem, I would have laughed the messenger to scorn.

Friends of Truth, Children of Progress, Sons of our God! while you are basking in the warm and genial sunlight of modern Spiritualism, see that you progress by its rays; see that you do not sit idly all the day; but, as the bright rays come pouring into your souls, analyze every ray of light that is sent to you, and you shall not only become fully acquainted with yourselves, as individuals; but, better than all, you shall know your God. Yes, you shall shake hands with the Father of all—the great Original of all that exists. Surely, this is enough, and you should be satisfied with the reward.

Oh, may the vibrations upon each human soul that is striving to gather to itself bright gems of wisdom from this modern star, tell that it is gathering to itself spiritual knowledge that shall serve it well for time and eternity.

I must now take leave, for my time has expired. Friends from abroad have requested me to come here and speak upon the subject I have touched upon. I am not much accustomed to controlling media. Practice is needed to make perfect, which I shall doubtless gather while here. My name was Robert Owen. Fare you well. Oct. 23.

### Mary Allen.

If you'll let me go home, I'll come back again. My home is only down here a little way—not in Boston; no, I lived in

New York. Mary Allen was my name. I'll never drink another drop, if you'll let me go back. I want to go back to my two children. No, I ain't dead! No, no, no! I was drunk—not dead—that's all. I ain't dead—I was only drunk last night. I have woke up in strange places before now. I have got a terrible cold—I had it a week ago. They brought me here last night. You nint God, any of you, and you need n't think so; and I ain't before the judgment seat.

What month is it? You confounded fool—it's December now, 1833! Confound you, let me go! Oh, curse you and your particulars! I'm used to waking up in strange places. I was forty-two years old. My children's names were Mary and John. Oh, curse you; let me go home—it's most night now! No, you don't find out where I live. I've heard of missionaries before now, and I hate them. My husband is dead; he got killed by falling overboard, you fool! His name was John. Oh, my God, how you talk to me! "See my husband?" He's dead, I tell you. See Satan! Oh, my God! let me go home! I tell you there was nothing in the house to eat. Oh, curse you, missionaries! You'd talk to a poor woman all night, preaching religion, and leave her children starving.

Yes, I heard of Spiritualism a year ago. Oh, go' long with your nonsense! My husband did n't bring me here; the last time he took me anywhere, he said he never would take me anywhere again, because I was drunk; and I was just as drunk last night as I ever was. Let my husband alone—he's dead—that's enough; he do n't want to see me.

[The spirit evidently supposed she had been locked up for inebriety, instead of realizing that she was dead.] Oct. 23.

### Edward Allen.

My name was Edward Allen. I was fourteen years old at the time of my death, which took place three years ago. I died of consumption, or hemorrhage of the lungs. I have a father and mother in Boston, and I was told I had better come here, if I wished to speak with him. My father is not here all the time—he is away out of the city. I have a brother with me—none on earth.

I do n't like the fashion of going to strangers to talk. I think if our friends loved us as they used to, they might ask us home, at least to Thanksgiving, Fast, the Fourth, and the like. I guess we boys would receive a note inviting us to return with a great deal of pleasure. I suppose our friends think we go to a pretty rigid school now, and do n't got a chance to leave for home.

It's pretty much the same with us here as with the people on earth. If we happen to get in a great hurry, and see the door open that leads us home, and we have anything like a fair chance of being welcome there, if one falls down before us, we don't stop to pick him up, and so I did not stop to look at the woman who left here just now.

It depends upon what kind of a reception I meet with this time, before I tell you whether I shall come again. We do n't like to have our efforts prove fruitless any more than you do. I know something of this before I left earth.

Want you to be kind enough to tell my father and mother that I'll vacation with me, and I want to be invited home. Yes, sir, I may call it school that I attend here. We are taught anything we desire to understand, and are not urged into any kind of study we do not like. I do not see any indolent about me. The fact is, each wants to learn something, and hence is studious. Some only want to study one branch; others take up half-a-dozen branches of study, and progress as fast with them as the other does with one.

No, sir, I do not desire to make earth a permanent dwelling-place. I suffered too much with my body, and got a little tired of earth before I left. Although I wish to see and converse with my friends, I have no desire to return here to live.

Those spirits who are most congenial to us, who like what we like, and think as we think, are most nearly associated with us. I am turning my attention to the study of Botany, as you would call it. I have had flowers ever since I have been here. I loved flowers when I was on earth, and loved to sketch them. My opportunities for studying them are much better now. The flowers with us might be called the spirit of the natural flower. There is nothing in the natural, that has not its counterpart in spirit. The spirit-flower is just as real and tangible to us, as the natural flower is to you. You would not see a flower of my life, if I were to present it to you; for, as you are in a material body, everything you are to see must have material surroundings.

I am just beginning to turn my attention to what is going on in some of the material planets. I am not satisfied to know what is going on on earth; I wish to know what is doing in other worlds.

Again, I feel a great interest in music. One of a company of spirits I met a few days ago, told me something like this: "Music is one of the half-spirits of nature—one of the many mighty forces that control human magnetism." He asked me if, when I was listening to very sweet music, I did not feel drawn out from my material surroundings. "So," said he, "the great heart of Humanity stands still, at some thrill of harmony first felt as it sounded in spirit-spheres."

For a time I thought I would give up all I was learning to attend to music. But he said, "Friend, is not your crucible large enough to hold all the beauties you have seen; and allow you to grasp at others? Never throw off one beauty when another is presented to you, as a child does a toy."

No, sir, I did not feel unhappy at sight of the spirit who just left, for I know she has her mission to perform as well as I, and is not lost, as some of you think she may be. If I have a desire to aid an unfortunate, I have the power given me; but it is not duty, if I do not have the desire.

You must not suppose because one spirit comes and tells you what he sees, that it is a representative of the whole, for he only speaks for his own self, and not for any other.

Well, sir, I fear I have wearied you, and will now return, after thanking you for your kindness in writing for me. Oct. 25.

### Return of Spirits Unconscious of a Change.

"How is it possible for the spirit who is not cognizant of a change of life, to return and control media, giving their own thoughts and acting themselves with perfect freedom?"

According to our knowledge we will answer our questioner. You are all aware, or at least you should be aware, that the spirit is bound to the mortal while it exists in earth-life, by the law of magnetic attraction. We find the magnetic force existing in the human form that attracts and confines to itself a spirit, a life-principle. When that attraction is severed by disease or accident, the control of the spirit ceases—the magnetic force passes out of the human form, and it dies to mortal sight—or goes back again to its primal element, to be reinstated at some future time in another form. No matter how far distant that future may be; but so sure as that form ceases, so sure will it in time go to make up another form. You can scarcely comprehend this; but look you through Nature's vast workshop, and you will discern the truth of our word.

All mediums possess a large share of a certain kind of magnetism, that attracts to itself spiritual influences. One medium possesses, perhaps, only that magnetic influence that shall attract only one class of spirits. Another has that magnetism that attracts all classes of spirits, high and low. The spirit that becomes freed of its mortal form, and loses that attraction which binds it to mortal by accident, generally remains for a time bewildered—in an unconscious state, perhaps. The electrical storm that passes over the wires, renders it unable for a time to discern its surrounding; but when nature has had time to work in and through the spirit, by its own inherent force, we then find consciousness take place—sight is restored, and the senses become active. It looks around and finds itself in a strange condition, surrounded by strange objects, but rarely supposes it is divested of its mortal form. It has no recollection of the change, which has taken place while consciousness was dormant and the senses out of tune. After the spirit has been restored to consciousness, its first thoughts are generally of home. "Oh, why am I here? How far is it from home? Who, oh, who, will take me back to those loved ones and those familiar scenes?"

Behold, this positive element, the spiritual-electrical force, becomes mighty in the desire to return to its own earth home. Behold, that desire, or that electrical power, is so strong that it bears its originator to some corresponding magnetic element—some medium. Nature, with ever awakening will, ever cares for its children. Nature carries the spirit to the magnetic force found in the medium.

After coming into the sphere, or magnetic power of the medium, the power is incorporated in the force of that medium, by the great law of nature, and as yet, it has no knowledge of its change of life, and can only be brought to a knowledge of that change by coming in contact with materialism, and seeing in a material mirror its condition. The magnetic forces of the medium become the mirror; for, as the spirit must leave, he sees that the force he has used is not his own. Nature would not permit the foreign spirit to hold control long, for nature is perfect, and although the spirit of the medium may travel thousands of miles away, still it will return to its own. Even the spirit of the medium may not recognize the cord which binds it to her mortal

body—even though some spirits who are about her may not do so, and may tell you that the spirit had completely departed, yet that cord exists until death.

When the foreign spirit comes, by virtue of its own law, to leave that form, it will do so, and as gradually as it takes its departure, or ceases to control the form, behold, the spirit of the medium returns and takes possession of its form at the very instant the foreign spirit leaves. There is no vacuum. If there were, the fine magnetic force which binds the spirit and body together would cease, and the body appear as dead.

While wandering through the vast temple of nature, we can but cry out oftentimes, "Oh, God! how wonderful thy manifestations! how mighty thy power! how eternal thy wisdom! You in the natural life talk of space. There is no space. Behold, your own natural atmosphere is so completely filled with fine magnetic forces—fine wires—which convey your thoughts to spheres beyond, and convey to you the thoughts of those beyond you, that there is no vacuum. You are in constant rapport with spheres beyond earth, and you cannot sever yourselves from those in spirit-life. You call yourselves free agents, and so you are, to a certain extent; but could you behold the vast machinery which connects the spiritual to the natural life, you would be a still greater mystery to yourselves.

Go as far as you may in the vast temple of Science, and you will still find that you have miles to go, and eternity is before you. As fast as one thought is given, another is ready for you to study.

Beautiful, indeed, is the study of Nature; full of inducements and rewards—and not devoid of punishment for those who disobey her laws. Touch but one fine cord in the harp of Nature with a ruthless finger, and you find you are punished—you suffer by so doing. But move in accordance with her laws, as she speaks in every avenue of life, and you suffer not; for suffering is but the inevitable consequence of disobedience. Death is the result, if you disobey; happiness, of your obedience.

As the spirits which have been ruthlessly sent to spirit-life return to mediums, they are working out their salvation; and as the great Lawgiver hath shown them a way of salvation, oh, marvel not at His goodness.

Give to every one his due. If a dead, unclothed spirit, return in all their ignorance and sin, receive them. Nature and God hath called them, and so sure as he hath called them, so sure will he furnish them with knowledge sufficient to work their own salvation.

What is it that teaches the dog to find its master? Instinct, you will say. There has been a magnetic attraction established between the dog and its master. By virtue of that law, the brute can find its master. So, that attraction, and he runs hither and thither, and knows not where to go.

The friend who hath called us here to speak upon this subject this afternoon, hath commenced a great, a mighty study; he hath taken the first step in spiritual progress; he hath wisely called for a key to unlock the doors of the inner temple, and as he progresses he will find a great variety of guides who will give him all the knowledge he desires. He need not fear to advance, for as God hath called him into existence, he will take care of him, especially the spiritual part. God hath called upon him to come forth and understand himself, and the first response is the call we answer. And now as he is on the highway of Divinity, we can but urge him to go on. Let him scan every thought that comes to him, and weigh it well in the balance of his own judgment, and he shall gather many gems of wisdom that shall serve him well here and throughout eternity. Farewell. Oct. 26.

### Catherine Gage.

I do n't know as I do right by coming here to speak; but I feel very anxious to, and I hope if I do wrong, I shall be pardoned. I am very anxious to communicate with my husband—my family. I am not partial to this public way; but I thought I would rather avail myself of it, than to deny myself the privilege of coming at all. I am somewhat confused—a little agitated. I can't speak so well before strangers.

I do not know anything of Spiritualism; I only know I can come back and speak, but I should rather speak at home. My name is Catherine Gage. I died at Nashua, of consumption, in last July. My people were all cheerful-going people. Do you think they will receive me?

I have got much to communicate about our little girl Katy, but you must excuse me—I can't talk here. I prefer to speak in private. I know this way is a very good one when there is no other, but I prefer to come in another. My husband is a member of the church, and I fear I shall not be welcome. I must study to know how to approach him; if I can only speak with him once, I can convince him; but it is hard to do so here, unless you give all the facts, which are private; and that every spirit does not like to do. Oct. 26.

### Charles Todd.

Good afternoon! I have stayed away some time. Been busy—tending to affairs that seemed to demand my special attention. You know what I told you the last time I spoke here. Did you find me true or false? Of course, I know it would come out right; but it isn't ended yet—it is just begun. I believe I have been specially appointed by God to see that man punished; and if I do n't, do justice to my employer. I am mistaken. "It isn't so much revenge as duty. I feel it to be my duty to punish that man, and I do n't look to anybody else to see what my duty is. I go in my own craft, and command it myself."

You see, that infernal rascal has run at large quite long enough, and it is quite time somebody held him in control for his deeds; and I do n't know but God might as well appoint me as anybody else. I think he shows wisdom in appointing somebody that knew him well, and I knew him clear through. He succeeded in deceiving the herd, but he can't do it now, and he'll find out it is so, before long, and I won't do anything wrong, neither."

Talk about magnetism! I think when a man feels himself injured by a party on earth, it is the strongest kind of magnetism you can conceive of. My God! I think I'm doing a service to the public. I do n't think I was ever so near the way of right as I am now. It's a good deal better than rum-sell, and the profits are larger, a good deal—especially when you have such an infernal scoundrel sucking round you as — was to me. I want him to understand I'm commander of the strongest party now. He led the van while I was here, but he can't do it now; and whoever lives to see what his condition will be in three years from now, will see that this is true; for I will as sure whip him into the ring as that he is a mortal.

I belong to the detective faculty now, and I style myself commander-in-chief. I come this afternoon just to let him and his friends know that I am not dead, or asleep, or off duty, but am following him up full as close as it will do, to keep from treading on his heels too quick. I wish you, or some of you, would cure me of this habit of stammering.

[The spirit stammered badly.] I want you to tell him, for me, that the sooner he knocks under, and confesses his rascality, and does about right, the sooner I'll leave him; but if he holds out, I'll show him that I ain't forgotten him, and that in a summary manner. I'll give him to understand that hepp did not grow for nothing. I'm going to cut a nice little figure for him, in about three months from this time. I'll give him notice, so he'll have a little sea-room. I'm going to corner him upon a new point. Better business, following him up, than drinking rum—gives better satisfaction. Oct. 23.

### Stephen Willey.

My Son, you have a mighty field of labor before you; therefore rise up early in the morning, and work well while the day lasts, and you shall reap a goodly harvest. Oct. 23.

### A Youthful Medium.

E. C. WOODWARD, ELIZABETH, N. Y.—Miss Elizabeth Low, of Leon, Chautauque Co., N. Y., only seventeen years of age, is developed as a very interesting speaking medium. Her development and manner appear very much like that of Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch. Her voice is clear and fine, and her mediumship is very uncommon. The people who hear her, say there must be something in Spiritualism, for this girl cannot speak for herself as she does speak. She meets the clergy, and says to them, "Come, let us reason together;" and she puts them to silence by her answers and her reasoning. Her education is only that of a common school, but her inspiration is above that of our theological schools.

Envy increases in exact proportion to fame; the man that makes a character makes enemies. A radiant genius calls forth swarms of peevish, biting, stinging insects, just as the sunshine awakens a world of flies.

No man ever prospered in business without the co-operation of his wife.

## Written for the Banner of Light. PASS ON, DEAR MOTHER.

To the Memory of Mrs. Deborah Fenner, Providence, R. I.

BY LIZA H. BARNWELL.

Pass on, dear mother, with the angel, Death,  
Too long thy soul hath toiled with laboring breath;  
We've watched and waited, worked and prayed in vain,  
For all our hopes are risen now in vain—  
Thy weary spirit seeks the gates of day,  
Then plume thy wings, dear mother—pass away.

We fain would bind thee to our loving heart,  
But fain disease hath poisoned with its dart;  
If bloom of health to thee must be denied,  
We would not, selfish, keep thee at our side;  
Thou wilt have lived thy mission in thy day,  
Then plume thy wings, dear mother—pass away.

An angel daughter comes with words of cheer,  
Unto the sorrowing circle gathered here;  
She tells us of the loving ones that bend  
To cheer the spirit-longings of our friend,  
To show these visions of unending day,  
And bid thee plume thy wings, and fly away.

Yet, go not far, dear mother, for we need  
Thy friendly counsels all our steps to heed;  
Upon thy wisdom might we safely rely,  
And, oh, deny it not, if thou must die,  
But tell us of thy spirit's new-born day,  
When thou hast plumed thy wings, and flown away.

Pass on, dear mother, through the gathering haze,  
That bars thy straining sight from onward gaze,  
Beyond the fields of mist is Heaven's pure air,  
And flowers, and music, and loved friends are there;  
Our heart-strings quiver at thy shortening stay,  
Yet plume thy wings, dear mother—pass away!

My wings they are plumed, and my earth course is run,  
And a bright, happy spirit, I soar to the sun,  
My new life commenced, all my sufferings o'er,  
Why should ye lament that ye see me no more?  
Like true-hearted ones, ye have watched my decay,  
And hoped and despaired with each alternate day;  
Ye kept by my side through my last night of pain,  
And now, oh, how gladly, I greet you again!  
When your sun was rising to lift earth's blue dome,  
Mine shone still more bright in my heavenly home;  
And a radiant one kissed me, "Mother," and smiled,  
"Twas my lost one, my Mary, your sister and child."

Oh, mourn not, my husband, repress the sad sigh,  
Though withdrawn from your sight, I am still ever nigh,  
When the day-god is smiling o'er land and o'er sea,  
Or when the pale moon dimly lights the dark lea;  
I've known each inquiring, each Thomas-like heart,  
I know well my children, I'll act well my part,  
And Alma shall know, though I've left the earth-home,  
A mother shall linger where'er she may roam;  
And, Nelly, my blue-eyed, who clung to my side,  
When o'er me rolled darkly Death's turbulent tide,  
With her dark-haired twin-brother with me shall of stray,  
And in sweetest communion pass long hours away;  
And Herbert, my youngest, remember, my boy,  
To follow my counsels will bring thee true joy,  
And though thy young heart may feel sad and alone,  
Thy mother is near—she forgets not her own.  
Yes, I'll come to you all, and well pleased, with you roam,  
For the heart's pure affections will cling around home;  
If I wander the fields of celestial blue,  
And gather sweet flowers, 'tis to share them with you;  
If I search my new home, and true pleasures shall find,  
They shall give of their worth to the friends left behind;  
And whether in earth-life or Heaven we are met,  
The wife, and the mother, will never forget!"

Providence, R. I., Oct. 1850.

## Written for the Banner of Light.

## DEALINGS WITH THE DEAD.

NUMBER SEVEN.

### PARENTHETICAL TO "EPOCH."

DEAR YELLOW VOTAGER ON LIFE'S GREAT JOURNEY—I rejoice that your soul hath been provoked to an amicable challenge, and that in substance you exclaim to me, "Gird up thy loins now like a man, for I will demand of thee. Answer thou me." But, first, a few words by way of preface.

Certainly, dear Epoch; souls are the subjects of number, and are therefore, in this sense, "particled," souls, of course, being plural; yet soul is not, for, although you may subtract forty-eight from forty-nine souls, and leave a remaining unit only, yet that unit is absolutely one, and you (take notice that I now speak of the entire inward man,) can no more remember that remaining soul—an exemplar of all souls—as you can a body, than you could find the last particle of a flock of dust upon a midge's wing. Again: "Fulphable looseness of thought." In reply, I have two pleas; first—brother, I am merely human, earth-bound, untaught, and totally ignorant of grammar and everything else, save so far as taught by spirits, and hence, while being perfectly familiar with hundreds of profound ideas derived from sources not open to all, for the reason that all will not struggle as I have for the highest light, which will not come unsought; yet I am not familiar with the rules of learning. Remember, dear Epoch, that

"Sometimes the aerial synods bend,  
And the mighty choirs descend;  
And the throngs of men thenceforth team with unaccustomed  
thoughts."

and all the better and more valuable as we are prepared and need them. Thither is a great immortal, and his thoughts were and are clearly understood by myself; but, alas! for reasons stated, I find it impossible to discover language and terms adequate to convey the rich meat to my hungry brethren; for, remember, his intercourse with me was through the silent thought-language in universal use beyond the third region of the starry homes of sinless beings, (concerning which, also, I shall write hereafter.) I therefore do the best I can to convey his meaning. Epoch shall have a talk with the great Egyptian, face to face, either through myself when I am East, or I will impart his signal, and request an interview for Epoch through any proper channel he and a chosen few may select. In the former case, my *incognito* to be inviolably respected by the company.

As an illustration of a portion of the foregoing remarks, I may here state a curious fact or two, one of which is, that I have not even written my great instructor's name right, simply because I found it far easier to call him Thotmer, than Thotmex, his true title—a name which, as I don't know how to pronounce, I laid aside for the one I now make use of, and which was suggested to me by another spirit through another medium, in answer to the question, "Who is my spiritual tutor?" The answer came thus:

"Thotmer the Great was a monarch sublime—  
Heid the reins of his fate, drove a chariot of time;  
And won the grand secret by means of the THREE.  
Strive, mortal, strive! his lot may be thine!"

Thus much by way of preface; now for the substance itself. Epoch must never lose sight of the great fact, that all material things, animal and vegetable—and the human body, highest and most perfect of all—are nothing more nor less than chemical laboratories, crucibles, retorts, blasts, furnaces, and alembics, for the elaboration of the finer from the grosser elements. Spirit and matter are not identical. Matter is not condensed spirit, but is permeated by elements which, when properly changed by the action of higher elements, yet to be mentioned, becomes transmuted into the deathless thing. There exists not merely four elements—earth, air, water, fire, but twenty-four, in spite of what certain scientists assert. A few of these, in their ascending order, I will here indicate, for nuts to be cracked at leisure by the carbon philosophers—a solution of which mighty question I shall be compelled to offer by-and-by. Premising that duality and de-cussation—male and female, or positive and negative, characterize all things—soul included—the list begins thus: Sphero-rod (primal aura of Deity), nebula, fire (sune), granite, water, air (oxygen, positive), air (do, negative), electricity, "odylia," magnetism, electrism, magnetism, luminiferous ether, pervasive ether (in which the worlds float), ethyle, and a list beside, up to twenty-four



to supply its own waste, and what goes to build up the spirit. Spirit in turn does the same, and when the supply is needed for soul, we sleep—and the soul-sun sets for awhile, withdraws from the brain, passes down the backbone, leaves it, and enters the solar plexus, and there arrays itself in garments of pure spirit, or pure fire, which is the same. When the supply is taken, it sometimes reacts awhile, or remains shut out from this world for hours at a time, and we live as vegetables live only—we are in a deathly slumber. At such times the soul is in communion and talking with God, and God is talking to it, and these talks sometimes flash across the fields of memory, and we have vague notions of having been somewhere else than earth, hell or heaven—and we have—and it seems to us that we have pre-existed—lived and acted before—in some strange world.

A place of mystery, wonder, melody, filled, sublime. Not in this world, or heaven, hell, nor space, nor time. At other times the soul cautiously reascends its throne, takes advantage of the spirit's slumber and quiescence, and plays many fantastic tricks for its own amusement. Sometimes it overhears the sheets of memory, joyfully mixes them all up together, and forms a patchwork melody, without head, tail, sides, top, bottom, beginning or end. We are dreaming! At other times it takes a flight homeward to the starry vaults; then we have visions. At other times it flies over the earth, leaving spirit behind it, preserving the connection by a fine magnetic film. Then we are lucid, or clairvoyant. I don't like that term—do you, Epoch? It isn't a good one. At still other times the soul arrays itself in robes of its own great regality, and attends rich Court or robes of Honor! And here a holy awe steals over me, as I reveal this trait of that awful grand and majestic thing, the Human Soul. And then we prophesy, and become acquainted with things and events yet unborn in time and space. We have gone to the other side of the wall spoken of in one of my first letters. By-and-by we awaken. The soul's magazines are stored, full of the needful energies, and it sends them forth to revivify the spirit, and consequently the body, as need demands. Thus comes the blush of love, the inspiration of acting, the fire of oratory, the flames of passion, the brutal vigor of the pugilist, and the blaze of anger. The soul has accumulated a fund of that nerve-aura, sphere, emanation, whatever you choose to call it, which, to the sensitive, tells as much in five minutes' association, of the real character of the person, as others could find out in a dozen years' intimacy; for this sphere is not only impelled, but is also charged with something of the soul itself. We have all felt this; and were I on a lecture committee, I would only engage those speakers who have large spheres of this kind, which can easily be felt, and its character ascertained by shaking hands, and maintaining the grasp for half a minute.

This letter is nearly finished, and it is the last I shall write at present. When I return, (I am about to make a journey of some hundreds of miles from my home toward Boston,) I shall continue the series, and answer more questions, if they shall be asked, albeit I will not argue any point, with anybody, till I complete my list as originally intended. Some of my former letters were written in such a wretched manner, that the printers made me say things I never intended, in my third and fifth letters—the first fifth; for two were numbered alike, through mistake. The fault was mine, in not taking more pains to write plainly, and by no means the printers'. Of course, I feel sorry, but the difficulty will not occur again, I humbly trust. I am going to lecture in Maine, and all letters sent to Boston, care of Banner of Light, will reach me in December. I shall, when opportunity occurs, pen my best thoughts for the BANNER, (long may it wave.) If what has already been written shall have made even one soul feel somewhat more of its own value, destiny, dignity and worth; if a little more light has been let in upon the darkest, deepest and profoundest subject that can interest a human being, I shall be well paid for the labor undertaken; and, assuring my fellow voyagers that even yet we have but started on our magnificent journey; that yet we have to climb the steep slopes of Time, and, aided by Thotmer, challenge new creations for an answer to the questions, What is Man—his nature, destiny? and, What and where is God? I remain, as ever, the friend of truth,

LE ROSCROFT.

An objection may be urged here, viz., "That animals dream, dogs bark in their sleep, and manifest all the phenomena of dreaming." Has the dog, therefore, got a soul that reincarnates and goes abroad, &c., &c.? I reply to this—I am not sure that dogs, &c., do really dream. At least, no dog has ever told me what he dreamed, and till one does so, I shall conclude that the phenomenon exhibited is the result of mere nervous excitement.

For the Banner of Light.

#### SPIRITUAL COMMUNICATION.—NO. 1.

THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. A. D. HALL.

Blessed be thy name, oh God, for thou hast exalted thy truth, and the heart of man responds to thy call! Truth, like an arrow, is already dividing the joints and the marrow. The human soul, is sickening of error and conventionalities, and is seeking the true manna of principles. It turns from the hollowities of past creeds and formulas, feels its own individual elements of life, and would live its own doctrine. God it would worship, in His own image, without the help of Church or State. It would lay upon the altar of its own temple its affections purified through sorrow, its joys concentrated in love, its sins softened by suffering, and the sacrifice of a broken and contrite heart, hoping for forgiveness. It needs an individual realization of God's power and presence to inspire its progression. It is conscious that there is no safety or reliance in man-worship; it must have God, in the almightiness of His wisdom and love, to fill its immortal longings.

Earthly wisdom, with pride and pomp, has arrayed itself with splendor and power to attract, and for a time has blinded the true instincts of humanity. But childhood, in spirit, is passing, and manhood, in its strength and beauty, must have truth and holiness for its refuge. Looking one to another, for a solution of this new desire, spirit-whispers are heard, saying, "Turn in hither; here is the well-spring of eternal life, waiting but the effort of will to gush forth, fertilizing thy whole existence."

Look no longer one to another, but study thyself; for in thee are the issues of life. Spirit identity, liberty and action, are all concealed within thy hidden depths. The whole length and breadth of God's government, in motive and design, are involved in thine own being. Stretch out before thee the chart of thine own soul; study its laws; become master of thine own salvation, physician of thy disease, redeemer of thine own soul. Christ is before thee, an example. He took the thorny path of self-sacrifice and self-humiliation, to inspire thee with confidence and hope. The crown of peace now rests upon his brow, to be reflected on all who, like him, toil and are made whole.

Errors and follies are folded deep in the constitution of man; but, because thus embodied in the soul, are they forever to keep out the true glories of God's kingdom in the mental and spiritual world? Shall the germs of goodness never blossom to perfect God's glory, as nature robes herself in beauty and profusion, testifying the boundlessness of His provident care? The earthquake and tornado are fearful, as they ravage and overturn the face of nature, but they are the upheaving of mighty powers, whose saving grace through generations will bless and enjoy. So the whirlwinds of thought, which now rend the moral and physical world, will give utterance, freedom and life to many struggling emotions and desires, which in the smooth current of repose would never have breathed themselves into being, even in the privacy of seclusion.

Principles and dogmas, both in and out of the church, whose sacredness has long been shielded even from question, are attacked with holy and unholy hands, until the devout believer often feels upon the ocean of thought without chart or compass. Long and severe the struggle, ere they can place God at the helm, and accept, as His active agent of salvation, their own powers, as they are developed into His image through their own vitality and life. This is the desired result of spirit intercourse and reunion—to rend the veil between God and man—to bring him into divine and heartfelt nearness to the Great Source of all being—to make pride and ambition bow to truth and holiness, and to expand the soul, like a beautiful flower, into the universe of thought and feeling.

Say, then, before the world, ye who have tasted and known that the way of our God is good—of the beauty of His requirements, of the peace of His law. Live the purity this light inspires, and the weary, homeless soul will gladly fold itself in the wings of your love. Ye know not, as we do, the many desires which tend to you only for relief. It is the suppressed hope of myriads of aching hearts that spirit communion and spirit life are indeed true; all other faiths, after the advent of this, become weak and futile to calm the surges of sorrow. Bear, then, the ark of the Lord with holy hands, firm and unflinching. The waves of doubt, sin and suffering, are rolling heavily beneath you—but the rainbow of God's truth and promise reflecting on your hearts, shall guide you to eternal peace, and its whitened track leave forever an open pathway for spiritual and mortal reunion. Ye

are the light of the world; let your light so shine that darkness be overcome. Sorrow and sighing have long enough brooded over this fair heritage of God; let the dawn of hope gild the morning and radiate the evening, that purity and peace may walk the noonday of life, to the glory of God and the salvation of man.

Be earnest, humble, truthful with thyself, not only in the hour of consecrated communion, but in all the hours and acts of life. So shall truth be established, mercy and love vindicated, and the law of progress be defined in exact and distinct lines, that the wayfarer, though blighted, shall feel God's light and love through you.

Truth has been draped in sackcloth and ashes; mysticism and phantasy have been about her, for she sought only through discolored, diseased channels of thought, and her impress was feeble and vitiated. The thunders of Sinai were needed to arouse the dreamers of conservatism, and shake the materialism that reason and doubt have engendered. These ceased with the physical age which developed them; but the inmost sanctuary of thought and feeling are now invaded. A band of noiseless guests have entered their silent chambers; their walls are hung with pictures of the past, and the present, and the future, filled with emotions and hopes that God and eternity can alone fulfill. The chords of affection are stirred with melody and music, and the long-cherished doubts of life beyond the grave dissolve in their mystic presence. So God is a reality, death his messenger, the grave the awakening to life eternal, hid forever in His boundless love. All things have a voice of praise; the waving leaf shows design; the flower, a day-spring of hope and blessing. Life, death and the grave, the circumstances of a being, begun in weakness, raised in power, glorified in immortality. Each the feature of an eternal design wrought in the wisdom of God, before the foundations of the world, to be perfected through the fulfillment of his own laws, both spiritual and natural.

Man may waver and doubt, filling his soul with confusion and death; but the great, immutable plan of existence goes steadily on. God the Father is at the helm of all government. His spirit pervades all law; and as soon as man educates himself up to the divine standard, harmony will bring peace and salvation to the soul. Whether in this or any other sphere, he must be the arbiter of his own individual advancement—the will-power, the channel of many deep waters. Love may be around, waiting to aid and bless; but if met with coldness and insensibility, its light is absorbed by some needy recipient ready for the blessing, for in the provident wisdom of God nothing is ineffectual or lost. If the cup proffered in affection is refused, its draught is quickly quaffed by the thirsty wayfarer, and perhaps the stranger or alien will supply what love once offered.

Laws are operating for great and general results. Individual exertion is alone blessed with individual progression. Spirits are bending over you with the goblet of truth, its waters beaming with eternal life. They say to all, "Taste and be made whole." The self-righteous and the Pharisees, of old, they cannot reach; for, clothed with their own righteousness, all else is as filthy rags. But the day of their poverty will come, when they will earnestly seek what they now despise.

God is in all His works. Spirits are now suing for mortal aid, either for their own or mortal gratification. They are here, because the laws of God, in their adapted progression, demand that they should mingle with humanity, learn its weakness and sin, study its diseases, that knowledge might illumine with truth the dark places of its understanding; that a new element of principle, thought and action, might invigorate the old, worn-out soil of morality. "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," is its living code. The Saviour taught, "Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you." But this is the morality preaching, not the practice of action. There is ever a yearning for this divine principle, and a hope that the far-off realms of the future might unveil its beauties. Glances of its excellence have warmed the heart of aspiration, but the cold frost of selfishness has nipped its flowers, and pride and ambition have desolated its beauty. It must some day reign and fulfill its glory; for it is the law of God; exemplified through His Son, and not one jot of that law will pass unfulfilled. Spirits, with their natural and spiritual experience, are permitted to enforce that law upon the lives and consciences of men. They know that earthly life is unsatisfactory and false; that spiritual joys are marred by mortal sin and sorrow. They have read their own pages of history; its acts are daguerotypes in eternal pictures, real to the senses, and sorrowing to the soul. These they would soften and purify for future generations, to reflect through their lightened shades the glory and love of God, rather than the sin and sorrow of man.

The inmost soul desires our approach and intercourse; but pride, fashion and public opinion frown, and frivolity covers, as with a shroud, those yearning emotions; but each must uncover their own record, and re-read the tablets of today. They are more firmly traced than Mosaic code, for the living soul graves its indentures deeper than those on a marble column. This will crumble; but God's law, enshrined in temples of flesh, lives forever in His law and love, and its light and shadow fall not in curved lines, but cause and effect, in bold relief, trace their superscription, never to be effaced, till the spirit, through the requirements of God's law, is perfected in its own organism.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

STEPHEN J. FINNEY AT ORDWAY HALL, Boston, November 6, 1859.

Stephen J. Finney, of Ohio, spoke at Ordway Hall, Boston, on the afternoon and evening of Nov. 6th. Mr. Finney, as he briefly explained, speaks under spirit-influence only in the sense that, after some years of ordinary mediumship, the spirits having informed him that he had become sufficiently impressed with the genuineness of the doctrine of inspiration, and that they advised him, in the future, to speak in his own individuality, promising that if he kept his mind and body pure, they would afford him such assistance as would by natural laws flow from them to him while he should be in the normal state, he had thereupon acted upon their suggestion, and they had absolved their pledge.

Mr. Finney's philosophy, as evinced in his discourses, is identical with that of Victor Cousin, the French metaphysician, as developed in his various works, and, more especially, his History of Philosophy.

The subject of the afternoon discourse was "The Great Spiritual Idea." The world of facts is, in sum-total, only a symbolical world. All the phenomena of nature are only so many representatives of an internal energy. In every event of history we see the evidence of some great interior force. How shall we find and know this force? To begin, we must get a standpoint of observation. That is contained in the motto of Socrates, Know thyself. This is the beginning of all wisdom. As Spiritualists, indeed, we begin with objective facts; but as Spiritual philosophers we begin with principles. The lecturer then proceeded to unfold Cousin's theory of fundamental ideas. All philosophy begins with human consciousness. It is impossible that we should obtain knowledge from any other source. The fundamental condition of all thought is the recognition of three great principles. The commencement of intelligent human existence is the demonstration of the truth of these fundamental ideas. They are, the idea of the Infinite, the idea of the Finite, and the idea of the relation of the two. These three underlie all historic life. In no phase of history can be discovered the presence of any fundamental idea distinct from these. At man's first appearance on the earth, we find him standing rapt in wonder at the mighty secret of the world, and yet not totally absorbed by it; for to his sensitive vision are presented appearances, symbols of internal ideas. The child begins by discovering himself; but, in doing that, by the very occasions which reveal to him his own existence, he discovers there is something that is not himself. The idea, then, first suggested to him, is that he is limited, and, by virtue of the fact of his existence, that the outside, also, is limited. The idea of the Finite, then, in the chronological order, comes first. Then arises the idea of the Infinite. For it is impossible to think of the Finite without the Infinite. The Relative without the Absolute, Plurality without Unity. But the idea of the Infinite is the first in the logical order; for the Finite must develop, logically, out of the Infinite. The Infinite is at the foundation of all thought.

Shall we, then, say that that which thus lies at the foundation of all things is a mere chimera? The universe is built upon the absolute.

In America, we see two classes of minds. First, the party that trusts human nature, the party that plants its standard on the unflinching consciousness of the divine sentiments of the inward being, the fundamental idea of the Infinite in the human soul, the party that says that man was not made for institutions, but institutions for man. On the other hand, the party of precedents, the party that would justify tyranny because our fathers were pirates, the party that has the origin of its principles outside the consciousness and in the tooth of the inherent sentiments of man. Suppose we take the view that we must distrust ourselves, to begin with. The principle that human nature is not to be trusted, has its

representative in both Church and State. The supernaturalistic party, which has got hold of the reins of government, in both, say that we can get at man only by researches in the dusty path of past history. On the other hand, there are the naturalists, who deny the existence of God, and of the great spiritual ideas which have their origin in the fundamental idea of the Infinite. The first tell us that we know nothing of God without revelation. Do we know anything of Him with it? How can the existence of the Deity be revealed, if in the being to which He is to be revealed, there is no recognition of a divine nature. They say, indeed, that man has natural ability to understand the being of God. But if there is no correspondent divinity there, you can no more give him an idea of God than you can teach mathematics to a reindeer. If God can be at all revealed to man, it must be to the divinity in man; He cannot be revealed simply as an objective reality. When, indeed, He is thus revealed to the divine nature of man, the man may then see divinity glimmering in the stars, and listen, with the senses of his soul, to the mighty harmonies of an infinite universe singing the 78 Deum of an eternal God.

We, the Spiritualists, said the lecturer, are diametrically opposed to each of these parties. It is said that Spiritualists have no God. We have a practical idea of God. When it takes possession of man, man's will flows away from his nature; the statute-books of Almighty God will open their pages to his internal vision; he will read his duty, and his duty is the cause of his destiny. Begin, as does the one of these two parties, with assuming that man is altogether evil, and you make him almost altogether evil. If a child is taught that he is wicked, how can he but act wickedly? Are we better off when we take the negative position? Take Auguste Comte's philosophy, grand and beautiful, perhaps, but cold and freezing. He grants, to start with, that but for the spiritual idea with which man began the world, he would always have revolved in a vicious circle. Yet, at the last, he proclaims it all to be a delusion. When we look upon the world, from that standpoint, what do we see? Plenty of falling empires and crushed hopes, and all to no purpose. When the French Republic fell, the lecturer asked, in an eloquent quotation from a French author, why did not the hopes of man fall with it? But forgetting its defeat, the soul of man leaves the broken hope of an ideal republic, and looks, once more with renewed expectation to the Westward. Why does the conscience haunt man through his life? Why, but that it is a part of his nature, which he cannot stifle or destroy? Without the recognition of some great, infinite principle in nature, without the spiritual nature of man, men are but as the little puppets of pith that dance up and down between the plates of a galvanic battery.

We must reject the ideas of both these parties. What, then, is the true one? Cousin has proved the existence of the great, transcendental element and power of the human mind; but he sees not the existence of that which he has demonstrated. In America this idea has begun to find its practical development. For the concrete is only the development of the abstract. The ideas of philosophers seek their incarnation in the history of the ages, in the institutions of mankind. What is this great, spiritual idea in the abstract? It is the consciousness of the Infinite Life, Truth, Beauty, Power, Perfection. In the concrete, this spiritual idea is seen in spiritual manifestations; but not there alone. It includes all that grows from this revelation to our interior nature. If this belief be infinitely, said the lecturer, I glory in the name of an infidel. A God that lives in the Shekinah of our own soul, is the God that our nature demands, the God that can alone give glory and majesty to the universe. Is this irreligious? Is it not rather the true religion, that not only gives grand conceptions of God, but of revealing to us the divine in our own nature, and develops, strengthens and perfects the moral elements of our being.

[Our report thus far has been of the afternoon discourse. The evening lecture was devoted to a further development of the same idea.]

After a brief recapitulation of the views expressed in the afternoon, he proceeded to examine the relation between the great spiritual idea and the manifestations of modern Spiritualism. It is admitted, even by the negative school of philosophy, that man began his existence with a question which has been re-echoed down the ages to the present, and is today absorbing the contemplations of the deepest minds of the age. That primal question is, What and where is God? Without wearying the patience of his auditory by a statement of all the answers to this question which had been given by the various schools of religion in history, Mr. F. said he would only affirm this, that not one, taken by itself, is satisfactory; and not one, taken by itself, that will be given for the next million of ages, will be satisfactory. And nowhere, this side the embrace of Infinite Intelligence, Life and Power, can we rest on a solution of that mighty problem. It is indispensable that we be kept loose, in search of its solution. One idea there is, which, through all the changing philosophies and religions of earth, through all mutations of empires, has survived, triumphant. He meant the genius, the soul of the world. Who believes it has none? In the commonest newspaper, we find talk of "the spirit of the age." The greatest men in history have been but the embodiment of this spirit of their age. Caesar, Cromwell, Napoleon, could not have been what they were at any era save that at which they appeared.

With this illustration of the universal manifestation and recognition of this principle, the lecturer went on to examine the answers which man has made to the great question. Beginning with fetishism, the race has progressed, through polytheism, into them. The idea of the oneness of the Infinite has developed itself only in the later ages of the world. It was not made clear until the vague primal consciousness was made a positive declaration. It required the experience of centuries to have man's spiritual vision opened to its more perfect apprehension. The lower brain held dominion at the first, then the front brain; now the top brain begins its rule. To this grand spiritual idea, science itself is indebted for its existence. Chemistry and astronomy had their origin in the aspirations of alchemy and astrology. And in its present search into physical nature, science was fast driving the world upon the rocks and shoals of materialism. Nothing has saved it but the coming of the modern spiritual idea. Philosophical minds had long since discovered that there is no reasoning upon the supernatural hypothesis. Whence should arise the spiritual light that should save us from a barren atheism? Some few prophetic souls had seen it in all ages; but its full shining was reserved for the gospel of spiritual communication. Man came into the world naked; but he came with powers that bore in themselves the possibilities of all instruments. Those powers, working in the history of the race, have gradually attenuated and refined the material organism, till it has become fitted, in some measure, for visible and ocular communication with the Land of the free and the pure, and, through the refinement of the physical nature, the magnetic communication between this and the other world, and between the souls of those yet on earth, becomes more perfect and intimate, and approaches, if it does not yet fully realize, as it yet shall, that grand idea of the Mystics, a unitary consciousness of the race, a perfect communion of all the life of the universe.

But all social communion, beautiful though it may be, all spiritual sympathies, grand though they are, are comparatively little, before that mighty, mysterious sympathy which holds the souls of men in rapport with the heart of God. Place a believer in the Orthodox creed at the throne of his Deity—let him gaze upon the objective glories of that God, without subjective sympathy with that God—how long would he stay there? Not twenty-four hours. The glitter of an objective heaven would become the merest trash to his human heart. The God whom alone the spirit of man can love and adore, with whom alone he can commune, is that Infinite Perfection whose image is part of his own essential being.

Lowell Matters.

A. B. PRYOR, LOWELL, MASS., writes that at the recent Convention of the Unitarian Church, held in that place, "elegant of all denominations were invited to participate in all subjects that might come before the Convention. This was an act of liberality worthy any assembly of noble-minded men. Some members of the assembly maintained that no one age can give a complete formula for any future age, that progress is the law of life, that a present living inspiration is needed, and is the perpetual legacy bequeathed to all souls that are struggling up through earth life; these persons were highly gratified to observe that the same principles were cropping out in some of the ablest minds in that denomination, proving beyond a doubt, that there is a strong, deep, under-current that will eventually bear the race to a higher and more comprehensive view of its position and destiny. The sentiments of the Convention were both liberal and radical. Many of the speakers went directly at the faults of Biblical education, showing the inconsistencies of the Bible, and the pernicious effect it must have upon the plastic mind of the child, if taught according to the letter. They advocated that the true spirit be shown and commented upon by the teacher, whether it be found to harmonize with our highest con-

ception of truth, and if not, to be rejected as useless; they claimed that the Bible should be subjected to the same analysis as any other book, and accepted or rejected as it may accord with the advanced condition of the race.

The Spiritualists were never in a better condition than now. Very good audiences are convened every Sabbath. Very few are willing to attack the principles claimed by Spiritualism. Those who oppose us, do it by referring to the inconsistencies and faults that arise from our Antisense, and set them up in array against us; but when the fundamental truths of Nature, as taught by modern Spiritualism, are presented, they remain unanswered by our opponents. The opposition is daily growing weaker. Spiritualism will be victorious over all opposition, for its enemies have but a few instruments with which to ward off the stalwart blows which are in the hands of the friends of progress. Already do the opponents perceive that they are warring with broken weapons.

Warren Chase, that indefatigable worker, was here during the month of September. He is quite a favorite with the Lowell people; quite large audiences greeted his arrival. He was followed through the month of October by Mrs. F. B. Kelton. Her return to this city, after an absence of a year and a half, excited much pleasure with those who knew her best, who saw the truly Christian spirit manifested by her during a painful illness while on a former visit. The holy and elevating influences that pervade the atmosphere that surrounds her, giving it a spiritual force and power, was felt and appreciated by all who came in contact with it.

Mr. Frank White is with us now. The people were well pleased with his lectures on last Sabbath.

From the Home and School Journal.

#### THE MAGIO WAND.

BY AMEND.

In a dismal wood, "neath a purple food,  
There was seen a golden gleam;  
'Twas a beautiful rod, from the garden of God,  
That was buried beneath the stream.

It was torn from its rest—and the Wand possessed  
A power like an infant god;  
For the stars, reproved by its motion, moved,  
And clustered around the rod.

The dark eclipse unsealed its lips  
When the Wand was waved on high;  
Its hidden cause and mysterious laws  
Are revealed to the gaze of the eye.

It has power to tame the exulting flame  
That leaps from the clouds above;  
The lightning stands at its stern command,  
To obey on its missions of love.

The forest oak at its touch awakes,  
An angel of light to be;  
For it carries the truth to the perishing youth  
Of the lands beyond the sea.

It awoke the slave, and his heart was brave—  
He spurned the oppressor's rod;  
And the tyrant felt that his throne must melt,  
When touched by his wand of fire.

Wouldst know the name of the Wand of flame  
With the potent mystery fraught?  
The beautiful rod from the garden of God,  
Is the MAGIO WAND OF THOUGHT!

#### BETHESDA INSTITUTE.

SPIRITUALISTS, AND OTHERS INTERESTED, are informed that Rooms have been opened for the healing of the sick, by spirit, for other manifestations of spirit power, called the BETHESDA INSTITUTE AND SPIRITUAL READING ROOMS. (John ch. v, 2, 3, 4.) The great design of the Bethesda Institute is to heal the sick—"a great multitude of impotent folk—of blind, halt, withered." To this end, mediums of long tried and successful healing powers, (two residing over Mrs. Motley) will be in constant attendance from 9 o'clock A. M. to 9 P. M., daily, whose undivided attention will be given to those who desire aid at the Institute, or who may send some simple token, by which the disease may be understood and healed. Mediums for all other manifestations of spirit-power will be present, to give the friends of the departed rest spiritual intelligence.

The Bethesda Institute and Spiritual Reading Rooms are also designed as a central resort for those in the city or country, where intelligence regarding Spiritualism, Mediums, &c., may be obtained. All the spiritualistic periodicals and papers will be kept on file at the Institute; also, the name and residence of the principal mediums in the city and country, so far as known.

The Reading Rooms will be sustained by the gratuitous donations of the friends of a pure Spiritual Philosophy, who may visit them, or send by mail, any of the following: Circulars, coming at 7-12 o'clock, at which a greater variety of medium power will be manifested than ever before witnessed in Boston, to which a small admission fee will be charged. Location—No. 49 Tremont street, (up stairs,) Room No. 6. Mediums in attendance—Mrs. E. D. Danforth, Clairvoyant; Examiner: Mrs. L. F. Hoyden, Test and Writing; Mrs. R. Mitchell, (formerly of Portland,) Trance and Business. Nov. 20.

GEORGE ATKINS, CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN, HEALING AND WRITING MEDIUM, No. 3 Winter street, Boston, at the rooms of J. V. Mansfield. Examination, when the patient is present, \$1.00; by a lock of hair, when absent, \$3.00. Also, Healing by the laying on of hands. 3m Oct. 1.

MRS. B. K. LITTLE, THE WELL KNOWN TEST MEDIUM, will leave Boston on the first of December, for the South, to spend the winter. Mrs. L. still continues to give sittings at her Rooms, 35 Beach street. Hours from 9 to 12 a. m., and from 2 to 9 p. m. Terms, \$1.00 for one or two persons each hour; Clairvoyant Examinations \$1.00. 2p Nov. 10.

"Seek and ye shall find." PERSONS who believe that spirit communion and its mental developments can aid them in the difficulties of life, can have my services in their behalf. For my time 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, Boston, on Saturdays, from 9 to 4 o'clock. Full oral examination at the office, \$1.00. Address H. H. BOWKER, Natick, Mass. Nov. 10.

MRS. LIZZIE BEAMAN, TRANCE, WRITING AND TEST MEDIUM, assisted by GEORGE W. ATKINS, Trance, Healing and Developing Medium, No. 117 Hanover street, corner of Friend street (second story) Boston. Cures performed by Laying on of Hands. Medicines prepared by Spirit direction. Examinations, \$1.00. Communications, 50 cents. Circles, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, commencing at 7 o'clock. Admittance, 10 cents. Hours from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M. Nov. 12.

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

DR. C. MAIN, SPIRIT AND MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN, No. 7 Davis street, Boston. Special attention paid to the cure of Cancers of all descriptions, Deformity of Limbs, Deafness, &c. Patients accommodated with board at this Institute. Sept. 10.

MRS. E. C. MORRIS, MEDIUM FOR THE PHILOSOPHY AND PRINCIPLES of Spiritualism, 100 East 14th street, New York. Also, messages from spirit friends. Private circles attended by appointment. Sept. 10.

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

MISS JULIA E. LOUNSBURY, CLAIRVOYANT, No. 98 Christopher Street, New York, Between Hudson and Bleeker streets. Back Room, No. 10 Third Floor. In from 9 o'clock A. M., to 9 o'clock P. M. Oct. 15.

MR. & MRS. J. R. METTLER, Psycho-Magnetic Physicians, CLAIRVOYANT EXAMINATIONS, with all the diagnostic and therapeutic suggestions required by the patient, carefully written out. Mrs. METTLER also gives Psychometrical delineations of character by having a letter from the person whose qualities she is required to disclose. 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 hair, together with leading symptoms. Terms—For examinations, including prescriptions, all \$5.00; for the patient to be examined, and \$1.00 when absent. All subsequent examinations \$2. Delineations of character, \$2. Terms strictly in advance. Address, Dr. J. R. METTLER, Hartford, Conn. Oct. 1.

ADA L. HOYT, RAPID AND WRITING TEST MEDIUM, is giving sittings daily, for the investigation of Spiritualism, at 45 Carver street. 3m Oct. 20.

SEALED LETTERS ANSWERED. NOTICE—The undersigned will attend to the answering of Sealed Letters, whether describing diseases, or any other business, which may be required of Letters must be properly placed in an envelope, and then placed in an extra envelope, 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.

Communications of an incongruous character properly dealt with. All answers returned in six days. Address M. V. WELLMAN, Woburn, Mass. 6p3m

July 23

#### 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 sent.

Lecturers will please remit, after the first insertion, at the above rate. The increasing demand upon us in this department renders this step necessary. Changes in appointments will be made free of charge, at any time.

Mrs. AMANDA M. SPENCER will lecture in Worcester, 4 Sundays of Nov.—Foxboro', 3 Sundays of Jan. Boston, 4 Sundays of Dec.—Falmouth, 4 Sundays of Feb. Taunton, 2 Sundays of Jan.—Philadelphia, 4 Sundays of May. Address, the above places, or Station A, New York City.

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

JOHN MAYHEW, M. D., will visit Grand Haven, Grand Rapids, Lyons, Iowa, and other places in Northern Michigan, where his services may be desired. Friends on this route will address him before the end of this month at Grand Haven, Michigan, or, preferably, to his last journey in Michigan, from the middle of January to the 1st of February, in Indiana, and from thence, to April 30th, in Illinois, and the eastern part of Iowa. Letters from the three last named States may be directed, if before the end of the year, to the care of S. Brotherton, Pontiac, Mich.

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

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

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

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

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

WARREN CHASE lectures Nov. 27th, in Plymouth; Nov. 20th and 30th, and Dec. 1st, in Foxboro'; Dec. 4th and 11th, in Providence, R. I.; Dec. 18th, in Taunton, Mass.; Dec. 25th, in Waltham; Dec. 27th, 28th and 29th, in Windsor, Ct.; Jan. 1st, in Hartford, Ct.; Jan. 3rd, 4th and 5th, in Winsted, Ct. Address as above, or at 14 Bromfield street, Boston.

Mrs. CHARLOTTE M. TUTTLE's address will be at West Winsted, Ct., during the winter, and the time of her present absence, which is very delicate, and any messages from friends to aid to her recovery, will be thankfully received.



## A FAMILIAR LECTURE

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Delivered in the Lecture Room of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., Wednesday Evening, Nov. 16, 1850.

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

The reverend gentleman commenced by saying:

I am going to read a part of the sixteenth chapter of Romans, which is one of the chapters in the Bible that a great many persons would think did not belong there. It is one of those chapters to read, which is almost like reading a page of a dictionary, and in reading which one is apt to wonder what purpose it is designed to serve.

He then read the first sixteen verses of the chapter in question, which include the following:

"Salute Urbano, our helper in Christ, and Stachys my beloved. Salute Appelles, approved in Christ. Salute them which are of Aristobulus's household. Salute Herodion, my kinsman. Greet them that be of the household of Narcissus, which are in the Lord. Salute Tryphena, and Tryphosa, who labor in the Lord. Salute the beloved Persis, which labored much in the Lord. Salute Rufus, chosen in the Lord, and his mother and mine. Salute Asyncritus, Philegon, Hermas, Patrobas, Hermes, and the brethren which are with them. Salute Philologus and Julia, Nereus and his sister, and Olympas, and all the saints that are with them."

He now proceeded to say:

Well, who were all these folks? That is the beginning of them and the end of them, so far as we know. You may look through the dictionary, and you will find this simple history of their life—that they are mentioned in the sixteenth chapter of Romans. That is the whole we know of them, except this—that they and Paul labored together, that when he turned his thought backward, they came up before him, mind with the tenderest remembrances, and that in writing one of the weightiest epistles which he ever wrote, and one which contained the most profound religious views and feelings, he felt it his appropriate termination was the gathering up before him of the names of these more eminent Christian associates with whom he had labored, whom he had loved, whom he could not forget, and around whom all his religious feelings were twined, and the sending of greetings to them. And that is enough. In the light of this fact, these names instantly become significant.

I have sometimes gone out, in villages, where I have tarried for a short time, into the graveyard, and walked up and down the stony roads, and read the names of strange puritan households—that of the old man, and of the son, and the old man, and those of the early born and the early dying; and of those names there was not one that I knew; and it gave me a strange and shadowy feeling, to walk among so many households and know none of them. And yet, when I read the name of *mother*, a history rose up instantly to my imagination; for that word itself will create a family, to one who has some little imagination. I thought of the days of girlhood, of the dawning love, of the alluring of the wedding, of the early developments of life in toil, and enterprise, and forbearance. I thought of the household; of the early dying of children; of the trouble of father and mother, of their tears and gladness; and very soon I was quite well acquainted with her.

I then looked upon another name, and by making a little transposition of affairs, according to my knowledge of the affairs of others, I went through and created a history of that one; and so I did in the case of almost every name there; and after a little time, it seemed to me that I had not altogether come among strangers. By transferring to these names, these imagined histories, I gained a sort of acquaintanceship with them.

Now the reading of a catalogue of such names as these which I have read to you, is apt to excite a smile; not when one reads them quietly to himself; but the children always laugh when they hear them read, and especially when the minister gets up and reads them to the congregation. The unthoughtfulness of them to our ears, and so long a list of them, with no more meaning attached to them than is attached to a mere list of items, may excite a smile—an innocent, harmless smile; and yet, I presume I have read them a thousand times in my life; and I feel as though I could read this sixteenth chapter of Romans about as heartily as any chapter in the Bible. I do salute every one of those whose names are recorded there. They are quite acquainted with me. I could not characterize each of them; but I feel, when I walk down among these names, as though I was walking among old friends; and it is very pleasant.

But that is not what I am going to speak about to-night. I ask you to take notice of that spirit of friendship which grew up as a necessary part of Christianity, between Paul and these persons. I wish to speak of the development of social religious friendships in the heart by Christianity. I hold that while there may be, here and there, single instances of persons being brought together so that the relation of their natures produces an intense degree of common feeling in them, and a more perfect intermingling of their lives than we can look for on a great scale, yet, as society comes together, nowhere else are there to be found friendships so broad, so deep, so numerous, so continuous, so sweet, so spiritual, so suggestive of heaven, as those which spring up in the common service of religion.

Let us look at a few evidences of this. In the first place, I think that the scenes which bring persons together in church fellowship are usually scenes that excite the deepest sympathies and produce the most lasting impressions. For instance, in villages, which are places of common awakening, where persons are known in their earlier periods of darkness and trouble, and where, one after another, there come to them, like stars dawning into light, joys and surprises of religious experience, it will be seen that they twine together, at last, into bands of young Christians. There are very few things in life that make such an impression upon the imagination as early Christian associations. I see proof every day that it is so. By the time persons have passed twenty-five or thirty years in society life, they have forgotten many of the things which relate to their early companions; but there is one thing which they never forget, and which they never fail to mention when they hear those companions spoken of. You frequently hear persons, in conversation, at the mention of the name of some one of their almost forgotten religious associates in early life, say, "Why, she used to be so and so, and she and I joined the church on the same day." Ordinary remembrances die out; such remembrances as these always live; and the feeling of interest connected with them does not diminish as age advances. I think that persons may go through hundreds of ordinary experiences without their producing so strong an impression upon the imagination as is made upon it by the simple act of standing up before men and becoming known as the children of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Look at the experiences which Christians have together. Think, for instance, of the experiences which we have in our meetings. Consider that the same feelings in each of us are habitually wrought upon in the same way. I think that this not only produces a common feeling in us, but occasions a common expression by us; not, of course, in a day or a month, but in a long period. I think that if two persons who do not look alike are married, and live together in perfectly harmonious relations for forty years, the habit which they form of thinking and feeling the same things, is too much for their bodies, and they come to look just alike. Two old persons who have lived harmoniously together for a long period, really do look alike; and people say concerning them, "What a resemblance there is between them!" I do not think there is any mistake about this. I think that flesh and blood have to give up to the power of the spirit. And where persons are receiving the same kinds of impressions, not only do they come to have the same feelings, but they actually look alike.

And in that larger fellowship, where persons sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus, and listen to the same thoughts, they grow together in the secret and hidden flow of their feelings; and at last, if they do not come to look alike, they come to have a spiritual resemblance to each other. And you will find that the Christians of each particular church are so like each other, that a discerning mind, on seeing a Christian, can tell what church he belongs to.

You know what dexterity one gets in handling coins. A brother of this congregation, whose business is that of a teller, will pass ten thousand dollars through his hand almost before you can move your hand; and he will at the same time throw out all the counterfeit pieces, while you could not tell which were counterfeit, even if you took time to examine them. And he will gather up a quantity of bank bills, and run them over with such rapidity that you can only see a continuous stream flowing from his fingers, throwing them into various heaps, according to their

\*There was no sermon preached by Mr. Beecher, on the evening of Sunday, the 13th inst.

denominations, and according to whether the banks which issued them are city or country banks. It is a miracle to every one but himself, how he can do it. That same subtle power of discernment enables men to tell what a man's occupation is by looking at him. They can always tell a minister—that is not very difficult. The influences which men are brought under, in the pursuit of any particular business, are such as to make them resemble each other in many respects. And after long-continued practice, a person can discern the similarity between grouped Christians. Where they have been together so much that their minds are conformed to the same influences, and they have come to think alike, to feel alike, to act alike, and to be alike, the marks of these things are upon them.

Not only do Christians who are subject to the same influences come to resemble each other in their thoughts, and feelings, and acts, and looks, but, where they are real Christians, where they are not drones, where service is not a mere formality, where there is heart and life in it, the enjoyments which they have together, being among those which are the purest and the most elevated, are such as bring them more and more together.

All persons are not susceptible to music; but I think that the habit, on the part of those that are, of singing together, is one that is forever winding invisible threads and bands around them. I see persons in the streets, and on the ferry-boats, that have been in my congregation for years, but that, as I never visit, I do not know personally, and whose names, even, I do not know, of whom I am accustomed to say, "I know those persons, for I have sung with them." Often, when I am in the desk, I look to see if certain persons are in their places in the congregation. I like the good singers in the house—persons that cry when they sing, sometimes—persons that always take to the hymn-book, and seem to love it. My heart feels out toward them—I sing with them—and after a time I come to recognize a sort of singing relationship between them and myself. I think that the reference to each member of the same church, in reference to each other, more or less, according to the fitness of their nature.

Then think what is the effect of acquaintanceship between Christians, where they are brought in contact with each other? In a church as large as ours, little bands, in their respective neighborhoods, work together. They plan and carry out charitable enterprises; they look after poor children, gather them up, and supply their necessities; they devise means to rescue young persons from peril; they think, and talk, and counsel together, about the good of the Sabbath-school and the prayer-meeting of the neighborhood—these things, and others of a like nature, they do. And the Christians, taken together in this way—these, I think, knit people together. What a confidence men get in each other, and what a holy, disinterested friendship is established between them, when they unite in works of piety and benevolence!

Think, again, what is the effect of persons always sitting together in heavenly places, where their minds are occupied with things that are above pride, and vulgarity, and selfishness; where, in imagination, they walk higher than the clouds—where they are continually under supernatural influences—where they are lifted up above the cursory events of life. Men, in business circles, talk about business; and in social circles, they talk about things social. But when men meet as Christians, they talk about the kingdom of God, and the hope of immortality through Jesus Christ. After they have done this, week in and week out, for months and years, the associations which they form with each other are associations of these higher things; and so, at last, what with prayer, what with praise and song, what with discourse and conversation of heavenly things, what with common labors of love, how firm, and deep, and strong, come to be their attachments to each other!

When we are all together, perhaps we do not feel it so much, but how is it when we are apart, and we are scattered here and there over the country? How do those of you feel that remain here? Do you not think out toward your dispersed brethren? I suspect that many prayers go out from those that tarry for those that are absent. And do you suppose there ever comes a Wednesday night when the memory of those who are accustomed to attend these Wednesday night meetings does not ring the bell? Do you suppose there ever comes a Friday night when the spirits of those who are accustomed to attend the Friday night prayer-meetings, do not gather together in this place? Do you ever, when you are away from this place, "Collect" and sing these hymns, that when you sing them, whole flocks of white-winged remembrances do not start up at the sound of your voice?

Some of our brethren are in Germany, studying; and they write that every day, almost, they keep the old "Plymouth Collection" by them, and sing and study alternately. When they get tired of studying they take up the book and sing a hymn from it. Of course they sing from it every Sunday. And they sing from it in the passes of the mountains over which they have been traveling, the things which they have been accustomed to sing here. And do you suppose they have ever done this without feelings of homesickness, and of longing toward those who are here? When I am in the country, I never sing these things without such feelings. It is not merely the tunes or the hymns, any longer, that I think of, but the dear brethren that are behind them. This book becomes a lens through which I see these persons.

Now I suppose that these Christian affections and friendships are but beginnings, but germs just pushing up above the surface; and that we do not nourish them as much as we ought to, or think about them as much as we ought to. If you look them in the face, and study them, you will see that they are significant of the time which is to come; for I do not believe a soul that is true to the good of the just, and that is into the sphere above that does not find that the things which were germs here, are blossoming and bearing fruit there. I believe that the moment he touches the heavenly shore, he not only finds that he has not lost the remembrance of earthly scenes, but he finds that there his heart takes a firm hold of those of whom it took but a weak hold here. And my own faith is, that as those belonging to the fellowship of saints, one after another, go up to glory, they are met and welcomed there, and rejoiced over, by those who have gone before them, and have been waiting for them; and that they begin, in the heavenly estate of blessedness, to fill up those outlines which are just glowing up here.

Now think of it for a moment. Paul so loved these brethren that labored with him, and were tried with him, that when he wound up his epistles, he could not help bringing up their names, and sending messages to them. Imagine what must have been his joy and theirs, when they met and clasped inseparable hands before the throne of Christ, knowing each other even as they were known!

I go back, now, to my own ministry. I have got to begin to talk about myself as an old man, before long. I have been, thus far, talking as though I were young; but I find that I am remembering back too far for that, when I go back to the time when I first became the pastor of a church. It was twenty years ago. I remember that the flock which I first gathered in the wilderness consisted of twenty persons. Nineteen of them were women, and the other was nothing. I remember the days of our poverty, our straitsness. I was sexton of my own church at that time. There were no lamps there, so I bought some; and I filled them, and lit them. I swept the church, and lighted my own fire. I did not ring the bell, because, there was none to ring! I opened the church before prayer-meetings and preaching, and locked it when they were over. I was careful of everything connected with the building. And I can remember every one of those faces? They were poor widows. I think there were but two persons among them that did not earn their daily living by actual work; and these were not wealthy—they were only in moderate circumstances. We were all poor together. And to the day of my death, I never shall forget one of those faces, or hear one of those names spoken without having excited in my mind the warmest remembrances. Some of them I venerate, and the memory of some has been precious, as well as fruitful of good, to me, down to this hour.

I pass to my second parish; and how many beloved faces rise up before me there! for at that period, after having preached about four years, I began to know how to preach a little, and how to gather souls into the kingdom. I began to know what a revival was, and how to conduct one. I remember scores and scores of persons that were then so small that I could put my hand on their head, and that now have large families, who, from the day they were baptized to this hour, have been to a great extent under my care or influence.

Well, I love those persons as I love my children, almost. I have no time to think of them; but that is nothing. Pearls and diamonds do not waste because the possessor looks them up. They always retain their brilliancy; and if he keeps them locked for a hundred years, and then takes them out, they will flash as brightly in the light of the sun as ever. And my memory of those persons will never grow dim. My heart goes out after them; and I guess they think of me. I think they require all the love I bestow upon them. When dying, many and many of them have sent me messages. Many and many of them, as they parted from this shore, bore testimony that the sweetest hours of their life were those passed under my instruction, and sent back messages of encouragement to me. Many times I think of five or six rare, beautiful, saint-

ed ones, who sent me messages from the other side—I think they were half way home, at any rate—that my preaching of Christ was true; that they had gone so far that they felt it to be true! I felt as though they were messages from heaven itself. And shall I have under my own roof spirits that are more sacred to me than these?

You know I have been here twelve years. It makes me feel gray to think of it! When I came here, the people in the houses in this street were not here. I am almost a patriarch of this part of Brooklyn! With the exception of brother Storrs, of our own denomination, Dr. Cutler, and the Rev. Mr. Lewis, there is not a pastor in Brooklyn that I recollect, who is in the church that he was in then. Besides these, have been removed, or gone to the other world, in twelve years' time. And what a population period these twelve years have been! How time has had to run! What business he has had on his hands! What developments of God's grace have taken place, which, if they were to be unfolded and written, would fill so many books that the world could hardly contain them; because every individual case would fill a volume! And what a work has been accomplished in our own midst! It is literally true that thousands have been converted and added to this church, of such as should be saved. The very number has prevented me from having any speciality of acquaintance with them; and yet, it only needed that there should be such cases as one, and another that have come under my immediate notice, to produce in me such an affection for this church, that I never feel so near heaven as when I am in these meetings.

I am, in the providence of God, so circumstanced in reference to public speaking, which seems to be my speciality, that I put my whole strength into that, and give up everything else to it. Paul said that he could not administer ordinances, and that still less could he serve tables, because his call was to preach; and it would seem as though my call was to confine myself to public speaking. Therefore I cannot follow out any speciality of acquaintance with them; and yet, I feel that the different members of my congregation, but that does not prevent my feeling the strongest heart-yearnings toward them. My sense of this is so exquisite that sometimes, on Sabbath mornings, it seems to me as though I stand among the assemblies of the just. Oh, these Sunday mornings—how sweet they come to me, how the world and they seem sweeter and sweeter to me as I get nearer to heaven. How rich are the consolations which we derive from sweet fellowship with one another! How glorious is our coming together in the assembly of the saints! How our songs roll out, and storm the very gates of heaven! How our coming together, our loving one to another, our rejoicing together, our praying together, our weeping together, and our singing together, have knit us together! How many pews have been knit to pews! How many families have been prepared to live better! How many have made acquaintances of each other! How many have gone out in bands to work together! And how many there are in whom, though you scarcely know them, you take a warm interest—toward whom your heart is like the orient!

But, Christian brethren, you will stand, before a great while, in the heavenly kingdom; and then what will be your loving one to another, and what will be the joy of the saints in fellowship! I think that a Teacher I shall see when I sink back and am only one of the brethren—when Christ is the Teacher, and we are taught from the very throne, and know as we are known, and love altogether!

Now it is not merely for the sentiment of the thing that I have made these remarks. Think of each other in the light of them. Do you not suppose you will be more charitable toward your fellow-men, if you are accustomed to look at them thus? Take somebody who is rather faulty, who you think is a slippery Christian, and whom you like to dissect, and remember that the work of grace is begun in him, and life is in him, and you will not be so ready to pick him to pieces. You will be more patient toward him. You will be more tolerant toward him, to pray more for him, and to hope more for him. And is it not some consolation, in respect to persons who are so patient toward you, to think, "How beautiful they will look when they are in heaven!" They may be selfish and irritating here; but put them into heaven, in imagination, and think how beautiful they will be there! Do you not think that by anticipating heaven, you will bring something of heaven down into your relationships here? It is not hard to bear with persons whom you love. If love sleeps, then it may be hard to bear with them; but while it dawns forth, it is easy to overlook and excuse their faults. That thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians, where charity is said to endure all things, hope all things, seek all things, expect all things, and wait for all things—what a regal and glorious chapter it is! I think that the world that is just before us, I think that there is any one thing that parents long for, it is the full requital of all the love they have bestowed on their children, which they do not get in this world. I think that they plant their love in their children, and that it does not come up, in thousands of cases, till they stand together in the better land. It will be paid back there. Persons do a great deal of unrequited Christian work here, one with another, which does not seem to produce any fruit. I think it will bear fruit in heaven. They will see it there. You know that if you plant peach-stones, they do not come up the same year. It may be a year, or two, or three, or four, or five, or six, or seven, or eight, or nine, or ten, or eleven, or twelve, or thirteen, or fourteen, or fifteen, or sixteen, or seventeen, or eighteen, or nineteen, or twenty, or twenty-one, or twenty-two, or twenty-three, or twenty-four, or twenty-five, or twenty-six, or twenty-seven, or twenty-eight, or twenty-nine, or thirty, or thirty-one, or thirty-two, or thirty-three, or thirty-four, or thirty-five, or thirty-six, or thirty-seven, or thirty-eight, or thirty-nine, or forty, or forty-one, or forty-two, or forty-three, or forty-four, or forty-five, or forty-six, or forty-seven, or forty-eight, or forty-nine, or fifty, or fifty-one, or fifty-two, or fifty-three, or fifty-four, or fifty-five, or fifty-six, or fifty-seven, or fifty-eight, or fifty-nine, or sixty, or sixty-one, or sixty-two, or sixty-three, or sixty-four, or sixty-five, or sixty-six, or sixty-seven, or sixty-eight, or sixty-nine, or seventy, or seventy-one, or seventy-two, 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